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Come with me!

Around the world... from romantic Venice to the mystery and wonder of old China. Do you want beautiful women? To Gamble? To Trade? Want Money? Want a Good Fight? With wealth, beauty and love... if you win?

Women, glamorous and gay, who welcomed Marco... sharing their love and secrets for one brief hour... then, remembering.

The proud princess... whose guarded pagoda was stormed by whispers and sighs... teaching a stranger how to really love.

The cunning and trickery of the East... an adventurer's blundering luck... matching wits for the world's treasures in trade.

The clash of mighty armies... a hero's sword slashing his way... and then, with his beloved safe in his arms, across the bridge that even today in Peiping is called the Marco Polo Bridge.

Samuel Goldwyn presents

GARY COOPER

THE ADVENTURES OF MARCO POLO

WITH

BASIL RATHBONE • SIGRID GURIE

ERNEST TRUEX • GEORGE BARBIER • ALAN HALE • BINNIE BARNES

And a Cast of Five Thousand

Directed by ARCHIE MAYO • Screenplay by ROBERT E. SHERWOOD

Released thru United Artists

Samuel Goldwyn creates a mighty cavalcade of splendor and excitement in the world's most romantic adventure.
Wonderful, isn't it—the quick magic a smile can work when it reveals brilliant and sparkling teeth! Shocking, isn't it—the disappointment that follows a smile that reveals dull and dingy teeth—tragic evidence of "pink tooth brush" disregarded.

"Pink Tooth Brush" may rob you of loveliness

"Pink tooth brush" is only a warning—but when you see it, see your dentist!

You may not be in for serious trouble—but let your dentist decide. Usually, however, it only means gums that have grown tender under our modern soft foods—gums that need more work and, as your dentist may advise, "gums that need the help of Ipana and massage."

Ipana, with massage, is especially designed to help promote healthy gums—as well as keep the teeth bright and sparkling. Massage a little extra Ipana into your gums every time you brush your teeth. Circulation quickens in the gum tissues—your gums become firmer, more resistant, more immune to trouble.

Change to Ipana and massage, today. Help keep your gums firmer, stronger—your smile brilliant, sparkling, attractive—with Ipana and massage!

* * *

DOUBLE DUTY—For more effective massage and more thorough cleansing, ask your druggist for Rubberset's Double Duty Tooth Brush.

Ask yourself this question—

"Does my Smile really attract others?"

When Answering Advertisements Please Mention January HOLLYWOOD
“The Amusement World is Ablaze!"

“Rosalie"

Ziegfeld created it on the stage—his greatest triumph! Now—on the screen—M-G-M tops even “The Great Ziegfeld” itself with a new happiness hit! Thrilling music! Gorgeous girls! Laughs galore! Tender romance—of a Princess and a West Point cadet—with the grandest cast of stars ever in one spectacular picture!

Starring

NELSON EDDY

Eleanor POWELL

featuring RAY BOLGER • FRANK MORGAN
EDNA MAY OLIVER • REGINALD OWEN
ILONA MASSEY • BILLY GILBERT
JANET BEECHER • VIRGINIA GREY

and Hundreds of American Beauties

Directed by W. S. VAN DYKE II

Accept No Substitutes! Always Insist on the Advertised Brand!
LLEWELLYN MILLER, Editor

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RALPH DAIGH, Managing Editor

CHARLES RHODES, Staff Photographer
There's a small restaurant on the outskirts of Hollywood where a movie star is treated, not like a celebrity—not at all like a celebrity.

JOAN BLONDELL dropped by for luncheon, and, not finding anything to her liking on the menu, ordered good old reliable ham and eggs.

"You'll have to order what's on there," the owner told her, ineluctantly.

"But I don't want anything on there," Joan protested. "I want . . ."

"No use eating here, then," the man cut in, and walked away.

All right, what would YOU have done?

CHARLES BUTTERWORTH is as droll off the screen as on, it seems.

At a party not long ago, a producer-friend offered to throw a banquet for the comedian, as a goodwill gesture. They parted long past the midnight hour, as the affair was a festive one.

At exactly five-thirty in the morning—THAT morning—the producer was roused from his bed by a telegraph boy, who insisted that he had orders to deliver his message personally. The telegram read:

"Have not heard from you regarding my party. Am deeply hurt. (Signed) Butterworth."

Oh, these comedians!

Height of something or other:

JOAN CRAWFORD waiting—quite unnoticed—while her husband, FRANCHOT TONE, signed the autograph books of three youthful fans. A few moments later, the trio nearly died of chagrin and disappointment when they learned the identity of Tone's companion.

FREDIE BARTHOLOMEW, JACKIE COOPER and MICKEY ROONEY were discussing the whys and wherefores of movie fame. Spoke Mickey, one of our best juvenile actors, gravely:

"I had to wait until I was five for a break in pictures."

Practically an old man, to hear him explain the harrowing situation.

Here's a story that should be repeated. It concerns AL JOLSON and admirably bears out the truth of the assertion that Al is one of the most thoughtful souls in the film capital.

Dropping by a florist shop, the Mammy-singer wandered about through the field of blossoms until he came to a certain large blooming plant.

"I want twelve of those, just like that one," he told the delighted clerk, and gave him twelve names and addresses, the names of either the mother or the wife of twelve studio workers whom he particularly liked. And the price? Just $35.00 a plant, totalling $420.00 to make a dozen ladies, whom Al had never met, happy.

The Hal Roach lot resounds with piercing and pungent yodelling these days. Reason: Laurel and Hardy are about to embark upon their new comedy, Swiss Cheese, and they're rehearsing for their roles. But everybody else on the lot is going about with hunted looks in their eyes. They just can't take it.

If you think all the young glamour gals go about staring themselves, you have another guess a-comin'. Some do, of course, to retain those divinely slender figures, but list to a luncheon we saw ANN SHERIDAN order . . . and without blinking an eyelid, too.

Ann consumed a rich, creamy soup; a ham steak enough for three, with a double order of mashed potatoes and thick gravy; countless slices of raisin bread; finished the mashed potatoes and gravy of a table companion who was on a diet; and ended this simple little repast with a huge chocolate nut sundae.

And, quoth Ann, this luncheon was very similar to that she devoured so lustily every noontide.

Ann, though, isn't the only large eater of the colony. JOAN FONTAINE told us her mother orders double of everything for her, so enormous is her appetite—Joan's only a growing girl, you see—and she always eats before retiring for the night.

JOAN and OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND's mother — yes, Joan and Olivia are sisters—gets excited every time she sees a picture star, whether on the street, in a restaurant or at the studio.

"But, mother," the girls declare, superciliously, "WE are in pictures, too. Stars aren't any different from us."

"Pshaw," comes back Mrs. de Havilland, fondly and smilingly, "you're only my two darling little brats." And then will nearly wrench her neck to catch a glimpse of some passing star.

Even in the far reaches of the South Seas the natives are playing tourists for suckers.

RAY MALA, the Eskimo actor whom you probably saw and admired in Last of the Pagans, bought a whole raft of pearls when he was in Tahiti last year on location. Several natives sided up to him, and in hushed tones inquired if he would like to purchase a few choice specimen pearls they had smuggled while diving for a syndicate.

Ray was charmed . . . there, before him, was the opportunity to avail himself, for a paltry few hundred dollars, of rare jewels worth many thousands of dollars. WOULD he? So, to everybody's satisfaction, the pearls exchanged hands, and Ray became the proud owner of a goodly number of very valuable pearls.

Not long ago, Ray took these pearls to a jeweler to have made up into a necklace for his wife. The jeweler examined them carefully, then spoke quietly . . . "These are Japanese pearls, worth at the most $30. Are you sure you want them made up in the expensive fashion you've outlined to me?"

Now, Ray is wearing that hang-dog look about town . . . and do you wonder?

Billy Gilbert, famous for his sneezing and stuttering on the screen, said "I do," without any mishaps whatever at his wedding to pretty Ella McKenzie. The ceremony was performed in the home of Director W. S. Van Dyke.
GENE AUTRY.

"MANHATTAN MERRY-GO-ROUND"

Featuring TED LEWIS and his ORCHESTRA
CAB CALLOWAY and his COTTON CLUB ORCHESTRA
KAY THOMPSON and her RADIO CHOIR
JOE DIMAGGIO
HENRY ARMETTA
LUI S ALBERNI
MAX TERHUNE
SMILEY BURNETTE
LOUIS PRIMA AND HIS BAND
AND... Introducing That Singing Cowboy Star

GENE AUTRY

Directed by CHARLES F. RIESNER - Original screen play by HARRY SAUBER - Adapted from the musical revue "Manhattan Merry-Go-Round" by FRANK HUMMERT

Associate Producer HARRY SAUBER

HIT TUNES...
"Round Up Time In Reno"
"Have You Ever Been In Heaven?"
"Mama, I Wanna Make Rhythm"
"I Owe You"
"All Over Nothing At All"

Republic PICTURES
CREATE HAPPY HOURS

WHEN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION JANUARY HOLLYWOOD
"What’s the use of Christmas?" ponders Marie Wilson. "Snow men melt, you lose all your best gift handkerchiefs, you eat the candy and then you haven’t any left. You can’t win." Jane Wyman takes a happier view of the matter. Miss Wilson’s melancholy comedy will be seen next in Warners’ Without Warning. Miss Wyman is making Longer Than Life for the same company

My gosh, even the simple natives are crooked!

Oddity: JANE DARWELL, the character actress who raises a few turkeys on her ranch, promised friends some particularly fancy ones for their Thanksgiving dinner... but long before the holiday Jane had adopted them as pets and couldn’t bear to think of chopping off their heads. So, she had to buy the promised gobblers at the butcher’s. (Note: You should see Jane as she walks about the yard. Nine turkeys insist upon following at her very heels.)

LIFE IN THE HOLLYWOODS:

MADGE EVANS returned to Hollywood from New York with eight trunks filled with clothes purchased in eastern shops... at a pajama party the night following her arrival, she modeled every costume for benefit of all her girl friends... several days after Stella Dallas was released, ANNE SHIRLEY received a long distance call from San Francisco... a man wanted her to settle a bet... did she, or didn’t she, play the very young girl in the picture?... he didn’t think she did, she was so young-looking on the screen... MAURICE CHEVALIER still has a bank account in a Hollywood bank... now that he’s taken up polo, BRUCE CABOT is coming in for some good-natured ribbing... thus far, he’s received—collect—three horses... but don’t be alarmed... two were saw-horses and the other a clothes-horse... PAT O’BRIEN has devised a novel way of watching his new home in Del Mar go up... since he’s too busy at the studio to make the more than hundred-mile trip very often, he’s arranged with the contractor to photograph each day’s progress, and send him the film... well, that’s ONE way... ANN GILLIS, youthful heroine of The Adventures of Tom Sawyer, collects autographs... but who doesn’t, these days?... CAROLE LOMBARD is just as enthusiastic with her candid camera... WILLIAM KEIGHLEY, the director, talks with his sweetie-pie, BEVERLY ROBERTS, over short-wave radio—of all things!—whenever he goes on location away from the studio... JASCHA HEIFETZ will collect $20,000 a week EVERY week for the picture he’ll make for SAMUEL GOLDWYN... bet he’ll hope and pray for overtime... the ROBERT YOUNGS still haven’t found a name for their new baby... meanwhile, they call her Peanuts... it’s to BETTE DAVIS’ credit that she refused to kick a dog for one of the scenes in Jezebel... what dog-lover WOULD, though, for that matter, even for a picture?... JUNE COLLYER, spouse of STUART ERWIN, always accompanies her young son to school each morning, and at noon calls for him.

So you think stars are their own bosses, eh? They are... sometimes. But not when they have business managers.

TYRONE POWER saw a shiny new car he wanted, and was about to close the deal. There was one hitch... His manager refused to allow him money for its purchase. (What we artists must go through!)

Here’s a situation that gets funnier the more you think about it.

A fan sent JOE PENNER a present, but instead of the inevitable duck it turned out to be a fighting cock.

Not knowing exactly what to do with it, the comedian presented the fowl to his friend, JACK OAKIE, who, in turn, made a gift of it to MACK GORDON, the song writer, after being picked and clawed one entire afternoon.

Proud as Punch of his new acquisition, Gordon put it down cellar until he could build a coop for it. But here’s the joke... when the coop finally was constructed and Mack started to go down cellar to get his new pet, he was immediately attacked!

Now, Mack doesn’t dare go into the cellar, nor can he entice any of his more courageous friends to venture into the bowels of his home in quest of the chick. Nor will his man-servant — ordinarily a hardy soul — put foot below the first floor.

What is particularly sad is the fact that several cases of rare wines are below, of a vintage fairly screaming to be sampled.

Not knowing what else to do, every day Mack throws down feed for the cock, but not even a million dollars could persuade him to descend into that cellar. Meanwhile, the cock struts back and forth and completely rules the cellar, even daring Mack and all his pals to come down all at once to get him. It’s a situation that happens once in a lifetime.

It’s good to see HELEN TWELVE-TREES once more on the screen. In Hollywood Round-Up, with BUCK JONES, she plays the role of an almost-forgotten star who tries to come back in a western film. It’s particularly interesting to note that Helen actually is portraying herself... she might be that very actress. For Helen HAS almost been forgotten through having remained away from pictures so long, and is trying to come back as Buck’s leading lady.

When CLARA BOW opened her IT CAFE in Hollywood, she wanted to act as her own hostess and greet the customers as they arrived. She envisioned for herself a new role, and nothing would have pleased her more than the oppor-
tunity to welcome old friends again.
Hollywood, however, as funny a place as ever you've heard, wouldn't have it. It censured her roundly, declared she was trying to be a Hollywood hostess and that she was cheapening herself. So adverse was the criticism, and so cruel, that Clara, after a night or two, withdrew... and now appears on the scene only twice a week. And then, only for a brief dinner. Hollywood, it would seem, just won't allow Clara to lead her own life.

While hubby-HERBIE KAY, the orchestra leader, is conducting his orchestra at a Hollywood night spot, DOROTHY LAMOUR goes out of an evening without him. But don't be alarmed, gentle readers... there's no man in the case. Rather, she tucks at least four or five under her wing and makes a round of the clubs well escorted.

Cupid Reports That:

ANDREA LEEDS now no longer favors JON HALL as a companion but has turned her smiles upon JACK DUNN, the skater... WENDY BARRIE that certain way about BRIAN AHERNE... and MARY CARLISLE dividing her time between BILLY BAKEWELL and JAMES BLAKELEY... lucky pups... you should see MARIE WILSON take it big when Director NICK GRINDE calls her "Ma"... it won't be long now before SHIRLEY ROSS is MRS. EDDIE ANDERSON... young but oh my—JUDY GARLAND and MICKEY ROONEY have fallen

Let me ask you a perfectly frank question. What results do you expect from your way of skin cleansing, and do you get them?

First, you expect a clear, fresh skin, don't you? If your skin seems to have a dingy cast, or if blackheads grow in the corners of your skin, your cleansing method has simply failed to remove dirt hidden in your pores.

Then too, you'd like to have a soft skin. But how does your face feel when you smile or talk? Does it seem dry; does it feel a little tight? If it does then your treatment is not re-supplying your skin with essential oils that help give it a soft, baby-like texture.

And of course you want a smooth skin. But if, when you pass your fingertips over your face, you feel tiny little bumps, then you cannot say your skin is smooth. Those little bumps often come from specks of waxy dirt which your cleansing method has failed to dislodge from your pores.

So let's be honest with ourselves. If you are not getting the results you pay your good money to get, then your skin treatment is not lucky for you.

Is Your Skin Treatment Lucky for You?

How a Penetrating Cream Works

Women who use Lady Esther Face Cream are amazed at the improvement in their skin, even after a few applications. That's because this cream penetrates the dirt that clogs the pores. Lady Esther Face Cream loosens blackheads, float's out the stubborn dirt that laughs at your surface cleanser.

At the same time, this cream re-supplies your skin with a fine oil to help keep it soft and smooth.

Try, Don't Buy

I do not want you to buy my cream to prove what I say. I want you to see what it will do for your skin, at my expense. So I simply ask that you let me send you a trial supply of my Face Cream free and postpaid. I want you to see and feel—at my expense—how your complexion responds to this new kind of penetrating cream.

I'll also send you all ten shades of my Lady Esther Face Powder free, so you can see which is your most flattering color—see how Lady Esther Face Cream and Face Powder work together to give you perfect skin smoothness. Mail me the coupon today.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard)

Lady Esther, 7130 West 65th Street, Chicago, Illinois

Please send me by return mail your seven-day supply of Lady Esther Four Purpose Face Cream; also ten shades of your Face Powder.

Name __________________________________________ Address __________________________________________

City ___________________________ State ________________

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)

When Answering Advertisements Please Mention January Hollywood
Errol Flynn turns on that Irish fascination triple strength for the benefit of the camera and the amusement of Gloria Blondell, sister of Joan and also under contract to Warners. Flynn is dressed in one of his Robin Hood costumes.

Gary Cooper went hunting with two friends and a stranger. When they returned in the evening, the wives met them and the stranger turned to Gary . . . "I didn’t get your name."

"You dope," quoth the stranger’s wife, to him, later . . . "that was GARY COOPER. "Well," came back our stranger, "he didn’t know me, either."

So, you see, stars aren’t always recognized.

Harold Lloyd is a pushover for street peddlers. He’ll stand and watch a salesman demonstrating some food product or gadget to prepare food, by the hour. At the Pomona County Fair, not so long ago, he and his wife spent more than fifty minutes standing before a man demonstrating how to peel and mould apples and carrots in fancy figures, while a huge crowd gathered round and stared at them in awe.

Sally Eilers has discovered probably the world’s most trusting fan. The other day she received a letter requesting ten photographs of herself. Enclosed was a signed blank check, “to cover any expense involved.”

Juvenile Follies: Shirley Temple has reached the point of admiration for long words, and is apt to either confuse them or coin them herself. While studying the array of live stock on the Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm set, someone pointed out a remarkably fine rooster. Shirley considered him approvingly for a moment, then remarked: "That’s a real roostercrat."

Honest!!!

And now it’s the editorial dress! Olivia de Havilland has taken pieces of film from all her pictures and had them reproduced on a dress. It’s an odd effect . . . but it’s handy one way. If Olivia ever gets lost while wearing the garment, all she has to do is show it to someone . . . and they’ll immediately find her for herself. (If you get what we mean.)

Probably no actor in Hollywood enjoys posing for stills. But now we’ll have to change the tense of that statement.
they saw she noticed them, all—as of one accord—waved to her.

W. S. VAN DYKE, the director, delights in baiting people. NELSON EDDY is his latest victim.

A certain woman writer for an important syndicate wrote something about the two that neither particularly liked. They got together, and agreed that neither would henceforth have anything to do with this individual, and they'd make things as tough as possible for her.

Came the day she arrived on the set. "I won't work with that woman here," EDDY declared. He stalked away for a few moments, then returned.

There, chatting and laughing uproariously, sat VAN DYKE and the writer, the best of friends. EDDY, now, trusts NO ONE.

LITTLE LOOK-SEES: HAROLD LLOYD is taking unto himself new fame, as The Great Clayton. In the event this title means nothing to you ... LLOYD has turned mind-reader—for social purposes, of course—but it's reported that his talent along this line is positively amazing.

CONSTANCE BENNETT has gone into the cosmetics business, and you'll probably be using her product yourself before long. Her brand is shortly to go on the market in every prominent city of the United States.

OLIVER HARDY, of LAUREL and HARDY, can't play Bridge unless there's a platter—yes, platter—of sandwiches by his side. Whenever he enters a game at the club, a waiter always hovers near to see that the platter is never empty.

FRANCES LANGFORD has started a "friendship garden" along the side of her new Brentwood home. It will be used exclusively for flowers and plants given her by her friends. Already, there are more than fifty different varieties of rare plants.

FRED ASTAIRE has copyrighted the Drum Dance he has devised for Damsel In Distress. More than twenty drums of rather mamo proud proportions are used in this sequence, and 'tis reported it is one of the most novel dancing numbers ever viewed.

For OUR GANG simply dotes on it ... now.

THE GANG, it seems, was summoned to the studio to make some Thanksgiving pictures for publicity purposes. "Aw," they grumped, "it's nuthin' but a lotta hooey ... prop turkeys and no fun."

But a surprise awaited them. The pictures were to be made in color. And as color picks up as black-and-white does not, real food had to be used.

Presto, change ... roasted brown turkeys made their appearance, with cranberry sauce and pies and all the wotnots that accompany a turkey dinner! The kids have been clamoring for more publicity pictures ever since.

A letter from MAUREEN O' SULLIVAN, now in England playing the leading feminine role in A Yank At Oxford, discloses that she and husband-JOHN FARROW are living in a small cottage in the town of Denham, only a few minutes' walk from the studio ... and the house was built in 1561.

Further ... the entire troupe uses elaborate trailers for dressing rooms. And, one day, while motoring through the country at a leisurely pace, she chanced to look behind and there were fifteen or sixteen people on bicycles following her. When

As usual, Cecil De Mille does as much acting as anyone in the cast of the film he is producing.

Because she failed to heed the warning of a studio make-up artist, LILY PONS found herself immersed in trouble.

Shades of CECIL B. DE MILLE ... bathubs have come into their own again. You'll see MIRIAM HGKINS in one, in Women Have a Way and GLADYS SWARTHOUT, too, in Romance in the Dark. Miriam spent three days completely immersed—well, all but her head—and what a time! The set was closed to visitors—even studio executives—but it's rumored on good authority that more than one male, among the working crew, swooned. [Continued on page 63]
OPEN SEASON ON TALENT

Year in and year out the hunt goes on for talent, but no hunter's license is needed, and there are no wild life havens for the pursued actor.

By WINIFRED AYDELOTTE

Johnny DeSylva, talent scout for Universal, just before he turned away from his day's duties and explained why studios hire men to scour the country for new faces.

- Have you a nickel? Do you want a screen test?
  Walk, don't run, to the nearest telephone (if you live in Hollywood), call Hempstead 3131 and ask for Johnny DeSylva. He is the talent scout at Universal Studios, and, at the drop of a nickel, he will give you an audition.

  If you live elsewhere, don't come to Hollywood to telephone. Use your nickel to call the Little Theatre in your town, take any part you can get, be patient, and, if you have anything on the ball, you'll be discovered. For the talent scouts, like the poor, we have always with us. There is not a city, town or hamlet in the United States which has not felt the invasion of these eagle-eyed scouts, looking for Durbins and Hepburns for the cinema.

- And why? "WHY are talent scouts," asks the puzzled public, "when all the world flocks to Hollywood? Why don't the producers look right under their noses?"

  Johnny DeSylva answers this question and with authority. Johnny started in the show business as lobby boy and actor for the Shuberts at the age of ten. (His parents thought he was in school.) When he was eighteen, he was the youngest company manager on Broadway. Then he covered acts for the Shuberts, later becoming an agent. He quit that to manage his own stock company. Then he came to Hollywood and produced condensed versions of musical shows at the Million Dollar Theater and started the Sunday night vaudeville concerts in the Eboll Theater, where Judy Garland (then named Gumm), Ray Mayer, Fuzzy Knight and others were discovered. Johnny is only thirty-two now, and there's not much about the show business he doesn't know.

- "I'll tell you the WHY of talent scouts," he said, "Persons with that rare thing called talent usually lack one quality—"the ability to sell themselves. Hollywood is filled with youngsters who, confident that their faces won't turn a camera green around the gills, think they are great movie finds. They swarm all over the place. They sell themselves. They yell. They get in your hair. And the more they yell, the less they have for the screen. Just let a person say to me, I'm great, and I know he's not. But the ones who really have talent are quiet about it. And they are the ones who have to be discovered. Although the casting offices are open to the public, it is once in a lifetime that a potential screen player will walk up to the window. The phonies, yes. But the others haven't the nerve.

  'The other reason for scouts is this: nobody can tell how a person will photog- graph. Mabel Jones comes to Hollywood, perhaps, because all her friends tell her she is beautiful and her snapshots are swell. But the chances are she will photograph like an old hag. The movie camera's
eye is a baleful thing. Or, suppose she is one of those people who photograph like a million. Her picture simply shrieks that she is a find. You can't tell, just by looking at her and talking to her, whether she has what it takes. Maybe and his attractive manner of hers is an emotional blank; perhaps that lovely musical voice of hers can't read lines; maybe there is no feeling behind her deeply tragic eyes. We have to see a girl in action and see what the camera does to her, even if she AP- PARENTLY has everything, before we can tell. That is why I advise aspirants to appear in Little Theatres. Scouts can then spot them in action, and if they can act, the only other question to be an- swered is—will they photograph? And that's our job—to give all possibilities a chance at a screen test.

Hollywood is swarming with girls whose friends have said, "You ought to be in the movies. You look just like Claudette Colbert." In the first place, Hollywood wants no carbon copies of stars; in the second place, the carbon copies probably won't photo- graph like the originals. So you're stymied here, too.

Scouts very seldom miss a Little Theatre or a Federal production anywhere in the United States. They also cover school plays and night clubs. The screen possi- bility is a needle in a haystack, but don't be discouraged. Be a good, quiet little needle and you'll be found.

Once a week DeSylva gives the hopefuls who have telephoned him an audition. DeSylva takes those who go over well to Rufus LeMaire, who is the head of the talent department at Universal. Mr. Le- Maire has each one read a scene from a play. If that goes off well, the innocent is sent to "Speed" Margolies, who gives him a screen test. And a screen test is a ghos- awful ordeal. LeMaire and the producers look at the test and if it doesn't give them a pain, the victim is sent to Madame Koppelle, the dramatic coach, who has charge of the mi-mi-mis and gestures. After six weeks of training, the by-this-time prob- ability is grandly entrusted with an infinitesimal part in a picture, and if he doesn't draw down upon the studio's head an avalanche of yelps, he gets a bigger part next time until, as tempo fugits, he becomes a Gable or a Garbo.

I went to an audition one afternoon. It was held at the Trocadero. In the black and silver emptiness of the place, each tryout shone through his stuff with only the supercritical other try- outs, and DeSylva, as audience. This, also, is known as an ordeal. (It is an or- deal for DeSylva, too.)

There were the usual be-curléd blonde nine year olds throwing their skinny little pipestem smiles and baton swings; the acrobatic or tap dances; there was the tall, skinny young man with the bi-focal glasses and no chin who sang, in a soft, lullabye voice full of air, "The Road to Mandalay;" there was a girl who lifted her face from the microphone like a howling dog and backed Martha Raye right off the map so far as the noise went; there was the young man in dirty white flannels and sweat shirt who did raucous jazz versions of negro folk classics; there was the woman who took her pince nez, clasped her hands before her in Juliet's baloney attitude, adopted a painful prop smile and hit a high note that was a cross between C sharp and the Chinese scale and held it, too, until she burst into tears and ran out.

There were also, once, the short stout man who could really sing but whose face would make a clock turn to the wall; the beautiful damsel who couldn't sing; the girl who did a Beatrice Lillie; the girl who had nothing but conviction. Out of the entire afternoon's group, DeSylva snared two possibilities. And this was a typical group of those who felt they were screen finds! Who had come to Hollywood confidently expecting to break into pictures! Who had dropped their needles into the tele- phone and said to Johnny DeSylva, "I'm great!" And through it all he sat, suffer- ing mightily but not showing it. No wonder he pleads, "Don't come to Hollywood." No wonder he says, "The ones who have talent don't tell anyone about it." Yet, be- cause he is a good talent scout and there- fore eternally optimistic, he will never refuse anybody an audition. But it is a fact that scouts find more real screen pos- sibilities in America's Little Theatres and Federal Theatres, no matter where or how small, than among the hundreds of ap- parent possibilities right under their noses here in Hollywood! And how those boys do get around!

Johnny's bitterest cross is the parents, the parents who think their children are geniuses, or who want their children to have a career which they themselves were denied, the parents whose motives are mercenary. The chroommes and cinemamas!

"Every time I find a girl I think is screen material, I pray she won't have a mother," says DeSylva. "So does the studio, and I can't tell you how many girls we would have signed up if they hadn't had the kind of mothers they had. Parents can cause more trouble in a studio with directors, with cameramen, with other parents, with children. One mother brought her sixteen-year-old daughter to an audition and when she thought the girl didn't sing as well as she should have, she spanked her right there before every- body. What I didn't tell her! The girl really was swell and I would have given her a screen test if she had not had that mother.

"The worst experience I ever had with a parent, however, was with the father of a fifteen-year-old girl. After the girl did a tap dance for me, the father forced her to do a complete strip tease act. Only she didn't get that far. We threw him out . . . hard. Parents are the bane of Holly- wood and you can bet your bottom dollar that the parents who are admitted to the studios are all pretty decent.

Talent scouts do not announce their presence if they can help it. And so you and you and you in all the country's Little Theatres have probably been weighed without your knowledge and found wanting. But don't be discouraged. Keep working, studying, enlarging your scope, and if the scouts passed you by this year, they may pick you up next year.

From the entire United States, talent scouts find an average of only ten real possibilities a week. Their goal is genius, anyway, either sex; they are happy to find ability.

They are traveling salesmen with fame to sell and their route is the world. If you can sing, don't let that one talent blind you to the lack of others. Learn to dance, too. Learn to act by acting. Study lan- guages; study people and see what makes them tick; read biographies and plays. Go to every picture and play you can. Don't rest on one laurel, especially if it is that enviable one—beauty. Beauty is cheap in Hollywood. Work, perfect your- self, get ready for the fame salesman, for you can't tell when they will call.

Did you enjoy this story? Then you will be interested in "Etiquette for Fans" which tells what to do and what not to do when you come to Hollywood and meet a star. It's another inside story for next month's Hollywood Magazine.
Motion picture producers, who just a short time ago were battling the advancement of radio, are now figuring out ways and means of cashing in on its popularity. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has just completed a deal with General Foods and for the next 36 weeks radio fans should be able to dial in on a program put on by some of the best picture personalities of the day. Bill Bacher, the genius behind the Hollywood Hotel program has been engaged to produce the General Foods M-G-M program which makes it doubly sure that it will be a program well worth listening to.

Warner Brothers' Studio is looking for a similar set-up. Most naturally their program would be built around Dick Powell whom they jerked off the Hollywood Hotel some eight months ago.

Twentieth Century-Fox is capitalizing on radio in a great big way. All of their players are open for radio programs but if they are to "go on the air" the advertiser must pay plenty for their services—and one-half of the salary goes into the studio coffers. Paramount, United Artists, Universal, in fact all of the studios are becoming very much radio minded.

Jack Oakie gave a party for the radio press immediately after the inauguration of his Oakie College last October. Oakie's program this year is to carry continuity from week to week. Stu Erwin will be the star footballer of Oakie College as well as being a very able stooge for Oakie's gags.

Hollywood will be originating over 90% of the personality programs on the major networks by the middle of November. Rudy Vallee, Fred Allen and Phil Baker will shift backward, however, as soon as current picture obligations are fulfilled. Eddie Cantor will also etherize his program from New York, but for only a few weeks early next year. As it is now, the following big names are all coming to you direct from Hollywood: Jack Benny, Fred Allen, Burns and Allen, Jack Haley, Ben Bernie, Sid Skolsky, George Fisher (subbing for Walter Winchell) Bing Crosby, Bob Burns, Lanny Ross, Chas. Butterworth, Amos 'n Andy, Jimmy Fidler, Chase & Sanborn Coffee Program, Irene Rich, Tyrone Power, Rudy Vallee Variety Hour, Hollywood Hotel, Ken Murray, Joe Penner, Al Jolson, Lux Radio Theatre, Alice Faye, Jack Oakie, Eddie Cantor and Jeanette MacDonald.

The premiere of Woodbury's Hollywood Playhouse Program, starring Tyrone Power was a brilliant one. Power has a guest star each week in front of the mike, and plenty of famous friends in the audience. Darryl Zanuck, Tyrone's boss, was on hand to give the opening program a touch of brilliance. Zanuck had forgotten his promise to appear with Power and when the studio got in touch with him he had just fifteen minutes to get to the studio from his ranch in Encino. That probably explains his showing up in blue dungaree's, boots, and a turtle neck sweater topped off by a plaid sport coat.

The sound effect technician of the Lux Theatre is supposed to have the largest library of "effects" in the world. But in a recent Radio Theatre production he had to stop and think. One of the background sounds of the production was a swinging gate, a little bit rusty. First of all he looked for a rusty gate in Hollywood to get an idea of the sound. None was to be found. Then calling on a boyhood memory of what such a gate was like he tried every possible combination of equipment in his "library." None of it sounded like a real gate. So eventually he just went ahead and built a gate, using some old hinges. Oddly enough it sounded just like a rusty gate—that is, the third one he built, did.

One top-notch radio comic is threatened with having his long time contract cancelled if he doesn't show up for rehearsals. His sponsors have agreed to give him one and only one more chance... Bob Burns revealed on a recent broadcast that if he has no oil handy he uses lard to keep his bazooka in tip-top shape... Sidney Skolsky, the most recent newspaper columnist to turn to radio, suffers terrifically from "mike fright." The studio has a big lounge chair for Sidney to relax in during his broadcast... Hollywood, known for the unusual, held a party recently with one of its hosts missing. Leading radio and screen celebrities, radio executives and friends gathered in Sardi's Blue room to give Jack Haley a big send-off for his first radio show. Jack Benny, one of the hosts, had to stay in Palm Springs under doctor's care with a bad cold... On a recent Lux program Barbara Stanwyck had to portray by voice alone the same character at the age of 19, 24, 30, 36, and 40 years... Col. Ezra Simpson, in my opinion will be a big radio name in the near future... [Continued on page 62]
**10 WAYS TO AVOID MATRIMONY**

George Sanders does not claim to be a Don Juan or a more than normally pursued young man, but here is how he learned about the single life the hard way

**By MELISSA DODD**

"Ten ways to avoid matrimony..." ruminated George Sanders, his six feet three of height outlined against the stone chimney in the living room, has gray green eyes humorous, "I wonder if there's anything a man needs to know more in these expensive days than how not to get married? Well, I know ten ways.

"I learned them in Finland, Denmark, Germany, France, England and South America. Unintentionally, mind you."

He ran a hand across thick brown hair in a rueful gesture. He is, of course, the hero of *The Life of a Lancer Spy*, a picture in which he plays no less than four (please count 'em!) roles. He was the husband, a meanie, of Madeleine Carroll in *Lloyd's of London*, and subsequently had parts in *Ship and Love Is News*.

In short, Sanders—you pronounce it "Sahnders," for it's as English as Piccadilly Circus—is the new discovery at 20th Century-Fox Studios. They don't understand why the personable young man hasn't been marched to the altar long before this. But Sanders understands, all right.

Not that he's a woman hater; he simply isn't a woman seeker. He just reads and smokes his pipe and sails a boat and works at the studio. His big ambition is to snaffle 20 hours' sleep a day but, failing this, he snaffles as much as he can. He even lives in solitude at the top of a gosh awful hill on a road called, aptly, Hermit's Glen.

"In avoiding matrimony," continued the hermit of Hermit's Glen, his raffish look belying the modulated accents, "a man generally has to be skillful. But I wasn't. My single blessedness, if it's that, comes from following rules I didn't know existed. Like that time about the silver box.

"And a good thing! For if a man marries too early, he's likely to marry the wrong woman.

"Meanwhile, you behold in me an expert. An inadvertent expert. From my own sad experiences and those of my friends I've gleaned ten rules on how

George Sanders shows of what stern stuff he is made in *The Life of a Lancer Spy* by resisting the allure of Dolores Del Rio at this moment in the adventure film

...to strew the banana peel in the path of romance.

"Curbstones, the hermit was recalling gloomily; "they have nice, high curbs in some of the towns of Denmark, and I was tired of walking, so I sat down on one. She said people didn't do such things. I grew stubborn, and sat, anyway. I like to sit on curbstones. She walked off, and I never could even get her by telephone afterward. Be highly individualistic (she called it conspicuous) in conservative company. That's rule No. 1 for the wedding ring dodger.

"Then—I prefer to sail a boat alone or with a couple of fellows, no woman tottering about the deck. And I like raw onions. If a lady needs a gas mask to listen to your tender chatter (have you any idea how harsh 'gas mask' sounds in Finnish?), or if you never meet girls under glamorous circumstances, the spell of the sea, you know, or the moonlight and whatnot—Well, there you are. Or here I am.

"A fourth way to make an orange blossom curl up, as I realized from watching a friend's effort, is to launch the topic of hard times plus an endorsement of the economic equality of the sexes when the waiter presents the dinner check. My word, that'll work like a charm; she never spoke to him again. Still another method, which unfolded on the Riviera, is to ignore the little amenities. By the time a second friend of mine hadn't done enough hand-kissing and bowing from the waist to suit his lady love—find! With fireworks."

Sanders puffed thoughtfully at his pipe.

"A truly infallible way to scramble the bridal bouquet and make utter hash of the nuptials, though, is to get going about the superiority of the male. Once in England I barely mentioned that man seemed intended by nature to be the boss, because where are you..." [Continued on page 47]
GIFTS FOR A NEW YEAR OF BEAUTY

By ANN VERNON

When you give Christmas presents, why not give the kind that will help your friends to keep their New Year's Beauty Resolutions — instead of giving potted plants that vanish as fast as the Christmas turkey, or books that will never be read? It's much easier for a gal to make firm resolutions about being better groomed, on January 1, if she has a lovely new manicure set, a fresh and complete box of cosmetics, a huge bottle of hand lotion or fragrant bath luxuries. ... Hollywood stars—who know so well the psychological and practical value of fine toilet preparations—like to give and to get cosmetics, as you can see by these photos of Betty Grable and Heather Angel. ... So I'd advise you to "follow the stars," and do your shopping at your cosmetic counter, giving particular attention to the items pictured on these pages. ... If you are timid about selecting cosmetics for someone else, settle on the Marvelous Eye-Matched Make-up kit, made by Richard Hudnut. Contains five cosmetics keyed to the color of the eyes. ... Quaintly named "Manicure Caddy" is Glazo's inexpensive but neat
wooden case of polished sycamore, holding manicure essentials. A box that spells nail beauty. . . . To a gal who likes to dabble in amateur theatricals, give Elizabeth Arden's Student Make-up Box, containing the same things used to glamorize many a movie star. . . . Yardley's new Bond Street Compact and Lipstick, gold and white in decor, would be an ideal gift for a bride-to-be. . . . Any woman, including this beauty editor, would appreciate either of these Boyer sets, one of Body Tale and Pine Needle Bath Oil, the other of Face Powder, Rouge and Lipstick. . . . Houbigant's new ensemble of hand-processed rouge and powder in feather-light cases of jade or tortoise shell is a gift to treasure. So is the Houbigant Christmas-boxed bottle of Eau Florale Concentree in Verbena, Honey-suckle, Sweet Pea, Magnolia and Gardenia. . . . To someone you want to impress as well as please, give Bourjois' "Evening in Paris" Gift Set encased in a taffeta-lined blue and silver box. Holds cologne, perfume and atomizer, talcum and a vanity. . . . For the housewife who has to baby her hands, a de luxe Imperial bottle of Campana's trusty Italian Balm. . . . Packard's smart Lektrolite, a flameless, wind-proof, odorless cigarette lighter, in ivory composition will appeal to the girl who smokes, for it helps keep her fingers whiter. . . . For Fappy, a Pro-phy-lac-tic shaving set containing bowl, brush and lotion. . . . If she is planning a trip, give her Coty's "En Route" Kit and that will send her on her way smiling. . . . For your young sister who never has enough lipsticks — Tattoo's five South Sea shades in the new fifty-five cent size. . . . Betty Grable is going to give Max Factor's star-autographed set of cosmetics — and so might you.

Head your list with "I resolve to be more beautiful in 1938" . . . If you want expert help in keeping your resolution, write to Ann Vernon, HOLLYWOOD'S beauty editor. Her advice is free. Address Ann Vernon, HOLLYWOOD MAGAZINE, 1501 Broadway, New York, and be sure to enclose return postage (a three cent U. S. stamp, please . . .

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1. Marvelous Eye-Matched Make-up set intrigues Heather Angel
2. Glazo's "Manicure Caddy" costs much less than two dollars
3. Elizabeth Arden tempts stage-struck gals with make-up set
4. Regal and lovely are Yardley's Bond Street compact, lipstick
5. Boyer offers gay cosmetics and a "pour le bain" set
6. Two Houbigant honeys, Eau Florale, hand-made powder, rouge
7. For harmony in perfume, give Bourjois' Evening in Paris set
8. A pretty and practical present, de luxe size of Italian Balm
9. To light your cigarette neatly, use smart, ivory Lektrolite
10. Good mornings for Dad in this Pro-phy-lac-tic shaving set
11. Coty's "En Route" Kit holds all you need for travel beauty
12. Drop these Tattoo Lipsticks in the toe of her stocking!
13. For Hollywood glamour there's Max Factor's set of cosmetics
THE FIRST CROONER

Some men are brave, some men are fool-hardy, and some men just don’t care what happens. Jimmy Durante seems to be all three, because he insists upon telling the world that he started the crooning industry

By PEGGY BALLARD

"Down with Bing Crosby! Down with Dick Powell! And the same to Rudy Vallee!" Says Jimmy Durante, who admits that they’re nice people, but who wants the world to know that he is the only and original first crooner.

It took a broken microphone to start him crooning and Jimmy the Schnozzle will still be at it as long as there’s a mike left to shatter. For Jimmy the bombastic, the erratic, the mad minstrel of the stage and celluloids has followed his notorious nose back to Hollywood, prepared to show these other crooners just what is a big apple.

"What makes those warblers think they’re crooners from way back?" he asks. "I’m a modest man, but I must confess that I’m the first crooner."

It was 15 years ago when it all started. Jimmy was packing them into a New York night club. He wrestled chords on a piano with the left hand and sang and gave them the gestures with the right. He was asked to do a benefit at a club. "I might have got a bit excited," he remembers. "At any rate I broke the microphone—was I mortified?"

They hauled him into court to try to make him pay $150 for the fractured mike.

"I’m no wild man," Jimmy told the judge, "My voice couldn’t even bruise a mike. I’m a crooner."

"Prove it or pay up," ordered his Honor. That’s when the vocal acrobatics got under way. Jimmy crooned.

"Case dismissed," said the judge, but Jimmy had learned caution and he crooned from that time on, his dulcet tones growing dulceter and dulceter.

"Where was Vallee then?" he shouts.

"Up in Maine with an orchestra.

"Where was Crosby? Crosby was only a cymbal-beater. What have they got that I haven’t got? What has Dick Powell? And Tony Martin? And Kenny Baker?"

"Curly hair? So’s mine! Even the fringe. "Soulful eyes? Can’t I look as moon-struck as the rest of them? Couldn’t I wear a uniform like Powell does? Yet they always make me a comedian—a soulful soul like myself. Am I humiliated?"

"When I think of the anguished hours I have spent to perfect my cadences and cadenzas I know I’m the first crooner."

"Here I have spent hours wearing spats and heavy woolens to protect my Herculean strength and save for posterity and the boxoffice the Durante ditties and dithyrambs.

"Oh, the tortures I’ve gone through to develop these massive muscles, this singer’s chest, my volume control—"

"Do you realize that I am doomed to a garterless life? My sox must hang at half-mast, always mourning, so that no impeded circulation will affect my famous tonal qualities.

"Can my public imagine the hours I spend gargling every morning to limber up the larynx so the lyrics come out like lullabies?"

"Is it any wonder that when I was on the radio recently all of my mail was addressed to Jimmy Durante, the Apollo of the Aerials?" he sighed.

"Some jealous music critics say that it’s the nasal qualities that make crooners. Think of me, then, the longer the nose the more the nasal qualities!"

Calmer after his outburst, Jimmy went back on the set at Columbia studio to rehearse for his new song which he has written himself and which he will sing in College Follies of 1938.

It’s called "Doing the Strataway in My Cutaway" and ought to give anybody a runaway from the blues.

"Did I ever tell you about the time I was down on one knee behind the set doing a mammy song? One of the producers came by and watched."

"Give it both knees, Durante," says he, ‘and Jelson goes.’ That was real recognition, but Jimmy’s still mortified.

"Down with the other gurglers and warblers and hummers who call themselves crooners! I did it first!" he cries, and that is his message to the world at this moment.

But what we want to know is: Will he take the consequences?
Gifts from Hollywood
Created by Max Factor

Hollywood's Make-up Genius offers
Something New!

To give individuality to Christmas gifts, Max Factor created "Personalized" make-up sets... for blonde, brunette, brownette or redhead. They contain the personal color harmony make-up for each type of beauty as created by Max Factor for Hollywood's beautiful screen stars. Now you can choose a cosmetic gift and know that it will be correct, perfect... so this year give a "Gift from Hollywood."

Max Factor's Powder in Xmas Box... Color Harmony Shades for blonde, brunette, brownette, redhead: $1.00

Max Factor's Autographed Make-Up Sets... Powder, rouge and lipstick in color harmony: $2.50

Max Factor's Vanity-Lipstick Set... The new Max Factor double vanity and Super-Indelible Lipstick: $3.00

IDALUPINO Parament star, suggests a "Gift from Hollywood" as the perfect Christmas remembrance.

Max Factor's Special Make-Up Set... Contains five Hollywood make-up requisites every girl wants: $4.50

Max Factor's Color Harmony Set... A lovely box containing 8 Max Factor Make-Up essentials: $6.50

Max Factor's Deluxe Make-Up Set... The perfect gift... contains 12 Max Factor requisites of make-up: $10
For the best man on your Christmas list select Packard Lektro-Shaver. Nothing else gives such smooth, close, painless shaving—without water, lather, fuss. Every day a million men spread its fame. Every hour thousands more look, listen, secretly yearn. Don't disappoint him! Get him a Packard Lektro-Shaver!

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<td>A</td>
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<td>Lava (mottled gray) shaver with silver monogram plate</td>
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<td>Jade shaver with gold monogram plate and gold-plated head</td>
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<td>Lapis shaver with silver monogram plate</td>
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<td>De Luxe white Packard Lektro-Shaver</td>
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<td>Black Packard Lektro-Shaver with silver monogram plate</td>
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<td>Embossed red shaver with gold monogram plate</td>
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**LEKTROLITES** are flameless, wind-proof, odorless, tasteless—light cigarettes 1200° cooler—making them taste better—preventing tongue-bite. Illustrated in circle above, "the Plastique." Others from $1.25 to $50. See complete line at your dealer or write for catalogue.

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ALICE FAYE

wears gracefully the frills and furbelows of the roaring nineties in one of the most spectacular films of the new year, *In Old Chicago*. 

JANUARY, 1938
The show that gave Paris a new sensation, thrilled London, and captured New York... now in the full glory of the screen's mighty magic... with a great cast of supporting stars including

**Basil Rathbone**

**Anita Louise**

**Melville Cooper** • **Isabel Jeans**

**Morris Carnovsky** • **Victor Kilian** • An **Anatole Litvak** Production

Screen play by Casey Robinson • Adapted from the play by Jacques Deval • English
Version by Robert E. Sherwood • Music by Max Steiner • A Warner Bros. Picture

*It's on the way to your favorite theatre now—the grandest love and laughter picture of this or any other year!... A glorious Christmas treat for a hundred million movie-goers.*
THE WHOLE WIDE WORLD! *

Glamour and romance!

"Yesterday is done! Tomorrow—who knows? ... Tonight's our night!"

Ready for a gala night in Paris! ... with 4 billion francs in the bank—and not a sou they could call their own!

The runaway lovers take to the roof in one of the amusing and amazing scenes in "Tovarich."

"TOVARICH" is full of big moments—and here's one as Charles Boyer comes face to face with that suave villain ... Basil Rathbone.
A million dollars worth of fun, glamour and romance!

Claudette COLBERT
Charles BOYER

The season's most exciting screen event

TOVARICH

The show that gave Paris a new sensation, thrilled London, and captured New York...now in the full glory of the screen magic...with a great cast of supporting stars including

BASIL RATHBONE
ANITA LOUISE

MELVILLE COOPER • ISABEL JEANS

Warner Bros. presents TOVARICH, the most exciting screen event of the season. Starring Charles Boyer and Claudette Colbert, TOVARICH is a hilarious comedy that will have you laughing from start to finish. Don't miss out on this spectacular production for a night of laughter and joy. See TOVARICH at your favorite theatre now!
HOLLYWOOD'S NEWS TEST

Maybe you know all about Hollywood, and again maybe you don't. The best way to find out is to take our news test. You won't get a diploma or a degree if you pass, but you will have some fun.

By WHITNEY WILLIAMS

[Continued on page 60]

[Image of a page with an illustration and text about the news test and Hollywood stars and events.]
ISN'T LOVE WONDERFUL?

JANUARY, 1938

In Paramount's True Confession, Carole Lombard and Fred MacMurray are so much affected by the tender passion that they just can't keep their hands off each other!
An ill-mannered dog usually has an inconsistent
owner . . . here are some of the rules the stars
follow to make life easy for dog owners

By SONIA LEE

■ We'll take your word for it! Yours
is the most enchanting dog in three
counties. He's smart as a whip, and a
lot of company. He's the George Gorgeous
of canine society. But does he know what
every dog should know?

Judy Garland—still in her brief teens,
but well on the way to stardom by benefit
of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and her singular
talents—puckered up her adorable, elfin
face in deep thought.

"You know," she said, "I've just about
decided that my pup bosses me around.
He's master of the house and no mistake.
Something has to be done about it. I have
practically no influence with him!"

So we journeyed out to the See-Are
kennels, Comedian Charles Ruggles' ca-
nine heaven, where a dog can start in kin-
dergarten and graduate from college in
less than ten weeks.

The Kennels are home and school and
hospital combined. Prompted by an un-
derstanding and love of dogs, Charles
Ruggles departed far from his screen in-
terests in organizing this establishment.
There are twenty-two persons on the
kennel staff, including a dietitian, nurses,
a veterinarian, handlers and trainers. The
pens are large, the runs, where the dogs
exercised daily, are enormous. Every pet
is watched as carefully as if it were in the
loving care of its owner.

They specialize both in the commercial
training of dogs—that is in making them
ideal pets, and in training dogs for picture
work—a long process, for picture dogs do
not depend on the voice of the trainer, but
on movement, silent command.

■ "What," we asked Max Weatherwax,
famous as a trainer of movie dogs and
the pets of movie stars, "should every dog
know?"

"Let's get one thing straight to begin
with," he replied. "An owner must be
trained as scrupulously as his pet. He
must understand the psychology of his
dog, first of all. Temperament, breed, dis-
position must all be considered in direct
relation to type of training and its dura-
tion. I never dismiss a dog from a course
until the owner works with me during the
last week of training, for at least an hour
each day. A badly behaved dog is a
reflection on the owner—not on the
dog!

"Every dog should be scrupulously
house-clean," he ticked off as item No. 1.
"It's simple to house-break a dog if done
right. Put him out after feeding. During
puppyhood, watch him, and at the first
suspicious move, put him outside. If your
dog has an accident, shake him by the
scruff of the neck and scold. Don't let
yourself get angry when your dog does
the wrong thing. Patience is the essen-
tial quality which the successful dog
owner must possess. If your dog is un-
usually aggressive, a very light spanking
with a newspaper may be justified. Severe
punishment of animals is not even ex-
cusable.

Don't forget—to your dog you are the
essence of perfection, a combination of
every virtue. Don't disappoint him and
destroy his devotion.
"A dog's elementary education consists of breaking him to the leash, teaching him to heel at command, to sit down and stay put, to lie down and to come when called."

With Gypsy, a perfectly trained miniature French poodle, he illustrated to Judy precisely how a dog can go to school in his own home.

Weatherwax believes in tailoring the training to the temperament of the dog. With very aggressive dogs he recommends a thrice daily training period, which may last half an hour. With more sensitive dogs he advises a lighter schedule—twice or even once a day lessons, no longer than fifteen minutes. He reiterates that all periods be followed by a word of approbation, by the reward of a tidbit, and by a romp.

"Your dog should be trained to be obedient," Weatherwax pointed out. "A well-behaved pup answers his owner's call instantly. It's simple to train him to do that. Attach a long string to his leash, let him run for a few minutes, and then call 'come,' tugging at the string at the same time. After two or three hundred times, he will know instantly what 'come' means. Never expect too much from your pet. Dogs take at least twenty-four hours to thoroughly digest instruction.

"To teach a dog to heel, that is walk at your side, hold him on your left side, pull his leash short, and repeat the command 'heel,' holding him back gently at the same time. In effect, the leash is your clutch. Eventually he will learn to walk at your side through the heaviest traffic without a leash.

"Reward your dog for lessons learned and commands smartly performed. Give him a tid-bit, pet him. Dogs are like people. They work better when properly admired.

"Teaching a dog to sit down is fairly simple. Put your right hand on his hind quarters, and push down, repeating constantly 'sit.' Hold his chin in your left hand, so he won't wiggle.'

"Don't let your dog dawdle during lesson-time. Be gentle, patient, but very firm. He'll try to play, to divert you, but during school periods be positive and unyielding."

[Continued on page 51]
Turn Up the Clock

We put our trusty Time Machine to work, whirled through ten years to 1948, and look what Uncle Ed saw in Hollywood!

By EDWARD CHURCHILL

So you children want to know about motion pictures, eh? Very well. We'll go for a walk around Hollywood and I'll tell you all about 'em. Junior, get your hat on. Sue, we'll start on ahead. It's really too bad about you youngsters, never having seen even an epic, let alone a colossal release. They used to make pictures right here in this town. They showed 'em on screens in theatres. What's that, Sue? T-h-e-a-t-r-e-s. Those big buildings you have at home in Des Moines with the "For Rent" signs on 'em. Ten years ago, in 1938, they had talking pictures. Some people said it was a form of entertainment.

Here we are on Hollywood Boulevard. This was known as the street of the stars. The stars were the big shots. They played the leading roles. Right here on Hollywood Boulevard — what's that, Junior? The big crowd over there at the corner of Vine street? You mean that line of women that runs clear around the block? That's on account of Robert Taylor. Dr. Robert Taylor to you. He realized his dream. When he was in Broadway Melody of 1938 he issued a publicity statement that he'd like to be a doctor. And dagone if he didn't up and do it!

Well, you can bet the producers, particularly Metro - Goldwyn - Mayer, who had him under contract, were upset. They said:

"Bob, you can't leave us like this. We're paying you a pretty good salary. Several thousands of dollars a week. You've got a nice home, and a fine future."

Bob thought it over, and he stuck right to his guns.

"What do I care for money?" he said, snapping his fingers. "What do I want with a big home and lots of servants. I guess a fellow's entitled to live his own life. I want to be a doctor, and I'm going to be a doctor."

There were some who said at the time that Magnificent Obsession, which was about a surgeon, had gone to his head. But he started right in to study. went to medical school, and after a while he was graduated. That line of women you see is the result. He's making more money this way than he did before. What's that, Sue? Why are there so many men in the line? Heh! Heh! Just about that time, Claudette Colbert announced that she'd like to be a nurse. And the same thing happened. Nobody could talk her out of it, not even Paramount, and she tore up her contract. She went through a nursing course very rapidly, because she'd always wanted to be a nurse. Right away, Doctor Bob, as we call him now, gave her a job. There's some in Hollywood who say Doctor Bob had an eye to the box office — I mean getting business from both sexes — when he hired her. But it's never been proved.

Oh! Oh! Look out there, Sue. That was a narrow escape! You've got to watch out for the horses here. Some're wild and some're tame. Why? Well, you couldn't expect a small place like Hollywood to have all the horses around you? Bing Crosby started that. At first, raising horses was just a small hobby with him. What, Sue? Oh. C-r-o-o-n-e-d. The country gentleman. He used to be an actor, too.

He crooned. C-r-o-o-n-e-d. It was right before Pennies From Heaven that he got the horses, and right after Double Or Nothing that the horses got him. Right away, Clark Gable got a horse. Then Barbara Stanwyck started raising them with Marian Marx, wife of one of the four Marx Brothers. No, not Karl Marx. He was an economist. Hollywood never heard of economy. Fred Astaire was next to go. Just about the time Jack Oakie went to the dogs.

"My ambition's to raise Afghan hounds," said Oakie.

All the big shots at RKO got into a huddle and tried to persuade him to stay in motion pictures, but he remained adamant. He raised dogs and raised dogs, and pretty soon the strain became international. The Afghans joined the canine melting pot. On every corner were dogs. Soon Oakie's dogs began dating Charlie Ruggles' dogs — he'd quit pictures to raise dogs, too — anyway, you'll learn about that in biology. Back to the horses. Gable, having one horse, thought it looked lonesome, so he got some more, and pretty soon he got so interested that when the studio called him, he replied:

"I'm sorry, gentuhihmen, but a haws is a haws — man's noblest friend. Mah hawses come fuhs!"

Spence Tracy was always a good friend of Gable, so when that news went around the lot, Spence said: "Cuhnel Gable's right, suh!"

Paul Kelly raised horses. Joel McCrea gave up the screen for his cows. Retired to his thousand-acre ranch. Why not chickens, instead of horses and cows? My dear children, Hollywood always does things in a big way. So you see why all those people are riding the range up and down this broad thoroughfare, and why there are so few automobiles.

Oh, hello, Bob. Children, excuse Bob and me just a minute. No, Bob, I don't know a thing. Not a thing. The town's so quiet. You see, Leslie Howard, Fred MacMurray, George Raft, and several others are still riding the horses, could've been on world tours five years ago, after announcing that they were through with pictures, and nobody's seen 'em since. Why don't you drop up to John Beal's commercial art studio? Maybe he knows something. That's okay, Bob. I'll be seeing you. [Continued on page 54]
THAT AWFUL MOMENT

when they break the news that there isn’t any Santa Claus emotions run riot. Edward Everett Horton took time out from the new Lily Pons picture, *Hitting a New High*, to demonstrate the proper way to take the tough news.

That’s an ugly rumor! I don’t believe it!

But suppose it’s really true?

I wonder if maybe there isn’t any Santa?

But there HAS to be a Santa Claus!

Aw...you’re just joking!

You almost had me believing it!
For the first time, Rosalind Russell uses her own hammer on her own front door to hang up her own Christmas wreath

IT'S YOUR MOVE

She never had a house of her own, and she thought it would be easy until she found out about home-owning from Hollywood

By JESSIE HENDERSON

Up the stairs went Rosalind Russell—the new stairs in the new house—with her gaze on the wallpaper that showed beyond the open door of her bedroom. The men had hung the paper only that afternoon. Something was wrong with it!

"I had ordered a French design in light blue with loops of lace all over," she explained to me, her black eyes agleam at recollection of the horror and fun which moving-out and moving-in entails. "And this had sheaves of wheat! 'Well, it's pretty,' I thought as I came up the stairs, 'but not exactly.' The pattern I picked was perhaps a little on the feminine side."

Her red lips gave a deprecatory twist; she doesn't go in for silly fluffy ruffles effects... "but—stacks of wheat! In a bedroom!"

She leaned back on the deep rose couch in her M-G-M dressing room, and gave a profound sigh. Every householder who has gone through the papering-painting-remodeling experience will recognize that sigh.

"They'd put it on upside down," Rosalind explained in the resigned tone of one who's merely a pawn of fate, as who that builds a home isn't. "The lace loops only look like wheat from that angle. Of course the paper had to be scrapped off, new paper ordered, the job done over. That took another week!"

This is the first time Rosalind Russell, newly ordained star and Hollywood Bachelor Girl No. 1, has owned a home; and her experiences in acquiring it are meat for every other prospective home owner to chew upon. She has lived in apartments, rented houses, even purchased real estate, but recently an actual home which she could actually call hers was suddenly the one thing she wanted. Rosalind thought it would be jolly to buy a house and rebuild it nearer to the heart's desire, a project she discovered to be much more difficult than building it anew from the ground up.

It was jolly, all right! After months of dickering and delay, inevitable and otherwise, from everybody concerned, Rosalind gathered together on a recent morning the housekeeper, the personal maid, and the garage man. "Next Tuesday we move into the new place whether it's done or not," she decreed, "even if there's no furniture except a bed and a table for each of us." As it happened, that's about all each of them had for a while, with the merry bang-bang of the carpenters' hammers resounding through the halls by day and the aroma of fresh paint filling the house by night.

"I realized that if we didn't move in, the place would never be done," Rosalind said, "I'm thoroughly in favor of every house builder, particularly every house remodeler, keeping as close to the job as possible if you want things to turn out the way you've planned." She added with a business-like nod: "Also a householder ought to know just what materials go into a new place and just how the workmen ought to do their work, and whether they're doing it. Or, anyway, pretending to know."

Her laughter is good to hear. Ladylike, you understand, for she went to finishing school and wears brown orchids in the evening and has the gracious aristocracy of New England for a background, but laughter that makes the listener laugh, too, even before knowing the joke.

"I'd rush over each day and inspect what had been done. The materials, for instance. I pretended to know the different kinds and grades of woods. 'That doesn't look like Grade-A pine to me,' I'd say, looking at it like this." She narrowed her eyes critically and assumed a brisk air. People are constantly being astonished by the streak of business ability that goes with the beauty of Rosalind Russell. She doesn't intend to work any sharp practice on other people, but by the same token she doesn't [Continued on page 64]
THE HARRIED CHEST

No matter what is revealed to the eyes of a waiting world, if and when Robert Taylor takes up the challenge of the inquiring reporters, this story springs to his defense by saying "So what?"

Howard, Mischa Auer, Andy Devine, yea, and even Buck Jones, can boast the merest trace of downy chest adornment.

Still Gary Cooper, Joel McCrea, David Niven, Randolph Scott, Fred MacMurray, Clark Gable, Dick Powell, Pat O'Brien, Edward G. Robinson, John Boles and John Beal are prepared to match Robert Taylor's hairy bosom any day. Cary Grant has enough to pinch.

Peter Lorre seems to be tops in the field with a regular doormat, even superior to the Tarzans, Johnny Weismuller and Glenn Morris. Both Laurel and Hardy play him a close second, and so does Woolsey (the while Wheeler hangs his head). Don Ameche, Brian Donlevy and Tony Martin can make a pretty good showing.

So far so good. But hairy evidence can be pretty unreliable. For instance, this famous Lou Gehrig, "iron man" of baseball, who has just come to Hollywood for immortalization on the screen, hasn't a hair on his bosom. Yet Roland Young, who rather specializes in masculine timidity on the screen, can boast a marvelous doggy array. In fact, so evident is Roland Young's that when he took that shower in Topper, the Hayes office insisted upon the cameras being so arranged that no brush would be visible. And wasn't it Tony Moreno who had to shave his chest for Bohemian Girl? Certainly Doug Fairbanks had to shave his for the

Many a kind heart beats beneath a home-grown chest-protector

By ALMA WHITAKER

When a bunch of reporters, jealous of Robert Taylor's admiring feminine legions, taunted him into saying he would bare his bosom for public exhibition "of the hair that grows thereon," screen idols began inspecting their chests anxiously.

Especially, don't you know, as he-man authors Ernest Hemingway and Max Eastman had likewise been indulging a hairy-chest controversy.

All of Hollywood is involved in the argument.

Because, you see, such indubitably he-men as Errol Flynn, Victor McLaglen, Tyrone Power, Charles Boyer, Leslie Howard, Mischa Auer, Andy Devine, yea, and even Buck Jones, can boast the merest trace of downy chest adornment. Still Gary Cooper, Joel McCrea, David Niven, Randolph Scott, Fred MacMurray, Clark Gable, Dick Powell, Pat O'Brien, Edward G. Robinson, John Boles and John Beal are prepared to match Robert Taylor's hairy bosom any day. Cary Grant has enough to pinch.

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Thief of Bagdad. Other distinctly hairy guys are Eddie Cantor, Joe Penner, Parkyakarkus, and Eric Blore. (Eric, oh dear, who shines so conspicuously in cringing roles!)

Voila, sisters, draw your own conclusions. Nevertheless, so firm is tradition, that you'll be well-advised to assume that your gentlemen friends have hairy chests. There is even a firm in Hollywood that undertakes to supply chest toupees for such males as must play tough-guy roles. The subject teems with interest, since there are blond and brunette bosoms, curly and straight-haired bosoms, downy or wiry bosoms, spotty or carpeted bosoms. And they all love to show 'em at the beach, which is why trunks came in and bathing suits went out.
SHIRLEY TEMPLE

America's top ranking star brings Heidi, beloved of generations of children, to the screen as her contribution to the holiday season.
The Customer's Always Right

Even when the man behind the counter is a famous movie star, the long established custom gives the unknown buyer the break

By EMILY NORRIS

It was a very nice bathroom, full of glittery fixtures and a pale green enameled tub, and in the center of the room stood Loretta Young saying that it was just about the best looking bathroom she had ever seen. Loretta was trying to impress a woman who stared at the glittery fixtures doubtfully.

"And easy to clean," Loretta added, digging into her memory for things she'd heard a rental agent say, "rounded corners and—and so on."

The woman said the bathroom was beautiful. The entire apartment was too beautiful for words and she'd love to live in an apartment house owned by, of all people, Loretta Young. But—and the woman's lip began to quiver—eighty dollars, the price Miss Young had mentioned, was more than she could pay. Oh, the place was worth it; only—quiver, quiver—it was more than she could afford.

"Seventy, then," suggested Loretta, big blue eyes full of sympathy.

The woman leaped at the offer. Before you could say, bam! she had started to move in. Loretta, who buys apartment houses at auctions and had met this prospective tenant by chance when she strolled into her newest acquisition, went to the manager in high glee. "I rented that vacancy," she chortled, "for seventy dollars!"

"Awk!" cried the manager. So Loretta's first dip into the rental business is going to be her last, for while she still buys houses at auction she now leaves the renting of them to professional and less soft-hearted agents. The normal rent of that apartment was one hundred dollars.

"Well, the customer's always right," Loretta quoted ruefully.

Nowhere else in the world is the customer so right, and so always right, as in those Hollywood business places owned by stars. The stars as a rule even spend considerable time personally supervising their enterprises. Perhaps because they don't really have to do it, these film celebrities go to extraordinary lengths to please the patrons of the shops, cafes, gas stations, which they've acquired. Or perhaps, with everybody pouring out adulation for the screen idols, the screen idols get a kick from realizing that in their role of business proprietors it's up to them to pour out a little adulation in return.

Anyway, the position of star and fan is completely reversed the moment the star enters the bootery, bakery or beannya in which he or she has purchased. The customer is so right that sometimes it surprises even the customer.

It surprised the customer who in Kent Taylor's new eating place asked for "diablo sauce." Kent Taylor, liking the corned beef he got in "Bill's Steak House" on Beverly Boulevard, recently bought the place.

"Diablo sauce?" repeated Kent, who had dropped in for a T-bone, "I never heard of it.

The customer admitted mournfully that he guessed nobody north of Buenos Aires ever had, but it was swell. They took pequenos and a handful of green and white peppers— [Continued on page 46]

How would you like to ask Loretta Young to reduce your rent? Here she is in her role of landlady

Or complain to Binnie Barnes that the people upstairs make too much noise? She's a landlady, too

But if its feed and hay you need, go directly to Joel McCrea, and he'll see that you get rapid service!
Ray Bolger, long-legged, rubber-jointed dancer with a face that combines the engaging expressions of a hopeful mackerel and a worried parrot, is one of the shining highlights of M-G-M's Rosalie. Between takes with Eleanor Powell and Nelson Eddy, who are co-starred in the musical film, Bolger decided to prove that he has a serious side, and made these experiments to show that Newton was right about the law of gravity. All he has had in response to his scientific investigations in gravity, so far, is plenty of loud long laughter from all sides.
"SPANKINGS SOOTHE THE SOUL"

—SAYS BETTE DAVIS

who believes that one of the best civilizing influences in America today is the good old invitation to see the good old woodshed

By RUTH RANKIN

In her latest picture, *That Certain Woman*, Bette Davis plays the mother of a four-year-old boy; her first mother role on the screen.

A discussion of the picture, one recent afternoon, and of her experience at playing mother, led naturally to a hypothetical child of her own. If or when there is ever a little Bette Davis Nelson, or Harmon O. Nelson, Jr., or both, Bette is prepared to take the situation in hand with that intelligent directness for which she is celebrated.

We will now take a quick hurdle over that old theory about the women who have no children being the ones who can tell you best how to bring 'em up. But don't be too quick, because any theory is liable to explode. The observations of mothers are apt to be limited to their own child or children, while theoretical mothers have a much wider range. They are not nearly so prejudiced. They have had ample opportunity to witness, with unbiased eye, the mistakes and successes of their friends; which friends are, of course, ambushed in droves hardly able to contain themselves until the time when Madame Now-If-I-Had-A-Child will be practicing her theories. It is always a matter of great astonishment to them, you tell me why, when she turns out to be a good mother.

It will no doubt be a matter of great astonishment to you to discover most of Bette's theories to be the sane-and-sensible old-fashioned variety. Which is perfectly logical. Any girl who had the advantage of a good New England upbringing would hardly be expected to advance ultra-modern ideologies.

This speaks well for Bette's own childhood—to any psychologist, even to amateurs like most of us. If she had been sternly sat upon, repressed, inhibited, more than likely she would be one of the most enthusiastic advocates of the new school of child culture which says, in effect, no impulse should be thwarted, no child should be made to do anything he doesn't want to do—and above all, no spankings.

"No spankings, my eye!" Bette exclaims with her characteristic speak-up manner. "There seems to be an alternation-of-generations principle applied to child-rearing. One generation wallops them, so the next is a bunch of softies, and so on. Well, no generation can afford to neglect the civilizing influence of a good spanking. Children are natural little savages who will get away with all they can. If they are not taught discipline and 

[Continued on page 58]
How to Behave On Christmas

Here are some helpful hints which, if carefully observed, will carry you safely through the social emergencies of the holiday season. Every Christmas has its dark moments, and these favorite players graciously demonstrate how to rise courageously above them.

Joe E. Brown poses as "The spirit of Christmas Morning" just after the first tin horn sends its joyous toot through the house at 2 A.M.

When the life of the party insists upon giving you some mistletoe, give up like a lady and eat it... they say it's poisonous. Demonstrated by Patsy Kelly

If your best girl buys you her idea of a snappy hat, look on the bright side. It's an opportunity for a clinch, anyway. Brought to life by Burns and Allen

When your loved ones give you an encyclopedia, charged to your account in 12 easy payments, there is nothing to do except say, "I need a lot of words, but I don't seem to find them in this contract." Posed by Eddie Cantor, who is a pretty good Santa Claus

It is best to say nothing at all when rich cousin Spobble says that he is giving nothing but cards this year. Edna May Oliver shows how to be a perfect lady under these most trying of holiday conditions.

When you get back that calendar you gave dear Cousin Muggle last December 25, remember that Christmas comes only once a year. Posed by Mary Boland with quiet despair.
Better use some blunt instrument instead of grandfather's shot-gun when Uncle Yunk from Alaska brings that out-sized Huskie to make apartment life more interesting. It's Martha Raye who is about to pick up the piano.

Be careful not to say "What is it?" when you unwrap that hand-frizzled art-novelty. Pretend you know just what to do with it. Gracie Fields shows how to be enthusiastic though baffled.

Have a wet sponge in your pocket ready for the little ones who want to give you a Christmas kiss after they have been working over the lollipops. Demonstrated by Victor Moore all in the spirit of holiday fun.

Keep a firm grip on those conflicting emotions when Cousin Swack says that he was bringing a case of champagne, but he dropped it, so you'll have to take the will for the deed. That frozen mask belongs to comic Bert Lahr.

Eric Blore shows how to mingle just the proper amount of delight with dignified restraint when you get pipe-cleaners for your cigarettes.

"Just what I wanted and needed most" is always a good line for nearly any gift that has you guessing. Posed by Helen Broderick.

January, 1938
On these two pages are enough new ideas to make your entire winter wardrobe sparkle. Left is Ann Dvorak in a black velvet gown with picturesquely full skirt worn in Republic's Manhattan Merry-Go-Round. The evening hat of ostrich tips couldn't be smarter. Above, Helen Jepson, soon to be seen in The Goldwyn Follies, wears a heavy mesh veil underneath and tossed back over her big skimmer. Simone Simon, currently gracing Love and Hisses at Twentieth Century-Fox, picked a Paddy-hat for tailored wear.
Any kind of a fur hat is good, but monkey fur is a favorite with Gloria Stuart who will be seen shortly in Shirley Temple's next film, Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm. Left, dramatic Tamara Geva wears a stunning costume of two-toned wool in Republic's Manhattan Merry-Go-Round. Above, Movita, star of Monogram's Paradise Isle, chooses a sheath of black velvet and a hat of sequins for that informal but very important dinner
Season Jumpers

Best of all clothes are those little numbers that adapt themselves to late autumn, early spring and all of the days in between. Here are some good answers...
When Frances Langford finished her part in Warners' Hollywood Hotel, she felt in holiday spirits and picked for herself the perfect set of traveling clothes. Because she wanted to see the wild mountain and desert country of the Southwest, she boarded a local American Airlines ship at 7:30 A.M. 1. Her lightweight tailored jacket of green plaid, worn with green skirt and accessories, is just heavy enough to keep off the early morning chill of Southern California. 2. When she stepped off at Tucson, the desert air was sharp, so she slipped on her Alaska sealskin coat and cinched it snugly around the middle with a wide leather belt. 3. Before arriving in Dallas at 7:30 the same evening, Miss Langford changed to a smart dress of dark green wool with separate coat trimmed in mink, a comfortable and smart costume to go sight-seeing with friends. 4. At 2:00 A.M., she boarded the fast sleeper plane. Stewardess Marjorie Markley is handing her a cup of hot Ovaltine before she puts on a dressing gown of yellow non-crushable silk (5) and prepares for bed. The next morning at 11:55 she stepped off the plane in New York in a brown and beige wool dress. She posed just long enough in the nippy winter sunshine to let you see the detail of its trimming before slipping her fur coat on and getting into a heated car.
Bombs over Shanghai have brought Anna May Wong, Hollywood's only Chinese-American star, back to the films.

The world's preoccupation with the Oriental war led inevitably to a cycle of Chinese pictures—and in Hollywood, "Chinese" and Anna May are practically synonymous.

And so, after an absence of many years, Miss Wong is back again. But it is a different Anna May who has returned. During the time she was away she studied, she traveled, she learned to live. She forgot acting other people's lives for a while—and took time to find herself.

Some women realize themselves in marriage, others in motherhood, still others in a career. But for Anna May it has been none of these. She found herself in China, her country and her people.

The change is well reflected in her attitude toward Daughter of Shanghai, first of a series of pictures she is making for Paramount under a long term contract. The story deals with an expose of the alien-smuggling racket. Anna May, in the role of a San Francisco-born Chinese girl, uncovers the ring with the aid of Philip Ahn, distinguished Korean actor, who, incidentally, was a schoolmate of Anna May's in a Los Angeles junior high school.

"I like my part in this picture better than any I've had before," she said. "Not because it gives me better acting opportunities nor because the character has exceptional appeal. It's just because this picture gives the Chinese a break—we have the sympathetic parts for a change! To me that means a great deal."

We were sitting in her Hollywood apartment on a late Sunday afternoon. The last of the sun glinted on a Chinese tapestry that covered one wall and picked out the colored bindings of books—most of them about China—ranged on a teakwood table.

I thought of the first time I had seen Anna May—a big wide-eyed kid who offered to curl my hair at a Chinese Girl Reserves meeting. There had been many Anna Mays since then—the indomitable extra who went knocking at Hollywood's gates; the fledgling actress who determinedly worked her way from seat-warming in casting offices to adorning the screen as its "lotus girl" in such pictures as China Bound, Shanghai Express, and Chinese Parrot; the finished artiste who played the gangster's moll in On the Spot; and finally, the polished London-accented star, toast of European capitals.

"Soon after I got to China last year, after that first round of parties that were disappointingly just like parties in Paris or London or Hollywood, I felt tranquil and at peace," she began.

"You know I had never been to China, but somehow it seemed that I had always been homesick for it."

"A rhythm in the life there harmonized with something in me that had been out of tune. I was no longer restless. It's hard to explain—our Chinese expression 'being in harmony with heaven and earth'—is the essence of it.

"I made the trip not to see as much as I could of China, but to feel as much as I could. The experience surpassed all my expectations. I wanted to find out if my interpretations of China were truly Chinese.

"I always had a weakness for Chinese art," she said, her eyes on a Ming vase that bloomed with fragrant tube roses, "but I thought it was exaggerated. I found that it wasn't. The trees look like they do in a Chinese painting. Even the ruins are alive in Peiping, not dead like the ruins in Rome. If I could ever leave my work, I'd choose Peiping for my home.

Her first visit to her ancestral home, Toishan, in Kwantung province, was a fascinating experience. [Continued on page 55]
"Now what did I do with that bill the little woman asked me to mail?"

"Ah, here it is! But no stamp. Of course, there wouldn't be a stamp!"

"I had a stamp once, and I remember putting it away carefully ... somewhere"

**THE FATAL ERROL**

Even though he is the star of a series of RKO-Radio short comedies, Leon Errol has human weaknesses like the rest of us as shown by this gripping minute movie of a man working up to a great deal of unpopularity at home

"It must be somewhere! Why do things like this always have to happen to ME?"

"I'm a busy man, working my fingers to the bone trying to make a living"

"And she expects me to waste all morning trying to mail a letter! Well, this'll show her!"
HOLLYWOOD'S
10 COMMANDMENTS

A star has many problems and not the least of them is keeping firmly in mind the rules of the game

By VIRGINIA DELANE

“IT's the world's last wilderness—Hollywood,” said Fredric March, “The Glamour Jungle where you can get lost more quickly than a subway guide can in the Rockies.

“Frankly, it took me two years in this place before I found myself. I'm not speaking of physical orientation. I mean the mental adjustments that are necessary here. What you really need is a set of rules—Golden Rules marked 'Exclusive for Hollywood'—to steer a course by.”

We were sitting on the set of The Buccaneer. Freddy was a little pale from the heat of 105 degrees.

This was Freddy's thirty-fifth starring part. All hits and no strikes. If anyone knows Hollywood's unique Commandments it is this same Mr. March.

So paste them in your hat if you're planning a screen career. Learn them by rote because they spell all the difference between success and failure.

“THOU SHALT NOT COME TO HOLLYWOOD 'COLD.'” Not,” he added, “unless you want a cold shoulder turned on you!”

I followed his gaze to where a kid was standing awkwardly in the background. A bewildered “extra,” obviously without training. “He's from Oklahoma. Never set foot on a stage before. That is what I mean by coming here 'cold,'” said Freddy thoughtfully. “This town can be pretty cruel to a chap like that. What he should have done was to find out first if he had talent. Joined a little theatre group. Then, with some acting experience behind him, he ought to have contacted a studio scout through the local picture exhibitor. He'd have a start that way at least.”

But having made the start—that's when the confusing and contradictory advice from well-meaning friends begin: “You MUST give yourself a build-up!” “DON'T try to create an Impression!”

“You OUGHT to be SEEN at the Right Places!” “DON'T go out at ALL!”

To which Freddy gives that deprecating little shrug of his and says something that sounds like “Bunk!”

“That's where the Second Commandment comes in,” he assures you solemnly, “THOU SHALT MIND THINE OWN BUSINESS—and tell the other fellow to mind his! You can't please everybody. The only complete satisfaction comes in being honest with yourself. Live your own life—and put cotton in your ears when the doddlers start giving you advice.

“Number Three Commandment is this: NEVER STOP STRIVING. Ina Claire, one of the greatest stars on Broadway, is still taking posture lessons. And look at Joan Crawford. The other day I heard her sing for the first time. She has a really beautiful voice—and she told me she practiced from two to five hours a day when she wasn't working in a picture.

“With No. Four,” Freddy looked at the tip of his cigarette reflectively for an instant, “you might say that's the most important of all. DON'T LET THE PLACE GET YOU DOWN. It's so easy to lose ambition in Hollywood. To go soft. It's a semi-tropical climate to begin with—and you know that expression of Lewis Milestone's: 'In the tropics every day is like every other day. You're going to heck and you know it'.

“In Hollywood, every day is like every other day. You're going to heck—but you don't know it! You sit back and think, 'Hmm, my last picture was pretty good. I'm going right along.' That's the minute you start slipping.

“Which brings us right up to the Fifth Commandment. CHOOSE YOUR FRIENDS CAREFULLY.

Then you won't get in with a crowd of unambitious hangers-on. There's plenty of them here, Yes-men and the talkie-talk kind. You can get in a rut with them before you realize it. That's why those who stay to themselves are usually the most successful.

“Your Sixth Commandment is: REMEMBER THE WORLD IS YOUR WORKSHOP. Never be yourself—in a picture! Each part you play is distinct. Like living in somebody else's shoes, so to speak. That was a comparatively simple thing to do, for instance, in Mary of Scotland. In the [Continued on page 53]
OLIVIA de HAVILLAND and GEORGE BRENT

JANUARY, 1938

climbed to the top of a mountain in the Pacific Northwest for this scene from Gold Is Where You Find It, Technicolor film soon to be released by Warners
The only logical answer to David O. Selznick's career is, "It's a lie!"

True, he started young, as well as broke and under dramatic circumstances. Yet he had to take time to batter his way into the consciousness of Show-me Town, which for two years let him knock on doors and sent out word, "Go and get a reputation." Then, when the portas opened, he broke a world's record for getting fired fast; bounced back and (it's on the records, Mr. Ripley!) forced himself into attention as a producer of Westerns.

Here are a very few examples of what his remarkable genius for production and casting has given to Hollywood, a town long since cured of being skeptical concerning Lewis J. Selznick's son. These are reasons why moviedom says "Sir" to "the man with the medals":

Brought Katherine Hepburn to Hollywood; produced A Bill of Divorcement, which made her a star.

Prepared production plans for Little Women, and cast Hepburn in that. Launched William Powell in a career of stardom, in Street of Chance.

Produced Sarah and Son, Ruth Chatterton's best, and Honey, Nancy Carroll's best.

Recognized Fred Astaire's screen possibilities, opened the negotiations which brought him to Hollywood; produced Fred's first picture, Dancing Lady.

Introduced Leslie Howard to the screen; co-starred him with Myrna Loy in The Animal Kingdom; bought the story, Of Human Bondage, that was to lift Howard (and Bette Davis) to cinema heights.

Discovered Freddie Bartholomew in a world search for David Copperfield.

Produced a long string of Box-office Champions for M-G-M, including Night Flight, Viva Villa and A Tale of Two Cities.

Snatched Janet Gaynor from virtual retirement and startled the world with her in A Star Is Born.

Smashed long-standing admission records with A Prisoner of Zenda.

Search every state in the union and, from 25,000 applicants, selected an Irish-American boy, Tommy Kelly, from the East Bronx, New York City, who will be the nation's Christmas present in The Adventures of Tom Sawyer.

Bought Gone With the Wind from the proof sheets, before the book's sale started.

What's the use? The rest is mostly a list of hits.

The long trail started at a place as busy as Hollywood—the corner of Forty-Second street and Broadway, New York. It was a sad place for that particular eighteen-year-old boy to stand. Right, left and before him he could see new signs where two years earlier the seven biggest, brightest signs in the area had blinked and heralded: LEWIS J. SELZNICK.

The elder Selznick had been the king-pin of the movie business. Over-expansion and one of those sudden slumps in audience attendance (plus the bankers, those jolly fellows) had crashed the Selznick company. Creditors had received home, fine furnishings, automobiles. Lewis Selznick, under that strain had died.

David stood on that busy corner with just one dollar to his name—a dollar and the offer of a job clerking. From earliest school days the boy had studied showmanship at his father's knee. Now he made up his mind. Some day there'd be another Selznick company, not only national but international.

David spent that dollar in a barber shop and went to see a man who might still listen to a Selznick talk showmanship. A two thousand dollar loan was the result and two of the quickest quickies ever made. One starred Luis Angel Firpo, the prizefighter, and was called Will He Beat Dempsey? It was made in one day, on a Manhattan roof. The second was the result of neat ingenuity. David persuaded Rudolph Valentino to review a beauty parade. He photographed the contest (and Valentino) from every possible angle. Both pictures made money; David went to Hollywood.

There followed two bitter years on Poverty Row, and plenty of trudging, before Metro gave a chance to this youngster who insisted he was a movie producer.

The first day on Metro's lot found young David in an argument with an associate producer. M-G-M had bought a book. The associate producer thought the plot ought to be changed. David thought the plot ought to be followed—he still tries to keep his pictures true to their author's stories.

"I guess I was impudent," Selznick admits. He was fired.

The boy asked for two weeks' grace. In that two weeks he bombarded executives with ideas until they agreed: "We'll have to put this fellow to work, or he'll run us crazy." They put him to work, as assistant story editor. He never let them forget he was a real producer, and finally he drew the Tim McCoy Westerns as his particular charge. He cut costs, turned out popular pictures: Paramount offered him his chance at serious drama.

The rise at Paramount; equal success as production head at RKO; marriage, after his success was made, to Louis B. Mayer's daughter; the time when all the studios bid for his services and Metro bid the highest; those years of happiness and accomplishment comprise vital motion picture history.

One of the noteworthy things about Selznick is that he rates audience intelligence far above what many wise-aces and wise-crackers contend is the fact; further, he believes that human nature reacts to true emotion more promptly than to cynicism or "smartiness."

Before A Star Is Born was completed he talked with me about why he had faith in that picture.

"The only film concerning Hollywood that ever made money," he said, was What Price. [Continued on page 49]
A New Cream brings to Women the Active "Skin-Vitamin"

Puts into skin the substance that helps to make it beautiful

A NEW KIND OF CREAM has been developed!

A cream that puts into women's skin the substance that especially helps to make it beautiful—the active "skin-vitamin."

For years, leading doctors have known how this "skin-vitamin" heals skin faster when applied to wounds or burns. How it heals skin infections. And also how skin may grow rough and subject to infections when there is not enough of this "skin-vitamin" in the diet.

Then we tested it in Pond's Creams. The results were favorable! In animal tests, skin that had been rough and dry because of "skin-vitamin" deficiency in the diet became smooth and supple again—in only 3 weeks!

Women who had long used Pond's Cold Cream tried the new Pond's Cream with "skin-vitamin."—and found it "better than ever." They said that it gives skin a bright, clear look; that it keeps skin so much smoother.

Same jars, same labels, same price

Now the new Pond's "skin-vitamin" Cold Cream is on sale everywhere—in the same jars, with the same labels, at the same price. Use it as before—but see how much healthier and freer of faults it makes your skin look!

This new cream brings to your skin the vitamin that especially aids in keeping skin beautiful. Not the "sunshine" vitamin. Not the orange-juice vitamin. But the active "skin-vitamin."

Send for Test It in 9 Treatments

Pond's, Dept. 6-CN, Clinton, Conn. Rush special tube of Pond's "skin-vitamin" Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with samples of 2 other Pond's "skin-vitamin" Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.
Kent, who had green and white peppers in the kitchen, jumped into his car, rushed to the market, and returned with the hot brown berries called pequenos. Elsehoen and the cook and the patron were hovering over the stove concocting the sauce with earnest and delicate care. In due time the customer pronounced it perfect and smacked his lips in delight; which, after all was the main thing to be accomplished.

"But it's an actor's job to please the customers," Warner Baxter said, recalling some time he himself sold a certain building lot, "so the fact that an actor's a success in pictures proves he's been able to keep the customers satisfied. Acting is simply selling personality, isn't it? Salesmanship is acting, and vice versa, when you come right down to it. Of course in each case you have something worth to sell.

Motorizing one day to a subdivision he had purchased, Baxter found a fellow motorist bogged down there in a patch of wet adobe mud. While Baxter obligingly pulled him out, the man mentioned with emphasis what he thought of the place. "And I was looking for a house lot!" he ended bitterly.

Baxter flung out an arm. "But the view!" he exclaimed, "what a spot for a house; a little adobe house," he expatiated half in jest, "with the 'dobe mud all ready for your bricks. A money-saver!"

Of course, the actor said, no home builder ought to buy a lot that didn't suit him; but look where a man could put in a grand tennis court. The man's eyes lighted. "If that end were graded," he muttered, "but who'd want the lot as it stands?"

"Nobody," Baxter agreed, "but they'll grade it. I know the fellow who owns this land. And they'll put in a paved road. And a row of trees." Today the lot bears one of the coziest homes ('dobe) and one of the most contented householders in that end of town. "It did need grading and trees," Baxter excused himself when the sales agent chided him for undue expenditure.

It was one of his former fellow countrymen who gave Jack LaRue the most exacting half hour of his life the other day. In slacks and short sleeve sweater the actor was standing outside the little blue and white cafe, "Casa Bella," which he has lately built opposite the Republic Studios in Ventura Valley. It's a place already famous for Italian food and many nights find Mae West, Polly Moran, Henry Fonda, Bill Powell, or other connoisseurs out there, clamoring for antipasto.

"Hey," grunted the man who drove up and accosted LaRue, evidently under the impression that Jack was an employe. 'I'm born in Italy and I want real Italian food. I.L. wants a regular one.'"

Jack flashed him that LaRue smile. "I was born in Italy, too," he confided. (He came to this country at the age of five months.)

"Then," the man growled, "don't try to get by with spaghetti that's cooked an hour ago——"

Jack registered horror. "An hour? Not five minutes! You cook it, you serve it, zowie! like that."

"And then throw it away," the man sneered.

His belligerency was a challenge. "You'll eat it—and like it," Jack retorted, and saw that the man was by no means convinced.

"You're Italian—cook the 50 cents, tough customer shot back, "or I won't touch it. Get going!"

"Yes, sir," answered Jack meekly, repressing a grin. The man followed him to the kitchen where Jack shouldered aside the astonished chef and cooked that spaghetti with an authentic Italian touch that left the customer blissful. When the man departed, Jack found a quarter tip beneath the emptied plate. "Maybe you think I didn't stick out my chest!" Jack boasts.

The customer—in one instance Di-rector John Cromwell—was both right and flabbergasted on the occasion when he needed a load of hay immediately. Because of this and that, the supply of hay for the fine horses and cattle at the Hidden Valley ranch was low before anyone noticed. Word ran through the Valley that hay was wanted for Cromwell's barns. Pronto.

In amazingly short order, up to the front door of the ranch house lumbered a truck. "A farmer with a load of hay," the maid announced.

The director went to the door and shouted at the driver, whose big hat alone was visible behind the baled alfalfa: "Take it round to the rear!"

"O. K.," the driver answered cheerily. "Look out for those flower beds!" the director proceeded, as the truck hastily backed.

"O. K.," the driver answered, skimming them.

When the hay had been stowed the truckman presented himself at the back door for his money. Cromwell discovered that the truckman was his good friend, Joel McCrea.

"Hey, you were hollering for hay," Joel explained, "and my foreman was busy, so I grabbed the truck and raced over to be sure of making the sale."

It's the customer that forced Ralph Bellamy and Charlie Farrell to start their Racquet Club at Palm Springs. The two players had no intention of starting a club; but the customers argued them into a very lucrative concern.

Not so long ago, Bellamy and Farrell, both long-legged six-footers, used to climb over hotel fences in Palm Springs to play tennis, because the hotels had the only courts. Tired of this, they bought some acres outside town and built a pair of courts for themselves. They couldn't play all the time, so they rented the courts at 50 cents an hour. Farrell or Bellamy had to tend on balance sheets, and people who had played only 35 minutes would say, "Gee, do we have to pay for an hour?"

So they were obliged to hire a manager to collect the half dollars and argue with the patrons. Then they were obliged to build more courts to get enough profit to keep the manager. Now they also have a swimming pool, a dining room, and a life membership fee of $650. They have, in short, a $100,000 investment, which both agree they'd never have had except that the customer, always right, forced them to expand.

Naturally, the first customer to sign up for a horse to be boarded at Barbara Stanwyck's snappy new stables (almost as soon as the stable building went under way) was Robert Taylor. He decided to rib Barbara by asking for special oats, special veterinary services, imported straw. Barbara, however, replied gently that "the customer's always right—if he pays for what he demands!" In line with his demands, she made out a tentative sample bill which staggered Taylor.

But Bert Wheeler was so lucky. When he recently opened the Lone Palm, his hotel at Palm Springs, a guest at one of the bungalows insisted on all kinds of special service for which, nevertheless, no extra charge could be made. Such as ordering four glasses of water at dinner before he got one in a goblet whose color he liked or maid's towels if he didn't approve their tint and texture; or having different furniture moved into his quarters.

Wheeler, motorizing down for the weekend, was told that the cantankerous guest desired to see him the instant he arrived. Nettled, Wheeler went out to the bungalow and, calling through the doorway, asked what was wanted. "The houseboy drew my bath for me a while ago," came a voice from the living room. "Just step into the bathroom and see if the water's the right temperature, please."

"What!" said Wheeler.

"Test the temperature of my bath," the voice commanded impatiently. "What kind of a hotel is this? Can't a guest get any service?"

Wheeler flung open the door—to be confronted by Jack Oakie, grinning widely. He had sworn the hotel employees to secrecy regarding his identity, just for a chance to rib Wheeler.

For patrons less insipid than Oakie but equally distant, Francis X. Bushman had to be on hand to collect the 50 cents, and people who had played only 35 minutes would say, "Gee, do we have to pay for an hour?"

The Customer's Always Right

[Continued from page 31]
women prize fighters or poets—half joking, you see—"

He sighed and continued. "In the Argentine, a guitar turned the trick; I twanged it by mistake under her Auntie’s window, and I wasn’t a very good twanger, at that. In Venezuela, I admired a silver box studded with emeralds, an heirloom, and when the lady’s papa said in the conventional Spanish manner, ‘It is yours, Senor,’ I took him at his word and popped off with it in my pocket. Two years later I found you’re not supposed to interpret this courtesy speech literally; you should protest and return the gift. Then I understood why the little senorita never was home afterward when the English barbarian called.

"In Germany I pulled the boner of the world. The lady’s name was Augusta—and I called her Yvonne! Several times, even when we were out with her friends. At last Augusta said icily that apparently I was thinking about somebody else. Well, I was.

"Not that it did me the slightest good to think of Yvonne, either. Because (in Paris) Yvonne had asked what I thought of her new hat, and like an idiot I’d told her. ‘Terrible.’ She half forgave me, but the very next day right in the middle of a conversation—I mean, she was doing the talking, and very earnest about it—I blurted out that her nose was shiny. Rule Number 10: Tell the truth, and see how far you get with Cupid. I never did remain a bachelor more decisively than that time. It’s quite a language, the French."

A dreamy expression settled upon the Sanders countenance. "Yet it’s not a bad notion to be able, or compelled, to turn a deaf ear to wedding bells now and then. Once upon a time people got married, and living wasn’t dear, and they didn’t get around so much. . . . But now we face the high cost of loving. Orchids. Dance places. After marriage, food and rent and clothes. The wrong girl’s an expensive mistake nowadays.

"Yes, it’s a pity for a man to marry too soon." (The old hermit of Hermit’s Glen is getting on toward thirty, himself.) "He ought to take a fling at waiting for his ideal; I suppose every man has an ideal wife in mind—I have; a demure creature, red-haired, and who plays a good game of golf. And I fancy the sad experiences that have taught me these ten rules on sidestepping Cupid were all for the best."

Sanders passed a hand over his hair again, somewhat distracted. ‘Sounds silly? Hopeless? It isn’t silly. As for being hopeless—

"Nothing’s hopeless, if you make up your mind. For example, when I returned to England from South America, with the depression on and no job, my uncle (he’s a singer) said, ‘Why don’t you become a singer?’ I said ‘A: because I haven’t any voice. B: because I know nothing about music. C: because I don’t like singers.’ To which my uncle replied: ‘A: you can develop a voice. B: you can learn about music. And, C: singers aren’t so bad when you grow accustomed to them.’ So he took me in hand and in six months I was a baritone!"

As a matter of fact, a mighty good baritone. Heard by a producer, he was given a singing role in a revue; thence moved on to roles with Dennis King, Edna Best, Noel Coward; and found himself vocalizing on the air. He was among the first to sing for television, also. He admits being a bit baffled by it all.

"But it proves," he added, the dreamy look returning, "that nothing’s unattainable, especially the impossible. Not even an introduction to a redhead who plays incidentally, excellent golf."

"And who may have grown tired of waiting for you," I suggested, "and be married already?"

Sanders gave me a wild look. ‘That tears it!’ he cried, ‘that would be my dashed luck!’

---

I PAY THE CHECK—AND TOM TAKES HER HOME!

AND THAT MAKES ME A PRIZE SAP!

WELL, THE TRUTH IS, PHIL—YOU’RE ONE OF THOSE GUYS WHO OUGHT TO TALK TO A DENTIST ABOUT BAD BREATH!

PHIL, TESTS INDICATE THAT 75% OF ALL PEOPLE OVER THE AGE OF 21 HAVE BAD BREATH AND TESTS ALSO SHOW THAT MOST BAD BREATH COMES FROM IMPROPERLY CLEANED TEETH. I ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM BECAUSE...

COLGATE DENTAL CREAM COMBATS BAD BREATH

"Colgate’s special penetrating foam gets into every tiny hidden crevice between your teeth... emulsifies and washes away the decaying food deposits that cause most bad breath, dull, dingy teeth, and much tooth decay. At the same time, Colgate’s soft, safe polishing agent cleans and brightens the enamel—makes your teeth sparkle—gives new brilliance to your smile!"

6 WEEKS LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE’S

DANCE, HAZEL?

THANKS, TOM—but I’m not dancing with anyone but PHIL TONIGHT!

NOW—NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HIS SPARKLING SMILE!

... AND NO TOOTHPASTE EVER MADE MY TEETH AS BRIGHT AND CLEAN AS COLGATE’S!
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It tells what others have been able to do with a Royal Portable Typewriter—both women and men—in attracting the attention of the boss, in getting ahead and winning promotion. True-life stories that will open your eyes. Tips on succeeding. Money-making ideas. You owe it to yourself to find out just what owning a Royal can mean to you...to your husband...to anybody you are interested in helping succeed. And now is the time to buy a Royal Portable. What a wonderful Christmas gift!

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This special offer is made by arrangement with a friendly typewriter dealer in your own vicinity. You needn't risk a penny. He will be glad to put a Royal in your home for a FREE TRIAL.

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I would like to know how I can get a Royal Portable for only a few PENNIES A DAY, with FREE Carrying Case and FREE Touch Typing Guide.
I would like a FREE TRIAL of a Royal Portable in my home, without any obligation on my part. Also send FREE copy of your book, "Your 14% Better Chance for Success."

Name

Address


THREE DOLLY HAAS EVERYTHING

Courage, determination and plenty of beauty and charm started all of Hollywood making complimentary puns with the name of Columbia's newest foreign star

By E. J. SMITHSON

Mark this down in your Hollywood calendar of prophesies—the "Little Red One" is here to stay! The little red one being none other than the titian-haired Dolly Haas, the Hamburg, Germany, importation signed recently to a long-term contract by Columbia Studios, and scheduled for a starring part in "Paris on Broadway," musical soon to go into production.

Ever since the day she first kicked up her heels as a child ballet artist in the Hamburg Opera Company, Dolly has lived for the time when she'd be recognized as an actress. There wasn't much chance of this coming to pass as a ballet dancer and when she wasn't kicking in the bally ballet she was kicking against fate—until that eventful evening when she learned that Erik Charrell, noted Berlin producer, was in the audience and that he had commented favorably on her work.

Borrowing 50 marks from her widowed mother who supported the family by keeping lodgers, Dolly went to Berlin, got an audience with Charrell—and came home with a contract. After Mama Haas, Dolly Haas and the Haas boarders had celebrated the event in proper
Men Who Boss the Stars

[Continued from page 44]

Hollywood? The reason was that it played the town "straight" instead of gagging it. Hollywood is a community of real drama—struggle, triumph, disappointment, folly and sacrifice—more thrilling than most stories on the screen. The public would rather have that genuine drama than the smart cracks of writers who think themselves sophisticates.

At Metro the young producer became "the man with the medals," winning almost every important award offered, nationally and internationally, for fine pictures. He left that studio because of that old, never-forgotten dream, conceived on Forty-second street and Broadway—to put the name Selznick at the masthead of a world-famous motion picture company. John Hay Whitney and others offered him backing.

What a result! Four Selznick International pictures, playing the Music Hall in New York, grossed a total of $1,024,000 in that one theatre alone. The pictures were Little Lord Fauntleroy, The Garden of Allah, A Star Is Born and A Prisoner of Zenda.

If you really love B pictures, you will never be a Selznick fan. He can't see the idea of making one big one and selling four skimples ones on the reputation of the smash.

He thinks that what you want is none but the best, and that none but the best is good enough for you. His name will never be associated with anything except the $1,000,000 stab or the $2,000,000 stab at the finest possibilities of the screen.

I've an idea he'll go to his grave as A-picture Selznick.

German style. Dolly scooted back to Berlin and into The Mikado. The Merry Widow followed, and Dolly, acquired a few neat tricks in the art of publicizing herself, worked afternoons in a cabaret to which she returned after The Merry Widow performance to take part in a night show. It was her cabaret work that attracted attention and to it she credits her first opportunity to play in motion pictures. Her first film, believe it or not, was Dolly Gets Ahead!

Get ahead she did. A number of German comedies came next, but afraid of being typed she went to England to appear in a picture titled Girls Will Be Boys. John Brahm, director, quick to note her dramatic possibilities, gave her the Lillian Gish part in the remake of Broken Blossoms.

It was at Director Brahm's insistence, that Dolly came to Hollywood to try her luck in American films. Columbia Studios greeted her with a long-term contract, saw to it that she got a top part in Paris On Broadway, and believes that this Dolly Hass everything it takes to make a good box office draw.
WHAT TO DO WHEN YOU HAVE A COLD

If you're nursing a cold—see a doctor! Curing a cold is the doctor's business. But the doctor himself will tell you that a regular movement of the bowels will help to shorten the duration of a cold. Remember, also, that it will do much to make you less susceptible to colds.

So keep your bowels open! And when Nature needs help—use Ex-Lax! Because of its thorough and effective action, Ex-Lax helps keep the body free of intestinal wastes. And because it is so gentle in action, Ex-Lax will not shock your eliminative system.

EX-LAX NOW SCIENTIFICALLY IMPROVED

1—TASTES BETTER THAN EVER!
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Ask for Ex-Lax at your druggist's. Comes in economical 10c and 25c sizes. Get a box today!

Now improved—better than ever!

EX-LAX

THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

Did you enter the contest for Jane Withers' piano? Then be sure to see next month's HOLLYWOOD Magazine. It will carry the names of the winners.

The Best

GRAY HAIR

Remedy is Made at Home

You can now make at home a better gray hair remedy than you can buy, by following this simple recipe. To half pint of water add one ounce bar rum, a small box of Barbo Compound and one-fourth ounce of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it yourself at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained.

Barbo imparts color to streaked, faded or gray hair, makes it soft and glossy and takes years off your looks. It will not, color scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off.

SHE WON IN A WALK

Most young players have to endure hardships and rebuffs at the start of a career, but there is one exception

All that pretty, seventeen-year-old Lana Turner had to do to convince Producer Mervyn LeRoy out at Warner Brothers Studios that she was top-notch movie star material was to "walk right in, turn around, and walk right out again."

As simple as all that!

This ambulation—to use a dollar word—occurred in They Won't Forget, the motion picture that marked Lana's screen debut.

Of course there was more to it than the mere walk across the screen, but not so much at that. If you've seen the picture you may recall that Lana, in the role of Mary Clay, had just about become established in the story when she was murdered. That small amount of footage, however, was enough to win plenty of verbal bouquets from the Warner front office and her celluloid demise lasted only long enough for the aforementioned front office to find another featured spot for her—which it did in The Great Garrick where you'll find her very much alive again and, unless twenty Warner officials are completely wrong, walking off with the show in every sequence in which she appears.

And, since we're talking about walking, there's little room for anyone to deny but that this lovely little youngster has acquired the luckiest
What Every Dog Should Know

[Continued from page 25]

■ "After a dog has learned to sit down, it's easy to teach him to lie down. From a sitting position, pull out his front legs and repeat 'lie down.' After he has learned the commands 'sit' and 'lie down' add the words 'hold it.' That means that he is not to move until you give the command. Watch him. If he makes a move, put him back in his original position and repeat the command. He'll get the idea.

■ "From a sitting position, a dog can be taught to sit up by merely pulling up his front feet. Coax him with a piece of meat. Don't tire him out. Some dogs have weaker loin muscles than others. Your pup may have to be taught by sitting up in a corner at first.

■ "Some dogs have the too-friendly habit of jumping on strangers and friends alike. If your dog is an offender, break him by catching his front paws, push him away from you, and at the same time step on his hind leg. Hard enough to be uncomfortable, but not to hurt him. Repeat the command 'down—stay.'"

I gather as I sit in on the discourse and demonstration of any Tige's education, that your dog can be taught to do everything but drive a car in Los Angeles traffic. To make him a joy forever isn't really a big job.

Does your pet chew your goldheeled evening slippers? Then temt him with another pair—and play hide-and-seek. When you hide and the pooch makes a move to chew, jump out at him then, and scold. At the maximum cost of a dozen slippers, Tige will catch on that slippers are for you to wear and not for him to eat!

Does he jump on your furniture? Catch him at it—a detective in his own right—scold him and remove him. Don't fail to be quite peeved about it, let your hurt feelings show, and eventually Tige will let your three hundred-dollar couch alone!

■ Trained properly, Tige can be considerate of a help around the house. He ought to be able to bring in circulars and newspapers from the front door-stoop every day. To teach him to "fetch"—start with a rubber ball, or any playinghe he particularly likes. Throw it, he'll go after it, then repeat "come-fetch." He comes running, if he's learned his first lessons in obedience.

Eventually, Tige will learn the names of objects, and a simple "fetch" will save you at least one hundred steps a day.

■ Personally, I don't believe a couple of stories I have recently heard about dogs. The Smiths assure me that they can't say "car" or "candy" in their Blackie's hearing. He goes crazy. They've taken to spelling the words, but he's catching up on that trick too.

Then there's my neighbor who tells me that her dog helps the laundress hang out the wash. It's odd, but the day I'm home, willing and ready to observe the miracle, never seems to be washday.

Life being what it is, not all dogs start out with the same endowment of brains. Now Gypsy does everything. I suspect her of reciting Shakespeare in her lighter and private moments. But every dog can be taught the simple rudiments of dog-knowledge.

But they can't absorb training through their pores. You, as their owner, will have to be school teacher—or your dog will have you on a leash!
DULL, “tired-looking” eyes ruin the most perfect “eye make-up.” You can’t hide them with arched brows or mascara. But when eyes become red, veined, tired-looking due to late hours, reading, fatigue, exposure—a few drops of Eye-Gene can make them clearer, whiter, in seconds! Eyes look larger, sparkling, refreshed. Utterly different in action from boric acid or old-style lotions. A new formula of two noted eye specialists. Especially soothing to those who wear glasses. Fastest selling eye lotion of its kind. Get the large economy bottle at any drug or department store—money refunded if not satisfied. Or get purse size at any 10c store.

Walter Pidgeon is starting the second flight toward the stars of Hollywood, and it looks like a non-stop journey

By Ed Jonesboy

After a number of trial take-offs it begins to look as though Walter Pidgeon is ready for a prolonged flight in the rarefied atmosphere reserved for stars. “I’ve seen around these parts for a long time,” says Walter. “As a matter-of-fact, I came here from Broadway when the movies were so young they couldn’t talk. It was a fantastic place then, this Hollywood. I came out here enticed by an unbelievable salary and they wouldn’t let me earn any part of it for six months! That was so amazing that I was just like the movies—I couldn’t talk, either! When I did regain my voice I talked loud and long to win a contract release, appeared in a number of pictures for other companies and then returned to Broadway for stage work.”

And that is where this six-foot, broad-shouldered star with one of the best speaking voices in the business would be right now, except for the fact that his work in Saratoga won him a long-term contract. He has a real trooper’s deep and abiding love for the theatre and if he can find time between all the pictures he’s scheduled for, he’ll do a New York play.

“Maybe it’s pure vanity,” he admits; “maybe it’s for the prestige it affords, or maybe it’s because every other actor out here with stage experience wants and hopes at some time or another to be able to go back to the old acting grounds and perform before a living audience. But don’t get me wrong. I like Hollywood and everything about it. They used to fill my ears with a lot of vapid gossip—Hollywood, they said, is the double-cross-roads of the world; Hollywood is the place where, if you get up from the table and if a knife is missing, it’s probably in your back—a dozen and one slurs like that I heard—but I haven’t found any of them true.”

It’s a funny thing about Pidgeon. He was cast in four musicals, did a swell job, and then swore by all the cinematic saints that he’d quit the screen if he had to appear in another one. Know the reason?

“I was afraid of being typed,” he says. “I wanted to be an actor and not a singer. When musicals went out of fashion—which they did—I knew I’d be out, too. ‘Pidgeon is a nice guy,’ I could hear them say, ‘but all he’s ever done is musicals—he can’t act!’ I thought too much of my
bread and butter, not to forget room and board, to let that happen."

Well, time has proved that the "nice guy" was smarter than his well-wishers who tried hard to change his mind. He DIDN'T appear in another musical and, what's more, he never will. The boy who was expelled from school because he out-sang his voice instructor is a big man now and in his own genial, affable way is as stubborn as they come. He WON'T appear in musicals!

Actor Pidgeon is Canadian born, attended high school in St. John and matriculated at the University of New Brunswick where he won honors in dramatics, football and hockey. Saw a bit of the World War along with two of his brothers. Came to the States at the conclusion of the war and started his theatrical career with E. E. Clive, who was running a theatre in Boston. He appeared in a number of plays, had the critics writing columns of praise about his work — and then quit the stage to learn finance in a Boston bank.

"I was doing pretty well for myself," declares Walter, "wringing the interest out of first and second mortgages and thought I was through with the stage forever—but who should come along but a fellow by the name of Fred Astaire who persuaded me to get back to the footlights. Fred seemed so shocked over my mortgage-wrangling duties that I began to feel sorry for myself and almost before I knew it I was touring the cities as Elsie Janis' leading man. Then Broadway, then England for a while, then Broadway, then Hollywood again, and this time to stay, for the length of that term contract anyway."

He's really set to fly high—this Walter Pidgeon!

Hollywood's 10 Commandments

[Continued from page 42]

biographies, I found out that the Bothwells were big, brawny fellows. Except for chance, they might have been kings themselves among those hard fighting clans. So that fellow's shoes were pretty clearly defined.

"So were Norman's in A Star Is Born. He was a good-natured weakling."

And there's no mistaking Jean La-Fitte's boots—the seven league boots of Louisianna's Robin Hood in The Buccaneer. But the reporter chap in Nothing Sacred?" Freddy grinned ruefully—"His shoes are much like my own. You ought to avoid playing yourself too much.

■ "NEVER BELIEVE YOUR PRESS NOTICES" is the Seventh Commandment. "If they're good, you begin taking yourself seriously. If they're bad, you do the same thing. And that's the wrong medicine for any actor."

■ The Eighth Commandment, Freddy says, is John Barrymore's contribution. BE NICE TO EVERYONE ON THE WAY UP—Because you're bound to meet them on the way down!

■ But it's the Ninth that is the most neglected of all. THOU SHALT GET A NEW PERSPECTIVE.

"Too much Hollywood and you get a blind spot," said Freddy. "You need fresh contacts, fresh interests. An actor is always on parade here. That's bad. You forget you have to learn to live and to play. We've been afraid of that, Mrs. March and I. So each year we take a good-sized vacation that's entirely different. One year it was Tahiti. Then New York and England. And last spring we took a fishing trip up in Oregon for a month. This winter we're going to do a play on Broadway. . . .

■ "And then there is the Last Commandment—the Tenth: RUN OFF THY FIRST SCREEN TEST EVERY SIX MONTHS.

"That," observed Mr. March, "is the best way I know of keeping inoculated against the Hollywood malady known as ego! It reduces any swelling of the head to absolutely normal—seeing your first groping, gritty attempt in the movies."

These Commandments have stood one brilliant actor in good stead in Hollywood, and, if you think them over, they make very sound rules for any business!

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No matter where you live or whether you have any faith in any remedy under the Sun, send for this free trial. If you have suffered for a lifetime and tried everything you could learn of without relief; even if you are utterly discouraged, do not abandon hope but send today for this free trial. It will cost you nothing. Address: Frontier Asthma Co., 62-C, Frontier Bldg., 462 Niagara St., Buffalo, N. Y.

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LASALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY
The school that trained over 1,000 C.P.A.'s Dept. 130-H Chicago

At the opening of the new Waikiki Club, famous Hollywood personalities turned out to enjoy the colorful South Seas atmosphere. Here is Bert Wheeler in the process of being decorated by his wife while blonde and beautiful Vivian Peterson is ready to help if he puts up a fight they usually have to make some sacrifices, and the pay checks were one of these sacrifices. Want a book? There's William Powell's book store over there.

What's the crowd? Let's go see. Well, well, well! It's a lady sketch artist. Let me get a closer look, if I can wade through this mob. Can you imagine that? It's Ginger Rogers! Well do I remember the day when she and Fred Astaire went into the executive offices at RKO to give their ultimatum. That was the day Fred announced he was going to raise horses.

"And I'm going to sketch!" insisted Ginger.

Nothing could sway her from this innermost desire, this ache which slowly was eating out her heart. Her sketches were very good, too. But not as good as Ouspenskaya's? Every minute Ouspenskaya wasn't working in motion pictures she had a pencil in her hand, according to 1937-38 press releases. Something of a record, but uncomfortable at times, I imagine.

Then there was Bette Davis. You never heard of her? She won what was known as the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences award for her acting and immediately felt nostalgia creeping over her. It wasn't long before she announced that was going to her little farm home in New England and that was the last we ever heard of her.

Things like these have made Hollywood what it is today. A horse-ridden, dog-ridden, pretty much deserted community. All because all the players really went out and did what they wanted to do. Paul Muni's sinking his roots deep in San Fernando Valley. Ann Sothern's writing a symphony. Helen Broderick's raising flowers. Francis Lederer's lecturing on peace. Gary Cooper's on a ranch. Melvyn Douglas is travelling, too. Garbo's actually gone back to Sweden to live. Pat O'Brien's gone to Ireland to spend the rest of his days, as he always wished. Ronald Colman's back in merrier old England. Buck Jones is riding the range. Wally Beery's flying mail and passengers. Marlene Dietrich is back playing her violin in Germany, and Freddie Bartholomew is writing for the radio.

Troupers all! And all gone!

Who's that man sitting on the corner, clipping pieces of paper? That's the smartest man in Hollywood, children. Dick Powell. No, he isn't cutting paper dolls. When he retired he announced that his one ambition was to cut coupons off bonds. He made a large and fancy collection of high quality issues for the purpose. Many stars planned to retire and fulfill their heart's desire by doing the same thing.

But many got retired before they had come anywhere near finishing their collections. Cutting? A few are gratifying the ambition, but in a different way, children.

They're cutting lawns.

Turn Up The Clock
[Continued from page 26]
Relatives from the entire village came to admire their famous kinswoman. She had to drink tea with all of them, and since everyone surnameed “Wong” was her “cousin,” she thought she would drink all the tea in China before she was through.

“Many of the women could not believe I really existed. They had seen me on the screen but they thought I was simply a picture invented by a machine!” I’ll never forget the banquet they gave for me. There were 43 courses, and to be polite I had to eat liberally of all of them.”

In Nanking she was guest of honor at a huge reception, attended by leading government officials. They made speeches that lasted for four hours, but instead of the usual stereotyped ‘welcome to our city’ speeches, they all took turns berating me for the roles I had played.

“Since I didn’t speak Mandarin then, I had to answer in English. I told them that when a person is trying to get established in a profession, he can’t choose parts. He has to take what is offered. I said I had come to China to learn, and that I hoped I would be able to interpret our country in a better light. It all ended with their apologizing to me!

“Of course,” she laughed, “when Warner Oland went to China, he was simply lauded to the skies. No one thought of bringing up his evil past as a Chinese villain in such pictures as Daughter of the Dragon. Seriously though, I can understand why the government officials are so earnest about this censorship idea—not because they are hypersensitive, but because they are self-conscious and want people to see their best side, not their worst.”

Anna has discarded her entire American wardrobe, which once won her the designers’ vote as the world’s best-dressed woman. Her closet is hung now with rows of Chinese gowns, slit high on the sides to reveal lace or plaited pantalettes. These latter are an invention of her creators, which is combining the old with the new in Chinese fashions. Fans and parasols match her gowns. She rarely wears a hat, and uses capes to keep the flowing line.

Her tailor was loaned her by Mrs. Wellington Koo, wife of the ambassador. “I used him so much, and recommended him to so many of my friends who liked what he had done for me, that Mrs. Koo had to find herself another tailor. A Chinese gown, with its simple lines, looks quite easy to make, but it takes an expert to keep it from hanging like a Mother Hubbard.”

The tailor was amazed when she brought him a piece of old fabric she had found in a Peiping shop and directed him to make her a gown from it. “It’s goo lo (old fashioned)” she exclaimed. “No one wears such stuff.”

But Anna May insisted, and soon style-conscious Chinese women were copying her, using the beautiful old designs and fabrics they had previously scorned for the Western ones.

She has no permanent wave, “because Nature meant my hair to be straight,” and wears her long hair drawn back in a knot from her heart-shaped face, with bangs across the forehead.

Her father and several brothers and sisters went to China in 1934 and were still in Hongkong; she was much worried over them. Her sister, Mary, who appeared with her in Daughter of the Dragon, was in Shanghai and Anna May had no word from her since the bombing.

In China persons in the acting profession are socially not acceptable. The fact that Anna May, in a foreign country, had established an unchallenged position as a foremost actress, could not be ignored and she was welcomed everywhere, officially and by social leaders.

“There’s no glamour about acting in China,” she said. “It’s all hard work. I visited the school of Chinese drama where anyone who wishes to act must go in training from the ages of 14 to 20. A two-months’ trial is given, and if the candidate shows good ability, he is allowed to remain.

Perhaps if there was such a training school in Hollywood, we wouldn’t have so many actors!”

She had always studied, she knew. If anyone can claim to be self-made, she can. Her educational advantages were few, but she made up for the lack and rose far above ability, he is allowed to remain.

Between scenes on The Thief of Bagdad, for example, she had a tutor drill her in the fine points of English grammar. Now she speaks German fluently (result of starring in German films), French, two Chinese dialects. She has more than the education of the average college graduate—she has culture as well as book-learning. As for her plan for the future? One thing is certain—it will be something interesting, and it will be something that employs her western training as well as her inherited Oriental culture.
CONQUEST (M-G-M)

Vivid, virile, driven by ruthless love for power is the Napoleon brought to the screen by Charles Boyer. The film, designed as a starring picture for Greta Garbo, does give her a colorful part, but so vivid are many of the supporting parts that her stardom is shared, so far as comment and discussion goes, with several members of her cast.

The story centers around the beautiful young Marie, married to gentle proud Count Walewski. She is ardent, patriotic, and looks to Napoleon to free her beloved Poland from Russian rule. Instead, she finds herself caught in an intrigue, which, according to the film, continues to the end of the Little Corporal's life.

It is a romantic tale, told against a background of violent action, played and directed with keen imagination. Marie Osgenskaya as the sharp tongued grandmother who gives Napoleon a word-lashing. Reginald Owen as the dangerously suave Taltyrand, Henry Stephenson as Walewski and Dame May Whitty as Napoleon's mother build brilliant performances to throw the personalities of Garbo and Boyer into high relief.

Some people will be a little troubled as to how Marie managed to get to Elba in an enormous ship, when Napoleon was having trouble at getting even a row boat past his alert guards, but few can deny that this is one of the rousing historical films of the season.

THE AWFUL TRUTH (Columbia)

It was Jerry's awful lies which started the whole thing. Unwisely Jerry (Cary Grant) tried to make his wife (Irene Dunne) think that he had been in Florida by returning with a sun-lamp tan picked up in a New York Turkish bath. Naturally he was on the defensive. That made him unduly sharp when she returned the story centers of the morning in evening clothes escorted by her handsome singing teacher (Alexander D'Arcy).

Her escape was innocent, but not in the mind of guilty, jealous Jerry. Before they knew quite how it happened they were quarreling before the divorce court judge about the custody of their pet puppy, Mr. Smith.

The comedy becomes a romantic romp when a solemnly enamoured gentleman from the Southwest (Ralph Bellamy) becomes engaged to the bored divorcée, and her ex-husband decides to wed into the social register. His chances of making the 400 are wrecked when his resourceful mate turns up, frigging drunkenness, and with an assumed dance hall accent claims to be his sister.

Fast, gay, clever, this is another comedy hit for Columbia.

HEIDI (Twentieth Century-Fox)

Beloved by generations of children, Heidi comes faithfully to life on the screen with little Shirley Temple once more proving that she is the perfect heroine for tales too sentimental for the average player to make convincing.

This story is perhaps the most exciting melodramatic situations of the Temple films to date, and will enchant the youngsters through the holiday season.

In it Shirley, appealing and pathetic little orphan, is at the mercy of a curmudgeon of a grandfather (Jean Hersholt), who gradually forgets his surliness under the little granddaughter's cajolery, and who has some tear-producing scenes when he is taken from him.

Arthur Treacher as the butcher in the rich town house where Shirley has hard going as a sunbeam for a while, Mary Nash as the villainous governess, Marcia Mae Jones as the crippled child who is coaxed to walk by pure faith, Sidney Blackmer, Delmar Watson, Helen Westley, Christian Rub and a large cast of assorted players in picturesque Swiss costume provide excellent parts of the pattern.

The high-light of the whole sparkling tale is a dream sequence in which Shirley has a chance to dress in ruffles and powdered wig, sing and dance.

LIVE, LOVE AND LEARN (M-G-M)

Maybe the movie people are jealous of Robert Benchley, and that is why there never is enough of him in a film. M-G-M, however, is taking a step in the right direction in casting him in a part that runs all the way through a neat comedy-drama about how an artist must be true to his own soul. A wonderful part it is, and something you should lie in wait for.

The story deals with Bob (Robert Montgomery) who has no respect for anything but his art, which he practices in a garret, until he meets Julie (Rosalind Russell). She tosses aside her wealthy relatives and friends to share his ideals and his bean soup.

Sudden success goes to his head a little. So does one of Julie's vampish friends (Helen Vinson) but before the end of the film he wins the smiles of the loyal Oscar (Robert Benchley) and Julie by returning to his old endeavor of habit of cutting neckies and suspenders off the more pompous of his patrons.

Good lively fun, and worth catching.

ALI BABA GOES TO TOWN (Twentieth Century-Fox)

No one was more surprised than hobo Al Babson (Edward Cantor) when he tumbled off a freight train and woke up to find himself Ali Baba with all of the splendor of the legendary Oriental court at his disposal including the Sultan (Roland Young) and the lively Sultana (Louise Hovick, otherwise known as Gypsy Rose Lee).

The comedy flings bright barbed quips at taxation, relief, inflation and a dozen other current events, not sparing a few prominent personalities. The action is
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Cpr. 1937 The Knox Co.

If you wonder about the nationality of the vocal instructor in The Awful Truth, that w o w - comedy co-starring IRENE DUNNE and GRANT, her Egyptian, ALEXANDER D'ARCY by name. You'll be seeing more of him in the near future.

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Some girls seem to draw all the admiration of the men. It is not always beauty of face or figure which attracts them—often it is a wholesome vivacity and vitality that is the envy of other girls.

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"Spankings Soothe the Soul"

[Continued from page 33]

control at home then the world will teach them later, and it will be a much tougher lesson.

"Personally, I should have been spanked a lot more than I was. I would have helped control a perfectly vile temper," said Bette, looking angelic. "I would lie on the floor and kick and scream with all my strength. If my father had been around I was ten years old (the time when he and my mother were separated) he would have done something about it. Ham's father had a few sessions in the woodshed with him; the result is that he can be in a boiling rage and you'd never want him. I have yet to see him lose his temper.

"It is a very hard thing for one parent alone, especially a mother, to bring up children, and all the more credit to my mother for doing as well by Bobbie (Bette's sister) and me as she did."

"We learned independence at an early age. Mother was working and could not be with us very much of the time, so she had to leave certain things to our judgment and common sense—after giving us a good groundwork in both."

"I think children respond to routine and responsibility. They do not enjoy a lack of discipline. If you have never been taught to do what you do not want to do, when you get out in the world and have to for the first time, how do you cope with it? Must be pretty grim for some of the present-day ultra progressives."

"Bobbie and I traveled alone on the train to see our father from the time we were ten. At nineteen, I went to dramatic school alone in New York. Mother said, 'If you can't take care of yourself now, all my training has been for nothing.' I got along very well, and all her training had not been for nothing. But had I been wrenched from the side of an all-shielding protecting silver cord sort of mother, I would have been in a fine fog. Or from a mother who had never required me to do anything I didn't want to do, or had not thwarted a few of my impulses of which I had plenty of all kinds."

"I have one real theory about children: treat them like grown-ups. A child is a person without benefit of experience; but a person who has learned all the fundamentals necessary to shape his character by the time he is ten years old."

"Children are much more intelligent than the average person realizes. Adults are too prone to be influenced by size. I
have met children four feet tall who were more interesting conversationalists than some men six feet tall.

"Two mistakes I have most frequently observed among parents: the sin of bribery, and the holy horror of telling children they are attractive.

"There is no earthly reason why a child should have to be bribed to eat his dinner or take a bath. On the other hand, they should be rewarded for extra duties such as doing the dishes or raking the lawn, if this has been agreed upon in the beginning. An early realization of the value of money seems to me very important.

"Also, I see no reason why a child shouldn't be brought up with an accurate evaluation of his or her own appearance so it will be taken for granted, and not make them self-conscious, vain, or shy, when they meet the world. There was some kind of a phobia in the elder generation against paying compliments to a child. My grandmother typified it perfectly when she always said: 'Now my dear, if you act as well as you look, you'll be all right.' Leaving me with the feeling that there was some doubt about both, but nothing much I could do about it.

"Mother was given to harmless flat-tery, never carried too far. Just enough to give us confidence. And that seems to me one of the most important qualities with which to arm your child. The child will try to take it out of him soon enough, so you can afford to bestow an extra large endowment at home. There has been an awful lot of loose talk going around about the 'self-confidence of youth.' It is simply a defense, in most cases, to cover an alarming lack of it.

"Plenty of praise for children is my platform. Not meaningless or observed, but a lot of things could be modestly praised that often go unnoticed.

"The same thing could go for school-teachers too.

"And speaking of school: I have read a lot of discussion pro and con about teaching sex knowledge in school. Of course, the place for children to learn what is called the facts of life, is right at home, from their mothers and fathers. But if actually there are parents who neglect or evade this vitally important subject, then it seems to me better that children learn from a qualified person than get distorted ideas from other children. When they discover their facts this way, mother is pretty apt to be regarded as a coward afraid of the truth, or as a smug reactionist left over from the hustle era. In the end, she forfeits a lot of the respect of her children.

"And that," exclaimed Mrs. Nelson, triumphantly — reaching for the Afghan she is knitting somebody's baby, "is quite enough to involve me in a controversy with all the mothers in the land."

"Ah, yes, but just a minute! They grow up and go to high school. What then?"

"That's another department," Bette countered neatly. "They are no longer children, at least not to hear them tell it. Anyway, I'll say this much. The public school system of tests is all wrong. That has been one of my favorite peeves for years. A thorough teacher shouldn't need tests to know who is good and who isn't. Lots of youngsters go all to pieces and can't do a thing in an exam, when they know the subject perfectly.

"There was a short pause. "Oh, to be a child again," I murmured, idly.

"Oh, go jump in the lake!" shrieked Bette who had maintained a painfully ladylike demeanor throughout this discussion. "Who said anything about being a child again? I probably had a childhood far more happy than the average, but I wouldn't go through that again for anything on earth!" Even the planes and prisms in her jewelled clip shot out indignant sparks.

"Only a congenital idiot years for his childhood, or an incurable adolescent, or one who has made a complete mess of adult life. So, of course, they are filled with mauding and escapist wishes backward to a childhood which probably had no discipline or responsibilities. Nobody with a grain of sense wants to go back to that chaotic time when the world was a whirling frenzy of facts and ourselves trying desperately to reach out and grab a place for ourselves. When all was confusion and bewildermont and impatience, and things were much too slow and tomorrow never came. When we didn't know a doggone thing and made it harder by thinking we knew it all . . .

"No, thank you. Every interval in life has its own compensations and nothing is so deadly as to go back, even though it is good to have pleasant memories of each interval. But to live in the past is to admit you have no future.

"I'd see to it that any child of mine had a childhood as happy as I could possibly give, without neglecting the very important fact that childhood is a preparation for a busy and useful life, and not entirely for having fun."

"With which the lady who talks the best mother we have ever heard in a long time folded up her baby-blanket, drank her tea, and departed. A few minutes later, I pried our six-year-old loose from what was left of a chocolate cake—and took Bette's advice on page 32.

In between shots of Having a Wonderful Time, in which she is playing at Radio, Lucille Ball has a good time working on her career as a sculptress.
Hollywood's News Test

[Continued from page 22]

BABY COMING?
See your doctor regularly, and ask him about breast-shaped Hygeia Nipples and wide mouth Hygeia Bottles. New valve inside nipple helps prevent colic. Your baby’s nipples germ-free. Smooth, rounded exterior surface and wide mouth make cleaning bottle easy.

SAFEST
BECAUSE EASIEST TO CLEAN

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NURSING BOTTLE AND NIPPLE

SUFFERERS FROM
PSORIASIS
(SCALY SKIN TROUBLE)
MAKE THE ONE
SPOT TEST

Dermol Ointment
Prove it yourself—no matter how bad your skin problem is, Dermol will cure it. And if it doesn’t, return it for double your money. 

FREE
SEND FOR FREE SAMPLE SIZE

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Box 6, Northwest Billings, Dept. F-13, Detroit, Mich.

Directors ARCHIE MAYO and JOHN FORD have left Hollywood for a spell, Mayo on a round-the-world cruise and Ford to his beloved Hawaii.

STOP Your Rupture
Who suffers from this rupture? Learn about our appliance for reliable repair. Automatic air cushion assists fixture to ease the opening—has relieved thousands of men, women and children. No obscure springs or hard pads. No valves or plunger. Send on the test to prove it. Never sold over counter. Free sample for confidential information sent free in plain envelope.

NOSES
ALL KINDS
RESHAPED

By Rhoda will improve your features. OUTSTANDING BARK CORRECTED. Face Lifts; Lips rebuilt; Speech corrected. Stains removed. Low fees. Illustrated booklet sent free.

DR. RADIN,
Dept. F-1, New York City

CATARRH or SINUS
Irritation Due to Nasal Congestion
CHART FREE!

Hall's Catarrh Medicine relieves phlegm-filled throat, stuffy nose, catarrhal bad breath, hankering, and sinus headaches caused by nasal congestion. Request your Money Back, all Drug Stores and Post Card for Free Treatment Chart. 50 years in business. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Dept. 221, TOLUDE, O.

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Address

NO SUBSTITUTE! ALWAYS INSIST ON THE ADVERTISED BRAND!
names placed in the phone book, even as you and I; (5) water-coloring.

26. — recently opened a smart night spot in Hollywood: (1) Marian Nixon; (2) Richard Arlen; (3) Clara Bow; (4) Billie Dove; (5) Neil Hamilton.

27. — Fernand Grable's striking resemblance to — was especially noted in his first American film, The King and the Chorus Girl: (1) Charles Lindbergh; (2) Anthony Eden; (3) Duke of Windsor; (4) James Stewart; (5) Louis B. Mayer.

28. — The wife of male star, noted equally on screen and radio, recently made her debut: (1) Jack Oakie; (2) Jack Benny; (3) Joe Penner; (4) Eddie Cantor; (5) Nelson Eddy.

29. — Anthony Quinn has set up housekeeping, with — as his bride: (1) Constance Worth; (2) Miriam Hopkins; (3) Thelma Leeds; (4) Katherine de Mille; (5) Martha Raye.

30. — The U. S. government has cracked down on: (1) Stars who kept more than two cars; (2) film personalities who incorporate themselves to cut down income tax; (3) studios paying in excess of $250,000 to any one individual during the year; (4) studios showing the American flag in their color films; (5) mention of the names H. L. Mencken, Musollini and Stalin in picture dialogue.

31. — Jean Muir announced she is through with Hollywood and during the next year will: (1) Devote herself to the New York stage; (2) travel through India and the Orient; (3) go on a concert singing tour of South America; (4) retire to a small cottage in the Adirondacks (5) affiliate herself with the airline business.

32. — Much to the amazement of many, Joan Bennett: (1) Will shortly produce her own pictures; (2) dyed her blonde tresses black; (3) has gained twenty-two pounds and no longer can playing leading roles on the screen; (4) spent the summer acting in an eastern stock company, at a salary of $25.00 per week; (5) insists upon brolled owl every other Saturday evening for dinner.

33. — "Fight for Power" is: (1) A new Hollywood game; (2) title of former Colleen Moore picture; (3) battle-ry of Hollywood; (4) fact that a certain romantic young man (5) ultimate sent by Japanese Emperor; (5) slogan of the present administration.

34. — George Rector, the famous restauranteur of former days in New York, went to Hollywood to: (1) Open a new Rector's; (2) play himself in Mae West's Every Day's a Holiday; (3) choose a costar with Darryl Zanuck about the filming of his life story; (4) bask in the California sunshine; (5) be food-loving Edward Arnold's chef.

35. — It strikes one as odd, but Freddie Bartholomew, although he's only thirteen: (1) Attempted to break his contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer; (2) wrote a series of political editorials on the front page of The New York Times; (3) has already saved more than a million dollars; (4) assisted in the capture of a bandit; (5) has been knighted by King George VI of England.

36. — She's such a pretty thing, it's not at all strange that Sonja Henie: (1) Is the recipient of a telephone call from Crown Prince Olaf of Norway at least once a week; (2) uses goats milk from her native Norway for her complexion; (3) is the first big-time athlete who ever ascended to screen stardom, and remained there; (4) receives two dozen orchids a day from admirers; (5) voted to skate at the Presidential inauguration.

37. — Hollywood wasn't at all surprised when John Barrymore and Elaine Barrie: (1) Appeared on the Broadway stage together; (2) took a second honeymoon trip to Australia; (3) boasted that they would blast each other's respective careers to oblivion; (4) returned to each other's arms and decided to try marriage once more; (5) announced they would act as Jack Benny's stooges on the radio comedian's air program.

38. — Much to her delight, Alice Faye: (1) Adopted two lovely baby girls; (2) stepped into the leading role of In Old Chicago; (3) discovered she is the cousin of Frank Fay, her childhood favorite; (4) was presented a span of reindeer; (5) rode her own horse in the Caliente Handicap, and won.

39. — Paul Muni won the Academy Award for his acting in: (1) The Life of Emile Zola; (2) Capitanes Courageous; (3) Big City; (4) The Story of Louis Pasteur; (5) The Good Earth.

40. — In Mr. Dodd Takes the Air, Kenny Baker's — was particularly manifest: (1) Baldness; (2) proclivity to squint; (3) operatic basso voice; (4) Barrymore profile; (5) remarkable resemblance to Dick Powell.

41. — — returned to the screen, with the same charm as of old: (1) Florence Vidor; (2) Maurice Chevalier; (3) Ramon Novarro; (4) Patsy Ruth Miller; (5) Frank Fay.

42. — Robert Taylor's rise to popularity may best be compared to that scored by: (1) Forbes-Robertson; (2) Leslie Howard; (3) George Raft; (4) Rudolph VAldentino; (5) Bob Burns.

43. — Walter Winchell scored heavily with movie fans in: (1) Something to Sing About; (2) Sing and Be Happy; (3) Broadway Melody of 1938; (4) The Awful Truth; (5) Wake Up and Live.

44. — More wisecracks have been made about Simone Simon's looks than have been uttered about any other player on the screen: (1) Cross eyes; (2) hysterical acting; (3) lips; (4) alliterative name; (5) large feet.

45. — The son of — accompanied Hal Roach home from Europe, for the purpose of studying American film production with the result that he, left Hollywood almost immediately: (1) Noel Coward; (2) Benito Mussollini; (3) Baron James de Rothschild; (4) Lord Neville Chamberlain; (5) Mustapha Kemal Fasha.

46. — — established Deanna Durbin as one of the most promising younger personalities of the screen: (1) Where Are My Children; (2) Nancy the Naughty Girls; (3) Champagne Waltzes; (4) 100 Men and a Girl; (5) Versatility Show.

47. — — passed away the same day as Jean Harlow: (1) Emmett Flynn; (2) Monroe Owsley; (3) Colin Clive; (4) George Gerbhwin; (5) Sir Guy Standing.

48. — Cary Grant rose to new acting
Daring — revealing — is this intimate story on the world’s most famous newlyweds. Sources close to the royal pair have contributed tantalizing information. Read it in the January —

**Hollywood Radio Beam**

[Continued from page 14]

Virginia Verrill and Warren Hull, Showboat radio stars, were invited to a “house warming” party. They bought a radio in the host’s name by merely making the down payment, and until said host reads this tipoff, he will not know that he has eleven more payments to make before the “gift” is his . . . Jack Haley had to be nursemaid to his two kiddies for one week because his wife was in New York and the nursemaid was sick . . . Ted Fio Rito’s “3 Little Sugars” are very much at home on Haley’s program because the initials of their last names form the combination NBC, the network from which the program emanates . . . Tony Martin, handsome young tenor on the Burns & Allen show and his bride Alice Faye, have been asked to move because they insisted in running the scales 24 hours a day . . . Although Ray Noble never played football the NBC band leader was a star soccer player as a boy in England and has several scars on his shins to prove it . . . George Burns and Gracie Allen plan to stop off at San Quentin, Alcatraz, Leavenworth, Folsom, and Sing Sing on their way to New York for their vacation! . . . Much of Kenny Baker’s fan mail is addressed to Jack Benny, because the listeners think maybe Jack will have greater influence in getting Benny to sing their favorite selection . . . funny thing about Lanny Ross’ new moustache. The day after his wife returned from New York to rejoin him in Hollywood, the cookie duster disappeared . . . Although he has an even temper, Raymond Paige generally breaks about a half dozen batons per week during Hollywood Mardi Gras rehearsals. He’s one of the most energetic musical directors on the coast.
Hollywood Newsreel

[Continued from page 11]

completely away at sight of dainty Miriam there in the tub.
As for Gladys . . . she slipped and fell, and was forced to remain home a week, due to injuries.

Hollywood IS perking up these days, we're happy to relate.

Despite his plea of poor health, the real reason, 'tis said, for W. FIELDS leaving the radio program on which he appeared with CHARLIE MCCARTHY was because he couldn't keep up with EDGAR BERGEN's wise-cracks and Charlie's ad libbing.

Lots of excitement these days in the JOAN BLONDELL-DICK POWELL menage.

Joan arrived home from the studio one evening, and a worried nurse promptly greeted her.

"Normie," she announced, mentioning the name of Joan's son and heir, "swore today. He said 'hell,' once, and 'damn,' twice. That's all I know."

If she thought, though, that her words disturbed LA BLONDELL, she had another guess coming. Joan whooped.

"At last, a man," she shrieked.

The very next day, she gave orders that Normie's wall-paper, which had pictured rabbits at play, be ripped off, and a new set of furniture be installed. What she substitute? You'd be surprised . . .

Instead of nursery furniture, she furnished Normie's room with good solid pieces . . . and for wallpaper, . . . Pictures of pirates and skulls and cross-bones!

Lots AND DOTS: ANNA STEN has taken out her first American citizenship papers, and you read this WALLACE FORD will be enacting a prominent role in the Broadway stage production of Of Mice and Men . . . now you can be surprised—EVELYN DAW, whom you saw in Something to Sing About, with JAMES CAGNEY, teaches a Sunday School class EVERY Sunday, and declares she gets an even greater boot out of it than appearing in pictures . . . TYRONE POWER still trying to figure out how a gentleman in Mexico City managed to get his telephone number . . . he telephoned Tyrone and then requested him to write a letter to him at his home to confirm the conversation so he could win a bet that he had talked with the actor . . . SIDNEY BLACKMER has disposed of his ancestral estate at Salisbury, North Carolina, and purchased ranch property in California . . . it's rumored on good authoritiy that MARIAN MARSH and AL SCOTT COLLEEN MOORE's sex-ball chain, will wed soon . . . and as this is being penned, JACKIE COOGAN and BETTY GRABLE are supposed to be altar-bound . . . always original, that's BILL BOYD . . . he presented his bride, GRACE BRADLEY, with the exact duplicate of his Hopalong Cassidy outfit, with ten-
gallon hat, boots and spurs 'n' ever-thin' . . . and by the way, they're calling the little TROMPATING now . . . Hollywood's the WILDEST place . . . at a formal party given by JEANETTE MACDONALD and GENE RAYMOND, the guests sat on the floor after dinner and played—can you stand it!—JACK STRAWS!!!

SHIRLEY TEMPLE's picture now her home scene very few products (they've probably turned down profits that would amount to at least $1,000,000) but there's one thing they heartily do endorse . . . and for nothing! . . . Shirley's picture is to be used in conjunction with a national campaign among school children to reduce automobile tragedies . . . if you see CAROL O LOMBARD, ask her to tell you about the time Director WESLEY RUGGLES placed flashlight bulbs in all the sockets of her room at Arrowhead, where they were locationing . . . Carole's yell could be heard in Hollywood, a mere hundred miles away . . . nice gesture on LORETTA YOUNG's part when she turned her old dressing room to a new one, she insisted that the old stand be assigned MARJORIE WEAVER, a coming starlet . . . Loretta felt that the same luck might come to Marjorie . . . LON CHANEY, JR., and ROBERT KENT have gone into the rabbit and poultry business together . . . and DICK POWELL—well, well—is in back of a new safety razor, built especially for mustaches . . . while we're talking about investments, ISABEL JEWELL is the proud and happy owner of an auto camp, on the road between Los Angeles and San Francisco . . . CESAR ROMERO and MRS. ERNEST TRUEX created a sensation when they performed a Rumba at the Forty-Niner Ball . . . the MAUCH twins wear dinner jackets when they go out in the evening, despite their extreme youth . . . MAX FACTOR says his make-up studio is besieged by "collectors" clamoring for those tiny crepe-paper sheets which feminine stars press their lips on after being made up . . . the sheets leave a perfect impression of the stars' mouths.

Crossword Puzzle Solution

| JOEL | END |
| BELLE ROOM |
| READ | SHIRLEY |
| JOAN | ALAN | ODE |
| ILL | EMIL | ORAL |
| ME | TREE | SPELL |
| LUIS | DEES |
| CHICK | DUNN | ST |
| HANK | DUST | FLO |
| ODD | BEST | SLIP |
| WESTERN | ITEM |
| NAIL | EDDIE |
| YEA | YEAR |

Don't neglect your child's cold

D0n't let chest colds or croupy coughs go untreated. Rub Children's Mustero on child's throat and chest at once. This milder form of Regular Mustero penetrates, warms, and stimulates local circulation. Floods the bronchial tubes with its soothing, relieving vapors. Mustero brings relief naturally because it's a "counter-irritant"—NOT just a salve. Recommended by many doctors and nurses. Three kinds: Regular Strength, Children's (mild), and Extra Strong, 40¢ each.

CHILDREN'S

Mustero Better than a Mustard Plaster

MILD

STOP Scratching

RELIEVE ITCHING SKIN QUICKLY

From the most stubborn itching of eczema, blotches, pimples, athlete's foot, rashes and other externally caused skin eruptions, quickly yields to cooling, anti-septic liquid D.D.P. PRESRIPTION. Dr. Demar's original formula. Greaseless and stainless. Soothes the irritation and quietens the most intense itching.

A 35¢ trial bottle, at all drug stores, prove it— or your money back. Ask for D.D.P. PRESCRIPTION.

ONE SICK HEADACHE AFTER ANOTHER

BUT THAT IS ALL OVER NOW

FEEL grand since I began taking the ALL-VEGETABLE Laxative, Nature's Remedy (NR Tablets). One NR Tablet convinced me . . . so mild, thorough, refreshing, incorporating, Dependable relief from sick headaches, bilious spells and that tired-out feeling, when caused by or associated with constipation.

Without Risk—drug use. Use for a week. If not more than pleasant, return the box and we will refund purchase price. That's fair. Try it—NR Tablets, 35¢.

Nature's Remedy

—Tomorrow Alright.

FREE: Beautiful Calendar 1939 Calendar-Thermometer. Also millions of NR and Yams. Write today for free sample and postage to Louis-Hone Co., Box 110-A St. Louis 3, Mo.
It's Your Move
[Continued from page 28]

intend to let other people work any sharp practice on her. New England!

"Those cross-beams, I'd say, 'isn't there supposed to be a seal on them? First
grade or something?' They were the tim-
ners, or whatever their name is, that go
over the top of a window niche. Those
aren't cross-beams, the boss carpenter
would say, topping my bluff. 'Well, that's
what we call them in the East,' I'd say,
'where's the seal?' And that moulidngs
is what I ordered?' And I'd climb a
step ladder to examine it.

"Does it sound as if I were persnickety?"
Rosalind inquired, "let me tell you, that's
the only way to be if you're in the movies
where you're apt to pay four prices for
everything.

She laughed again. "Possibly my
workmen were a special lot. I cer-
tainly did enjoy their tactics. One after-
noon I arrived unexpectedly to find they'd
knocked off for a snack." Rosalind, with
a few hours of leisure between sequences
of her latest film, The Four Marys, had
naturally hurried over to see what furi-
ous activity the new house could exhibit.
"All the laborers but one, an elderly carp-
enter, were sitting idle and eating sand-
wiches."

"All right, boys,' I told them, 'since
you're loafing on my time, I'm going to
eat half of your sandwiches.' So I sat
down and ate with them.

That one elderly carpenter, though!
He was the joy of my life.

And he balked at building the bar! I
have a playroom where people can put
down their glasses anywhere without
leaving rings on anything that matters.
People are always laying their cigarettes
on the edge of a table, it's an easy enough
ting to do. When I had the carpets
cleaned and the table tops rewashed and
so on; because, while I don't give wild
parties or even big ones, in the course of
time rings and burns happen, so I knew
in my own house I wanted a playroom.

Rosalind herself doesn't drink, and she
smokes very little. "But this carpenter,
sweet old thing, didn't drink or smoke at
all. He told me that's what kept him so
strong; probably true. Anyway, he was
the only one I wanted to build the little
bar—and he wouldn't do it. 'I'm afraid
you'll have liquor there,' he said, 'and you
know, Miss Russell, liquor isn't going to
do you any good.'"

Rosalind agreed that liquor and a
career don't mix. As a matter of fact,
she planned to serve quantities of soft
drinks in that playroom; she told him so
and showed him in a sketch the cupboards
under the bar where she meant to keep the
gingerale and soda pop.

"So at length he consented to build the
thing for me, but he kept shaking his
head. 'Going to look a lot like a regular
bar,' he'd complain. He was a dear. I
used to take him pop to him and the other
workmen, and when the others had beer
they'd hide it from him and feel guilty."
There's as great a variety in carpenters, Rosalind pointed out, as in home owners. "And I met all kinds, on both sides! I met the home owner who demanded the utterly impossible, and I met the workmen who couldn't understand what I meant."

"'A square arch on this side of the hall,' I'd say, 'exactly like the arch on the other side, and in the same position,' 'how big?' they'd ask. 'Exactly like the other,' I'd repeat. 'But whereabouts in the wall?' 'In the same position, in the middle.' And how high?' 'Exactly like the other.' 'Same width?'

"You know, On and on. And then I demanded things that couldn't be done, and they had the laugh on me."

"But no one, not even his fellow workmen, could account for the Temperamental Painter. From confidences I've exchanged with other householders, I realized he's a not uncommon phenomenon but I was surprised at the time. I took him over the house, showed what I wanted done, what color combinations. He said, 'Fine!' and vanished. I mean, he quit in the middle of an afternoon and with a wall half painted. Walked away and never came back. Do you suppose," she inquired anxiously, "he didn't approve of the colors I'd selected?"

Then there was the matter of carpeting. Eight different carpet firm representatives from hither and yon gave their estimates on the number of square yards required. The estimates roved from 190 yards to 300; quite a discrepancy when you remember that each was estimating on the exact dimensions of rooms, halls and staircases—on precisely the same floor space. When you consider, too, the considerable cost per square yard!

Rosalind sat back with that amused gleam in her black eyes and let them talk. Something was haywire somewhere. Might be graft, might be carelessness. But in any case, she observed, "none of them dreamed for a moment that a movie actress would get down and actually measure the floor space—that was too obvious an ideal!"

When each had said his say, Rosalind sent again for the representative who seemed most eager to do the job, and who was certain without argument that he could furnish exactly the colors she wanted; the house is done chiefly in her favorite tones of tan and blue. "But your estimate is wrong," she informed him, and mentioned just the yardage she required. "How do you know that's right?" the salesman asked.

"How do you suppose?" Rosalind retorted, "because I got on my knees and measured it with a tape measure, of course."

She doesn't leave things to chance, nor to others, when she can do them herself. Rosalind is a girl who likes to be sure of her facts.

And she likes to be able to get her money back when she invests it, even when it's invested in a home. People tell her if she's happy in the new house, if it's a real home, then never mind the cost; it's worth any expense. Rosalind doesn't agree. She doesn't want to sink so much money that she can't rent the place for enough to make a profit, if renting it ever appears advisable.

By no means avaricious, deservedly famous for her generous charities, the New Englander nevertheless knows the value of dollars. She found it out while, against the wishes of her New Haven, Connecticut, family, she was scrimping along in New York boarding houses, seeking her opportunity on the stage. She found out that if you saved on lunches and busfare and grease paint, and put by half a dollar here and a dollar there, somehow at the end of the week you had the rent.

This practical side made her hesitate before ripping out the staircase in the new home and replacing it with the white spindles and richly plain mahogany rail that an Early American house demands; a staircase with a bend in it, as New England as you please. It even made her hesitate before installing the feature that is her pride and joy: a built-in couch, eight feet long, in the library, a couch opposite the fireplace in the corner, a couch from which you may reach out a hand and touch a book anywhere.

But with the couch and the staircase and the rest of the improvements completed, this householder's trouble were still not over. Friends began to call at the cost of both the house and the old-fashioned, informal garden beneath the tall, old trees. What could more disturb a householder's peace of mind? Rosalind met the situation with characteristic energy. She called to her home one evening the friend who had exclaimed most loudly that Rosalind had been gypsyed in the charges for reconstruction and furnishing.

"I got out my account books and read each item, and made him say whether or not I could have had the things more cheaply. I made him call people up and compare notes. Finally, I made him admit the whole thing had been done as economically as possible. It was a big victory," Rosalind concluded with satisfaction, "and added the final reassurance to make me perfectly contented."

There's an attic—actually, an attic—in the new house. It's to keep trunks in, chiefly. So nice, a friend commented, to have an attic in which to store your boxes and trunks after you've unpacked them. After you've settled down in the new home, with your belongings—

"Unpacked?" Rosalind repeated with the immense energy of one who loves her home but is, still and all, a realist; "why, I've never unpacked yet, not completely, not anywhere! I certainly wouldn't"—she's so utterly lacking in egotism, this new star—"in Hollywood!"
ONCE A YEAR

When the circus comes to town, there is only one big show for Hollywood, but the audience is as interesting as what goes on in the ring.

Glenn Morris, of filmland, gets in practice for his role of the new Tarzan.

Joan Woodbury, RKO player, couldn't resist the temptation and joined clown Emmet Kelly in the ring for a while.

Wallace Ford makes sure that daughter Pat misses nothing while Mrs. Ford keeps an equally sharp eye on the excitement.

Verree Teasdale, Adolphe Menjou, Josephine Hutchinson and her husband watching a breath-taking trapeze act.

Even his crutches couldn't keep Wallace Beery from escorting his wife and little daughter, Carol Ann, to the big show.

Rex Bell and Clara Bow take their baby to see the daring young man at his work.

Raoul Walsh, Lily Pons, her sister, Mrs. Solal with daughter Vivian Solal take things calmly.

Boris Karloff, Joe Penner and their wives get a big bang out of the antics of the clowns.

Between them, Edna May Oliver and Franklyn Pangborn give the fire rings complete coverage.
Whether you are a college graduate or not, modern day living demands you go on learning.

Perhaps you did not finish college, high school—or grade school. No matter, you can still become an educated person.

Real knowledge does not have to be gained in school. You can learn from reading and from pictures. History, economics, the cultural knowledge that makes you respected, gains you friends, can be absorbed from a revolutionary new type of magazine, now on sale at all newsstands.

This magazine is called PHOTO-FACTS. It is filled with intelligent information, so entertainingly presented the magazine will hold you spell-bound from cover to cover. Facts of history, philosophy, an entire education in world-wide travel are yours in this magazine.

Incorporated in this magazine is the "Newsstand University," a fascinating department on specific cultural subjects. In the issue of PHOTO-FACTS now on sale you will find a practical course on economics, which explains what money really is, and how to use it, by Professor Harold F. Clark of Columbia University, and Dr. Carl Norcross.

PHOTO-FACTS, the pocketbook of knowledge, is on sale at all newsstands. If your local dealer is sold out send twenty-five cents in stamps or coin to PHOTO-FACTS, circulation department, 22 West Putnam Ave., Greenwich, Conn.
Joan Crawford takes time out from her part in M-G-M’s "Mannequin" to play the part of Mrs. Santa Claus. Joan Crawford has smoked Luckies for eight years, has been kind enough to tell us: "They always stay on good terms with my throat."

Tobaccoland's Finest Gift

In this season of joyful giving, when you offer friends the ever-welcome gift of cigarettes, remember two facts...

First, that among independent tobacco men, Lucky Strike has twice as many exclusive smokers as all other brands combined.

Second, that Lucky Strike not only offers the finest tobacco but also the throat protection of the exclusive process "It's Toasted".

With men who know tobacco best...

It's Luckies 2 to 1
UNDECLARED WAR
between
JOAN CRAWFORD
and
SPENCER TRACY
The embrace of lovers... their wild flight from an avenging law through the awesome beauty of a South Sea paradise... Perilous escape that reaches its climax as the roaring hurricane descends upon them in all its thundering fury!

In "The Hurricane" the authors of "Mutiny on the Bounty" have contributed another stirring tale of love and adventure. In cost of production, in the two years of effort, in the fond care with which it was produced, it proudly carries on the Samuel Goldwyn tradition... truly a must-be-seen picture.

Samuel Goldwyn has endowed "THE HURRICANE" with a magnificent cast of thousands, including Dorothy Lamour, Jon Hall, Mary Astor, C. Aubrey Smith, Thomas Mitchell, Raymond Massey, John Carradine and Jerome Cowan. Directed by John Ford. From the novel by Charles Nordhoff and James Norman Hall. Screenplay by Dudley Nichols. Released thru United Artists.
"I'd be a very Beautiful Woman if I'd taken care of my teeth and gums"

Neglect, Wrong Care, Ignorance of the Ipana Technique of Gum Massage—all can bring about

"Pink Tooth Brush"

"Yes, dear lady, it's your own fault. You know that—now. You used to have teeth that glistened, they were so white. And your gums were firm and strong.

"Then, if you remember, there was a day when your toothbrush showed that first tinge of 'pink'—a warning that comes sometimes to nearly all of us.

"But you said: It's nothing. Why, I imagine everyone notices the same thing sooner or later.' And you let it go at that.

"Foolish you! That was a day important to your teeth—important to your beauty. That was the day you should have decided, I'm going to see my dentist right now!"

No Wise Woman Ignores "Pink Tooth Brush"

If you've noticed that warning tinge of "pink" on your toothbrush—see your dentist at once. For only your dentist can tell you when there's serious trouble ahead. Probably he'll tell you that your gums are simply lazy—that they need more work, more stimulation to help keep them firm and strong.

Many a child in grade school could tell you that often the food we eat is too soft, too well-cooked to give gums the exercise they need. Realize this—and you understand why modern dentists so frequently advise the Ipana Technique of gum massage.

For Ipana is especially designed not only to clean teeth but, with massage, to help the health of your gums as well. Each time you brush your teeth, massage a little Ipana into the gums, with forefinger or brush. This arouses circulation in the gums—they tend to become stronger, firmer. Teeth are brighter—your smile sparkles with a new loveliness!

DOUBLE DUTY—Perfected with the aid of over 1,000 dentists, Rubberset's Double Duty Tooth Brush is especially designed to make gum massage easy and more effective.

IPANA TOOTH PASTE
Through the doors of that workshop ceaselessly flowed girls, girls, girls... each with a dream and a hope beyond reaching. Here is one shopgirl who lives a drama so amazing, so rich in deluxe living, that it will fascinate and excite you. And Jessie might have been you, or you, or you!

**Shopgirl's Millions...**

This is Jessie—"a shopgirl just like millions of others... some day I'll wear ermine," she said.

Fiercely, Jessie grasped at romance—with Eddie, who lives dangerously. Can she win happiness?

Jessie toils to keep their "three-room haven"... while Eddie gambles—with their love at stake!

"I've only come to you for advice, Mr. Hennessy. Your yacht and penthouse don't interest me!"

**JOAN CRAWFORD**

**SPENCER TRACY**

**in**

**Mannequin**

WITH

**ALAN CURTIS** • **RALPH MORGAN**

A FRANK BORZAGE Production

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

Screenplay by Lawrence Hazard

Directed by FRANK BORZAGE

Produced by Joseph L. Mankiewicz

Accept No Substitutes! Always Insist on the Advertised Brand!
LLEWELLYN MILLER, Editor

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"Raw" Throat?
Here's Quick Action!

Zonite Wins
Germ-Killing Test by 9.3 to 1

If your throat is raw or dry with a coming cold, don't waste precious time on remedies that are ineffective or slow-acting. Delay may lead to a very serious illness. To kill cold germs in your throat, use the Zonite gargle. You will be pleased with its quick effect.

Standard laboratory tests prove that Zonite is 9.3 times more active than any other popular, non-poisonous antiseptic!

HOW ZONITE ACTS—Gargle every 2 hours with one teaspoon of Zonite to one-half glass water. This Zonite treatment benefits you in four ways: (1) Kills all kinds of cold germs at contact! (2) Soothes the rawness in your throat. (3) Relieves the pain of swallowing. (4) Helps Nature by increasing the normal flow of curative, health-restoring body fluids. Zonite tastes like the medicine it really is!

DESTROY COLD GERMS NOW—DON'T WAIT
Don't let cold germs knock you out. Get Zonite at your druggist now! Keep it in your medicine cabinet. Be prepared. Then at the first tickle or sign of rawness in your throat, start gargling at once. Use one teaspoon of Zonite to one-half glass water. Gargle every 2 hours. We're confident that Zonite's quick results will more than repay you for your precaution.

Always gargle with Zonite at the first sign of a cold

MATCH THIS IF YOU CAN
Paul Hurst in a gripping scene from Columbia's No Time To Marry

1. All was quiet in the station house
2. It looked like a fine time for the Sarge...
3. To concentrate on that match trick
4. Hurry, before someone comes
5. Easy does it!
6. At last, a perfect work of art!
7. Oh, Wurra, Wurra and also Begorrah!
8. Why do things like this happen to ME?

Accept No Substitutes! Always Insist on the Advertised Brand!
GENTLEMEN obviously prefer...

SURE, if she is
MAE WEST
in
"EVERY DAY'S
A HOLIDAY"

A Paramount Picture with
EDMUND LOWE
CHARLES BUTTERWORTH
CHARLES WINNINGER
WALTER CATLETT
LLOYD NOLAN
HERMAN BING
CHESTER CONKLIN
and
LOUIS ARMSTRONG

Screen play by Mae West
An Emanuel Cohen Production
Directed by A. Edward Sutherland

"Every Day's a Holiday" all right when you can see the one and only Mae West herself in a roaring comedy-romance-with-music set in the rollicking and hearty days of New York’s Gay Nineties—° a gala and glittering picture featuring the antics of five of the greatest screen comedians of our time—a picture with the dash of Mae’s Schiaparelli gowns—it'll have your boy-friend in hysterics and you in a gale of giggles.

When Answering Advertisements Please Mention February HOLLYWOOD
The custom of throwing rice originated with the Hindus and Chinese. Some Southern Europeans throw figs—the Romans throw nuts at bridal couples.* One custom, however, that seems universal in America, among women of all ages, is the desire for a soft, smooth skin.

Have you ever tried Italian Balm for skin protection and skin beauty? In a survey, coast to coast, 97.8% of Italian Balm users said—“It overcomes chapping more quickly than anything I ever used before.”

Don’t take anyone’s word for the genuine goodness of Italian Balm. Try it yourself—FREE. Use coupon below.

(Campana’s Italian Balm)

Campana’s Italian Balm
Costs Under 5 Cents a Day to Use

FREE

CAMPANA SALES CO.
193 Lincolnway
Batavia, Illinois

Gentlemen: I have never tried Italian Balm. Please send me VANITY Bottle FREE and postage.

Name ________________________________
Address _______________________________

City __________________ State ____________

In Canada, Campana Ltd., 2-392 Caledonia Road, Toronto

When young Peter isn’t in school, he does what he can to help sister Toby Wing in her career. Here he is holding the makeup kit while the actress gets ready for a scene in Mr. Boggs Steps Out in which she is featured with Stuart Erwin.
Daintiness is IMPORTANT
This Beauty Bath Protects it...

STAR OF THE
20TH CENTURY-FOX PRODUCTION
"Second Honeymoon"

THE GIRL WHO
ISN'T DAINTY CAN'T
HOPE TO WIN
ROMANCE-
LUCKILY ANY GIRL
CAN HAVE THIS
CHARM! HERE'S
AN EASY WAY-

USE Lux Toilet Soap
AS A BEAUTY BATH. ITS
ACTIVE LATHER LEAVES SKIN
SMOOTH, FRESH-FRAGRANT
WITH A DELICATE PERFUME
THAT CLINGS. TRY IT!

Loretta Young

IT'S Lux Toilet Soap's ACTIVE lather that makes
it such a wonderful bath soap! It carries away from
the pores stale perspiration, every trace of dust and
dirt. Skin is left smooth, delicately fragrant. No risk
now of offending against daintiness—of spoiling ro-
mance! You feel refreshed, sure of being sweet from
top to toe—and you look it!

9 OUT OF 10 SCREEN STARS USE LUX TOILET SOAP

When Answering Advertisements Please Mention February HOLLYWOOD
DON'T live in dated dread of periodic functional pain, or let the calendar regulate your activities. For doctors have discovered that severe or prolonged pain at such times is not natural to most women. And unless you have some organic disorder requiring a physician's or surgeon's attention, Midol in all probability can make your days of menstruation as carefree as any other.

Midol is offered for this sole purpose. It acts quickly. In all but unusual instances it brings definite relief. Two tablets should see you through your worst day. So, get Midol and "carry on". Druggists have it on the counter. Handy purse-size tin, 50¢—and well worth it when periodic suffering must be relieved.

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a permanent wave...she broke all records in getting out of the beauty shop...in her new picture, *Little Miss Roughneck*, Edith Fellows introduces the most novel tap dance to date...she does a hilarious "Hair Curler" routine, executed all over a beauty parlor while her hair is wrapped in permanent wave curlers...Alfalfa, crooning member of Our Gang, spit on a 1,500-watt electric globe, on the set, and it blew up...he was so terrified at the explosion—did YOU ever hear a 1,500-watt globe burst?—that he had to go home...Johnny Downs and Eleanore Whitney together again, after a spat that WAS a spat.

By mistake, Anita Louise turned her car into a dead-end street, and before she could back out the Hollywood Fire Department swung in after her, responding to a call to a nearby garage fire. Thoroughly frightened, the actress was about to abandon her car when a husky fireman climbed in beside her and emptied her over. "Lady, you're in the way," he said.

When they were clear of the fire zone and her rescuer had relinquished the wheel, he waved her on with the remark..."Let this be a warning to you, lady, to stop chasing fire engines." Anita nearly has hysterics when she tells this story on herself.

Fred Keating, featured in Bing Crosby's latest picture, *The Badge of Policeman O’Roon*, tried to sell the studio on using the title, *The Badge of Policeman O’Roon*. All right, the studio didn’t think it so hot, either.

When she visited a friend’s home near the Cumnock School for Girls in Los Angeles, Joan Crawford nearly was mobbed by several hundred of the students, who refused to allow her to depart until she had affixed her signature on more than two hundred books, envelopes and everything else the girls carried on which might be written the star’s name. Even the husky chauffeur couldn’t get through to rescue his mistress.

Hollywood is going games-crazy, along with the rest of the country. Now that Handles and Knock-knock are out, games that Grandmother used to play are coming in. Jean Arthur and her husband, Frank Ross, are inveterate Russian Bank addicts, while Constance Bennett and Gilbert Roland can be glimpsed almost any night deep in thought over a session of Anagrams. Ernest Truex is the spelling champ and usually wins the Sunday Night Spelling Bee at the Westside Tennis Club. Barbara Stanwyck and Marian Marsh prefer puzzles of a more intricate sort and Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone share Director Joe May’s enthusiasm for Chess. As we reported last month, Jeanette MacDonald and Gene Raymond play Jackstraws at their parties, and more people are buying sets.

When Ernest Truex arrived in Hollywood fresh from the New York stage for his part in *The Adventures of Marco Polo*,

**I'VE GOT A DATE!**

**SO I'M BATHING WITH FRAGRANT CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP...IT'S THE LOVELIER WAY TO AVOID OFFENDING!**

*HERE'S HOW CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP WORKS...IT'S RICH, DEEP-CLEANSING LATHER REMOVES EVERY TRACE OF BODY ODOR, AND THEN, LONG AFTER YOUR BATH, ITS UNDERLING PERFUME CLINGS TO YOUR SKIN!*

TO BE ALLURING, A GIRL JUST MUST KEEP FRAGRANTLY DAINTY! THAT'S WHY I BATH WITH CASHMERE BOUQUET, THE LOVELY PERFUMED SOAP!

MARVELOUS FOR COMPLEXIONS, TOO! You'll want to use this pure, creamy-white soap for both face and bath. Cashmere Bouquet’s lather is so gentle and caressing. Yet it removes every trace of dirt and cosmetics, leaving your skin clearer, softer...more radiant and alluring!

NOW I SEE WHY CASHMERE BOUQUET IS THE LOVELIER WAY TO AVOID OFFENDING!

TO KEEP FRAGRANTLY DAINTY—BATH WITH PERFUMED CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP

WHEN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION FEBRUARY HOLLYWOOD
She Was Ashamed of Her Skinny Body!

But She Added 7 Flattening Pounds With 1st Bottle of Kelpamalt—Now Looks Fine, Feels Great!

Read This Annual Letter From Our Files

"Kelpamalt Company, Dear Sirs:

I am 5 ft. 5 in. tall. Before I was married I weighed 119 lbs. That wasn't much, but better than the 94 lbs. I've weighed ever since my son was born 5 years ago. I was always active in out of doors sports and in dancing, but honestly, I've been talkened into putting on a bathing suit or an evening gown for the last 4 summers. Being so skinny actually changed my mode of living.

Last August I was visiting my mother-in-law, I came to lunch in a big white dress with straps over the shoulders. Mrs. Joe, her mother, and I:

'If I had shoulders that looked like that, I certainly would wear a High-necked dress. Can I imagine how badly I felt. I was glad when the summer was over and I could take it off!"

Now, thanks to Kelpamalt, I'm thinking forward to spring. I have taken just 100 tablets and I've gained 7 lbs. That's 7 lbs. of Kelpamalt in 16 days. How's that for you? And for another bottle. I feel so well, too, and my husband is remarking on my looks. My only regret is that I didn't start taking Kelpamalt sooner.

"Three cheers for Kelpamalt, the best beauty product on the market—Mrs. F. H. Cameron, Md.

Kelpamalt has proven itself so effective as a weight and energy builder because it helps supply the iron, iodine and vitamins that are essential for you to get the real good out of your food. Your own doctor will approve this way. Give it a little trial and is sold at all good drug stores. And remember—your money back if you are not completely satisfied.

SEEDOL Kelpamalt Tablets

SPECIAL FREE OFFER

Write today for our new attractive catalogue listing 1000 free samples of Kelpamalt Tablet, plus a fascinating booklet on the value of "Kelpamalt."

Kelpamalt Tablets also are available in bottles of 1000 or 2000 tablets. A new, attractive literature will be yours on request.

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY

P.S. Please mention The Kelpamalt Company in your correspondence.

P. S. The Kelpamalt Company, Dept. 1385, 27 West 26th St., N. Y. C.

Polo, he was promptly talked into memberships in three tennis clubs, with all the de luxe trappings, racquets and all that goes with the game. Immersed in his picture work, however, he didn't find time to play even a single set until very recently, months after he landed in the film capital. After his first set, he sat down on the court and with paper and pencil figured what that one set had cost him. Including instruction fees, dues and all other expenses, it amounted to exactly $982.56! How's YOUR tennis?

CUPID'S REPORT

Katherine Hepburn and Douglas Fairbanks Jr., working on adjoining sets at RKO, renewed the friendship that started when they appeared together in Morning Glory...they're seen together frequently...so, too, Norma Shearer and David Niven...but it's not romance...Norma is interested only in her children, and David still cares for Miss Shearer. Also, Michael Whalen finds the charms of Cecil Parker TOO entrancing...looks like Joan Marsh and Charles Belden, the writer, will hum a wedding march as soon as he's divorced...while Lucille Ball—remembered in Stage Door—declares she's far too busy with her career to list to Director Al Hal's plea of marriage...despite that, they're seen together constantly...the two who get around the most, romantically, are Lana Turner and Jon Hall...Lana, besides going places with Jon, tours a bit with Buddy Westmore, Tim Holt and others...while Jon steps with Eleanor Powell, the Countess di Frasso, Helen Meindl, the writer...and that isn't all...it's just a matter of time now before Suzanne Kaaren and Sidney Blackmer merge into one...Virginia Bruce will wed J. Walter Ruben, the director...another bride, too, will be Gloria Dickson, who marries Perc Westmore on June 8th...Ginger Rogers glimpsed riding the handlebars of Lee Bowman's bike...this begins to look serious...June Lange still faithful to A. C. Blumenthal...while former-hubby Vic Orsatti trips the night spots with one of June's closest friends, Virginia Field...Anna May Wong and Philip Ahn attend the theatre together...ask Rodin Rathbone, Basil's youngster, what he thinks of Olivia de Havilland...and if you'd like to see Oliva blush, repeat the question about Rodin...when he's not with Eleanore Whitney, Johnny Downs seems to find Diane Lewis' blue eyes unusually interesting to gaze into...Judith Allen taking time off from her suit against the Domadores to dip into the dance with Director Eddie Sutherland...and Rosalind Russell suddenly has discovered that Jimmy Stewart, on the same lot with her for the past two years, is a swell fellow to know...Rudy says "No," but those in the K-no say Mister Vallee is muchly smitten with Gloria Youngblood, the Indian maid...Gordon Oliver taking out Kay Stammers, the tennis gal, now...it's a contest between Joseph M. Schenck, the producer, and Director William Wyler for the smiles of Mary Maguire, the Australian cutie of the large, pool-like eyes...Lola Lane finding Johnny Machio, actor's agent, a gent with a smooth line...and Rosina Lawrence that way about another agent, Lew Golds.

When you least expect it, up pops a story about Constance Bennett's goodness. Here's the gal's latest good deed, and it throws a new light upon the many times-accused Bennett.

Learning that her young son's nursemaid, Lillian Rimbault, hadn't seen her parents in England in nine years, Connie gave the girl a six-weeks holiday abroad, with all expenses paid. Top that, if you can.

Connie is starring in Merrily We Live, a Hal Roach comedy, with Brian Aherne...and that set is the most rollicking in town. Miss Bennett is letting herself go for the first time in this fun-fest, and you'll be seeing a new Constance, very vital and very much alive. She's progressed to the point that she's revelling in the "double-kits," and to watch her do this comedy trick is sumpin. Lily Pons, too, went into this, in her new picture.

Alan Mowbray plays a butler who fancies himself quite a tap dancer, in this production. It's to be one of those innumerable roles for which Mowbray is noted. The first day on the set, as he was about to go into a scene before the camera, he held up his hand for attention.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he announced, solemnly, "this is a very historic moment in my life. It is the first scene I've ever taken under contract to a studio." Then, with a mock bow..."Let the picture proceed!"

During the years he has been in Hollywood, Mowbray has always free-lanced, softly refusing to sign with any one studio for a term. Hal Roach finally prevailed upon him to give up this lone wolf idea, though, so now he's entering upon a long-term contract for the first time in his career.

Now in pictures again, Ken Murray, the radio artist, is in a quandary. He's constantly being confused with Peg Murray, the cartoonist, and Lin Murray, the studio dance director. But that isn't all...a fan has just written him that he considers him the finest rider on the screen.

At first, Ken couldn't get this. Then the meaning became quite clear, upon re-reading the letter. The fan had taken him for...KEN MAYNARD!

In his library, Neil Hamilton has six bound volumes of old theatre programs. And on each are certain notations, jotted down by him when he saw the play years ago.

When he was trying out for the stage, Neil spent most of his money going to the theatre, and studying both plays and actors. It was his custom to write his own critical reactions on the program of that particular offering.

In going through one of the volumes recently, he came upon the program of [Continued on page 58]
 Winners in the "Santa Claus" Contest!

Here is Jane Withers at the keyboard of the piano which is the first prize in her Christmas Contest, giving a holiday smile to the clever winners.

There were so many thousands of clever letters with so many good suggestions of stories for Jane Withers to play on the screen that the judges had a hard time picking winners. They finished the task by wishing that prizes could be given to every single entry!

The editor of Hollywood Magazine, the judges and Jane, herself, all join in saying, "Sorry you lost and thank you for your interest" to those who did not get prizes and in congratulating the lucky winners.

The first prize, a piano like the one shown above goes to little Elsa Merliti, 157 East York Street, Akron, Ohio. The second prize, a radio, goes to Winifred Larder, 442 Lake Ave., Lynhurst, N. J. Consolation prizes for their excellent letters have been sent to: Dolores Donovan, 715 McKeown Ave., Baltimore, Md.; Katherine Lowery, 579 Lumière St., Akron, Ohio; Lois Wallack, 2210 M. Royal Terrace, Balto., Md.; Mary Strawbridge, Box 634, Chiloquin, Oregon; Jane Rushin, 2793 Peachtree Rd., Atlanta, Ga.; Betty Lou Lehman, 406 Darhavia St., Toledo, Ohio; Mildred Russin, 92 Mercer St., Wallington, N. J.; Dorothy Cravens, 320 Temple Pl., Westfield, N. J.; Marjorie Tucker, P. O. Box 933, Anaconda, Montana, and Irene Winters, 202 W. 11th St., Claremore, Okla.

WINNERS IN THE "SANTA CLAUS" CONTEST!

LAUGH AT OLD MAN WINTER!

Break his Spell with a Greyhound Trip

South to Sunshine—
or North to Winter Fun

Winter is a grand old fellow—when you get to know him! Give Greyhound the pleasure of introducing you—where winter smiles in health-giving sunshine on gay Florida beaches, along the warm Gulf Coast, through the romantic South-west, or in colorful California. Famous modern Super-Coaches are miracles of smooth riding—healthfully heated and ventilated. You can go one route, return another at no extra fare—and at big savings over other transportation.

Can't spare time for a southern vacation? No matter! Winter in the snow zone becomes a friendly season when Greyhound trips are scheduled. Visits to family or friends, or trips to exhilarating winter sports will be warm, safe, scenic. So, break the spell of the cold season with pleasant, low-cost trips by Greyhound.

FREE—ROTO SECTION ALL ABOUT WINTER VACATIONS

Mail this coupon to nearest information office listed above for any one of these your dealer: Rotogravure section, filled with gay photos of FLORIDA, GULF COAST, AND NEW ORLEANS [3]... bright pictorial folders, "CALIFORNIA, ALL THE WEST" [3]. Please check the one you wish. If you want complete information on any special trip, jot down place you wish to visit, on margin below.

Name ____________________________
Address _____________________________
HALT THAT COLD!
Give It No Chance to Develop!

A cold is nothing to toy with. It may quickly develop into something else, more serious. Treat a cold promptly. Treat it seriously. Treat it for what it is—an Internal Infection.

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine (LBQ tablets) are what you want to take!
First of all, they are a real cold medicine, made expressly for colds and nothing else. Secondly, they are internal medication.

Fourfold Effect!
Working internally, Bromo Quinine tablets do four important things to "knock" a cold.
1. They open the bowels.
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Grove's Bromo Quinine tablets now come sugar-coated as well as plain. They are sold by all drug stores, a few cents a box.
The moment you feel a cold coming on, do the wise thing. Go right to your drug store for a package of Bromo Quinine tablets. Start taking the tablets at once and you'll usually stop the cold in a day.
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Tommy on the Spot

Tom Sawyer had a fighting chance to play hookey, but Tom Kelly hasn't a chance in the world at it, and you'll have a hard time guessing the reason

By TOM FAIRCHILD

Tom Sawyer never played hookey from school.
No matter how much you and Mark Twain may disagree, this is the unadulterated truth. For Tom Sawyer, 1937 movie edition, is a youngster named Tommy Kelly, fresh from the Bronx, who would rather be a Notre Dame football hero than a film star.

Tommy Kelly didn't get a break when his dad was forced to go on the WPA rolls. Mr. Michael Kelly, you see, was officially listed as a social case worker. But Tommy will tell you that's a lot of bologna and a smoke screen to boot. His pop, title or no title, was a truant officer. And you never caught his son playing hookey from school to go fishing.

Look at Tommy's freckled, honest Irish face and you know instantly he would like to be the living, spittin' image of the guy whose role he plays. And you wonder how Dave Selznick, the film producer, managed to find Tommy in a Bronx schoolhouse, where there are millions of other kids in this meandering country of ours.

Naturally, a man's first impulse would be to search the hills of Missouri for Tom Sawyer, and to pick a kid from the scene of Mark Twain's classics. I don't know whether Mr. Selznick tried that or not. He did test hundreds of youngsters before he got around to Tommy Kelly, and after that it didn't matter. This polite little city feller is aces. One look at him and...
Tommy was just one of the boys in St. Raymond's school in east Bronx one day last spring. This tousle-head had one distinctive thing about him, though. He was the pupil who opened the door when somebody knocked, and stood politely aside to let the visitor enter the classroom.

That is exactly what he did when one of Mr. Selznick's talent scouts walked into the room last spring. The gentleman in question had cast his orbs at a lot of typical American boys. In this very school he had already picked out two candidates, talked with them, and rejected them.

Then he got a squint at Tommy. That was enough. The Father who accompanied the talent scout beckoned Tommy to join them. Thoroughly mystified—a state which continued for many weeks to come—Tommy followed them from the room.

"When I took a note home with me from the Father, explaining what it was all about, my folks still didn't believe it was true," Tommy said. He was talking to me in one of the Selznick Hollywood offices—talking fast and willingly. There must have been a reason for all this cooperation, but at the moment the answer wasn't apparent.

"Of course, I hadn't gotten the role yet. First they took me over to Brooklyn to make a screen test. Boy, that was something. I wasn't really excited, I don't think. Fact is, I got tired of waiting. Dad and I got there at nine in the morning. It was awfully cold. We waited in a hot room until four that afternoon before I made the test, and I wasn't scared. But a cold draught kept blowing in, and I told dad it was cold.

"By the time we got back home I had lost my voice. I still don't think it was because I was scared. It was that cold draught. For three days I could hardly whisper. One day, just after mother had called the doctor, I tried to hum. It worked. By this time I figured if I could hum, I could talk, too. When the doctor arrived, I began talking. Ma was pretty sore. She thought this movie stuff had gone to my head and I was acting like a prima donna."

When Tommy talks like this, he gets very animated. I wondered about this extreme willingness to "give." And the answer finally wiggled out. The publicity office had told him the quickest way to end an interview is to speak freely. And on this particular occasion, Tommy was awfully anxious to get over to the park in Over the City where a bunch of the boys were playing football.

So the two of us wandered over to the park together, Tommy on his new bicycle which had a glistening speedometer on it and a tiny city license plate.

Over the handlebars he carried a football helmet given to him by Al Howard, a Notre Dame football star of 1928 or so, and a brand new collegiate football. And as we meandered along the street, the rest of the story came out.

Tommy and his father came to Holly-
Men Look First at a Woman's Eyes; Women Notice Masculine Nose

NEW YORK, N.Y.-(U.P.)-When a man looks into a woman's face, the first thing he notices are her eyes.

When a woman scans a man's face she pays most attention to his nose. These conclusions were drawn by the beauticians of America after a three-month survey in which 25,000 men and women were asked to explain what interested them most in the facial features of the opposite sex.

Forty-three per cent of the women said they looked first at a man's nose, 19 per cent at the mouth, and the remainder scattered votes for the eyes, hair, ears and appearance of the skin.

Approximately 51 per cent of the men said they looked first at a woman's eyes.

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The world's largest selling eye beauty aids

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Accept No Substitutes! Always Insist on the Advertised Brand!
When Tommy wants to he can out-play the rest of the team. He can fight if necessary, just to prove that his good manners are no indication of weakness.

Out there on that football field Tommy tackled hard, and this was a game without a referee and troublesome rules. Occasionally a stiff-arm resolved itself into a slug. Then there would be an argument, and almost a fight. Only the fact that the game was more interesting than a slug-fest prevented a fair-to-middling riot.

Tommy Kelly was just as much in the middle of it as any other guy. The only thing was that he never had a chip on his shoulder. Besides, most of the boys were a year or two older and a touch larger.

In this particular game, Tommy had one chance for immortality. The Dames were trying a pass. The ends moved out fast. Tommy stepped back instead of rushing the passes. It was a great move. Out of the sky the pigskin moved straight and sure for his out-stretched arms. In front of him was a wide open field, and a twenty yard sprint for a cinch touchdown. Perhaps Tommy saw all this at a glance, and the thought may have been too much for him. The ball came down, slithered through his out-stretched arms, and rolled away on the grass. To mix jargons a bit, Tommy had, like Casey at the bat, struck out.

Whatever happens to him on the football fields of the future, something only time can tell. His success as a film personality is already an accepted fact. And because Tommy can’t help being a regular guy with his pals, it seems equally certain that Tommy will be a success as a human being.

If he should possibly slip a bit now and then, his dad will brace him up. Michael Kelly is no longer a truant officer. He now wears a neat uniform and is addressed as Officer Kelly of the studio police department. “Mike” has always thought it more important to be a well-liked person than a bank president. And that will continue to go for his tousle-haired kid just as much in the future as it has in the past.

No wonder Tangee Lips are unforgettable. Different from ordinary “paint” lipsticks, Tangee intensifies your natural coloring—never coats your lips with ugly red grease...nor leaves red smears on teeth or handkerchiefs.

Looks Orange—Acts Rose
In the stick Tangee looks orange. But put it on and notice how it changes like magic to just your shade of blush-rose, blending perfectly whether you’re a blonde, brunette or red head. Only Tangee contains this famous Tangee color-change principle.

Made with a special cream base, Tangee stays on longer...keeps lips soft and smooth...free from chapping, cracking, drying. Get Tangee today. 39¢ and $1.10. Also in Theatrical, a deeper shade for professional use.

Rosy Lips, Smooth and Tempting

When answering advertisements please mention February HOLLYWOOD
THE NEW-IDEA MUSICAL FROM HIT-MAKING 20th CENTURY-FOX ...and it's got that New Year ummph!

Walter Ben
WINCHELL • BERNIE SIMONE SIMON
She sings! She sings!

LOVE AND Hisses
and laughs and kisses!
and music and misses!

BERT LAHR • JOAN DAVIS
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RAYMOND SCOTT QUINTET
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Directed by Sidney Lanfield
who directed "Sing, Baby, Sing", "One In A Million", "Thin Ice", "Wake Up and Live"

Associate Producer Kenneth Macgowan
Screen Play by Curtis Kenyon and Art Arthur
From a story by Art Arthur

Seven hot-and-hissing songs including
GORDON & REVELS LATEST HITS:
"Sweet Someone"
"Be A Good Sport"
"Broadway's Gone Hawaii"
"I Wanna Be In Winchell's Column"

Darryl F. Zanuck, in charge of production and the maker of your biggest musical hits, gives you THE GREATEST 20th CENTURY-FOX MUSICAL YET!
If the bold outlaw of Sherwood Forest came to Hollywood, he might have some difficulty in pursuing his famous policy.

By JESSIE HENDERSON

"It's a bright, sunny afternoon such as we always have in Southern California," said Errol Flynn, ignoring a handful of clouds which are forerunners of the rainy season floated near the hills, "and down the Boulevard comes Robin Hood. He's blinking his eyes, because it's forever drizzling in Sherwood Forest, England, where he comes from, and he can't get used to daylight. But that isn't all he can't get used to, in Hollywood."

Robin Hood in Hollywood! There's where the talk had turned to what the doughty English champion of the unfortunate would do if he actually were in the cinema capital instead of just in the film that Warner Brothers has lately made of him. Errol Flynn considered the notion, eyes smiling, as he dropped into the studio commissary for a cup of coffee between the final indoor "takes" of the picture.

It should have been a cup of sack or a flagon of nut brown ale, if you wanted to stay historic, but you know what studio workaday rules are. Robin Hood never drank coffee. Eight hundred years ago, neither coffee nor tea was known outside the Far East and people in England, poor souls, had nothing to drink but liquor.

Fresh from eight weeks on The Adventures of Robin Hood location at Chico in Northern California, Errol was back with a tan as deep as the Sherwood outlaw ever had, an equal ability to shiny up oak trees, and a four-foot wildcat killed with his bow and arrow. After several months of practice, Flynn's as good with a bow and arrow as Cupid; better, because he doesn't miss so often. He slew that wildcat, right out in the woods, with the first arrow he'd ever aimed at anything but a stationary target.

"Immediately, the thing that gets him," Flynn mused, thinking of Robin Hood in Hollywood, "is how to redistribute the wealth. You know, Robin and his merrie men took it away from the rich and gave it to the poor."

"Well, he goes up to a modest looking flivver with a girl at the wheel in simple, unpretentious clothes—no brocade or ermine—and he tries to shower her with gold and jewels. Say, he tries to give her a scarfpin he's requisitioned from some wealthy dialogue writer and a dollar bill he took away from a realtor."

"So? So he finds it's Kay Francis, who has money enough in the bank, outside which she's parked, to buy Robin Hood and his entire collection of merrie men with perhaps the Lord High Sheriff of Nottingham thrown in. She doesn't want his gold and jewels. She says: 'Scat, before I call a policeman.'"

"Policemen are no novelty to that chap, but he departs in great embarrassment and glimpses in the distance a snowy-haired mendicant in ragged clothes who looks as if he hadn't eaten in a fortnight. When Robin tries to thrust his benevolence upon him, the mendicant turns out to be Lionel Barrymore or Paul Muni or some other aristocrat of the screen made up for a picture role at heaven knows how much per week, and the lines of starvation have just been put on him by a make-up expert. [Continued on page 45]"
IT'S STARS, IT'S TUNES, IT'S LOVE, IT'S GIRLS,
IT'S THRILLS, IT'S FUN, IT'S GREAT

WARNER BROS.
line up the headliners of screen, air and stage
to give you your greatest revel in romance,
beauty and song! The grandest party of the
year, in the gayest spot on earth!

HEAR
'Can't Teach My Old Heart New Tricks
'Let That Be A Lesson To You
'I've Hitched My Wagon To A Star'
'I'm Like A Fish Out Of Water'
'Silhouetted In The Moonlight'

Directed by BUSBY BERKELEY
Screen Play by Jerry Wald, Maurice Leo and Richard Macauley - Original Story by Jerry Wald and Maurice Leo
Music and Lyrics by Dick Whiting and Johnny Mercer - A First National Picture
HOLLYWOOD HOTEL

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THE HOLLYWOOD HOTEL PROGRAM

LOUELLA PARSONS

with FRANCES LANGFORD  JERRY COOPER KEN NILES

DUANE THOMPSON  RAYMOND PAIGE & HIS ORCHESTRA

BENNY GOODMAN & HIS ORCHESTRA
IT'S STARS, IT'S TUNES, IT'S LOVE, IT'S GIRLS, IT'S THRILLS, IT'S FUN, IT'S GREAT!

WARNER BROS.
line up the headliners of screen, air and stage to give you your greatest revel in romance, beauty and song! The grandest party of the year, in the gayest spot on earth!

HEAR
Can't Teach My Old Heart New Tricks
'Let There Be A Lesson To You'
'Ve Had My Kissin'
'I'm A Little Bit Rainy' (Sung by Skeets Wagoner)
'I'm Crazy Over You'
'Summer's In The Moonlight'

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The Hollywood Hotel Program
with LOUANNE PARSONS
FRANCES LANGFORD • JERRY COOPER
KEN NILES

Direct from the Orchid Room of the Air

DUANE THOMPSON • RAYMOND PAIGE & HIS ORCHESTRA AND BERNY GOODMAN & HIS ORCHESTRA

Directed by HUSKY BERKELEY
Screen Play by Jerry Wald, Maurice Lea and Richard Moncusky - Original Story by Jerry Wald and Maurice Lea
Music and Lyrics by Dick Whiting and Sammy Monroe

The stage of the orchestra becomes the screen of the movie.
Can this be our sunny Joan? More than once during the making of *Mannequin* she turned this hostile glance at Spencer Tracy.

It's Undeclared War!

No formal declaration ever was made, but the exchange of bright barbed quips was fast and furious when the stars let temperament get the better of diplomacy.

By TED MAGEE

"You know I love you more than anything in the world, don't you darling?" Spencer Tracy pressed Joan Crawford close to him and gazed fervently into her eyes. The kiss that followed was one of those things that makes Crawford admirers feel their hearts go flippety-flop from coast to coast—and that's a pretty big flop for the best of them.

"Okay, that's swell," Director Frank Borzage said to everyone on the *Mannequin* set as he reached in his pocket for his pipe and turned away for a smoke. But those standing close to Joan and Spencer suddenly found reason to think things were about as okay as the middle of Shanghai.

Joan was still whispering to Spencer. "Pretty good kissing you think, huh? I'm probably the only one on the set who doesn't think you're another Valentino."

Spencer was ready for that one, for he replied, "Your lipstick looks all right but it doesn't taste so good. Thank God there aren't any retakes."

An unholy light sparkled in the Crawford eyes. Ignoring his remarks she rejoined, "Come along, dear. There's a sur-
prise awaiting you without." The two of them walked off the set arm in arm, but still their eyes had more daggers in them than the whole Chinese army and the Afghans thrown in for good measure. Joan smiled mysteriously and said, "This, darling Spencer, is a tribute to your ego."

They swung around the corner suddenly in front of them was Spencer's portable dressing room decorated with more colored lights than a Hollywood premiere. "Very pretty," he said humbly, his eyes filling with non-existent mist, "and it bears the deft touch of a Crawford interior decorating scheme. Is it Christmas or do you merely go crazy over reds and greens?" he questioned.

What Spencer found inside the dressing room was more to the point than anything yet. Joan had had it decorated with huge stars of glistening silver, and twenty or thirty large photos of Tracy in various poses.

"You love yourself so much," she whispered gently, "that I thought this would do you a world of good. Now you can relax and see how very wonderful you really are."

One day of this on a Hollywood set is enough to make any movieland gossip writer dull his pencil if not his wits. This was war of the Hollywood kind, and it was being done in the modern manner—without open declaration.

From the very first of the picture, Director Frank Borzage realized that all was not quiet on the Mannequin front, on the first day Spencer seemed a trifle cool and aloof. That alone was enough to make people buzz with comment. He was very polite and formal, and the twinkle in his eye hinted of mischief to come. Joan was not slow to take her cue. By the end of the first week, people visited the set with avid ears, anxious to get in on what they considered possibly the best Hollywood feud in many months.

The first open break of relations was made by Spencer himself. During a lull in one of their love scenes, Spencer brought out a large batch of photos. They were of himself and Louise Rainer, Haughtily, Joan refused to look. Instead, she sent her maid for photos of Joan with Clark Gable. The next half hour went by with Tracy lauding Rainer to the skies and Joan going overboard about Gable.

"The next morning Joan was on the set early and the company was ready to go at nine o'clock. Cameras had been set up, lights tilted to the right angle, and props put in proper place. Joan was in make-up and standing around with Borzage.

Five minutes later Spencer came breezing in, wearing the proper clothes, for the day's shooting schedule. He tossed his hat in a corner and rushed for a mirror to see if he was ready to shoot.

Joan complained to Borzage: "That man Tracy is holding up the company again."

Spencer ignored the crack, but hastened to the set. An hour later Spencer caught Joan before the mirror primping up and commented, "Don't bother combing your hair, dearie. Nobody is going to look at it anyway."

One day, after a particularly tense scene in a little peasant shack, Joan remarked, "Mr. Borzage, can't you do something with this man?"

"What's the trouble?" Borzage inquired.

"Well, he's trying to act like a movie star," she said icily, with a strange smile on her face. "I guess he's been reading his publicity stuff again."

Spencer jutted his jaw out invitingly. "That remark," he said, "is an obvious display of temperament. Actresses who are sure of themselves seldom bother to be temperamental. Obviously, now that she sings a little bit, she considers herself a prima donna."

In the days that followed Mannequin got more publicity than the publicity department had hoped for in its fondest dreams. These two stars daily were putting up a show which was gathering reams of attention. Unconsciously, perhaps, they were conducting their own publicity campaign.

Even Borzage himself laughed openly while they were doing a dance scene which showed Spencer and Joan on the floor of a night club. The scene called for Spencer to dance with her and then suddenly walk away with his face full in the camera. Some technical trouble occurred, and Spencer walked out of the scene showing only his profile.

"We'll have to take it again," Borzage said. "Next time be sure you look at the camera."

Joan didn't miss the opportunity. "He hasn't failed to have his face full in the camera during this entire picture," she said sweetly. "And this obviously is no time for him to be breaking his record as a camera-hogger."

Spence whipped back with a fairly appropriate remark. "You know," he said to everybody present, "it has been an amazing experience to work with a high class thief. I never saw anyone steal as many scenes as she has. Boy, is she cold-hearted!"

One of the biggest laughs came one day after Spencer had shown up on the set almost fifteen minutes late. He had come in from playing polo and had been so interested in his game that he had forgotten what time it was. Joan had shown no apparent interest in his arrival.

"Him-m-m," thought Spencer, "the little gal must be weakening. She didn't have a crack to make. Well, I got away with that one."

But he didn't. The next day when he arrived on the set, an office boy presented him with a large and important looking package. When he opened it he found he had been given a sun dial. The donor's name was absent, but Joan's grin was a fact. "Admission of guilt," said Spencer, "and make 'em real bright in this corner, I want the dope who gave me this to tell me what time it is."

Two things usually distinguish the Crawford set. Between the "takes" there is always music from a phonograph, and Joan... [Continued on page 37]
Lola Lane is wearing an in-between seasons suit which is distinguished by a number of new notes. The material is grege tweed in a diagonal weave, trimmed with dark brown Persian lamb. The beret is of antelope and Persian.

The very full skirt is cut in gores which emphasize fullness at the back. The jacket is the new short length, wide-shouldered and close fitted through the waist. The roomy bag is made of the same tweed as the suit, even to the covered handles.
Hollywood Boulevard is not very long, but it is a street of striking contrasts as the Misses Greenback and Dime discovered when they came to town.

By WINIFRED AYDELOTTE

Illustrations by McGowan Miller

One of the most interesting shops in Hollywood is The Indian Store, across the street from the famous Hollywood Hotel. Here are children's rings for 35 cents; Navajo rugs for $125; bracelets inlaid with turquoise for $75; copper bracelets for $2.75 which are sold to arthritis sufferers; beaded belts for $85 and moccasins, painted idols and baskets. Most of these articles are made by an extremely capable but silent Indian named Homevanta, who, influenced by Hollywood's passion for name changing, calls himself Homer Vance. Gertrude Greenback buys a Navajo rug, and Diana Dime invests in a copper bracelet for Aunt Emily.

They pass a fur shop featuring a lone and elegant mink coat in its oh! so exclusive window and which is flanked on either side by a 35 cent Chop Suey restaurant and an expensive antique shop. Gertrude stops next at the Biltmore Florists and wires a small $15 corsage to an engaged friend, while Diana buys a lovely gardenia (10 cents) from the small flower stand on the curb nearby.

Gertrude calls a cab to take her down the boulevard to Reginald Denny's fascinating hobby shop where miniature airplanes, trains and automobiles with real engines can be purchased by a fat purse, and Diana goes into one of the three 5 and 10 cent stores to buy a game of Jackstones for her small sister for a nickel. It is in these stores that Harold Lloyd goes crazy every Christmas, trying to buy everything in sight. He loves 'em. Jacks, by the way, is the latest Hollywood fad, and the shrieks of laughter shaking the stars' roofs these evenings are occasioned by fast and furious games with the little ball and bits of metal.

Opposite Sandra Shaw's shop, where Gary Cooper's wife sells good-looking slacks and play suits for a dollar, is a brassiere factory. On the corner is an elegant gas station, where gasoline sells from 13-9/10 cents to 20 cents a gallon. Opposite is a wagon heaped with oranges . . . three dozen for a quarter.

Diana buys a shirt for her brother for 75 cents in the Army and Navy store, and Gertrude orders a $25 creation for her father from the London Shirt Shop.

Hunger now overcomes the girls. Gertrude goes to Sardi's and toys with fresh Beluga Caviar, unsalted, $2.00; some hearts of artichokes with anchovies, $8.85, and a caserole of mushrooms, $1.10. Of course, the food is delicious, and she sees Jackie Coogan with Betty Grable; Eddie Cantor, Kay Francis and Charles Chaplin. But Diana goes to a place just as interesting . . . one of the several five and ten cent eating places. This particular one is called Bradley's. It has a bar half a block long, behind which presides the tallest liquor jerk in the world. He is eight feet, six inches tall, and is named Hank. For 15 cents, Diana gets an Hawaiian Gin Fizz, and for a nickel she has a smoked salmon sandwich and a small pot of beans. Bradley's also serves the best Mulligan stew in town—a large wooden bowl of it for 10 cents, and what they call a Gigantic, for 20 cents. This consists of a pound of hamburger cooked in pure olive oil, a half loaf of Italian bread, and a basket of shoestring potatoes. And it's all

(Continued on page 40)
Yankee Squire

When Robert Taylor was in England making *A Yank at Oxford*, he lived in a fifteenth century farmhouse near High Wycombe, Buckinghamshire, and, when he was not busy at the studio, enjoyed the life of a country squire. Here are some of the pictures he brought back. At the top of the page you see him in cap and gown which he wears in his British film. 1. One of the thoroughbreds from his rented stables seems to be making a confidential request. 2. What do you want? An autograph? 3. Oh, you want a spot of oats! 4. Hey, one at a time! 5. Off for an early ride before reporting to the studio.
Another Happy Ending

She was going to practice only fifteen minutes, but when the Ice Queen happens on a new routine, she doesn’t take orders from time

By E. J. SMITHSON

I still have to practice. You come and watch."

Stage 15, save for a light or two, was as dark and as cold as a banker’s heart when we arrived. Sonja’s mother, a fine skater in her own right and to whom, by the way, should go much of the credit for her daughter’s success, sat with us at the edge of the small rink. Frances Deaneer of the 20th Century-Fox publicity department came in and joined us.

Suddenly a phonograph began wheezing away at a dance number. Four young fellows, with long black velvet capes over their shoulders, came onto the rink and as the phonograph record went ‘round and ‘round, they went ‘round and ‘round, too. It was all very pretty, but not very exciting. Miss Deaneer called for three blankets and before you could say Jack Robinson, Jr., a prop boy had them wrapped around us. And very handy to have, they were too, for by that time Stage 15 was colder than a banker’s heart. No fooling!

Then Sonja, clad in an abbreviated white silk costume, glided up to us, a friendly little apparition all smiles and enthusiasm.

“No more than fifteen minutes practice today,” Mama Henie cautioned her, “or you’ll be stiff when the cameras come to shoot.”

Sonja’s answer to that was an “Okeh, Mama,” as she scooted away to circle the rink in a limbering-up exercise that was very pleasant to watch, indeed.

The four boys kept moving about slowly, their long black capes billowing out like sails. Harry Losee, the dance director of the picture, came in wrapped up in a fur overcoat. Mrs. Henie repeated to him what she had said to Sonja about the length of practice and Harry said, “Okeh, Mrs. Henie,” and went into a huddle with Sonja who kept nodding her pretty blonde head in what seemed to be a friendly argument about what she was supposed to do. The phonograph began wheezing again. Losee said, “Let’s go!” and the practice began with Mama Henie in the role of parental time-keeper. You knew, without asking, that fifteen minutes to her meant exactly fifteen minutes and no more. What we’re driving at is that, in her own quiet way, Mrs. Henie was the boss of the situation so far as her daughter’s practice was concerned.

We forgot the cold as we watched Sonja skate through a score of breath-taking ice patterns. [Continued on page 33]
Admitting that he worried far more when he was a star than lately, the brilliant actor regards return to stardom at Paramount with some mixed emotions

By CHARLES DARNTON

They're dusting off his old throne for that king of actors, John Barrymore. This royal housecleaning is no state secret. But only an esoteric few in Hollywood know the power behind the throne, once abdicated much in the manner of that other which has gone crashing down into world history. For back of it all, naturally enough, is a woman. No, not the woman you may be quick to guess. She who has wrought the inevitable Restoration is none other than that rare and lovely presence known as Carole Lombard.

And here, my lords and ladies, is the biggest-hearted story ever to come out of ordinarily ungrateful Hollywood.

But to understand it fully we first must go back to the turning point of the career of The Actress Who Didn't Forget. Fittingly, that time was marked by Twentieth Century. It was then, some two years ago, that Miss Lombard told me:

"Playing with John Barrymore in Twentieth Century taught me more about acting than I had learned from all my other work in motion pictures. It proved to be the most valuable experience of my whole life. Likewise it was the happiest surprise. I had heard so much about the Barrymore temperament and how difficult he was to work with that I was dreadfully afraid of him before we started the picture. Then I was astounded to find him a wonderful help. He was so generous that in some of the hectic scenes, where he easily could have completely submerged me, he played so that I had even more than my share. I only hope the day may come when I can do something to show my everlasting gratitude."

That day came when Queen Carole, reigning at Paramount, waxed wroth at learning that ex-King John was earning his humble bread in B pictures—and does Hollywood know its alphabet! Straightway his sovereign champion literally went to the front for him—to the front office, no less. There she laid down the imperial law with such mandatory thumpings upon the contractual mahogany that quaking ministers of state were all but jolted out of their portfolios.

With what result? The immediate effect was that of making Mr. Barrymore co-star with Miss Lombard in True Confession. That picture completed, the studio confessed itself so delighted with his performance that it granted him similar prominence with Gladys Swarthout and Fred MacMurray in Romance in the Dark.

That still wasn't enough for La Lombard. She wanted him to go it alone. So back to the front office she went, this time demanding that her erstwhile running-mate be restored to complete and individual stardom.

Hence the feather-duster work on the vacant throne.

"First I've heard about it," was Mr. Barrymore's seemingly indifferent remark when I mentioned it to him. "Miss Lombard said nothing to me."

He calmly lighted a cigarette. There was smoke, but not another word, out of him. Could it possibly be that he was dead to all sense of appreciation? Surely, he did not remain speechless from emotion? Yes! It took only a glance to see he was hiding behind the smoke screen he had raised. High time to come out of it.

"Wait a moment." His voice was a bit on the husky side. "Good God, man, you barge in and tell me a thing like this, then expect me to take it as casually as I might a passing [Continued on page 64]
For the moment, Fields seems to have the upper hand. "Don't pull that profile stuff on me," he cries in fury, "I have no mean profile, myself!"

Center, "Speaking of manly beauty," continued the defiant Fields, "How do you like me in a mustache?"

Right, Peace descends upon the rivals as Barrymore takes Fields into his confidence and explains that being a profile is not difficult, if you know how to turn sideways.

FEBRUARY, 1938
The studio broke the news to Virginia Bruce in a way that would frighten even the most intrepid of young ladies. "Virginia," an official said over the telephone, "hold on to your chair for this one. You are about to take up residence in Utah, a lone woman against a bunch of dangerous men. Your associates will include the Bad Man of Brimstone and at least 49 other very mean fellows. Your love interest will be a young chap named Dennis O'Keefe."

The official was right about the first part of it, and wrong about the last. But the love interest can wait a bit while we see how Virginia reacted to this blast of orders.

First thing she did was to pack. Then she went down to her library to read up on how to win friends and influence people. A lone lady against fifty bad gents is a pretty tall order. Even Dale Carnegie didn't anticipate that much of a situation. But Virginia read some instructions, any-way, and put them down in her mind marked, "Emergency Material. Keep Aisles Clear."

And so she went to Utah, to a little settlement named Kanab which is about 100 miles east of the town of Virgin, which is near the village of Hurricane, which in turn looks to the city of St. George (pop. 2,424) as the metropolis of the area. The town was all agog. Metro's bad men were everywhere on the streets, and the old retired sheriff, seated on the porch of the Parry House, averred he hadn't seen times like this since way back in the 80's when they used to hold up the stage-coach as regular as it ever came to this little western town.

The Parry House did not belong to the growing-pains atmosphere of Kanab. It was a colonial-type house with shade trees like the kind they grow in the east. During the three weeks that Virginia dwelled among her fifty bad men, the Parry House was her citadel, whence she planned her campaign.

"I thought about using some of Mr. Carnegie's principles," Virginia confessed later, "but I'm sure that the 'How to Win Friends' author didn't have my situation in mind."

"To understand this you must first get a picture of some of my fifty bad men. Wallace Beery, of course, was playing the super-de-luxe bad one of them all. Lewis Stone curbed anti-social tactics to the more delicate art of small town graft, in direct contrast to the gun-toting antics of Bruce Cabot, Joseph Calleia, Guy Kibbee, Guinn Williams, Cliff Edwards, Robert Gleckler, and some of the other tougher citizens of the cast.

"Of course, some of the principles of
This New Cream with
"Skin-Vitamin"
Brings more direct aid to Skin Beauty

"Smooths lines out marvelously—makes texture seem finer."
Mrs. Henry Latrobe Roosevelt, Jr.

Mrs. Roosevelt with her hunter, Nutmeg.

A NEW KIND OF CREAM is bringing new aid to women's skin!

Women who use it say its regular use is giving a livelier look to skin; that it is making texture seem finer; that it keeps skin wonderfully soft and smooth! . . . And the cream they are talking about is Pond's new Cold Cream with "skin-vitamin."

Essential to skin health
Within recent years, doctors have learned that one of the vitamins has a special relation to skin health. When there is not enough of this "skin-vitamin" in the diet, the skin may suffer, become undernourished, rough, dry, old looking!

Pond's tested this "skin-vitamin" in Pond's Creams for over 3 years. In animal tests, skin became rough, old looking when the diet was lacking in "skin-vitamin." But when Pond's "skin-vitamin" Cold Cream was applied daily, it became smooth, supple again—in 3 weeks! Then women used the new Pond's Cold Cream with "skin-vitamin" in it. In 4 weeks they reported pores looking finer, skin smoother, richer looking.

Same jars, same labels, same price
Now every jar of Pond's Cold Cream you buy contains this new cream with "skin-vitamin" in it. You will find it in the same jars, with the same labels, at the same price. Use it the usual way. In a few weeks, see if there is not a smoother appearing texture, a new brighter look.
"Winning Friends" seemed to work well. Almost any man likes to talk about himself. So I started them all talking about themselves until I thought I would go crazy and they would go fighting. Did you ever listen to Good Listener with fifty men doing the talking? I can think of only one thing worse. Fifty women.

Before she got through with it, Virginia decided on one thing for certain. It would be far better, and easier, to hand out fifty copies of the book to all her bad men, and let them try its principles on her.

"I could give a lot of suggestions on handling men that might sound good" Virginia said thoughtfully. "For instance, how does this sound: To get along with many men, don't play favorites if you can help it. Be a pal to all of the, and leave out the Mae West stuff—it might start a riot. A bit of veneer is a lot safer than too much curve. Be honest and friendly with your fifty men, and you'll find it easier than trying to get along with fifty of your own sex."

Up to this point the interview had lacked a serious note, but this sounded like the gorgeous Miss Bruce was giving out with the 14 karat McCoy. She was speaking with conviction.

"That sounded all right, didn't it?" she said, by way of ignoring our thoughts. "Well, I mean it, too. Don't tell Wally Beery and the others, but you've got to treat men like they are little boys. They may appear to resent it, but down in their hearts, bless them, they love it."

"That's what I did on the set every day. I never missed being solicitous about a person on the set, poor boys and all. And I soon found all of them responding—all except one certain large Bad Man. I'll get around to him later. You might call this flirting, but of course it wasn't. Long ago I made up my mind to be interested in other people and what they were thinking and doing. That determination has grown with the years, and now is a thorough-going, rousing curiosity."

"It's more fun to talk with men than women because men, on the whole, have a lot more to tell. At least, their talk is more substantial and vital. I've always liked men as friends, anyway.

"When I was a growing girl in Fargo, I played boy's games as ardently as they did. Why, I can remember how I even used to lick my younger brother at boxing. Of course," she qualified with typical Bruce honesty, "I was two years older and quite a lot bigger. Dad used to get out his watch and referee our boxing matches in the front room. He'd put up 20 cents for the winner. I usually won by the simple expedient of landing the first sock.

"Anyway, I grew up liking and respecting boys. When the flirtation age came along, I saw to it that I always had a few competitors around. I saw definite disadvantages in having a steady. The folks never could understand how I kept the boys in line. But, you see, I made a specialty of getting along with them, and it's something that I still find handy.

"To get back to this trip. It is one thing to know men individually, and quite a different matter to be one lone woman amid a cast of he-men, playing in a six-gun western saga. I don't believe it is an injustice to them to say they would have just as soon been totally without feminine representation. They could cuss better, and more often, for instance. And perhaps work faster.

"But they were good sports. I made it a business to have a friendly word with them all during the day, and that helped a lot. As a matter of fact, when I became ill during the Utah trip, my carefully planned propaganda paid big dividends. All the big, bad boys came to see me.

"It's no secret now that Virginia got along with so bad men—and got a fist man for herself."

Before starting to make Bad Man of Brimstone, Virginia Bruce had known J. Walter Ruben for nine years—ever so casually. There wasn't the slightest romance, or even a close friendship, until Ruben started in as director of this western saga.

Up there in the romantic little town of Kanab they played poker every night. You could find them in the Parry House, come twilight, batting matches with reckless abandon. Dennis O'Keefe, Joseph Calleia, possibly Lewis Stone, Walter Ruben and Virginia. A game of poker, it was to the onlookers. A game of hearts to Players Ruben and Bruce.

Virginia got to know him best at this table. She found in him all the qualities she liked in a man—joevial spirit, honesty, friendliness, a touch of daring.

Now it's said that a man doesn't like being treated like a boy. It's common knowledge that Walter Ruben was vaguely annoyed by the way Virginia would step up to him and put him on the back. Possibly because older people once patted him condescendingly on the head when he was younger. Someone wants to grow up. But, on the other hand, Virginia began calling Director Ruben "Sonny," when she knew him better, and he loved it!

When this story was written, the two of them had announced their engagement, with an early marriage in the offing. Virginia to date has not appeared with an engagement ring, however. She is frank to say why: "Sonny wanted to get me a big, square-cut diamond. For some women this would be the perfect gift. But the truth of it is, I don't care anything about diamonds, and I'm Scotch enough to think of the money involved. It could be used to so much better advantage in other ways."

When Virginia Bruce left on that location trip with 50 Big Bad Men, she did not dream that she would return with a fiance and a totally different future. That is serious business which must be treated as such.

We give you the story as it developed, thanks to Dale Carnegie, Fate, and Virginia's own philosophy.
Dear Mother,

The honeymoon is over!

We've had the nastiest row. I'll never, never forgive him for saying his mother used to get his shirts whiter than I do.

Jane

Dear Jane,

Ted's a nitwit and so are you! His mother's washes had the meanest case of tattle-tale gray till I told her what ailed them! Her soap was so lazy it left dirt behind. Change to Fels-Naptha like she did—and go on with your honeymoon!

Mother

P.S. You'll like the new Fels-Naptha Soap Chips, too!

Dear Mother,

That little guy, Cupid, has nothing on you! I tried your Fels-Naptha and I'll say those marvelous suds of richer golden soap and lots of naptha take out all the dirt. Ted's simply tickled about his shirts. And glory, but it's swell to have him tossing bouquets at me again!

Jane

STARTING

a new department every month in HOLLYWOOD Magazine. Betty Crocker knows the stars and how they run their homes. She will give you the inside story of what they cook on the maid's night out and how. Turn to page 59 and read how Grace Bradley made a success of "The Bride's First Biscuit".

BANISH "TATTLE-TALE GRAY" WITH FELS-NAPTHA SOAP!
The Torture I Suffered

An affliction I had to bear in silence, it was so embarrassing!

Is there anything more painful than hemorrhoids, or, more frankly, piles?

The suffering is well nigh inexpressible and the sad part of it is that, on account of the delicacy of the subject, many hesitate to seek relief. Yet there is nothing more crushing or more liable to serious outcome than a bad case of piles.

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Results!

Pazo comes in Collapsible Tube with Detachable Pile Pipe which permits application high up in rectum where it reaches and thoroughly covers affected parts. Pazo also now comes in suppository form. Pazo Suppositories are Pazo Ointment, simply in suppository form. Those who prefer suppositories will find Pazo the most satisfactory as well as the most economical.

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BEAUTY A LA PAGE BOY

If you don’t think Hollywood’s inventive, just look at the adaptations of the page-boy bob studio hairdressers have thought up. This bevy of Warner Brothers’ beauties displays four variations of the popular new fashion

By ANN VERNON

There’s never been a hairstyle that was such a natural for Hollywood as the page-boy, principally because it is dramatic and flattering and it demands long hair. New York and Paris hairdressers have made many attempts in the past ten years to popularize shorter hair, but Hollywood has stubbornly insisted on shoulder length locks for its glamour girls.

And what the cinema dolls wear, most of us copy. You may have your own private prejudices against long hair, just as lots of hairdressers have, but you must admit, honestly, that it is more feminine, it is more youthful, it is more flattering—whether worn with or without a hat.

Anita Louise, with her lovely face and slender throat, can wear the page-boy bob in its most simple form. She parts her hair on the side, brushes it back smoothly on top and flat at the temples. Then she arranges the ends in a graduated roll, smaller above the ears, larger below the ears and at the back of the head.

Vicky Lester, whose serene and clear-cut features are made even more serene and clear-cut by a severely simple hairstyle, varies her page-boy bob in two ways. For daytime, she wears it off the ears, with the roll smoothly and neatly tucked under, and with a half-roll or coxcomb effect on top of the head. For evening, the same hairstyle is rearranged in looser, fluffer fashion, the top-knot combed out loosely into a soft dip-roll that falls over one eyebrow.

Lana Turner’s version of the page-boy shows a style suitable for the girl with a pert, young face. The hair is parted high on one side and the front sections drawn up to the crown of the head where they are arranged in a cluster of flat curls on one side, a sausage curl on the other. The hair at the back is combed straight down and turned under in a plain roll that contrasts with the built-up curls.

Lola Lane’s coiffure has the same basic lines, except that there is no part, and the top-knot is arranged in a looser, fluffer way, with a few feathery tendrils of hair breaking the severity of the hair-line at one side. The roll at the back is broken up here and there, too, instead of being restrained in a single, smooth roll. These last two adaptations of the page-boy style are reserved, of course, for gals with smallish ears that are flat and well-shaped and for those with good, clean chin lines. If you haven’t these marks of beauty, let your hair conceal the fact!

If you wear a long page-boy bob you should be careful about the necklines of your dresses and coats. They should be as flat and simple as possible. No bunches of flowers, lace or heavy necklaces, no
For gala evenings, try Lola Lane's adaptation of the smart Page Boy

Hair 'way up in front, 'way down in back for pert Lana Turner

Anitte Louise prefers the simplest Page Boy variation for daytime

The Glamour Girl
APPRECIATES THE ECONOMY OF THE NEW
LINIT MAGIC MILK MASK

This beauty-wise girl knows that popularity goes hand-in-hand with a clear, lovely, glowing complexion.

She protects and beautifies her skin with the new Linit Magic Milk Mask. It costs her almost nothing, yet keeps her face looking soft and smooth—lively and vibrant. It's ever so easy to enjoy this marvelous new home beauty treatment. While simple to apply, it's almost magical in results!

*Simply mix three tablespoons of Linit (the same Linit that is so well known as a Beauty Bath) and one teaspoon of cold cream with enough milk to make a nice, firm consistency. Apply it generously to the cleansed face and neck. Relax during the twenty minutes it takes to set, then rinse off with clear, tepid water.

How firm—how clean your skin will feel! The gentle stimulation the mask gives your skin induces the facial circulation to throw off sluggish waste matter and heightens natural bloom. This is an excellent "guide" to proper make-up, as the bloom indicates where your rouge should be applied. The Linit Mask also eliminates "shine" and keeps your make-up looking fresh for hours.

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Don’t brood about your beauty problems ... Tell Ann Vernon and let her worry. She’ll be delighted to advise you on all skin, hair and figure difficulties. Send her a snapshot, if you want a new hairstyle or make-up analysis to bring out the beauty in you. It’s all free. Just enclose a stamped (5c U. S. postage), addressed envelope with your letter and address Ann Vernon, HOLLYWOOD Magazine, 1501 Broadway, New York City.
It’s Undeclared War!
[Continued from page 23]

always has her afternoon tea. Before the picture was over, she got Spencer to indulge a little himself, and then talked him into flipping for the honor of paying for the tea. For one whole week Spencer lost. Frequently, after losing the flip, he would forget to order the tea. Joan did not fail to take advantage of the situation.

"When Crawford buys tea, it’s here to be enjoyed," she said. "But when Tracy buys the tea? Well—you’ve got to fight to get it. And like its soul, it’s icy instead of hot."

After one of these daily tea parties, Spencer changed his clothes to formal morning wear as called for in the script. He wore the striped trousers, the long-tailed coat, and the other accoutrements.

Spencer gazed at himself in the mirror, smoothed out a wrinkle or two, and said to Joan, "Pass the word to your friend "Moose" Gable. He needn’t come back to the studio anymore."

Joan replied irreverently—or was it ir-reverently? "Spence, did you ever look at a flea circus?"

■ The picture was practically completed before the tip-off came. Time and again these two rubbed each other, and frequently both Spence and Joan fled from the set in laughter, both of them anxious to maintain a pretense of anger and scorn. On the final day of shooting, Joan let the world know the truth, however. She filled Spencer’s room with flowers, and laughed joyously with him right after he had cracked, "Borzago, do something with this girl. I think she has the worst case of closeupitis I have ever seen."

Then they both explained that rumors of a feud between them had struck them as a joke, in spite, or maybe because of the furor it had caused in Hollywood.

Ménagère is the first picture in which Joan Crawford and Spence Tracy have appeared jointly. Up to this time, if the truth must be known, La Crawford had considered Tracy one of the finest actors in Hollywood. And Spencer himself was immensely pleased when he learned that he was to appear at last in a film with Joan.

Their first formal meeting on the day the picture began production gave them a cue for the "feud" which was to follow. Joan naturally couldn’t gush all over Tracy, and he himself was a bit awed by the situation. They both passed over this difficult period with some first class ribbing, and the Ménagère war was on!

"There’s an object lesson to all this," Spencer said when the truth finally got out. "You have just had an actual demonstration on how rumor goes haywire and builds feuds where only fun at first existed. In this case Joan and I deliberately fostered the idea for the fun that was in it. But just the same it shows how some people trap themselves into difficulties when they don’t mean to."

So let the late, lamented “war” end, with no casualties on either side.

How to win against SKIN TROUBLE

IF YOU HAVE ANY OF THESE COMPLAINTS, DON’T DELAY, BUT START NOW TO FIGHT THEM WITH A PENETRATING FACE CREAM

BLACKHEADS?

YES NO

These hateful little specks hide in the corners of your nose and chin, and don’t show their faces until they have deep roots. Even one blackhead may prove your present cleansing method fails in these corners. To see how quickly blackheads yield to a penetrating cream, send the coupon below to Lady Esther, today.

OILY SKIN?

YES NO

Does your skin always seem a little greasy? Does it look moist? If this is your trouble, then be careful not to apply heavy, greasy, sticky mixtures. Send the coupon below to Lady Esther and find how quickly an oily skin responds to a penetrating cream.

DRY SKIN?

YES NO

Move the muscles of your face. Does the skin seem tight? Can you see any little scales on your face until they have deep roots. Even OILY SKIN? YES NO one blackhead may prove your present cleansing method fails in these corners. To see how quickly blackheads yield to a penetrating cream, send the coupon below to Lady Esther, today.

TINY LINES?

YES NO

Can you see the faint lines at the corners of your eyes or mouth? If your skin is dry, then these little lines begin to take deep roots. Before you know it they have become deep wrinkles. The coupon below brings you my directions for smoothing out these little lines before they grow into wrinkles.

COARSE PORES?

YES NO

Your pores should be invisible to the naked eye. When they begin to show up like little holes in a pincushion, it is proof that they are clogged with waxy waste matter. When your skin is cleansed with a penetrating cream, you will rejoice to see the texture of your skin become finer, soft and smooth.

DINGY COLOR?

YES NO

If your general health is good, then your skin should have a clear, healthy color. Very often the dingy, foggy tone is caused by clogged pores. If you want to see an amazing difference—a cleaner, lighter, fresher looking skin, then let me send you, FREE, a tube of my penetrating cream.

Have you a Lucky Penny?

Here’s how a penny postcard will bring you luck. It will bring you FREE and postpaid a generous tube of Lady Esther Four Purpose Face Cream, and all ten shades of Lady Esther Face Powder.

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Lady Esther, 7130 West 65th Street, Chicago, Ill.
Dear Madam: I would like your directions for (check)

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Please send me a tube of Lady Esther Four Purpose Face Cream, and ten shades of Lady Esther Face Powder, FREE and postpaid.

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BUT IT IS TRUE. Zonitors, snow-white, antiseptic, greaseless, are not only easy to use but are completely removable with water. For that reason alone thousands of women now prefer them to messy, greasy suppositories. Entirely ready for use, requiring no mixing or clumsy apparatus. Odorless—and ideal for deodorizing. You’ll find them superior for this purpose, too!

More and more women are ending the nuisance of greasy suppositories, thanks to the exclusive new greaseless Zonitors, for modern feminine hygiene.

There is nothing like Zonitors for daintiness, easy application and easy removal. They contain no quinine or harmful drugs, no cocoa butter to melt or run. Zonitors make use of the world-famous Zonite antiseptic principle favored because of its antiseptic power combined with its freedom from "burn" danger to delicate tissues.

Full instructions in package. $1 for box of 12—at all U. S. and Canadian druggists. Free booklet in plain envelope when you request. Write Zonitors, 542-17 Chrysler Bldg., New York City.

Each in individual glass vial.

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When a Fellow Needs Finesse

A brilliant young actor turns an amused smile on Hollywood’s indiscriminate use of the kiss as an habitual greeting

By ALMA WHITAKER

Of course, they get paid for film kisses. A really competent kiss in a romantic sequence, according to my accountant-analyst, rates about $3,000 from a Garbo (Napoleon gets five good ones in Conquest) and slightly less from the Dietrichs, Crawfords, Colberts, Hepburns, et al. Professional male kisses come high, too. The Gable, Taylor, Boyer, Marshall, Flynn and Power varieties, form important government assets in income-tax returns.

For that matter, even a lusty smacker, the kind Spencer Tracy gives Joan Crawford in Mannequin, is no cut-rater.

Which makes it all the more remarkable that off-screen kisses should be chucked around with such careless abandon in the film colony. I mean, one has to be positively repulsive to escape being kissed at a Hollywood party.

I know one dramatic critic (married, with three children) who blushedly admits to having been kissed by pretty well every really classy screen siren except Garbo. He’s a bit wistful about having his record thus incomplete, but hopes on. Luckily, as he’s a mere $100-a-weeker, he doesn’t have to record these as “income.”

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., after a highly successful sojourn spent in acting and producing in England, is back and appearing, appropriately enough in Having a Wonderful Time at RKO-Radio.
At that he needn’t feel too uppity. Most all the critics, editors, columnists, publicity men, directors, producers and lawyers, to say nothing of actors, men-about-town, and the husbands of female fan writers, receive a generous share.

Female scribes themselves do even better. The charmers of both sexes kiss them.

The most alarming orgies of kissing of recent memory were the weddings of Jeanette MacDonald and Gene Raymond, of Mary Pickford and Buddy Rogers. Everybody had a right to expect to be kissed by brides and grooms, and everybody was.

I watched Buddy, standing on the steps at Pickfair, kiss forty-two dames within fifteen minutes. Being statistical-minded, I kept count. The dear chap smiled wearily after every kiss, but his smile grew vaguer and vaguer, as the lip-stick marks collected on his cheeks.

But you can see how it is. If anyone doesn’t get kissed in Hollywood, it’s a deaeb, a crisis, calling for exceptional relief measures. Had Charlie Chaplin omitted to kiss Mary, had Buddy omitted to kiss Paulette, had Paulette omitted to kiss each other, the whole social structure of the film industry would have been shaken!

There isn’t any age limit. Hollywood’s kissing champion, with the longest and largest record, is May Robson. May’s contention is that she is old enough to kiss anyone she wants to. Where, for instance, a younger siren might hesitate to kiss a young unknown extra-man, or a third assistant-director; May suffers from no such inhibitions. They don’t even have to get in on the parties to be kissed by May. I once watched her kiss four young male nobodies in succession in the foyer of the El Capitan Theatre—in, of course, addition to the more illustrious males of the screen, from Freddie Bartholomew to Adolphe Menjou.

Sophie Tucker, newly come to Hollywood, embraced the custom forthwith. When she entertained for an unusually dignified British official recently (one of those the Empire must be upheld at all costs fellows) he was probably hummed for the first time in his haughty diplomatic career. The British are not, in a general way, a kissful nation, but it’s amazing what Hollywood can do for them.

When Clara Bow and Rex Bell returned from ranching schloss in Nevada, to open their cafe in Hollywood, they gave a party, all encompassing, positively no snobby exclusiveness. Rex came off lightest—he only had to kiss one sex. Clara kissed all comers, well up into the hundreds. We swayed in a sea of kisses for hours.

Which brings us to Doug Fairbanks, Jr. He is getting a touch epicurean about kisses off-screen. He’s the lovable rascal, Rupert of Hentzau, in The Prisoner of Zenda, and a nice struggling American boy in Having a Wonderful Time. Of course, he had just emerged

Is it Any Wonder
SHE’S ATTRACTIVE TO MEN NOW!

It’s Marvelous What a Change Can Be Made in a Few Short Weeks

It isn’t normal to be thin and bony so that people consider you ungainly. Solid, firm, natural flesh is your birthright and noticeable lack of it may be due to a simple disturbance.

In many cases this disturbance may be traced to the absence of sufficient Vitamin B in the diet—and science has recently found a way to correct this trouble. Now countless women and girls are following this way to the attractiveness and charm of added pounds of solid healthy flesh.

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**Dollars Are Money But So Are Dimes**

(Continued from page 25)

From a swim in a very cold mountain lake when he told me, "I'm 28. At that age a man must do all things with finesse. I need all the finesse I can muster for my business affairs just now, and haven't any left over for romance."

Romance, without finesse, can be a wash-out. Doug has good reason to conserve his kissing. The dear boy's experience in that began at 13, when he arrived for his first kiss and was met at the train "with a frenzy of kissing." In 1927, individual kisses became significant. Doug was 17, when the colony jumped to romantic conclusions in connection with Dolores Costello. In 1929, he married Joan Crawford. Since their divorce in 1933, Doug, Jr., has denied being engaged to Gertrude Lawrence, Elissa Landi and Marlene Dietrich in turn, the latter as recently as Feb. 1937. (After all, Marlene still has her Rudolph of course.)

Hollywood is improving in finesse on screen kisses rather notably, in his opinion. The horizontal variety is hopelessly dated. (Mae West made 'em look silly). The luscious clinch is rapidly passing. In fact, in any number of notable cases of screen love-making of late, filmland has become almost subtle. They have managed to make two swell pictures "100 Men and a Girl" and "The Awful Truth" minus even a hint of voluptuous kissing anywhere. Spencer Tracy and Luise Rainer give us some delightfully playful love-scenes in "Big City" that simply reek of "finesse." And even Tyrone Power's fond finale with Sonja Henie in "Thin Ice" is gaily casual.

Now as I understand it, Doug, Jr., wants the reform to spread to off-screen kisses. They mustn't be squalid. Moreover, they mustn't be wet, sloppy, peckish, roving-round-the-earish, committal, or too dashed imprinting the part of the fair sex. There should be definite rulings for the heavy lipstickers. Suitable times, places and occasions should be definitely established for the various types of kisses.

In short, if Hollywood must kiss (and it evidently must) it should become the world's capital for finesse in the delicate art. It should be clearly understood that the kiss a studio press-agent bestows upon a female fan columnist, for instance, is strictly whimsical, the merest zephyr, touch, with a you-and-I-understand-each-other tang. The all-encompassing host-and-hostess kisses, the wedding party kisses, the darling-how-wonderful-you-look kisses, should be a soupcon discriminating, crisp, brief, and completely non-pawful.

Temperatures should be nicely gauged for all the formal varieties. Epicures should be encouraged, glutons shamed. Gushers should be sternly barred.

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shops where you may have made to order those fascinating Huarrachas (sandals to you), the leather cured in Mexico in manure, for $2.75. (Odor free.) You may buy a stunning new ensemble for $300 at Magnin's, or buy a second cousin to it for a dollar down and a dollar a week at Columbia. You may dine in restaurants whose cuisine represents the entire world, including French, German, Swedish, Irish, Russian, Mexican, Spanish, Chinese, Jap-

There are pet stores, one of which features in one window an amazingly homely chimpanzee for $3,500, and in the other a litter of puppies, half Scottie and half indigence, for $1.50 per bark. Avocadoes are on sale for ten cents each; garages rent for $3 a month; there is an office where, for $1 a month, you may have your mail sent if you want to impress somebody with a Hollywood address; there are literally uncounted dress shops featuring good-looking suits for $14.95 and dresses for $19.95, and there is Watson's, who makes Garbo's suits and top coats and whose prices are in keeping with their enviable reputation. There is a fifteen cent movie house a few blocks from the Chinese and Pantages theatres, where premieres are offered for $3.50 top.

There is a sign board in Hollywood where beautiful, living show girls pose scantily, high above the motorists' craned necks, turning huge leaves in a billboard advertising book, and there are rooming houses that offer "Beds—Clean—20 cents." Not far from Reginald Denny's famous hobby shop is an old, dilapidated, white-pillared house which was, in rapid success, a little theatre, a Russian club house, a rooming house, restaurant, and headquarters for a feathery radical move-

At one end of the boulevard, in a swank automobile showroom, is that enormous white stream-lined roadster seen in "Topper," on sale for $4,500, and at the other end of the boulevard, you can buy a palpitating miracle that will run for $20. At the same extremes are mar-

There is a cocktail bar exclusively for Minneapolis people—although they won’t throw you out if you’re from Des Moines —called "The Fox and Hounds" where you can enjoy good music with your 5, 10 and 15 cent drinks.

Across from the Hollywood Bowl is a Pet Cemetery, where every dog or cat may be buried or cremated with appropriate dignity and reverence. Within honking distance of the Pilgrimage Play theatre is a night spot where I wouldn't go if I were you.

Well, let's go home. Miss Greenback has spent a lot of money. Miss Dime has spent a little. But both are laden with parcels, and both have had a fine time covering the same territory.

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TARZAN HAD IT EASY

She looks far too little and dainty to be much good at battling crocodiles, but she did and came out winner in Tarzan’s Revenge

Eleanor Holm claims that the Tarzan of fiction may have had a hard time, as hard times go in the jungle, but that compared to an athlete’s life in the movies, he had it very soft indeed

By MELISSA DODD

Tiny Eleanor Holm—she takes a size 9 dress—the women’s backstroke swimming champion of the world, daintily nibbled a pomegranate salad and said that Tarzan, lord of the jungle, had a snap. “All he had to do was wrestle lions and apes and elephants and boa constrictors to develop his muscles. He never had to train for the Olympic games!”

It was between scenes of Tarzan’s Revenge, the first of a new series by Edgar Rice Burroughs for which Principal Productions had signed up Eleanor as Mrs. Tarzan. Which is to say, she plays the young girl with whom the Jungle Lord (this time it’s Glenn Morris, world’s decofition champion of the latest Olympics at Berlin) falls in love when he meets her, strayed from an English safari, in the depths of Africa. Of course it was not Glenn Morris of whom she spoke, but the original Burroughs character that was reared by the apes and taught to swing through trees.

“Swing through trees—pooh!” said Eleanor, “he didn’t swim six hundred yards twice a day in order to swim one hundred later on. He didn’t keep in training, either.”

She ducked her brown head with an impish giggle. If you recall, it was charges that Eleanor broke training which precipitated the famous row in mid-Atlantic on the ship en route to the Berlin Olympics; the row that resulted in this girl’s withdrawal from the Olympics over there. It likewise resulted after a while in her leaving the amateur status for the professional—she gave up swimming ex-
hibitions, for example, at the Great Lakes Exposition in Cleveland last summer.

“I always had different ideas about training from what other people held,” she explained in passing. “I’d keep rigorously to my diet all the rest of the week but on Saturday night I’d have cake and ice cream or a cocktail or anything I wanted. It might not do for some, but it was right for me; it kept me from the danger of over-training.”

“Still, we were speaking about Tarzan. No danger of any coach telling him to watch each swimming stroke for form! No trainer snatching good things to eat from under his nose! Tarzan didn’t have to go a week at a time without fried scallops or mashed potatoes with thick brown gravy”—Eleanor rolled her bright hazel eyes—“nor butterscotch eclairs.

“Nobody chased him to bed at 10 o’clock. Nobody told him he must get nine hours sleep or he wouldn’t win a medal . . .”

Did you know Eleanor has a bucket full of medals herself? Since she began swimming as a Brooklyn babe of a couple of years, she has hung up more than fifteen backstroke records alone, in distances ranging from 100 yards to 400 meters. She entered her first Olympics at Amsterdam in 1928 at the age of 14 and, competing against the world’s fastest swimmers in the 100-meter backstroke event, won third place in the finals.

Four years later, at Los Angeles, she took part in this same event and defeated all rivals. Four years later still, she qualified the third time for the Olympic games but was prevented from entering
them by the aforesaid tempest in a teapot—or in a cocktail glass—aboard ship on the way across.

“Tarzan,” she resumed, “didn’t leap out of a nice warm bed at 7 in the morning, every morning, too, and be careful what he ate for breakfast and then dive into the pool and swim for three or four hours. He didn’t eat a careful lunch and then dive into the pool again . . . Mind you, I don’t refer merely to my own routine; this goes for every Olympic swimming entrant. In a way, it goes for any Olympic entrant, because trying to get accepted as a contestant for those games is tough!

“While Tarzan swung idly from tree to tree or kicked lions in the face, the folks that wanted to be in the Olympics were working. Hard, agonizing work. Conscientious, relentless, day after day. Why, Tarzan never developed his biceps on schedule. Why, Tarzan would have gone nuts!

“Tarzan couldn’t have qualified as an Olympic swimmer. His muscles were too big. Why—”

Hold on, Miss Holm!

She halted enthusiastic rush of words and giggled again, like a little girl. The snow white silk crepe she wore was a little girl’s dress, all but shoulders which have to be size 16.

“What’s that about swimming six hun-
dred yards each day for a month in order to swim one hundred? And what’s this about Tarzan’s great, splendid, multitudinous muscles being too big?”

“If I’m training for a hundred-yard race,” Eleanor began her explanation, “I swim long distances first, to build up my strength, and then just before the race I practice swimming as fast as I can for the shorter distance. If I were going to swim a long distance, I’d reverse the process; start with the hundred yards and work up.

“And about Tarzan’s muscles. They bulge.” She extended a slim, round arm. “You see? A swimmer’s muscle must be long and smooth, they can’t stick out anywhere or they’ll tie into knots. Tarzan, fighting his lions and panthers! If he wanted to be a first class swimmer, he couldn’t take any exercise but swimming.

“I can’t play tennis or golf. I don’t ride or hike. I can’t. I mean, no coach would allow me to do anything but swim—and swimming, at that, is supposed to exercise every muscle in the body. Tarzan’s muscles would hold him back, he wouldn’t have correct form in his strokes.”

Form, she insisted, is more important, than strength. Naturally, she didn’t refer to figure, but to form. Tarzan, she thought, would be too elemental a creature to have the patience to develop form because his long suit was living, and fighting, by instinct. The reason Eleanor’s the backstroke champion of the world is because she used to have such a feeble backstroke.

“All my other strokes were correct,” she said. “But my backstroke was terrible. So I concentrated on it, and that’s why it turned out to be the best stroke I have. But, you know something? It’s form that put me ahead, not strength.
Lots of times I've competed with girls who were much stronger than I am, and they'd probably have beaten me if they hadn't got excited and just splashed and smashed through with the idea of making speed.

'T never went into a race that I didn't keep repeating to myself: 'Form—remember your stroke—keep it.' It's the economy of effort, the right rhythm, that takes you to the goal.

'Tarzan never heard of psychology, either. I think psychology's important in athletics.'

Eleanor had psychology, sure enough. It used to be a favorite trick with her to stroll into a dressing room a few minutes before a swimming event and say to the other assembled contestants, with a devilish glint of humor in her eye: 'Anybody got a cigarette?'

The girls who, like Eleanor, had been in strict training for months, would gasp. If the cigarette was for the coming, Eleanor would calmly smoke it. 'They didn't stop to think,' she explained, 'that one cigarette wasn't going to make any difference. It was just fun, but the psychological effect was to make them think a girl who could smoke immediately before a race was invincible.'

'Well, Tarzan didn't use psychology. He used strange holds.'

They didn't use psychology, however, to get Eleanor to swim fast in one scene of Tarzan's Revenge. They used crocodiles. 'Aagh!' observed Eleanor, who isn't crazy about crocodiles, 'I had to swim through this pool that was full of 'em. Of course their mouths were wired, they couldn't really open them, but even so ... ! Say, I went through that pool the fastest I ever swam. It's a pity somebody wasn't holding a camera—I know I broke every record in the world!' 'I don't recall that Tarzan ever went bathing in a crocodile pool. But then,' she added with that good natured, impish smile, 'he didn't have Mr. Lederman to think up things.' D. Ross Lederman is the director of the picture.

What Lederman didn't think up, the scenarists did. As a matter of fact, size and sex taken into consideration, Tarzan's sweetheart has a rougher time in this film than Tarzan himself.

'For another thing,' as Eleanor went on to complain, 'Tarzan never had to worry about his clothes. Now, they made some lovely white frocks for me, a dozen of them, but in two weeks this is the only clean dress I've had on. If they push me into that mud again today ...'

The mud was something Tarzan managed pretty well to avoid. His poor sweetie—it was the scene where he began to feel sentimental about her—got it in and up to the neck.

Here lay a jungle swamp. A fire engine with a steam pipe had pumped all night long to make the water warm enough for the "takes" and relaxes. Into this steam heated swamp, Eleanor in the pretty white dress, in vain her English fiancée tried to pull her to safety, then he started for the camp to summon help. 'Seems to me for most of the film I'm in either mud or water,' Eleanor commented.

While she flounders in the goo, along comes Tarzan with his ape-companion, Skippy. The heroine makes Tarzan understand that she wants to get out. With one super gesture he hauls her forth and stands her on a log. Thoroughly annoyed by the mishap, she's trying to brush the mud off her skirt when Tarzan, thinking the skirt is something that annoys her, yanks it off.

Furious, Eleanor slaps him. Tarzan's delighted—he thinks that's a new game. He slaps Eleanor, and back she flops into the mud. 'This goes on for some time,' Eleanor explained dryly, 'till love dawns.'

As a matter of fact, though she didn't say so, the interchange of slap and shove was not entirely acting; so say those studio observers who watched the scene taken several times. Glenn Morris, from Colorado, is a quiet, church-going boy who often attends Rotary Club meetings. Eleanor Holm, from New York, has been in the Ziegfeld Follies and is currently, when not in pictures, an entertainer (and a good one!) at night clubs.

The two temperaments clashed. After a tender love scene, Glenn would stalk to one side of the pool and jump a book. Eleanor would march firmly to the other side and resume knitting an afghan. They respected each other's Olympic attainments, but—!

The situation was comically complicated by Skippy, the phenomenally brainy chimpanzee that has played a prominent role in many a Skippy, who doesn't particularly like men, conceived an intense admiration for Eleanor Holm. When they played in a scene together it was difficult to make him pay attention to anyone else and, viewing the sequence where Tarzan slapped the lady into the water, Skippy began to get mad at Glenn Morris. By the time Tarzan enfolded the heroine in a fond embrace toward the picture's end, Skippy was dancing with annoyance and jealousy. They had to watch him. 'The Tarzan of fiction, never would have lasted in the movies,' Eleanor continued, giving Glenn Morris due credit for long hours in cold water and mud. 'All he had to do was wrestle lions. But the movies take more than acting. They take stamina!'

Crocodile pools, mud to the neck—she said it. What's more, she proved it. Because when Eleanor struggled against a band of savage warriors and unintentionally knocked herself out by banging her head against a tree limb—she just stood up after they'd put ice on her face for ten minutes and went right on with her struggle against the warriors. Tarzan's record hasn't anything better than that.
Robin Hood in Hollywood
(Continued from page 19)

"Naturally, Robin flies. He passes by without a second glance at a damsel sparring with jewelry and gleaming with soft fabrics and furs, whose handsome big car is drawn up at the curb. He doesn't know it, but she's the kind of person he's been seeking. For she's a down-and-out extra who, because she has no work, is decked forth in borrowed finery and a borrowed hack so people will think she's prosperous and give her a job.

"This logic," Flynn added, "will all be beyond Robin. He lived in the uncomplicated days when you either had a castle or took in washing to pay taxes to support someone who had. Or skedaddled off to the woods and joined the Hood outfit."

For Robin Hood, as who doesn't remember, started life in possession of vasty estates but, bilked out of them by Sir Guy of Gisbourne (Basil Rathbone to you), he went away, mad, into the depths of Sherwood Forest and became an outlaw with a price on his head. His friend King Richard (Ian Hunter) was away on a crusade or something, so wicked Prince John (Claude Rains) planned to usurp the throne, and things were in a pretty howdy-do with people's estates getting confiscated right and left.

But et al. Robin was joined by brother-outlaws Little John (Alan Hale), Will Scarlet (Patric Knowles), Friar Tuck (Eugene Paletti) and Much, the miller's son (Herbert Mundin), together with everybody else who felt annoyed at being done out of their houses and lands. And at once they formed a band which, despite the efforts of the High Sheriff of Nottingham (Melville Cooper) and of the Bishop (Montagu Love), succeeded in making wealthy travelers "stand and deliver" the coins and trinkets which the outlaws proceeded to distribute among the needy.

Meanwhile, Robin rescued Maid Marian (Olivia De Havilland) from bad Sir Guy—she became Mrs. Hood—and fixed up a match between her attendant, Bess (Una O'Connor) and the miller's son, beside tipping off King Richard, who hurried right home, confronted Prince John, and grabbed back his crown in the nick of time. Lawks, lawks, more fun!

"Disgruntled by his experiences on the Boulevard," Flynn continued, his author's imagination going strong (he has written three books, including the current "Beam Ends"), "Robin drops in at a tavern for a beaker of mead, but all they sell is ice cream soda. While he's quaffing a jumbo chocolate special he learns that the lad upon the chair next to him is a cowboy who rides in something called movies but doesn't bring his horse into the drugstore because he doesn't own a horse; he only rides one. They're all talking with reverence about a knight yeclupt Buck the Jones.

"Mulling this over"—Flynn took another draught of coffee—"Robin sallies forth to watch an archery tournament about which he's heard. He finds the archers dressed in shorts, both men and women. But if he's fascinated by them, the lady archers are fascinated by him; because antelope's a pretty expensive and ritzy hat ornament this season, I'm told—" (wife Lili Damita must have a new bonnet)—"and Robin wears a Lincoln green hat made entirely of antelope.

"You can see how confused he'd be by a civilization where the women wear antelope and the men wear scarlets. Pondering, Robin addresses a youth in doublet and hose—or slacks and sweater—as, 'Sirrah.' And finds it's a girl.

'I fancy this would be too much. He'd go away from there.'

Between mouthfuls of coffee Flynn added that no doubt the outlaw'd be aghast at the thought of girls going on a diet to keep thin; girls were a buxom armful in his day. He'd be all of a jitter, too, over which fork and spoon, his chief culinary utensils having been fingers.

"Very likely," Errol went on, thoroughly
awake now to the possibilities of a Hood visit to the celluloid sector, "Robin might decide to chuck philanthropy for the moment and go deer hunting. People would inform him that a motorist on the edge of Hollywood was hard put to it recently to talk himself out of arrest when a stray deer jumped from a park practically into his lap as he drove along, and a cop thought he'd tried to run it down."

"Shaking his astounded head, the greatest deer hunter in merrie England might thereupon make up his mind that at least he'd go fishing. He asks for the nearest river."

"Somebody mentions the Los Angeles river and directs him to its banks. Behold Robin on the sandy shore, bewildered more than ever by a topsyturvey town where deer are pets and not cutlets and the girls wear men's pants. For he'd find a river that contained nary a fish. It wouldn't even contain any water."

"Cerese,' he'd murmur, peering at the arid stream bed, or maybe 'By my halidome!'—for naturally in Sherwood he'd never have learned about wet and dry seasons, or—this was the only river in the world, my faith upon't, where a man could dive in any time and break his noggin."

"After a while the poor varlet, dodging traffic and scared to death by auto horns more fierce and loud than e'er were heard of in Sherwood, on a sunrise hill, might chance upon one of the several polo fields in the Hollywood vicinity. At first, he'd think the game a kind of joust or tourney, done with a wooden mallet instead of a lance. But as the game increased in intensity, the players dead serious after the American sports fashion, he'd conclude it was a genuine fight and with his zest for righting wrongs he'd plunge into the middle of it."

"Also with his flair for aiding the underdog, he would fling his efforts toward the losing side. He snatches a horse, a mallet. He shouts, 'Hola! Have at them!' He—gadzooks!—he'd have the right sense! He's made a goal over Darryl Zanuck, production head of 20th Century studios!!"

"Oh! Oh! shout all the other players, horrified, you'll never get into the movies that way!!"

"But Leslie Howard, a Warner actor, happens to be this team's opponent. "Come on over to us," he invites. And that's how Robin gets into a Warner picture!"

"Ah, well."

Robin, at least his counterpart, Errol Flynn, had quite a time on location. So had Director William Keighley. Warner Brothers transported some 350 people up North to a 2,400-acre woodland full of oaks; the nearest approach to Sherwood Forest this side of England.

A nice idea, but no sooner had the troupe arrived with their technicolor cameras than prankish Dame Nature got busy. From day to day, under the touch of chill weather, the oak leaves began to turn crimson.

Now, love scenes for the movies differ from those in real life; for the movies, the same scene that occupies five minutes on the screen may require a week to film when the picture is in production. Robin faced the dilemma, in a technicolor film, of starting to woo Maid Marian amid the verdant surroundings of summer and ending the scene—apparently a few minutes afterward—against a back ground of late autumn.

Lack—a-day! as Maid Marian herself might well exclaim. What to do, what to do?

What they did first was to hurry up Robin's lovemaking. Oh, they slighted nothing but they speeded production so that nobody dallied over anything. Then Director Keighley, who saw that the greenspace likewise began to take on autumn tints, sent an S.O.S. to Hollywood. From the vicinity of Warner's studios came, as fast as trucks could fetch 'em, tons of green branches and three loads of fresh green sod. The branches were nailed to the trees, the sod spread beneath them.

Splendid. But sometimes the right tree wasn't in the right place; the light didn't hit it correctly. Technicians built forty trees of plaster and set them where they'd do the most good; these monarchs of the forest were so lifelike, as they should be at $500 apiece, that the troupe swears the local woodpeckers bent their hills out of shape trying to dent the synthetic bark. All very well, but the rocks weren't romantic enough; the native product was too small and scattered. So technicians built plaster rocks, which they placed picturesquely beneath the plaster trees.


"What in blazes is that?" the Director demanded.

"That" turned out to be acorns; the same little acorns from which the big oaks are accustomed to grow. Loosened by a shower the night before, they were dropped onto the artificial plaster rocks with the plop of drumbeats.

The assembled company climbed trees and shook branches and swung violently on limbs till the last acorn had been tossed off. But in still another section of the forest it later proved more feasible simply to pick up several of the giant plaster rocks and move them beyond range of the acorn downpour. That's circumstance Nature with a vengeance!

"Too, there was the time "Robin Hood" unexpectedly had to eat a big feast immediately after he'd eaten a big breakfast. The time "Maid Marian"'s horse was away with her and one of the merrie men (an Indian, incidentally) achieved the honor of catching the steed and retrieving the lady. The time "Robin Hood," asleep, was locked in by a chambermaid who thought the room empty, so—the hotel having no room phones—he stepped out on the porch roof, intending to go through Alan Hale's quarters, but was mistaken for a burglar by the guest whose room he started to enter by mistake. And the time Friar Eugene Pallette Tuck char-
tered a plane and flew clear to San Francisco to eat some soft shell crabs; and arrived at Fisherman's Wharf only to discover it wasn't the crab season!

Ah, well. Life's like that; especially on location. Flynn pushed back his coffee cup, prepared to leave.

“If Robin Hood came to Hollywood,” said he, “it would be fine for Hollywood—and for Robin. I'll bet the first thing Hollywood taught him would be not to throw beef bones under the table at the Coconut Grove.

“And I'll bet the first thing he did for Hollywood, he'd fix it so men wouldn't have to wear stiff collars, evenings, but could go to the Troc in sweaters and open-neck shirts; he was always the friend of the oppressed. And he'd fix it so everybody—but everybody—got a gold statue at the Academy dîner, and the extras always got more closeups than the stars. And I suppose the rich would get poorer and the poor get richer because he'd go out on the street corner and give his favorite spell—it went over big in his day and age—about taking money from those who had it and giving it to those who hadn't . . .”

Flynn's eyes twinkled. “Oh. Robin Hood would have a whale of a time!”

Sure, you agreed. He'd either be pinched or elected to Congress.

Marco Polo saw strange things in his travels. So did Gary Cooper when he played the story of the famous travelling salesman for Samuel Goldwyn. Not the least strange of the sights was Alan Hale all done up in tasteful plaits for his part of Kaido, the wicked Tartar chieftain.

**New Cream brings to Women the Active “SKIN-VITAMIN”**

FOUR years ago, doctors learned that a certain vitamin applied direct to the skin healed the skin quicker in burns and wounds. Then Pond's started research on what this vitamin would do for skin when put in Pond's Creams. Today—you have its benefits for your skin—in Pond's new “skin-vitamin” Vanishing Cream. Now this famous cream does more than smooth for powder and soften overnight. Its use now nourishes the skin. Women who use it say it makes their skin look clearer; pores seem finer.

**Same jars, same labels, same price**

Pond's new “skin-vitamin” Vanishing Cream is in the same jars—same labels, same price. Use it and see how it helps your skin. The vitamin it contains is not the “sunshine” vitamin. Not the orange-juice vitamin. It is not “irradiated.” But the actual “skin-vitamin.”

**HELP'S SKIN IN MORE WAYS THAN EVER!”**

Mrs. Eugene du Pont, III

“Pond's new ‘skin-vitamin' Vanishing Cream is as good as ever for smoothing off blemishes and holding my powder. But now it does so much more! My pores seem so much finer, my skin cleaner and brighter.”

SEND FOR THE NEW CREAM! Test It In 9 Treatments!

Pond's, Dept. 6-V, Clinton, Conn. Rush special tube of Pond's new “skin-vitamin” Vanishing Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with samples of 2 other Pond’s “skin-vitamin” Creams and 5 different shades of Pond’s Face Powder. Enclose 9c to cover postage and packing.

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City

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WHEN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION FEBRUARY HOLLYWOOD

47
While most movie stars are sadly bemoaning the fact that they are growing old all too fast on the screen, Mary Brian, fresh from a season of personal appearances, is back in Hollywood to try again to gain recognition as a grown up, mature, young woman.

Mary has been Hollywood’s perpetual “little girl” for ten years. She’s frankly tired of it. She wants to prove to producers and a loyal following of movie fans that she has outgrown co-ed and fairy princesses and younger sisters. She wants to play dramatic feminine leads. She wants to emote. She wants to be recognized as a dramatic actress. She is tired of playing pretty young things who flit hither and thither and seldom have a dominant scene in the story which goes on around them.

It doesn’t seem so very long ago that Paramount announced that it was starting a world wide search for a novice to play the title role of its silent production, Peter Pan. Mary Brian, just out from Texas, was at the Los Angeles Paramount theatre—dancing in the chorus—when Albert Kaufman, brother-in-law of Adolphe Zukor, saw her, talked with her and sent her out to the Paramount lot for a test for Peter Pan. Mary trembled as she made the test for it was her first movie experience, but next day Director Herbert Brenon phoned to say that a contract awaited her—not for Peter Pan but for “Wendy.” When she stepped out of the dancing lineup and became Wendy, she began a series of young girl parts which lasted throughout her six and a half years as a Paramount contract player.

She was pretty much the successor to Mary Pickford and Mary Miles Minter as Hollywood’s sweetheart. No film debutante was more sought after for party lists than Mary.

“The sweetest kid in Hollywood” she was called off-screen as well as on. No college picture was quite complete without Mary Brian as the fair young co-ed who turned the heads of the gridiron heroes, and finally arrived at her big romantic scene either in the booth of some campus ice cream parlor or under the ever present sheltering oak in front of the girls’ dormitory.
When she wasn't decorating college pictures, romantic dramas of Civil war days claimed her for doll-like crinoline girls who made exquisite pictures of Mason-Dixon beauty, but never had much opportunity to lead the parade when the dramatic scenes began.

When the talkies came in Mary Brian began intensive training for more dramatic and dominant roles. She tucked her collection of sunbonnets and middle blouses gently but firmly in the garage trunk, pinned up the curls that once hung on the back of her neck, and tried every way she knew to "grow up" in a hurry. Other diminutive girls had been given dramatic roles—Helen Hayes, Sylvia Sydney, Elizabeth Bergner, dozens of small girls had dominated dramatic pictures. While Mary made no comparisons, she yearned for just one chance to show what she could do. But to Hollywood she was still the "young sister type."

Finally Walter Huston's The Virginian gave her a deviation from her usual cast assignment and The Front Page offered broader opportunities as did The Royal Family but whenever a college picture was being cast the first name on every casting director's tongue was "Mary Brian."

As often as she could afford to, Mary shook her pretty head and announced that she had her mind set on more dramatic parts. During one of the waits between pictures, Ken Murray induced her to resume stage work and to return to her dancing (which Hollywood never thought of at all). For a year Mary alternated between Broadway, road shows and pictures that offered her at least some hope of outgrowing the "little sister" roles.

Her personal appearances were huge successes and she found that her fans were just as eager for her to grow up as she was. When fans saw her dance in local theatres they wrote letters by the score to various Hollywood producers asking them to make Mary Brian a dancing screen star.

When the co-ed and little sister offers continued unbroken Mary Brian went to London for a British picture and one day Hollywood was startled to hear that "little Mary" was the star of the 1935 Charlot's Revue and "going over like a house afire."

After an extended London season Mary returned to Hollywood and played a "heavy" in Spendthrift merely to get away from the girlish type of role previously given her. This was followed by two independent pictures which offered more or less straight dramatic leads and other personal appearances in which she was supported by a dancing trio, Gordon, Read and King and also by Arena and Hines.

A few months ago Mary came back to Hollywood again in search of mature roles and was fairly successful in Three Married Men and Killer at Large but the recent summer season found her at the head of the casting office lists for co-ed roles in a half dozen football pictures and she began to wonder what she could do to create a new "1938 model Mary Brian."

"I'm afraid you just can't grow up in Hollywood," says Mary. "I enjoy playing girlish parts but I'm crossing my fingers and hoping that the day soon comes when I can play a dominant, dramatic part and show them that Wendy has grown up. I don't care whether I play a vamp, a society girl or a French apache; I just want a chance to assume a role that has some depth and determination."

Mary Brian lives with her mother near Toluca Lake, a few miles north of the Hollywood studio where she began her screen career. At least once each year she is reported "this-a" and that-a" about some currently popular young screen Lochinvar but isn't taking romance too seriously. After playing more than 50 girlish featured leads in as many feature films Mary seems far more anxious to play a dramatic role on the screen than take a demure walk to the altar in a real life romance.

"Say sis—How did they ever get along without Kleenex?"

Everybody's using Kleenex Disposable Tissues for handkerchiefs during colds; to remove face creams and cosmetics; to dust and polish; for kitchen use; for the baby; and for countless other uses.

During colds, Kleenex soothes tender noses—saves money as it reduces handkerchief washing. Use each tissue once—then destroy, germs and all.

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Over 4 million packages already sold! Get Lavena from drug, department or 10c stores, Or write Lavena, Dept. 50, 141 West Jackson Blvd., Chicago, for liberal trial package, absolutely free. Copyright 1937, by the Lavena Corporation

Hollywood Radio Beam

By GORDON W. FAWCETT

- We went to a broadcast—and what a party it was! No Hollywood “first night” could have attracted so many stars of the radio and screen. In case you’re interested, it’s the new Good News of 1938 program we are talking about. Heralded in with all the fanfare of a new year, the program got off to a grand start with Miss E. Mayer, Hollywood’s “Head Man,” presenting the golden key of his studio to C. M. Chester, Jr., head of the General Foods. Blending the glamour of the screen with the glamour of radio, all the leading lights of Metro were there in tails and trains with the exception of Buddy Ebsen, Eleanor Powell and George Murphy who explained that tails and trains would interfere with their intricate dance routine.

- The occasion brought to light the latest Hollywood romance when Eleanor Powell appeared at the show escorted by that young man about town, Wayne Morris. Judy Garland was there, thrilled to death with her almost corsage. Cliff Edwards, Sophie Tucker, Ann Pennington and a score of others rounded the show out into top entertainment.

- Gail Patrick appeared on Tyrone Power’s Panama Nocturne program the other evening with three great big orchids pinned on her shoulder. Right after the show, she ran out the back door and nobody got a chance to see her. A heavy date with “Hubby” Bob Cobb was the reason for the hasty exit.

- Sid Skolosky has had over seven hundred “movie boners” brought to his attention since he has gone on the air. Fans from all parts of the country send them in.

- W. S. Hart, old time “silent” days film actor, is quite a pal of Rudy Vallee. Recently Vallee wanted “W. S.” to go on the air with him. W. S. was only too glad to oblige, but when Vallee gave him a check for his services, W. S. was quite offended. What he did not understand was that the sponsor pays the bills and not Vallee himself. W. S. flatly refused, but Vallee got around the old boy by giving the check to his sister up in Vermont.

- Charlie McCarthy startled Hollywood by riding down Hollywood Boulevard seated beside Santa Claus when he opened up the famous Santa Claus Lane in the cinema capital.

- Don Ameche just proved to his pals that his interests don’t include just radio and the screen. He’s a sharpshooter from way back. Just to show what he could do, he recently won a national contest sponsored by the leading shooting gallery owners throughout the country.

- Just to be sure that their boss’ son will never be a band leader, Ozzie Nelson’s gang sent the little tyke a full set of miniature golf clubs with hand books by the expert as to how the game is played. As you know, Harriet Hilliard and Ozzie recently purchased Charlie Farrell’s old home which borders the Lakeside Golf Club’s links.

- The program hasn’t any sponsor yet, but Ward Bremner is looking to General Motors to pay the bills on their new talent hunt radio idea which will give all listeners a chance at being in pictures through their efforts on the air. The idea is an outcome of a local program here in Hollywood called, “Do You Want To Be an Actor?” Sounds a lot like another Major Bowes idea. Those who win a studio try-out will be given round trip tickets home in case they don’t make the grade in Hollywood.

- When we met Tyrone Power at the station in Pasadena after his quite hectic trip to New York, Ty was full of news of the big city and showed all the earmarks of taking his recent radio success in stride. He was lucky enough to obtain permission to sit on the players bench at a recent Fordham football game. His old pal, Jack Mulcahy was the “fixer” who arranged that. It was his first trip east since his screen successes, so Ty visited the old barn he once lived in while struggling to the top. From all reports, he had little time to spend with his pals, so intrigued he was with Janet Gaynor. Understand he and Janet hit all the night spots while they were there. Power tells me that it was almost like being in California, though, with so many screen personalities in New York now. “Retakes” was the excuse for his rush trip home, so you’ll be hearing Tyrone from Hollywood from now on.

- Rudy Vallee caused quite a ripple out here in Hollywood with his appearance at the Cocoanut Grove. All his old screen friends packed the place so that standing room was all that could be had. However, Hedy Lamarr had no trouble in getting a table. Rudy was understood
to have told friends that she reminded him of the late Fay Webb.

- Wendy Barrie is still thanking Mischa Auer, Kent Taylor and Frank Jenks for consenting to work late for many nights on the set at Universal Pictures Studios. Wendy, in the same picture with them, could not have appeared in rehearsals for Jack Haley's Log Cabin Jamboree for two weeks had it not been for their cooperative spirit... Warren Hull, also on the Jamboree program has three very enthusiastic supporters every Saturday night. They are Paul, George and John Warren Hull, Jr., 4, 5, and 7 years of age, respectively. Dressed in their Eaton suits, they quickly take seats down front and never cry or fuss except when their famous father appears.

- Close on the heels of his radio successes comes another enterprise for Bob Burns and his far famed bazooka. Bob has decided to put the bazooka on the market in great lots. Probably by now you have seen hundreds of them on sale at leading department stores and toy shops. Bob has made such a great thing out of the bazooka that he is impressed by it himself. For instance, he has the original bazooka in his front room in a glass case on display. Just recently, he received his first check on royalties. It was for over seven thousand dollars.

It's the spirit that counts, as well as music, so Bob Burns fixes an hypnotic glare on the microphone when he and Bing Crosby join in a little close harmony on the NBC Kraft Music Hall program.

HOW DO YOU LOOK IN YOUR BATHING SUIT

SKINNY? THOUSANDS
GAIN 10 TO 25 POUNDS
THIS NEW EASY WAY

NEW IRONIZED YEAST ADDS POUNDS
-gives thousands natural sex-appealing curves

Are you ashamed to be seen in a bathing suit, because you're too skinny and scrawny-looking? Then here's wonderful news! Thousands of the skinniest, most rundown men and women have gained 10 to 25 pounds of firm flesh, the women naturally alluring curves, with this new, scientific formula, Ironized Yeast.

Why it builds up so quick
Scientists have discovered that hosts of people are thin and rundown only because they don't get enough Vitamin B and iron in their daily diet. Without these vital elements you may lack appetite and not get the most body-building good out of what you eat. Now you get these exact missing elements in these new Ironized Yeast tablets.

They're made from one of the world's richest sources of health-building Vitamin B—the special yeast used in making English ale. By a new process the rich yeast is concentrated 7 times, taking 7 pounds of yeast to make just one pound of concentrate —thus making it many times more powerful in Vitamin B strength than ordinary yeast.

Then 3 kinds of strength-building iron (organic, inorganic and hemoglobin iron) and pasteurized English ale yeast are added. Finally every batch of this Ironized Yeast is tested and retested biologically for its Vitamin B strength. This insure its full weight-building power.

No wonder these new easy-to-take little Ironized Yeast tablets have helped thousands of the skinniest people who needed their vital elements, quickly to gain new normally attractive pounds, pep and charm.

Try it without risking a cent
To make it easy for you to try Ironized Yeast, we do better than offer you a small sample package. We offer you a FULL-SIZE package, and you don't risk a penny. For if with this first package you don't begin to eat better and get more benefits from your food—if you don't feel better, with more strength, pep and energy—if you are not convinced that Ironized Yeast will give you the normally attractive flesh you need—then the price of this first package will be promptly refunded. So get Ironized Yeast tablets from your druggist today. Only be sure you get genuine Ironized Yeast. So successful has it been that you'll probably find cheap "Iron and Yeast" substitutes in any drug store. Don't take substitutes.

Special offer!
To start thousands building up their health right away, we make this valuable special offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets at once, cut out the seal 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 very first package—or money refunded. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 292, Atlanta, Ga.
MEN LOVE
Peppy GIRLS!

If you are happy and peppy and full of fun,
men will take you places. If you are lively,
they will invite you to dances and parties.

But, if you are cross and lifeless and always
tired out, men won’t be interested in you. Men
don’t like “quiet” girls. Men go to parties to
enjoy themselves. They want girls along who are
full of pep.

For three generations one woman has told
another how to go “smiling through” with Lydia
E. Pinkham’s Vegetable Compound. It helps
Nature’s tone up the system, thus lessening the
discomforts from the functional disorders which
women must endure in the three ordinals of life:
1. Turning from girlhood to womanhood. 2. Pre-
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Every stage and screen actor has one kind
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Positively the greatest bargain ever offered. A genuine
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Indispensable to the growing
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Money Back Guarantee

Sold exact for 10-day trial—
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Here is the comedian, all done up in war paint to illustrate how he
has felt on more than one occasion during the Santa Anita racing season.

FRAWLEY’S ON THE WAR-PATH

Bill Frawley, ordinarily a mild mannered man, can
be made to see red by one innocent little question

By SCOOP CONLON

“Who do you like?”
ordinarily, this is a fair question. It
might mean blondes or brunettes, Carole
Lambard or Claudette Colbert, day or
night, opera or jazz, Notre Dame or South-
ern California, champagne or beer.

But, when we innocently popped the
query to the amiable comedian, Bill
Frawley, during a round of golf at the
Lakeside Golf Club with Bing Crosby, he
gave us one of his famous “double-takes”
telling plainly that only a long friendship
kept him from tearing us limb from limb.

What’s wrong with asking “who do you
like?” we demanded.

“Because,” he shouted, “everywhere I
go, day and night, everybody I meet,
makes the same silly crack.

“Who do you like?” means only one
thing in Hollywood today.

Horses! horses! horses!

Mr. Frawley continued, warming to
the subject, in his righteous wrath.

“The blonde who maneuvers my nails,
the barber who cuts my hair and the boy
who shaves my shoes; the studio gateman,
the supervisor and the props; the milk-
man, the mailman and the iceman; the
nurse in the dentist’s office, the dentist
and the elevator boy; the waiter in the
Brown Derby, the corner traffic cop and
the bartender in the Knickerbocker; they
all lean over my shoulder to whisper in
my ear: ‘who do you like?’

“You know what’s the matter with
Bill?” volunteered Bing.

“He is one of the best form handi-
cappers I know, but he has had so many
funny things happen to him lately that
he’s getting a wee bit touchy on the sub-
ject of horse racing.”

It seems that the redoubtable Mr.
Frawley hied out to Santa Anita one
day with some sure things and a pocket
full of money. He hit the first three races
right on the nose, including a long-shot
sleeper that he happened to know about.
Bill really figured HIS day was due. He
had just raked in a bundle of greenbacks
at the pay-off window, when one of those
pests—the stranger who only knows you
by sight—stepped up, slapped him fa-
miliarly on the back and said confiden-
tially, “’Atta boy, Bill, you’re sure
knockin’ em over today. Say, who do you
like?”

Naturally, the comedian burned. So, he
picked out three anteaters whose owners
had to hunt for them with lanterns last
their time out, and gave them to the pest as
sure things.
Horses like Bad Luck, No Chance and Humpty Dumpty!

Bill rightly figured the pest would lose his shirt betting on those jallopies. You can guess what happened. Bill's star specials ran out of the money, and the three zebras he gave the nascence came galloping home like Rosemont's nephews.

To add insult to injury, the pest hunts up Bill to slap him on the back again and shout: "Can you pick 'em, ol' boy, ol' boy? You give me three winners. I'm $119.20 ahead. Who do you like tomorrow?"

Bill took the guy aside and gave him a number to call that night. The number was the warden at San Quentin.

According to Bing, Bill has never been the same since.

"O.K. Crooner," retorted Bill, "but I don't own race horses and forget to bet on them when they come busting home first."

Bing owns a sweet, two-year-old called "Fight On" that won a race to pay $162.60 for a two-dollar ticket, and the Crooner neglected to bet on the pony.

"Tell the boys the story about your Filipino houseboy, Bill," retorted the Crooner.

The comedian looked at Bing reproachfully, then chuckled.

"Well, that was funny. And, it's on me. I'm talking to a pal on the phone about how Bing was a sure thing to win the Lakeside Golf Championship, and when I'm through the Filipino starts serving my breakfast with a grin on his pan from here to Albuquerque.

"Hurro, Mista Flawley, big suprise to-day. Big suprise. Jo-jo bet on gee-gees you like."

"What's this?" I growl, reaching for the black coffee and the aspirin.

"Sure, Mista Flawley, Jo-jo remember you say gee-gee run like water buffalo. Filipino boy he ride buffalo. Run good in mud. Jo-jo he bet two dolla Water Buf-fo, he win sixty-seven dolla."

With a roar of laughter, the gang sympathized with the comedian. "But that isn't the topper," he continued, "get this."

"Sure, Mista Flawley, Jo-jo bet all time he hear you talk on telephone. Yes-day he hear you say you sure like Bing, he can't miss. Jo-jo he look in paper, Mr. Bing in last race, he bet two-dolla, win seventy-one dolla."

"Jo-jo no bet chicken fight no more. He bet gee-gees. Make Filipino boy very happy."

"Who you like today, Mista Flawley?"

The comedian grinned ruefully as we yelled, and confessed, "and I guess that is as good a way to pick 'em as any."

It appears that Bill Flawley is a great fellow to pick "sleeper," but unfortunately, fails to back his hunches. Like many smart horse players, he likes favorites. But, the less well-informed bettors, particularly the fair sex, often clean up on Bill's handiwork. Dixie Crosby, Irene Dunne and Carole Lombard swear by him.

"As long as you're poison to the bookies—for somebody else—" we asked, "how about picking a few nags for me?"

"Say, when the Crooner opens his Del Mar track this summer," said Bill, "I'll give you so many winners we'll take everything at his layout but the judges' stand."

As Bill counted out $15 to pay off Mr. Crosby for the latter's proficiency at golf, much to his disgust, he added:

"Call me up any time, Gladstone 3813, and I'll pick 'em for you. It may change my luck."

We took the comedian at his word a few days later, rang him on the phone, but a Filipino voice answered:

"Hurro," it said, "Mista Flawley he no feel so good. He very mad. He say man who bet on horse race is big sucker. Just—minute, pliss! Mista Flawley, he say if this Mista Conlon speaking, give him message. Mista Flawley, he say ask 'WHO DO YOU LIKE?'"
**Eye-Genie**

Spats and Divorces!

At Reno so many women are getting divorces because they have been in misery for years! Many women, too, have found new independence and happiness after taking an old physician's prescription called "Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription," which stimulates the appetite and this in turn increases the intake of food, helping to build up the body.

Then, too, there is the dreaded "change of life" period, called by physicians "menopause." Women of any age who suffer from periodic pains, headaches, pains in back, associated with functional disturbances, would do well to try that vegetable tonic, made without alcohol, and favorably known for seventy years as Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

Buy of your druggist today. New size, tablets 8c. Liquid 31c and 51c.

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**In Eye Make-Up**

Dull, "tired-looking" eyes ruin the most perfect "eye make-up." You can't hide them with arched brows or mascara. But when eyes become red, veined, tired-looking due to late hours, reading, fatigue, exposure — a few drops of Eye-Genie can make them clearer, whiter, in seconds! Eyes look larger, sparkling, refreshed. Utterly different in action from boric acid or old-style lotions. A new formula of two noted eye specialists. Especially soothing to those who wear glasses. Fastest selling eye lotion of its kind.

Get the large economy bottle at any drug or department store — money refunded if not satisfied. Or get purse size at any 10c store.

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**Movie Crossword**

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**Across**

1. Star of First Lady.
6. _A Girl With._
10. Wallace Ford portrayed one in _Swing It_.
11. The red McVey.
13. Jack La._
14. She Asked for._
16. Attwater in _Ebb Tide_.
18. First name of star of _Two Who Dared_.
19. Color often used in Silly Symphonies.
21. Middle name of the famous David Griffith.
22. _They Live_.
23. The _Ritz._
25. _This Night_.
26. What cowboy stars use to rope steers.
28. First name of one who was the better in _Heidi_.
30. _They Are Themselves._
31. Edward Arnold's birthplace (abbr.).
32. Judith Barrett's native state.
33. _Soggy_.
34. Feminine lead in _The Buccaneer_.
36. Miss Horgan in _The Wonderful City_.
38. He was Shirley's grandfather in _We Willie Winkle_.
41. Initials of one co-starred with Joan Blondell in _Stage In_.
42. _Love and Learn_.
43. Wallace Beery celebrates birth on this April date.
44. Robert Young's screen wife in _I Met Him in Paris_.
46. _She Had To._
47. Plato, Corky and Tuffy.
48. Zeppe Mark left screen to become one.
50. Initials of Norna Talmadge.
51. Some Blinders — _Dangerous_.
52. First name of Mr. Bowman.
53. You're in the Army._
55. Her last name is Engels (poss.).
56. Olivia de Havilland and Joan Fontaine.

**Down**

1. Featured actor in _The Prisoner of Zenda_.
2. _Dinner_.
3. Mrs. Walter Huston.
4. To make a sound like the Pathé rooster.
5. Players such as Paul Muni or Edward G. Robinson.
6. _It's Love_.
7. Shirley Deane's screen brother in _Jones Family_.
8. Mike McWade and Seddon portray these relatives in _Danger, Love At Work_.
9. _Racketeers_.
12. Stars autograph photos with this.
15. Hero of _Pied To Dance_.
17. That funny "cry-baby" constable.
18. Captain D'Oyly in _Conquest_.
20. Nicknamed of Miss Mackay.
24. _The Octopus_.
26. Heroes seldom do this in film fights.
27. Movies such as _The Firefly_.
29. Loretta Young was born here.
30. First name of Miss Pollard, comedian.
31. _McLean In The Wrong Road_.
34. A star of _Stage Door_.
35. He talks like this-th-this.
37. Initials of Mr. Lukas.
38. It is thrown instead of eaten in candies.
40. Star of _I'll Take Romance_.
41. Boxes or stalls in movie theatres.
44. Remember _Bugsy_.
45. First name of heroine in _She Loved a Farmer_ (abbr.).
47. You saw her in _Something To Sing About_.
49. Juanita Quigley is one.
52. Mr. Stanislav's initials.
54. _Shall_ — _Dance_.

(Solution on page 57)
THE RAGE OF PARIS

Danielle Darrieux, just arrived from France to make her first American picture for Universal, is drawing wide attention for her work in an imported film, Mayerling, now being shown

Here are some of the reasons the little French star has been brought across an ocean and a continent to make pictures in another language

By ELMER SUNFIELD

The big guns back of the lines were booming along a 200-mile front when war baby Danielle Darrieux was ushered into the world in the spring of 1917 and things have been booming ever since for the sensational stage and screen star who recently moved into Universal Studios with her delightful accent, her 47 trunks and her husband, Henry Decoin, to begin work on The Rage of Paris, the first of a series of ten pictures for which she is to be paid a reputed $1,000,000 over a course of five years.

For her age, which is twenty; for her figure, which is dainty; for her appearance, which is demure and unaffected, this beauty from Bordeaux gives no indication of the intense, driving ambition that has carried her so quickly to the top on the Continent. An opportunist of the first degree, it's always off with the old and on with the new the moment her keen mind has decided that such a move means another definite step forward in the advancement of her career. She drives a hard bargain does this slim, brown-eyed French girl. That she knows the business as well as the artistic side of movie making is attested by the contract she signed with Universal.

Danielle comes from a musical family, her Algerian mother being a singer of great renown throughout Europe. Her father, a physician, was as well versed in musical knowledge as he was in medical. Danielle, herself, was good enough at the piano when only four to play compositions of the great French and German composers. She hoped, as did her parents, that some day she would be able to enter...
People with "no" are always the most popular. Yet the secret of abounding energy is often merely a matter of keeping regular. For tiredness, headaches, sleeplessness, loss of appetite, mental depression can all be caused by constipation.

"Truly, proper elimination is all-important to your well-being. So if more than one day goes by without it, assist Nature. Use Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets. This laxative is extremely mild. And Olive Tablets are marvelously effective because they stimulate the liver's secretion of bile without the discomfort of drastic or irritating drugs.

Let Olive Tablets help safeguard your welfare and pep. 15¢, 30¢, and 60¢ at all drugstores.

SKIN RASH
RELIEVED...ITCHING STOPPED

For quick relief from itching of eczema, rash, pimples, athlete's foot, and other externally caused skin eruptions, use instant-relief, liquid, D.D.D. PRESCRIPTION. Greaseless, stainless, drive fast. Store in neat intestine feeling in a hurry. A 20 cc trial bottle, at drug stores, proves it—or money back.

D.D.D. Prescription
OLD BOOKS WANTED

We pay big cash prices for thousands of different titles. We bought over 7,500 books in past twelve months, paying as high as $150 for a single book. For example, we will pay you cash for the following books as described in our price list:

<table>
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<tr>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Price</th>
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<tr>
<td>Pilgrim's Progress</td>
<td>$4,000.00</td>
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<td>Adventures of Tom Sawyer</td>
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<td>Old Swimmin' Hole</td>
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<td>Tamerlane &amp; Other Poems</td>
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These are but a few of the many thousands of books we want. DON'T SEND BOOKS until you have checked our latest list. Premarriage, full information. Don't delay—a single old school book, story book, Bible, poetry, history, travel, almanacs, newspapers, letters, etc., may bring you $25, $30, $50 or even $5,000 cash for certain books. Better investigation—NOW! Send 10¢ to the American Book Mart, 140 S. Dearborn St., Dept. 375, Chicago, and we will send you latest list of old books we want to buy and cash prices we will pay.

FREE FOR ASTHMA DURING WINTER

If you suffer with those terrible attacks of Asthma when it is cold and damp; if raw, Wintry winds make you choke as if each gasp for breath was the very last; if restful sleep is impossible because of the struggle to breathe; if you feel the disease is slowly wearing your life away, don't fail to send at once to the Frontier Asthma Co. for a free trial of a remarkable method. No matter where you live or whether you have any faith in any remedy under the Sun, send for this free trial. If you have suffered for a lifetime and tried everything you could learn of without relief; even if you are utterly discouraged, do not abandon hope but send today for this free trial. It will cost you nothing.

Address: Frontier Asthma Co., 62-C Frontenac Bldg., 462 Niagara St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Kidneys Must Clean Out Acids

Your body cleans out excess acids and poisonous wastes in your blood through 9 million tiny delicate kidney tubes or filters. If functional disorders in the kidneys or bladder make you suffer from Getting Up Nights, Nervousness, Leg Pains, Circles Under Eyes, Dizziness, Backache, Swollen Joints, Acidity, or Burning Passages, don't rely on ordinary medicines. Fick's suprarenal tablets with the doctor's prescription Cycrase. Cycrase works starting in 3 hours and must prove entirely satisfactory in 5 weeks and be exactly the medicine you need or money back is guaranteed. Telephone your druggist for Cycrase (Stilbestrol) today. The guarantee protects you. Corp. 1937 The Knox Co.

A SLAVE TO HIS CARESSES

She wanted to erase the blight of her youthful madness. But could she break the ties of a mistaken passion when she found true love?

Other Thrilling Confessions: MEN MADE ME PAY—OUR LOVER CAME TO SOON—I WAS HIS SECOND WIFE—BACKSTAGE HEARTBREAK—Also: Complete Book-length Novel THE HUSBAND WE SHARED IN FEBRUARY

NOW ON SALE

True Confessions

Accept No Substitutes! Always Insist on the Advertised Brand!

56
presly for her. All of them, as we like to say it here, smash hits.

And then, almost before she was prepared for it, the French idol of the screen was brought face to face with another crisis that she had to meet alone. Maybe that isn't exactly true. At any rate she was brought face to face with Henry Deacon, co-author with Henry Koster of L'or Dans La Rue in which Danielle was to play the leading feminine role. One meeting led to another and another until finally occurred to Writer Deacon that the best way to meet the romantic crisis was to get married. Which is precisely what happened—to the great happiness of each.

After months of honeymooning throughout Europe, Danielle returned to the screen to play opposite Charles Boyer in Mayerling, a tragic film that marked her first definite departure from the comedies and frothy romances she had heretofore played. After Mayerling, in which she literally took Europe by storm, came another serious role in Un Mauvais Garcon in which she played the part of a woman lawyer. Then came Fort Arthur in which she was cast as a Japanese girl, then the French stage upon which her histrionic arts and talents gained additional prestige.

During all this foreign fanfare, Universal Studios was setting the machinery in motion to bring La Darrieux to Hollywood. The wheels really got into high speed when the million dollar contract was signed, sealed and delivered. And whether you think so or not, a million dollars is big money whether you count it in lire, centimes, marks, or buffalo nickles.

Danielle's first picture in Hollywood is to be The Rage of Paris and according to the men who receive big money for recognizing talent when they see it, by the time her second picture is finished Danielle is going to be the rage of America.

Crossword Puzzle

FRANCIS IDEAS
A TAR TIM RUE
IT NOLAN ANNA
RED WARK LET
BROS US LASSO
ARTHUR DONT P
NY TEXAS BE
K GAAL PEPPER
SMITH LH LIVE
ONE MONG EA
Dogs Agent NT
ARE LEE NOW
WERS SISTERS

RHEUMATISM

Relieve Pain in Few Minutes
To relieve the torturing pain of Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Neuralgia or Lumbago in few minutes, get NURITO, the Doctor's formula. No opiate, no narcotic. Does the work quietly—must relieve worst pain to your satisfaction in few minutes or money back at Druggist. Send for sample. Get trustworthy NURITO today on this guarantee.

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!

LANCASTER COUNTY SEED CO.
Station 315 Paradise, Pa.

Please send me the complimentary "Garden Seeds" you are offering, and further, please enter my name on your mailing list for your future garden seed offerings. Accept credit for any gift you may send me.

Name:
Post Office:
State:
Street or R.F.D. No.:
Box

Save some by saving on postage and mailing this Coupon on a Druggist Card TODAY.

Send your order to DRUGGIST or to the nearest Representative of this Company.

Print your last name clearly here.

WHEN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION FEBRUARY HOLLYWOOD
Hollywood Newsreel

[Continued from page 12]

a play titled, Spanish Lady. The remark he had noted read . . . "William Powell. Newcomer to Broadway. Looks good. Should go over."

Yes, that William Powell was our Bill Powell of the screen today.

JUVENILE FOLLIES

Bonita Granville is president of the Chocolate Nut Sundae Club ... to qualify, a person must be able to down SIX sundaes, without blinking ... Darla Hood, leading lady of Our Gang, is very perturbed ... she's been left by the wayside ... reason for this base desertion of the male members of the Gang is a certain new charmer in the Gang, Annabelle Logan, Ella's niece, who is a honey ... Buckwheat, the little black lad, however, is still faithful... he follows Darla about the lot with dog-like devotion ... Spanky wears a tailor-made dress suit; with tails, no less, in Our Gang Follies of 1938 ... he and Oliver Hardy were being measured side by side, when this roamer chanced to look in the tailor shop, one of Hollywood's most exclusive ... life never calls at one of Jane Withers' parties ... she held an animal washing contest most recently, supplying all the animals from her own ménage. Shirley Temple displays her limited accomplish and today she has an opportunity to record a new song ... a fan of the new song of Shirley Temple.

Here's one of the nicest gestures we've encountered in many a day. 

Helen Hayes is a great lover of flowers, which Walter Connolly presented his wife on their fifteenth wedding anniversary, was a small white box. Within the box rested a beautiful engagement ring. "I wasn't able to give my wife an engagement ring when I first met her in New York," Connolly explains, "but I decided that when I did buy her one it would be the best." Now, after all these years, Mrs. Connolly, the former Neda Harrington, of Broadway stage fame, wears a diamond solitaire on her finger and it's a beauty, too.

Marriages may be made in Heaven, but studio romances, all too often, are made in the publicity offices. It's a harmless way of keeping players before the public eye. The odd part of it is that these made-to-order romances often develop into the real thing. As a witness of that, just look at the marriage of Miss Mary Livingstone and Bob Wilcox. Their names were linked for studio purposes, and they're now really engaged to be married.
THE BRIDE'S FIRST BISCUITS

This story may put an end to all of those old jokes about the bride, the biscuits and the disillusioned husband, because here is a secret of success

By BETTY CROCKER

When a husband teaches his bride to cook, that's news!

Bill Boyd, the western star, was used to batching it at his "Hopalong Rancho" in the Malibu Mountains, so when he brought his bride, the lovely Grace Bradley, to his ranch he was prepared to do the cooking.

The dish that made a hit with Grace, she told me, was Bill's spaghetti with a sauce of meat and fresh mushrooms.

Not to be outdone, when they returned to their Hollywood apartment, Grace determined to cook Bill's favorite food—hot biscuits.

"I had to try something that was failure-proof," she laughed, "because I'd never tried to cook a thing before we were married. I bought a box of prepared biscuit flour and was really surprised at the many dishes I could make. I could turn out shortcakes, dumplings, scones and all sorts of yummy food, with just a little mixing and baking."

Grace Bradley, beginner in the cooking school, caught right in the middle of a promising batch of biscuits

Of course, Grace Bradley isn't the first bride to make this happy discovery. I've had letters from hundreds of enthusiastic newly-weds, and talked with as many more. I just wish you could hear the

SEND FOR BETTY CROCKER RECIPES

HOLLYWOOD Magazine now brings you the expert services of Betty Crocker whose recipes are known and depended upon by women in all corners of the world. A million letters a year from house-wives attest the popularity of her "kitchen clinic." A letter from you, addressed to Betty Crocker, c/o HOLLYWOOD Magazine, Paramount Bldg., New York City, and enclosing a three-cent stamp, will bring you exactly the recipe you have been looking for, no matter what the dish you have in mind—a recipe that is kitchen tested in Betty Crocker's home economics laboratory.

Each Fated for 2 Colds This Year!

According to eminent medical authority, 60% of all the people in the United States suffer from at least two colds every year.

The best time to prevent trouble is right at the start. If you're nursing a cold—see a doctor! Curing a cold is the doctor's business.

But the doctor, himself, will tell you that a regular movement of the bowels will help to shorten the duration of a cold. Moreover, it will do much to make you less susceptible to colds.

So keep your bowels open! And when Nature needs help . . . use Ex-Lax! Because of its thorough and effective action, Ex-Lax helps keep the body free of intestinal wastes. And because it is so mild and gentle, Ex-Lax will not shock your eliminative system.

Ex-Lax Now Scientifically Improved

1—Tastes Better Than Ever!
2—Acts Better Than Ever!
3—More Gentle Than Ever!

Ask for Ex-Lax at your druggist's. Comes in economical 10c and 25c sizes. Get a box today!

When Nature forgets—remember

EX-LAX

THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

SENSATIONAL! The 4-STAR HIT of the season...

RUN-R-STOP

This compact little purse-size tube is saving women money. It's halting that most exasperating enemy of attractiveness—stomach rots. RUN-R-STOP stops rots or stops permanently. Carry it with you. Look for the HANDSOME RED & BLACK VANITY, that protects tube in purse. Only 10c—ask for it at chain, department and shoe stores.

Guaranteed By GOOD HOUSEKEEPING as advertised therein.

RUN-R-STOP
Camille, Inc., 49 E. 21 St., N. Y. C.
What a mighty job a little nickel can do when a cold has you by the throat. Cure it? No. But

**BEECH-NUT COUGH DROPS**

Black or Menthol can give blessed relief from "throat tickle" that comes from a cold.

**NEW FREE BOOK Important To Victims Of ASTHMA**

 skies your suffering, please forward your name and address to the free copy of this health-giving and money-saving book. The book is "Asthma—The Great Unknown—The Great Opportunity." It will tell you why, if you have asthma, you have it.

**1938 GOVERNMENT JOBS**

Start $1260 to $2100 a Year

Common Education usually sufficient. Start now. Many 250 vacancies. Write Immediately for Free 32-page pamphlet telling just how to find a job that will pay you twice as much as you earn now. It's free—sent by return mail. FREE BOOK!

**WOMEN WHO CAN SEW?**

Write me today for amazing opportunity to earn extra money without canvassing.

**FOR NEXT MONTH**

Betty Crocker has interviewed another bride, Anne Shirley, who tells how to beat the eggs as well as the hazards of that first cake.
Gag Salesman

He started as a phonograph salesman, but the customers laughed so hard at his jokes they had no strength left to sign on the dotted line

By MARVEL SLEUGAIR

You can say this about Ken Murray, the radio comedian. It didn't take him long to get wise to the fact that there was more money in selling gags than in telling them. "This wising-up process," claims Ken, "occurred shortly after I had started out in life as a phonograph salesman. I was traveling under my own moniker, then, which happens to be Kenneth Abner Doncourt—better known at present, I hope, as plain, old-fashioned Ken Murray."

"Well, I didn't break any records selling talking machines and I can prove it by what the boss said. It seems that I was a great hand to jolly prospective customers into a sales mood by telling stories. Buyers would laugh their heads off at my yarns, invite me to parties, private clubs and whatnot, but rarely would they invite themselves to sign on the dotted line. And to be fair to both sides, I'd seldom invited them, either, so when the boss said something one day that sounded like 'If you want to sell funny stories why don't you get into vaudeville; I took him at his word and 'got.'"

In vaudeville it was different. All Ken had to do was to sell gags and he had a knack of doing that so well that he

Ken Murray and his fiancée, Miss Florence Heller, snapped on one of their rides through the Hollywood hills

DO YOUR EYES HAVE "it"?

- Express your personality by your eyes—reveal their size and brilliance with a frame of sweeping lashes! Kurlash in a few seconds curls them, without heat or cosmetics—adds to their apparent length, gives depth and glamour to the eyes. Only $1 at all good stores.

Send your name, address and coloring to Jane Heath, Dept. 4 , and receive free a complete personal color chart and booklet on eye make-up.

THE KURLASH COMPANY
Rochester, New York, U. S. A.

DON'T GLAM-UP YOUR LIFE—GLAM-UP YOUR EYES!...Kurlash in a few seconds makes your lashes longer, thicker and browner. Only $1 at all good stores.
DON'T NEGLECT A COLD

Distressing chest colds and minor throat irritations should never be neglected. They usually respond to the application of old Mustelure. Mustelure brings relief naturally because it's a "counter-irritant," NOT just a salve. It penetrates and stimulates surface circulation, helps to draw out local congestion and pain. Recommended by many doctors and nurses—used by millions for 25 years. Three kinds: Regular Strength, Children's (mild), and Extra Strong, 4c each.

MUSTELURE BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER

LASTING RELIEF QUICKLY

Clears up colds...even those that have persisted from fright. Mustelure is proved effective by the American Medical Association. Handy to keep in your medicine cabinet.

Theodore D. Borden, M.D., New York, N.Y.

FREE SAMPLE

Simply write your name and address on a penny post card and send to
F. A. Stuart Co., Box A-109, Marshall, Michigan

TRUST YOUR IMMUNITY WITH STUART'S LAXATIVE COMPOUND

A laxative of scientific value, being a mixture of the vegetable fibre of senna, a well known laxative, and a mineral stimulant, suitable for all ages. F. A. Stuart Co., Box A-109, Marshall, Michigan

How To Look Years Younger

At 30...40...50!

Lydia Lane reveals her method! New, easy natural way to erase wrinkles, crow's feet, double chins, lines in nose and forehead. Quick, safe, without surgery. No taking out cheek bones, improving bones, slimming hips, in five minutes daily. Money back if method does not satisfy. Write for free illustrated chart and Figure Analysis chart.

LYDIA LANE, 116 Mcgee St., Kansas City, Mo.

KILL THE HAIR ROOT

LEARN TO PLAY PIANO

Let a popular radio artist teach you to play the latest popular songs in 20 lessons. It's easy, beginners learn quickly, and former piano students learn to play the modern way. Keyboard chart included. Send $1.00 for complete course, or pay post and handle. No C.O.D. charge. Your money returned if not satisfied. ALEX ADKINS, 4100 Texos Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

CATARRH or SINUS Irritation Due to Nasal Congestion CHART FREE!

Hall's Catarrh Medicine relieves phlegm-filled nasal passages; relieves nasal catarrh, crusty, nasal bad breath, hawking and sneezing, and sinus headaches caused by nasal congestion. Relief in ten minutes. Chart, 6c in store.

F. I. CHENEY & CO., Dept. 222, Toledo, 0.
IMPORTANT PICTURES

BY LLEWELLYN MILLER

HURRICANE (Goldwyn)

Admittedly, Hollywood is a town of miracles. If you want to see it proved, once more, be sure to see Hurricane. Better see it anyway, because it is a production that will be mentioned whenever mammoth undertakings in the movies are under discussion.

The story, itself, is a love tale of the South Seas with the handsome young Jon Hall giving great vitality to the part of the simple savage at war with the white man's law, Raymond Massey as the fanatic governor of the islands, Mary Astor as his wife, C. Aubrey Smith as the understanding priest, Thomas Mitchell as the drunken but humane doctor and Dorothy Lamour as the native heroine. There are brilliant performances in this film, but beyond argument the hurricane, itself, is the star. When that tropic storm cambers crash upon the shallow beach, giant trees, grown huge in decades of placid sun, are swept aside like matches in the flood. The supple coconut palms bend and break even when they go, leaving only the heavy masonry of the little church as refuge for the frantic natives. Then its hewn blocks begin to split and tumble, until the island is nothing but a troubled shoal in the violent ocean.

THE LAST GANGSTER (M-G-M)

Some years ago, Edward G. Robinson startled an already pretty well astonished picture-going public by his portrayal of Little Caesar. Off the screen, Mr. Robinson is a gentle fellow who collars, plates and pays his taxes regularly. But on the screen, the public thinks of him fondly as the poisonous and unhealthy little monster who died without dignity behind the bill-board in Little Caesar.

Mr. Robinson may play financiers and gamblers with hearts of gold for years on end, and do very well indeed with them, but it is as the bad-all-the-way-through gangster that his fans like him best.

For that reason The Last Gangster should be most appealing. In it Robinson misses no opportunity to be a living example of fiendish and perfect friend. He snarls at all his henchmen. He is extraordi-
narily rude to the innocent peasant girl he imported from the old country to be the mother of his little ones. He is in-sufferably swollen with cocky pride. His wicked deeds catch up with him in the end, but it is rather astonishing that they take so long, considering how extremely unpleasant he makes himself to such a large number of people.

When his girl-bride (Rose Stradner) realizes what he is and what he plans for their son, she runs away. Eventually she marries an understanding reporter (James Stewart). Between them they raise the gangster's boy to have a British accent, which is peculiar, since Miss Stradner's accent is tinged with Vien-
nese and Mr. Stewart speaks fine American.

Young Douglas Scott does nicely with the boy's part, when his father, greyed and just a touch mad from years in prison, returns to claim him.

Lionel Stander, John Carradine, Sidney Blackmer, Grant Mitchell, Edward S. Brophy, Alan Baxter, Frank Conroy and Lucille Beavers enter spiritedly into the rough doings, such as kidnapping, torture, prison riots and several kinds of mayhem.

This time Edward G. Robinson dies in the gutter on a black night with the rain pouring down, and everyone leaves the theatre feeling fine about it, and looking forward to his next gangster part.

TRUE CONFESSION (Paramount)

She didn't try very hard, but even when she did put forth an effort, Helen (Carole Lombard) just couldn't manage to tell the truth.

Her devoted husband (Fred Mac-
Murray) didn't mind so much when she told the collector that he was a homicidal maniac. And he could stand it when she told the butcher that he couldn't pay the bill because he was dead. But he did object when she said that she didn't kill her employer (John T. Murray).

After all, he was in a very uncomfort-
able position, indeed, for a young attor-
ney. He had forbidden his wife to seek a job. In spite of the cynical warnings of her friend Daisy (Una Merkel), Helen had accepted a job as secretary for three hours a day at fifty dollars a week. Daisy's gloomiest predictions were ful-
filled, and Helen rushed out of the place forgetting hat and purse in her panic to escape her amorous if generous employer.

An hour later when she returned timidly for her belongings, she ran into the arms of the police, and promptly was booked for murder.

One of the funniest scenes in the quite uproarious film is when Helen draws upon her vivid imagination to aid Edgar Kennedy in giving her the third degree. One thing leads to another. Before she quite knows how it happened, she has bought disguise, guilt, and her husband is fighting for her life before a suspicious jury.

But so convincing is her recountal of her entirely imaginary slaying that she is acquitted, and all would have been well had not another vivid imagination entered the plot in the person of Charley Boyer's (Fred MacMurray). Jealous of all her undeserved publicity, Charley lays claim to her crime, and Miss Lombard does a fine lot of screaming and kicking and running around in the hoydenish manner so dear to her fans before she makes a "true confession" to her husband and, once more, makes him believe it.

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Stan Laurel invited a dozen friends down to his yacht for a fish dinner, by the time they arrived, though, Stan hadn't caught a single fish. That's the second time such a thing has happened. Next time he attends a fish party, Oliver Hardy intends sending him a basket of sardines.

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mless! Just send 10c in stamps to cover mailing. For beauty's sake, send coupon TODAY!

When Answering Advertisements Please Mention February Hollywood 63
BARRYMORE MAKES A TRUE CONFESSION

(Continued from page 28)

remark about the weather! That's the trouble with you newspaper guys—you have no finer feelings."

He grinned defensively. Then, suddenly, he slapped his knee, with:

"So that's what makes you nervous?" Gene Fowler. Not long ago he said to me, out of a clear sky, 'Jack, you'd be surprised if you knew what a good friend you've got in Carole Lombard.' And now you come along and spring this thing on me. I seem to be the only one who hasn't been let in on it.

Incredibly, Mr. Barrymore had been kept in the dark about his bright prospect. But one thing stood out clearly—the respect and admiration that others have for his brilliant talent. Something that Spencer Tracy once said to me now crossed my mind: 'My greatest hope is that some day I'll be able to play one scene in a picture as well as John Barrymore plays all his scenes.' Not that I believe the First Actor of the Screen is deserving of the slightest credit for his acting. He just can't help it. He is a born actor. Acting is in his blood, and he couldn't get it out even if he tried. Now he was trying to figure out what had happened to him.

"Strange," he marveled, "that Miss Lombard should do this for me when all I did for her in Twentieth Century was to bawl her out and drag her around by the hair of her head. But it's exactly like her. I have played with an uncommon number of charming ladies, but never with one more regular, lovable and gifted than Carole Lombard. But this more than generous action of hers is quite another matter and, for my part, I don't know just what it means."

Obviously, it means a star is reborn. It means he has again come into his birthright. It means his return to his former high estate. What, then, had pulled him down from it? With whom did the responsibility rest?

"With my dear friend, Irving Thalberg, heaven rest his fine soul," was Mr. Barrymore's unexpected answer. "I had a great affection for him, and he was unwearyingly kind to me. It was simply that Mr. Thalberg asked me to play the actor in Dinner at Eight, a part I was delighted to play. Indeed, I was proud to be only one of many in that picture. Since then I have been very happy in similar parts. But now, apparently, I am again to be a star, and I can't imagine how I'll feel."

Mr. Barrymore might, it occurred to me, feel that Paramount had at last "discovered" him.

"Possibly," he admitted. "For that matter, I may not be wholly an abandoned island in the broad Pacific, let us say. For a time this island had served its purpose as a fueling place for ships, then someone moved the coal station. But later an itinerant skipper, sailing those lonely waters, sights the island, dis-
"I have been playing so-called character parts. But I defy anyone to tell me of any part ever written that isn’t a character part. Even Hamlet comes under this head. When I was playing him I wasn’t interested in whether I was starring or not. What interested me was the reaction of the critics and—" he paused almost imperceptibly for a subtle distinction—"the opinion of people whose intelligence I respected—and oh, yes, the gross receipts. After the first New York performance Lionel came to my dressing-room and, naturally, I was dying to hear what he would say about it. But he talked about everything so noisily as he was leaving, he slapped me on the back and said, ‘Good boy, Jake!’ I said, ‘Thanks, Mike,’ and that was that. It made me sympathize with Richard Mansfield when Sir Henry Irving went back to see him after he had worked himself into a lather playing Richard Third. Sir Henry chatted amiably on various topics, all politely remote from anything that had happened on the premises. Finally, unable to bear the suspense any longer, Mansfield desperately asked: ‘Tell me, Sir Henry, what do you think of me as Richard?’ ‘Mmm,’ rumbled Irving, ‘you sweat, Mansfield, don’t you?’"

A mine of episodes, Mr. Barrymore waited for me to quiet down, then graciously vouchsafed the information. "In a star part I persevere mentally. This is due to the burden of carrying, or being expected to carry, the entire picture. Worse still, its very hard on my dream pants."

"Your pan—2?"

"Not my pan, my pants," he explained. "As a Hollywood star I have ruined countless pairs. You see, or maybe you don’t—a star part gives me nightmare. Night after night I dream the same dream. I am walking past a movie house in front of which is the electric announcement, John Barrymore in Phantom of the In—"

"Come, come, I’ve no patience for you to string out your ad lib stuff," I interrupted.

"No, no, I want to tell you in my own way, you understand. I thought you liked my slides."

"Yes, I do," I answered, as he pushed a button and a slide appeared. It showed a close-up of Mr. Barrymore with his hair mussed up and his mustache turned down in a crooked sort of way. "But do you know all those professional tricks which make expensive French baby dresses so perfect?"

"Every mother would rather make a dainty layette with her own hands...? But do you know how all those professional tricks which make expensive French baby dresses so perfect?"

"If you ever learn how all those professional tricks which make expensive French baby dresses so perfect, you’ll do the women of America a real service."

"But do you know all those professional tricks which make expensive French baby dresses so perfect?"

"Just a minute, Mr. Barrymore, don’t you understand?"

"No, I don’t understand...? But do you know, the next time you go out, you’d better have a big nose."

"Yes, I understand...? But do you know how all those professional tricks which make expensive French baby dresses so perfect?"

"Just a minute, Mr. Barrymore, don’t you understand?"

"No, I don’t understand...? But do you know how all those professional tricks which make expensive French baby dresses so perfect?"

"Just a minute, Mr. Barrymore—"
WHEN A FAN NEEDS A FRIEND

When Southern Methodist and UCLA tangled in one of the last games of the season, Joe E. Brown took the afternoon off from Columbia Studios where he is making Wide Open Spaces to see his son in action.

Just before the gun. Joe hasn’t a care in the world. With him is his son, Don.

First quarter, Joe, takes a rest with the team.

Awwwww... it’s a pushover!

This is the way I like to see a game played!

Yeeezzzzzzzzzzzzach!

Ouch! That’s Coach Spaulding beside Joe.

What goes on?

I don’t believe it!

Cheer up, Joe, someone has to lose.
College Graduate? Not Me!

"It is a real compliment, Mr. Walker, that you thought me a college girl.

"Truth is, my formal education stopped in high school. I continue to add to my useful information, however, by reading PHOTO-FACTS magazine. I call PHOTO-FACTS my 'newsstand university'."

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said pretty little Barbara B. **HERE'S WHAT MADGE EVANS REPLIED**

WELL, BARBARA, IT'S NICE TO BE SUCCESSFUL AT ANYTHING YOU UNDERTAKE—HOME LIFE OR A CAREER

THAT'S WHY IT'S FOOLISH FOR ANY GIRL TO RISK LOSING HER GOOD LOOKS

SCREEN STARS REMOVE COSMETICS WITH LUX TOILET SOAP BECAUSE THEY DAREN'T RISK COSMETIC SKIN. EVERY GIRL SHOULD GUARD AGAINST IT

"I always use Lux Toilet Soap," says this charming screen star, and tells you why. It's when pores are choked that Cosmetic Skin develops—dullness, tiny blemishes, enlarged pores. Lux Toilet Soap's ACTIVE lather removes dust, dirt, stale cosmetics thoroughly from the pores. Keeps skin smooth, soft, appealing! Use cosmetics all you like! But use Lux Toilet Soap before you renew make-up—ALWAYS before you go to bed.

9 out of 10 Screen Stars Use Lux Toilet Soap
Two-fisted American college student goes to Oxford! Oh, boy, here's a drama that packs a wallop every minute of the way!

Robert Taylor
in
A YANK AT OXFORD

with LIONEL BARRYMORE
Maureen O'Sullivan • Vivien Leigh
Edmund Gwenn • Griffith Jones • From an Original Story by John Monk Saunders

Directed by JACK CONWAY • Produced by MICHAEL BALCON

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE
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FLASH: Alfalfa, crooner de luxe of Our Gang, isn't THAT way about Constance Bennett any more. She allowed him to sing for her in her dressing room for nearly an hour... and rewarded him with only two dishes of ice cream. SIX always has been Alfalfa's price.

Annabell, the new French star, hasn't been long of Hollywood... but already she's firmly implanted in the affections of the hamlet.

Learning that her English stand-in, the one she employed in London, wanted to come to Hollywood, Annabell arranged for her to be brought to America, all expenses paid.

So it's fun to be a star! Consider the case, then, of Norma Shearer.

For her new picture, Marie Antoinette, Norma must wear thirty-four different costumes and eighteen wigs. You may have read this before. But here's something you probably never heard before...

For the past four months, the star has spent from four to five hours daily three or four times a week for fittings! And the end is not yet in sight. Still convinced that a star's life is a merry one?

Funniest sight of the month was a tough-looking egg holding a pastel-colored lady's umbrella over him outside the Republic studios, while the skies unbosomed themselves... he looked surprisingly like Bull Montana... remember him?... Maureen O'Sullivan sent all her friends in Hollywood English plum puddings, while in London on location for A Yank at Oxford... Joan Blondell's brother, Ed, has a daughter the perfect image of Joan... and speaking of likenesses, Gloria Somborn is a dead-ringer for her famous ma, Gloria Swanson... she's about sixteen, now... Jane Wyman, for all her doll-like face, throws a poker game every Saturday night, and whips up a mess of Spanish dishes herself... she and her husband live in a white modernistic flat... how's this for luck—Melvyn Douglas appears with THREE leading ladies in There's Always a Woman, for Columbia... Joan Blondell, Mary Astor and Frances Drake... mebbe THAT will erase that cold calm of his... Stuart Erwin, who once thought himself quite a tenor, has named his new Doberman Pinscher "Elsa of Lomengrin" because of her deep "contralto" voice... George Raft is building a new house, near Kay Francis... there's nothing niggardly about Fernand Gravet... he's already talked to his mama in Paris to the tune of more than $2,500 telephone toll, and his picture isn't half finished... if you know of a six-footer who can plunk the banjo melodiously and can talk like Andy Devine (the s-f, NOT the banjo), get in touch with Nat Pendleton... he wants him for a stooge... ADD GOOFY BET—Leo Carrillo and Victor Fleming, the director, have wagered an Arab steed on who can raise the highest oats in the shortest time on their ranches south of Hollywood... believe it or not, but 'tis said that at Palm Springs during a Santa Claus parade all the town kids followed Shirley Temple—instead of Santa—when Shirley's parents decided it was time for her to return to her hotel and marched her home... Francis Lederer defies superstition by walking under ladders, throwing his hat on the bed and whistling in his dressing room... honest!... you'll be seeing him as "The Lone Wolf"... Bert Lytell originally was seen in this character years ago... and now it's Gene Raymond who has gone cowboy in a beeg way... the blond debs' favorite week-ends occasionally at the B-Bar-B Ranch near Palm Springs, and appears resplendent in loud plaid shirt, chaps and wide sombrero... whoopee!... wot luck—Claudette Colbert must drink at least five glasses of milk and cream daily to keep her weight... Bert Lahr hosted a ragamuffin party, and winner of the first prize was no less than nobility... the Earl of Warwick... you'll see him in The Buccaneer under the name of Michael Brooke... George Brent is a full-fledged American now... he recently obtained his final citizenship papers.

Stars garner colossal salaries, but not all of it goes into the banks. Within a few days of each other, Ginger Rogers acted as hostess to five hundred orphans at a matinee of Hansel and Gretel at the

The opening of Snow White at the Carthay Circle in Hollywood was the outstanding event of the show season. When Shirley Temple arrived to see the fairy tale, the seven dwarfs were waiting to help her find her seat.

Walt Disney and his wife, happy over the brilliant gathering of stars on opening night, had a hard time getting past eager cameramen, even with the aid of one of the loyal little dwarfs.

Minnie, Mickey and Donald Duck gamboled in the fore-court and helped to emphasize the party spirit that marked the evening when all of Hollywood turned out to pay tribute to the magic of Walt Disney's pen
A gallant with the ladies...beloved by every belle in all of New Orleans...feared by those rats of the Seven Seas...his bold, bad buccaneers...Jean Lafitte...the gayest lad who ever sailed beneath the Skull and Crossbones lives again in the grandest historical romance ever to swing across the screen...Cecil B. DeMille's flaming adventure-epic..."THE BUCCANEER." In the thrilling role of the dashing gentleman pirate, who took time out from his pirateering and his romancing to help Andrew Jackson win the Battle of New Orleans and save America from the British...Fredric March reaches new heights of screen adventure. As the little Dutch girl whose love forced the dashing pirate to strike his flag...Franciska Gaal, beautiful new Paramount star discovery, makes a fitting team-mate for that gentleman pirate Capt. Jean Lafitte.

*Adolph Zukor presents*

*a Cecil B. DeMille production*

**FREDRIC MARCH**

**"THE BUCCANEER"**

*with Franciska Gaal*

Akim Tamiroff • Margot Grahame • Walter Brennan • Ian Keith • Anthony Quinn • Douglass Dumbrille • Beulah Bondi • Robert Barrat • Hugh Sothern • Louise Campbell • Evelyn Keyes

Directed by Cecil B. DeMille

A Paramount Picture

Screen Play by Edwin Justus Mayer, Harold Lamb and C. Gardner Sullivan • Based on an Adaptation by Jeanie Macpherson of "Lafitte the Pirate" by Lyle Saxon

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Hollywood Playhouse; Joe Penner sent an equal number of crippled kiddies to the Los Angeles Federal Theatre production of Pinocchio and Leo Carrillo invited more than a hundred other crippled children to his ranch for a combination barbecue and rodeo. Not to be outdone, although not in the spirit of contesting with those other kind acts, John Boles established a trust fund of ten thousand dollars for the orphaned son of an old school friend, in Houston, Texas.

Milo Anderson, stylist at Warners-First National, finds that tastes in women's clothes are more revealing than you might imagine. From his experience with Hollywood stars—and he's dressed plenty—he can tell what sort of a person you are from a single glance at your wardrobe. For instance...

Long, dangling ear-rings indicate a talkative woman.

High-spike heels... coquettishness.

Tightly-fitted clothes... attempt to conceal the gaining of weight.

Low-cut gowns... little depth of character.

Amusing or "dizzy" hats... easily deluded.

Low-heeled shoes... SURPRISE!... IMPRACTICAL nature.

Large picture hats... extravagance and vanity.

All right; DON'T believe it... but Milo has had long years of experience in such matters.

HARD LUCK NOTE: Gary Cooper couldn't kiss Claudette Colbert a single time in Bluebeard's Eighth Wife, due to her sore throat. The director was taking no chance of Gary coming down with a similar ailment.

It happened the night of a Jack Benny broadcast. Mary Livingstone, in a gorgeous silver fox jacket, stood against the stage and, facing the audience, quietly conversed with friends in the front row.

"Spoke up Jack... or, he's a cut-up, that one:"

"All right, Mary, they've all seen your new coat. You can sit down, now."

And was Mary's face red!

CUPIDATINGS:

Martha Raye calls her new boy friend WIGGIE... he's Dr. Harold Wiggins, resident physician at Cedars of Lebanon Hospital in Los Angeles... there are those who think that Katharine Hepburn now is Mrs. Howard Hughes... but secretly... pert Glenda Farrell making insurance-man Harvey Priester a happier one by Troc-ing with him several times a week... J. Walter Ruben presented Virginia Bruce with a very swellegant new car instead of the customary solitaire... Robert Paige blew in a full week's pay check for that gold necklace he gave Hazel Forbes... he says she's worth TWO pay checks, any old time... Al Hall still sending Lucille Ball corsages... and spending her every evening... when you read this, Joy Hodges (remember her in Merry-Go-Round of 1938?) and Robert Wilcox probably will be one... Gertrude Niesen made up with Craig Reynolds... David Niven seems to be the beau of the town... he may be waiting for Merle Oberon, but while he's waiting her return...
FOOLISH words of a popular song. But there's truth in them. In his heart, every man idealizes the woman he loves. He likes to think of her as sweetly wholesome, fragrant, clean the way flowers are clean.

Much of the glamour that surrounds the loved woman in her man's eyes, springs from the complete freshness and utter exquisiteness of her person. Keep yourself wholesomely, sweetly clean!

Your hair, and skin, your teeth—of course you care for them faithfully. But are you attending to that more intimate phase of cleanliness, that of “Feminine Hygiene”? Truly nice women practice Feminine Hygiene regularly, as a habit of personal grooming. Do you? It will help to give you that poise, that sureness of yourself, that is a part of charm.

The practice of intimate Feminine Hygiene is so simple and so easy. As an effective cleansing douche we recommend “Lysol” in the proper dilution with water. “Lysol” cleanses and deodorizes gently but thoroughly.

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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—Penetration ... “Lysol” solutions spread because of low surface tension, and thus virtually search out germs.
4—Economy ... “Lysol”, because it is concentrated, costs only about one cent an application in the proper dilution for Feminine Hygiene.
5—Oder ... The cleanly odor of “Lysol” disappears after use.
6—Stability. ... “Lysol” keeps its full strength no matter how long it is kept uncorked.

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Send me your free booklet “Lysol vs. Germs”, which tells the many uses of “Lysol”.

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from England he's making excellent use of his time . . . Norma Shearer is a favored companion . . . so, too, is Simone Simon . . . and he's been seen with Zorina, the dancer, as well . . . June Lang's exuding all right by himself, too . . . he's Vic Orsatti, as you know . . . out with both Sonja Henie and beautiful Ilona Massey . . . but not together . . . June still confining herself mostly with A. C. Blumenthal . . . the new honey, Marjorie Weaver, holding hands with newspaperman Homer McCoy . . . atta gal . . . you'll usually find Marlene Dietrich with either Fritz Lang, the director, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., or Willis Goldbeck, the writer . . . there's a producing company, right THERE . . . don't believe all you hear about Wayne Morris and Priscilla Lane . . . Priscilla declares they're altar-bound (according to the studio), but Wayne's real heart interest is Nan Grey . . . both lovelies . . . Janet Gaynor and Tyrone Power together again.

Some weeks prior to George Gershwin's tragic death, the composer and Ginger Rogers met at a party and drew cartoons of themselves for each other. Later, Ginger sent Gershwin's sketch of himself back to the musician, for his autograph. He told her he would have it framed, too.

In the confusion following his death, the cartoon was forgotten. That is, until very recently. One day, a package arrived for Ginger. Inside was the framed and autographed cartoon of Gershwin. A note from the framer disclosed that only a day or so before his death, Gershwin had left the picture.

"Tis the day of the young leading man, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., plays opposite Irene Dunne in The Joy of Loving, and Norma Shearer is attempting to win Tyrone Power for her leading man in Marie Antoinette. Both actors are some years the actresses' junior.

Ilona Massey, Metro's new Hungarian star, is the rave of Hollywood. Almost to a man, Hollywood is declaring she is the most beautiful creature ever to reach the citadels of Cinemania.

Some idea of her beauty may be gleaned from the following incident. The first time she put in an appearance at the Trocadero, everybody—men, women, waiters and cigarette girl—stopped and gaped as she
LOOK YOUR BEST IN ANY LIGHT
You Can If You Use light-proof Powder

- Does your make-up flatter you at certain times—and betray you at others? You can now get powder that is light-proof.

Luxor face powder modifies the light rays that powder particles ordinarily reflect. The use of this powder solves the old problem of "shine." Your complexion is not constantly being light-struck. Those unbecoming highlights of cheekbones, chin and nose are all subdued—in any light.

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Please send trial box of Luxor light-proof face powder free and prepaid. □ Flesh □ Rose Rachel □ Rachel □ Rachel No. 2

When Answering Advertisements Please Mention March HOLLYWOOD 11
Walked into the place. For the remainder of the evening, she was the center of every eye. And THAT, in a rendezvous where glamour is the order of the day, is sumpin.

Nearly everybody of consequence acting before the camera has a stand-in. Leah Ray, however, at 20th Century-Fox, is the only actress whose stand-in is . . . her mother! So closely do the two resemble each other that the studio took one look at Mrs. Ray and shouted, "Sold!"

Errol Flynn suffers acutely whenever he must meet strangers, despite all his savoir faire. It amounts almost to a mania with him. Ginger Rogers is another who fears meeting those she does not know. It’s not "put on," when she enters theatres by the side door, and leaves the same way.

During the holidays, Tommy Kelly, who enacts the title role in The Adventures of Tom Sawyer, received a petition signed by more than 3,500 school children from his particular section in Brooklyn, N. Y., asking that he be present at the New York premiere of the picture.

The "Big Apple" craze has hit Hollywood. This, as you probably know, is the latest dance . . . or was, at this writing. Dignified stars of the screen may be seen doing it everywhere, and no less a personage than Marlene Dietrich performed for the guests at Dolores Del Rio’s party. On the night that Ozzie Nelson—Harriet Hilliard’s hubby—opened with his orchestra at the Victor Hugo in Beverly Hills, half the colony participated. Try it yourself sometime.

A new set of twins is responsible for one of the amusing stories of the month. Aged five, and blonde, they’re appearing in The Joy of Loving, and their names are Dorothy and Estelle Steiner.

The first scene one morning required that they be shown in bed. Everything was just dandy, until it was time to bundle the twins into bed. Then . . . it was no go. They hadn’t been naughty, they declared in no uncertain terms, and they didn’t want to go to bed. Why, they had just got up only a little while before. They couldn’t see or understand why they should have to go to bed, and resisted the idea both strenuously and vocally.

Not until Tay Garnett, the director, and half the cast and crew on the picture spent more than an hour trying to convince them that it was just another part of the game, their going to bed, would they consent to the sudden change in the order of their day. Then, they were so intrigued with the idea that more valuable time had to be consumed in talking them into getting up.
HOLLYWOODOINGS:

Blonde Kitty Kelly has started a new fad in Hollywood, extremely long finger nails polished on both sides... Constance Bennett is so expert a Russian Bank player that she's taking on all comers on the Hol Bech lot... at parties, too... when Maureen O'Sullivan returned to Hollywood from Europe, she brought back the lace bedspread that had been on her bed when she was born... it's been in the family for generations... nine men were knocked cold during a fight sequence in Gene Autry's The Old Days Dance... even the star was socked square on the nose... that eccentric comedienne of olden days, Gale Henry, is wed to Henry East, whose dogs you see so often on the screen... Mr. and Mrs. Asta, of Thin Man fame, belong to him... are Alan Curtis and Friscilla Lawson married?... odds are they are... at a large party, some would-be wit commented loudly that he was so glad Ann Sothern and Gene Raymond were in the same picture... then he could miss 'em both at the same time... Frances Drake wears a replica of the Russian Czarina's crown in a scene for The Lone Wolf... it's valued at $25,000... whenever Barbara Stanwyck goes shopping, she generally wears dark glasses and a black wig... one of the penalties of stardom, she's mobbed whenever she enters a store... Charles Starrett dons moleskins in College Follies of 1938 for the first time since he played football at Dartmouth... something of a promoter is Judy Garland... she sold her studio on the idea of using her pet cocker spaniel in a picture... and Robert Montgomery was almost as surprised when James Hilton, author of Goodbye, Mr. Chips, presented

[Continued on page 58]
JOIN OUR "MOVIELAND TOUR"

Two of the most exciting weeks in a lifetime are being planned for vacationers who come to visit Hollywood this year.

Holiday time is drawing near, and once more Fawcett Publications makes it possible for you to make every minute of your vacation count. Because of the enthusiastic response to last year's Movieland Tours, three will be given this year, instead of two, so decide on your tour, and send in your application right away because already places are going quickly to those who spent exciting days in Hollywood last year.

Tours start from Chicago on July 3, July 24 and August 14. On the way to Hollywood, you will see the evergreen forests, the rugged mountains and the great rivers of the Pacific Northwest. After crossing The Great Divide, and winding through the towering Rockies, you reach the immense natural harbor of Puget Sound where you leave the train for a cruise in the blue waters which lie close to the base of Mount Rainier, "America's Noblest Peak."

By train you continue South, through the green grandeur of Oregon, and northern California to the sunny days and cool nights of Hollywood. The first tour arrives in Los Angeles on July 10, the second one on July 31, the third on August 21. A famous movie star will meet each group at the station and accompany it to the comfortable hotel which will be headquarters throughout the visit.

A brilliant series of entertainments has been planned for your stay in the cinema capital. Among the outstanding events will be luncheon at Clara Bow's famous "It" cafe, a motor tour of Beverly Hills, Hollywood and the beaches to see homes of stars, a performance at Grauman's Chinese theatre, most famous show-house in the Southland; a tour of Max Factor's Make-up Studios, tickets for one of the big radio broadcasts; and a dinner dance at the Wilshire Bowl with stars as honor guests.

On each tour, a famous star will be host to the Movieland Tourists at a cocktail party in his home. Warren William entertains the first group, Harold Lloyd the second, and Bob Burns the third.

Before leaving for home, sight-seers will have opportunity to visit Catalina...
Island, Lake Arrowhead, San Diego and the resort beaches, if they wish.

But the event which is of unique interest is the tour through one of the major studios, with opportunity to see where the stars work and how films are made. This is a rare treat which many life-time residents of Hollywood never have known.

Special sight-seeing features, arranged for the return trip, include a tour of Salt Lake City with a special organ recital, a stop at Royal Gorge, Colorado Springs, an auto tour through the Garden of the Gods, and dinner on top of Cheyenne Mountain.

This is an opportunity to spend two of the most fascinating and instructive weeks of a lifetime.

If you have special preference for any one tour, you will be wise to make your reservation now. Further details will be printed in the April issue of HOLLYWOOD Magazine, but, in the meantime, write to Movieland Tours, 360 North Michigan Boulevard, Chicago, Ill., for a booklet containing complete details of the tours and for information concerning the surprisingly low cost.

USE THIS COUPON

Fawcett's Movieland Tours, 360 North Michigan Boulevard, Chicago, Ill.

Without obligation on my part, send me your complete, illustrated booklet describing the Movieland Tours.

Please enter my reservation for ____________________________________________ persons to insure a place for us on Tour No. _________________.

(please specify whether you prefer Tour No. 1, leaving Chicago July 3; Tour No. 2, leaving Chicago July 24, or Tour No. 3, leaving Chicago August 14.)

Name __________________________________________

Address __________________________________________


YOU'LL miss a lot in life if you stay in the rut of old habits and never risk a FRESH start. Take your cigarette, for instance. If your present brand is often dry or soggy, don't stay "spliced" to that stale number just because you're used to it.

Make a fresh start by swinging over to FRESH, Double-Mellow Old Golds... the cigarette that's tops in tobacco quality... brought to you in the pink of smoking condition by Old Gold's weather-tight, double Cellophane package.

That extra jacket of Cellophane brings you Old Gold's prize crop tobaccos with all their rich, full flavor intact. Those two gate crashers, dampness and dryness, can never muscle in on that double-sealed, climate-proof O.G. package.

It's never too late for better smoking! Make a FRESH start with those always FRESH Double-Mellow Old Golds.

TUNE IN on Old Gold's Hollywood Screencoops, every Friday and Thursday night, Columbia Network, Coast-to-Coast.
WOMEN

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FASHION FROCKS, INC.
Dept. CC-225, Cincinnati, Ohio

TWO TIN PAN ALLIES OF SONG

It usually takes two to make a popular song, and here is a short history of one successful team

By E. J. SMITHSON

That there is plenty of doremi to be made in providing the do, re, mi, fa, sol, la musical backgrounds to "dove" when it rhymes with "love," "above," and "of;" or to "June" when it rhymes with "croon," "moon," and "soon," is attested by the records of Lew Pollack and Sidney Mitchell, two Tin Pan allies of song who have produced more song hits out at 20th Century-Fox than even a Stokowski can shake a baton at.

A little music, Professor, while we arrange a few facts about these famous songsmiths.

Lew Pollack, who creates the music, is a composer of more than a thousand songs—gay, haunting, melodious tunes that have been sung for years by stars of the stage and screen. He has never taken a music lesson in his life—which proves again that you don't have to lay an egg to make a good omelette.

A dark-haired modest, quiet chap, with his foot always on the soft pedal when the talk turns upon himself and his achievements, Pollack admits that even when he was a small boy running up and down the sidewalks of New York he dreamed of writing music although then he couldn't tell the difference between an arpeggio and a pianissimo, a sharp and a flat.

"My first job," he says, "was dusting off the desks in an insurance office for four hours a week. When I didn't have anything else to do, I played tunes on the time clock, and that played on the manager's nerves. He threatened to fire me—and did—after a few weeks later when the cashier of an "honor system" eating place complained to him that I had gobbled up eighty cents worth of lunch for which I had only paid fifteen."

That was a heck of a note—and not musical, either, but it had its compensation leading as it did a few days later to a job at Kid McCoy's famous cafe at the corner of Fortieth and Broadway.

"It was here," confesses Lew, "that I managed to master the "slap-stick bass" or, as it was called in polite musical circles, "the wandering left hand."

The cafe job didn't last long, however, for Lew got into an argument with a lady who wanted to warble "Only A Girl In A Gilded Cage." She said she could sing it only in B flat, Lew said he could play it only in the key of C and the manager said: "You're fired! I don't wanna guy around this joint who don't know how to transpose!"

"Getting the grand bounce was good for me," Lew says, "because I immediately started in to learn how to transpose music."

By the time the "slap-stick" bass slapper was fifteen he not only could play the piano but he could play any instrument in the ensemble. New Yorkers began to clamor for a sight of the youngster who composed them, and he began a series of personal appearances at New York night spots. After graduating from the DeWitt Clinton High School he was traveling over the major vaudeville circuits and doing very well for himself.

"Success in full measure came," says Lew, "when I was hooked in the famous Palace Theatre of New York, which was..."
the top toward which every vaudeville artist struggled and prayed as he climbed. One of my engagements there lasted seven weeks, one of the longest runs in the history of this theatre.

During this period of development he was writing many songs the lyrics to which were provided by a young ex-surfer and newspaper man by the name of Sidney Mitchell who was keeping himself busy and the wolf from the door by staging shows at the Tokio, a nightspot featuring, among other entertainers, the snake-hipped Gilda Gray then at the height of her fame as a torso-twister. "I acted on a hunch when I decided to head Hollywoodward. The future here seemed more promising than on the New York musical stage—that is, if Hollywood wanted me."

Hollywood did, most emphatically, and with the number "Charmaine" from What Price Glory, Pollack made his debut into the movie world. Then followed such unforgettable songs as "Two Cigarettes in the Dark," "I'm Facing the Music," "Some Sweet Day," "Miss Annabelle Lee," and a score of others which became world favorites.

A lot of musical notes had flowed under the musical bridge by this time. The Pollack–Mitchell combination, formed and flowered before either had much more than a hint of fuzz on their cheeks, had been dissolved. And, strange as it may seem, since both had solidly identified themselves with the show business, it was fully eighteen years before their paths crossed; before they ever saw each other again.

"I came out to Hollywood in 1928," reveals Mitchell, "to do the Fox Movietone Follies, the first musical, by the way, this studio had ever attempted. With that job out of the way there came a terrible bear movement in this type of picture and Mitchell Senior's boy, Sidney, getting more hysterical and less lyrical as the gloomy days went by, found himself trying to rhyme 'fish' with 'dish,' 'bake' with 'cake,' and 'veal' with 'meal' instead of 'June' with 'croon,' 'love' with 'dove,' and 'kiss' with 'miss.' I drew the line on being a surveyor, and I ran a blue pencil through any idea of working a newspaper beat despite my repertorial training on the Baltimore Sun, so I went into the clothing business. When Lew came out and discovered what I was doing he almost had a fit! Now we're together again—say, that's not a bad title for a song. Hey, Lew—"

They've been together ever since they collaborated on "The Codfish Ball" for Shirley Temple in Captain January, the songs in Pixie Parade, One In a Million, and Thin Ice, just to list a few, and will no doubt be together for a long time to come. At any rate you can bet your last musical case-note that they won't be separated for another eighteen-year stretch.

We asked Lew what he thought about "swing" music and he muttered some-

thing about "I was waiting for that" and pulled a check out of his pocket. It was made out for $400 and came from a sheet music publishing house.

"That's a royalty check," explained Lew, "for That's A-Plenty," an instrumental number I wrote twenty-four years ago. I must have been a little ahead of my time for the swing bands are playing it now as one of their favorites. I've been getting royalty checks on it all these years, but they're getting bigger and better. Why shouldn't I like swing music?"

And that's a-plenty for that.

According to Mitchell, "Charmaine," "Dianne," and "Two Cigarettes in the Dark" are the best three songs his partner ever wrote.

According to Pollack, the lyrics in "Twilight on the Trail," "All My Life," and "You Turned the Tables on Me" are the best his partner ever wrote.

Golf, handball and swimming comprise the sports that this song-team enjoys. For real recreation, however, they take a busman's holiday twice a week to attend the motion picture theatres in order to keep up with the musical trends in the movie song world. When they're not doing this they're reading their fan mail which, according to no less an authority than 20th Century-Fox itself, amounts monthly to more than what the top stars receive.

For the past two months they haven't found time for outside interests what with preparing words and music for songs in half a dozen pictures, supervising the recording of songs already completed, and reading scripts to see where they can spot songs in future pictures.

As a sample of how far ahead they have to work, here's the Mitchell lyrics for a special song that will be sung by Joan Davis in a picture tentatively titled Moonshine Over Kentucky which will be released some months from now.

OH, WHAT A MAN!

Verse
I've got a date with my beau; The sweetest fellow I know Is meeting me tonight I hope I look all right.

1st Chorus
I'm so in love I don't know what I'm doing; I never have a dream I don't see you in, You've got me hypnotized Look at those eyes—oh, what a man! I'm all a-flutter when his kisses smack me; He's got a kisser that just drives me wacky.

His lips are soft as "mossh" Look at that pout—oh, what a man! That head—that chest—oh, what a physique; You're everything I seek;

One look at you and I get weak My heart is like a pot of tea that's brewin' The love bug isn't bitin' me—it's chewin' At last I've found romance.

Look at that stance—oh, what a man!

2nd Chorus
He rides a bronco no one else can straddle; He doesn't even have to use a saddle My man can make him pace;

Look at that grace—oh, what a man! He won the hurdles in the coliseum He'll show his trophies if you want to see 'em.

His medals are his pride. Look at that stride—oh, what a man! Those feet—those legs—those dimples—knees.

I can love him with the greatest of ease; He's my man without the flying trapeze. He always looks so debonair and dashing He dresses in the very height of fashion He always looks so cute.

Look at that suit—oh, oh, oh, what a man!

Director: Stanley Logan looks a little apprehensive as he rehearses Priscilla Lane and Wayne Morris in the big battle scene for Everybody Was Very Nice, now in production at Warners. Perhaps he has heard the stories of what happens to the innocent bystander.
Happy Tidings

A SONJA RADIANT BEYOND IMAGINING...RE-UNITED IN ROMANCE WITH HER "ONE IN A MILLION" SWEET-HEART...IN A MUSICAL OF SUPERLATIVE SPLENDOR!

SONJA HENIE

A show aglow with joy-laden wonder...wringing from gay Norseland festivals to New York's wintertime spectacles! And Sonja breathlessly in love...breath-taking on the ice...the radiant queen of a world of dreams come true!

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HAPPY LANDING

with

JEAN HERSHOLT
ETHEL MERMAN
CESAR ROMERO
BILLY GILBERT
RAYMOND SCOTT QUINTET
WALLY VERNON • LEAH RAY

Directed by Ray Del Ruth
Associate Producer David Hempstead
Original Screen Play by Milton Sperling and Boris Ingster

SONGS! SONGS! SONGS!
"Hot and Happy", "A Gypsy Told Me"
"You Are The Music To The Words In My Heart!", "Yonny And His Oompah" by Sam Pokrass and Jack Yellen

It comes to you, of course, from DARRYL F. ZANUCK and his 20th Century-Fox hit creators!

Accept No Substitutes! Always Insist on the Advertised Brand!
WHAT DO YOU MEAN—WONDERFUL TIME

By JAMES REID

Ginger Rogers loves to act and enjoys dancing. She is fond of Hollywood and its people. She has a lovely home and beautiful clothes. Just the same she asks the question above with fervor.

■ The life of a glamour girl? It’s a synonym for “the life of Riley!” It’s silks all day, satins at night, and soft living all the time. She cuddles in the lap of luxury, costly sheltered from hunger and cold forever.

She may have to work, even as you and I—but only once in a while, and then under ideal conditions. And her work is like play. All she ever has to do, really, is to look beautiful, show a little personality, and say a few lines with appropriate gestures. And there are always hundreds of people around to help her do all that. It must be a lot of fun, being a glamour girl.

That’s what you think. And then you bump into a girl like Ginger Rogers, looking more glamorous than ever, and are tempted to ask her about it. And she tells you, confidentially, “I wouldn’t know about that.” She smiles when she says it. (Ginger would.) That makes you wonder if she’s being too, too modest, or kidding you, or something. You ask her what she means by such a remark.

“Nothing at all,” she says. “I just happen to be making a picture entitled Having Wonderful Time.”

Thereby, it seems, hangs a story. An unorthodox, unexpected story about what a movie star, feminine gender, sometimes has to do.

■ Don’t let the picture’s title fool you. The picture isn’t romantic drama about the glamorous exploits of a glamour girl. It’s hilarious comedy with a love story interwoven. About a summer camp in the Berkshires, where no villains, but a script-full of misadventures, pursue our heroine.

“She is,” says Ginger, “a stenographer who lives in the Bronx, New York. She goes to work on the subway and is eternally being pushed around in the crowds and clatter. She lives in a crowded flat, with a family that’s constantly bickering. She aches for peace and quiet. A girl-friend of hers is at this summer camp—Camp Kare-Free. She gets a post card from the girl-friend: ‘Having wonderful time.’ She decides to go there for her vacation. There, in the woods, she can have peace and quiet. Little does she know!”

■ Ginger asks if you collect Life’s Little Ironies as they concern movie stars. She has one for you.

“The same things that happen to Bronx stenographers can also happen to movie actresses. The same identical situation happened to me—and not so long ago, either.

“I was driving to San Francisco, over a week-end. I had just finished a picture, and I wanted to get away somewhere, anywhere. I picked out San Francisco. I never should have started, as tired as I was, but I did. About the middle of the afternoon, I pulled into a little hamlet a hundred miles or so this side of San Francisco. I felt as if I couldn’t budge an inch farther. I was going to have to stop somewhere, and get some rest.

“I asked if there was a good hotel anywhere near there. The natives looked at me in pity for my ignorance. They told me about a place ‘just t’other side of those hills.’ I asked how to get there. It seemed there were two possible ways to go. If I went around on the paved road, it would be thirty miles. If I went over the hills, I’d have dirt road, but it would be only eighteen miles. So I decided to take the short-cut.

“Well, I started out. I climbed and climbed. The road kept getting narrower and narrower. Finally it was a single-lane. I wish you could have seen those hills. They were mountains, not hills. And this narrow road twisted all over them, around blind curves, right on the brink of precipices. And here I was, with no place to turn around, forced to go on. Hanging onto the wheel for dear life, afraid of falling asleep.

“After hours and hours—or at least one hour later—I finally arrived. The place didn’t look so bad. Very peaceful, in fact. I had visions of staying out the week-end there, never going on to San Francisco. But this was Memorial Day week-end, and the place was packed. They didn’t have another room. Finally, as a great concession, they said they could fix up a place for me to stay. They led me to it. It was about the size of a respectable clothes-closet. It had a bed and a chair in it, and not another thing. I didn’t see anything but... (Continued on page 62)
History of a Runaway

Poor Stuart Ervin. After working hard all day in *I'll Take Romance*, the new Grace Moore picture, he has never a quiet moment at home... not with nine prize puppies.

Aha! It's Stormy Weather, out for adventure and maybe a little fun with the Cochín chickens.

Stormy Weather is fast, but not enough to escape the agile Stu, who always gets his dog.

The stern disciplinarian gets into action.

And Stormy finds himself in the dog house.

Oh, woe! Oh, misery! Crime doesn't pay!
THE KID COMES BACK

Speeding to stardom faster than any other screen hero in years! Here's the daring, dashing new thrill in boy friends, with the devil in his eyes, a wallop in his mitt and heaven in his arms! Winning millions of hearts in every role he plays! See him now—more exciting than ever—in the tingling romance of a fightin' fool who knew how to love!

Shooting another love punch straight to your heart in "The Kid Comes Back"!

with WAYNE MORRIS
A WARNER BROS. PICTURE

When Answering Advertisements Please Mention March HOLLYWOOD
It was one of those exuberant days on which California weather-fame rests! The sun was bright, with brightness. Not a single fog wisp, or a suggestion of a wind, disturbed the perfect harmony.

The Hollywood Chamber of Commerce, individually and in toto, was making the usual casual remark—"Our days are always perfect here. Bad weather is most unusual!"

But a lady world-famed for her loneliness was considering the day, and the particular hour, slightly morose. In fact, a complete wash-out! For her peace was being disturbed by her next-door neighbor. Not in unseemly fashion, to be sure. The sounds were such that a great many thousands had paid a great many thousands to hear.

Mr. Allan Jones, of opera, concert, stage and screen fame was practicing! The notes soared and vibrated. Tum-tum-tum! A-a-a-ah! Scales. One phrase over and over again. For Allan is primarily a perfectionist.

Miss Greta Garbo, the lady next door, let a tiny worry-wrinkle mar the renowned placid brow. First she closed one shutter of her house, then another. Not that she isn't musical! But practice-noises, are something else again.

There was silence for a brief time. The shutters were sturdy. Then a din broke out—penetrating brick and mortar and wood. Such a din of delighted horsey neighings and welcomings that Garbo must have thought with regret of her unfulfilled threat "I tank I go home."

Only she didn't have another place to go. She lived there. This was her home—right next door to a guy whose horses went completely mad with joy when their master came out to curry them and water them.

Sometimes of evenings it was even worse. It sounded like a national convention—what with strange nickerings and he-hawings going on when Allan went to bed his mounts down for the night.

Garbo wished that Allan's horses weren't quite so devoted to their master. How could a lady contemplate in peace her great loneliness when the very heavens reverberated to high A's? And equine conversations? And oh yes, cocker-spaniel squawks. The doggy, a long-eared, sad-eyed morsel belonged to Allan's little daughter, and under the general influence, he too raised his voice in so-called song.

Now Allan is probably one of the most considerate mortals in Hollywood. He is conscientious about all the little niceties. How to be neighborly, for example. In the town in which he had his beginnings, being a good neighbor was a virtue next to godliness. He had learned that precept at his mother's knee. In kindergarten the teacher discussed the virtue of being a good neighbor.

Allan's credo sharply divided people into two classes: the kind that would be good neighbors—and the rest. Inevitably the time came when he began to notice those drawn shutters. What's more, he realized with a shock, that the minute he opened his mouth, those shutters came to. It wouldn't have been so bad if they were closed before the practice hour—but to have them invariably close, right in his mouth, so to speak, became an increasing worry. Was he a bad neighbor—the wrong kind of person?

Who, he wondered privately, could be occupying that house next door? Irene Hervey, his wife, was completely in the dark. "For all the sight we have of them," she commented, "it might just as well be Garbo."

Allan practiced, and the horses neighed each evening as was their wont. He was working in The Firefly, and now his practice hours were long and arduous. Hour after hour he worked on musical interludes which required whole-hearted ardor. The shutters of the house next door remained closed.

There came the fateful day when the mysterious neighbor was identified. "My tired shoes," cried Allan. "It couldn't be, but it is, it is Garbo!"

Who could mistake that sculptured brow, those tragic, deep-sunken eyes, that fluid mouth? Garbo, by all the sacred cows, it was. The lady who walked alone. Who yearned for solitude gawingly—if two hundred writers and thirty million words were to be believed.

And here, Allan thought in shame and dejection, I've been going on practicing pieces without concern for a lady's tender soul!

What was more—and Mr. Jones had momentarily forgotten that angle—he, and he alone had been encouraging his horses to take their vocal daily dozen. He—the man who had such high ideals about neighborliness.

The Jones family went house-hunting. What other choice had they? Allan couldn't go on day in and day out, cracking his fondest precept. And one thing was sure—singing was on his program, come what, come weel!

Allan and Irene had vaguely considered the advisability of buying a house with plenty of room for stables, and maybe a swimming pool. Now they acted with amazing speed.

They found the house—modest, pleasant, precisely what these two young-marrieds wanted.

The horses neighed. The cocker-spaniel romped. And Mr. Jones practiced to his heart's content. All the windows in the neighborhood were promptly opened when Allan's mellifluous voice started reverberating to the

[Continued on page 60]
By any wild stretch of the imagination could it be possible that Allan Jones thought his voice, which thousands of people pay handsomely to hear, made him an undesirable neighbor?
Rage. The unbridled fury of a man who has missed a street car by inches

Terror. That involuntary convulsion of the features following a major shock

Passion. For this you take off the hat gallantly and extend the cigar at least two inches from the mouth

Joy. A useful expression for those unexpected callers who arrive just in time for that dinner on the maid’s night out

Defiance. Should be attempted by advance students only since it involves the use of the eyebrows

Gratification. Employed here by Sparks to express pleasure at being hung with some hand-painted flowers

HOW TO ACT WITHOUT MOVING A MUSCLE

Emotional Ned Sparks took time off from his part in the new Bobby Breen picture, Hawaii Calls, to give aspiring actors some hints on how to be a successful actor and still save wear and tear
Open Season On Stars

With fountain pen and pencil, with shears and even with trucks the rabid hunt for souvenirs of the stars goes on, and here are the 1938 by-laws of the chase by one who has made a careful study of the sport.

By EDWARD CHURCHILL

Illustration by McGowan Miller

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Most of America's wild life has a closed season. You have, let us say, from October first until November fifteenth to wreak damage, and then you have to stop. The only fauna unprotected during the entire twelve months is the motion picture player. He or she can be found roaming in his or her native habitat, Hollywood, at any time. You just fire away when you see the whites of the eyes. You don't even have to wait until half an hour after sunrise.

We have the weight of numbers, we fans. We have the advantage of being customers who must be pleased, whether we're Hollywood natives or hunters from out of town. And the out-of-town group doesn't even need a non-resident license.

In recent months we've been given an added boon by the men with the maps. You have to stalk most game. But not the stars. The men with the maps will sell you one for fifty cents, and in ten minutes you can end up in anybody's backyard. Once upon a time the stars had privacy, at least at home.

But no more.

I think we ought to see what we can get away with. Let's go into a little huddle.

A wide-open approach is the "I'm from the old home town" angle. For instance, there's Bob Cobb, owner of the famous Brown Derby restaurants, husband of glamorous Gail Patrick, native of Birmingham, Alabama. Assume your best southern accent, march in, demand Mr. Cobb and announce:

"Mistuh Cob, I'm an old school chum of Margaret's. (Tip: That's her right name.) Ah just thought Ah'd pass th' time of day, sul." Now, Bob Cobb doesn't know whether you're really a friend of Gail's, and Gail may be working. So, when you've finished eating, just leave the check. You think it won't work, or you think you haven't the nerve? I don't blame you. But this happens several times each month. Of course, Bob just laughs about it. All he has on his hands is three restaurants, the regular customers who write on the table cloths, and the rising food prices.

Or you might drop in on an old pal. That is, you don't know him, but you do know somebody who knew him in high school. Just ring the doorbell, move in, insist that you're acquainted. The other day an entire family representing themselves as from Milwaukee, Pat O'Brien's home town, had a merry time from breakfast until midnight, in the O'Brien home.

Then there's the souvenir angle. This is comparatively easy. Perhaps you'd like a mail box, part of a gate, a door handle, or some other little trinket. You'll have no trouble at all. Helen Broderick, the comedienne, moved out into the San Fernando Valley and made the mistake of putting her name on her mail box. Someone took her front gate. Someone else collected her mail box. Helen began to worry about the roof, finally moved back to a Hollywood apartment.

[Continued on page 52]
Dr. Crosby Takes a Bow

Bing was not a shining light in school, but he has the right to put Ph. D. after his name and to insist upon being called "Doctor" if he likes

By CHARLES DARNTON

Neither is he wrapped in stately robes of learning nor solemnized in scholastic frock coat and plug hat. Indeed, he swings freely into view sporting a gray sack suit, a blue shirt unbuttoned at the collar, and a rakish cap cocked jauntily over one ear—possibly his ear for music.

This is oddly fitting, since Dr. Harry Lillis Crosby, accompanied by the degree of doctor of philosophy conferred upon him by Gonzaga University, is taking the air in Central Park, or rather a Hollywood replica of that portion of it allocated to the resounding zoo.

Now Dr. Crosby pauses and leans contemplatively over the rail of a huge tank wherein a trained seal is diving for small pieces of fish and a necessarily large piece of Andy Devine. The good doctor's grave air, as well it may be, is that of a man who presently is to go and take a jump in the lake.

For the occasion, be it known, is dedicated to a scene in Dr. Rhythm. The moment is devoted to the water cure of a lamentable hang-over suffered, or stimulated, by the rashly immersed Mr. Devine.

As he weighs the consequences, roughly estimated at three hundred pounds, Dr. Crosby shakes his head deploringly, then turns briskly to pace the cage-walk, monkeys chattering, lions roaring into his sensitive ears.

Noting his abrupt action, you put it down to the Bing in him, lightly balanced nerves quickening the restiveness of genius. Your problem is to get him to hold still long enough to be interviewed. You despair at the prospect, all the more as his glinting steel-blue eyes sight you from afar and something in them plainly says, "So that's the guy who's come to give me the works."

But, after further deliberation and long-distance scrutiny, the resigned phi-
Bing couldn’t miss accepting the honor paid him by his university. So he took his whole radio troupe to Spokane with him.

Mayor Frank Sutherlin handed over the key to the city, made Bing Mayor for the day, and let Bob Burns be Chief-of-Police.

I Irish? Yes. And this tells more than half of the story as you hear: "My mother’s name was Harrigan, and dad’s mother was Irish."

There’s where his wit comes from, you confidently assume.

He smiles the best way, with his eyes. "I question whether I have wit of any appreciable dimension. But there has always been music in the family. My father and mother and grandparents all sang and played, though not professionally. But when there was a local performance of The Mikado or another of the Gilbert and Sullivan operettas in Tacoma or Spokane my people were sure to be in it. And there was music in our home from morning to night."

His innate modesty is evidenced in the absence of anything about himself, and when you attempt to bring him back to the effect upon him of his lofty degree he says no more than: "I got a great boot out of it."

No doubt he now is getting the same "kick," but he casually side-steps this suggestion with: "It was so unexpected that I am still trying to get used to it. I can hardly believe it, and I’m sure this is the case with everybody who knows me." You are set to wondering how his neighbors have taken it.

"They have, individually and collectively, been most congratulatory," he is grateful to say, "There has not been much talk about it, but I should say the best minds of Toluculake are of the opinion that I’m just a lucky guy."

Caught in the suburban spirit, you ask how his newly-won high estate has affected his golf game.

"I am afraid," he grins, "that being weighted down with honors has made me a little ponderous on the course. Although I manage to swing the old club clear of mental profundities, my stance is a bit on the heavy side."

Like the true golfer, Hollywood’s crack player brings out his briar pipe and fills it. This is well, for smoking is prone to put him in the proper mood for setting forth his own philosophy, the philosophy of his great success.

"It has all been just luck," he insists. "This is the shameless truth. I never even thought of a career. Perhaps the only reason I hung around school till I was fifteen was that [Continued on page 69]
CLEOPATRA WASN'T PRETTY

But just look at what she did to history, points out Madeleine Carroll, who believes that beauty is a mixed blessing at best

By JESSIE HENDERSON

“'Cleopatra wasn't pretty—but look what happened! By which I mean," murmured Madeleine Carroll, perhaps the most beauteous beauty on the screen today, "not only that beauty isn't everything; it isn't anything!"

"In an age when a woman simply had to be either blonde or brunette, Cleopatra was a redhead with, they say, a big nose. So?" Miss Carroll dabbed fresh powder on her own nose, a small, straight one. "So she wrecked a couple of empires and a couple of emperors and goes down in history as the world's greatest siren."

"Know why? One reason. She had charm. Don't ask me what's that, because I don't know and neither did Cleopatra. All I know is you've got to have it to get anywhere in this world. My mother told me."

Just at the moment anyone but Madeleine Carroll would have looked anything but beautiful. Under concentrated hot lights in the studio portrait gallery she was having her picture taken. A photographic portrait "sitting" is always a pesky ordeal, and with the temperature around 100 directly beneath the lights it was peskier than usual. Yet Miss Carroll posed with urns and flowers and smothery sables and never grew snappish nor lost that radiant smile, which you will see in Walter Wanger's The River Is Blue.

It was a bright experience, watching Madeleine pose. A French mother and an Irish father had endowed her with shining golden hair, vivacious deep blue eyes and a rose-petal skin—Helen of Troy couldn't have been lovelier. And betcha Helen of Troy didn't have a B. A. degree from Birmingham University in England, either.

Yes, the girl has brains as well as looks. At the age of twelve, tutored by her parents—her father was a professor of modern languages—Madeleine entered the University while other children the same age were still in the grammar grades. It was at college that she first became interested in dramatics.

Somehow, although she hung up a brilliant scholastic record—proving that yellow hair and gray matter are not necessarily antagonistic—a career as in-structress in a seminary for girls held less appeal than a career on the stage. Madeleine began to strive and starve in London theatrical circles till suddenly a movie producer gave her the leading role in The Guns of Loos, and she's played leading roles ever since. The latest were Princess Flavia in Selznick's The Prisoner of Zenda and the American heroine in Columbia's It's All Yours, with Francis Lederer as the foreigner-hero.

It was at the time Madeleine entered Birmingham University that her mother said what she did. About charm.

Now, Madeleine has charm. She wouldn't admit that fact if you put it right up to her, but she has charm of such a rare quality that you remember it more even than you remember her beauty, and this goes to prove what she was saying in regard to Cleopatra. Madeleine would admit, however, that she tried awfully hard to acquire charm because she considers it one of the most important things in life. Especially to a woman—though it certainly doesn't hurt a man to have a little, too.

"Mother talked seriously to me one day," Madeleine said, dabbing at her nose again between "stills"—"it surely was hot under those lights"—she said in the first place I had to give up being awkward. I was forever falling over things and knocking books off tables and dropping cups. Of course I was at the awkward age, but I imagine French children grow up gracefully, so no doubt mother wondered what kind of a strange creature she'd brought into existence. Fantastique, alor?"

If you've happened to notice, one of Madeleine's chief points on the screen is her grace of movement. She walks with rhythm, uses her hands unobtrusively. All this is a knack that had to be acquired.

"'Charm,' mother said to me," Madeleine went on, "'is probably all you have on which to make your way in the future. You do not have wealth nor great influence, but you or anybody else can have charm. And it's all you need. On charm you can carry out any campaign successfully."

"Naturally, mother supposed at the time that I would campaign to become a successful teacher," Madeleine explained, "and I don't know any career in which charm is more of an asset—though in what career isn't it, if it comes to that? And I very soon learned how easy it was to fall over rockers and to drop cups isn't all there is to charm as mother defined it. To her, you couldn't have charm without a fair amount of brains.

"And yet, brains weren't the whole of it. Do you know her prime requisite?" Madeleine's blue eyes were serious. "A pleasant expression! Yes, really. A pleasant expression, she said, was the first consideration in making a woman attractive."

Glorious in floating tulle, faintly green, with a head of that sparkling brown hair which is a delight to comb across the bodice where it met the luscious curve of a bare shoulder, Madeleine looked very pleasant indeed as she spoke. You can acquire the habit of looking pleasant. She said, so why scowl? Not, understand, that there's anything artificial about Madeleine; she's one of the most natural beauties in pictures—practically no make-up, absolutely no fits of temperament. Hers is a disposition naturally pleasant. With a profile like that, whose wouldn't be?

She's pleasant, but not wishy-washy. Another point to remember about charm.

"'Be yourself,' mother used to say as if it were a motto, 'but be yourself at your best.' And when you look at the subject frankly, who are the people that to you seem charming? Why, the people that show an interest in you! They're the people with a good taste. At your best then, you train yourself to be interested well, at least to appear interested—in other people.

"Not that it's always easy. I used to practice. Make myself drink in the words of certain people I didn't find entertaining—well, you know what discovered? They weren't so dull as I'd supposed. The real trouble was that I'd been wrapped up in myself. You can't be self-centered if you want to have charm, and I'm sorry if that sounds like Pollyanna because, anyway, it's a fact."

Oh, there were secondary things, she admitted, such as ordinary courtesy, giving company the best chair, not talking too much nor loudly monopolizing the conversation. But the first principle was just to be considerate of other folks.

"'H'm. Like Cleopatra,' I suggested. "Like Cleopatra," Madeleine retorted firmly, "I know she hadn't a reputation for unselfishness but you've got to believe she went out of her way to be considerate of people with whom she wanted to make a hit! Why, she took Marc Antony fishing for crocodiles, and got up lavish banquets for him, and played jokes on him when he was blue . . . that little Egyptian had consideration down to a fine art. All shrendy, I suppose. Cleopatra possessed as much charm as any woman could have: brains. also. Quick wit gave her that 'infinite variety.'"

It is diversity, Madeleine added, which stands as first aid to this charm business. She herself, still swift to disclaim that she's charming, has a healthy aversion toward boredom. Determined to avoid it, she takes ballet dancing, studies music, reads all the good books she can lay hands upon. This variety of pursuits acts two ways; keeps her from being bored and gives her so many interests that she doesn't bore other people. No one-track mind for Madeleine!

She confessed, further, that long ago she drew up in her mind a set of rules about charm and its developments.

"One of them, [Continued on page 45]"
Haven't we seen you somewhere before?

Come on, you detectives, get out the magnifying glasses and see how good you are. Every picture on this page is of a well-known picture player. True, the make-up is rather thick in some cases, but if you are any kind of a Sherlock at all, you should be able to guess identities of at least ten. Answers are on page 57.
8. Noted for brilliant character parts
9. Quite at home on those Arab mounts
10. Usually seen in comedy roles

11. Usually called "gloriously beautiful"

12. He plays saints as well as sinners

13. Most romantic of a distinguished stage and screen family
Skippy Grows Up

Many child stars grow out of their careers when they grow up, but not our young Mr. Jackie Cooper

By EDGAR SOUTHPAUGH

Jackie Cooper was whanging the daylights out of a set of trap drums when we visited him in the basement of his Beverly Hills home the other day.

Swing music, issuing from an enormous radio nearby, was filling the air, and Jackie was pounding away at the traps, the bass drum, and the fifteen other musical gadgets that surrounded him. He saw us coming down the stairs, looked up long enough to yell "Hi, there!", and went back to his drumming. We yelled back a loud "Hi, there!", found a comfortable chair, and waited until the performance was over.

And it was a three-star, three-bell performance, too, if you care to ask us. Critics, with ears attuned to the finer musical nuances and shadings, might possibly object to it on the ground that it was a trifle noisy and they might be correct, but we still insist it was a three-star, three-bell performance.

"My two dogs ran away again, I had a flat tire, and I didn't do so well in my studies this week," Jackie informed us when the last reverberation had died down, "and I was doing this to relax, sort of."

It developed that Jackie had been whanging away at the drums for a good many years and, although he can't read one drum note from another, he has acquired the master's touch. He is pretty proud of the fact that he has played in every name band that has visited Los Angeles. That is, with the exception of Benny Goodman's orches- [Continued on page 46]
Hollywood's Star Styles

Deanna Durbin's next Universal film is Mad About Music, but all little girls of fifteen or there-about should be mad about the clothes she wears in that picture. Above is a brown wool dress made striking with yellow saddle-stitching and accessories. Right, the perfect bicycle dress has a wide split skirt that hangs straight, and a kerchief that ties around the throat and waist, completely covering the back.

Above, a charming afternoon costume is the hand-made crepe dress in a dusty rose shade. The suede belt is rust-colored and fastens with a big buckle in back.

MARCH, 1938
Jezebel is the story of a fatally fascinating belle of the deep south during Civil War days, and Bette Davis’ slim blonde beauty is shown to great advantage in the tight bodices and billowing skirts of the period. Her gowns have particular interest this year because of the returning attention to off-the-shoulder necklines and skirts with yards and yards of material. Above, left, is a combination of taffeta and net which should give you some ideas for that new dinner dress. Directly above, the soft banding of velvet is a perfect trimming for the rich design of brocade. Left, heavy starched lace makes the most graceful of little sleeves, and with such a gown you pin a double bow of lace above shoulder length curls.
In this New Cream
the Skin-Vitamin
the substance which helps
to make Skin Beautiful

What makes one woman's skin so smooth—vital looking? Another's dull and dry, even rough?

TODAY, we know of one important factor in skin beauty. We have learned that a certain vitamin aids in keeping skin beautiful. The important "skin-vitamin" about which we are learning more and more every day!

Aids skin more directly
Over four years ago, doctors found that this vitamin, when applied right on the skin, helps it more directly! In cases of wounds and burns, it actually healed skin quicker and better!

Pond’s found a way to put this "skin-vitamin" into Pond’s Cold Cream. They tested it—during more than three years! In animal tests, skin that had been rough and dry because of "skin-vitamin" deficiency in the diet became smooth and supple again when Pond’s Cold Cream containing "skin-vitamin" was applied daily. And this improvement took place in only 3 weeks!

Women report benefits
Today, women who are using Pond’s Cold Cream—the new Pond’s Cold Cream with "skin-vitamin" in it—say that it does make skin smoother; that it makes texture finer; that it gives a livelier, more glowing look!

Use this new cream just as before—for your nightly cleansing, for the morning freshening-up, and during the day before make-up. Leave some on overnight and whenever you have a chance. Pat it in especially where there are little rough places or where your skin seems dull, lifeless. In a few weeks, see if your skin is not smoother, brighter looking!

Same jars, same labels, same price
Now every jar of Pond’s Cold Cream you buy contains this new cream with "skin-vitamin" in it. You will find it in the same jars, with the same labels, at the same price.

(Above) Mrs. Goelet at an informal musical.
(Lower Left) In the Museum of Modern Art, looking at the famous "Bird in Flight."

Mrs. Goelet's home is in New York, where her appreciation of music and art is well known to her friends.

Mrs. Ogden Goelet
Blonde, petite, with a delicate fair skin. "Pond’s Cold Cream with the 'skin-vitamin' has done wonders for my skin. Now it's never rough or dry—seems to keep smoother and fresher looking always."

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While they last! With purchase of a regular 3/4-oz. jar of Pond’s Cold Cream, get for only 10c extra a large introductory bottle of DANYA, Pond’s new-type preparation for hands.
Story of a Touchdown

His part in *Rosalie* is no bed of roses for Nelson Eddy as proved by the fast action camera which caught him hard at work at his spring training.

That is what reaching for high notes can do!

Take that!

Ooomph! And that!

Ah! For the carefree life of ease and comfort enjoyed by a star. Here is Nelson Eddy resting the hard way.
How healthful Double Mint Gum makes you **Doubly Lovely**

To be lovely, charming, attractive to both men and women you must look well and dress well. Now Double Mint helps you to do both. Helps make you doubly lovely.

**Look Well**

Discriminating women who choose becoming clothes, naturally chew Double Mint Gum... Every moment you enjoy this delicious gum you beautify your lips, mouth and teeth. Beauty specialists recommend this satisfying non-fattening confection. It gently exercises and firms your facial muscles in Nature's way... Millions of women chew Double Mint Gum daily as a smart, modern beauty aid as well as for the pleasure derived from its refreshing, double-lasting mint-flavor. Be lovely the Double Mint way. Buy several packages today.

**Dress Well**

Style, what you wear is important. Double Mint Gum asked one of the greatest designers in the world, Elizabeth Hawes, New York, to create for you the smart, becoming dress that you see on this page. It is easy to make. Double Mint has even had Simplicity Patterns put it into a pattern for you. It's the sort of dress that brings invitations along with the admiration of your friends. So that you may see how attractive it looks on, it is modeled for you by Hollywood's lovely star, Joan Bennett.

Thus you see how Double Mint Gum makes you doubly lovely. It gives you added charm, sweet breath, beautiful lips, mouth and teeth. It keeps your facial muscles in condition and enhances the loveliness of your face and smile. Enjoy it daily.

**Joan Bennett** — beautiful Hollywood star now appearing in "I Met My Love Again," a Walter Wanger production — modeling Double Mint dress... designed by **Elizabeth Hawes**

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When Answering Advertisements Please Mention March HOLLYWOOD
EGGS TAKE A LOT OF CRACKING

Sophie Tucker points out that situations and people have to be treated in much the same way as she handled the eggs in the theatrical boarding house long ago

By SERENA BRADFORD

"Eggs take a lot of cracking," said Sophie Tucker, who used to cook in a restaurant at New Haven, Conn., "and so do situations. I mean, the spots where life puts you. Cracking an egg takes plenty of technique. Cracking a situation takes more."

She sat at a table in the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer commissary, just finished with a scene in Thoroughbreds Don't Cry; a large, smartly dressed woman with a rather motherly smile and the tongue of a sophisticated poet-crusader. All the sympathy in the world but no nonsense; a woman who had fought every inch of the way to the peak of her profession but acquired no hardness of heart through the thirty years' battle. She learned in the restaurant kitchen that while eggs take a lot of cracking, they're worth it.

"You know how eggs re-act," she said, "a timid tap on the side of the pan, and you get a half-dented shell; no good to itself or humanity. The over-hand wallop smears it clear across the kitchen. Get nervous and grip your egg too tight—crisp!"

"And you have to know what you're handling. If it's an egg that's been cooked three minutes, you can snap off the top

This is the wide smile which Sophie Tucker turns on for the benefit of her many fans in her latest film, Thoroughbreds Don't Cry
with a knife, if you're quick enough, and scoop out the meat. But if it's hard-boiled, you may need to smash it more than once before you've got it under control.

"It was hard-boiled, sure enough, the situation I tried to crack one time in vaudeville. I paid $750 a week on that circuit, but I'd always wanted to be in a show with the top-liners and I argued and went back and argued again till they took me on. On trial, I mean," said Sophie, her wide eyes as good-humored as her deep voice, "so I quit my vaudeville job and went with them for nothing."

That was like her. Even when as a girl she worked in that kitchen, she decided the best was none too high to aim at; the best paid the biggest dividends in the end. She never stopped till the best was what she won.

"I had to make good in Milwaukee," she proceeded, forehead wrinkled at the recollection, "my first try-out was there. If I didn't make good in Milwaukee—Well, they took me on for three weeks. I stayed with them three years."

That's like her, too.

The theatrical career began when somebody in her father's theatrical boarding house at New Haven said she had a powerful voice—the times she served as waitress, she used to call the orders so the other cook could hear them 'way back in the kitchen—and she left home determined to snatch a theatrical singing job in New York. The first job she landed brought $15 a week.

"Of which I spent $5 home, and kept the rest for board, room, clothes and carfare. That $10 went a long way, though never quite far enough."

Kind of tough, eh? Those early struggles?

"Everything's tough," Sophie replied immediately, "that's why life is interesting."

Her own life reads like the most impossible melodrama. Tough going nearly all the way; nothing handed to her as a gift, she had to work for all she gained. Yet—though, while she cracked eggs and hung over the steaming stove in the New Haven kitchen, Sophie became the friend of kings.

All this was a long distance in the future, however, when a squirming red infant was born in a farm wagon that jolted hastily onward, somewhere outside Odessa in Russia, on route to the border. Sophie's father was escaping from Russia; if the authorities had caught him, he would have been compelled to enter the army, and he was a peace-loving man.

Even the name of the fugitive family was not its own—another element of the melodrama that seems persistently to hover over Sophie's life. An Italian, ill and friendless, had been given shelter in the Russian home of Sophie's father just before Sophie's birth. The man died, and in order to get out of Russia the family took the stranger's name: Abuza. As Abuza they are known in private life today.

At sixteen, then, Sophie was rising in New Haven, Conn., at four A. M. to
Rallying house she got the State the beginner, You girl.

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Mail Now—Remington Rand Inc., Dept. 315-S, 465 Washington St., Buffalo, N. Y. Please tell me how I can get a NEW Remington Noiseless Portable Typewriter plus a free typing course and carrying case, for only 10c a day. Also send me an illustrated catalog.

Name
City
State

Arrived in Hollywood, she found something very strange. She found herself in a house with a patio and a swimming pool and a niece. She found people drooping—and reluctant to go. She found the house behind the palm trees a rallying place for the notables of the screen.

One day she solved the riddle of this strangeness. "At last I've got a home!" said Sophie astonished. At last she wasn't living in a trunk, leaping from city to city, or keeping a flat just to sleep in. "It's the first time in my life that I've had a real home," she ponderingly, and liking it fine. In the entire span of her restless years since her birth in the jolting farm wagon, this was the first occasion on which she had settled down anywhere.

"The bitterest disappointment I've ever known," she said, looking thoughtfully about the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer eatery as though to stack it beside others less sumptuous which she had once frequented in the meagre era, "when I got on the bill at Tony Pastor's. To be a performer at Tony Pastor's was something in those days!"

I'd worked hard to get there. It wasn't so long since I'd been singing at the Old German Village on Broadway for my $15 per and the pennies the customers would throw. Then there'd been entertainments at clubs where I'd be one of the singers—'coon-shouter'—or perhaps this day away up in the Bronx, be on the farthest downtown again to get to my boardroom house.

But those thin times were bright and happy, just the same. People were helpful. There'd be a girl who lived up toward the Bronx and she'd say: 'Spend the night with me and you'll be here ready for tomorrow night's performance'—that is, when we had engagements for more than one night at clubs or small vaudeville or burlesque houses uptown. Or perhaps somebody would take three or four of us to supper, and we'd save the meal. Oh, people helped each other. Anyone that had good clothes would lend, and so on.

"Well, when I got on the bill at Tony Pastor's I felt that my troubles were practically over. I was finally launched on my career. Remember, I'd been singing in small places, from the Bowery and the Bowery, and in public parks from Erie, Pa., to Youngstown, Ohio, at $12.50 to $30 a week. And now here I was, a member of the Tony Pastor troupe—on the Bowery—at a smiling $5.

"It was crazy with joy when I shoved into the crowded dressing room and began to get ready. I could see my eyes, blazing with excitement, in the long mirror. Somebody had a copy of the theater program. After a while I got a look at it and ran down the list for my name. There it was! I'd finally made good! I'll tell you—Miss Sophie..."

The printer had bungled! It was all I could do to keep back my tears and go on the stage and sing. I'll never know such black, bleak disappointment again; never;"

cook food in her father's restaurant kitchen, sweep floors, set the tables, before she darted off to school where often she fell asleep across her desk. Quick always to snatch at a crumb of encouragement however, adverse the circumstances, Sophie was pleased when one of the Howard Brothers of vaudeville fame said: "Stop yelling in my ear!" as she clari
Snatches of her career come shining forth as you talk with Sophie. Not in their correct order, usually, but always illuminating, always pointing to the one great fact: that she was driven continually by her determination to reach the top.

It was four years after her start in the theatre that she changed her vocal methods. "Put the soft pedal on," she related, "no more shouting. I saw that subtler kinds of singing were more effective."

She went, with the times and their tunes, from "coon shouter" to syncopation interpreter, to "hot tunes," sophisticated songs and, finally, swing music. For years they called her "Jazz Baby" and "Hot Mama," but she said a surprising thing about sex, both in songs and in films.

"Sex isn't so important," she remarked, "sex doesn't sing. You want to hang on, in life, to the things that sing." She wasn't talking about music this time, either. "It's the heart interest that's important, in a verse or a plot—or a life. It's the heart interest that never grows threadbare..."

"Well, I've sung on the same program, at charity benefits, with Caruso and Lillian Russell," she said; "I introduced the first hobble-skirt—that was in St. Joseph, Missouri; and I introduced Gilda Gray—that was at Reisenweber's in New York. I introduced the first woman's trousera-suit to America—a Paul Poiret model, blue wool and gray caracul—that was at New York, in 1931.

"I've sung 'Weep No More, My Mummy' and 'I'm No One's Fool' for the King and Queen of England, and they seemed to like it, they didn't say different. And I've sung 'Happy Days Are Here Again' at a Paris theatre, in French, of all things. It's been," she added with that warm smile, "quite a life, come to think of it."

And quite a hard life, everything considered?

"And quite a hard one," Sophie conceded happily, "and I'd hate to have it otherwise."

Why should she want it otherwise, at that? For eggs, and situations, and some people, take a lot of cracking. And, listening to Sophie, you realize there are two kinds of folks in the world. Either you are an egg yourself and get cracked, or you're a Sophie Tucker and get there first.

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See how one of these ten thrilling, new face powder colors will win you new radiance, new compliments, new luck!

Doe'sn't it make you happy to get that second look from others—that interested glance which says: "You look stunning!"?

But maybe you haven't heard a compliment on your skin in a month. Be honest with yourself—have you? If not—did you ever wonder why?

But don't be too quick to blame yourself—when maybe it's not you, but your face powder that's at fault. For you know that the wrong powder color can actually hide your best points instead of bringing them out and giving you a lift.

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When my gift arrives—try on every shade. Try each one carefully, then stop at the one and only color which whispers, "I am yours. See what I do for you. Look how I make your eyes shine. And how dreamy soft I leave your skin!" You'll see how the color seems to spring from within...it's so natural, so lifelike, so much a part of you.

Have you a lucky penny?

Here's how a penny postcard will bring you luck. It will bring you free and postpaid all ten shades of Lady Esther, Face Powder, and a generous tube of Lady Esther Four Purpose Face Cream. Mail the coupon today.

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(You can paste this on a penny postcard)

Lady Esther, 7130 West 65th Street, Chicago, Illinois

I want to find my "lucky" shade of face powder. Please send me your 10 new shades free and postpaid, also a tube of your Four Purpose Face Cream.

Name
Address
City
State
(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)

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When Answering Advertisements Please Mention March HOLLYWOOD
Don't Hesitate About Feminine Hygiene

Use a modern method

Why add to the problems of life by worrying about old-fashioned or embarrassing methods of feminine hygiene? If you doubt the effectiveness of your method, or if you consider it messy, greasy, and hateful, here is news that you will welcome.

Thousands of happy, enlightened women now enjoy a method that is modern, effective—kills germs—and, equally important—faliant!

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Zonitors offer a new kind of suppository that is small, snow-white and GREASELESS! While easy to apply and completely removable with water, Zonitors maintain long, effective antiseptic contact. No mixing. No clumsy apparatus. Odorless—and an ideal deodorant.

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Full instructions in package. 35 cents for box of 12—at all U. S. and Canadian druggists. Free booklet in plain envelope on request. Write Zonitors, 3903 Chrysler Bldg., N. Y. C.

**Snow White**

Each in individual glass vial.

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A Zonite Product

Here is just an idea—a shampoo and a special rinse that brings out the delicate loveliness of blonde hair in a manner that can make blonde hair so attractive. Whether you are light blonde, ash blonde, caramel, or brown blonde, for this amazing blonde hair shampoo and special rinse, you can have a few minutes in a six and a half and get back attractive, dish-water clean blonde hair, with the single exception that the rinse is to be used on wet hair. Get New Zonitors today. New combination packages,

**Blondex White—White Rinse**—Available at all drug stores. Try the large size—it costs less per shampoo.

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A Lady Grows Older

Here is an interesting word picture of the little star of Little Miss Roughneck, who, at thirteen, is wise in the ways of Hollywood

By TED MAGEE

"Please remember," Edith Fellows said suddenly, "that you are speaking to a lady."

Bingo—just like that. Could one somehow have slipped so badly as to have offended this little Columbia star while talking of mundane things like playing dolls? One had. One made the mistake of presuming Edith was still but a little girl, and that, friends, is an error in any language.

As a matter of fact, lest the problem puzzle you, Edith Fellows is thirteen years of age. She is in the ninth grade, and is a whizz at Arithmetic.

A girl of thirteen has at least one peculiarity. You mustn't forget she is a child, but you must also treat her as a young lady who knows her way around. Most of all, you must have some idea which role she chooses to play—youngster or grown-up.

With Edith Fellows it is nip and tuck. Her moods vary as fast as the winds, and in the San Fernando Ranch of Columbia Studios, the breezes have all the vagaries that mountain tops can give them.

We caught up with Edith at the Ranch where she was assuming her first role as a full-fledged star. The title is Little Miss Roughneck. "And that," Edith said positively, "is a perfect description of myself."

Edith hands out a remark like that with a look in her eyes that should be far beyond her years—a sweetly sincere look, like she is trying to impress you, oh, so hard. But then, that's the unusual thing about her. She has the mind of a girl of seventeen, the graceful figure of a girl of fifteen, and an adult attitude of twenty—when she wants to. It is definitely safer to assume that Edith wants to be grown up most of the time.

Start asking her questions and she will outwit you. She asks them back faster than you can leap. You get nowhere. If you don't look out you will be mumbling something about an artful, precocious child—and go wandering home without any answers.

But after all, you are dealing with a woman even if she is but a child. So you sneak up with a deft compliment, get past...
her guard, and start her in with gentle reminiscing. After that the conversation flows freely.

- At thirteen Edith has a swell memory. She will sit out on the lawn looking for four leaf clovers, and tell you things she remembers clear back to her fourth birthday. There was the time, for instance, when she had the measles. Her grandmother—the only mother she has ever known—gave her castor oil. Yes, indeed, Edith remembers well!

When she got over the measles the fun began. One day she pinned a big sign to the door. It read: "DANGER—MEASLES. KEEP AWAY." Horrified over this loud display, grandmother came home from market and hurried inside. Could Edith be having a recurrence so soon? All the books indicated otherwise.

"Mother" neighbors quickly discovered the truth. Edith's favorite doll, Charlotte, had contracted the disease and was gravely ill.

The doll made an amazing recovery. Within a very few hours she was well enough for the sign to be taken down. By nightfall she had completely recovered. Grandma had brought out that castor oil again, and the very sight of the bottle convinced Edith that measles must stay away from her door.

- Edith is Bostonian by birth, Californian by choice. The fact that she is a descendant of Charles Lamb impresses her not at all. Fact is, nothing about fame impresses Edith except a dawning concern over how she will get along with non-theatrical boys and girls as she grows up. Because she is wise—and smart—beyond her years, she suspects trouble along this line.

I'd like to go to senior high school next year," Edith said, still picking four leaf clovers. "But I'm scared to death to face it. No matter how nice and common-fools you try to be, some snipety person is going to use broad a's on you and tell everyone how superior you feel over them. It's a problem."

I can tell you all about my first year, because I have been a constant and faithful reader of the school papers. And now I can tell you about it. In Edith's case, she is within a big studio looking out. She has few child play-mates. The directors and prop men and juicers play games with her when they aren't busy, but Edith honestly admits she misses not having kids of her own age to play with. Her one close friend is Mary Ann Jackson, but they live too far apart to see much of each other. She likes Bontia Grantville, too, and a lot of children of older stars.

- "I had a terrible tragedy a month ago," Edith pouted while working on an ice cream cone. "Billy Burrud called up and wanted to take me to the circus. It was the last chance of the season, and I wanted to go so badly. But I had a cold and

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**THE NEW 1938 BEAUTY DISCOVERY**

A petal-like smoothness from top to toe

**Women say it's the Number One care**

the entire body needs—this combination of the Linit Magic Beauty Mask and the Linit Beauty Bath.

This beauty treatment costs almost nothing, yet it is a wonderfully effective way to refresh the whole body and at the same time stimulate and clarify the complexion.

First make the Linit Magic Beauty Mask:

*Simply mix three tablespoons of Linit (the same Linit that is used for the bath) and one teaspoon of cold cream with enough milk to make a nice, firm consistency. Apply it generously to the cleansed face and neck and then step into your tub into which a handful or so of Linit has been dissolved.*

While the velvety smoothness of the Linit Beauty Bath is caressing your body, the Linit Magic Beauty Mask is gently inducing facial circulation to throw off sluggish waste matter. Relax for twenty minutes, then step out and dry off. Rinse the mask from your face and neck with clear, tepid water and pat thoroughly dry. How refreshed—how vibrant your whole body will feel! Hours of fatigue seem to vanish in a few minutes.

You will find that the Linit Magic Beauty Mask leaves the face and neck with a petal-like smoothness, a velvety "film" that is an excellent powder base. This helps to heighten the allure of your make-up and keep it fresh-looking for hours longer.

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When answering advertisements please mention March Hollywood
mother knew best. So I stayed home."

But she did get to attend a Hallowe'en party with the Marx children and some others. They dressed up in typical "scary" costumes and went from door to door in an exclusive Beverly Hills neighborhood. It was a swell racket.

First they would ring the doorbell and then, someone answered, they would say simply, "Tricks or treats?" If the puzzled citizen did not immediately comprehend the next nature of this little racket, they would repeat until he did.

At one house a blustering man met them at the door and thundered back, "Why don't you children stay at home. The idea of bothering people, which one of you is the oldest?"

Meekly, Edith admitted such guilt. "Well then, why don't you use your head. You've no right to bother people."

"But this is Hallowe'en," Edith said humbly, a bit terrorized over their predicament.

The man looked surprised. "Well, bless my soul, it is," he said. "I haven't anything in the ice box. So here. You kids go treat yourselves." He handed Edith a half dollar and closed the door. Five minutes later she timidly rang the bell again and returned the money. "We aren't blackmailers or -- or -- intimidators," she managed to stutter out. "So you'll have to keep the money."

Each passing day is beginning to reveal more and more the complexities of growing up to this child star. Just recently she realized that a certain other little star, a girl who is neither the most important nor the best in the scale of Hollywood ratings, has been deliberately snubbing her when they meet around Hollywood.

"I don't understand it," Edith said, obviously mystified. "I have never done anything to make her feel that way toward me. Neither one of us is the greatest star in Hollywood. We work at different studios. Why should she feel that way?"

Well, one could tell Edith a lot about that, but it's just as well one doesn't. Why, only the other day a beautiful, glamorous woman star told me almost the very same story—only that in her case three very popular adult stars always ignored her no matter what the occasion. This beautiful blonde woman was just as mystified as Edith. Just as unable to explain the cause of the snubs, and just as baffled when it came to deciding what to do about it. That's Hollywood and that's life—what more can you say to explain such things?

Edith's schoolwork to date has been under the tutelage of a certified teacher who devotes her entire time to this one star. The teacher is a psychologist as well as an instructor in book things, and works hand in hand with the little star's grandmother toward keeping Edith a normal, unspoiled girl.

When Edith isn't working she is taking operatic training. Her voice has developed marvelously. When you hear her sing numbers from three operas in Little Miss Roughneck you will understand how much time and effort she has put into the work—and how very much she is getting in results.

Edith takes herself seriously, but the sparkle of fun is in her eyes and you know that when she puts on airs, she is having great sport just pretending. It is when she is in this mood that you stand puzzled, and wonder whether this person before you isn't more a little, mature woman than a large child.

And then you suddenly realize that this is more than just fun for Edith. She is reaching out timidly but surely, cloaking her seriousness in fun, but always groping toward adulthood and maturity.

There is no apparent danger of a "gangling age." One of these days studio officials, looking at her through the cold lens of a camera, will suddenly discover that a radiant young woman is standing there instead of a child star, and Edith will have turned the corner and found herself facing ever-widening vistas which she never before knew had existed.

Standing there before me, dressed in a Juliet gown, she looked graceful, years older than she was. And then a strange thing happened. She reached down and touched the velvet of the costume and said, "I want awfully bad to have this costume. But it belongs to the United Costume Company and the studio only rents it."

"Why don't you buy it?" I suggested.

She shook her head. "It costs fifty dollars," she replied, "and that's a lot of money. I would much rather give a party for the boys (the crew) when this picture is over."

She said that totally unconscious of the generosity the words proved. I'll swear to that. It was just a natural statement uttered without a second's thought. I passed it up without comment, but the incident is a real tribute to a child who rose above poverty to become a star, and then so wisely demonstrated she would rather invest money in gratitude than in personal gratification.

DOES EVERYONE LAUGH WHEN YOU GET UP TO COOK?

Dry your tears, sweep out the wreckage, rise above that unfeeling mirth and turn to page 56 where you will find a ray of hope for all amateur cooks. Betty Crocker's articles on food and how to fix it are a monthly feature in HOLLYWOOD Magazine, and they will help many a busy bride to get over her fear of the kitchen.
Cleopatra Wasn't Pretty

[Continued from page 28]

she said, was 'Don't bite your nails.' I mean it literally, but figuratively, too. Don't act nervous; don't fidget. It isn't advisable to have a cow-like calm, but nothing is less charming than a case of the jitters. Don't be self-conscious; it's a kind of conceit."

As a little girl, she was self-conscious. Most little girls are. But even if the stage had not cured her of this failing, her present social position in England would have done so. Captain Philip Astley, the British Army officer to whom she is so happily married, is an intimate friend of King George VI.

"Except for the general rules like taking an interest in something beside yourself and letting other people get a word in edgewise now and then," she was saying, "charm is a pretty hard item to pin down. What appeals to me might not appeal to you. But I can tell you the only sort of individual who's charming from my own point of view.

"Somebody that's loyal, doesn't fly into tempers, doesn't throw money recklessly around. Somebody that doesn't show off, that's fond of dogs, that's a good sport and tolerant and can talk amusingly about Africa or India or Siam—or Hollywood!—and appreciates Welsh rabbit and Van Gogh paintings and doesn't say, 'Oh, no!' if you want to go for a walk on a stormy day.

"But we had charm under consideration, didn't we?" she said, still looking at charm from my own viewpoint, I'd say the chief thing is not to try too hard. Don't set your jaw and say, 'I'll be charming though the heavens fall.' Don't be grim about charm. Though grimness would be preferable to glamour.

"What?" I asked.

"I don't want to be glamorous," Madeleine announced tranquilly, "glamorous is of all things on earth what I don't want to be."

"But you are," I said.

She almost frowned. "Not at all," she responded, "when you go glamorous, you have to work at it the entire time. You can't forget your allure one minute. You heighten your personality, which means you hide it behind something it isn't. You're always on parade. What a life!"

She waved small, pretty hands on which the nails—it was noticeable in this era of giddy tints—were palest shell pink. The camera man switched on more hot lights and said would Miss Carroll kindly turn her head a trifle to the left—there! Still looking pleasant—pleasant? She looked utterly bewitching—Miss Carroll obeyed. But while the man got his camera ready she had a last word.

"No," she remarked, "not glamorous, thank you! I'd rather be natural. Mother told me—her smile flashed forth—'that the best way to avoid charm is to take on artificiality.'"

Well, perhaps sincerity is the underlying reason. Anyhow, she is charming. Even her mother would have to admit it now!
A dialogue director has to be an agile man. Here is Colin Campbell, dancing on the green- 
sward with Olivia de Havilland as he rehearses a speech for one of the scenes in Robin Hood

Skippy Grows Up
[Continued from page 32]
little leg work chasing them. But he's going to fool her from now on, he thinks.

"You see, I know all the cops in the Beverly Hills police station and if I just phone 'em when I find the doggone dogs gone they'll help me track 'em down. Maybe I'll get a chance to ride in a squad car. Boy!"

Jackie got a car on his last birthday and with it his mother upped his weekly allowance to $10. Out of that he has to pay for his gas, oil, and repairs on the car, his lunches, and whatever expense he incurs on his one night a week out.

"Usually," he states, "I go out on a Friday night and see as many pictures as I can. I have to be home by eleven so I go early and sometimes see as many as three pictures. I get a lot of pointers on how to improve my own acting so I study each picture very carefully." Jackie hasn't any desire to become a leading man when he gets older. And he has a reason for it.

"Leading men," he says, wisely, "don't last long. Fans get tired of 'em after a while. But it's different with a character actor. He can stay in pictures all his life. So that's what I'm studying hard to be."

And talking about study, the young star has quite a problem on his mind. While attending Beverly Hills High School it's been easy for him to stay in pictures. Provided with a tutor whenever he goes into a picture, he's been able to keep up his good grades without any trouble. But once in college he won't be able to leave his class-work for the camera. "Once you're in, you're in," he says, "and they won't let me take a month or two off to make a picture. And I'd sure hate to be away from a studio for four years. Movie fans would forget all about me in that length of time."

Jackie has been in pictures ever since he was six, the age at which he made his initial appearance on celluloid in The Fox Movietone Follies. That was at the Fox Studios. From there he went to Hal Roach Studios to appear in a number of Our Gang comedies. Then to Paramount where his uncle, Norman Taurog, directed him in Skippy, the part that sped him to stardom. After Donovan's Kid, Sooky, and a few others he appeared in The Champ, co-starring with Wallace Beery. And after this film he really was a star in capital letters. He received five dollars for his initial screen appearance and $1500 a week when he became a star, at the age of ten. And that's a lot of dough for a little feller.

After The Champ came other pictures with Beery, all of them good, all of them money-makers. Last year Jackie starred with Mickey Rooney and Freddie Bartholomew in The Devil Is a Sissy.

Jackie worships as heroes three men—Wallace Beery, Richard Dix, and Clark Gable, each of whom have exerted a powerful influence on the youngster's life. "They're grand guys, great pals," he says, his eyes shining when he speaks of them. "Everything about 'em is fine! I wouldn't trade 'em off for all the men in the world!"

Beery, he admits was a tough one to work with before the cameras because he never paid any attention to his lines.

"He'd give a look at the script," Jackie reveals, "and then throw it away and say what he thought was right, what sounded natural. I had a hard time picking out my cues but I got on to it after a while and I'd forget what was in my script, too, and say what I thought was okey. The funny part of it all was, the director would usually let it go as Wallace and I made it up."

From six to almost sixteen has been the life span of Jackie's screen career thus far. He hopes, by diligent study to extend it from sixteen to sixty—and we do, too. He's a swell kid, this 15-year-old Jackie Cooper, as boyish and as unaffected as they come. Smart as a whip, too, with both feet on the ground and both eyes on the future.

And while we're wishing him all the luck in the world we're also wishing him all the luck he needs in his quest to find a seat in Benny Goodman's orchestra where he can whang the daylight out of the trap drums.

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**IF IT'S LOVE SHE WANTS...**

A girl is mighty foolish to risk "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN!

**NO WONDER BOB STAYS SO IN LOVE WITH YOU! YOUR SKIN'S ALWAYS SO SMOOTH AND LOVELY, EVEN IN ALL THIS COLD. LOOK HOW ROUGH THE WIND MAKES MINE!**

**MAYBE IT'S NOT JUST THE WIND! PERHAPS YOU'RE USING THE WRONG SOAP! BEFORE I CHANGED TO PALMOLIVE, MY SKIN WAS TERRIBLE... DRY, LIFELESS, COURSE-LOOKING. I HAD "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN!**

**BECAUSE PALMOLIVE IS MADE WITH OLIVE OIL... A SPECIAL BLEND OF OLIVE AND PALM OILS! THAT'S WHY IT'S SO GOOD FOR DRY, LIFELESS SKIN. IT SOFTENS, SMOOTHS, REFINES SKIN TEXTURE. ITS GENTLE LATHER CLEANSER SO THROUGHFULLY, TOO! LEAVES SKIN RADIANTLY CLEAR!**

**YES! I'M GUARDING MY HAPPINESS! THAT'S WHY I USE ONLY PALMOLIVE, THE SOAP MADE WITH OLIVE OIL TO KEEP SKIN SOFT, SMOOTH, YOUNG!**

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**WHEN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION MARCH HOLLYWOOD 47**
**Hollywood Radio Beam**

By GORDON W. FAWCETT

- The rumpus room of Chester Lauck's new Beverly Hills home has its walls decorated with character sketches of Lum & Abner—and done by Lauck himself, who portrays Lum. Incidentally, Lauck can always go back to cartooning, he's that good.

- Andy Devine travels back and forth from the NBC Hollywood studios to his Valley ranch in a station wagon upon which is inscribed The Ando Rancho, Gravel Flats, California.

- Florence George, the NBC singing star, who has temporarily deserted the airplanes for the movies, has added a parrot to her menagerie which already consists of a monkey, a black Chow and a police dog.

- Ruby Mercer has all the clothes-minded gals of the cinema and radio city gazing enviously in her direction. Recently she attended a celebrity gathering in an evening coat of gold and chartruese brocade, and lined with gold satin. But it can't be copied because the NBC prima donna received the material from a friend in Egypt and had the coat made.

- Jack Benny and his celebrated wife, Mary Livingstone, will move into their new Georgian home in Beverly Hills about May 1st. Jack gave Mary for Christmas all her silverware for the new home carried out in the Georgian design.

- One of Marion Talley's most prized possessions is a small blue porcelain Buddha which was presented to her by the Metropolitan impresario, Gatti Cazaza, the night she made her operatic debut in the Metropolitan.

- Marion Talley is devoting the room in her new Beverly Hills home to Chinese furnishing and art pieces. For the past ten years the NBC diva has collected articles for a Chinese room.

- Kenny Baker, the tenor of Jack Benny's Jello show over NBC, was the recipient of a novel gift from one of the radio city's song pluggers, Eddie Marks, when he was presented with a leather zipper brief case in which were the songs Marks wanted Baker to consider.

- Mrs. Phil Harris, who is known to the picture-going public as Marcia Ralston, has one of the most unusual charm bracelets in Hollywood. It is silver with each charm a small square piece of silver film upon which is engraved the name of a picture in which she has appeared. She has seven charms to date. The donor is her NBC maestro husband, Phil Harris.

- Irene Rich's daughter, Frances, who gave up a promising screen career to pursue the art of sculpturing, is busy working on a 10-foot monument in stone which she was commissioned to do for the Arlington National Cemetery in Washington, D. C., honoring the Army and Navy Nurses of the World War.

- Sam Hearn who is better known as "Schleppeerman" of Jack Benny's Jello show over NBC, is an accomplished violinist. Among his most prized possessions are two rare violins one a 1729 Ballistriri and the other an 1834 Urti.

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**UGLY ADOLESCENT PIMPLES?**

**Let millions of tiny, living plants help cleanse your blood of poisons**

Stop suffering the curse of youth—a pimply skin. Get at the root of your trouble, unclean blood.

Between the ages of 13 and 25, you are at a time of life when important glands are developing. Your system is upset. Poisons pollute your blood stream and bubble out on your skin in ugly pimples. You need to cleanse and purify your blood.

Let Fleischmann's Yeast help by removing these impurities the natural way. Millions of tiny, active, living yeast plants will help keep poisons from the blood and help to heal your blemished skin. Many people get amazing results in 30 days or less. Neglect may ruin your skin for life. So start eating Fleischmann's Yeast at once. Buy some tomorrow!

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Acceptor No Substitutes! Always Insist on the Advertised Brand!
Surely it can't be Marlene Dietrich's new pancake hat that is causing all of the laughter. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. and the blonde star were caught by the candid camera during rehearsal for a Lux Radio Theatre program

When Lanny Ross and his wife have a free evening they make movies. Mrs. Ross writes the scenarios, their friends are the actors and Lanny focuses his new color camera on home-made movie sets. Then they show movies in their projection room.

Of course everyone knows about Charlie McCarthy and Edgar Bergen's appearance at the Paramount theatre here in town in 1935 and of their receiving only $259 for their part of the show . . . Now, strange as it may seem, Bergen runs the whole show with his take running over $17,000 . . . He has to pay out about $7,000 for talent on the show with him, but that still leaves him $10,000 . . . The whole point of this story is by way of getting around to Robin Burns and his famed Bazooka . . . Two years ago Bob shared $25 with two other people for appearing at a local Chamber of Commerce luncheon . . . Now no one knows how much he gets with his broadcast, his column and his movie contract . . . it all goes to show that all you have to have is something a little off the beaten path, whether it be a wooden dummy or a tin horn, to gain fame in this here town.

Not this year, but next will Buck Benny be entered in the Santa Anita race meet. So says Jack Benny, the NBC comedian who recently purchased the yearling which will carry the Jello king's color across the line . . . we hope.

A very critical audience watches the Jack Haley Log Cabin rehearsals on Saturday afternoons in the NBC Hollywood Studios. And believe it or not, their reaction does mean something to the star. They are Jackie Haley, Jr., little Teddy Fio Rito, Jr., and Warren Hull's three youngsters George, John and Warren, Jr. Already the boys are fighting over the affection of Wendy Barrie and Virginia Verrill.

Judy Garland, young singing star, likes to rehearse in slacks. Here she is going over the script of the Maxwell House "Good News of 1938" program with director Bill Bacher who also likes informal costumes when not working before an audience.

Kenny Baker, who will celebrate his fifth wedding anniversary in May is already planning for it. Never once since they've been married have they celebrated. The date always fell on a day when Kenny was broadcasting.

Minetta Ellen, the mother of "One Man's Family" over NBC, is working on her seventh afghan for the Seeing Eye Institute. These covers are raffled for the benefit of the institute.

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Now this new Cream with "SKIN-VITAMIN" does more for your skin than ever before

The "skin-vitamin" is now in a beauty cream!

Four years ago doctors barely suspected that a certain vitamin was a special aid to the skin. They applied this vitamin to wounds and burns. And found it actually healed them quicker!

This is the amazing "skin-vitamin" which is now in Pond's Vanishing Cream.

Pond's Vanishing Cream was always great for smoothing your skin for powder, and overnight, too. Now the use of Pond's "skin-vitamin" Vanishing Cream actually nourishes your skin!

The regular use of this cream will make your skin look richer, fresher, clearer.

Same jars, same labels, same price

This new Pond's "skin-vitamin" Vanishing Cream is in the same jars, with the same labels, at the same price. Remember, the vitamin it contains is not the "sunshine" vitamin. Not the orange-juice vitamin. But the vitamin that especially aids skin health—the precious "skin-vitamin"!

Melts Roughness
Holds Powder

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When Answering Advertisements Please Mention March HOLLYWOOD 49
Join the Gold Rush

Glinting hair, gleaming eyelids, shining lips—the Lacquered Look of this Orchid Age

Glamour, Glitter and Gold! The Three G's are replacing the Three R's from New York to Hollywood, and south to New Orleans. And if you'll add to these a four-letter word beginning with G and meaning a youngish female (Girl if you haven't guessed) you'll have a quartet that can't be beat! For Glamour Girls everywhere are going in for Glitter and discovering that the U. S. Mint hasn't a monopoly on all the Gold in the country.

It's been creeping up on us for quite a time, this orchid age. Maybe you'll want to explain it with high sounding phrases about reaction from the bogey depression. Or as an influence of the court life now in progress in England. But what's the use of phrases and explanations? Luxury is with us again—let's you and me make the most of it.

Lovely Ladies Look Lacquered. That's not just a lot of L's stuck together because they look nice. It's a statement of fact. We're being poured into our clothes these days, and then, to make us look still more moulded, the dresses themselves may turn out to be cloth of gold, glittering paillettes and sequins, or bright beads that shimmer and shine and show off the fine modelling of our torsos when we move. Faces give the impression of Benda masks, so carefully is make-up applied to eyes and cheeks and lips. Lipstick, by the way, is quite frankly lipstick again. You've surely noticed the very dark lips on lovely girls in the Technicolor motion pictures. That isn't a trick of the film—our lips really are a deep color to contrast with the smooth pallor of our faces, and what's more they're bright and shiny. In fact, you'll say they glitter.

Probably you're thinking that I'm forgetting the one thing that best gives a girl that lacquered look. But I haven't forgotten my lady's tresses! And I quite agree with you that hair is important. For the proper hair arrangement will make or break any impression you may want to give. And if you want to look lacquered, then it's up to your hair to do half the trick for you.

First, a very smooth hairstyle, with every hair in place. Curls, if you have them, set and sculptured-looking. And of course it goes without saying that your hair will have a sheen that will outshine your dress or your bracelet of rhinestones. If your hair looks
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Movie Stars Must

FIGHT FATIGUE!

Because slim, energetic people
radiate charm and personality.

Fat and Fatigue usually go together. Keeping weight down and energy up, however, depends merely on a sensible choice of foods. Baby Ruth is pure, de-
licious candy, rich in Dextrose, the sugar you need for energy. Pure Dextrose is utilized by the body as energy, when needed, rather than stored as fat. For enjoyment, for quick energy, make Baby Ruth your candy. It's good—and good for you.

Send your beauty problems to
Ann Vernon. She will be glad to
help you with them. Address her
at HOLLYWOOD Magazine,
1501 Broadway, New York City,
and don't forget the stamped re-
turn envelope.

This is a case of "All that glitters is
totally—no indeed, it's sometimes
silver. And it can be either gold or silver
when it's the eyelids that are doing that
by a well-known manufacturer
with whose gadgets for easier eye allure
you're undoubtedly familiar has the
greatest eyeshadows in colors that rival
the rainbow's—and are more varied than
the rainbow's! And, in addition to these
colored, his eyeshadow comes in both
gold and silver. The shadow is really
thick enough to be worn by and for itself alone,
but you don't know what else make-up
can be until you've tried combining a
glittering eyeshadow with some luminous
color. The maker suggests that you com-
bine his mahogany shadow (putting that
first, of course) with the gold. The
dark rich color will make your eyes seem
magnificent on brunettes or girls with dark
red hair. For blondes, there's a royal blue
which, coupled with silver, will make
even a strong man's heart thump alarm-
ingly. They cost $1 each.

For a very great occasion, and to give

drab and dull even after a fresh shampoo,
you'll want to try a grand rinse that has
been used by countless women. It's not
new—but it will make news when your
gleaming hair attracts a greater rush
from the stage line than that given the
erstwhile belle of the ball! Simple is
the word for the operations involved
in using this magic rinse. You just
dissolve a tiny envelope of powder in
the amount of water specified for your
type of hair, swish it around with your
hand so no particle of powder remains in
solid state, and then pour it over your
wet hair after your shampoo. Magic
potions come cheap, these days, for a thin
dime will assure you of glistening hair.
Want the name?

If you want to make your hair still
more glamorous and glistening, accent the
sculpted effect by posing a feathery
plume on the very tip-top of your head.
Or carry out the gold tones by pinning a
cluster of gold kid leaves among your
curls. If you're the romantic type, try
wearing a Juliet sequin cap with glistening
veil falling softly about your face—or
perhaps you'll want to wear only a veil
that is studded with brilliants to match
your bracelet.

Never let it be said that our lips let
themselves be outdone by our locks.
They know well enough how to accent
their beauty with some bright red colored
lipstick, but here's something they prob-
ably haven't heard about yet. I learned
about it only the other day. It's a lip-
stick that is really gold in color, and it
will make your lips as luminous and
luscious as ever you could wish them to
look. This lipstick has a creamy base so
that it can be used alone on the lips, or it
may be smoothed on top of your bright
evening lip make-up, for an overtone of
gold. It's just the thing to add glitter to a
gay evening. If you'd like to lacquer your
lips for glamorous gaiety, let me
know and I'll send you the name. Two
dollars buys the large black and silver
de-luxe-in-every-way lipstick.

If of an evening you're not quite in
the mood for golden lips, but want to be a
bit capricious in your make-up, take a
second look at those eyes in your mirror.
With eye make-up so much in vogue and
accepted everywhere, it's much too
prosaic to wear the same color of eye-
shadow for daytime and evening too.
Why not let your eyelids rival the bright-
ness of your eyes themselves? It's done
in the best of families.
your lashes just that extra fillip, try tipping them with gold or silver. After you’ve applied your mascara, allow it to dry thoroughly, and then brush on the tiniest bit of shadow in gold or silver, as the case may be, at the tips of your swooping lashes. Elegant is the word for that, and you needn’t be worried for your pocketbook’s sake. The shadows sell for the amazingly low price (for such glam—our cosmetics) of $1. The name is yours for the asking.

All of us have seen girls who were all tricked out like plush horses—and not Mrs. Astor’s Horse at that—with a tight and brilliant necklace, long droopy earrings, rhinestone tara in hair, and chunky bracelets on the arms. Everything, in fact, but nose rings, and I sometimes wonder why they haven’t taken those over from the savage. Now the point is, don’t make that mistake with glitter make-up. Too much of anything is just too much—and that holds just as true of gold as of spinach. If you’re going in for golden lips, please, my lady, don’t fiddle around with gold eyelds and lashes too—but instead, set off your gold lips by wearing a deep shadow on your lids. It will make your eyes large—and what gold you are wearing will count for something, instead of just fading into a yellow fox. And vice-versa, if you’ve decided on gold lids for an evening of glitter, paint your lips a violent red of some hue or other—and let them go at that. After all, your face is only so big, and enough is enough.

That last sentence doesn’t mean that you shouldn’t go in for glittering nails when you’re wearing bright eyeshadows or lipstick. Your hands are a whole arm’s length away from your face which gives you plenty of room before you start repeating the gold. Besides, the glistening nail polish I found is too lavishly luxurious to be left off any hands that are party-bound. The nail polish looks rather like gold or silver paint—but it has an advantage over paint. It can’t dry out your nails and make them brittle. Like paint, it can be used alone to make your nails gleam as bright as a new dime—or a gold piece. Or instead, it can be painted on over a pale rose or deeper shade of polish giving an effect rather like that of spangles on a pink dress. For a still more exotic effect, try painting the silver polish over the gold—King Midas of the Golden Touch can have nothing on you. And if you’re wearing evening sandals, don’t forget to touch your toes with this lustrous polish so that your Dancing Feet will twinkle as brightly as your fluttering fingers. If this polish had been made in her day, Cinderella on her way to the ball with her pumpkin coach could have afforded to have her glass slippers show off her gleaming toe nails. A dollar buys a bottle. I’ll be glad to play fairy godmother and send you the name if you want to simmer and shine of an evening.

Open Season on Stars

(Continued from page 25)

Ginger Rogers got a lot of publicity when she built her new home in Coldwater Canyon. People wanted things. Little remembrances, such as two-by-fours, bundles of shingles, bricks. Ginger laughed and laughed until somebody with a quaint sense of property values lifted ten sacks of cement for his or her memory book. Personally, I think this is going too far, and that we should hold ourselves down to floor joints, at least.

If you are a really good fan, don’t forget to get those maps I mentioned. You can have a great deal of fun with them. For instance, Claudette Colbert has a very complicated back yard out in Holmby Hills. She has a hard time getting into it from the front, herself. But, with the aid of the map, an entire family was able to beat her into the yard and greet her when she came out in shorts for her sun bath.

Fred MacMurray’s new home is also indicated. Fred has found this out. He has a new swimming pool. He dropped out the other day for his dip and found three ardent fans already in. This gave the whole thing a homely touch. But the fans went too far again. They resented Fred invading their privacy. I could go on about the maps. There was that morning Fred Astaire had a hurry call to the studio and found several admiring friends in his front yard. They were taking pictures of their car, which was parked in his driveway.

"I beg your pardon," he said, and the fans took it in good grace. They didn’t even get sore at him. So he just waited around at a safe distance until they picked some flowers and went away.

One of the real thrills of being a fan is to get a star away from the home grounds. Here, nothing is barred. For instance, there was that time in New York City when Clark Gable was trapped in a theatre by an admiring mob. He had his meals sent in to him after trying to get out. When he tried to go away the people took the buttons off his clothes. And who can forget the fun we all had when Robert Taylor got off the reservation? Oh, boy! Oh, boy!

Another time when the hunting was pretty good is during the preview hour, and this deserves considerable space. We have reason to be very, very proud of ourselves. Consider Barbara Stanwyck, and the time we mauled her at the preview of Stella Dallas. That was real fun, and she was so black and blue the next morning when she showed up for work in short sleeves for a scene in Breakfast for Two that they had to re-write the entire scene and design a new costume.
Bing very nearly crashed his car into the one ahead, he was that surprised. In fact, he might have climbed a telegraph pole with his car, been charged with kidnaping or, in the case of a serious accident, negligent homicide.

I don't know what it is that makes us feel so friendly toward the stars. I guess it's because we see them on the screen and feel we know them. In turn, we feel that they ought to know us. Of course, there are millions of us, but who cares?

Now, here's another angle. The star's party. We just walk right in, bringing a few friends to liven things a bit. The most recent case of this was a garden party given by Gracie Allen and George Burns. We were so successful that we actually broke up the party. No kidding.

George and Gracie and the guests—that is, the poor saps who were really invited—fled into the house.

Nothing is more open than the open season in a restaurant. Here come into our full glory. We ask for autographs, stand and chat, perhaps seat ourselves at the table and pick a few morsels off our favorite's plate. But the woman who takes the prize is the one who took Jean Parker's hat. This was a case of perfect technique.

The hat was actually on Jean's head at the time. This could teach me a few things I don't know and here I am giving you a few lovely little ideas on how to make the stars happy.

Yes, hunting in Hollywood is great sport. Among the other things you must remember is to stand up for your rights. There was that bunch in front of the Paramount studios the other day who mobbed Gracie Allen as she hurried in to work, right on time. There's a rule, sort of unwritten, that no one is to ask a star for autographs when she is going in the Paramount gate. But we just laugh at things like that.

—There are some records that will be hard to top. Consider the woman who got a lock of Shirley Temple's hair, right from the spot where it would show most. And then there was the woman at the Parnell preview who ought to get a testimonial for originality. She showed up with a box of mixed cement, and did she have Clark Gable over a barrel when she asked him to put his foot in it?

Well, he didn't want to offend her. So he put his foot in the cement, and wrecked his shoes, and his socks, and was darned uncomfortable for the rest of the evening.

Now you've got your rules for Hollywood etiquette. Maybe I've missed a few interesting angles. Maybe I've skipped a few tips. The stars aren't very big about talking these things over. They're afraid somebody might think they were getting high if they didn't like it and like it. But I've done the best I can.

So, when you get a chance, come out and have some good, clean fun.
MANNEQUIN (M-G-M)

When Jessie Cassidy (Joan Crawford) left the factory at the end of a hot day, she was desperate with weariness. As she climbed the miserable flights of stairs to her family's dirty and disorderly flat in Hester street, she was desperate with dis-taste. The sight of her lazy father (Oscar O'Shea) her worthless little street-rat of a brother (Leo Gorcey) and her worn, hopeless mother (Elizabeth Risdon) made her desperate with rebellion.

By contrast the four-flushing Eddie (Alan Curtis) seemed to stand for all that she wanted in life. And, too, she was in love with him because he was young and boastful and flashy. She stayed in love with him even when she discovered that he had lied about many things and was unreliable about nearly everything. She pretended not to understand when he asked her to encourage the attentions of ship-owner Hennessey (Spencer Tracy) who also had hated his slim background, but who had made his own way out.

Alan Curtis deserves close attention for his portrayal of the chiselling Eddie who feels that he has a fine thing when his ex-wife marries again, and lays careful lines of blackmail. The story is a little hard to follow at this point, because all that Jessie had to do to put an end to the trouble was to say a few words of explanation to Hennessey, who had proved time and again that he was a fine noble understanding fellow. But no. She takes the hard way out, and decides to leave everyone, without explanation, which seems pretty careless of a good man's feelings.

While Miss Crawford spends very little of the picture working as a mannequin, there is a small fashion show, with striking gowns designed by Adrian, and in the latter half of the film, the star wears some very telling clothes.

Spencer Tracy again does one of those tough-but-tender roles which endear him so to audiences, and Miss Crawford has a satisfactory lot of disaster before the happy finale.

I'LL TAKE ROMANCE (Columbia)

Even without the generous number of songs, the new Grace Moore picture would be charming. With them, it is a delightful combination of polite gay comedy and ingeniously placed music.

Miss Moore plays a world-famous diva who is bossed and bored by her aunt (Helen Westley) into making quite a number of extravagant gestures. One of them was ignoring her contract to sing in South America because she had a much better offer in Paris for the same date. Another was falling in love with a most enterprising chance acquaintance (Melvin Douglas), who presented a series of arguments why she should accompany him on his return to South America.

What she did not know was that he had been sent to lure her within reach of the law in Buenos Aires, and to fulfill her engagement, willing or not.

She thought it was uncomplicated love, and she was enchanted when she found herself kidnapped by the simple-minded expedition of being put on the wrong boat. Then she refused to believe it was love until two more kidnappings had convinced her.

The plot is light and gay and takes its chief charm from the splendid resourceful dialogue, the telling comedy of Stuart Erwin and the smooth support of Melvyn Douglas.

A DAMSEL IN DISTRESS (Radio)

Evidently executives at Radio Studios were somewhat alarmed at possible consequences of the splitting of the team of Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers, because the brilliance of the supporting cast in Astaire's solo starring, A Damself in Distress, is quite dazzling.

Life is complicated for the American dancer, Jerry (Fred Astaire) by his ruthless press agent (George Burns) and a ploddingly niiit-wit secretary (Gracie Allen).

Love is complicated for Lady Alyce (Joan Fontaine) by a martinet of an aunt (Constance Collier) who is in entire disagreement with Lady Alyce's brow-beaten but resourceful father (Montague Love). The situation is further complicated by the house staff headed by a major-domo (Reginald Gardiner) which is backing various suitors with heavy money.

The film is packed with funny scenes. You'll have to cast your own vote for the most comic moment, but among those you'll enjoy mightily are Reginald Gardiner's struggle to resist an almost animal impulse to howl his own version of opera; Astaire's routine with a fencing foil when he fears he may become a duellist; Ray Noble's wooing of Gracie Allen; the dance that Astaire, Burns and Allen do in the fun house on the turn-table, through the barrel, down the slide; Astaire's dances with the trap drums; in the street; through a misty garden and those are only a few of the many funny sequences in an exceptionally well done musical.

Miss Rogers is missed in dance sequences, but Miss Fontaine makes a charming heroine, and proves, again, that she is one of the most engaging of the younger actresses.

HITTING A NEW HIGH (Radio)

Certainly it is not the fault of the casting director that this musical is not the best that Lily Pons has turned out for the screen because the cast is brilliant.

Edward Everett Horton, as a rather flustered big game hunter and opera patron, Jack Oakie as his press-agent, John Howard as a dance orchestra leader,
Eric Blore as a member of the band, Eduardo Ciannelli as an impresario could not avoid being a funny combination. Then you add the wild circumstance of Lili Pons posing as a "bird-girl" and allowing herself to be "discovered" in the depths of the African jungle as she chirps and twitters to her feathered friends, and you have more fun. There are some clever song and dance routines, and of course several operatic numbers. So hard does the cast work with the absurd story, however, that there is an effect of slight strain which is not the happiest background for a great opera star.

BOY OF THE STREETS (Monogram)

Jackie Cooper, remembered as one of the most remarkable of child stars who ever shook a Dutch bob, thrust out an under lip and turned on great floods of tears, has grown up. He now is a towering young man, giving a very fine performance indeed in a story of a boy who falls among evil companions but who sees the error of his ways and joins the navy.

SPIRIT OF YOUTH (Globe-Grand National)

Because Joe Louis is one of the most important figures in the sports world today, his feature length picture has high entertainment value. The entertainment lies more in seeing the champ in action, it is true, than in the drama, for not even the most ardent of his admirers will claim that Louis is an actor.

The big boy moves his powerful bulk from one side of the set to the other with about as much enthusiasm as an embarrassed pupil displays in crossing the schoolroom to stand in the corner. News clips already have familiarized his fans with his remarkable ability to maintain one expression under all circumstances, and he does not abandon this notable restraint, even when the script calls for passion, despair, or hilarious triumph.

Make no mistake about it, though... the picture is thoroughly interesting. Louis did not gain his fame as an actor, after all, and it is interesting to see him... not as an actor but as the heavyweight champion... walking through 65 minutes of screen story.

The all-negro cast makes a fairly good showing, particularly in scenes where less experienced players are helped by Cleo Desmond, formerly with the Lafayette Players, and Clarence Muse, sterling actor in anybody's cast.

TOVARICH (Warners)

They had 40 billion francs in the bank, but the Grand Duchess (Claudette Colbert) was stealing the dinner, and her husband, the Prince (Charles Boyer), was spending the day in bed because there was no fire in the miserable apartment under the eaves of the Paris pension.

That is the beginning of the gay, charming tale of the two proud exiles from Russia who defend a sacred trust against all comers. The trust is the fortune, confided to them for safe-keeping by the Tsar in the parous days when his throne was beginning to totter. And, though the Tsar was dead, they have defended his property with fanatic honor. They will not use the millions for themselves. And they are disdainfully amused at all suggestions from selfish parties who bring pressure upon them for its release.

Things look pretty black when Her Imperial Highness is detected filching artichokes and caviar for dinner, but hope comes in the form of an advertisement. They apply for positions as maid and butler in the home of a banker (Melville Cooper). There they so enchant the daughter (Anita Louise), and the son (Maurice Murphy), and are in turn so delighted with the warmth, the food, the freedom of Thursdays off, that their problems seem solved until a Soviet Commissioner (Basil Rathbone) is invited to dinner.

There is delightful dialogue in this photographed play, sturdy drama, and enough gay comedy to make it one of the outstanding attractions. You'll like it for the surprise ending, as well as for the plot which keeps you guessing from the start.

FRANCISKA GAAL in Paramount's "THE BUCCANEER" A CECIL B. DE MILLE PRODUCTION

★ THE POWDER... Created in original shades to beautify screen star types, this face powder will impart a lovely smooth make-up that will be unusually flattering to your skin. Max Factor's Face Powder...$1.00.

★ THE ROUGE... Rouge must be the right red... a harmonizing shade that is life-like. So Max Factor created color harmony shades for blonde, brunette, brunette and redhead...to dramatize the individuality of each type. Max Factor's Rouge...50c.

★ THE LIPSTICK... In Hollywoodlip make-up must look perfect for hours, so you can depend upon Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick to withstand every test. It's moisture-proof, too, and there's no alluring shade for your type. Max Factor's Lipstick...$1.00.

Mail for POWDER, ROUGE AND LIPSTICK IN YOUR COLOR HARMONY


Brought to you by Max Factor. Tasteful colors and treatments. A more color harmony shade...The Lipstick Color Matcher. For women that make-up can be done just right. Ask your Max Factor Beauty Shop for our Color Harmony Match Book and $1.00 Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick. The Max Art of Lippy Max Cut by...5.3.39

When answering advertisements please mention March Hollywood 55
HOLLYWOOD COOKING SCHOOL

We wouldn’t be surprised if that lace apron didn’t exert some kind of obscure influence over the batter that Miss Shirley is beating, but nothing is said about lace aprons in the recipe.

THE BRIDE’S FIRST CAKE

Making a cake isn’t hard if you know all of the answers so Anne Shirley got an expert to show her how

By BETTY CROCKER

• "How can a bride bake a cake," asked Anne Shirley, "when she scarcely knows how to boil water?" Anne had sent out an S-O-S from her spic and span apartment kitchen, where she is keeping house for a brand new husband.

Anne wanted to bake a cake that would be a triumphant surprise for John Howard Payne, handsome young screen and radio actor, whom she recently married. Anne, let me explain, has been in pictures since she was a child, and is in such constant demand at her studio, RKO-Radio, that she can hardly be blamed for never having learned to bake a cake.

"I want to make a chocolate layer cake for John," she said. "But I don’t even know how to begin."

"The first thing you need," I told Anne, "is a perfect recipe. I mean one that has been so carefully tested—that there’s no question but that it will turn out right if..."
you follow it exactly, using the ingredients it specifies."

But Anne still looked doubtful.

"You see, I don't even know what it means when it says "cream the sugar and shortening," she declared. "People expect girls to know too much, I think. And I'm not the only one—other girls have tried to bake cakes and had the most terrible results. One of my friends greased a pan with bacon grease when the instructions said "grease the pan." At least I don't think I'd make that mistake!"

"No, I'm sure you wouldn't do that," I told her. "But while we're on this subject of greasing the pans, perhaps I'd better explain that the shortening used should be sweet and unsalted. A salted shortening would make the cakes stick to the pan. And, if you want a nice tender golden crust on the bottom of your cakes, grease your cake pans generously and then dust them with flour. That is, put a little flour into the greased pan, shake it around until the flour has coated the grease, then shake out the excess flour."

To answer her question about creaming the sugar and shortening, I explained that the shortening (which is butter or any sweet hard shortening) and the sugar should be rubbed against the side of the mixing bowl until a fluffy mass is formed. Don't put the mixture in the oven to melt, by the way, as I saw one bride try to do. Then one other point that I cautioned Anne about—measuring the flour correctly. This means to sift it lightly into a standard measuring cup, never shaking it down or striking the cup. All my recipes are kitchen tested and measurements must be level. The only way to get a correct measure is to sift the flour first.

I assured Anne that with a good reliable recipe there was no reason why any girl—even though she hadn't baked before, couldn't produce a cake she'd be proud of—and have lots of fun making it, too!

This is the recipe I gave her:

**CHOCOLATE JOY CAKE**

3 squares chocolate (3 oz.)

1/2 cup hot water

1/2 cup shortening

1 1/4 cups sugar

3 eggs

2 1/4 cups cake flour

or 2 cups all-purpose flour

3 tbsp. baking powder

1/2 tsp. soda

1/2 tsp. salt

1 cup sour milk or buttermilk

Mix shaved chocolate with hot water and cook to a thick paste, stirring constantly—about 3 to 5 minutes. Set aside to cool. Cream shortening, add sugar gradually and cream well. Beat eggs well and blend into the creamed mixture. Add the chocolate mixture and blend well. Sift flour once before measuring. Sift flour, baking powder, soda and salt together and add to the creamed mixture alternately with the sour milk. Pour into well greased and floured layer pans and bake 30 to 33 minutes in a moderate oven, 350° F. SIZE OF PANS: Two 9-inch round layer pans.

"In placing the mixture in the pan, spread it evenly," I cautioned her, "or else one corner may cook before the other."

I'd already told her to heat her oven so that when the cake was ready to bake, the oven would be at the exact temperature specified in the recipe, that is 350° F. (moderate oven).

The cake was no sooner in the oven than Anne wanted to peek and see how it was coming along. There's a very positive rule against peeking too soon, for the penalty may be a fallen cake. "But how can you tell when it's done?" asked Anne.

"When the baking time given on the recipe is almost up, you can touch the top of the cake lightly with your finger—if it springs back, it's done. If it shows the imprint, it needs a little longer baking. For loaf cakes, or for a double check, run a straw into the center, and if it comes out clean the loaf is done."

Anne was well pleased with her work when the cake was finished, and quickly set about making the icing. Here is the recipe:

**CHOCOLATE ICING**

6 tbsp. shortening

1 egg yolk

3 cups confectioners' sugar

4 tsp. cocoa

4 1/2 tsp. hot water

Cream shortening and blend in the egg yolk. Sift sugar and cocoa together and add alternately with the hot water. Beat until smooth and then spread between layers and over top and sides of Chocolate Joy Cake. There, the cake is done!

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**ANSWERS HAVEN'T WE SEEN YOU?**

1. Mischa Auer in We Have Our Mo-

ments

2. Paul Muni in Seven Faces

3. Jean Hersholt in Heidi

4. Joan Blondell in God's Gift to

Women

5. Myrna Loy in Stamboul Quest

6. Shirley Temple in The Littlest Rebel

7. Barbara Stanwyck in So Big

8. Lionel Barrymore in The Devil-Doll

9. Gary Cooper in Lives of a Bengal

Lancer

10. George E. Stone in Anthony Adverse

11. Gloria Stuart in Beloved

12. Ralph Bellamy in The Man Who

Lived Twice

13. John Barrymore in Bulldog Drum-

mond Comes Back

---

**BURLAP HANDS TURN SMOOTH as SATIN?**

Try this

Amazing New

Oil-of-Milk Lotion and see...

Do your hands ever feel like burlap? Red, rough, chapped? That's because they have lost some of the natural oil that keeps skin lovely. Replace this oil and presto—harsh, rough "burlap hands" turn smooth as satin.

You'll be amazed at the fast soothing, softening action of this new Duart Oil-of-Milk Lotion. For it contains valuable new ingredients—certain oils taken from rich dairy milk. And scientists say milk-oils are very similar to the oils of the human skin. Best of all, these milk-oils are actually absorbed by the outer skin tissues; thus they soften and protect the skin in a natural way.

Try this brand new Oil-of-Milk way to keep lovely hands... Mail the coupon now and soon, look for Duart Oil-of-Milk Lotion at cosmetic counters everywhere. 25c and 50c.

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**SEND COUPON FOR LARGE TRIAL SIZE DUART OIL OF MILK LOTION**

DUART, 788 Market Street, San Francisco, Calif. Enclose 1c. Please send me bottle of Duart Oil-of-Milk Lotion.

Name:

Address:

City State

Guaranteed to contain milk-oils in other lotion ingredients
Hollywood Newsreel  
[Continued from page 13]  

him with the original manuscript of this popular work... Neil Hamilton endeavoring to interest others in the blind... the actor devotes two afternoons a week reading to the blind veterans at Sawtelle... Fred Stone says "it's easier to raise a laugh than a loan"... Marie Wilson now is first in feminine fan mail on the Warner lot, believing he'll break down such top-rank stars as Kay Francis and Bette Davis... THERE'S an oddity in the news... certainly... there's a clause in George Brent's contract saying he doesn't have to make personal appearances... they scare the daylight out of him... Marjorie Gateson buys her driving gloves in little boys' size... her hands are too small for regular-size utility mitts... difficult to believe, Fred Keating has never had a music lesson in his life but plays the piano expertly... Joan Crawford and Della Lind taking up polo together... GOOD NEWS, in ANY language... small wonder Fernand Gravet is so highly in demand at parties given by members of the film colony... he turns out a swell dish of crepes suzettes... it's NOT a lark, this picture business... Big Boy Williams took a hilarious spill off the set, one of the scenes in Harold Lloyd's Professor Beware... Patric Knowles still maintains that the report of his death was not a little exaggerated... if the fillums pass by Clark Gable, he needn't care... he'll have his pilot's license soon... the Dick Forans are fixing up a nursery in their home for an expected heir in late spring... the Claude Rains probably will be proud parents by the time you read this... and now it's the portable dance floor... Wendy Barrie owns one and takes it with her whenever she goes out of town for a day or so... she's taken up tap dancing with a vengeance... the construction is such a hard-wood collapsible affair... probably the least movie-ish individual in all the Hollywoods is Clark Gable... when he lived at the Beverly-Wilshire Hotel he occupied a single small room... now, on his ranch, the only servant is a housekeeper... Nelson Eddy is going a-touring-concert bent in February... he'll hit YOUR town... BREAK OF BREAKS—immediately she arrived back from England, Maureen O'Sullivan was cast in the title role of the important Madelon... Luise Rainer had been scheduled for the role but ill health necessitated her withdrawal in favor of a long rest... FLASH—Greta Garbo and Robert Taylor exchanged radio messages when their ships passed in mid-ocean... despite Ronald Sinclair's very fine work in Thoroughbreds Don't Cry, Freddie Bartholomew still is the fair-haired boy on the Metro-Goldwyn lot... that report, though, that his voice is changing may be exaggerated... he's not the only one... so much so that  paper Gail Patrick couldn't decide which of two hats to wear to the Trocadero, so she up and wore 'em both... THAT'S HOLLYWOOD!!

FREE FOR ASTHMA DURING WINTER

If you suffer with those terrible attacks of Asthma when it is cold and damp, if raw, Wintry winds make you choke as if each gasp for breath was the very last; if restful sleep is impossible because of the struggle to breathe; if you feel the disease is slowly wearing your life away, don't fail to send at once to the Frontier Asthma Co., for a free trial of a remarkable method. No matter where you live or whether you have any faith in any remedy under the Sun, send for this free trial. If you have suffered for a lifetime and tried everything you could learn of without relief; even if you are utterly discouraged, do not abandon hope but send today for this free trial. It will cost you nothing. Address: Frontier Asthma Co., 62-C Frontier Bldg., 462 Niagara St., Buffalo, N. Y.

LADIES' & GIRLS' LUXURIOUS LONG GRADE 7 Jewel Movement WRIST WATCH with metal bracelet and beautifully designed crystal plated case. Only 50 cents and up SEND MONEY NOW Send No Money! LADIES' & GIRLS' LUXURIOUS LONG GRADE 7 Jewel Movement WRIST WATCH with metal bracelet and beautifully designed crystal plated case. Only 50 cents and up Send No Money!

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New, better bookkeeping opportunities opening every day. Jobs that pay well—and lead to still better jobs. We train you to get them—and keep them! Previous training not necessary. C.P.A. instructors cover everything from the ground up. Free books and special terms. No obligation. Address: LaSalle Extension, Dept. 330-H, Chicago, Ill. The School That Has Over 1,450 C.P.A., A.U.A. Students.  

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Every woman wants to have a flawless complexion, a creamy, lovely skin. Skin admires and loves beauty. Beauty makes you more popular, brings more dates, lasting romance. Beauty gives you positive self-assurance, confidence. Why not be beautiful? The makers of STUART'S LAXATIVE COMPOUND TABLETS will send you entirely FREE and without obligation a BEAUTY booklet especially written by a well known beauty authority, entitled: "Aids To Beauty". What every woman should do. Free SAMPLE STUART'S LAXATIVE COMPOUND TABLETS and a free copy of "AIDS TO BEAUTY" what every woman should do, send name and address, postpaid.  

Send to F. A. STUART COMPANY  
MOVIE CROSSWORD

ACROSS

1. Film starring Eleanor Powell and Nelson Eddy. (6)
2. Hero of The Hurricane. (8)
3. Biblical character in Green Pastures. (6)
4. What Corky likes to gua. (6)
5. His last name is Harlan. (9)
6. Master of ceremonies in Nothing Sacred. (9)
7. What actors do to register displeasure. (9)
8. M-G-M's Leo grew up from. (9)
9. Has a role in a screen play. (9)
10. — Hundred Men and a Girl. (9)
11. Gloria's surname. (6)
12. Initials of Tom Kennedy. (6)
13. Spring Byington portrays this member of the Jones Family. (9)
14. State in which Miriam Hopkins was born (abbr.). (6)
15. Mr. Rumson's initials. (6)
16. He was a comedian in True Confession. (9)
17. Hold — Navy. (9)
18. Edward — Saint. (6)
19. Initials of one who portrayed The Great Garrick. (6)
20. Joan Davis is wife of — Wilk. (6)
21. Film measure. (6)
22. Screen brother of Florence Rice in Navy Blue And Gold. (9)
23. Villains inspire this emotion. (9)
24. Short for Mr. Hinds. (6)
25. Clarabelle in The Perfect Specimen. (9)
26. Lancey Spy is a World — tale. (6)
27. Star for Madame. (6)
28. Aery Kile in The Last Gauntlet. (9)
29. Part of a movie camera. (6)
30. One of feminine players in 1 Across. (9)
31. A —— In Distress (plural). (8)

DOWN

1. What Two Little Pigs did when Big Bad Wolf called. (8)
2. His last name is Olsen (possessive). (9)
3. Initials of Director Lanfield. (6)
4. Jack — Roa. (6)
5. —— of the Crooks. (6)
7. Beamish in The Wrong Road. (9)
8. Robert Armstrong's native state (abbr.). (9)
9. Duke Comes ——. (9)
10. Loretta Young and Tyrone Power were paired in Second. (6)
11. Former wife of Nick Stuart (possessive). (9)
12. Jane Withers starred in 45 ——. (6)
13. Carbo and Boyer were —— starred in Conquest. (9)
14. Shall —— Dance? (6)
15. Jean Parker was heroine of The ——. (9)
16. Stuart Erwin had title role in —— Town Boy. (9)
17. First name of one who was Mrs. Hirable in It's Love I'm After. (6)
18. Some Blondes —— Dangerous. (6)
19. Member of crew of Submarine D-1 (Slang). (9)
20. Descriptive of the villain. (6)
21. Oliver Hardy's screen pal. (6)
22. First name of a famous German actor. (6)
23. All Baba Goes —— Town. (6)
24. Thank You —— Moto. (6)
25. Fly —— Baby. (6)
26. She was Stephanie in Something To Sing About. (9)
27. The newspaper editor in Trouble at Midnight. (9)
28. Short for Mr. Fenton, Ann Dvorak's husband. (9)
29. Initials of little Miss Martin. (6)
30. Juvenile member of the Jones Family (initials). (6)

(Solution on page 61)

When Answering Advertisements Please Mention March Hollywood 59

"My SKIN now invites a close-up"

A SKIN that glows naturally bespeaks radiant health beneath... it is alive... stays fresh! So, be good to your skin from within and it will be good to you.

The reason for this is quite simple... skin issues must have an abundance of red-blood cells to aid in making the skin glow... to bring color to your cheeks... to build resistance to germ attacks.

It is so easy for these precious red-blood cells to lose their vitality. Worry, overwork and undue strain take their toll. Sickness literally burns them up. Improper diet retards the development of new cells. Even a common cold kills them in great numbers.

Science, through S.S.S. Tonic, brings to you the means to regain this blood strength within a short space of time... the action of S.S.S. is cumulative and lasting.

Moreover, S.S.S. Tonic whets the appetite. Foods taste better... natural digestive juices are stimulated and finally the very food you eat is of more value. A very important step back to health.

You, too, will want to take S.S.S. Tonic to regain and to maintain your red-blood cells... to restore lost weight... to regain energy... to strengthen nerves... and to give to your skin that natural health glow.

Take the S.S.S. Tonic treatment and shortly you should be delighted with the way you feel... and have your friends compliment you on the way you look.

S.S.S. Tonic is especially designed to build sturdy health by restoring deficient red-blood cells and it is time-tried and scientifically proven.

At all drug stores in two convenient sizes. The large size at a saving in price. There is no substitute for this time-tested remedy. No ethical druggist will suggest something "just as good."
How Garbo was "Nagged" out of Two Hollywood Homes

[Continued from page 22]

near-by hills. It gave him a nice, pleasant feeling—not to have to face closed shutters.

To be sure, his dreams were slightly disturbed. Garbo haunted them. A haunted Garbo. With her hands tight over her ears—pleading with him not to do that song again. Were her lips really trembling? Allan would wake up in a terrible verberation of apprehension.

But the days continued serene. He and Irene made plans. They purchased the plot of ground adjoining their house. In the near future they would move the stable there—and build a swimming pool on their present site.

It gave a man an elegant and content feeling to be completely unamended. The studio was making big plans for him. The Firefly was a big success. He walked on air! Almost at any moment—whether walking to the stage, or at his dressing-room, or to the commissary, he was likely to burst into song.

Now ordinarily, he is a fairly restrained person. He has a fine dignity about him. But these were unusual times—a man could be forgiven for bursts of exuberance when a turning-point in life and career had been reached. Enthusiasm can be restrained just so much and no more!

Even though Allan and the elusive Swede had been fellow-players on the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot for many, many months, he had never even caught a glimpse of the man. The sacred precincts. He had always hoped that some day he would come face-to-face with her. What a thrill that would be! But now, it was a dread, not a hope!

Once or twice he had seen her venerable car—coming towards him. He'd duck inside the first convenient doorway, and heave a deep sigh of relief when he found it a mistake.

There came a fateful afternoon—and wouldn't you know it would happen—when he was walking along, just minding his own business, but whistling shrilly while he kicked a rock, and bump, he rounded a corner, and almost knocked the breath out of her. The Jones luck! Garbo seldom walked; he had been around for months, and never seen her. As a matter of fact, there were hundreds of people who'd been on the lot for years and years and yet never come face to face with her.

And here he was—which practically demolishing the lady! And making an awful noise, to boot.

"You know, Irene," he told his wife that evening, deep, deep in deception, "there must be a curse on me. First, we annoy her by dashing in with the stable, and the first time I see her, I am whistling, and I hit her like a tackle on a Saturday afternoon."
Even lot E H B E R H A I I O His G S • A A N now, M A se, vented from ment. Mare, worst state shadow of his own blithe self at that moment.

Now don't take it so hard, dear," Irene chided with wifely tenderness. "I'll all work out all right."!

■ His role in Everybody Sing was a singing-actor's dream. He had a lot of music to learn. But the excuses he invented for not practicing at home were masterpieces of imagination. And as for the horses—their currying and their bedding-down was now on the stable-hand's routine. They simply couldn't be made to keep quiet when Allan came around. And silence was now the watchword for the Allan Jones menage—for man—but not for beast!

Now I have it on the best authority—from one of the most reliable stable-hands in Hollywood—that this is the story going the rounds of the most exclusive stables. It seems, the horses didn't like this state of affairs even a little bit. And one night, they passed up some beauty sleep to discuss the grave situation.

"The boss doesn't come around to take care of us any more," the horses agreed with what the mare said. "Do you think he's gone Hollywood—do you think his success in The Firefly has gone to his head?"

The horses were woe-begone! They couldn't, they wouldn't believe this—the worst—of their beloved master.

"Something tells me," said the sage mare, "that the lady next door is responsible. I've noticed the strained look in Allan's eyes everytime he catches a glimpse of that house down the street. And if you'll remember she used to live next door when we were in the other house. I'll bet you a lump of sugar against an apple that I'm right."

"It was really the little colt who found a solution," the gentleman wise in horse-vocabulary revealed to me. "He said, says he—I'll bet she doesn't like noise—and we Joneses certainly are hard on the ear-drums. In a nice way, of course. But there's singing, and our conversations aren't of the quietest."

"That's it—I'm sure of it," interposed his mother. 'There's only one thing to do!"

"And what do you think they did—those blessed horses," my informant told me. "They made a plan."

"Mr. Jones didn't quite know what had happened to his horses. He called the vet in—and that good man says, 'there ain't nothin' wrong with your horses, Mr. Jones. A little on the loud side—but then they're high-strung, as all good horses are, and I wouldn't be worryin' too much about it. A little skittish, that's all.'"

The gentleman warns to his subject: "In the next few days you'd never heard such a clatter. Those horses, had the most unseemly laughter. You could hear it for blocks. And, let me tell you, when a horse sets out to have a good, husky belly-laugh, you might better be buyin' cotton for your ears."

All those days Mr. Jones was going about with a concerned look. He sensed something about to happen—but couldn't quite figure out what it was going to be!

■ Then one evening there were no lights in the house next door. And it remained dark until a neighbor with six dogs, one horse, and nineteen canary birds moved in.

Well now, you may not believe it, and then again you might—but those in the know generally agree, that Garbo left because the noise got on her nerves. And the Jones horses—those night-owls in horses' flesh—were responsible.

In any event, Allan is now learning new songs every day, right at home. And all the shutters in the neighborhood are wide open to the lazy and soothing breezes—and to the Jones voice!

HOW DO YOU RATE?

Of course you are popular. Your family likes you and you have a lot of friends. But do you know how you rate according to Hollywood standards? You can find out by getting next month's HOLLYWOOD Magazine, and reading "Tyrone Power's Popularity Test."

Crossword Puzzle Solution


GOOD NEWS TRAVELS FAST!

Now millions praise the new SCIENTIFICALLY IMPROVED EX-LAX!

To millions of people, Ex-Lax was the perfect laxative. They thought it couldn't be improved. And now here's the big news!—double news!—important news! . . . The laxative they said couldn't be better is better! Better in these three important ways:

TASTES BETTER THAN EVER!
Ex-Lax now has a smoother, richer chocolate taste. You'll like it even better than before. ACTS BETTER THAN EVER!
Ex-Lax is now even more effective. Empties the bowels more thoroughly, more smoothly, in less time than before.

MORE GENTLE THAN EVER!
Ex-Lax is today so remarkably gentle that. except for the relief you enjoy, you scarcely realize you have taken a laxative.

No matter what laxative you're using, own it to yourself to try the new Scientifically Improved Ex-Lax. At all druggists in 10c and 25c boxes.
What Do You Mean—Wonderful Time?
[Continued from page 19]

the bed. I flopped on that, clothes and all.

"I must have slept about two hours when I was awakened by all the other guests trooping in to dinner, singing 'Pack Up Your Troubles in Your Old Kit-Bag.' I listened, thunder-struck. So that was the kind of place I had climbed mountains to get to! I didn't stay. I lit out pronto.

Now, in Camp Kare-Free, I'm finding out what I missed. That's the kind of place Camp Kare-Free is. Only Camp Kare-Free, being in the Berkshires, is in the rain belt. That adds to the fun...

"Did I say fun? It would have been a lark, if we could have made the picture in the summer—the time the story supposedly takes place. We started the picture after the summer was well over. And the first thing we did was to go on location. To Bartlett Lake, fifty-five hundred feet up, in the San Bernardino Mountains. They have eighteen feet of snow there in the winter. We didn't see any snow—we got out just ahead of it. But, every morning, we'd have a thin film of ice on the lake, and even at noon the temperature of the water went no higher than 40 degrees. The temperature of the air went down to 20 at night.

"We were there three weeks. During that time, we worked eight nights—in manufacturing. Two days, I had to swim in that lake.

"Not being able to suffer even the thought of a cold shower in your own home of a morning, your blood congeals as Ginger continues:

"Those little dips were really something. (A genius for under-statement, this Ginger.) "I averaged about ten of them a day during those two days, for shots from various angles.

"It would make a better pun to say I got into the water gingerly. But if you've ever had to get into cold water, you know that the only way to do it is in a hurry. I dressed all my wigs, and blankets, and things, take a deep breath, say to myself, 'Well, here goes!'—and dive in. Melted ice couldn't have been any colder. It's lucky the film wasn't Technicolor, I'd have photographed blue.

"I probably wasn't in the water at any one time longer than fifteen or twenty minutes." (What does she mean—longer?) "Then I'd come out of the water and they'd wrap heated towels around me, and I'd rush to a little cabin they had set up, where they had stoves. I'd get my bathing suit off and they'd start drying it out under electric driers, while I was shawling out, with stoves in front of me. I missed the chance of a hot tub in my hand. I would take about a half-hour to dry out the suit. Then we'd be all set to go again.

"They say misery loves company. I believe it. I had company, the first day—and I was certainly happier than I was the next day. Douglas Fairbanks,
lived across the street. It was easy to go to. I never had gumption enough to go out after anything. It was pleasant, too, at the university. I didn't study for anything in particular. It just happened I was pretty good at languages (note his flair for French in his radio cassette) and that just about lets me out. Studying music was something that never ever occurred to me, and if it had I'd probably have been too lazy to do anything about it. I'd sung around the house, as every kid does, but never dreamed of making singing part of my profession. When I joined the band at school as drummer I was given an occasional song to sing simply because I was the only one in it who didn't have a mouthful of saxophone. It was wholly unconvinced training. Later I thought I'd like to go into show business, but doing so was surely a matter of luck. I didn't think I could really sing, and I don't think so now. You could shut me up in a room over there, flinging out a hand, "with ten other fellows who could make a noise and, standing outside, you wouldn't be able to tell which one was me."

When you protest, he promptly challenges:
"What to bet? I'll bet you anything you like. You can announce the contest now and let readers know how it came out in next month's magazine. Don't believe it? All right, I'll tell something that actually took place. After I'd been singing professionally for a long time I was in Boston and entered a blind contest. At the start there were twenty or thirty of us, but in the finals the number had been cut down to five. I was one of the five—finished fifth. Flop!"

Now what are you going to do with a man like that, a man famous the world over, a man whose home town has proudly found him out, yet a man who seemingly glories in earlier defeat? He is even more astonishing when he reveals:
"I can't play the piano. I can't even

Dr. Crosby Takes a Bow
[Continued from page 27]
Help Kidneys
Don't Take Dramatic Drugs

Your Kidneys contain 9 million tiny tubes or filters which may be endangered by neglect or drastic, irritating drugs. Be careful. If functional disorders of the Kidneys or Bladder make you suffer from Getting Up Nights, Nervousness, Leg Pains, Circles Under Eyes, Dizziness, Backache, Swollen Joints, Excess Acidity, or Burning Passages, don't rely on ordinary medicines. Fight such troubles with the doctor's prescription Cystex. Cystex starts working in 3 hours and must prove entirely satisfactory in 1 week, and be exactly the medicine you need or money back is guaranteed. Telephone your druggist for Cystex (5c Tablets) today. The guarantee protects you. Copy, 1937
The Knox Co.

Learn Profitable Profession in 90 Days at Home

Washes of Men and Women in the vaudeville, pros-
time or on the stage; ladies in the chorus or on the stage; girls in the kitchen, laundress, waves; nurses, private patients, come to us who
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The Best
GRAY HAIR
REMEDY
IS MADE
at Home!

WHY let prematurely gray hair make you look far older than your years? Now, with a better remedy, mixed and applied in the privacy of your own home, costing only a few cents a month, any man or woman can get rid of this social and business handicap.
Simply get from your druggist one-fourth ounce of glycerin, one ounce of bay rum, and a box of Barco Compound. Mix these in one-half part of water, or your druggist will mix it for you. This colored liquid will impart a natural-like color to faded, gray hair. This color will not fade, and it will not affect permanent or wave, will not color the scalp, and adds to the beauty, luster, softness and youth of your hair. If you want to look ten years younger in ten days start with Barco today.

read music. With me it's all by ear. I have an ear for music—which without which nobody could get anywhere. But it's a heritage. For generations it has been in the family, and finally it has come down to me. That's all there is to it. If you want the low-down on me, I've never worked for anything.

But you argue he must at some time have worked at something.

"Yes," he is bound to admit, "I once worked in a picket factory. I worked there for two years. What doing? Sorting cucumbers. The place had changed when I went to see it on my recent visit to Spokan after the ceremony at Gonzaga. Yet it is closely its old spell over me. With it was a new sense, a realization that it was there I had, unconsciously, first become aware of something beyond me, glimpsed a dawning vision of a vague but true art form. At last it broke in upon me that as a green youth I had not merely been sorting cucumbers, but choosing them for their symmetry and stringing them into an endless chain of emeralds full of pure beauty and potential indigestion."

As youth speaks in the melodic voice of this poet-philosopher, you press him for advice to the young. His mood changes—"order than your voices? Now, no drugs, No night. I wish I had studied music, built a better musical foundation. I just kidded around with it. But all that kids today have to do to get a musical education is listen to the radio, hear the finest orchestras and the greatest symphonies. Free of cost, they are given every opportunity to develop an art, a love, music they may have. I appreciate the benefit this may be to my three boys. At present the songs they like best are 'Sweet Leilani' and 'Buckaroo.' But as the twins are only three years old and the other boy four, it is still too early to judge of their possible lyric quality. There is no means of knowing whether they are ever to be singers. But already they have developed such vocal volume as to encourage me in the belief they may all one day become famous auctioneers."

Knocking the ashes out of his pipe, Dr. Crosby reminiscently adds:

"As a kid, my favorite song was 'When I Leave the World Behind.' What is it now? This is hard to say, as there are several songs I like very much, among them 'Smoke Gets in Your Eyes.' My chief interest is in singing. As an actor, I think I'm pretty bad. But in spite of this, Hollywood has been very good to me in the twelve years, on and off. I've been here. It is a vigorous, vital locality, with something for everyone who has anything to give it. Its outstanding characteristic is its sense of humor. It kids anybody who is too serious himself. But it pays him what he is worth—sometimes more. From the material point of view, considering the embolism of cinematic endeavor, it is not too much to say that the Hollywood honorarium off sets approximates a fancy hunk of dough."

True enough. Yet you cannot believe that Dr. Crosby, knowing his own con-
CHARM OF WOMAN

Not infrequently a woman loses charm because her nerves are on edge. Strong nerves and good looks go together.

If your hands begin with backache, headache or periodic pains, with no nerves, try a new bottle of Charm.

Lack of sleep frequently etches needless lines into beautiful faces. Needless, because sleeplessness is often caused by constipation, as are also loss of appetite, mental dulness, nervousness, the aggravation of skin blemishes.

Keep regular. Don't let more than a day go by without proper elimination. Use Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets. This famous laxative has been the choice of millions of people during a generation. It does not shock the intestinal system. It stimulates the liver's secretion of bile, without the discomfort of drastic or irritating drugs. Get Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets at your druggist, 15¢, 50¢, 60¢.

Where are you spending your vacation? Why not take a "Movieland Tour" this year, and spend an exciting holiday in Hollywood? You'll find details of the planned tour of Hilmland on page 14.

Does the Boss Understand What You Say?

Your employer judges you not only by what you say, but by how you say it. Perhaps lack of power to express yourself properly is holding you back. Many men know their jobs but fail to do themselves justice when they talk. A knowledge of Business English protects you against hastily expressed ideas—misused words—keeps you from being judged by what you say instead of what you know and do. Business English training teaches you at home—to speak and write clearly—with force and power. Study English for business purposes—it will help you socially, too. Send the coupon for complete details of this short, practical, low cost training. Our attractive 32 page book—"Effective Business English"—free on request and well worth sending for.

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When Answering Advertisements Please Mention MARCH HOLLYWOOD 65
“Once upon a time...”

Surely all of the best stories start that way. Surely in those words are the concentrated promise of all impossible adventure, the realization of all of the extravagant wishes of an imagining world.

But not the least fascinating thing about the improbable adventures of make-believe heroes is that the swift years of this century are making so many of them come true—

“The king pressed a button, and the whole room was flooded with light...” That was sheer incredible magic not so long ago. Today, it is just the electric light switch in the nursery. “The prince waved his magic wand, and the whole forest was filled with beautiful music...” That was a wild flight of fancy a few years ago. Today, it is only the radio, and if the little ones choose to listen to Gang Busters instead of beautiful music, the parallel still isn’t spoiled. “The princess looked through her far-seeing window, and saw the prince a thousand miles away...” a few years ago that magic window was a tempting gadget, but no architect in his right mind could be persuaded to put it on his blueprints.

Today it’s just television, and you can order it up by picking up your magic horn... sorry, the telephone... and sending your voice through the air so that “no one but a man a hundred miles away can hear you.”

Today the queen steps on her flying carpet, and takes the Southern Transcontinental Route to California in 15 hours... the king goes down into a cavern, drops in a nickel, and is whisked in a room from one end of the city to the other... the princess enters the newsreel theatre and sees what is happening on the other side of the world.

All of the dear fantastic absurdities which played such glamorous parts in the fairy tales of yesterday are becoming accepted commonplacest to children of today. For, no sooner does one man dream of an impossibility than another makes it a reality. And so swiftly does one modern miracle follow another that even the most credulous of us is tempted to say, “All magic is over...” But even a fifty years, and well before the advent of the magic pen before he could tell it what to do. And he had to keep polishing that wishing ring for two and a half years before the first feature-length cartoon picture was ready.

But, now that Snow White is to be seen, no one can deny that magic went into its making and that it is symbolic of all of the incredible achievements of this dramatic and enterprising century. For, no matter how carefully it is explained that an animated cartoon is a simple matter of thousands of drawings, careful attention to detail and plenty of hard work, the total effect still is magical— the promise of more wonders to come.

From the moment little Snow White begins to move with the pretty grace of all true heroines through her painted background, enchantment falls upon the audience. And it is an enchantment that grows.

At the very first of the film, attention is held by the mechanical and technical achievements. But most people will be absorbed in what goes on rather than how effects were managed after the black- advised huntsman approaches unsuspecting Snow White with the sun glinting in a blinding splash of threatening light from his upraised dagger.

Before there is time to think, the first chase begins. Panic sends Snow White flying into the forest, deeper, deeper into the black shadows which are her only refuge against the evil plans of her wicked step-mother. But even her refuge is a place of nightmare. The forest itself is an enemy. Trailing vines snatch at her with greedy gnarled fingers. Roots turn into grasping claws. Trees bend to catch and cling. The wind rises into the howl of a pack of beasts in full pursuit, and from all sides evil green eyes of lurking monsters glare—a good thing it is that the little ones of today have been brought up on gangster films, for so realistic is the horrid hysteria of fright in this sequence that it takes sophisticated nerves to remain calm to the end of it!

But how reassuring is the following sequence. As Snow White lies, shaken with exhausted sobs in a little glade, the glaring green eyes in the black forest blink sympathetically, move, and out ventures a timid crowd of little animals, all filled with the good-will and gaiety typical of Disney’s four-footed characters.

It is they who lead her to the home of the dwarfs. It is they who turn their tails into rotary whisk-brooms in a blithe ballet of housecleaning. And later, it is they who hurry for help when Snow White is taking that fatal bite from the poisoned apple.

Ah, yes, there is magic abroad wherever Snow White is showing.

Who can deny that something more than calculated production value went into the scene where the coldly handsome queen goes at the dead of night into the dungeon vaults of her castle to mix the perilous potion that will change her into the hag of hags, complete with warted nose, black cloak and cackling voice? Who can deny that something of the supernatural chill of unexplainable mysteries is not caught in that scene where she squirts the black-of-night out of one siphon, a scream-of-fright out of another and mixes the whole unholy brew with a streak of lighting?

Who can deny that there is magic in the very realism of the seven little dwarfs as their crabbled natures expand so gratefully under the spell of Snow White’s kindness and cooking?

And who can fail to fall under the spell of the frantic alarm that sends the dwarfs and the little animals pell-mell through the forest, over the little streams through the glades after the fleeing figure of the wicked queen when she has accomplished her evil purpose. Certainly there is magic abroad when a whole theatre full of adults holds breath while a rout of little deer, chipmunks, skunks, squirrels, sparrows and pictured dwarfs scramble up a blue-black mountain of jagged rocks to catch the malevolent queen.

Who can deny that there is still enchantment when a respectful silence falls over a theatre as Snow White’s flower-decked bier, surrounded by mourning forest creatures and grieving dwarfs fades into full focus?

The magic of making pictures move may be explained away by a lecture on methods of coloring eelluloid sheets and photographing single frames at a time. And if you pay close attention to the text books, you can find out how the dizzy dream of making pictures talk is now just a matter of vibrating cells and amplifying units and electro-magnets. But the magic of imagination, itself, still remains, reassuring in a work-a-day world. And the enchantment still remains in the words, “And so they lived happily ever after.”

Surely all the best tales end so.
Radiant Eleanor Fisher—chosen from thousands of America's most dazzling beauties in a great magazine's nationwide search for "Miss Typical America!"—Her crowning reward now a chance at Hollywood heaven in Paramount's new romantic achievement, "True Confessions!"

Of supreme importance in helping her to win, were Miss Fisher's beautiful eyes, framed with the glamour of long, romantic lashes. The charm of beautiful eyes, with natural-appearing long, dark, luxuriant lashes can be yours too, instantly, with but a few simple brush strokes of Maybelline Mascara, in either Solid or Cream-form. Both forms are harmless, tear-proof and non-smarting.

Do as America's loveliest women do—form graceful, expressive eyebrows with Maybelline's smooth-marking Eyebrow Pencil.

Frame your eyes with glamour—accent their color and sparkle with a faint, misty tint of harmonizing Maybelline Eye Shadow, blended lightly on upper lids.

Guard against crows-feet, laugh-lines and wrinkles around the eyes—keep this sensitive skin soft and youthful—by simply smoothing on Maybelline Special Eye Cream each night.

The name Maybelline is your absolute assurance of purity and effectiveness. These famous products in purse sizes are now within the reach of every girl and woman—at all 10c stores. Try them today and see what an amazing difference Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids can make in your appearance.
Her Throat Insured For $50,000.

DOLORES DEL RIO* tells why it’s good business for her to smoke Luckies...

"That $50,000 insurance is a studio precaution against my holding up a picture," says Miss Del Rio. "So I take no chances on an irritated throat. No matter how much I use my voice in acting, I always find Luckies gentle."

They will be gentle on your throat, too. Here’s why... Luckies’ exclusive "Toasting" process expels certain harsh irritants found in all tobacco. This makes Luckies’ fine tobaccos even finer... a light smoke.

Sworn records show that among independent tobacco experts—men who know tobacco and its qualities—Luckies have twice as many exclusive smokers as all other cigarettes combined.

WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST IT’S LUCKIES—2 TO 1
TRY
TYRONE POWER'S
POPULARITY TEST
WHAT'S YOUR SCORE?
Imagine our surprise! We knew the world needed a magazine for men only—that the women had all the best of it with hundreds of magazines all their own, while the poor males were practically destitute for reading matter. So we published such a magazine—a sprightly, smart and entertaining magazine for men only. We called it just that: FOR MEN ONLY.

Our surprise came, not because men everywhere acclaimed the magazine, but because women too insist that FOR MEN ONLY is the most interesting, entertaining magazine they have ever read. They often buy it for their boy friends.

Your newsdealer has copies of the current issue. Twenty-two entertaining, robust articles, including a hilarious discussion of “The Age of Consent,” by Ted Cooper, plus more than twenty full-page cartoons in color. 25c at all newsstands.
A gay, friendly smile, revealing sparkling teeth, is so appealing. The girl who has a lovely smile can't help but win! Tragic that so many girls lose this charm through carelessness—tragic that they neglect the warning of "pink tooth brush"—let teeth that are lustreless and dull actually spoil their own good looks!

If you've seen a tinge of "pink," see your dentist. It may be nothing serious, but let him decide. Usually, however, he'll tell you that it's only another case of gums deprived of exercise by our modern, creamy foods. And, as so many dentists do, he'll probably advise more work and resistance—the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage.

For Ipana, with massage, is especially designed to help keep gums healthy, as well as keep teeth sparkling. Every time you brush your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana into your gums. As circulation in the gum tissues increases, gums tend to become firmer, more resistant to trouble.

Change to Ipana and massage—and change today! Let this very practical dental health routine help you to have firmer gums, brighter teeth—a lovelier smile!

DOUBLE DUTY—Ask your druggist for Rubberset's Double Duty Tooth Brush, designed to massage gums effectively as well as to thoroughly clean teeth.

Does your mirror tell you—

"A Lovelier Smile would make you more attractive!"

Change to Ipana and Massage
“Raw” Throat?
Here’s Quick Action!

Zonite Wins
Germ-Killing Test by 9.3 to 1

If your throat is raw or dry with a coming cold, don’t waste precious time on remedies that are ineffective or slow-acting. Delay may lead to a very serious illness. To kill cold germs in your throat, use the Zonite gargle. You will be pleased with its quick effect.

Standard laboratory tests prove that Zonite in 5.3 times more active than any other popular, non-poisonous antiseptic!

HOW ZONITE ACTS—Gargle every 2 hours with one teaspoon of Zonite to one-half glass water. This Zonite treatment benefits you in four ways: (1) Kills all kinds of cold germs at contact! (2) Soothes the rawness in your throat. (3) Relieves the pain of swallowing. (4) Helps Nature by increasing the normal flow of curative, health-restoring body fluids. Zonite tastes like the medicine it really is!

DESTROY COLD GERMS NOW—DON’T WAIT
Don’t let cold germs knock you out. Get Zonite at your druggist now. Keep it in your medicine cabinet. Be prepared. Then at the first tickle or sign of rawness in your throat, start gargling at once. Use one teaspoon of Zonite to one-half glass water. Gargle every 2 hours. We’re confident that Zonite’s quick results will more than repay you for your precaution.

Always gargle with Zonite at the first sign of a cold

ZONITE WINS TEST BY 9.3 TO 1
ZONITE IS 9.3 TIMES MORE ACTIVE THAN ANY OTHER POPULAR, NON-POISONOUS ANTISEPTIC

HOLLYWOOD RADIO BEAM
BY GORDON W. FAWCETT

It was the success of the Jack Benny—Fred Allen feud which prompted the Phil Baker-Beetle hocus-pocus, which had the same anger content—less than one-half of one percent. Edward G. Robinson was so taken by his CBS radio role of a crusading managing editor in “Bigtown” that he went for a night ride in a police radio car to get a first hand look at crime . . . Jack Oakie likes that patched professorial gown for broadcasting because he doesn’t have to dress up when he wears it. Shirts and a sweater look the same as a dinner jacket under the Oakie College gown of office . . . Paul Whiteman will put on a ten-gallon cowboy hat at the drop of a top, but not at a race track. He thinks it unlucky there.

Delmar Edmondson, who last year was a network star as “editor” of the “Magazine of the Air,” now is helping build larger Pacific coast audiences on a new dramatic show, “What Would You Have Done.” He returned to his Hollywood home because he couldn’t extend his leave of absence from the faculty of Glendale Junior College, where he teaches journalism, of all things . . . Anne Jamison, who sings those concert numbers on “Hollywood Hotel,” has a different dress which is sympathetic, she says, with each number and her type of song. That classic drape goes with torchy numbers, if classic music may be torchy, and the crinoline thing matches ballads in Anne’s soul, if I know what I mean.

Lud Gluskin, radio maestro, has 70 denizen shirts. So rich? Well, not broke, but his brother manufactures them . . . Gluskin, incidentally, is the fellow who sold Marlene Dietrich that rakish Mercedes she drives around Hollywood . . . To put over the point of a story he was telling Eddie Cantor, Al Jolson dropped flat on his back in front of the Vine Street Radio Theatre, and stopped traffic.

A new high in gestures . . . George McCall, the radio gossip, also owns a lion farm near Hollywood . . . CBS is importing New York stars to add to the Hollywood contingent to a gigantic program to dedicate its new Hollywood building sometime in March . . . Joe Penner is still looking for the member of his troupe who switched cigars on him, leaving in place of the one he had just started smoking a similar cigar which was loaded. He suspects Jimmie Grier, but Grier has an alibi. He is vouching for Hal Raynor, the Glendora person who writes Penner’s funny songs . . . Martha Raye takes her charity personally. Instead of doing it with money, she acts as nurse at Cedars of Lebanon hospital in the charity ward one day a week. And besides doing a weekly radio show and making picture after picture!

Jean Hershalt always carries three or more pipes to his CBS “Dr. Christian” rehearsals because he dislikes smoking a warm pipe . . . Jeanette MacDonald is always so appreciative of the way Josef Pasternak directs the Open House orchestra, that at the end of each broadcast she rushes up to the fatherly maestro and gives him a great big thank-you hug . . . George McCall carries a good luck cigarette case with him everywhere he goes. During his Sceneseopes program he places the case on the table at his elbow and during the broadcast he smokes half-a-dozen cigarettes, lighting one during each dramatic interlude . . . Betty Grable (Mrs. Jackie Coogan to you) always gets a good laugh kiss from her new spouse before she goes on the air . . . Deanna Durbin always takes a cat-nap a half hour before the Texaco Town broadcasts.

Jacques Renard, orchestra leader, actually loses an average of nine pounds a broadcast. He can stand it though as he sits in the bandstand at 3:30 . . . Wayne Morris on a recent appearance drank a glass of water with three or four drops of iodine in it to relieve him of a terrible case of “nike fright” . . . George Burns and Jack Benny are never without their cigars when in front of the transmitter . . . Murphy McHenry, the clever writer doing Sceneseopes for George McCall, is another radio personality who loses weight while his stuff is being put on the air. Also like Renard, McHenry can stand it as he is much heavier than Jacques . . . Tony Martin hurries away from his broadcast to the bowling alleys where he is averaging 235 for his Twentieth Century-Fox bowling team.
"He thought he knew how to tame a Frau, But Gary's in the Doghouse now... YOU BET..." Claudette

Adolph Zukor presents
CLAUDETTE COLBERT · GARY COOPER
"BLUEBEARD'S EIGHTH WIFE"
EDWARD EVERETT HORTON · DAVID NIVEN · ELIZABETH PATTerson · HERMAN BING
Screen Play by Charles Brackett and Billy Wilder · A Paramount Picture
Based on the Play by Alfred Savoir · English Play Adaptation by Charlton Andrews
Produced and Directed by ERNST LUBITSCH

AMERICA'S LEADING LOVE TEAM IN THE COMEDY HIT OF 1938!

When answering advertisements please mention April Hollywood
"I'VE GOT TO KISS YOU"

White feathers on a blue background decorate Mary Bridel's spring swimming suit. She is a Universal player and has a featured role in Deanna Durbin's new film, *Mad About Music*.

1. 20th Century-Fox is going to supervise the presents which Mrs. Temple gives her blonde-curling dark, if it has anything to say about the matter. No less!

Shirley recently received a small electric stove. Delighted, she took it to the studio, and proceeded to whip up soda biscuits on the set. Everything went just dandy until a wind machine suddenly started and the flour began to fly. Result . . . half the set practically covered with flour.

2. Old-timers of the screen turned out in colorful array recently, when the famous old Hollywood Hotel celebrated its thirty-fifth anniversary. William Farnum officiated as master of ceremonies, and such former favorites as Charlie Murray, Shirley Mason, Creighton Hale, Viola Dana, Dorothy Mackaill, Jean Acker, Pauline Garon, Rosemary Theby and Harry Myers were much in evidence, to mention the names of but a few. The affair was strictly invitation, and the guests were provided with a look-at as many whom they hadn't viewed on the screen in years, but who, in their day, were the Robert Taylors and Claudette Colberts of the era.

3. Jackie Coogan took a tall ribbing when he appeared at the studio minus two front teeth. To a man, the studio shouted . . . "So YOU'RE the happy bridegroom, eh?" Betty Grable came in for her share of the kidding, too.

Of course, you don't have to believe it if you care to think otherwise, but the truth of the matter is that the teeth were knocked out in an amateur football game, and Jackie was on his way to the dentist, after picking up Betty at the studio.

4. An outlander is beating Hollywood's time, Young Mr. Alfred Gwene Vanderbilt, of money and horse-racing fame, is taking the young ladies of the colony by storm. Among others whom he has escorted to night spots and such, are Ginger Rogers, Mary Maguire, Florence Rice, Gertrude Niesen, Phyllis Brooks and Kay Sutton.

5. PAGING DR. STORK . . . Bob Burns, Claude Rains, Patric Knowles, Rex Bell, Mervyn LeRoy, Arthur Lake and Dick Foran. They'll all be pacing the hospital corridors very shortly, even as their less celebrated brothers all over the land. Chances are, some will be proud fathers before you read this. Courage, men!

6. You have to hand it to Marie Wilson . . . she's one in a million. A friend asked her, "When did you get the new car, Marie?" indicating the car which the blonde actress was driving.

"Why," quoth Marie, "this is my old one." "Looks new to me," returned her inquisitor.

Sure enough, it WAS new . . . but it wasn't Marie's.

"Whose is it, then?" wailed our heroine . . . "I drove it off a parking lot, thinking it was mine. Mebbe," she offered, brightly, "it belongs to someone else."

IT DID!
When you catch Sally, Irene and Mary, be sure to watch for the wedding scene, that of Alice Faye and Tony Martin. It's an elaborate ceremony, the kind that Alice always dreamed of for herself... the kind that didn't mark her own wedding to Tony, when they eloped to Yuma some months ago. That's why it will be so interesting to watch in the picture.

Glenda Farrell finally has persuaded Drew Eberston, the boy friend, to desert assistant directing and return to New York, there to enter his father's architect office.

Drew was trained for this craft, but turned, instead, to picture work. For several years now, Glenda has endeavored to convince him he would make a better architect than assistant director. When she consented to marry him, if he would make the change, he departed for the east. Glenda will fly east between pictures, and eventually retire from the screen, upon her marriage.

Anita Louise has just turned twenty-one. In celebration, she will take over all her affairs, run her own household, make her own investments... with the advice, of course, of her business manager. Her mother presented her with a beautiful star sapphire. On top of everything else, she has been cast in one of the most prominent roles with Norma Shearer in Marie Antoinette.

Another film lovely, June Lang, was selected by Dr. Benjamin Gayelord Hauser, famous beauty dietitian, as Hollywood's most beautiful girl. This is quite a statement, and the good doctor probably is in for some rough weather when he meets other beauties of the colony, but he declares he'll stick to his guns. Anyway, June IS beautiful, no one can ever say him nay.

TWO-SOMING:

Adrienne Ames hitting the high spots with Townsend Netcher... Johnny Downs devoting ALL his time to Katherine (Sugar) Kane... and is she cute... solemn-faced Charlie Butterworth dancing with Lona Andre... Cecilia Parker still the favorite of Dick Baldwin... and vice versa... Craig Reynolds has switched his affections from Gertrude Niesen over to the attractive Barbara Pepper... while Gertie reads stories and stories of Arthur Arthur, who isn't any relation to Simone Simon... Andrea Leeds and Ken Murray constant... neither is seen out with any other... study in contrasts is Toby Wing and Don Alvarado... Toby so blonde and Don so brunette... Pat Wing a favorite, too... it's love at last for Frances Drake and Tom Rutherford.

RIOT NOTE... When that story appeared about Fay Wray's cook attacking her, the actress' home was besieged by hundreds of women seeking the position left vacant. They became so insistent that special guards had to be posted about the estate to maintain order.

[Continued on page 12]
IT'S EASY TO GET MARRIED

All you have to do is get into the movies, and the proposals start to pour in.

By WHITNEY WILLIAMS

The sun never sets upon a day in Hollywood that marriage proposals by the score from far-off and unknown admirers aren't received by the Glamour-Girls. As regularly as clock-work, these matrimonial offers and entreaties arrive in the daily mail for all the unmarried girls of the screen... and many of the wedded ones reap a rich harvest, as well.

The majority, of course, are strictly of the "Will you marry me" variety... but occasionally one turns up extraordinary in content.

One of the strangest proposals of marriage was contained in a letter to Alice Faye, from a wealthy South American cattle baron. This man offered her a 500,000-acre cattle ranch down on the pampas of the Argentine, if she would be his bride. All she had to do, her aspiring bridegroom declared, was give up the screen and settle down with him in his huge hacienda in the eastern shadows of the Andes.

Another billet-doux came from a Frenchman who promised her his castle in the Swiss Alps and a fortune in family jewels. Alice was most sympathetic; however, with the Royal Canadian Mounted policeman who offered her marriage with nothing but an opportunity to share his loneliness at an outpost in Northern Canada.

It's a far cry from Canada to the French Foreign Legion, but mention of that latter missive to Alice recalls another received by Ann Sothern shortly before her marriage to Roger Pryor.

The writer of this epistle was a Legionnaire, stationed near Tunis, in North Africa. He demanded her hand when his term of enlistment was ended, in two years' time. He said he hadn't much hope of her accepting him, but making the proposal amused him—time hung heavy on his hands, it seemed—and he enjoyed writing to her, anyway. Ann compromised by sending him a large photograph of herself.

All Glenda Farrell had to do to get married—according to a long letter she received from a farmer in Iowa—was send $1500 to pay off a farm mortgage, and an additional $200 to pay the fare of this gentleman to Hollywood, where he would propose to her on bended knee.

"It is high time," he wrote, "that you should marry some good man and settle down. I have a good ranch, and I know you'd like that sort of thing. I am a good religious man and could love you as a good wife should be."

[Continued on page 62]
DARLING OF DIXIE!... “Meanest when she’s lovin’ most!”

Half angel, half siren, all woman! The screen’s greatest actress comes to you in the hit picture of her career... as the most exciting heroine who ever lived and loved in Dixie!

WARNER BROS.
PRESENT

BETTE DAVIS in
“Jezebel”

THE GREATEST ROMANCE
OF THE SOUTH

HENRY FONDA • GEORGE BRENT • Margaret Lindsay • Donald Crisp • Fay Bainter

RICHARD CROMWELL • HENRY O’NEILL • SPRING BYINGTON • JOHN LITEL

A WILLIAM WYLER PRODUCTION

Screen Play by Clements Ripley, Abem Finkel and John Huston

From the Play by Owen Davis, Sr.
Music by Max Steiner

WHEN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION APRIL HOLLYWOOD
Everything was Lovely...

UNTIL HE STRUCK A MATCH!

Can Your Complexion Stand Life's Little Close-ups? It Can if You Use Luxor Powder... It's Light-proof!

- Every change of light is a challenge to a woman's complexion. Does your make-up flatter you one minute—and betray you the next? Then give thanks for this discovery!

With a finishing touch of light-proof powder, your complexion will not constantly be light-struck. In any light. Day or night.

Seeing is believing

Look at the photographs below. See what havoc the light plays with unprotected make-up. See the improvement in the second picture—with light rays modified and softened by light-proof powder.

You can trust this powder under all conditions. It is light-proof, and moisture-proof. Note the complete absence of shine, with that same lovely softness at all times.

We invite all women who think they have a "shiny skin" to make this test and see if Luxor powder does not subdue all shine.

Large size box of Luxor light-proof powder 55c at drug and department stores; 10c size at the five-and-ten stores. Or, clip coupon for a complimentary box free and postpaid.

LUXOR LIGHT-PROOF FACE POWDER

LUXOR, Ltd., Chicago

Please send me a complimentary box of the new Luxor Light-Proof Face Powder free and postpaid.

☐ Rachel ☐ Rachel No. 2 ☐ Rote Rachel ☐ Flesh ☐ Bruneete

Name

Address

Hollywood Newsreel

[Continued from page 9]

way, but nevertheless, with every birthday dawning, a handsome gift awaits her on her doorstep.

- Bette Davis seems to be jinxed... at least, insofar as her latest picture, Jezebel, is concerned. During the course of production she picked up a bad cold; fell and twisted her ankle; patted her cheeks so vigorously with the bristles of a make-up brush that infection set in and she was forced out of the picture for a full week; caught influenza while engaged in filming swamp scenes, which ended in a bad attack of neuritis. And they say a star's life is a merry one!

CUPDATINGS:

- Looks as though Virginia Field will be the next Mrs. Vic Orsatti... and the ex- June Lang, will wed the million-aire A. C. Blumenthal... pretty well too, that Wayne Morris and Priscilla Lane will merge, in the near future... you can never bet even money on these weddings in the ofing, though... Wayne was engaged to Nan Grey last month...

- Joan Fontaine and Conrad Nagel may be one before this reaches the printer... so too, June Clayworth and Sid Rogell... Jon Hall's current fiery flame is Vicki Lester, cutest of the cute... Junior Laemmle finding Constance Worth sooo receptive to his phone calls... now it's harmonica-playing Leon La Fell who is taking up all Martha Raye's time... and the former Mister Roay, Buddy Westmore, dividing his time between Lana Turner and Rita Lee, in a dandy in a Hollywood night spot... begins to look pretty serious, this Norma Shearer-David Niven friendship... they're seen everywhere together... both awfully nice folk... Beverly Roberts and Director William H. Reilly seem to be making up... what's this, between Aileen Pringle and B. P. Schulberg?... Lucille Ball and Al Hall still teaming... Jerry Wald, the writer, making things heavy for Gordon Oliver... they're both dating Helen Mack... Janet Gaynor now devotes most of her time to Tyrone Power... Hollywood is watching with interest... Ronald Reagan thinks Rosemary Lane just TOO cute... but who doesn't?... Loretta Young allowing the New York publisher, Stanley Kahn, to bask in her smiles... Ivan Lebedeff picking the rich Geraldine Spreckels as his "steady" work... Bob Hope, Jr., and Maxine Jones, daughter of Buck, still that way... Cupid reports it's the busiest season he's ever known.

- There is a clause in Fernand Gravet's contract with Warner Bros, that he treasures above all others. It's the one that says he may return to Paris the moment he completes a picture. He insisted that this clause be added by explaining, "I have to go back to kiss my ma." An unusually strong bond exists between the two.

The Lone Ranger has audiences as well as himself all up in the air. Not until the last reel of the Republic serial will you know his identity, for he wears a mask throughout his adventures. Don't you recognize those glittering eyes? Haven't you seen that hat somewhere before?

TIPS FROM SANTA ANITA...

Mischa Auer has given up betting on the horses, forever... seems the comic, who rarely wagers, placed a two dollar bet across the board on two horses... and both horses that day fell and had to be destroyed... honest!... so enthusiastic a racing fan is Charles Winneniger that he rises before dawn, so that he may dash out to the track and clock the horses as they take their workout at DAWN... some fun... you'd never think it, but Jane Darwell, the character actress, is a racing addict... when her two dollars brought her fifty-six in exchange, she used the profits to paint the fence of her new valley home... another on the verge of abandoning the science of picking winners is Humphrey Bogart... he gave his Filipino houseboy the day off, and five dollars... houseboy returned that night with nearly five hundred dollars in his jeans... and Humphrey, who really knows something about horses, was loser of more than two hundred... 'tis a funny world.

One of the nicest gestures we've encountered is Gene Raymond never forgetting the birthday of a secretary who once was instrumental in getting him a lot of publicity. This woman is sick, now, and no longer useful to him in a business
Frequently you read of stars visiting stores and newspaper offices and even courts of law, when they are about to undertake a characterization dealing with any of these locales. It remained for Sally Eilers, however, to actually spend a day in jail, to study for her role in Condemned Women. Sally enacts a woman prisoner in this radio film, and her husband, Harry Joe Brown, a producer at Fox, made the suggestion that she might benefit by the visit, to experience the full routine to which convicts are subjected.

Funniest item of the month concerns Joan Crawford. When the star returned home from New York, and the chauffeur deposited her at the front door and drove off to town on an errand, the police dog that Franchot had given her a few days prior to her departure refused to permit her on the porch. Joan had to shriek for the servants before she could enter her own house.

LIFE IN THE HOLLYWOODS:

Alan Hale is well on his way to a million ... he recently perfected a theatre seat which will net him that amount within a few years ... Milton Berle sends his mother an orchid every day, wherever he might be ... he's done it for years ... Spring must be in the air ... Jimmy Cagney already has had his yacht scraped and reconditioned for warm weather cruising ... Mary Maguire bites her finger-nails ... if you know any cure, send it on to her care of First National ... now you can know—Wendy Barrie's cigarettes have red tips to match her lipstick and nail enamel ... Wendy says she doesn't like to see smeared red cigarette butts, hence the innovation ... pretty slick idea, wot? ... Richard Arlen and his spouse, Jobyna, were caught in a

Johnny Mack Brown and the Tom Browns (no relation) found a quiet corner during Anita Louise's twenty-first birthday party, got their backs to the wall and settled down for a discussion of football scores, past, present and future.
Body So Skinny-Girl Was Ashamed To Undress!

But Family Doesn’t Laugh Any More Since She Gained 7 Lbs. on 1st Bottle of KELPAMALT—Now Looks Fine and Feels Great!

All Skinny Men and Women Should Read This Actual Letter From our Files:

Kelpamalt Company, Dear Sirs: I am 5 ft. tall, before I was married I weighed 1st lb. That wasn’t much, but better than the 100 lbs. I weighed once since my boy was born 6 years ago. I was always active in out of doors sports and I’m dancing, so honestly, I’ve been unhappy with myself, having cut my bathing suit or an existing one for the last 4 summers. Relying on slimmer actually changed my mode of thinking.

Last August I was visiting my mother in-law, I came to house in a sun-back dress with straps over the shoulders. Mrs. H. looked at me and laughed. She said I had shoulders that belonged like that. I certainly would wear a high-backed dress. Can you imagine how doubtful I felt. I was glad when the summer was over and I could wear a sweater and skirt. Now, thanks to Kelpamalt, I am losing currency, I have taken just 2 tablets and I’ve gained 7 lbs. Thank of it. Seven pounds in 10 days. Before my, I’ve said for another bottle. I feel so well too, and my friends are remarking on my looks. My only regret is that I didn’t start taking Kelpamalt sooner. Three cheers for Kelpamalt! The best beauty product on the market.—Mrs. P. H., Cambridge, Md.

Kelpamalt has proven itself so effective as a weight and energy builder because it helps supply the iron, silver, and vitamins that are vitally necessary for you to get the real good out of your food. Your own doctor will approve this. Caret not little to me and is sold at all good drug stores. And remember—your money back if you are not completely satisfied.

SEEDOL
Kelpamalt Tablets

SPECIAL FREE OFFER
Write today for free informative six-page booklet on how thousands have built strength, energy and added lbs. with Kelpamalt. Mineral and Vitamin contents of food and its effects on the human body. New facts about TURALIODINE. Free booklet. Kelpamalt Co., Dept. 1407, Borden Ave. and 21st St., L. I. City, N. Y.

When a fan sent Preston Foster a six weeks old lamb, the actor did not know what to do with it until he demonstrated its ability to care for itself by making a light lunch on one of his shoe strings. Then he commissioned two RKO messenger boys, shown here, as shepherds.

more kindly toward the world... the crew on the Merry We Live set, at Hal Roach, presented Constance Bennett, who stars in the film, an elaborate silver cigarette case, upon the picture’s close... they likewise presented a scroll carrying their good wishes... fifteen-year-old Bonita (pronounced as) sported an unusual evening gown at the studio by John Torrence, an up and coming youngster... Gail Patrick receives the largest orchid in town every Tuesday, from husband Bob Cobb... it’s in the nature of a weekly celebration of the day they met... and their romance began... working in a railroad-car set for one of the sequences in Vincenza’s Lady, Jimmy Stewart murmured, “I’ve been on this train so long I’m getting car sick.”... Jack Mulhall, Jr., son of the one-time favorite, has taken a screen test and studio officials declare he exerts the same likable appeal of his father... it’s not generally known, but Ginger Rogers and Lew Ayres frequently step out of an evening... swell if they’d make up.

Here’s one for the book... whenever Ray Milland is missing at the studio, he generally may be found in the Paramount research department READING ENGLISH FUNNY PAPERS! Milland has a passion for English comic sections, and invariably heads for them whenever he is to be free for an hour or so.

Lanny Ross, soon to be seen in Columbia’s Paris On Broadway, is going to invent another name for future song-writing purposes. Having composed several popular songs, Lanny discovered his singing competitors either neglected to give proper credit or, in many instances, would not sing the numbers at all. The last musical composition to bear the name
of Lanny Ross is the hit tune, "Visions of Love," for which he composed both music and lyrics.

This coming summer will be a banner one for Mrs. de Havilland, mother of Olivia and Joan Fontaine. Olivia is sending her on a visit to England, to see an aunt whom she hasn’t set eyes upon in more than twenty-five years. There’s a bare possibility that the mother may be joined by at least one of her daughters and the English sojourn is ended. Both girls have always wanted to see the land of their parents’ birth, although they themselves first saw the light of day in Japan.

Irene Dunne tells this one about her young daughter, Mary Frances. The child is just at the stage where she is beginning to use words in sentence form. She dashed up to her mother, excitedly, and exclaimed, pointing skyward to the Goodyear blimp flying overhead... "Oh, Mommy, look at the bump." Anyway, she meant well.

Pity poor Andy Devine. While he was signing an autograph book outside the radio broadcasting station, someone yelled, "Here comes Jack Benny", and straightway Andy was left holding a torn page, ripped from the book when its owner snatched it from Andy to pursue the radio comedian. Andy glares every time he passes Jack, now... but it’s all in fun. He delights in telling the story on himself. It WAS embarrassing, though.

Hugh Herbert is modeling the appropriate costume for the gentleman-sharpshooter in the trail of the savage gopher. The gopher is at bay in its hole, but both Herbert and his trusty hunting dog are ready for its last desperate attack.

**FRESHNESS!** It’s the very life of Hollywood! Money’s no object in the hunt for fresh plays and players. When a star goes stale, his light goes out!

But when a cigarette goes stale, it should never be cut at all! For every drag you take on a stale cigarette is a drag on you. Freshness is the life of cigarette quality, too. Old Gold spends a fortune annually to put an extra jacket of Cellophane on its every package. You pay nothing extra for it... but it brings you a world of extra enjoyment. The full rich flavor of fresh-cut, long-aged tobaccos; prize crop tobaccos at their best.

Buy your Old Golds where you will... in damp climates or dry. They’re as good where they’re sold as where they’re made... and that’s as good as a cigarette can be made!
Above, Warren William, caught in the act of unlocking his front door which will be wide open to the Movieland Tourists when he entertains for them at a cocktail party.

Right, Robert Taylor seems to be enjoying himself as much as the surrounding Movieland Tourists. This picture was taken during last year’s party at the Wilshire Bowl.

**THE BEST VACATION**

**A Movieland Tour**

Here is a chance to see stars at work and at play during your summer vacation.

- Again Hollywood is opening its doors to you! And once more it is Fawcett Publications’ Movieland Tours which make it possible for you to enter studio gates and spend two of the most exciting weeks in a lifetime. If you “want to get away from it all” this summer, here is the opportunity you are seeking. The coupon on the opposite page, filled in with your name and address, will bring you a complete illustrated booklet describing this opportunity.

  Tours will start from Chicago on July 3, July 24, and August 14. Each tour will follow the same route: through the cool northern woods of Minnesota, past the famous ten-thousand lake district to the great national park regions... over the Great Divide, winding through the rugged Rockies to Puget Sound.

  After a delightful cruise in the blue waters of Puget Sound, the tour takes you next to the picturesque hills of San Francisco.

- Sunday morning is the day of your arrival in Hollywood, where you will be handed the “golden key to the city” by a movie celebrity, representing the Hollywood Junior Chamber of Commerce.

  A tour of the residential districts of Beverly Hills and Hollywood where the movie stars live is on the program for your first day in Hollywood. In the afternoon you will be guests for cocktails in a famous movie star’s home. Warren William will entertain the first Movieland Tourists, Harold Lloyd will give the cocktail party at his Beverly Hills estate for members of the second tour, and Bob Burns will be the host for the third tour. Many Hollywood celebrities also will be guests, and you may take as many snapshots and get as many autographs as you wish.
Among other outstanding entertainments that have been planned for the Movieland Tourists are a top-ranking radio broadcast; an extensive tour through one of the major motion picture studios where each interesting process of picture-making will be shown; a tour of Max Factor's Make-Up Studios; and a luncheon at Clara Bow's "It" Cafe.

A special feature added for the enjoyment of Movieland Tourists this year is the acquisition of George McCall, brilliant radio columnist, as Master of Ceremonies for the three tours. Mr. McCall, who is heard from coast to coast on the Old Gold program, is thoroughly acquainted with the Hollywood scene and is on intimate terms with its most glittering personalities. Hollywood and its people are his specialty, and he will increase your enjoyment of the glamorous movie capital with his comments and observations on the stars.

Plenty of time has been allotted to side trips from Hollywood, where you will have the opportunity to shop where the stars shop on famous Hollywood Boulevard, or take excursions to Catalina Island or to Lake Arrowhead, playgrounds of the stars.

A gala farewell party at the Wilshire Bowl where you will mingle with motion picture celebrities brings to an end your exciting days on the west coast.

Further information will be printed in the May issue of Hollywood Magazine. Watch for them. And in the meantime a booklet describing complete details is yours for the asking. Just fill in the coupon below:

Movieland Tours,
Fawcett Publications, Inc.,
360 North Michigan Ave.,
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Without obligation on my part, send me your complete illustrated booklet describing the Movieland Tours.

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THE PRICE IS LOW...start to build your matched set now. Buy that lipstick you need...or orange, face powder, eye shadow or mascara...in Marvelous Eye-Matched Makeup...only 55c each (Canada 65c). Your drug or department store recommends this makeup, advises:

If your eyes are:

BLUE....wear Dresden type
BROWN....wear Patrician type
GRAY....wear Patrician type

TONIGHT...you, too, can be a queen of hearts,—try this matched makeup that matches you!

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John King, Anita Louise and Basil Rathbone enjoy autographing books for Movieland Tourists. This picture was taken last summer when Rathbone entertained the tourists at his home.

MARVELOUS EYE-MATCHED MAKEUP by Richard Hudnout

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ALL THESE STARS!
ALL THESE LAUGHS!
and Oh-h-h so much romance!

It's your top-hit musical (but TOP!)... with all the zing and extra sparkle you expect and get in a Darryl F. Zanuck show!

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It is a very big, very attractive house, and lavishly furnished. People who have heard the story are always amazed (1) that it has such dignity, (2) that there could be so much of it and (3) that it cost only the price of some silly old bathroom fixtures! It stands in two-story glory upon a lush green lawn within two miles of the Hollywood motion picture studio from where it was all “borrowed.” Every stick of furniture, every sliver of lumber, everything—but the bathroom fixtures. It’s hard to spirit a bathtub out of a studio.

In the lax old days, when studios were run with little attention to details, nothing more than an innocent expression and lots of patience was needed to set up housekeeping on a grand scale. A bit of cement taken away one day, a keg of nails another day, here and there a dash of gorgeous brocade, some lumber, a few paintings and pieces of bric-a-brac—and what did a hard-working, methodical man have? Correct! A house complete. It’s a well-known fact that many a Hollywood house in those days was furnished with props “borrowed” from the studios where the borrowers worked.

The story is still tossed about how one man found it possible to breathe out of the studio where he got his pay check with some $8,000 worth of candelabra. Some of them he used for his own home, and when he could find no more ceiling space he swapped the rest for such home knickknacks as divans and Florentine chests as his co-workers happened to have “borrowed.” Sort of a Round Robin of loot. Among them all, they managed to have comfortable homes, even if the furniture and decorations were of such widely mixed periods that a gay Louis Quinze chair could stare boldly at a sedate old Colonial desk across the room.

For a long time, an average of two typewriters a month disappeared from one studio. No one seemed to know how it happened. But then it certainly must have been simpler for a typewriter to saunter off the lot than a load of excellent lumber, which disappeared before the studio carpenters could get around to drive even one nail in it.

One chap got away with $1,000 worth of paint before he was caught. Another fellow aroused suspicion only because he had no variety or method in his madness. He took paper. Instead of a little of this and a chunk of that, it was always paper. Now such persistent singleness of mind was bound to be noticed sooner or later and, consequently, his home was searched and in one of the rooms was found enough company stationery to start a shop. Of course, as it all carried the studio’s letterhead, he never attempted to sell it, and there was more paper than a large family could use in a lifetime. Why the hoarding? “Well, he just liked paper!”

It all used to be so simple. The man who wanted the candelabra simply drove them out—a few every day—in his truck right past the watchman at the gate. It was covered with rubbish, leaves and dead branches of trees. The watchman merely took it for granted that old debris was being cleared out of the back lot and never bothered to inspect the truck. “It’s about time they cleaned up back there,” he said to himself and casually passed $8,000 worth of “trash” out. The typewriters were conducted out in much the same way.

But—aha!—that was in the old days. Now, for example, there is Blayney Matthews. He is the head of the police department at Warner Brothers studio and thoroughly qualified for the job by a long and brilliant record in the district attorney’s office of Los Angeles. He is one of the jolliest men I ever met, with an extremely un-jolly responsibility at Warners, where there is now ninety per cent less theft since he became the J. Edgar Hoover of the outfit.

He knows (and keeps, too, I found) a lot of secrets. When he told me he had eighty-five uniformed men working for him, night and day, I asked him how many worked for him in plainclothes.

“Aha!” he says, “that’s a secret.”

Every man on his force is photographed and fingerprinted, and his history known since tooth-ringing days. The old careless times are indeed gone. Eighty-five uniformed men. Organized watchfulness. Eyes that know how to look and where to look. Eyes that scrutinize every stage, every set, every hour of the day and night; eyes that inspect every truck that enters or leaves the studio.

“Do you check private cars, too?” I asked.

“Aha!” he said. “That’s one of the things I can’t tell you. But I can say that no private car is ever allowed on the lot unless we know just about everything there is to know about the driver.”

“Have you any women police or detectives working for you?”

“Aha!” he grinned. [Continued on page 58]
How Popular Are You?

Would you like to know exactly how you rate according to the standards of one young actor? Then answer the questions and add up the answers. Maybe they'll give you a surprise.

By JERRY LANE

Springtime is check-up time! A girl has to know where she stands! Many a Winter Wallflower has bloomed into a May Belle—and a June Bride—by boning up on her technique. By finding out what gentlemen really prefer.

And here are the frank preferences of one gentleman—Tyrone Power. His “Perfect Date” is no dazzling glitter girl. “Most of them are manufactured products!” he tells you with that sudden swift grin of his. “I like them minus the fussy trimmings. I think the majority of men do. Take the girl, for instance, in my next picture, Alexander’s Ragtime Band—she’d be a smooth date in any language! She has everything it takes.”

And what it takes is all summed up in this test—drawn from Tyrone’s own conclusions.

Maybe you’re a pulse raiser with the wrong system. Maybe you have all the makings of a popular girl and didn’t know how to make them click! Now is the time to find out.

Jot down “YES” or “NO” after each query—then check and double check.

For what gentlemen do (and don’t) prefer is all revealed! Ready? On your mark—GO!

YOUR “PARTY LINE”

1. Do you give your Grade A smiles to the jittery Jims and horn-rimmed Homers as well as to the Big Time fellows? ______

2. Would you (be honest now) break a date if a better one came along? ______

3. Have you shown a real interest in four of the last five people you’ve spoken to? (Asked themselves or their work as if you actually wanted to know?) ______

4. Can you put a man at ease—by putting yourself in his place? ______

5. Do you let him do nine-tenths of the chasing? ______

6. Do you call every other person “darling?” (How’s a man ever going to believe ‘em if they call everybody that?) ______

7. When you’re out with the girls do you turn on the charm only when a male-of-the-species turns up? ______

8. In a crowd, if you wanted cocoa instead of a cocktail (or a cocktail instead of cocoa!) would you up and say so? ______

9. Are you a lapel-twister or tie-straightener? ______

10. Do you think of men as friends—instead of so many scalps to go after? ______

PERSONAL “REFLECTIONS”

1. Can you fool a man about make-up? (That’s the one thing they like to be fooled about!) ______

2. Do you pluck your eyebrows to shadows? ______

3. Do you wear droopy chiffon to the movies—and slacks for a date at home? ______

4. Are your nails a deep-dyed scarlet? ______

5. When you’re in public, do you go in for elaborate “repairs” every little while? ______

6. Do you think crooked stocking seams and run-down heels the Capital Sin against smartness? ______

7. Are you a Hitcher-upper? (Do you pull at shoulder straps, etc., etc.?) ______

8. Is your hair usually neat and shining? (That’s No. 1 on the “hit” parade!) ______

9. Do you try to look your best every day—instead of just for big moments? ______

10. Can you put that “last touch” on at home—and then forget your looks? ______

THE HOSTESS TAKES THE CAKE

1. Do you make each guest feel you’ve laid a special welcome mat for her—or him? ______

2. Can you get folks to perform (like doing imitations, singing, and so on) without putting on too much pressure? ______

3. Are your parties small enough so that people don’t feel they’ve stumbled into the subway at rush hour? ______

4. Do you see that everybody knows everybody else? (A fast disappearing art among hostesses!) ______

5. Can you keep the ball rolling by giving them something to do—anything from scrambling eggs to playing bingo? ______

6. There’s nothing a man fears so much as juggling a plate of food and a cup of coffee—do you, oh, do you provide tables? ______

7. Is the food made to appease as well as to tease? (Dainty snacks may be all right for the girls but a fellow likes nourishment!) ______

8. Do you like to entertain? ______

9. Have people ever mentioned how hospitable you were? ______

10. Do you see that everybody has a good time?—— [Continued on page 31]

HOLLYWOOD
Most people, according to the Hollywood tradition, get locked OFF and OUT OF a Katharine Hepburn set, where there is more secrecy than you will find among a kavern full of Ku Kluxers. Modestly, we suspect we are the only outsiders in history who not only got ON the Hepburn set, but who got LOCKED ON as well. To be explicit, locked up in jail on the set.

The sheriff in charge of the jail was Walter Catlett. The only unusual thing was that he, too, was locked up in our cell. Along with six or seven extras and May Robson, the grand old lady herself.

It will probably be the only time in our life when being jailed seems a pleasure. You see, outside those bars was one of those cunning cuties of the jungle—a full grown leopard which ostensibly would obey the commands of his trainer.

Incidentally, at the start of this picture, a wild comedy called Bringing Up Baby, Katie Hepburn was billed as the star. And although it may be a touch catty for us to say so, another kitty seems to have grabbed the limelight. Because, pal, when they say, "Danger—here comes Kitty!" they are not talking about Hepburn.

But if it's at all possible, let's start at the beginning. Wherever that may be. Getting past the doorman is one thing, and even then you haven't gotten anywhere. For all the properties within the sound stage are surrounded by a high and strong steel wire fence. A stranger would presume that the fence was there to protect the onlookers from the leopard. But strangers have no idea of the strange things that go on here. Hence, we had to believe it when we were assured this fence was not to protect our wobbly legs from the vicious swipes of a leopard's paw, but rather to protect the cute little kitty (jungle variety) from the public. But as we were saying, we were locked in jail. Oh, yes, there was a jail on this set, too. A very strong one, with bars that reach to the ceiling. The bastile is not there to intimidate visitors. It is a part of the picture. We hinted to you, didn't we, that everything was goofy?

Katie Hepburn was sitting there waiting for her scene. They turned Nissa, one of the two leopards used in the film, loose in the front room of the jail, just outside our cage. And we must shamefacedly admit that Hepburn herself sat there in a chair watching it all, unprotected by anything more than the thin network of her sheer hose and the bit of clothing that she wore.

Of course, Katie had had no less than six weeks' exposure to these beasts, which should be sufficient time to find out whether they are as mean as their snarls crack them up to be. And they do say that Katie, the first day on the set, took one look at the leopard then present and said, "I'll allow just one bite, and after that Hepburn says to heck with all this and moves back to Connecticut."

But as we were saying, Nissa, the tamer cat, was... [Continued on page 64]
"Good Morning"

Alarm clocks sound off in Hollywood, too. Even if they are diamond studded they still must be obeyed promptly.

Rosalind Russell is driven to work, so she wears a tailored dressing gown to the studio.

Robert Young chooses sports clothes for his first appearance of the day on the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot.

Virginia Bruce drives her own roadster and steps out for work in silk slacks and a light weight topcoat.

Spencer Tracy is pretty formal in the morning . . . hat, tie, briefcase and everything.

Walter Pidgeon arrives all dressed and made up for his part in Manproof.

Robert Montgomery is a dashing figure in more ways than one. He'll shave later in his dressing room.

White wool slacks and coat, blue wool shirt is Joan Crawford's choice for early morning arrival.

James Stewart likes to be ready for anything so he wears scarf and raincoat with sports shoes.
HOW TO LIVE ON PRACTICALLY NOTHING

She had a mink coat, a Packard car, a longing to be a movie actress, but no cash, and there were five hungry people waiting for food in her beautiful but rented home

By JOE DI EDDYE

The real story about Marie Wilson isn’t the one about the $12,000 she inherited from her father when she was sixteen and spent before she was seventeen in a vain and frantic effort to crash Hollywood.

It’s as true as gospel that the day after she received the money she moved her family from the little town of Anaheim, California, to a home high in the Hollywood hills; that she paid a year’s rent in advance and that she stocked her pantry shelves with case after case of canned goods.

It’s true, too, that she bought an expensive mink coat and a big Packard car; that she used to sit behind the wheel, all dressed up in her Sunday best, while she drove up and down Hollywood Boulevard with the car in low gear so that some observant movie mogul or talent scout could dash out into the street, jump on the running board without danger to life or limb, hand her a contract to sign while he shouted, “You ought to be in pictures!”

All this is as true as it is interesting, but by no manner of means is it the inside story about this sixteen-year-old, small-town girl who had willingly accepted the burden of becoming the sole provider of her family, providing she could get into pictures—a task that seemed as simple as her A, B, C’s until she discovered that her $12,000 had dwindled to a handful of small change and that so far as she was concerned, the town called Hollywood was as bare of movie moguls and talent scouts as her pantry was of canned goods!

If the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences ever decides to give awards for outstanding examples of sustained and cheerful courage in the face of adversity, Marie Wilson should be first on the list.

Any sixteen-year-old girl, stunned by the realization that she had dropped from wealth to poverty in less time than it takes to cry about it; confronted by the heart-breaking knowledge that all her efforts to crash the gates of moviedom had been in vain; burdened by the task of providing food and care for a family of five—any sixteen-year-old girl who is faced by these hard and harsh realities—and then faces the future with a smile deserves an accolade of some sort.

Those who know Marie best say that she is the Hollywood girl who opened the door, invited the wolf inside, and then made a fur robe of its hide! She’s the girl, they proudly add, who taught herself and her family how to be practical while living on practically nothing a year.

The story of how she did it is the real one and should be of interest to any girl who comes to Hollywood unheralded and unsung, and with nothing more in her heart than a hope that somehow, sometime, she’ll be a movie star.

It’s funny to hear Marie tell about it, but if you’re smart you won’t smile because you’ll notice that while her dark eyes are sparkling, her voice is very low and there’s no sign of a smile on her lips. All you have to do is to listen and read between the lines to discover the pathos and tragedy that’s etched so deeply there.

“When I woke up to the fact that I was down to my last nickel,” says Marie, soberly, “I didn’t know where to turn, what to do, or where to go. I wasn’t an inch closer to a screen career than I had been in Anaheim. I had my mink coat, the Packard car, and a closetful of beautiful clothes. I couldn’t eat them, of course, and, since I was still determined to become a movie actress whether I starved or not, I decided to use them to keep up the ‘front’ I still believed necessary for success. All my friends thought I was rich and I continued to let them think so even when the Wilson depression was at its worst. I made my family promise not to tell anyone how poor we were and we all agreed not to ask anyone for help—not even our friends in Anaheim. There were times, though, when it took a lot of will power not to send out an S. O. S., but I’m proud to say that we didn’t.”

They didn’t, because when Marie’s cupboard and pocketbook were bare, she drove her big car back to the agency from which she bought it and sold, at bargain prices, the gadgets and accessories with which the car was adorned.

“The horn went first,” Marie says, “then the windshield wiper, the cigarette lighter, the ash tray, and finally, the spare tire. The money didn’t last long, but it helped. [Continued on page 52]
In her first film, *Bright Eyes*, Jane Withers made a lasting impression on movie audiences with her vigorous portrayal of a violently spoiled child. That was before Shirley Temple was a star. Now both girls are among the ten best box-office attractions.

**Jane's Remembering Day**

Once a year Jane Withers and her mother take one of the strangest pilgrimages and go through one of the most remarkable rituals Hollywood has known.

*By SONIA LEE*

- The Tenth of March is "rememb'rin' day" for Jane Withers and her mother! At the first suggestion of dawn Jane is awake and alert! For this is a fateful date, and worth considerable celebration, as well as remembering. It is the high spot on Jane's calendar of every year!

  For on the Tenth of March, Jane Withers, with the help of her mother, puts aside all the trappings of Fame to become again little Miss Nobody. After all, what good is it to be important and rich if you've forgotten how it feels to be obscure and relatively poor? "Rememb'rin,'" Jane with childish wisdom points out, "is awful good for people." All the glamour gals and boys might learn a thing or two from this youngster who doesn't fail to remember that on the Tenth of March, she arrived in Hollywood, unknown and unsung, to court a little attention. By the way, this game of "rememb'rin'" may be well recommended as a special medicine for that disease known as "Going Hollywood." Peculiarly enough, it attacks only those who've become stars overnight and suffer a strange lapse of memory about their humble beginnings.

- This March day is a day of pilgrimage for Jane and her mother. The routine is well established. This is the one morning on which she is permitted to forget her fruit juice and her cereal, if she is so minded. Jane can wear anything she chooses. She can even show marked signs of impatience, like wiggling in her seat at the table and tapping her foot, which Mrs. Withers as the well-bred mother of a well-bred little girl never permits on other days. [Continued on page 60]
Above is one of the scenes from Bluebeard’s Eighth Wife in which Gary Cooper battled with an imported bath-tub while the director had his troubles with the talented author of this tale

By E. J. SMITHSON

DEAR EDITOR:

When you suggested that I might be able to give you a first-hand, inside production story on Bluebeard’s Eighth Wife by working in the picture as an extra, I thought that you really had something. I still do, for that matter. Believe me, working alongside Gary Cooper and Claudette Colbert even as a lowly and insignificant extra was an honor and a pleasure I wouldn’t have missed—even for a date with Garbo.

Your request, at first glance, looked like one of those “no sooner said than done” assignments, but it didn’t take me long to discover that there was more to it than met the eye, and under the head of new and important business I am compelled to call your attention to a few financial items.

Financial item No. 1 totals up to $25—an amount I paid to become a member of the Screen Actors’ Guild. Item No. 2 takes into account the sum of $1.25 which I laid on the line for a pair of luncheons at the Paramount commissary. Item No. 3—a mere $7—was incurred, I am sorry to say, during a crap game into which I was lured by a couple of very pretty and extremely nifty-fingered blondes who not only worked in the picture as extras, but worked me as well.

Now, if I know my figures (and I don’t mean blondes) these expenses come to $33.25 from which we deduct $17 (my pay for two days work in the picture—which, in turn, leaves me holding the bag for $16.25—no paltry sum.

It’s too bad for both of us that I failed to obtain a speaking part since extras earn $25 a day if they speak more than two words of script. For that “extra” money I would have spoken the whole script. I did manage to sneeze a couple of times during the morning’s shooting, but all I got for that was a couple of dirty looks from Director Ernst Lubitsch who likewise wanted to know “who was dot guy who vent and spoiled de takes?” Gary could have told him for he was standing not three feet from me when I went on a “toot,” but he was too nice a guy to let on he’d even heard me.

The company was to shoot on a huge outdoor set built to represent a part of the French Riviera the morning I reported for work. I arrived around seven along with a score of other extras and the weather was colder than an old maid’s kiss than which there is nothing colder on a seven o’clock California morning. Rather than shiver right out of my new store clothes, I joined up with a crew that was placing reflectors, props, and lights in their proper locations—and that is where I made my first mistake. It wasn’t until Director Lubitsch was within fifteen minutes of shouting “Camera” that I discovered I had forgotten to put on make-up, and I can thank “Slim” Talbot, Gary’s stand-in and make-up man, for reminding me. It was “Slim,” finally, who slicked up my face with yellow grease paint and who “allowed, considering what he had to work with,” that I was as ready as I’d ever be when the cameras started to roll.

Director Lubitsch arrived on the set at eight-thirty, and Gary and Claudette about five minutes later. Joe Le Fer and Bill Faralla, first and second assistant directors, respectively, went to work on us extras, showing where, when, and how to sit—if we had to sit—and where, when, and how to walk—if we had to walk. “You,” Joe said, pointing right at me, “you sit at this table with Miss—Miss Whathersname—and both look as though you’re enjoying yourselves. When Miss Colbert starts walking down the street and gets [Continued on page 40]
Protection Wanted

Rattlesnakes, alligators and chimpanzees are only a few of the things that make a movie career a mixed blessing for Dorothy Lamour

By TERRY KELLY

Her thick black hair sparkled down her back almost to her hips. She moved around in her bare feet, her brown legs flashing in the sunlight. A piece of flimsy cloth weighing barely four ounces was the only thing between Dorothy Lamour and a nudist colony. She was in perfect shape to stage a protest—and you may take that figuratively.

"I wish they'd stop undressing me," said Dorothy, speaking half seriously of her tor's arm. But we hadn't heard that she herself had been stabbed. What about it, Dorothy?

"I said stabbed, and it happened every day. By cacti. Have you ever been stuck with the point of a cactus bush? You should try it on yourself sometime. It stings for hours. And it goes deep when you're as thoroughly undressed as I am in this costume. It seems to me that I was backing up into a sticker every half hour. It's a great art, pulling cactus points out of yourself. And then there were the snakes."

Snakes? Really, this is getting complicated. Maybe you had better tell us about that, too, Dorothy.

"Well, don't get me wrong. I had nothing to do with the snakes. Ray Milland comes into the story at this point. He was supposed to climb a rock, poised for a moment, and then dive into a pool where I was swimming. The camera started grinding and when he got to the top of the rock he didn't pause—he jumped in. It spoiled the take. I was freezing in the water and started to chide him. He didn't stop to argue. Climbing out of the pool, he grabbed a stick and started climbing the rock again. When he got to the top, he began hitting wildly with the stick. A moment later he exhibited a personally-

plight. Indeed, "plight" is just the word, for she is completing her third major role, and each time it has been in an outdoor picture where a bit of cloth and a breath of autumn air is about all she wears. "I'd like to do a role in which I can wear clothes. And believe me, I've got my reasons. I need protection!"

"Right now I am doing a picture in which the action takes place, at least theoretically, in a tropical jungle. So what do we do? We go to Palm Springs out in the desert. Oh, yes—that's the jungle. You know the spot—south of the resort in the canyon with all the palms. Well, work of that sort does have its problems. Like getting stabbed every day."

Stabbed? Well, we did hear that Dorothy lost her balance when she was about to toss a knife, and it ended up in the dire-

wanted to, he could have overpowered almost any man on the set. Thank goodness, Jiggs wasn't that way. We got along very well with him, I might add. Except on one or two occasions. For instance, the night he ran everyone out of the hotel in Palm Springs. It looked for awhile like he might have the entire place to himself, let alone one room."

Monkeyshines in a hotel room, Dorothy? You don't mean that Jiggs himself occupied a room at ten dollars a day?

"Well, he did—as long as he could get away with it. Don't get me wrong—Jiggs was a very well-behaved fellow, and your Hollywood readers should know him as a gentleman. Of course, they had to sneak him to his room by a rear entrance. Everything went well for awhile. He had been working all day. When he got to his room, Jiggs took off his make-up with cold

HOLLYWOOD
cream just as nicely as any of us. Some photographers came up and filmed Jiggs as he ate supper and went to bed. Yes, he actually went to sleep. So that was that, and everyone went down the street to bowl.

"It must have been about nine o'clock when some guests decided to go swimming in the pool outside his window. They turned on the flood lights and started shouting and splashing. It scared poor Jiggs to death. Have you, by chance, ever heard a chimpanzee hollering? Neither had those guests. So when he really got going, he had them running down the main drag of sleepy Palm Springs in their swimming suits, along with several other hotel guests in evening clothes or night gowns. Or so they tell me—you see, we weren't near enough to know about the excitement. Finally Jiggs' trainer rushed to the room, with a squadron of cops who were glad to let him lead the way, and opened the door. It took only a couple of minutes to calm Jiggs down, and less time than that to throw the poor fellow out of the hotel.

But actually it was a wild deer that bounded up and through the main part of the set, as startled a poor thing as you ever saw. Spanky brought up in the rear, barking his head off. And Jiggs? Well, I think he was more frightened than the deer itself. He sat there and chattered for an hour. The deer, of course, was just passing through, and disappeared around the bend in a few seconds, but Jiggs made funny crying sounds all afternoon. You see, I was fond of Jiggs, but when it came to alligators, that made just one more reason for wanting to do something beside jungle epics."

Come, come now, Dorothy. You aren't going to tell us you got mixed up with alligators, too?

"Well, I almost did. But the gang decided to pull the gag on Lynne Overman instead. They all came down from the set late one day and it was just growing dark as they pulled into Palm Springs. Lynne said he would dress hastily for dinner, stopping only to take a quick bath. Somebody was one step ahead of him. When Lynne reached his room everything seemed in order. He took off his costume quickly and darted into the bathroom. When he turned on the light, you could hear him yell on the other side of the mountain. Fortunately he remembered to put on a bathrobe after yelling."

"What surprised him was enough to make anyone scream. It was a matter of seconds before Lynne had us all crowding into the room. You see, the word had been passed around that something was going to happen. We rushed to the scene, and found Lynne still quaking over the sight. In the tub was a baby alligator, looking at us with startled eyes. And that ought to be enough to frighten anyone."

Well, to be sure, this might be upsetting. But on the other hand, surely there must be certain diversions, Dorothy, which help to make up for this hodge-podge of animal land."

"Certainly. There was tennis when we had time, and horse back riding. Swimming and bowling, too. Then one day Martha Raye came up and we went riding. Martha didn't have such luck. She got tossed off her beast five times. The next day she was telling everyone I had spent the day climbing mountains and she had spent the day climbing horses. Yes, there's fun appearing in jungle pictures, but there's a lot of grief, too. Did you ever try getting dressed on the public highways while traveling at top speed?"

Search our memory as we will, that is something new in the line of diversions for us. Go ahead, Dorothy, the floor is yours.

"Well, we finished shooting one day just exactly at noon. It was Sunday, and I had to be in the NBC studio for the Bergen broadcast at three o'clock. That meant 110 miles along a heavily-traveled highway and through Los Angeles to Hollywood. I didn't even stop to remove the oil make-up which covers most of my body.

"We got in the car and pulled the curtains down. While the machine roared toward Hollywood, my two girl-assistants helped me out of my costume and went to work removing the make-up. After that they had to set my hair and otherwise fix me up for the radio show. We just made it. One of the biggest reasons why I wish they'd stop undressing me for jungle pictures, is that these films require such a sheen in my hair that I must spend two hours every night having it shampooed. But then, there are lots of other reasons, too. For instance, the time when I am captured by the wild natives and taken to the sacrificial temple."

There's something that sounds interesting. What about that?

"Well, the script called for me to be picked up by a mass of natives and to be carried over their heads up the winding steps in the temple—and by torch light, too. I was literally suspended on fingertips, from the..."
How to Win Enemies

Glenda Farrell, hard at work on the problem of how to influence practically no one, relates her struggles with some of the social hazards of Hollywood

By RUTH RANKIN

■ Anybody can make friends—but a woman is known by her enemies.

That, my friends, is one of the chief irks in Glenda Farrell’s life—she is known by her enemies, and they keep right on knowing her.

She does her damndest, but just as she feels she has promoted a good one and is getting quite smug about it, why the enemy rushes up and begins the old palsy-walsy again—and Glenda is right back where she started. She gives a party for twenty-five, and fifty-eight show up.

Even so, in full justice one cannot call it an intentional campaign on Glenda’s part. She doesn’t really try very hard, except occasionally. Saying the wrong thing at the psychological moment just seems to come natural to her—it’s a talent she was born with, the importance of which should not be under-rated in the life of a busy picture star.

Ever so often something drastic has to be done about the mobs of impulsive dropper-inners, as you know yourself even if you’re not an actress. If you are, then multiply something drastic by sixteen, add on every automobile and real estate salesman in town, shake well, and repeat every twenty-four hours. Life is apt to be a series of explosions this way, but Glenda thrives on explosions. Lay your cards on the table and get it over, she says, in substance. Clear the atmosphere. No hangovers. In any given day, Glenda can violate every rule in Dale Carnegie’s “How to Win F. and I. F.,” and have an awfully good time doing it.

■ You take Rule 1, for instance. Take it far, far away from Glenda; Rule 1, says “The only way to get the best of an argument is to avoid it.” One shudders to think what an observance of that rule would do to Glenda’s joy of living.

When there is nobody handy to argue with and things are rather dull for, say, five minutes at a stretch, Glenda has a business associate whom she calls up and fires. She fires him regularly about every two weeks, and forgets all about it an hour later. He knows perfectly well that things are dull and Glenda needs an argument—so he gives her a good one. He knows also that things have reached the point where Glenda has to fire somebody, and naturally she can’t fire anyone she should fire, who needs firing—she’s too chicken-hearted to do that. So they are the best of friends and get along famously. The din is terrific, but that’s included in his salary. Glenda would simply curl up and pine away in too much peace and quiet.

■ Some of the best ways to diminish your social obligations are the good old reliable Farrell methods: have at least ten clocks in the house which conscientiously tell the wrong time, or else stopped running two years ago. Never under any circumstances keep a date book or an address or a telephone number. You can’t miss.

This method invariably brings Glenda to Friday’s luncheon on the following Tuesday evening, which is the time her unintentional hostess has decided to go to bed early and has just done herself up in cold cream. The buffet dinner scheduled for Tuesday will crash her in somebody’s tennis party Sunday morning, and in this way she has worked up quite a reputation for spontaneous personal appearances. Without even trying.

Not long ago she showed up at an engagement party, on time, in the right house, even with a present under her arm. The hostess nearly swooned with astonishment. When the presents were opened, everybody swooned. Glenda got it mixed up with the baby shower for somebody else and brought the loveliest little pink blanket.

■ A good way to be loved for yourself alone is to have a cat—a Siamese cat named Taki, with an eye like a Bengal tiger on a diet. And a voice—boy, when Taki starts talking the Farrell house clears like magic. Glenda adores Taki. He has an ingratiating way of leaping in laps and settling down innocently—then suddenly sinking in an inch of cast-iron claws. He has nice cream colored fur, too, which shows up well on dark blue suits.

One of Glenda’s most successful cocktail parties took place while she was out in the garage de-fleaing Taki. She was wearing her oldest slacks and her hair in a wad. The flea powder made her sneeze, and 

[Continued on page 57]
Brings new aid to Women's Skin!
this new Cream with "Skin-Vitamin"

"A cleansing cream that also nourishes the skin is a great achievement"
Mrs. Arthur Richardson

A new kind of cream is bringing more direct help to women's skin. It is bringing to their aid the vitamin which helps the body to build new skin tissue—the important "skin-vitamin."

Within recent years doctors have learned that one of the vitamins has a special relation to skin health. When there is not enough of this "skin-vitamin" in the diet, the skin may suffer, become undernourished, rough, dry, old looking!

**Essential to Skin Health**
Pond's tested this "skin-vitamin" in Pond's Creams during more than 3 years. In animal tests, the skin became rough, old looking when the diet lacked "skin-vitamin." But when Pond's Cold Cream containing "skin-vitamin" was applied daily, it became smooth, supple again—in only 3 weeks!

Now women everywhere are enjoying the benefits of Pond's new "skin-vitamin" Cold Cream. They are reporting that pores are looking finer, that skin is smoother; best of all, that the use of this cream gives a live-lier, more glowing look to their skin!

Use Pond's new "skin-vitamin" Cold Cream in your regular way—to cleanse at night and to freshen up for make-up in the morning and during the day. Whenever you get a chance, leave a little on. This new kind of cream now nourishes your skin.

**Same jars, same labels, same price**
Now every jar of Pond's Cold Cream you buy contains this new cream with "skin-vitamin" in it. You will find it in the same jars, with the same labels, at the same price.

**SEND FOR TEST IT IN THE NEW CREAM!**

Pond's, Dept. 6-C8, Clinton, Conn.
Rush special tube of Pond's "skin-vitamin" Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with samples of 2 other Pond's "skin-vitamin" Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10c to cover postage and packing.

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When answering advertisements please mention April Hollywood 29

(ABOVE) Entertaining in the white drawing room of her New York apartment. (center) Mrs. Richardson greeting friends after the opera.

Mrs. Arthur Richardson
Granddaughter of the late C. OLIVER ISELIN

"I am delighted with the new Pond's Cold Cream. Now that we can have the benefits of the 'skin-vitamin' in Pond's Cold Cream, I wonder how women were ever satisfied to use cleansing creams that did not also nourish!"
Constance Bennett is noted for distinguished clothes and her wardrobe for Merrily We Live is no exception. Right, heavy black crepe, intricately draped up the front carries weighty gold embroidery on the bodice. Below and left is another black crepe dinner gown. The bodice is made distinctive with a pattern of black sequins. Right, bands of gold emphasize the panel down the front of the third dinner gown.
How Popular are You?

[Continued from page 20]

GOOD SPORTSMANSHIP!

1. Are your funny stories aimed at yourself instead of someone else? ——
2. Can you smile bravely when the well-meaning partner spills punch on the new gown? ——
3. Do you start out on a hike in high heels and then play clinging vine at the halfway stage? ——
4. Can you take it if the joke's on you? ——
5. Are you among the first to try a new game—even if they do laugh? ——
6. Do you do your share of the entertaining when you're out with the crowd? Or on a two-some? ——
7. Can you keep office worries and home troubles to yourself? ——
8. Are you strong and silent when you find he's taken you to the movie you saw last Friday? ——
9. Do you laugh at your own mistakes? ——
10. If it's raining and the clock says 1 A.M. and you're three miles from home when the tire goes flat—do you sulk? ——

See how your answers compare with the following—and then score yourself ten for each one you have correct.

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<th>Your “Private Line”</th>
<th>Your “Party Line”</th>
<th>Personal “Reflections”</th>
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The Hostess Takes the Cake!

Good Sportsmanship

|--------|--------|--------|--------|--------|--------|--------|--------|--------|---------|

Between 460 and 500: YOU ARE THE PERFECT DATE!
Between 400 and 460: Smooth, plenty smooth—but second choice.
Between 350 and 400: All the makings but they don’t quite click.
Between 275 and 350: Your "line" is out of order!
Between 150 and 275: You need a new "line" altogether!
Between 75 and 150: A dud.
Between 0 and 75: A double dud.

SHE SAW A GHOST IN THE BED...

It rattled no chains and shook no bones—but there was an unwelcome ghost in Mary's guest room! It hid in the sheets, the curtains, the linens. Guests saw it with horror but didn't dare mention it—until Cousin Flo saw the ghost in the bed.

NEXT MORNING

The very next morning, Cousin Flo told Mary—"It's tattle-tale gray that's haunting your clothes. Your weak-kneed soap doesn't wash things perfectly clean. If you want to chase out that mean dingy shadow—to banish tattle-tale gray—change to Fels-Naptha Soap."

FEW WEEKS LATER

And that was the end of the ghost in the guest room. Thanks to Fels-Naptha's richer golden soap and lots of gentle naptha, Mary now gets all the dirt out of clothes. The sheets shine so white—and everything smells so fresh and sweet—friends say it's a thrill to sleep at her house! ... Why don't you play safe, too? See how easy it is to...

Banish "Tattle-Tale Gray" with Fels-Naptha Soap!

NEW! Try Fels-Naptha Soap Chips, too!

When Answering Advertisements Please Mention April HOLLYWOOD
DOCTORS know that severe periodic functional pain is not natural to most women. For thousands more, science has found a way to make it unnecessary. Yet many women still go on letting the calendar regulate their lives, setting aside certain days each month to miserable inactivity.

If you are one of them, you should know about Midol. Unless you have some organic disorder demanding a physician’s or surgeon’s attention, Midol in all probability can make your days of menstruation as carefree as any other. It is offered for this special purpose—acts quickly, and in all but unusual instances brings definite relief. A few Midol tablets should see you comfortably through your worst day. Your druggist has Midol in convenient purse-size tins.

ON THE COUNTER AT DRUGSTORES

Jane Withers not only tore two pages out of her own cooking notebook, but she added some illustrations for good measure.

JANE WITHERS’ COOK BOOK

By BETTY CROCKER

Just to prove that age has nothing to do with learning the fine art of cookery, Jane Withers joins our Hollywood Cooking School this month with her favorite recipes, and tells in her own way how to prepare them.

Jane, you see, is as clever in the kitchen as she is before a movie camera, because Mrs. Withers has not neglected her daughter’s home education. So, if you have a young daughter, invite her in to our meeting right now.

Jane not only likes to cook, but she has a good idea of what makes a well balanced meal as you can see from this dinner menu:

- Pineapple and Cottage Cheese Salad
- Filet of Sole
- Mashed Potatoes and Gravy
- Spinach
- Hot Rolls
- Apple Pie a la Mode
- Buttermilk

“I can bake the hot rolls myself,” Jane told me, “if we’re in a hurry, I make them with biscuit flour. Willie—that’s our cook, makes the other things.”

The director called her for a scene for Checkers, so Jane left her cook book with me and dashed off.

“Some of her recipes,” Mrs. Withers told me, “she got from the colored woman who has been with us since Jane’s birth in Atlanta, Georgia. But she loves to get down on the floor and browse through newspapers and magazines, looking for new recipes she’d like to try. She clips them out—I’ve noticed many of yours, Miss Crocker—and files them in a box. After she has tried them, she’ll write them into her cook book, using her own words to describe the method of cooking.

“We’ve made cooking so much fun that it’s hard to keep her out of the kitchen. I think this interest also helps in teaching her proper diets. She drinks milk or buttermilk with gusto, and never turns down a plate of spinach. She’s a plump little thing, but she burns up lots of energy at play and at work.”

First in Jane’s private cook book, in her round, childish writing, was:

My Favorite Ginger Bread Cookies

- 2 cups flour
- ½ cup brown sugar
- ½ cup molasses
- ½ cup melted shortening
- 1 teaspoon soda
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 2 teaspoons cinnamon
- 1 teaspoon ginger
“First you beat egg, put in brown sugar, molasses, and melted shortening. Sift the flour, soda, salt, cinnamon, ginger together and stir in the molasses. Chill for 1 hour. Roll dough ¼-inch thick and cut into animals and figures.”

Turning the page, we came upon a recipe for chocolate cake.

“Jane baked that for Mr. Withers, on ‘Father’s Day,’” Mrs. Withers said.

Chocolate Cake
3 squares chocolate
½ cup hot water
½ cup shortening
About 2 cups sugar
3 eggs
2 cups flour
3 teaspoons baking powder
¾ teaspoon soda
¾ teaspoon salt
1 cup sweet milk

Jane had returned from filming a scene. “I think that if things are fixed up sort of fancy,” she told me, “they taste better. That goes for decorations on cake frosting and nice looking salads and everything. Look—here’s southern corn bread. Willie taught me how to make that. It’s easy to make.”

Southern Corn Bread
1 pint corn meal
1 pint flour
1 tablespoon sugar
2 teaspoons salt
1 tablespoon melted shortening
2 eggs
1½ pints milk

“Sift the corn meal, flour, sugar, salt and baking powder. Then add the eggs, milk and shortening. Beat enough to mix well. Pour into baking pan and bake 30 minutes.”

Jane is a happy child, filled with varied interests which keep her exceedingly busy. She pays little attention to the fact that she is famous, and would rather snip out recipes than movie reviews or pictures of herself. If any scrap book of Jane’s picture career is to be kept, Mrs. Withers has to keep it. Jane would rather compile a cook book!

FREE RECIPES
Fill in this coupon and send it to BETTY CROCKER, Hollywood Magazine, 1501 Broadway, New York City, and she will send you her own tested recipes for cakes and cookies for your kitchen scrapbook.

Name ........................................
Address ......................................
City ........................................... State ......
WIVES TELL HUSBANDS—

Now millions know it’s a better laxative in every way!

EX-LAX now
SCIENTIFICALLY
IMPROVED

It’s getting around... flashing from family to family... from wife to husband... from friend to friend, Ex-Lax, the laxative they said couldn’t be improved, now is better than ever! Regardless of your experience with other laxatives, you owe it to yourself to try the new, Scienfitically Improved Ex-Lax. You’ll be in for a pleasant surprise!

TASTES BETTER THAN EVER!
Ex-Lax now has a smoother, richer chocolate taste. You’ll like it even better than before.

ACTS BETTER THAN EVER!
Ex-Lax is now even more effective. Empties the bowels more thoroughly, more smoothly, in less time than before.

MORE GENTLE THAN EVER!
Ex-Lax is today so remarkably gentle that, except for the relief you enjoy, you scarcely realize you have taken a laxative.

All druggists now have the new Scientifically Improved Ex-Lax in 10c and 25c sizes. The famous little blue box is the same as always—but the contents are better than ever! Try it!

STOP CORN PAIN
CALLOUS, BUNIONS, SORE TOES, TENDER SPOTS

Easy cut to any size or shape

It’s Dr. Scholl’s KUROTEx—the new velvety-soft, cushioning foot plaster. Instantly relieves corns, sore toes, callouses, bunion, tender spots on feet and toes caused by new or tight shoes. Prevents blisters, sore spots. Most economical. Cut it to any desired size or shape and apply it. At all drug, shoe, dept., and 10c Stores. Sample and Dr. Scholl’s FOOT Booklet free. Write Dr. Scholl’s, Inc., Chicago.

D’Scholl’s KUROTEx FOOT PLASTER

Now 16, Mickey can look back with justifiable pride at a lifetime in the movies. You’ll see him swaggering through Love is a Headache next

Five Year Plan

Already a successful actor and bandleader, Mickey Rooney has bigger and better plans for the next five years of his career in Hollywood

By ELMER SUNFIELD

Mickey Rooney has his next five years figured out to the well-known "T."

"By the time I reach my twenty-first birthday," he says without batting an eye, "I intend to become a motion picture director. By that time you’re going to see my name in the list of screen credits—or else."

That’s what Mickey says and it’s more than likely that it’s true, for whatever this youngster has set his heart on, he has gone after and gotten. And, take it from him, he doesn’t intend to let his latest ambition be any exception. The fact that he’ll probably be the youngest director in the industry, or in the history of motion pictures, doesn’t seem to worry him in the least. He’s going to be a motion picture director—or else.

The idea really took tangible shape when Mickey was teamed up with Freddie Bartholomew and Jackie Cooper in M-G-M’s The Devil Is a Sissy. Between scenes one day, the three were sitting around discussing what they intended to do when they grew up.

Freddie, the youngest of the trio, thought maybe, he’d like to be either a writer or a lawyer. He wasn’t quite sure which, but it was either one of the two professions. Young Jackie Cooper thought he’d like to follow in the footsteps of his uncle, Director Norman Taurog. Rooney picked up his ears at that and said something about the idea sounding swell to him and he guessed he’d be a director, too.

Bernard Hyman, producer, happened to be standing nearby, overheard Mickey’s long and earnest line of reasoning, and he broke into the boyish argument with:
"If you're really serious about that, Mickey, you can come in and sit on story conferences with me as soon as you're ready. I'll be glad to give you a chance to learn the business."

Mickey's twinkling eyes grew as round as and as large as saucers. Here was the first step toward his goal and scarcely before his words had stopped echoing through the set.

"Thanks a lot, Mr. Hyman," he managed to stammer, "You see, I've been around quite a bit and I've been in this business ever since I was born. I think I know something about acting and if I can get to know something about stories it will help. I think I've got some ideas." It sounded pretty self-assured, but this young mick, Mickey, is a pretty self-assured guy. Not offensively so, mind you, but he knows what the score is at all times.

As soon as the picture was completed he reported to Producer Hyman and his course of instruction began. The only difficulty since then has been that Mickey has been in such demand for pictures that he hasn't had much time to start his second career.

"But," he says seriously, "I still mean what I said. I'm learning everything I can about writing. One of the first things I've got to understand is how film stories are created and worked out. As for the technical end, I've got quite a few friends among the camera men, sound men, and cutters from whom I pick up things."

For Mickey's interest in things technical W. S. Van Dyke can take a large share of the credit. Those three youngsters, Freddie, Jackie, and Mickey, were such a boisterous handful on the set that Van Dyke conceived the idea of having the crew give them some technical instruction just to keep them from tearing the props to pieces.

As he himself pointed out, his background gives him a head start on almost any other youngster imbued with directorial ambitions. Born in Brooklyn, the son of vaudeville parents, he made his own stage debut at the age of eleven months. He played his first film role when four years old, taking the part of a midget in Not To Be Trusted. Since then he has appeared in more pictures than he can remember.

"The very busiest I ever was," he states, "occurred when I took part in forty different films within a period of eighteen months, in addition to the Hollywood Bowl presentation of A Midsummer Night's Dream." His latest picture, and by far the best, was Thoroughbreds Don't Cry.

As for the type of picture he'd like to direct, Mickey has no particular preference—comedy, melodrama, or musical, it's all the same to him. Besides, he's got five years to worry about that. The fact that his third song, Mr. Heartbreak, was accepted for publication by Irving Berlin, and that he has been taking lessons in orchestration, would seem to point to a chance at still another career, if he wants to take it.

Let one of these 10 new face powder colors bring out the dancing light in your eyes—breathe new life, new radiance into your skin!

How often have you admired the girl who can "put herself across" on every occasion...win more than her share of dates and attention? In every group there seems to be one whose luck is unlimited...I know, because I've seen it happen...Why not be that lucky type yourself? Why not win new confidence, new poise and a more radiant personality?

But to do all this, and more, you must find your one and only lucky color. That's why I want you to try all ten of my glorifying new face powder shades...so you will find the one that can "do things" for you.

For one certain color can breathe new life, new mystery into your skin...give it flattering freshness...make it vibrant, alive! Another color that looks almost the same in the box, may fail you horridly when you put it on.

Find your one and only color! I want you to see with your own eyes how your lucky color can bring out your best points—help bring you your full measure of success. That's why I offer to send you all ten of Lady Esther's flattering face powder shades free and postpaid. They are my gift to you.

When they arrive, be sure to try all ten colors. The very one you might think least flattering may be the only color that can unveil the dancing light in your hair and eyes...the one shade that can make your heart sing with happiness. That's why I hope you will send me the coupon now.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard) (41)

Lady Esther, 7130 West 65th Street, Chicago, Illinois

I want to find my "lucky" shade of face powder. Please send me your 10 new shades free and postpaid, also a tube of your Four Purpose Face Cream.

Name........................................................................................................

Address....................................................................................................

City...........................................................................................................

State..........................................................................................................

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)

WHEN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION APRIL HOLLYWOOD
Beery Faces Some Facts

They never call him "gorgeous Wally" but at least they never forget that face

By WILLIAM K. GIBBS

— Many persons, born with faces only a mother could love, go through life feeling cheated. A wise few know that lack of beauty can be an asset. Hollywood, looking for an idea in making up and making over, has found a few who are quite content to carry on unbeautiful.

Under the skilful fingers of plastic surgeons some of filmland's beaks have become noses; some ears that flapped in the wind now set snugly against owners' heads. Nearly every homely man and woman who faces the movie cameras has been importuned, at one time or another, to borrow a little beauty, even if it's synthetic. A few succumbed to such advice, but not Wallace Beery.

"Can you imagine a plastic surgeon trying to make over my face?" Wally asked as we sat in the M-G-M commissary discussing the advantages and disadvantages of being homely. "Any surgeon would be a fool to start work on my face. There'd be no place to stop. It would be easier for him to start from scratch and make me an entirely new one."

— Plastic surgeons have reaped a golden harvest in Hollywood. High-powered salesmen have gone out seeking homely faces whose owners have money. There have been big fees and fat commissions. The poor men or women whom beauty passed by never are sought by plastic experts as clients, because publicity doesn't thrive if the remodeled face happens to belong to a nobody. When the "beauty-brigade" was mopping up in the film colony they got around to Wally but he couldn't be sold on the idea.

"I shudder to think what might have happened to me if I'd ever gone mesin' around with the face God gave me," Wally grinned. "Besides, I've had it so long I'm kind of used to it."

"When you are living off a homely pan like mine," the Bad Man of Brimstone confided, "it's best to forget about being a pretty boy. Why try to fool the public? It can't be done. Lincoln knew that. He wasn't such a good-looking guy either, but they still find use for his picture."

— Beery never tires of telling a bit of truth that was laid in his lap while he was on a personal appearance tour in New York. As Wally was going into the Empire State Building, a nery urchin tugged at his coat. Wally stopped and the street gamin asked:

"Are you Wally Beery?"

"I guess I am," Wally answered.

"Let me get a good look at yuh," the kid said.

"Why do you want to look at me?" Beery asked as the youngster kept staring.

"I just wanted to make sure you're as homely off the screen as on."
“Now that you've sized me up, what's the verdict?”
“Your homelier,” said the kid with frank admiration.
“They must doll you up for your pitcher parts.”

“Sometimes I think too much good looks is a handicap,” Wally continues. “Some might say I am biased because I haven't any. Will Rogers never was accused of being handsome, but he got by. Abraham Lincoln is rated in history as America's homeliest President, but his deeds and his name are better known to the world than those of any other man who occupied the White House in the last century.

“Picture producers demanded youth and beauty for a long time. But check up on the outstanding leading men and women of today and you'll find most of them are thirty or more and a lot of them can lay little claim to more than ordinary looks. It all goes back to the fellow who said 'beauty is only skin deep.' Beauty is a fragile thing. It's easily marred. A small scar on a woman's face has been known to have brought the victim thousands of dollars. A gash in my face likely wouldn't bring me a nickel. But, on the other hand, it won't hurt my career either. “So you can see that I really have the edge on the Beauty Boys, after all.”

Anita Louise looked very gay in her peasant costume at the "Cruise to All Nations" party at the Hawaiian Paradise. That's Jack Smart all ready for safari into the African jungle.

WHAT'S BECOME OF THAT NICE MAN?

Poor Tuffie! You miss John, too. Don't you? Listen! There's the phone! Maybe that's John now!

No Tuffie—Just the dentist's office calling about my appointment, says! That reminds me of those bad breath ads! I wonder...

Yes, tests indicate that 76% of all people over the age of 17 have bad breath, and tests also show that most bad breath comes from improperly cleaned teeth. I advise Colgate dental cream because...

Colgate Dental Cream combats bad breath

"Colgate's special penetrating foam gets into every tiny hidden crevice between your teeth…emulsifies and washes away the decaying food deposits that cause most bad breath, dull, dingy teeth, and much tooth decay. At the same time, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent cleans and brightens the enamel—makes your teeth sparkle—gives new brilliance to your smile!"

TWO WEEKS LATER—THANKS TO COLGATES

NOW—No bad breath behind her sparkling smile!

AND NO TOOTHPASTE EVER MADE MY TEETH AS BRIGHT AND CLEAN AS COLGATE'S!

WHEN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION APRIL HOLLYWOOD
Fay Bainter, recently signed to a long term contract, will be seen shortly in that drama of Civil War excitement, Jezebel, as part of the big cast headed by Bette Davis.

Home to Hollywood

After a brilliant career on the stage, a native daughter once more calls Hollywood "home" for a while

By SCOOP CONLON

Fay Bainter has finally capitulated to the blandishments of Hollywood. When producers waved contracts in her face and proffered featured roles in such outstanding pictures as Jezebel and White Banners, she signed a term contract with the astute Warner Brothers, and said "goodbye" to her beloved Broadway for awhile.

For many years the name of Fay Bainter has been synonymous with success and electric lights along Broadway. Her performances were usually brilliant and always distinctive; her plays were uniformly successful, thus gaining her the appellation "Two-Year Bainter" in the parlance of Broadway, due to the long runs of shows graced with her presence.

What manner of personality is Fay Bainter?

For a beginning, we may say that any person who was born in Los Angeles, works in Hollywood and prefers to live in New York is certainly an anomaly.

She started early in life being "different."

Fay was the Shirley Temple of the "stock companies" and "tent shows" when she was four years old. Much of her ability as an actress can be traced to the long, hard years of training and experience playing anything and everything in the theatre from Uncle Tom's Cabin to Shakespeare, and a song and dance in the olio.

In fact, one of this remarkable woman's most outstanding performances in the American theatre was that of Topsy in an all-star revival of Uncle Tom's Cabin in New York several years ago, when she was at the peak of her stage career.

Yes, La Bainter was startling even in the more sedate days of the theatre. She doesn't look particularly exotic, yet she became famous overnight by Oriental roles.

She portrayed Ming Toy in East Is West and the Princess Image in The Willow Tree so realistically that enthusiastic press agents and managers had to be suppressed in their efforts to support the growing be-
lie that she was either part Chinese or Japanese.

Bainter eyebrows and slanting eyes became the rage among the debutante devotees of the theatre.

Only recently Fay gave the screen a fitting demonstration of her peculiar talents when she portrayed a Tartar woman in Michael Strogoff.

Temperamental? Yes, we would say that Miss Bainter has her share of temperament, but she has the rare gift of being able to "temper" her temperament, if you know what we mean.

As that astute director, Gregory La Cava, says: "I wouldn't give a plugged nickel for an actress who wasn't full of fireworks. I like 'em with red-hot inflammable temperaments."

As a person, the erstwhile exotic actress is the best dog-gone chicken raiser, egg gatherer and vegetable grower in New York state, at least, according to her enthusiastic description of her own bucolic pursuits. Believe it or not, the aristocratic lady of the theatre actually markets her farm produce.

She is generous to a fault and extravagant as the devil at times, but how she can barter and bargain in the matter of eggs and vegetables!

Her greatest infatuations are her husband and son, Reginald Venable, and Reginald Venable, Jr.

Reginald, Senior, is a retired United States Naval officer and looks after the farm while Fay is in Hollywood. Reginald, Junior, is fourteen and a student in an Eastern prep school.

She isn't much of a party girl, so this is one side of Hollywood that won't know her. Like all good farmers, she is strictly an "early to bed, early to rise" person when she can get away with it.

Her cooking is famous. She doesn't play tennis, golf or badminton; she does ride horseback, swims and she can sail a boat.

In appearance she is fashionably slender, medium-height, chic in dress, distinguished in bearing. She is undeniably attractive, yet more striking than beautiful. Hers is a most complex face, because of its mobility. Thoroughly American in features, yet there are fleeting expressions, moods in which a keen observer may detect that odd quality that enables La Bainter to essay exotic roles so convincingly.

No linguist, yet she can speak any dialect whether it be a Southern honey drawl, a harsh Cockney jargon or a Chinese sing-song with convincing realism.

Hollywood is predicting stardom for her in 1938, but any laurels she wins in pictures will rest very easily on her proud head. After all, she has worn her many successes well for years.

Remember William Haines? He is a very successful interior decorator in Hollywood, though this picture was taken while on a vacation in Miami at the Roney-Plaza Cabana Sun Club.
about here (Joe marked a place on the sidewalk) get up and walk past her. Don't hurry—make it a sort of promenade, see."

We nodded to let him know we saw, and then he went on to the other tables and explained what the other extras were to do. It all sounded very simple and it looked like an easy way to make eight bucks plus a day. I said as much to Miss Whatshename and she sort of grinned and told me "to shut up; the whistle was going to blow." Which it did, a long, piercing shriek, and believe me, it was the minute before shooting, and all over the shops, not a creature was stirring—not even the props."

Claudette, clad in a white dress, and looking prettier than ever, takes up a position at the farther end of the street. Under her arm is a brown paper package containing the lower half of a pajama suit. Before (in the story), she has purchased in a depart-

ment store and over which she has had a violent argument with Gary. In this scene all she has to do is to walk around a tiny park, pass our tables, and then pause for a moment or two in front of an open-air newstand. All I have to do, according to very definite directions from Joe Le Fer, is to leave my table when she goes by and walk out of camera range.

The whistle blows again, a shrill, ear-splitting blast and Director Lubitsch yells, "Quiet! Please! Action!" Claudette, as jaunty as you please, comes tripping lightly past my table and when she reaches the chalk mark I arise with Miss Whatshename and as jaunty as you please we start on our thirty-foot trek out of the picture.

Mr. Edward, you can argue with me until my dying day and still fail to conv-

ince me that Miss Whatshename didn't trip me! One second I was tripping along as lightly as Claudette and the next second I was tripped—and if you don't think there's a world of difference in those two words, ask Lubitsch! There I was, as flat on my face as a pancake in a skillet, with roars of laughter rolling over me like waves on a beach. Not only my ears, but my whole body was red. Miss Whatshename whispered "ham" in my ear as she helped me to my feet and Lubitsch yelled, "Whoa! Whoa! Vot is dis? Vill somebody tell dot dumb guy how he should walk? Okay. Ve take it again. Quiet, please!"

The second "take" didn't take because Claudette failed to keep within the side-

eline markers. The third one missed an okay because the waiters, hovering about the tables "acted." Director Lubitsch declared very simple and it "as though they were lazy." The fifth trial got his "Okay! Checks!" however, and in honor of the occasion he lit one of those long, black cigars that he smokes one after the other.

In the next shot, a semi-close-up, Claudette walks away from the news-

stand, passes the Hotel Duval and crosses a street intersection. Director Lubitsch, nervous as a cat with ten kittens, and puffing on his cigar like a freight engine going up a mountain grade, walks back and forth, hands clasped tightly behind his back, while keeping those sharp, in-

tense and of his on everything that's going on. "Now," he says, suddenly, "dis is important, and ven Miss Colbert leaves de newstand, you people go from heah to heah, and from heah to heah—like dis." He acts it all out. Then he looks at me, smiles genially and adds, "and no tripping, please, my dear—don't feel like an old trouter when he shouts "Okay! Checks!" on the first take. It's eleven-thirty by now and I'm hot and hungry and when Joe Farnalla yells, "One hour for lunch!" I'm the first one in the commissary. Miss Whatshename is second. She straddles the stool next to me—I'm stuck for the lunch which was all right except for her suggestion that I order a "ham" sandwich. She apologized between the first and second bite saying that she'd been out the night before with a guy who must have been drinking rubbing alcohol judging from the way he kept trying to paw her and her temper was still at the boiling point. She said I might do better during the after-

noon if I knew something about the plot of Bluebeard's Eighth Wife. I said "Okay! Checks!" just like Lubitsch.
Brandon decides to pull a fast one by announcing he is to leave for Brussels, his idea being to hurry back and surprise Nicole, but Nicole hires an ex-pug to act as her lover and to beat up on Brandon the first chance he gets. Things go haywire. An old family friend calls and the ex-pug bops him for the full count thinking he is Brandon. Nicole holds the old family friend in her bedroom and when hubby finally appears and sees him, he gives up.

"Nicole, like a lot of other dames who suffer from husband trouble, finds she has won all the battles but has lost the war—which is no feather in her matrimonial cap if you ask me. Well, to make a short synopsis shorter, Brandon enters a sanatorium, to get away from it all, but Papa De Loiselle, on a spending spree with Nicole's dough, buys the joint and personally sees to it that the estranged couple meet and go into a happy, all's well that ends well ending. Now let's go back on the set, dope."

Right here, Mr. Editor, is where the crap game came in and my seven bucks went out. Miss Whatcha-name led me over to a bunch of the boys who were whooping it up with the galloping dominoes, busted into the game with two-bits, made seven straight (?) passes and walked away with her sock full of folding money. It's a painful story, Mr. Editor, and I don't care to dwell on it—but believe me, the memory lingers on!

New Cream with "Skin-Vitamin"

does More than Ever for your skin

TODAY something new is possible in beauty creams! A thing not dreamed of only a few years ago!

One of the vitaminas has been found to be a special aid to the skin. This vitamin is now known to heal wounds and ugly burns—quicker! It even prevents infections in wounds.

And this "skin-vitamin" you are now getting in Pond's Vanishing Cream.

You have always used Pond's Vanishing Cream for melting away skin flakiness and making skin smooth for powder. Now this famous cream brings added benefits.

Use it as you always have. After a few weeks, just see how much better your skin looks—clearer, fresher!

In Pond's Vanishing Cream, this precious "skin-vitamin" is now carried right to the skin. It nourishes the skin! This is not the "sunshine" vitamin. Not the orange-juice vitamin. It is the vitamin that especially helps to maintain skin beauty.

Same Jars...Same Labels...Same Price

Get a jar of Pond's new "skin-vitamin" Vanishing Cream tomorrow. You will find it in the same jars, with the same labels, at the same price. Women who have tried it say they're "just crazy" about it.

The Countess de la Falaise says: "I've always felt I couldn't do without Pond's Vanishing Cream before powder and overnight. Now, it's simply magical. In 3 weeks it has made my skin seem finer, livelier!"

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<td>- Vanishing Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with samples of 2 other Pond's &quot;skin-vitamin&quot; Creams and 6 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to City __ State.</td>
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"Always a grand softener and powder base...NOW A NOURISHING CREAM, TOO" The Countess de la Falaise

This hat of pale blue antelope was inspired by the caps of the dwarfs in Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs, and is worn by Ann Miller, speedy little tap dancer featured in Radio City Revels.
Don Terry, now making American Legion at Columbia, thinks it is easy to break into Hollywood. All you have to do is not try, if his experience is an example

Actor by Accident

He wanted to be a heavy-weight fighter, but chance took a hand

By EDGAR SOUTHPAUGH

- Into the discard, so far as Don Terry, Columbia contract player, is concerned, goes that old and often proved Hollywood saying: They Never Come Back. For, after eight years spent on Broadway in such shows as The Front Page, Holiday, Please Do Not Disturb, and at various “barn theatres”—among them the famous Locust Valley Playhouse—this capable, handsome and husky actor is back in Hollywood.

Therefore you can credit Old Man Fate with another swift kick in the vestibule of his trousers since Actor Terry was so certain he’d be here for only one picture that he bought a round-trip ticket when he shoved off from New York. So pleased was Columbia with his work in Dangerous Adventure, his talking debut, that the studio grabbed the second half of his round-tripper and exchanged it for a long-term contract.

Terry’s real name is Donald Prescott Loker. The actor’s family tree has sprouted numerous branches that have contributed outstanding personalities to American history. There’s the Colonel Prescott, for instance, who commanded the Revolutionary troops at Bunker Hill. Another is Henry Loker, slave trader, who was mentioned by name in Harriet Beecher Stowe’s “Uncle Tom’s Cabin.”

- Actor Terry was educated at Phillips Andover Academy and Harvard University, graduating from the latter in 1929. He took part in several Hasty Pudding shows during his collegiate years but displayed little, if any, leanings toward the stage as a career. Outside of his studies his chief interest was in the ungentle art of stickflicks and he learned how to swing leather well enough not only to become the heavyweight boxing champion of his school, but to be declared the winner of three intercollegiate boxing tournaments.

- “I was headed for ‘down under’ in 1929,” explained Terry when we asked him to tell how he got into the acting business, “to appear in amateur bouts under the patronage of a wealthy friend of mine. The idea that I’d ever be an actor never entered my mind. One night, Charles Francis Coe, the author, saw me in a Hollywood restaurant and introduced himself. Coe, in his time, could swing a mean pair of dukes and our talk, mostly,
was devoted to boxing. I went on to San Francisco and was just checking out of my hotel when I received a wire from Coe asking me to appear in a film version of Mr. Gentleman, a novel of the prize ring then running in a national magazine. I took a boat as I had planned, but it was a coastwise one bound for Los Angeles. I made two other pictures before I called it quits.

Turning his back on a promising screen career, Terry, with adventure stirring his blood, went on a long South Seas cruise with F. W. Murnau during which the German director sought location setting for his picture, Tabu.

"I returned to New York after that trip," Terry says, "and wound up on Broadway as a leading man playing in a great number of shows between 1930 and 1937. My summer vacations were spent on the barn theatre circuit. I had no intention of ever coming to Hollywood until the day I walked out of the cast of a play I considered unsuitable for me. Friends finally persuaded me to come here for just one picture. Next thing I knew I had my name to a long-term contract with Columbia, cast in American Legion. I guess I'm here to stay."

There seems to be a pretty well established rumor that Terry is going to knock 'em as cold in Hollywood as he did when he was the master boxer of Harvard. In other words, they're betting he's a winner.

Charlie McCarthy was so affected by the enthusiastic response to his acting in The Goldwyn Follies that he had to be carried out of the theatre after the preview. Edgar Bergen looks pleased, too, but who wouldn't with Andrea Leeds along?

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**SKINNY? THOUSANDS GAIN NORMAL CURVES THIS NEW EASY WAY**

Quick Gains of 10 to 25 lbs.

Reported with this New Ironized Yeast

THERE'S no longer any excuse for thousands to remain skinny, unattractive and friendless. Because with these new Vitamin B and Iron tablets, known as Ironized Yeast, thousands of the skinniest, most rundown people have gained just the good solid flesh they needed—changed old, unsightly figures to new, naturally alluring curves—often in just a few weeks!

Why it builds up so quick

Scientists have discovered that hosts of people are thin and rundown only because they don't get enough Vitamin B and Iron in their daily diet. Without these vital elements you may lack appetite and not get the most bodybuilding good out of what you eat.

Now you get these exact missing elements in these new, pleasant-to-take Ironized Yeast tablets. They're made from one of the richest sources of health-building Vitamin B and Iron—a special rich yeast used in making English ale. By a new process this yeast is highly concentrated and then combined with pasteurized English ale yeast and three kinds of blood-strengthening iron.

It's easy to see, then, why these new Ironized Yeast tablets have already helped thousands of the skinniest people who need these elements, quickly to gain new normally attractive figures, new health, pep and popularity.

Make money-back test

Get Ironized Yeast tablets today. If with this first package you don't begin to eat better and get more benefits from your food—if you don't feel better, with more strength and pep—if you are not convinced that Ironized Yeast will give you the normally attractive flesh you need—the price of this first package will be promptly refunded. So get Ironized Yeast tablets from your druggist today.

Special offer!

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 card on the box and mail it to us, with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating free book on health, "New Facts About Your Body." Remember, rated with the very first package—or money refunded. At all drugists, Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 20, Atlanta, Ga.
IN OLD CHICAGO (Twentieth-Century-Fox)

There is something terrible and fascinating about fire. And it is sluggish, blood, indeed, that does not race faster when the sirens wail past, hurrying to quench a one alarm brush blaze in a back lot.

For that reason, In Old Chicago is assured of special attention on the part of audiences, for it contains a holocaust beyond the wildest hopes of a modern fire-bug.

In 1870, Chicago was a sprawling city built of wood. In 1857, three acres on top of a windy little hill near Twentieth Century-Fox studios were covered by full-sized replicas of certain portions of the city. Once it was set alight by orders of Producer Kenneth MacGowan, it burned for three days—three notable days for the picture.

Against the background of defiant flames, thousands of extras enacted the confusion, the despair, the stampede of an entire city caught in a great catastrophe and helpless against it. There is a shocking uproar of crashing timbers, collapsing walls, screams of hysterical refugees, hoarse voices shouting conflicting commands, the bellow of frenzied cattle and the combat of flames and water from the inadequate pumps, as the camera moves for what seems like hours from one portion of the conflagration to another.

The first part of the picture is lavish, elaborate, long and rather routine except for the telling introduction in which Alice Brady, as a pioneer woman, sees her husband killed on the vast empty plains of the middle west. Miss Brady has tossed aside that frenetic over-emphasis and the exaggerated gesturing which marks so many of her screen roles, and plays Mrs. O'Leary straight to great effect. One of the O'Leary sons (Don Ameche) is very good and gets to be mayor. One of the sons (Tyrone Power) is slick and filled with charm, and he gets to be boss of the underworld. So they fight it out during the fire with the assistance of a huge cast of good supporting players and Alice Faye, who plays the darling of the dance halls with a heart of gold.

BUCCANEER (Paramount)

Romantic in the best tradition of pirate tales, Buccaneer contains far more than a reasonable quota of plank-walkings, hangings, sudden deaths and innocent mistreatment among the brutal seadogs of Lafitte's fleet.

Fredric March makes a colorful figure as Lafitte and swaggers tirelessly through dangers on land and hazards on sea.

The story deals with the revolutionary days when the trained British troops were pushing the hard-pressed back-woods volunteers under Andrew Jackson perilously close to New Orleans. A little advantage, one way or the other, meant the failure or the success of the Revolution.

And Lafitte had that little advantage. At his command were a thousand men. They were outcasts, cut-throats and refugees from every part of the world whose mis-deeds had given them to the dubious security of his pirate flag. Lafitte, himself, was a woman about his calling. Openly, he sold loot from scuttled vessels. He had but one rule, and that he enforced strictly. No vessel flying the American flag must be molested.

The plot hinges on the sinking of an American ship through disobedience of one of his lieutenants. All aboard her are drowned, with the exception of a little Dutch maiden (Franciska Gaal) who is saved to introduce touches of cuteness and coquetry so simple that one fears for the little girl's good sense. The part is none too creditable, but it does show Miss Gaal to distinct advantage. Akim Tamiroff scores with his interpretation of the sentimental pirate who is impelled by the trusting ways of the little walt to neglect a good deal of the slashing expected of a pirate. Margot Grahame looks very handsome in picturesque costumes of a southern belle. Walter Brennan as an uncouth orderly and Hugh Sothern as General Jackson contribute the most convincing characterization through which you'll enjoy the work of the enormous cast as it re-enacts the exciting incidents of the struggle for independence.

There is plenty of furious fighting, of swash-buckling romance and dangerous adventure, so you'll do very well to see this latest Hollywood interpretation of history.

I MET MY LOVE AGAIN (United Artists)

The girl (Joan Bennett) and the boy (Henry Fonda) were whole-heatedly in young idealistic love. But they could not marry until he had completed his college course and had started on his career. In a moment of rebellion against her comfortable but monotonous life with her aunt (Dame May Whitty), the girl impulsively married a charmingly irresponsible author (Alan Marshall) the day after she first met him.

The second half of this engaging film deals with the girl's return, ten years later, a widow with a little daughter. She finds the boy embittered, coldly enduring his life as a professor and his possessively interfering sister and mother.

Much stands in the way of the recapture of romance between the two. The little girl is resentful. The boy's mother is jealous. The sister meddles. And there is a love-smitten school girl who complicates matters beyond endurance by threats of suicide.

Speculations about what might have been are a fascinating pastime with nearly everyone, and for that reason the film has especial appeal.
THE DIVORCE OF LADY X (United Artists)

Merle Oberon returns to the screen after an absence of some months in a film notable chiefly for very good Technicolor and an excellent cast. It is a definitely absurd farce, made in London by Korda, and played with rather too much vigor by Miss Oberon, who is at her most appealing in serious roles.

When fog blankets the city, guests at a fancy dress ball are forced to spend the night in a hotel, already filled to overflowing. Rather than spend an uncomfortable night in the lobby, Leslie (Miss Oberon) insists upon sharing a suite with a stranger (Laurence Olivier). He is a barrister. When his best friend drops in the next day to get a divorce because his wife has spent the night with another man, the young barrister quite naturally supposes that Leslie is the woman.

In the best traditions of the domestic farce, the film worries its way through many misunderstandings to a happy ending.

SWING YOUR LADY (Warner)

All you need to know about this film is that Louise Fazenda plays a lady-blacksmith who, through inexperienced in the more delicate art of rassling, finds herself matched with Nat Pendleton. Your imagination will do the rest.

Humphrey Bogart plays the barn-storming promoter. Frank McHugh adds comedy as the anxious trainer and also prominent in the cast are Allen Jenkins, Penny Singleton and the Weaver Brothers and Elviry.

One of the biggest moments in the film is when an enraged man-mountain hillbilly, whipped to animal frenzy by jealousy, puts his whole heart into the annihilation of Pendleton in the ring.

PARADISE FOR THREE (M-G-M)

Fritz (Robert Young) couldn't get a job, but he had striking success winning contests. His landlady was beginning to show signs of active discontent at being paid in electric trains, washing machines and other awards. She rebelled when she mailed in another prize: two weeks in the Alps as the grand winner of the Tobler Soap contest. So Fritz had to go himself.

What he didn't know was that old man Tobler (Frank Morgan) had won second prize under a false name, and also was bound, but under the quickly assumed name of Schultz, for the resort.

The hotel, tipped off by Tobler's anxious house-keeper (Edna May Oliver), becomes confused. Fritz is given princely treatment meant for old man Tobler, who in turn is given a chilly run-around.

Mary Astor as a designing breach-of-promise expert, Florence Rice as the love interest, Reginald Owen as the harrassed valet, Henry Hull and Herman Bing add comedy to the slight story.

NEW AUDIOSCOPIKS (M-G-M)

When you see the strange word, "Audioscopiks" in front of a theatre, don't hesitate. Go in and take a look at one of the most remarkable short subjects you've ever seen.

As you are seated, you will be given a piece of cardboard in which are mounted two bits of cellophane, one red and one green. You look at the picture through it, and get an almost alarming effect of a third dimension.

Smoke rings appear to float toward you over the footlights. Knives, flung by a player, are aimed straight at your heart, and it is a strong-willed person who does not flinch when the first piece of furniture hurtles directly at him.

RADIO CITY REVELS (RKO-Radio)

This is a pleasant musical all about a song writer (Bob Burns) who could compose only in his sleep, and who falls into the clutches of two down-and-out denizens of Tin Pan Alley (Jack Oakie and Milton Berle). Their problem is to keep him asleep. Tap dancer Ann Miller, singer Kenny Baker and laugh-makers Helen Broderick and Victor Moore help keep him and the audience awake.

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**KLEENEX?**

**Seems like everyone has a "KLEENEX True Confession"**

**Have you?** We'll pay 50c in cash for every one published!

Mail yours to KLEENEX, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago

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**I used to be "A TERROR" when I had a cold, with my nose so sore and red. Since KLEENEX...Happy days are here again!**

(From a letter by Mrs. W. T., New York, N. Y.)

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**I used to be "A TERROR" when I heard guests whisper that my Towels were stained with make-up! New KLEENEX Lipstick Tissues now end all that!**

(From a letter by Mrs. H. E. B., Pasadena, Calif.)

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**I used to be a Tissue Fumbler... because other brands haven't that Peachy KLEENEX pull-out box that makes it easy to get only one double-tissue at a time!**

**No more flummery and jumble for me!**

(From a letter by Mrs. W. P. S., Chicago, Ill.)

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**in the SERV-A-TISSUE Box**

It saves as it serves—one double tissue at a time—

Pull a double tissue, pop it up ready for use

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(Trade Mark Reg. U.S. Patent Office)

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45
Skin Reveals Thrilling Beauty when cleansed this utterly different way

REMARKABLE, silky-fine oatmeal powder, called LAVENA, cleanses, softens and soothes the skin—all at the same time! Helps remove unsightly blackheads and excess oils. Takes off dirt and make-up completely, leaving the skin gloriously refreshed, smoothing it to velvety softness. Non-silicone. Lavena does not dry the skin!

Prevent Winter Roughness
Lavena protects skin against dryness, chapping and roughness due to cold winter winds by its neutral cleansing, gentle softening and soothing properties. Use daily and keep skin clean, fresh and smooth all year round. No soap or cold cream needed. Delightfully fragrant! Amazingly economical to use!

Sprinkle Lavena in the bath water to help prevent distressing skin irritation known as “winter itch.”

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Over 4 million packages already sold! Get Lavena from drug, department or 10c stores. Organized Dept. 70, 141 West Jackson Blvd., Chicago, for liberal trial package, absolutely free. Copyright 1937 by the Lavena Corporation


Why Blonde Hair Requires A Special Shampoo

Unless blonde hair is given special care it is sure to darken and lose beauty with age. But here, at last, is a shampoo and a special rinse that brings out the lustrous beauty, the alluring sheen and highlights that can make blonde hair so attractive. Try New BLONDEX, this amazing blonde hair shampoo and special rinse today. Costs but a few cents to use and is absolutely safe. Used regularly it keeps hair lustrous, luminous, gleaming with fascinating luster. BLONDEX in new combination package (shampoo with separate rinse) sold at all stores. Large size costs less per shampoo.

SPRINGTIME IS CLEAN-UP TIME

Lovely Merle Oberon, currently seen in The Divorce of Lady X, symbolizes the springtime freshness which this article tells you how to achieve

By ANN VERNON

If you’re a good housewife and take pride in the appearance of your home, you’re beginning to think about spring housecleaning. There are rugs to be cleaned, new curtains to be hung, shabby spots to be brightened up with slip covers or fresh coats of paint. It all means extra work—but you never remember that, once your house is all shining and fresh to let in the April sunshine.

Whether you are a housewife or not, you should adopt this same attitude toward a springtime refurbishing of your face, your hair and your figure. Beauty is apt to have a kind of dustiness about it after a long winter. Hair is dry and dull after too much steam heat. Skin is coarse or blemished after too little exercise and too much heavy food. And, alas! figures are so often the worse for wintertime relaxation.

And what earthly good is a be-flowered Easter bonnet atop ungornead hair—or a smart tailored suit that’s too tight across the hips?

One of the best ways to start a spring cleaning campaign on yourself is to roll up your sleeves and clean up your dressing table. I’ve noticed so often that the girl whose dressing table and bathroom are neat and correctly equipped is the girl who simply moves everybody down with her own good looks. Constance is the best example of this that I can cite. I have seen her at work, at parties, and in her own little apartnent during those lazy, house-coated sessions that girls love—and always her perfect grooming is a source of satisfaction to me. She proves all my beauty theories, for although she is not beautiful, she is a joy
When your fancy turns to love, Is it he he's thinking of? Do you want a new spring face, So that he will sing your grace? Perhaps you'd like a new hair do Especially designed for you. If so—

Send a snapshot, or tell your troubles to Ann Vernon, HOLLYWOOD MAGAZINE, 1501 Broadway, New York City. AND be sure to enclose a self-addressed envelope with 3 cents in U. S. postage for her reply.

be sure of yourself with a clear SKIN from WITHIN

A SKIN that glows naturally bespeaks radiant health beneath...it is alive...stays fresh! So, be good to your skin from within and it will be good to you.

The reason for this is quite simple...skin tissues must have an abundance of red-blood-cells to aid in making the skin glow...to bring color to your cheeks...to build resistance to germ attacks.

It is so easy for these precious red-blood-cells to lose their vitality. Worry, overwork and undue strain take their toll. Sickness literally burns them up. Improper diet retards the development of new cells. Even a common cold kills them in great numbers.

Science, through S.S.S. Tonic, brings to you the means to regain this blood strength, within a short space of time...the action of S.S.S. is cumulative and lasting.

Moreover, S.S.S. Tonic whets the appetite. Foods taste better...natural digestive juices are stimulated and finally the very food you eat is of more value. A very important step back to health.

You, too, will want to take S.S.S. Tonic to regain and to maintain your red-blood-cells...to restore lost weight...to regain energy...to strengthen nerves...and to give to your skin that natural health glow.

Take the S.S.S. Tonic treatment and shortly you should be delighted with the way you feel...and have your friends compliment you on the way you look.

S.S.S. Tonic is especially designed to build sturdy health by restoring deficient red-blood-cells and it is time-tried and scientifically proven.

At all drug stores in two convenient sizes. The large size at a saving in price. There is no substitute for this time-tested remedy. No ethical druggist will suggest something "just as good."

© S.S.S. Co.
Shirley Deane is known to millions as the Bonnie of the popular Jones Family series but she also is known to hundreds who enjoy buying clothes from a movie actress.

**Three-Career Girl**

*You'd think that being a rising young actress would take all of her time, but she manages to run several other businesses as well*

**By EDELBERT SMITH**

- Up until a few days ago when we decided to investigate the record of Shirley Deane, the 20th Century-Fox star, we would have wagered a dollar to a depression doughnut that the "you can't combine business with pleasure" maxim usually found on page one of the copybooks, was just about the truest five words ever strung together for the benefit of anyone engaged in the commercial art of trying to make two dollars grow where only one grew before.

But we're not so sure, now. And the reason we're not so sure is because the energetic Shirley has proven fairly conclusively that profits don't fly out the window when a little fun enters the business door.

Shirley, as you know if you're up on your movies, keeps herself mighty busy in pictures. There's the four or five of The Jones Family films each year besides three or four others. It's hard and exacting work, but it's a lot of fun and she enjoys every minute she's on the set. But it wasn't enough. Hating idleness like some folks hate mother-in-laws, she decided a while back that she would take up the slack in her time by becoming a business woman.

- "Just the minute my friends heard about it," says Shirley, "they pounced on me like a banker on a mortgage. I was in for plenty of good, old-fashioned headaches. I was bound to throw good money after bad. Whatever venture I had in mind would peter out within six months. That's not all my friends said. But it gives you an idea. So—"

In due time she rented space in a vacant store on Wilshire Boulevard, stocked it up with dress goods, hired a couple of nifty-looking salesgirls—and in such a manner was her first dress shop born. There is a little more detail to it than this, but in all essentials that's about how it happened. And, to the utter consternation of her well-wishing friends and critics, the Shirley Deane Dress Shop was off to a flying start. The cash register kept on echoing to the pleasant sound of money. And it still is.

Before long she was turning a business eye toward Palm Springs, the famous
Richard Arlen

His smart wardrobe at Columbia Studios is
Mothproofed with LARVEX

YOUR clothes are just as important to you.
So, spray with Larvex as movie stars do and forget your moth worries.

Moths starve to death on Larvex-sprayed fabrics. That's why a thorough spraying with Larvex is the safeguard advised by scientists and used in famous motion picture studios.

Larvex is odorless, stainless and one spraying mothproofs for a whole year. The new Larvex continuous sprayer makes it easier to apply. An extra-easy way to use your vacuum cleaner sprayer.

Larvex is economical, too. One suit of clothes costs less than 17¢ to mothproof when Larvex is bought by the gallon.

Look for this seal.

IT APPEARS ON CLOTHES, BLANKETS, FURNITURE AND RUGS WHICH HAVE BEEN
MOTHPROOFED WITH

LARVEX

"THEY GUessed MY AGE 10 YEARS YOUNGER THAN I AM"

Gray Hair

At home, without risk, you can tint those streaks of gray to lustrous shades of blonde, brown or black. A small brush and BROWNATONE does it. Prove it by applying the tint to a lock of your own hair. Used and approved—for over twenty-five years by thousands of women. BROWNATONE is safe. Guaranteed harmless for tinting gray hair. Active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waves of hair. In economical lasting—will not wash out. Simply reouch as the new gray appears. Imports rich, beautiful natural appealing color with amazing speed. Just brush or comb it in.

BROWNATONE is only 50¢—at drug and toilet counters—always on a money-back guarantee.

When Answering Advertisements Please Mention April HOLLYWOOD 49
What is the real Sam Goldwyn? Is it Goldwyn the Lone Wolf, yelling "I am the boss?" Hundreds of people have ego and the determination to get their own way. That doesn't guarantee top product in any line.

Is it Goldwyn the Gig Man? That's merely superb press agenty. Like the Ford joke, the Goldwyn gag is just a super-successful way of garnering free newspaper space—plus spoken-word publicity, the most priceless of all.

There has to be a reason behind the man. His twenty-four year career as a producer stretches from the first feature length picture made in the United States—The Squaw Man. It rises through triumphs like Arrowsmith to an exciting present, when great pictures, such as These Three, Stella Dallas, Dead End and The Hurricane, roll from his studio in unbroken succession.

Now the public expects perfection from Goldwyn. Goldwyn expects perfection from himself. The strain must be terrible, but it's a pleasant way to go crazy. Ask Sam. He's been so good-natured lately, after seeing his last few pictures, that studio employees have been worried for his health. But he'll recover and explode them into new triumphs. He always has.

We'll take it for granted that one of Sam's qualities is the ability to learn from his own mistakes. Otherwise he'd have been in the poor-house. Some of this fellow's early boners—never let anyone tell you different—were 24-carat colossal. After discovering Gary Cooper, he let that actor get away from him for $200 a week, and later had to hire him back at $3,000 a week. He thought a screen test of Frances Howard a waste of money. That put him behind the eight-ball for life.

Miss Howard became a great star in other hands. Sam looked at her one day with his eyes open—and married her. When Sam talks too big around the house about judgment and star-making, Mrs. Goldwyn just smiles. It's good for him.

There were other mistakes—plenty. Sam had Will Rogers under contract and couldn't find the formula to make a screen star of the Beloved Cowboy.

Some of Goldwyn's early pictures were flops de luxe.

What makes today's Sam? What is the secret of "The Goldwyn Touch," the unbroken string of successes? It's really two secrets.

First, there's an almost insane insistence on every detail being right. It makes no difference whether the point at issue might affect the picture's box-office value or not. Sam looked not long ago at a "rush" of a scene. A group of extras, representing unemployed, formed the background.

"That third man from the right," Sam said, "is wearing too clean a collar. He's supposed to have been out of work for months, yet his collar gleams. Shoot it over."

It cost $15,000 to re-erect the set, reassemble the cast and spend a day re-shooting.

Sounds extravagant? Well, it's Sam's own money. For fourteen years there's been no money behind Goldwyn pictures except Goldwyn money.

Sam has a sort of collar obsession. That's one of the reasons Bob Montgomery became a star. Executives all around town were looking at screen tests of the youngster. "His neck is too long," was the general verdict. "Foolish!" smirked Goldwyn. "His collar's too short." Sam wired New York—where Bob was—to have a fine tailor do some "neckwork" on the boy. An M-G-M scout saw a photo of the re-necked Montgomery. Metro beat Sam to the sign-up. Just a happy family, the picture business!

The capacity for worrying about all sorts of odd details that most producers would leave to assistants has caused Goldwyn to become, of all things, an inventor. He is as proud of this as he is of a great picture.

Here's the tale. For years Sam had worried about the effect of camera lights on hair. Throughout the film world it was customary to put an oily pomade on the hair in order for it to shine and show life under the Kleig lamps. Sam was never satisfied, because he said the result always looked faintly greasy. He puttered and fooled around; he talked to chemists; he began to mix concoctions of his own. He hit it, with a new and highly successful "gold" powder. Maybe I should apologize for the quotation marks, because Sam solemnly swears there is actual gold in the stuff. Andrea Leeds, newest find of "the star-maker" will be liberally sprinkled with this magic sparkle in the Goldwyn Follies. All the girls on the Goldwyn lot sing the new invention's praises.

Besides this acute, almost fanatic attention to detail, Sam has another secret strength—perhaps his greatest. He has a passion for naturalness. He simply cannot stand anything forced, anything unnatural, whether the false accent is in the name of sensation or of art. He gets art in his films by outlawing "artiiness."

We begin to see how he became "the star-maker." When Merle Oberon came to

Once, because he thought the collar of a minor player was not right, Samuel Goldwyn ordered an entire scene remade. It cost $15,000 but it was worth it to the producer whose pictures are justly famous for perfection of detail.

By LUPTON A. WILKINSON
his hands, she had been cast repeatedly as an exotic oriental, her eyes slanted, her cheekbones made prominent. She went a-floater with distress when she heard that Sam was going to toss that "typical" casting overboard. She protested.

"Listen, my dear," said Sam. "You can never do important work unless you play the role of yourself. You must act in parts in which you are natural, believable, and where your normal emotions can find expression." He played her "straight" in *Dark Angel*, and from a "type" she became a full-fledged star.

Years ago Sam walked into the lobby of a New York theatre and saw a young man staring at the posters with a certain hungry dejection, yet with an impudent, ironic smile; shoulders squared, head cocked, only the eyes tragic.

Sam asked him who he was. He was an actor out of work.

"I said to myself," said Sam, "This is a fellow you would always think about in connection with adventure and courage. He had what was an actor's greatest asset—a habit-forming personality. Habit-forming from the audience's side. You just fall into the habit of liking him."

Those are Sam's words. I'm sorry there are no gags in them, but the big Goldwyn secret is in them.

That actor out of a job—whom Sam hired on the spot—was Ronald Colman.

- Long ago Hollywood laughed at Sam for hiring most of the big writing names in the world. Many of the crack novelists couldn't do picture stories, and Sam took a licking. But he knew what he was after. He still believes that the story's the thing, and that natural, believable dialog will make stars: "Pictures make stars; stars don't make pictures."

Fifteen years before Charlie McCarthy, the redwood genius, burst on a startled world, Sam had coined a private proverb: "If you give a stick of wood good dialog, you'll have an actor."

Today he says: "Charlie McCarthy is the most real personality in Hollywood. Bergen, who writes his lines, keeps him absolutely consistent. The little wonder never steps out of character, and people believe in him."

The facts of his life are well-known: Polish boy with an unpronounceable name... running away from poverty and home in Warsaw at eleven—making his way at thirteen, in the steerage, to America... immigration officials stumped by the Polish name and translating it "Goldfish"... work in a glove factory... glove salesman... glove magnate at twenty-three... first movie venture with Jesse Lasky (The Square Man)... many partnerships... many quarrels because he knew what he wanted, and insisted...

- Broadway laughing at "Goldfish," so legal change of that name to Goldwyn... helping found Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer... decision he couldn't waste time explaining ideas, therefore going it alone...

- In the Goldwyn suite at United Artists studio three writers sat and argued with each other and Sam. This was the fifth dogfight on that particular picture. The three highly paid writers had written and re-written until their nerves went wire-haired. One of them lost his temper.

"Mr. Goldwyn," he mutinied, "are you sure you know what you want?"

Sam flushed, then suddenly smiled.

"Maybe I don't know what I want," he agreed. Then his voice cracked. "But when you get it into the script, I'll know it."

The world might as well prepare for another Goldwyn. Sam, Jr., now eleven years old (the same age at which his father started into the world alone) is practically a duplicate.

Three years ago, when Sammy was eight, a visitor at the Goldwyn home was checking the youngster's arithmetic.

"Sam," he asked, "If you had thirteen cents and lost ten cents, how much would you have left?"

The Goldwyn heir thought this over for a long minute.

"Why," he wanted to know, with quiet wonder, "should I lose ten cents?"
When it was gone I sold the radio. This was supposed to be a strictly cash, twenty-five dollar deal, but when the man came to the house to take it away he didn't have the money. He agreed to pay three dollars down and three dollars a week until paid for and I finally accepted his offer. That weekly income was a life-saver."

It got to a point, finally, where there was nothing more to be sold and Marie appointed herself a committee of one to devise ways and means to take care of the family larder.

Listed as No. 1 in the ways and means column set up to provide provender for six was an ingenious and effective little scheme to which can be credited the honor of bringing home the hamburger—if not the bacon.

"I will never forget the first time I tried it," confesses Marie. "I felt more nervous than on the day I took a screen test. I felt pretty much ashamed, too, but we needed meat, and so—"

And so, when the boy friend took her out that night she "just happened to remember," as they passed a brightly-lighted market, that she had promised her mother to bring home some hamburger for the dog. It was a very big dog, she explained when her escort drew up at the curb and hopped out to play errand boy. It was a very big dog, she repeated, and ate as much as two pounds of meat at a meal—if it was good.

"The family had hamburger for dinner the next day," says Marie, "the only taste of meat they'd had in a week. And they had it as many as four and five times a week thereafter—for many weeks to come. We had it so much that even to this day I hate the very sound of the word. We even had it for Christmas that year and if it neither looked, smelled, nor tasted like turkey, it was food and we were very thankful for it. As a safeguard against getting caught in my deception I was very careful never to accept a date with the same boy twice."

This scheme worked out so well that Marie began to devise others. It wasn't long before she made an arrangement with a nearby florist to take back the flowers admiring friends sent her. She didn't get full value, but she did receive many a welcome dollar. She applied the same procedure to gifts of candy, making an arrangement with a candy shop to take back—at a reduced price—the boxes of sweets.

"One of my chief problems," she reveals, "was how to keep enough gasoline in my car so that I could continue my parade up and down Hollywood Boule-

Of course you want the natural appearance of long, dark, curling lashes—what woman doesn't? Well, there is no longer any possible excuse for blank, unattractive eyes or scraggly lashes when Maybelline Mascara is so reasonably priced. A few simple brush strokes of either the solid or cream-form will give your lashes radiant beauty instantly. Harmless, tear-proof, non-smarting, and keeps lashes soft and silky. Velvety Black, Midnight Blue, or rich shade of Brown. Vanity size, in beautiful metal case or tube, 75c. Purse sizes at all 10c stores. Beautiful eyes are yours for the asking when you ask for Maybelline Mascara.

Fashion decrees, and make-up experts agree that you must now harmonize your entire eye make-up. Match your Eyebrow Pencil and Eye Shadow with your Mascara for naturalness—this is the newest note in beauty, and in no way can you achieve this better than with Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids. The exquisitely smooth-marking Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil forms lovely, graceful eyebrows—and a subtle touch of colorful Maybelline Eye Shadow will work wonders for the sparkle in your eyes.

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ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTES! ALWAYS INSIST ON THE ADVERTISED BRAND!
WARD. I solved it this way. Whenever a boy called to take me out I'd insist that we go in my car and then, when we were too far away from home to turn back and take his car, it seemed to me that my gas tank was empty. I'd stop the car, look in my purse and find it empty, too. I was always careful to stop near a gas station. The attendant would fill up the tank, my escort would pay for it—and presto! I had enough gas to keep the car going for another day.

Usually, though, Marie traveled around with scarcely more than a gallon in her tank and if she found she couldn't get home with what she had she'd borrow fifteen cents from some one, drive into a station and say, "Give me four quarts." She never borrowed more than fifteen cents, she says, because it was too hard to pay back more than that.

Marie practiced three months of this genteel gold-digging before she got a break. Going down Hollywood Boulevard one day, and looking like a million dollars in her mink coat and Sunday duds, she bumped into Douglas Churchill, a newspaper man. Fortunately for Doug and his car, Marie, as usual, was driving in low gear so the bump didn't amount to much. It brought Doug out of his car, however, and he started to a triple hand full of drivers. He was all wound up till Marie off, but when he got a good look at the blonde beauty smiling at him he forgot to be tough. He forgot everything except the thought that here was a girl who "ought to be in pictures" and with both cars parked at the curb, he rushed Marie to the curb and gave her a call-up official at RKO and shouted that "he had just discovered the most gorgeous blonde in Hollywood and that he was bringing her right down for a test!"

Marie had her test at four that afternoon and the next day signed a contract—and a week later was given a bit part in Down to Her Last Yacht.

"We had a celebration at home that night," smiles Marie, "and instead of hamburger we had Swiss steak—paid for, this time, with my own money. It took six weeks to shoot the picture and I got $10 a day. I thought I was in the movies for good. I thought I was really on Easy Street and that I'd never have to smell or eat hamburger again—but you never can tell in Hollywood. It was eight months before I got another part! And before I did my money was gone and we were back on our depression diet. Not only that, but I was soon back on my old, sure-fire tricks of gold-digging.

To help save gas Marie used to coast from the top of her hill home down clear to Sunset Avenue, a distance of better than three miles. Neighbors say, now, that they rigged up a huge gong and whenever she started to coast they'd kick it around with pieces of iron pipe as a warning for children to clear out of the streets below.

It was about a month after she had finished her picture that she revealed the most shining example of business men—a promotional scheme that was in truth a life-saver. A block away from where she lived was a cluster of little shops that were doing, so the owners said, just enough business to pay current bills. Traffic was heavy and so fast that no one seemed to have time to stop. A stop sign would help, they said, but every committee that had pleaded with city hall officials had been turned down.

"It occurred to me," says Marie, "that I might do something to help. At least it wouldn't hurt to try. I didn't know where the city hall was located, but I told them I did and that I knew a few important officials that might listen to me. First, though, before I did anything, they'd have to sign a paper agreeing to give me credit at their shops for whatever I wanted for as long as I wanted. Mother's investments hadn't turned out as well as she had hoped, I told the butcher, the baker, and the candlestick maker sorrowfully, and the only silver we'd have for the next few months would be what we could scrape up from the linings of the clouds the poets rave about. After a long look at my mink coat, my good clothes, and the big car, they finally decided I was worth the risk and, in turn, signed the agreement I had written up.

"The next day I drove down to the city hall, found the proper officials, and put on my stop sign sales talk. There was a lot of hemming and haw-hawing after I finished, and I turned on my heel and made what I thought was a grand exit. I tried a different style of approach the next day with the same result, but I refused to quit. Finally, after my sixth visit, they told me to stay home and give them a chance to catch up on their work.

Two weeks later a crew of men came out and believe me, there was much rejoicing in the Wilson household when we saw the stop sign go up. I got all the store credit I needed, my family had proper food, and if we were short of actual money we didn't mind. I felt pretty proud of that accomplishment. I still do."

Well, if you ask us, she should. Any sixteen-year-old who can face and whip adversity as Marie did ought to feel proud.

Her next picture was a small part in Hollywood Hotel. The salary she received was equally divided among the shop-owners who had given her credit. The feminine lead in My Girl Sally came next.

Now she has a long-term contract at Warner Brothers Studio, she earns a better than good salary, exhibitors keep crying for her pictures, her fan following is enormous and when she walks down Hollywood Boulevard—on foot, now—she can paralyze her right hand signing autographs and do it in less than two blocks. The big car—mink coat—expensive clothes days of display are a thing of the past. Marie drives a puddle jumper, now; she wears simple clothes and cloth coats. She exercises a thrift warp over her money.

Yes, indeed, in mere ways, born once, this small-town girl has made good.

**SPEAKING OF ECONOMY**

No where can you have a vacation so packed with excitement for little extra expenditure as by taking a Movieland Tour to Hollywood. Turn to page 16 for full particulars.
LOSE BAD BREATH - keep your friends

In spite of all that has been written about bad breath, thousands still lose friends through this unpleasant fault. Yet sour stomach with its resultant bad breath is frequently only the result of constipation. Just as loss of appetite, early weakness, nervousness, mental dullness, can all be caused by it.

So keep regular. And if you need to assist Nature, use Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets. This mild laxative brings relief, yet is always gentle. Extremely important, too, is the mild stimulation it gives the flow of bile from the liver, without the discomfort of drastic, irritating drugs. That's why millions use Olive Tablets yearly. At your druggist, 15¢, 50¢, 60¢.

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TIRED OF LOATHSOME SCHOOL-AGE PIMPLES?
Let millions of tiny, living plants help keep your child's skin irritants away.

Thousands of young people have said good-bye to the curse of youth—a pimply skin. They know what happens between the ages of 13 and 25. The time of life when important glands develop. Your system is upset. Poisons may pollute your blood stream and bubble out on your skin in ugly pimples. Then you need to cleanse and purify your blood.

Let Fleischmann's Yeast help remove these impurities the natural way. Millions of tiny, active, living yeast plants will help keep poisons from the blood and help to heal your broken-out skin. Many report amazing results in 30 days or less. Start eating Fleischmann's Yeast now. Buy some tomorrow.

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MOVIE CROSSWORD

1 & 5. Fairy tale princess in Walt Disney film. 10. Feudal Crime in City Girl. 11. His last name is Bodeker. 12. First name of one who portrayed queen in de Rovelle (posw). 16. Nino Martini's singing voice. 17. Wallace Beery's brother. 19. — Queen. 21. First name of star who portrayed Victoria the Great. 22. Initials of former wife of George Brent. 23. What many of Disney's characters are. 25. Initials of one who had title role in All Bets are To Town. 26. Sally — And Mary. 29. Gene Autry stars in The Old Dance. 31. Karl in Wise Girl. 33. Mary Carlisle was born on this day of January. 34. He was father of Tim in Tim Tyler's Luck. 40. Nationality of sheeh portrayed by Warren Oland. 42. Joan Crawford and Spencer Tracy — starred in Manslaughter. 44. Beatrix Lillie is Lady. 45. Mary Brian's native state (abbr.).


ACROSS

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DOWN

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(Solution on page 57)

Accept No Substitutes! Always Insist on the Advertised Brands!
Five Year Vacation

Nan Grey started to Hollywood for a two weeks' vacation which stretched to five years, most of it fun

By ED JONESBOY

To learn just how close Hollywood came to losing one of its most promising young screen players, you have to go back to the summer of 1934 and to the thriving little city of Houston, Texas.

Nan Grey, 'way back in '34, was floundering around in what appeared to her to be a very big sea of trouble. Here she was, dressed up in her best bib and tucker, her pretty duds all neatly packed, the baggage locked tight—but with no place to go.

As a reward for being a good little girl, her mother had promised Nan a two-weeks vacation and here she was, eager and willing to take it, only to discover at the last moment that in the hustle and bustle of preparation for the trip, a destination had been completely overlooked!

Nan, fearful that the long-awaited holiday might be called off then and there, took time by the forelock. She also took a map and spread it out on the dining room table. Then she took a handkerchief, bunched it over her eyes and with a chanted "einie, meenie, minie, moe" placed a little forefinger on the square piece of paper. This, she told her mother, will be "it." Then she removed her finger—and "it" happened to be Hollywood!

Hollywood was an acceptable vacation spot for Mrs. Miller. She had a lot of friends there with whom she could visit. She promised daughter Nan a gay time—which was all that daughter Nan was looking for. And which she got.

A trip through the orange groves, a visit to the lion farm, a boat ride to Catalina Island, a sunny journey over the famous Rim of the World Drive were one by one scratched off the "must" list of things to see during the first week. Then came the visits while Mrs. Miller renewed old friendships and acquaintances.
During all the excitement that usually springs from seeing new faces and new places, Nan had proven herself to be one in a million—the rare exception to the well-established Hollywood rule. She emphatically refused to go to a studio to see how motion pictures were made! That, according to Movietown, was really one for the book of fame.

"Although they didn't openly accuse me of it," says Nan, "I'm sure mother's friends thought I was a little 'teched in the head' when I turned down invitations that other Hollywood visitors would have fought for. It simply didn't make sense for a little girl like me to appear so disinterested. They couldn't tell if I didn't care to see Clark Gable, William Powell, Joan Crawford and other screen stars in person, watch them perform before the cameras, shake hands with them on the set, get their autographs and so on. They finally decided that I was normal after mother explained that my disinterest was probably due to the fact that father was an official in the motion picture operators’ union in Houston and that movies, therefore, were commonplace in my life. Which was true."

The sight-seeing went on as did the visits. Nan was having the time of her young life and her mother the time of hers. Toward the close of the second vacation week she ran across an old friend who had become an actor's agent. Well, if you know actor's agents you know how fast they operate when they come across new talent. This one, when she gazed on the blonde beauty of the girl from the Lone Star State, operated even faster.

In almost less time than it takes a Hollywood yes-man to give a nod to his superior, the agent brought Nan to the attention of studio executives. Now as a rule, studio executives are a pretty bored and blasé lot when it comes to listening to the smooth-as-silk sales talk of an actor's agent. Usually they listen to it with about ten pounds more than the proverbial grain of salt. But not in this particular instance.

Nan was given screen tests—all of the highly successful ones. After Texas beauty was suddenly confronted by three contracts offered by as many major film companies. Being a cagey as well as a cute little trick, Nan waited until her two weeks holiday was up before finally accepting the offer made by Warner Brothers. Nobody, not even the movie moguls, who offered, was going to check her out of herfun.

"Besides," she confesses, "I wasn't any too pleased about the idea of becoming a screen player. Ever since I had graduated from grammar school, and even before that, I had harbored the idea of becoming a newspaper woman. It seemed to me that anything like that offered a girl all the thrills and excitement she would want. Now, by a scratch of the pen, I was 'in the movies' and I began to think that mother's friends were right, that I really was a bit 'teched in the head.'"

Teched or not, Warner Brothers had her in a picture before her first pay-check. If you remember Fire Bird, starring Ricardo Cortez and Verree Teasdale, you may remember the three girls who ganged up on Ricardo for autographs. Nan was the girl on the left. The one with the pencil in her hand and the engaging smile on her face.

"It was a part so small," claims Nan, "that even the prop boys refused to dignify it in the book of fame role in Babbitt and later to the leading feminine role in Mary Jones’ Pa. I know, now, that I should have been deeply thrilled over my progress, but as a matter of honest fact, I wasn't even interested. Maybe I was too young.

Nan, when referring to her youth, certainly lacks a mouthful, as Joe E. Brown would say.

It may interest Warner Brothers to know that when she signed her contract, giving her age as sixteen, she was four full years removed from being correct. At twelve Nan weighed around 125 pounds, was about as tall as she is now—five feet, five inches—and it was just as easy to fool Warners as it was other people who thought she was as pretty a "sweet sixteen" as they'd ever gazed upon.

It's been a long time since we were twelve, but we have a recollection that it's a mighty tender age to be thinking of anything much more serious than being just twelve. The phrase, "maybe I was too young" should be—and undoubtedly is—the true and only reason for her lack of enthusiasm over the picture business.

She'll be seventeen next July—in case you want to send her a birthday greeting—and her attitude toward a movie career has been completely reversed. She's out at Universal, at present, under a long-term contract, and working like a little nailer to make a name for herself. Her one ambition is to be able one day to act as well as Bette Davis. That, surely, is setting herself quite a task, but if there is any reward in hard work and long study, you can place a bet that the Lone Star beauty who left her little Grey home in the South on a vacation only to become a rising movie star, will make good. She's turned out to be that kind of a girl.

Until she reaches the age of 18, Nan is under the jurisdiction of the State of California. By law she is allowed to work only eight hours a day. Her health and leisure are carefully supervised. Her education is in charge of Miss Mary West, a duly accredited teacher appointed to the studio school by the state. At present the only pupil Miss West has are Deanna Durbin and Nan, and both, she says, are better than "A." Not that Nan's pleasant, cheerful home life is provided for the Texas beauty by a close friend of her mother's, who acts in the three-way capacity of friend, advisor, and confidante. "It's like living with an older sister," is the way Nan puts it.

One of the greatest thrills our rising young screen star ever experienced arrived on the day when the state permitted her to handle her own money.

"Up until then," Nan says, "I had to
have my checks counter-signed before they were any good. Now my own signature is enough, and it seems as though, now, I'm really spending my own money. You should have seen me buying Christmas presents."

Yeah, and from what we have learned since, you should have seen her when the Texas Mustangs came to town November 20th to show the West Coast how the long-horns could toss a football around. Nan appointed herself as a committee of one for the entertainment purposes, and she certainly put a big dent in her finances showing the boys from her home state a good time.

While she never has been accused of looking at a penny twice before spending it, she's already learned the lesson of prudence, and budgets her income so that when the rainy day ever comes she'll have something more substantial to fall back upon than memories.

To Henry Koster who directed her in Three Smart Girls gives much of the credit for making her see the light so far as a serious career in pictures is concerned. She's a smart girl now, and hopes to be smarter.

Since coming to Universal Nan has hopped right out of one picture into the next. The Great Impersonation, His Night Out, Sutter's Gold, Crash Donovan, Rough Water, Love in a Bungalow, Men in Blue, Deadlocked and Three Smart Girls are listed among the films she has to her credit. Right now she's working opposite Donald Woods in The Black Doll, one of the popular Crime Club mystery stories.

Nan refuses to hide any hobbies. She likewise refuses to spend a vacation in Honolulu because, as she says, "that is a trip I'm saving for my honeymoon—some day." Anyway, that's her story and we, for one, hope she's stuck with it—some day.

The Lone Star State is modestly proud of its contribution to Hollywood. Come two or three years more, the Texas folk say, and Nan will be right up there among the best of 'em. Out at Universal the boys in the front office say the same thing. As for Nan, she doesn't say much. All she does, mostly, is hope and work to prove that her Texas and Hollywood wishers are right.

How to Win Enemies
[Continued from page 28]

she sneezed off what make-up she started with. After while, between sneezes, she noticed the house was getting noisy. Before long, the purely academic question occurred to her: how could that much noise come out of the house when she wasn't in it?

So then Tommy (son) came out and remarked, "Mommie, the house is full of people."

"What do they want?" inquired Glenda. Tommy went away and came back, later.

"They want you. They say you invited them to a party."

"Well, tell Teresa to mix 'em some cocktails. And then come back and hold his front feet. I got it in his eye and he's mad." Meaning Taki.

The guests missed Glenda, but they didn't start going home until Taki got in. Taki loves hort d'oeuvres. He is more finicky than the company, figuring it necessary to sit in the tray while he selects the shrimp ones. He will, however, settle for anchovies. Glenda doesn't believe in spoiling him. If he won't eat anchovies, he can darn well go without.

Same way with the servants. And the caterer's men, when they come in to serve a party. Glenda's the one belting in spoiling them, either. No indeed. She runs around and shows them how to set the table, put up the decorations, prepare the food and mix the drinks, until everyone is hysterical, especially Glenda. This is a perfect illustration of Rule 2—"Show respect for the other man's opinions. Never tell a man he is wrong." Probably covers Rule 2, also: "Dramatize your ideas." Don't get me wrong, though Glenda doesn't need an idea to dramatize. She just does it anyway.

She remembers it is time to get dressed when the first guests arrive.

One of the most important rules in that masterly treatise, "How to W. F. and I. P." (or "Never Be Yourself") is: "Call attention to people's mistakes indirectly."

Now our little Miss Farrell and this rule have less than practically nothing in common. ("You look terrible—where on earth did you get that hat looks like it was dredged out of the harbor," is a stock greeting.) The Farrell type is a frankly open-faced model, produced by the Irish, which believes that a straight line is the shortest distance between two points, and hopes you are the same. Expects you to be. This tight-rope balancing act of keeping on the good side of all and sundry by never having an idea of expressing an opinion is not for the Glenda Farrells of this world. The Glenda Farrells who get things done while the others stand around explaining.

Glenda has it all figured out that you can't be on everybody's side at once, which is a pretty rare trait in Hollywood —this village of perilous balances. And if Glenda is on your side—you've got something there! As her friends had reason to discover not long ago.

It was a delicate case of friends vs. photographers—and many an actress would have made a pretty compromise, because news-photographers are not to be scorned at Hollywood parties. They are, in fact, very often the first persons invited.

It happened that Glenda finished a picture, and was on "lay-off." Lay-off is that period of suspended animation, be-
...But Isn't All Mascara Just alike?

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FROM PAINFUL
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You Can't Take It With You—Now

(Wouldn't you like to know?) Not much studio property, chaperoned by innocent-looking "borrowers," gets through the gates of any studio any more. Some try occasionally, but they lack the old spirit. It used to be that one could work up a nifty outfit of clothes from the studio wardrobe, but now a player has to check every shred of his costume into the wardrobe department before he is handed his pay check. "No shirt—no ticket." Every article of clothing belonging to the studio is lettered, and every hand prop and piece of furniture is secretly marked. I spent half an hour looking over a desk in the prop department, trying to find the mark, but I couldn't. Mr. Matthews grinned at me maddeningly, and said, "Aha!"

He told me that one man went home one night with fifty hinges in his pocket. "The man probably thought, 'What are fifty hinges to a big studio like Warners?' But if everybody on the lot took fifty hinges home with him, every door in the place would fall down.

"Sometimes people get strange notions about what they want to 'borrow,'" continued Mr. Matthews. "One day, an old-fashioned Tuxedo, green with age, frayed around the cuffs, and worth about $250 at the most, was taken out of a shop window in a street scene, built on the back lot. A player suddenly cherished it, put it on under his own natty and expensive suit and went out with it—almost. One of my men thought he bullied a little too large, gave him a couple of questioning pats and... Now why that suit—of all suits—which could not have been worn any place and which was not worth the price of a meal even if the man had needed it?"

There was the employee who carried light globes away in his overcoat pockets. Every day for a couple of weeks, an office department had to report a shortage of electric light globes where the supply had
been complete the day before. A light detective work disclosed in the basement of the man’s house ten large cartons of globes. Why? He explained that “he thought he’d need them sooner or later.” Well, so would the studio, and the days of “what belongs to the studio belongs to everybody” are past.

Mr. Matthews’ busiest time is around Thanksgiving and Christmas, for obvious reasons, with livestock offering a thundering big problem. Almost always a studio has some picture in production in which the presence of chickens, turkeys, ducks, rabbits and pigs is required by the script. And how those dinners on the hoof do disappear!

“You can count chickens,” says Mr. Matthews, “but you can’t make ‘em stay put, and while you’re counting the same chicken twice, someone is maybe eating up another.”

“What about sight-seers?” I asked. “They don’t get such a check-up as the workers, but aren’t they inclined to souvere-nir-hunt?”

Mr. Matthews shook his head. “We never have any trouble with them. Only a few people are allowed on the set at a time and they are always with a guide.

“If there’s a secret mark on that chair?” I asked, pointing to an ordinary prop chair on the set. Mr. Matthews said there was. “I’m going to look for it and if I think I’ve found the mark will you tell me?”

But he just grinned and I didn’t find it.

Under this secretive Blyney Matthews, who organizes restraint on that “first impulse,” there has been practically no trouble any more with chronic borrowers at Warners. Three thousand people go on and off the lot each morning and evening, with only a few exceptional cases to prove the rule of order and organization.

“And in that many people—the population of a good sized town—there are bound to be some quirked mentalities,” he explained.

Outside Mr. Matthews’ office, I paused to make a note on a slip of paper. I paused twice. I seemed to have gotten away with Mr. Matthews’ pencil.

Aha!

**Crossword Solution**

| HAMES | WADE | EDNAS | TENOR | NOAH | SAN | ANNA | RC | ANIMALS | EC | Y | M | IRENE | BARN | ABEL | H | THIRD | T | D | AL | CHINESE | CO | PEEL | TEX | TRAP | PERIL | Z | WHERE | Y | IVOR | REED | Y | SCENE | ELSA |

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**Romantic Magazine**

**Their Harvest Years Made HAPPY!**

**Worries Solved with the Vegetable Laxative**
Jane's Remembering Day

[Continued from page 24]

But special days have their special rules—and Jane for the next eight hours is not the greatest child character actress in this or any other year, and sixth among the ten top ranking stars, but the Georgia Peach, come to Hollywood for a break in the movies!

Somewhere around seven o'clock Jane and her mother are sitting on the corner bench nearest their house, waiting for the next bus into Los Angeles proper—something like twenty miles away from their present home in Westwood. But don't you mind the mileage. That's a mere stone's throw as distance goes in California.

The bus driver throws these two a casual glance. Undoubtedly he thinks to himself that they are shopping-bent—and his practical mind registers that it's awful early to take a youngster out.

The bus whirs down the road and the turning of the wheels is punctuated by Jane's excited, "Do you remember this, Mother?" and Mrs. Wilders equally excited, "Look, Jane, there's the house with escalators!"

\[\text{Right through Hollywood, and into Los Angeles they ride. Their destination is the Union Pacific Station, and they must reach there not a minute after eight-forty-five. That is the fateful hour. For that very exact moment March 10th, 1932, a train arrived from Atlanta, Georgia. Among the passengers was five and a half year-old Jane, the Pride of Atlanta, to begin that hunt for Fame.}\]

From here on the remembrin' game flourishes! Mrs. Withers and Jane watch while the train unloads. Then they walk through on the station steps again in a strange city. They stop at the taxi-cab stand and pause to remember that on that first March Tenth they asked a cab-driver how far it was to Hollywood. And they seem to hear him say—"Are you in a hurry, lady, to get there? It's quite a ways." And then dubiously—"The taxi fare will be almost four dollars. It ain't good business, but if I was you and not goin' anywhere particular in a hurry, I'd walk down to the Terminal Station and get a street car. It's just a few blocks and it'll take you there for a dime."

\[\text{So, as if it were that morning, Jane and her mother walk that goodly stretch to the heart of downtown Los Angeles. Right past restaurants who feature enormous slabs of roast beef in their windows and indifferent table linen. Past all the second-hand stores, the stationery shops, the windows which enticingly advertise that everything can be bought on "easy" payments.}\

Almost to the street-car station, Jane discovers an important landmark. "There it is, Mother. It hasn't changed much. Only, their windows are painted blue this year." So in they go to a tiny, tiled restaurant, which simulates the rustic
spirit with its log-cabin walls and low-hung ceiling.

The Withers' ate lunch here on the fateful day of arrival. And Jane today, as then, is permitted the forbidden, and orders a sandwich with a strange concoction as filling.

Once inside and perched on a stool, Jane is much too polite to remember audibly, but her eyes bob up and down in excitement.

In 1932, sandwiches were six cents and an enormous glass of milk was a nickel. Now, rising restaurant prices interfere with the re-living to exactitude of that first March day. Sandwiches are up to fifteen cents, and a glass of milk is a dime.

At the Terminal, they boarded the Hollywood street-car, and are soon at the hotel in the heart of movie-city, where they spent the first two days of their Hollywood sojourn.

In the lobby Jane and her mother have a half-hour of real remembrin’. “Do you remember,” asks her mother, “the day Jane was born?” Jane crinkles her inimitable nose and replies in the very same tone and words as she did then. “I’m lonesome for my daddy. But we’ll be all right, Mummy.”

From there on remembrin’ day is a matter of visits. To the places and the people they knew in their first obscure and lonely months, when their tattoos on Hollywood studio gates didn’t make the sound of a dropped pin.

First, there is that visit to 5555 Hollywood Boulevard—to the one-room, kitchenette and bath apartment which they occupied during the first months of their struggles. Apartment 202 has now become a place of distinction—mothers bring their youngsters here to instill ambition in them.

Out into the yard Jane and Mrs. Withers go. This is the scene of the now defunct “Gilmore Circus”—a Jane Withers enterprise of those days. The neighborhood children were the cast—the show, informal specialties by all the playmates Jane could round up—and admission 2c for sitting place, and 1c for standing room only.

The memory of Jane’s undertaking has been perpetuated by the apartment house manager, who to this day refers to the back yard as “The Circus.”

In Jane’s heart several other neighborhood places are immortalized. The Five and Ten Cent store, not far from this apartment house, where Jane regularly did her buying. It is the sort of a place where clerks and cashiers have a lifetime job and practically all of them remember Jane long, long before her name was in lights.

She knows them by name, too, and she goes from counter to counter saying “Hello” and “How are you?” does some shopping. She is their little girl, and next best to being themselves in the movies, they’d just as soon it were Jane. Isn’t this for their Jane?

From the ten cent store Jane trots down to a nearby pressing shop. This is the incubator of her first business experience. At the ripe age of six she lent a friendly hand to the proprietor on busy afternoons. Her penmanship wasn’t very good, but she would insist on writing down the names of customers. The fatherly gentleman would smile benignly and re-write the slips after Jane left. He wouldn’t hurt her feelings for the world by doing so in her presence. Or have her lose faith in the perfection of her first A B C’s.

On remembrin’ day, Jane gives him samples of her handwriting and he would insist on writing down the names of customers. The fatherly gentleman would smile benignly and re-write the slips after Jane left. He wouldn’t hurt her feelings for the world by doing so in her presence. Or have her lose faith in the perfection of her first A B C’s.

One more call Jane and her mother make, and that is to the home of Mr. David Neville in whose apartment house they lived for a few weeks during those early days. The Withers and the Nevilles are now close friends. They see each other frequently. But this is a very special visit, with particular thought given that army blanket Mrs. Neville loaned Jane for play purposes, and which she promptly converted into a tent. The small fact that she cut a piece a foot square out of it to make a window is now laughingly mentioned, but it wasn’t discussed then.

“After all, you can’t scold a child for having imagination,” Mrs. Neville at that time explained to the horror-stricken Mrs. Withers. “I can’t think of a better way to make a window in a tent than by cutting it right out.”

And so the day is done! The day of remembrin’! The Tenth of March—a red-letter day on which Jane never works, but spends in retracing her first discouraging steps to Fame!

At last the bus depots Mrs. Withers and her small daughter at the corner where it picked them up early in the morning.

As Jane and her mother walk towards their present home in fashionable Westwood—a charming farm-house surrounded by extensive grounds—they confront with that one-room apartment.

And they look at each other! And there is more than young understanding in the eyes of the child. There is deep gratitude in the eyes of the older woman.

“ Aren’t we lucky! We must never forget that!” says Mrs. Withers.

Wordlessly they pledge themselves never to cease their remembrin’!
It's Easy to Get Married
[Continued from page 10]

cared for," he enclosed a snapshot of himself, a bald-headed man holding a hoe.

About a year ago, a young man living in France wrote Jeanette MacDonald asking for an autographed photograph of herself. Through the regular studio channels, this was sent.

Immediately, a series of impassioned effusions began to arrive through the mails for the star. The young man, it appeared, regarded that gesture of forwarding her picture as an encouragement to his amorous nature, and confided that he hoped to be in Hollywood soon to woo her on her own home grounds. Repeatedly, during the past year, Jeanette has heard from him, and in each billet he asserts he will soon be with her to ask her hand in marriage.

From Down Under—Australia—Mona Barrie hears frequently from a dairy farm admirer named Barry, who, since their names are so similar, that it would be little trouble for her to marry him and help him look after his cows!

Mona looks so well and healthy on the screen, he says, that he believes she possesses the qualifying stamina to milk a hundred cows or so each morning. And the life, there on his farm, he assures her, would be far more wholesome for her than this crazy idea of acting in pictures.

Rochele Hudson is another who might take advantage of a similar offer. A man in New England, impressed by her beauty on the screen, and fearful for her in the town about which he declares he has heard and read so many bad things, thinks it only fair that he take her away from Hollywood. All she has to do is help around his farm... and if she turns out as he thinks she should he'll marry her. Lucky girl!

A gorgeously-crested letter from an East Indian rajah asked Ginger Rogers to be his bride. Accompanying the dispatch were pictures of his palace, his crown jewels and other features of interest in his kingdom.

The rajah promised he would leave his harem for her, disband it in her favor so that he might be free to devote all his time to the titian-haired actress. Part of the year he would insist they dwell in his country; the remainder, anywhere she might choose to live.

Mary Brinn likewise received a marriage proposal from an Oriental potentate. A prince in Persia professed not only his vast riches, in return for her hand, but stipulated also that she might bring as many friends and relatives as she desired to help orientate herself in the new world she would enter.

Some time ago, a ranger in one of our national forests wrote Eleanor Whitney asking her to share his cabin atop a peak 8000-feet high, and forty miles from the nearest town. He was well...

FOR CHEST COLDS

Distressing cold in chest or throat should never be neglected. It generally eases up quickly when soothing, warming Musteroole is applied.

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THE AMAZING CHANGE IN LORETTA YOUNG!

Life has suddenly become even brighter for Loretta Young, the reason, as frankly revealed by her friend Ted Macnee in the April issue of SCREEN BOOK, will give you an intimate glimpse into the heart of this world star! Other exclusive stories in this big issue are given you fascinating, authentic portraits of Claudette Colbert, Ray Milland, Barbara Stanwyck, Alice Fay and Taylor. Don't miss the April issue of SCREEN BOOK! 10 Cents

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AT HOME IN YOUR SPARE TIME under proper instruction and guidance, you will be able to produce hundreds of cartoons—sketches, illustrations and parodies to improve any object of your choice. Your first work will sell for 50c. We will guarantee to make you an expert cartoonist. We have a 5c. book of instructions and a 17c. book for 25c.

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educated, he said, having read and studied philosophy, psychology and ancient history and, he added, had mastered accounting and possessed a thorough understanding of the ancient religions. This was a fine basis, he felt, for their future happiness... and anyway, it was a lot better for her to be living out there in the wide open spaces with him than running around to all the night clubs!

Pat Ellis' most stubborn swain is a gentleman in the Middle West who proposes every two weeks... by mail, of course. For the trifling sum of $2500 to pay off his debts in the east—he will go to Hollywood, marry her and act as her adviser in political affairs. He will digest all the news, and then impart everything that is of importance to her. You readers may readily understand how much time Pat would save if she followed his suggestion.

June Lang's fragile beauty has inspired numerous proposals, but strangest of them all was one from an Italian nobleman who promised if she would become his wife he would treasure her as tenderly as his favorite Ming vase. Moreover, she need never lift a finger, would be waited on hand and foot, and that his entire existence would be devoted to gazing at her dowdy coiffure as she moved gracefully about his villa with its priceless art collections and beautiful gardens. This, undoubtedly, is one of the most poetic proposals of marriage ever received by a Hollywood star.

While the following proposal of marriage did not arrive in a fan letter, still it definitely belongs here because of its unique qualities. An Indian chief offered to buy Loretta Young for his wife at an all-time low price—for a movie star of course—of $26,131. Here's the way it happened...

Down in the Tastieno country along the Gulf of California there is a tribal chieftain who would like to purchase Loretta for that price. The Tastienos maintain one of the last wife-markets in North America, buying and selling their women like so many cattle.

Last year, an explorer named George Max penetrated that country, and showed the chieftain pictures of the various stars in a movie magazine. Only between five and ten dollars in Mexican pesos was the Indian willing to offer for the majority of the pretties therein, because they looked as though they would be lazy, he said... and a Tastieno woman must work from sun-up to sun-down.

When Max turned to Loretta's portrait, however, the old chieftain kindled with newly-awakened interest... and he bid the theretofore unheard-of price of $26,131, if Max, whom he commissioned to act as his emissary, could buy her for him and send her to his hogan!

**Protection Wanted**

[Continued from page 27]

back of my head to the tip of my toes. But was I thinking of those fingers, pushing like blunt spikes into me? No, my friend, I wasn't. I was wondering what would happen should a brave native stab his toe! Only after they finished the scene did I begin to count some strange twists in my body, and believe me, a chiropractor would have had a holiday straightening them out."

Life for Dorothy has been just a series of outdoor epics. She got her start in The Jungle Princess, and that was the film that cinched the deal. After that one, Paramount loaned her to Samuel Goldwyn. She worked for weeks in minisatures hurricanes that beat water and wind down upon her. She was so darned glamorous in Hurricane that Paramount immediately tossed her into Her Jungle Love.

Well, that's life for you—and cash for Dorothy Lamour. Yet one can't blame her for speaking up. Who wants a lifetime of being with a chimp, stepping over snakes, backing into caets? No one, of course. But it's going to be a tough job convincing the public Dorothy will look better with clothes on, and that leaves her in a pretty tough spot.
unlimbering before us with her trainer, Olga Celeste, snapping the whip. This scene was a cinch, which had to be taken only 12 times before Nissa did what was wanted. By way of contrast, Nissa’s companion cat named Princess, did 41 takes on one day before Howard Hawks, the director, was able to reason with her. If you can call it that. Princess’ smile was seldom present, and her snarl was supposedly a fair indication of her temperament. No one cared to have her prove the point.

With all this competition of a feline nature, we don’t want to be too cutty. But we must tell you about Cary Grant, Hepburn’s leading man. When they introduced Cary to Nissa, face to face, they assured him the cat was entirely tame, that it never had bitten anyone, that couldn’t he see by its kindly face how very nice it was. Cary absorbed all this, and then remarked dryly, “Oh, yes, but suppose Nissa doesn’t believe all these things?”

We think he’s got something there. After all, maybe Nissa has only been foolin’ all this time!

This whole picture must have been quite a trial for Cary. For instance, one scene called for Nissa to rub against his leg, purring contentedly meantime. Nissa didn’t wish to comply. Each time she moved toward Cary, the poor guy would look her in the eye and wonder whether all was lost, or just one leg. And then Olga, the trainer, got a great idea.

“Bring me a bottle of Evening in Paris,” she told a prop boy.

The startled chap looked at this sturdy, rough-and-tumble tamer and said, “You mean perfume?”

“Oh, of course.”

Well, you couldn’t blame him for hesitating. After all, lion taming and perfume wearing doesn’t seem to be a hand-in-hand proposition. But he obeyed, considerably mystified.

And when he came back, Olga took the atomizer and walked up to Cary. Squirt, squirt.

“Hey!” Cary shouted as he saw her spraying his trouser leg with a determined glint in her eye. “I don’t want that stuff on me!”

“Be patient, Mr. Grant,” she commanded. Squirt, squirt.

Cary was no less than horrified by this act, but Olga, the dauntless, had him bluffing. After all, if she can make a leopard walk the straight and narrow, what’s a mere movie star?

Cary still protested. “Nix—not so much,” he wailed. “What’ll people think?”

Director Hawks, who gets blamed for all the strange things that happen on this set, answered caustically for Olga. “Look, Cary, they can see you in this picture. They can hear you in this picture. But, thank God, they can’t smell you. Get the point?”

Cary dropped his protest in disgust. Squirt, squirt—and sweet scents of springtime! Then they let the cat out of the bag—or rather, out of the cage. It had
lots of scents, did that cat. She bounded for him. The staunch Mr. Grant forthwith got on top of a nearby table.

"Olga, call that darned thing off," he shouted, indignantly.

But Kitty was now gazng up at him contentedly, still sniffing and purring like a million. Have you ever heard a leopard purr? Well, it's like a bombing plane at 4,000 feet elevation—just enough to rattle the windows from vibration. Cary ventured back to earth, and Nissa cuddled most beautifully beside his leg.

And if you think we're kidding about the strange alchemy "Evening in Paris" performs on a cat's emotions, just try it yourself sometime—if you have either the leopard or the perfume. A house cat might do in a pinch.

The first few days the company worked, Nissa was treated by everyone as a lovely little companion. She even followed Hepburn and Grant faithfully down the street to the commissary at lunch time. And when the perfume trick became known, they had kitty cuddling all over the set. No one was worried then, nor frightened.

But Olga Celeste, who has been hospitalized twice by wild animals, thought precautions should be taken. She had raised Nissa and never had any trouble with her, but any jungle animal plays rough—and sometimes doesn't know when to stop. So suddenly they began finding balls around the place. And we don't mean elbow-bending bars, either. Circus bars, yes. And jail bars. Any old bars.

One day the script called for Hepburn to sing a lullaby to Nissa. She had the cat resting in her arms, and she began singing softly, "I Can't Give You Anything But Love, Baby."

"The cat began its sonorous purring, Cary, who had been studying the cat's eyes over her shoulders, felt that uneness creeping over him again. "Katie," he suggested sweetly, "you better change that tune to 'Hold That Tiger!'"

We mentioned Princess. Well, there's a difference between those two leopards. Nissa is sweet and silent for the most part. But Princess—what a temperament! To date she hasn't exactly skinned anybody—but she's scared more than one person off the set. And even Olga treats Princess like a queen. On the other hand, no one is the right to criticize Princess, for she makes a simply a good actress. Her role in the film is that of a "bad" cat. That's where the grief—and fun—comes in. You see, according to the script, Hepburn has Nissa as a pet. When the feline gets lost in the woods, Hepburn and Grant go looking for her. Can anyone blame them? You can find Princess in a stalled truck, behind bars, and let her loose? Of course only the audience knows that Princess is dangerous, and en route to a suitable spot for execution.

Yep, Princess was dangerous all right, and not nearly so domesticated as Nissa. This little beauty, if you please, is the proud mother of three little cubs at the California Zoological Gardens. The father is a black panther, the only trained one in captivity. His name is Midnight. One of his offspring is called "Gunpowder." Another, "Dynamite." Midnight is considered the Rhett Butler of the zoo. Olga has a profound respect for him—his jaws sent her to the hospital for eight weeks once.

But back to the picture, and Cary Grant again. We must admit Cary has been given plenty of reason to be nervous. For instance, one day he walked into his dressing room on the set after an exciting scene, removed his coat and started to lie down on a nearby couch. Suddenly he saw one of the cats there, fast asleep. He rushed out of the place wild-eyed, looking as though he knew something. For you see, Cary didn't know whether this one was Nissa or Princess—and what a difference that made!

As he came flying out the door, he spied the suspiciously smiling faces of Katie and Charlie Ruggles. He knew right away that something was wrong. And he was right. The leopard on the couch proved to be a stand-in for the live products—but still stuffed with straw. The cameramen had used it as focus at.

So Cary retired ignominiously to the hut, plotting ways of getting even. And if everyone is still in his right mind by the time this picture is completed, that definitely will be something.

It wouldn't be fair to tell you what this picture is all about, except to admit it is an outlandish, unreasonable comedies which are currently so popular in Hollywood and the whole country. It would be funny with this cast alone, but when you mix up two leopards, and never let the cast guess which is or even suspect that there is more than one—well, that's formula for real laughs.

But as we were saying at the start of this story. We got inside the sound stage, and were introduced to Olga Celeste. She had a million interesting yarns to tell about training these beasts, about the two times she was badly bitten by lions, and how she nonetheless had to stay in the cage and bluff it out.

"Come on in and watch Nissa perform," Olga invited. Well, if she had the nerve to defy the King of Beasts surely we had the nerve to defy the tradition of closed sets on the Hepburn pictures. So we just walked in and sat down.

An assistant director walked up the minute we were seated and said, "You'll have to leave the set." Firmly.

We started to, but wait—remember that Olga, the lion tamer, fears no one. She came to our rescue, and the guy calmed down in a hurry. He just grabbed us by the ear, marched us across the set, and locked us in the jail cell which was to be the background of the film.

But he got even. We cooked there, under a battery of arc lights, for an hour while the scene was shot and re-shot. It got hotter each passing minute, and pretty soon; on the umpteenth take, we got bored. But we stayed there until the last doggone foot of film had been exposed. And not until then did the assistant director let us out.

Yep—Olga tamed him, but he cured us!
The reason his College of the Air is so different, claims Prexy Jack Oakie, is that the pupils attend the lectures, but it is the professors who have to take the examinations. Above, Dr. Oakie in action before the microphone. Left, with quiet alarm, he inspects the brain cavity of a plaster skull as part of his pedagogical duties. Right, that grim expression is the one he uses to quiet the ugly suspicion that the diploma he carries contains a slug of lead. Below, studies in expression. Right, soulful releasing of rare musical sounds, and left, impersonation of a ray of sunshine. Prof. Oakie will be seen next on the screen in Radio City Revels.
As publishers of PHOTO-FACTS, the revolutionary new "pocketbook of knowledge", we get grateful letters of thanks and praise for PHOTO-FACTS from girls and women all over the world.

Hundreds of these letters contain the same theme: "I find I have more friends, more people keenly interested in me, since I have been reading and gaining an education from PHOTO-FACTS."

As one young woman wrote us: "It takes more than beauty to hold a man." Her particular problem was to keep the admiration of a man with whom she was in love. She finds her conversation now interests this young man because it is spiced with informational, entertaining facts she has picked up from PHOTO-FACTS.

If you haven't thrilled to this new magazine, and especially if you feel you would like to add to your education, your store of useful knowledge AND BE ENTERTAINED WHILE DOING SO, get PHOTO-FACTS from your local newsdealer.

"We Wish You Could Read Our Mail"

IT TAKES MORE THAN BEAUTY TO HOLD A MAN

If your newsdealer is sold out of PHOTO-FACTS, send twenty-five cents in stamps or coin to PHOTO-FACTS 22 West Putnam Avenue, Dept. A-2, Greenwich, Conn., and request the March issue be sent to your home.
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Three things that add up to more smoking pleasure...

Chesterfield's refreshing mildness...
good taste... and appetizing aroma

They Satisfy millions

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You can share with this starry lady the charm of the silverware on her table. Just now, your dealer is featuring the SEABRIGHT SET—a 50-piece Service for 8, in SURF CLUB (or three other exquisite designs). With the Quantity Saving of $6.25, you can own this Service for only $24.95. And, in addition, you receive a handsome $5.00 value Tarnish-Proof Wood Chest and a beautiful Serving or Cold Meat Fork, to match your chosen design—FREE. Ask your dealer to show you this unusual SEABRIGHT SET.

Photographed in the Hollywood Home of
OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND
STAR OF
"THE ADVENTURES OF ROBIN HOOD"
A Warner Bros. Picture

- with the new SURF CLUB DESIGN...

1881 ROGERS
MADE BY ONEIDA LTD.

THE SERVICE OF THE STARS

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...AND MEN CAN BE SUCH AWSFUL GOSSIPS TOO!

Let's face the truth about 
UNDERARM PERSPIRATION ODOR

Men do talk about girls behind their backs—although they won't admit it. Is a girl pretty, a good sport, a smooth dancer? The answer quickly goes the rounds!

They talk about other things, too. About the girls they hate to dance with—the girls they simply won't take out. For a girl must be more than pretty and smart. She'll never make a hit with men unless she is truly sweet—nice to be near.

Unpopularity often begins with the first hint of underarm odor. This is one fault that men can't stand—one fault they can't forgive. Yet any girl may offend this way, if she trusts her bath alone to keep her fresh!

Smart girls—popular girls—don't take chances! They know a bath only takes care of past perspiration—that they still need Mum, to prevent odor to come.

Mum lasts all day! All day or all evening long, Mum's protection is sure.

Mum is safe! Mum does not stop healthful perspiration. Even after underarm shaving it never irritates the skin. And Mum is completely harmless to fabrics—safe to apply even after you're dressed.

Mum is quick! One half minute is all it takes for a dab of Mum under each arm! To be a girl men like to have around, use Mum every day and after every bath.

For this important use, too
Thousands of women use Mum for sanitary napkins because they know Mum is so gentle, so sure! Don't risk embarrassment! Always use Mum!

HOURS AFTER YOUR BATH MUM STILL KEEPS YOU SWEET

Mum takes the odor out of perspiration

When answering advertisements please mention May Hollywood
NEXT MONTH

Lovely Myrna Loy makes the startling statement, "It Takes Three To Make a Love Affair" and argues the point in one of the most provocative feature stories ever to come out of Hollywood.

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The King and Queen of the Screen, with the star of 'Captains Courageous', bring you love and adventure that will set your nerves a-tingling!

CLARK GABLE · MYRNA LOY
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In VICTOR FLEMING'S Production

TEST PILOT

WITH LIONEL BARRYMORE

SCREEN PLAY BY VINCENT LAWRENCE AND WALDEMAR YOUNG
ORIGINAL STORY BY FRANK WEADE · PRODUCED BY LOUIS D. LIGHTON
DIRECTED BY VICTOR FLEMING · A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

Laughter too... as Clark makes Spencer act as Myrna's stand-in! Spencer's willing but not able... if you get what we mean.
At the altar of the Crocodile God, while the drums of voodoo sound the terrible tocsin of jungle hate, she stands, thrilling, beautiful Tura, high priestess of a cult so strange, so weird, no white man has ever lived to describe its awesome rites. At her feet, shackled, helpless in the iron grasp of voodoo-maddened tribesmen, is the young aviator who has taught her the meaning of a white man’s love. Behind her, sinister, threatening, the all-powerful ruler of the Malayan wilds, Kuasa, gives the dread com-

 Paramount presents the first jungle picture ever filmed in Technicolor.
mand... Will she obey—will she send this man who loves her to a hideous death in the crocodile pit— or is her love great enough to withstand the fury of jungle hate?

And what a story this is, the drama of the mysterious girl of the Malayan wilds and the young English aviator who invades her jungle realm, falling like a meteor from the tropic skies. You will thrill to the first words of their love, spoken to the whispering melodies of the wind through tropic palms beneath the jungle moon. You will thrill to the dangers into which this love hurls them... dangers which defy the telling, dangers which must be seen in all the radiant excitement of this great natural color film to appreciate their amazing, thundering, emotional power. The mighty jungle typhoon... the amazing charge of the crocodile legion... the great earthquake... scenes like these mark the dawn of a new epoch in the history of moving picture adventure-drama, adventure-romance.

HEAR DOROTHY LAMOUR, golden voice of the networks, sing "Lovelight In the Starlight" and "Coffee and Kisses".

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Dorothy Lamour • Ray Milland

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DIRECTED BY GEORGE ARCHAINBAUD • IN TECHNICOLOR

Screen Play by Joseph Moncure March, Lillie Hayward & Eddie Welch
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A • PARAMOUNT PICTURE
Below is the Grand Prize which will go to the clever winner of this contest. The inside is a sturdy cedar chest. The outside is a graceful piece of furniture which will lend charm to any room. The panels are of matched aspen veneer and the elaborate carving is decorated with touches of dull gold.

Better enter this contest now by voting for your favorite dwarf, for there are dolls and games, pocket-books and story books waiting for the winners. Some of the delightful prizes are to be seen in the picture above.

Vote For Your Favorite Dwarf!

7 DWARFS

POPULARITY CONTEST

HUNDREDS OF PRIZES!

Here is your chance to win a wonderful prize, all because no one knows which is the most popular dwarf in Walt Disney's fascinating film, Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs!

Shortly after the enchanting adventures of the little princess were released, we began to notice a strange effect upon those who had seen the picture. Bitter arguments broke out in hitherto happy families. Brothers disagreed with sisters. Harsh words were exchanged between fast friends, and arguments raged all over town. Hot discussions were to be heard in playgrounds and parks, in restaurants and railroad stations, on subways and sidewalks. The clash of opinions resounded through elevators and airplanes and ships at sea. Window washers and bankers and baseball players, officers of the law, of the army, navy, marine corps and their wives and families argued until the uproar became national and all other conversations ceased.

And it was all because the fans of the delightful Dopey could not see how anyone could prefer the glorious Grumpy. Doc, too, has many ardent followers. And there are plenty who think that Sneezy, Happy, Sleepy and Bashful are respectively the most radiantly charm- [Continued on page 16]
Keep young and Doubly Lovely with refreshing Double Mint gum

Easy to do... just read below

Whenever you enjoy healthful, delicious Double Mint gum, the gentle natural chewing exercise stimulates sleepy face muscles, relaxes tense lines and brightens your teeth. This all helps to keep your face young and attractive, your smile more winning. And now, presented here is this youthfully lovely new scarf dress just created for you in Paris by the great Schiaparelli and made available by Double Mint gum in a Simplicity pattern. In this way Double Mint gum helps you look as smart, streamlined and charming as Hollywood’s beautiful star, Anita Louise, left, of famed Warner Bros. Pictures, who is modeling this dress... So you see how simple and easy it is to keep young and doubly lovely with Double Mint gum. Enjoy it daily. Begin today.

Millions of women daily buy this popular double-lasting mint-flavored gum. Beauty specialists everywhere recommend it. It is non-fattening, aids digestion and sweetens your breath... Daily chew Double Mint gum to keep young and lovely. Buy several packages today.

Picture yourself in this new SCHIAPARELLI Double Mint gum scarf dress from Paris, modeled for you in Hollywood by the ever doubly lovely star, ANITA LOUISE of Warner Bros., whose next picture is "THE SISTERS." Made available to you by Double Mint gum in SIMPLICITY Pattern 2740. At nearly all good Department, Dry Goods or Variety stores you can buy this pattern. Or, write Double Mint Dress Pattern Dept., 419 Fourth Ave., New York City.

When in need of a bag, knot scarf-apron thusly.

More Double duty! This is a Double Mint dress.

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Use This Antiseptic Scalp Treatment

Skin specialists generally agree that effective treatment must include (1) regular cleansing of scalp; (2) killing germs that spread infection; (3) stimulating circulation of the scalp; (4) lubrication of the scalp to prevent dryness.

To Accomplish This Is Easy With The Zonite Antiseptic Treatment

Just add 2 tablespoons of Zonite to each quart of water in basin. ... Then do this:

1. Massage head for 3 minutes with this Zonite solution. (This gives hair and scalp an antiseptic cleansing—stimulates scalp—kills all germs at contact.)
2. Lather head with any good soap shampoo, using same Zonite solution. (This cuts oil and grease in hair and scalp—loosens dirt and dandruff scales.)
3. Rinse very thoroughly. (Your head is now clean—your scalp free from scales.)
4. If scalp is dry, massage in any preferred scalp oil. (This relieves dryness.)

RESULTS: By using this simple antiseptic shampoo treatment regularly (twice every week at first) you do what skin specialists say is necessary, if you want to rid yourself of dandruff itch and nasty scalp odors. We believe that if you are faithful, you will be delighted with results.

TRIAL OFFER—For a real trial bottle of Zonite, mailed to you postpaid, send 10¢ to Zonite, 504 New Brunswick, New Jersey, U. S. A.

When the preview lights go on, Hollywood Boulevard becomes a dazzling parade of celebrities. Above is the Chinese Theatre lighted with blazing beacons for a formal first night meeting. Movieland Tourists will have a chance to see famous people as well as famous places. Last year Wayne Morris, who just had made his first big success, was on the welcoming committee for the opening of Zonite!

MORE ABOUT "MOVIELAND TOURS"

As plans take shape, more and more attractions are added for the pleasure of vacationers in Hollywood

To all of you who have been following these articles closely, every issue brings a new surprise. This time there are several. First of all let's go over the entire itinerary for a clear understanding of the fascinating summer vacation in Hollywood which hundreds of bargain-hunters in holidays will take this year.

The first tour will leave Chicago July 3rd arriving in Hollywood, Sunday, July 10th. The second one leaves Chicago July 24th and arrives here Sunday, July 31st. The third leaves Chicago August 14th and arrives in Hollywood, Sunday, August 21st. All tours follow the same route, so here goes:

Your train will pull out of Chicago right in the middle of the summer heat and head Westward across that great expanse of the Northwestern forest and lake districts to Seattle where the blue, cool Pacific Ocean will bring welcome relief from a midwestern summer. While in Seattle you will journey across Puget Sound to the Island of Vancouver on one of the "Princess" boats. After a refreshing trip through the lumber empire your train heads southward and to San Francisco...
"I've found LOVE"

say

ANNE SHIRLEY

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LOVELY SKIN wins romance—and holds it," says this charming young screen star. "So don't risk unattractive Cosmetic Skin. You can guard against it easily as I do—by removing stale rouge and powder thoroughly with Lux Toilet Soap."

Choked pores cause dullness, tiny blemishes, enlarged pores—Cosmetic Skin. Use cosmetics all you like, but before you put on fresh make-up, ALWAYS before you go to bed, protect your skin with Lux Toilet Soap's ACTIVE lather. It keeps skin smooth!

9 out of 10 Hollywood Screen Stars use it

When Answering Advertisements Please Mention May HOLLYWOOD
Light-proof Face Powder

The make-up improvement that has proved a sensation

Try Luxor Powder. It's light-proof. Your face won't shine. Try it! We will send you a box for a dime.

- At parties, do you instinctively avoid certain lights that play havoc with your complexion? All that trouble with fickle make-up will be overcome when you finish with powder whose particles do not glitter in every strong light.

Seeing is believing

With light-proof powder, your complexion will not constantly be light-struck. In any light, Day or night, Nor will you have all that worry over shine.

We will send you a box of Luxor for ten cents. Or you can buy a large box anywhere without waiting, and have your money back if it doesn't please.

Test it in all lights, under all conditions. See how it improves your appearance. See the lovely softness and absence of shine. See how such powder subdues those high lights of cheekbones and chin, and nose.

A large box of Luxor light-proof powder is 55c at drug and department stores; 10c sizes at the five-and-ten stores... Or mail coupon below enclosing a silver dime.

FRANCISCO where you will see the vast suspension bridge (the largest in the world) that spans the historic Golden Gate.

Then, your train heads further south and to Hollywood... You'll arrive here on a bright Sunday morning and what a day that will be! The remainder of the morning is yours to spend at church or in rest, for there is a big afternoon planned for you. Immediately after lunch there will be a battery of smart looking Tamers busses waiting to whisk you off to Beverly Hills for a tour of movieland and the stars' homes. No doubt you will see some of them on their ways to or from the many golf courses surrounding Hollywood and Beverly Hills.

Warren William has invited the first tour to drop in on him Sunday afternoon for cocktails and to meet some of his movie star friends. Harold Lloyd wants the second tour to be his guests at his world famous estate. Bob Burns wants the third tour to come out to his house for a Bazooka concert, cocktails and a good old fashioned get-together with his friends of radio and the screen. That evening you will see the inside workings of a national broadcast. As guests of a great network, you will go backstage and see just how radio shows are put on. Last year the tours all saw the Eddie Cantor summer show and were entertained by his guest stars.

So far, we have allowed you a little time to spend with friends or to take side trips. We know that many of you will want to visit Catalina Island or to take a trip to Lake Arrowhead, so we have allowed about a day and a half for you to spend on your own. However, the rest of the time will see you at luncheon in a famous cafe, it will see you on a major studio lot... you'll go on a trip through Max Factor's, too... so there'll be plenty for you to do on the program without leaving Hollywood.

The Fawcett Publications have become famous as hosts and we plan to outdo ourselves at our grand farewell party which will be held at the Wilshire Bowl. Among the Hollywood stars who attended last year are Judy Garland, Rosalind Russell, Robert Taylor, Jimmy Stewart, Hugh Herbert, Misha Auer, Anne Shirley, Kent Taylor, Wayne Morris and Dick Powell. And there will be equally famous honor guests this year.

When we say come to Hollywood and dine and dance with the stars and have them put on shows for you, we really mean it. GET YOUR RESERVATIONS IN NOW.

George McCall, famous film gossip on the Old Gold Cigarette program has agreed to be master of ceremonies to the farewell party at the Wilshire Bowl. George who is an ace newsgatherer will bring to you fresh news of your favorite stars and will introduce them to you as they join you for dinner.

As many of you know, Harriet Parsons showed up at one of our parties last year and made a movie of our tour while her members were being entertained out at Jimmy Gleason's. Harriet makes these interesting Hollywood newsworls under the title of Screen Snapshots and Columbia Pictures distributes them for her... The reel she made that day was released in February, so you see, the members of that tour really got in the movies.

And now about what to bring along.

We advise a top coat. The air here in Southern California takes on a chill after midnight and we are sure you will be comfortable with a light wrap. Formal clothes are optional but you will have lots of use for your semi-formal clothes, so bring 'em along. Informal clothes, slacks and sports wear are the order of the day here in Hollywood, so the more the merrier.

That's about enough for this time and we'll be seeing you, that is, if you get your application blank in on time!

[Subscriber Information]

Name ____________________________
Address __________________________
City ______ State ______

Lyle Talbot's party was nothing if not different! The invitations were a command to appear exactly as the guests were when they opened the envelopes. Jack Smart was embarrassed until he had a shopping visit built. Constance Worth reads hers in bed...
NOW AT POPULAR PRICES!
DIRECT FROM ITS
$2.00 TWO-A-DAY
TRIUMPHS!

THE GREAT AMERICAN MOTION PICTURE!

The year's spectacular hit now comes to you! Old Chicago reborn in all its turbulent glory! The heart-warming, human drama of the magnificent O'Learys...loving tempestuously, O'Learys...lighting valiantly! A family turned against itself by one kiss stolen from the lips of alluring Belle Fawcett! But when disaster overtakes the hammering city...once again it is "the O'Learys against the world!"

Twentieth Century-Fox presents
DARRYL F. ZANUCK'S supreme achievement as a producer of distinguished entertainment.

IN OLD CHICAGO

TYRONE with ALICE DON
POWER • FAYE • AMECHE
ALICE ANDY BRIAN
BRADY • DEVINE • DONLEVY
Phyllis BROOKS • Tom BROWN • Sidney BLACKMER
Berton CHURCHILL • June STOREY • Paul HURST

Directed by HENRY KING

Associate Producer Kenneth Macgowan • Screen play by Lamar Trotti and Sonya Levien • Based on a story by Niven Busch • Music & Lyrics by Gordon & Revel, Pulack & Mitchell

Watch for it soon at your favorite motion picture theatre.

When Answering Advertisements Please Mention May HOLLYWOOD

13
FLASH . . . GRACIE ALLEN HAS JUST HAD A BLESSED EVENT!

Don't be too alarmed or surprised, gentle readers . . . Gracie Allen, THIS Gracie, is Paul Kelly's prize cow. The new arrival is a thirty-two pound bounding calfie, with red legs.

A new favorite looms on the movie horizon. Only two feet and one-half tall, he out-riots even Charlie McCarthy ... and his sole diet consists of three pounds of iced fish daily.

His name is Pete! Pete is a penguin, hailing from the Galapagos Islands, and you'll see him with Shirley Temple in Little Miss Broadway. And if he doesn't share honors with the starlet, then his name ISN'T Pete. Judging by the response of those working with him on the set, Pete is destined for the topmost ranks of screen entertainers. When he struts into action—and wait until you've seen him in a dress suit—he's a WOW!!

Gladys Swarthout has a plaint to offer. She cannot call her life her own. . . . It's this way.

Whenever she is on the verge of becoming temperamental—as befits all our very best prima donnas—while making a picture, her singer-husband, Frank Chapman (who generally is with her on the set), affixes her with a chilly eye and growls . . . "Come on, snap out of it!"

What chance has the poor gal of asserting herself, anyway?

Dorothy Lamour confides that she's thinking seriously of buying a lot of telephone stock. She and her husband, Herbie Kay—the orchestra leader—talk back and forth between Hollywood and Chicago almost every day, and, quoth she . . . "I might as well get some dividends for our paying out $1,000 every month for telephone bills."

Passers-by of the Ravenswood Apartments in Hollywood have noted that a certain apartment on the fifth floor seems always to be lighted, regardless of the time of night.

This suite belongs to Mae West, and never once in more than four years has the luxurious living-room been darkened. All through the night a bright light burns. The reason for this lies in the kidnaping threat which the buxom Mae received several years ago. She's taking no chances of being surprised.

Oh, for the life of an actress! A girl rushed up to Gene Raymond in a studio restaurant, and, without warning, implanted a loud and fervent kiss right smack on his lips.

"That's from Mary," she told him. Coming out from under, Gene gasped . . . "And who's Mary?"

"She's my sister," came the answer. "She told me when I left home to be sure to kiss you for her when I saw you."

So, Mary, if you chance to read this, know that your sister kept her word.

Latest foilie for the young actresses of the film colony to adopt is to have their baby shoes preserved in gold plate. And, if not their own shoes, in the case of other personalities of Hollywood, then their children's.
I'M GOING TO A DANCE!
THAT'S WHY I'M BATHING WITH FRAGRANT CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP...IT'S THE LOVELIER WAY TO AVOID OFFENDING!

Only the great stars are invited to place their hand and foot prints in the fore court of Grauman's Chinese theatre. Here is little Deanna Durbin, assisted on the left by Sid Grauman, himself, in the middle of the impressive ceremony which took place shortly after release of her third picture, Mad About Music.

Pat O'Brien started it, with his baby daughter's, and Frank McHugh followed suit. Then, Ginger Rogers heard about it and straightway hiked down to the jewelers with a pair of her first little slippers. Now...it's everybody's game. Isabel Jewell has sent to Wyoming for a package of her baby things, and even some of the hardest-boiled stars of the screen are going sentimental over their first boots.

They're still picking up Carole Lombard, who sought the advice of George Raft's Man Friday, Mack Grey the Killer.

"A friend of mine shipped me some rare Chateau Yquem," Carole told the Killer. "Do you think George would like a bottle or two?"

"Naw," replied Mack, quick-like...

"George never eats cheese."

Rochelle Hudson has gone into the canned grapefruit business. As a matter of fact, she owns a half-interest in a cannery, over in Arizona.

And how do you suppose the Hudson drums up business for her product? Goes into one market after another, demanding this particular brand...and talks her friends into doing the same. It's got to the point now that half the merchants of Hollywood keep Rochelle's brand, just on the strength of the actress continually asking for it.

Virginia Field is English, and when she was born had a nurse named Irene Best. As she grew older, the nurse acted as a companion, as well...up until the time Virginia left for America, and Hollywood.

Not long ago, the actress decided it

Please mention May HOLLYWOOD...
7 Dwarfs Popularity Contest
[Continued from page 8]

Which is your favorite? Is it Dopey who is peeping from the right hand corner? Is it the fascinating Grumpy shown in his favorite occupation of protesting? Is it the appealing Bashful? Or the studly, upright Doc? Is it the carefree Happy? Is it Sleepy who engages your warmest sympathies? Or do you find your heart going out first to the long-suffering Sneezy? Help elect your favorite king of dwarfs by filling in the coupon on page 8 . . . and you may win a prize, too!

RULES

Use the coupon on page 8. Simply name your favorite dwarf and tell in twenty-five words or less why you like him best. This contest is open to anyone with the exception of employees of Fawcett Publications, RKO-Radio, Walt Disney Studios and their families.

Answers must be postmarked no later than May 15, 1938.

The editorial staff of Hollywood Magazine will be sole judges.

Entries cannot be returned.

PRIZES

GRAND PRIZE

An unusually beautiful cedar chest of striking design, manufactured by the Standard Screen Company of Chicago. The exterior is of carefully matched aspen wood veneer, and there is a rich dull gold trim on the delicate carving. The interior is completely lined in moth-repellant Tennessee red cedar. An additional feature is the full length drawer concealed in the scrolled apron. This is not only a singularly attractive piece of furniture, it is a necessity for summer months when furs and blankets need protection.

FIRST PRIZE

An original sketch in color of Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs, signed by Walt Disney, and handsomely framed. This is a possession which will become a treasured heirloom in your family because there is only one Walt Disney and Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs, as the first feature-length cartoon feature, already has made screen history.

SECOND PRIZE

A beautiful Alexander doll, 15 inches tall, of Snow White, herself, which sells for $5.00.

THIRD PRIZE

Just to be different, we are giving SIX third prizes. They are sets of Seibling Rubber Dolls. Each set, (which sells for $5.00) contains Snow White (8 inches tall) and all seven dwarfs (5½ inches tall).

FOURTH PRIZE

Six Ideal Snow White dolls will go to those submitting the next six best entries.

FIFTH PRIZE

The fascinating new game called "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs" (manufactured by the Milton Bradley Company) will be sent to those submitting the next twelve most interesting answers.

SIXTH PRIZE

A beautiful little hand-bag, each carrying a picture of Snow White and the faithful little dwarfs, will delight the twelve whose answers come next on the list.

SEVENTH PRIZE

The complete story of Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs, illustrated with many scenes from the film and printed by Grosset and Dunlap will be won by the twelve entries that follow in the list of winners.

CONSOLATION PRIZES

And for you who do not win one of the major awards, we still have good news! We have one set of twenty colored scenes from the film and 500 separate colored scenes, delightful for framing and wonderful to keep as souvenirs of the picture.

Fill in this coupon NOW and drop it into the mail. You can paste it on the back of a postcard, if you wish.

Come on, you prize winners. Vote for your favorite dwarf, and GOOD LUCK in your try for those big prizes!
Russell Gleason was one of the celebrated waiters at the Film Welfare League luncheon at Dave Chasen’s, and, from the alarmed look on ZaSu Pitts’ face, he probably will continue ... with his screen career. Boris Karloff and James Gleason are sending pained and critical glances respectively at his harrassed efforts would be nice to do something for her old friend, so wrote her she would pay her expenses on any trip she might designate. Straightway came the reply that Miss Best would like to visit Hollywood.

So, Virginia cabled her the money ... and flew to New York to meet her when the ship pulled in. Now, her old nurse is her companion once again, living in her home in Hollywood.

Jane Withers played the Good Samaritan, too.

During her recent personal appearance tour, while in Cleveland, Ohio, about thirty poor children telephoned her that they wanted to see her, but had no money with which to buy tickets.

Immediately, Jane rounded up the entire party, served them tea in the hotel suite she and her mother occupied, and took them to the show. But that’s Janie.

CUPIDATINGS: Alfred Vanderbilt still the beau of Hollywood ... evidently, he prefers ‘em dark, this month, for he’s been dating Mary Maguire and Margaret Lindsay quite consistently ... but who wouldn’t? ... Howard Hughes escorting the large-armed Maguire to the gay spots, too ... Andrea Leeds and Jack Dunn, Sonja Henie’s former skating partner, simply brimful with each other ... wonder why Ken Murray lost out ... it’s Anita Louise and Ronald Reagan, now ... and Leah Ray can’t seem to make up her mind between Jerry Wald, the writer, and Sonny Werblin, New York publishing executive ... Margot Graham seen with Ray Haller ... Phyllis Brooks still the one woman in Cary Grant’s exciting life ... she’s the envy of every gal in Hollywood town ... Lionel Stander night after night with Catherine Henderson, the Texas beauty ... just TRY to keep up with the status of Rudy Vallee and Gloria Youngblood, the Indian

[Continued on page 40]

UNLUCKY IN LOVE

TO BE LUCKY IN LOVE, say Hollywood stars, you can’t risk misfit makeup... unrelated cosmetics that can’t possibly look well together—or on you!

ARE YOU SURE your makeup matches ... and matches you? You are, when you wear Marvelous, the new Matched Makeup. For the face powder, rouge, and Lipstick—the eye makeup, too—are in color harmonized sets. And Marvelous Makeup is right for you because it’s keyed to your personality color, the color that never changes, the color of your eyes!

ARTISTS, movie stars, beauty editors—and thousands of girls who wear it—agree this eye-matched makeup flatters all your features—your skin, your hair, your type!

THE PRICE IS LOW ... start now to build your matched set...buy that lipstick you need... or rouge, face powder, eye shadow, or mascara... in Marvelous Eye-Matched Makeup...only 55¢ each (Canad 65¢). Your drug or department store recommends this makeup, advises:

If your eyes are

BLUE . . . wear Dresden type
GRAY . . . wear Patrician type
Hazel . . . wear Continental type

TONIGHT... be lucky in love—try Marvelous eye-matched makeup that matches you!

Copyright 1938, by Richard Hudnut

Mail coupon now for Marvelous Makeup, keyed to your eyes! See how much better you’ll look with makeup that matches...and matches you!

Richard Hudnut, Dept. M. 459 Fifth Avenue, New York City
FWG-5-38

I enclose 10 cents to help cover mailing costs. Send my Tryout Kit of Marvelous Makeup... harmonizing powder, rouge and lipstick for my type, as checked below:

✓ My eyes are

[ ] Blue [ ] Brown [ ] Gray [ ] Hazel

Address

City State

When answering advertisements please mention May Hollywood
Our favorite extra discovers that there is quite a little difference between getting work and getting the works during

A Day on the Lloyd Set

By E. J. SMITHSON

DEAR EDITOR:

Remember me? I'm the guy who spent $25 for a Screen Actors Guild membership card last month, worked for a day with Gary Cooper and Claudette Colbert in Bluebeard's Eighth Wife, got mixed up with a blonde in a studio crap game during the lunch hour and when the shades of night were falling last discovered that I was $16.25 on the wrong side of the ledger.

Since my financial predicament was due to a suggestion from you that I spend the day on the set as an extra, I inserted a "Please Remit" for the above amount in the story of my trials, tribulations, and troubles that marked my screen debut, but for one reason or another it escaped your notice. I'm glad, now, that it did, for it practically forced me into the streets to hustle up another extra job.

It should please you almost as much as it does me to report that I almost got two!

A week after I finished my first picture, a quickie producer whom I approached for work told me to be at the studio early the next morning and he'd have a job for me. Knowing how fast these quickies are turned out by experts, I was up at five and headed for the studio at six the next day. Ten blocks away from the cameras I was held up for half an hour at a railroad crossing and, believe it or not, when I rushed huffing and puffing and pulling onto the set I learned that not only had I missed a day's work, but that I had arrived too late to see the last reel of the preview!

A couple of hours later, while trying to hold up a lamp-post on the corner of Hollywood and Vine, who should come along but genial Joe Reddy, the personal representative of Harold Lloyd. I showed Joe my Screen Actors Guild card and said I'd like to put in a day on Harold's new picture, Professor, Beware, and Joe said come along we'd see about it. Twenty minutes later I was at the studio and five minutes after that a frigid-looking casting director with an icy stare was glaring at me. In fact, this guy gave off such a chill that when he stood in the light I could see an aurora borealis around him!

He asked me if I'd ever been a longshoreman and I said "No." Then he asked me if I'd ever been a sailor and when I said "No" to that I decided that it was about time to look for another job, but Joe went into a huddle with him about then and pretty soon the director gave me a ticket and said "Report promptly at seven A.M. tonight at Catalina Terminal, Pier 19, at Wilmington."

Well, I get there okay and report to Director Elliot Nugent, who sort of sighs and tells me to report to his 1st Assistant Director, George Hippard, who sort of sighs and tells me to report to the 2nd Assistant Director, George Baker, who shoos me over to Billy Farquhar, the 3rd Assistant Director, who sort of sighs "I know" when I mention Joe Reddy's name. Billy finally tells me to go over to the wardrobe department and climb into some longshoreman's clothes which I do, but when he takes a gander at me he tells me to go back and report in a sailor suit. "You certainly don't look like a longshoreman," he says, "and maybe you won't look like a sailor, but we'll have to take a chance." He looks pretty unhappy about the whole affair, but I need the money and haven't got time to argue with a 3rd Assistant Director.

Well, I get dolled up in my blue sailor suit and white cap and when Billy sees me he says, "get over on that white yacht and make it snappy."

This white yacht is named "The Jasmine" and is owned by J. S. Montgomery. It cost $300,000 to build, $3,000 a month to keep up, and is about the finest pleasure boat I ever gazed upon. It looked so epic and spiff that you felt that the Gold [Continued on page 46]
Sh-Sh-hh! DON'T TELL A SOUL! . . .
CAROLE LOMBARD and FERNAND GRAVET

Are simply
"FOOLS FOR SCANDAL"
And so are
RALPH BELLAMY

Their romance is scandalicious, scandalovely, scandalirious!

ALLEN JENKINS • ISABEL JEANS
MARIE WILSON • MARCIA RALSTON
A Mervyn LeRoy Production
Screen Play by Herbert Fields and Joseph Fields
Additional Dialogue by Irv Brecher
From the Play, "Return Engagement" by Nancy Hamilton, James Aube and Rosemary Corby
Music and Lyrics by Richard Rodgers and Lorenz Hart

A FIRST NATIONAL PICTURE
presented by
Warner Bros.
How to Lose Your Man

There are a number of methods for driving the elusive male from your door, but here is a new dodge as well as a solemn warning

By KATHERINE ALBERT

They were walking out of the theatre together—the pretty girl and the good looking young man. He made some casual remark to her, probably "How about a soda?" when suddenly she yelled "No! Don't wanna", and gave him a smart kick on the shin bone.

The young man whirled toward her in amazement at which point she pulled his hat down to his ears and sent a little nifty to his jaw and all the time she was dancing around him shouting, "Ya, ya, funny face. Ya, ya, funny face."

By this time quite a crowd had gathered to view, with mixed amazement and delight, this startling scene. Then, before you could say "Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer presents", the cops had arrived.

"What's goin' on here?" the cops asked, as cops always do.

"My girl appears to have gone crazy," the young man replied, as calmly as he could under the circumstances.

She was still running loose shouting "ya, ya" but finally a cop caught her—with the same technique a farmer uses to catch a cackling chicken. "What's the meaning of this?" demanded the law.

The girl looked up at him wide-eyed. "Why," she explained sweetly, "I'm only being glamorous. I'm just acting like Carole Lombard, Irene Dunne, Loretta Young, Miriam Hopkins and Bette Davis to name a few."

They took her away in the wagon and when she asked for her boy friend they explained that he never wanted to see her again. So she just sat there muttering, "But Carole and Irene and Loretta and Miriam and Bette—they all act this way and their boy friends just love 'em."

The cops shook their heads sadly and murmured "Just plain nuts" to each other. And that ended that.

So far as I know the young lady is still reposing in jail and her boy friend has another girl who never goes to the movies. She's a neurotic little number, very conveniently inhibited. And you can chalk up the entire episode as another cinema sin.

You see, girls, the lads thought you were funny enough when you were talking in that deep throaty voice like Garbo and pausing by the door to give some cryptic exit line like Dietrich but if you follow the present mode of goofy gambling, if you become a dizzy dame you'll just end up in the hoosegow, as the heroine of our little drama did, and not in your sweetheart's arms—taking a
It was very cute and funny and girlishly witty when Loretta Young in Love Is News flung Tyrone Power behind prison bars for a laugh. But don't forget that he retaliated by drooping her in a mud-puddle. And it might be you!

vicious bite out of his shoulder—as the movie gals do.

It all began, as near as I can figure out, when Carole Lombard made My Man Godfrey (or maybe I shouldn't have phrased it just that way). Remember her sitting up in bed having hysterics at Bill Powell? Everyone said she was cute and that it was a very smart idea to leap from glamour into this madcap stuff. And, for once, we might have forgiven Carole had she not gone around spreading the dread disease.

The dizzy dame became the mode.

There was Irene Dunne who was always such a nice type of heroine. She never made you think, she sang sweetly and acted well and looked oh! so pretty. Then she burst out with Theodora Goes Wild and made a fool of her boy friend, in the picture, by playing an elaborate practical joke on him.

Not content with "Theodora" she even went wilder in The Awful Truth. Absolutely nuts, this time. Constantly she humiliated and made fun of the man she loved. However the scenario had them together in the final fade-out even if Cary Grant was wearing an old fashioned night shirt. Now Carole wasn't going to be outdone by Irene so along came Nothing Sacred and as if that wasn't enough, True Confession.

In the meantime the other girls began to swing out with gags. Bette Davis perpetrated some fair to middling practical jokes on Leslie Howard in It's Love I'm After Loretta Young made a monkey out of Tyrone Power in Love Is News and Miriam Hopkins wasn't any loney pie in Woman Chases Man.

And what about the poor public? We fan writers are always telling you that the movies set the styles in everything from blouses to behavior; so, seeing these lovely girls all running berserk but always winding up in the arms of the lover adored and adoring, what was a girl to think? Naturally, you reasoned, 'Men love a goofy gazelle. Men will be utterly fascinated if I pull chairs out from under them and trip 'em up when they are dropping down on one knee to propose. The movie stars do it. The scenario writers let 'em get away with it. Why not me?'

Well, I'll tell you. Not you, babe, if you want to hold your man. Take it from one who has sat on the sidelines of life (that will be me) and watched the lads and lassies on every sort of emotional spree, that isn't the way to hold your man. It's the way to lose him. And Miss Lombard, herself, now chief exponent in the art of goofy screen loving should know it.

Remember when the Lombard-Gable romance started? The real life one, I'm talking about now. Remember how Carole sent Clark an old Ford done up as a Valentine and a big package wrapped like a wonderful present which, when opened, turned out to be a flock of pigeons which flew all around the room?

Remember? Sure you do and so does Clark. But I have it on good authority (and I don't mean Dame Rumor but a personal friend of Clark's) that he didn't like it at all. In fact, to state it bluntly, he loathed it.

Oh, he laughed "ha, ha" and said "very amusing idea" when the pigeons were nesting in his hair and the old Ford was attracting attention on his front lawn. But his friends knew that the number one sex appeal boy wasn't to be won in that way. For there's not a man in the world who likes his sweetheart to play practical jokes on [Continued on page 34]
Radiantly lovely is the star in the powdered wig, the lavish laces and the splendid jewels of Marie Antoinette who lived so gaily and who died with such tragic gallantry. The film will be one of the most important of early fall releases from the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios.
okay by a kayo

most people are satisfied with the blows dealt by fate, but not joan davis who kayo-ed herself into fame

by sonia lee

when a forgotten poet indicted an ode to a bobolink, he piled up woes for johnny what’s-his-name, and paved the way to a knockout career for joan davis!

that bird, beset by b's, was johnny’s waterloo. even the teacher’s glacial eye couldn’t suppress the titters of the second-graders when the small boys’ stuttering tongue began to battle with the alphabet’s second letter.

only the face of josie davis, four ailes over, was grave and speculative and ruminate. she watched johnny’s technique with intense eyes and committed his antics by heart. first, his cheeks would balloon out with his gusty efforts. then they’d deflate into hollows. johnny’s eyes would bulge and roll like a frail craft on a stormy sea. again his cheeks would inflate, but the bobolink remained a thought in his eye and not a well-enunciated word on his lips! in despair and disgust, johnny would bring up his clenched fists, punch himself smack on the cheek to break the spell of his stuttering. the children would break into shrieks of glee. and the more emotional little girls would laugh until thick tears rolled down their soft, rosy cheeks. josie davis was torn in two. her heart pitted that afflicted little boy. but her embryo artist’s mind appreciated the routine and tucked it away in memory for future use.

at seven, joan sensed that even kindly people laughed at the embarrassment, the mishaps and the difficulties of others. since then, borrowing from johnny, she has literally punched herself to fame.

the now-called joan, then josephine, was a thorn in the side of strutting parents, when only half-past toddler stage, at all the school entertainments.

her small playmates—pretty little girls with hair in sausage curls; in pink and blue party dresses, with every bow just so; with faces set in heroic smiles—would speak their pieces about princesses and fairies, make well-rehearsed bows and take their seats to only a polite patter of applause.

then up would [continued on page 60]
Dad Gale stopped the car suddenly, and Mrs. Gale clutched at the potatoes boiling on the stove in the trailer. The trailer, a perfect Passion of domesticity on wheels, was her pride and joy, her fairy tale home, her overstuffed palace of gadgets. She peered out the front window into the small sedan and saw Dad and fourteen-year-old Jimmy grinning broadly and making excited “get out” gestures. Hastily glancing around to see that everything was all right (Mother Gale never stepped foot out of her chintz castle without doing this) she opened the door and got out, followed by Sis, her eldest.

Dad just pointed, and Mother cried, “Oranges! It’s an honest-to-goodness orange grove! Now I know I’m in California. Isn’t it wonderful? Here we are, ‘at home,’ and California rolls right up to the door with oranges. But I still think,” Mother was a disciple of thrift, “that Hollywood will be a pretty expensive adventure. And what fun would it be if we can’t go to the famous places where the real Hollywood is?”

“I have figured out,” said Dad, “that we can save so much, without hotel and restaurant expense, that we can easily blow $50 in Hollywood. Indeed, Mrs. Gale, we could proceed to extremes—with some moderation.”

“Well, for gosh sakes, what are we waiting for?” asked Jimmy.

Sis got on her Robert Taylor look. . .

$5.00 Hollywood—and it was the first day. The Gales had blown in and swept their home on wheels into a modern auto-trailer camp not far from the heart of town. When Mother learned the rent was only $5.00 a week, including water, electricity and telephone, her fears about expenses began to dissolve. The camp was scrupulously clean and beautifully shaded with immense eucalyptus. She and Dad figured they could overlook most of the city as she worked on Jimmy’s best shirt with the iron plugged into the wall, she hugged the thought that she had all the practical conveniences of any Hollywood apartment—hotel, without the cost and with everything but tray service and an elevator. She and Dad figured they saved between $10 and $15 a day in hotel rent alone. There were 40 trailers parked in this camp, permanent and transient, occupants ranging from actors to postmen.

Shirt ironed and breakfast finished, where would the Gales go first? So little time, so much to see! What first? Why, the studios, of course. Or at least the walls that hid the mystery of all the fascinating make-believe. Leaving their parlor, bedroom and bath at their new address, they piled into the car. Their first stop was at one of those architectural bon-bons, peculiar to Hollywood, that deal in carburetor fodder.

“Looks more like a museum entrance than a gas station,” said Mother, getting a bit wide-eyed.

Hollywood in a Trailer

You can spend thousands in Hollywood in an afternoon, or you can get by on next to nothing and still have fun. Here is the expense account of one family

By WINIFRED AYDELOTTE

$1.60 As Dad handed the attendant $1.60 for ten gallons of gas, he said, “Incidentally, Mrs. Gale, notice that this dispenses of trolley and taxi fare for all of us today.”

“There’s another Aftermath,” cried Mother, so interested in money now. The Gales called their trailer The Aftermath.

“It’s Wally Beery!” cried Jimmy, and as he passed Mr. Beery gave him his shy, crooked smile. By this time Mother didn’t care if their car ran on a meter.

It took them about two hours to make the tour of the studios; see at the various gates the smiling but firm policemen whose credo is THOU SHALT NOT PASS, and notice the many doors through the high walls . . . Employees Entrance, Purchasing Department, Casting Office, Information, Personnel Department, and many others. On the way to Universal Studios, their last stop, they drove slowly along Boulevard, and Mother marveled at the open-air markets, half a block in size, and riotous with fresh vitamins, arranged in green-leaved symphonies of lettuce, celery and spinach, and accompanied by an obligato of passionate but controlled red cabbages and sleek little avocados. Imagine buying two bunches of carrots for a nickel right opposite the building where Greta Garbo’s tailor fashions raiment for the Cinema Kings and Kween!

$3.50 Universal’s commissary is open to the public, which was a pleasant surprise for the Gales. Each had an excellent 75¢ luncheon, but hungry as they were it was thrillingly disconcerting to see Mischa Auer dreamily sipping coffee, and Alice Brady dashing by with a bevy of dogs, all in one sitting. And Jimmy forgot entirely the all-important question of food when he saw Deanna Durbin. Sis was rendered ga-ga when Carole Lombard passed right by their table. Dad left 50 cents for the waitress.

$1.60 After lunch they drove around Toluca Lake and saw the homes of Richard Arlen, Bing Crosby, Mary Astor, Jack Oakie, and saw Buck Jones gentling a pony for one of the kids in the neighborhood. Then they went to Warner Brothers Theatre on Hollywood Boulevard and enjoyed two features, a news reel and a short subject for 40¢ each.

The evening’s program was dedicated to Mother who, by now, was indifferent to expenses and who was threatening a cooking strike. She said she wanted ‘extraordinary food, very different from the simple “toum-I’m-hungry,”’ and Dad after an interview with the actor next door, said he knew just the place. After showers and clothes changing, he drove them off with an air of mystery, murmuring his battle-cry, “To extremes—with moderation.”

$5.50 Extraordinary was certainly the word for the Three Crown Swedish Restaurant, whose proprietor owns the largest Newfoundland dog in the world, and where they were served a twelve course dinner ($1.25 each) of lovely unrecognizables. At the end of each course, Dad expected to be served, but the Lucullan overturn on and on. They found they shared the same delicious Smorgasbord and gracious atmosphere with their beloved Louise Fazenda and her husband, Hal Wallis, at a nearby table. Beyond them sat that malicious villain of the movies, John Carradine, talking merrily to friends and looking disappointingly harmless. Ralph Bellamy was in a far corner, a bit absorb-minded over the menu. (Dad left a 50¢ tip.)

HOLLYWOOD
$1.60 Next day, after acquiring another $1.60 worth of gas and oil, Dad voted for exercise. He felt he'd eaten too much and he was very proud of his waistline. He wanted to go bowling.

"But heck! we want to see people and things! Whoever goes bowling?" yelled Jimmy.

$2.00 "I do," said Dad, and over three very definite protests took them off to a bowling alley near the boulevard. Who in Hollywood goes bowling indeed? The Gales missed pins left and right as they craned their necks to admire lovely Jane Wyman, who sent keen shots down the line. Allen Jenkins came in to practice ten pins, and Sis just gave up trying to play after Clark Gable came in. Two dollars for two hours' fun with celebrities! They spent the afternoon in The Aftermath, catching their breath, chatting with their actor-neighbor, and taking naps.

$1.30 "There's a gleam in Mother's eyes," said Dad when six o'clock came and Mrs. Gale made no motion toward her trailer stove. "I think it means she'd like to put on glad rags and see Hollywood night life. Jimmy, here are tickets for you and Sis for a pre-

"Why it's Wally Beery!" cried Junior, waving

view at Pantages. I'm Mrs. Gale's special escort."

$9.00 The young ones had their own trailer dinner and left early to stroll to Pantages on the boulevard. (Their tickets cost 65c each.) Mother and Dad dressed in their best bib and tucker and dined at the Cafe Lamaze in Beverly Hills and danced to the soft, swinging music of its orchestra. Four dollars a plate. No cover charge. Tip: $1.00.

"To extremes—with moderation, Mrs. Gale." Dad winked at her.

They saw James Stewart and Rosalind Russell, Andrea Leeds and Wesley Ruggles and many others. Charles Boyer came in. Mother missed a couple of steps. . . .

$2.25 The third day found the Gales lobbing on the Santa Monica beach. They had risen late, and had had "brunch" at the late Thelma Todd's cafe for 50c each. Tip 25c. They were in their bathing suits, having brought their own dressing rooms along—The Aftermath, parked with hundreds of others by the side of the Coast Highway.

$3.00 "I think screen people like the same things we do," said Mother naively, her gaze following lovely Gloria Dickson. Later on, at the amusement pier, Mother was sure of it. They saw Wayne Morris and Lana Turner on the merry-go-round! Dad spent $3.00 on amusements, but wouldn't let them eat a thing. Jimmy and Sis were restrained from hamburgers with difficulty, and made fun of his darkly mysterious air. But they took it all back when . . .

$9.75 Shades of Henry the Eighth! Their eyes popped when Dad led them into the Cock 'n Bull. The head-waiter with the Leslie Howard accent bowed them past a huge buffet table, on which reclined a roast pig with an apple in its mouth, enormous roasted turkeys, whole hams, chickens . . . The Cock 'n Bull catered to the epicureans who took eating seriously. One made a choice of food at the great buffet—steaming steak and kidney puddings, Yorkshire puddings, roasted guinea, their famous roast beef done to a king's taste. At tables around them, the Gales saw Eugene Pallette, Errol Flynn, Beatrice Lillie, Fanny Brice, and Director John Ford with friends. This feast cost $2 a plate, tip 75c and Dad had imported ale at $1.

$3.00 The family woke up heavily the next morning, "Today we exercise," they decided unanimously. Ice skating in Sunny California in the Spring-time! This was the Polar Palace where Sonja Henie held beautiful exhibitions before going into the movies. Blades flashing, joyous speed, graceful skating. Music. Little Jane Withers tore by with speed-record aspirations. Mickey Rooney sang as he flew by with his gang. Ida Lupino was laughing; Jackie Coogan and Betty Grable waltzed by hand in hand. A dizzy flash of someone—woohoo! "Who was that?" gasped Mother, hanging onto the rail.

"Irwin Jaffe, champ Olympic star," said Jimmy, gliding up.

"Admission 40c. Skates 35c. More fun for $3.00 than I've had since . . . ." Dad took a spill.

$1.60 On the fifth day, the Gales rested in their fashion. Muscle-bound, sure and happy, they paid 40c admission in the afternoon to the Riviera Polo field and watched Hal Roach, Spencer Tracy and Johnny Mack Brown in mighty action. The stands held such passionate enthusiasts as Walt Disney, Gene Raymond and Jeanette MacDonald, Paul Kelly, June Lang, Jean Muir and Ray Milland.

$0.50 This was the last day. They ate a vegetable dinner, fresh from one of Hollywood's famous open-air markets, in the trailer dinette. It cost all of 50c for the gang.

"Incidentally," said Dad, "we have over-stayed our time by a day and still have enough in the budget to dedicate the evening to more fun. Come on, you Highwaymen! I'll lead the way." Dad was mysterious again, after a conference with the actor.

$2.00 He drove them to Victor McLaglen's club, and paid 50c admission to the stadium. From the stands, they were thrilled at McLaglen's blue-uniformed mounted troupe exhibiting fine horsemanship in jumping, trop drill and stunts. They saw a girls' softball game which was no pink tea party! Then they entered the club-house—and what luck! It was Old Forty-Niners' night. There were gambling tables stacked with chips and stage money. Almost everyone was in old western costume and crowding the tables. The bar was handled by a bartender with false side-burns and a flair for mixing very authentic drinks.

"I'm glad it was stage money at those roulette tables, or we'd be pushing the trailer home," said Mother as they left. The Gales rolled their residence off the grounds the next morning towards the great highway—and home. They had seen the real Hollywood with a trailer, a budget, some imagination and a few questions.

$53.20 Sitting on a bunk in the trailer, Mother got Dad's budget out of the pocket of his good suit and began to look it over. She was amazed to discover that they had spent only $53.20 for five glorious days in Hollywood.

1. Restraint is the great thing in the modern school of acting. Here is the approved method of expressing shock, . . . but in a mild way, as if you'd lost a million dollars.

2. This demonstrates Type One Despair as you think over all the things you could have done with that million, but reflect that it is harder on income tax returns than on you.

3. Here we have Second Degree Shock. Fine for the time they come around to tell you that you have lost three million dollars in the market and that worse is yet to come.

How to Be an Actress

“All you have to know is how to act, if you want to be an actress,” says Fanny Brice who generously took five minutes off between scenes of Everybody Sing at M-G-M to give aspiring stars a capsule course in scene stealing.

4. This is Second Degree Despair, just before the curl starts coming out of the hair.

5. The Dawn of Hope, as a bright thought breaks through the momentary gloom.

6. Sunlight and shadow as two emotions war for possession of the Brice face.

7. Aha, you almost had me fooled, but the joke's on you . . .

8. Because I didn't have three millions in the market to lose!
THE KING RETURNS TO HIS THRONE

By TED MAGEE

Tell that blankety-blank green-eyed persimmon what I think. Tell him to proceed to perdition. Who does he think he is, talking like that to me? Oh, well, tell him I'll see him at eight o'clock tonight for dinner. Good by!"

W. C. Fields slammed up the telephone receiver, swung around in his chair and launched the rest of his remarks at you and you and you. He was in a funny mood—and always remember the Fields brand of humor is spontaneous stuff—the same sort of thing that has made him a star for the past forty years, a star of circus, medicine show, cabaret, honky-tonk, burlesque, musical comedy, vaudeville, drama, screen and radio in every country of the world.

"And you," he said, waving a cane in our direction, "can tell the whole world I'll be around here for ten or fifteen years more. Nothing has me licked. I am indeed in fine fettle. I tell you, suh, I am back at my labor of love to stay."

And he is. It took W. C. Fields more than a year to win his battle with the grimmest of reapers. But he has come back, defiant and full of spank, the King of Humor, ready to resume his throne.

You could talk to Bill Fields every day of the week for many moons, and still find him full of fresh recollections about those forty years of stardom. Recollections that make you shake with laughter. For W. C. Fields remembers life more as a laugh than anything else.

The gay nineties were just about to give up the ghost when Bill Fields first entered the scene. He made the grade in 1899 largely because of a printer's error in a small town. For six years previous to this moment he had been doing opening acts on itinerant vaudeville, bandying eggs about in a juggling act. He preferred to toss the eggs in a silent act than to have them tossed at him—or talk and be open to laying them.

Fields graduated to a headline act because the printer in this small town put him on the wrong spot in a program. Rather than have the whole print job done over, the theatre owner made Fields the headliner. In the year that followed he got wise to himself and the booking agents. His salary leaped from $10 a week and board to $125 a week. It was all done very simply. When they offered him a raise he demanded more. If they didn't offer the raise he got it anyway. But we're getting ahead of ourselves.

Bill Fields spent most of the gay nineties as a non-fare-paying passenger riding the finer freight trains. As an itinerant vaudeville man he carried his props and clothes in one small grip. In those days he didn't consider it a hardship. After finishing up a show in one town, he and his partner would grab the next freight out for the following city. He always enjoyed beating the railroads out of the fares.

"That brought on a terrible calamity eventually," he said, a mischievous smile playing on his lips. "When I became a full-fledged headliner, I found I had to pay my fare and extra cash for my props. You'll never know what that did to me. It simply broke this puffling heart of mine. Of course, I no longer feel that way. I believe all good citizens should travel on the railways in Pullman cars, paying first class fares. As a stockholder in several railroads, I find my attitude of previous and more foolish years somewhat altered."

But those itinerant, carefree years produced many a thrill that W. C. Fields in his present eminence can no longer enjoy. He learned to mistrust strangers, to avoid dogs, several of which took ample nips out of his

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Pat's Day Off

After he had finished his part in Robin Hood and before he began work in White Banners Pat O'Brien had a day off and (does this sound familiar?) decided to spend the day as the Spirit of Neatness.

---Pavsett Photos by Rhodes

1. Here is the Spirit of Tidiness sidetracked only momentarily by some interesting letters in the morning's mail bag.

2. Now he's getting somewhere, and, even if there is no place left to sit down, he's getting things concentrated.

3. Who can blame a man for stopping to recall the glorious day when he won the silver cup?

4. A man has to keep up his strength, and even if the kitchen does get a little cluttered, that always can be fixed later.

5. Well, there they are! Right in the middle of straightening up his dressing room, the Spirit of Neatness finds his long lost binoculars. Well, well, well!

6. After all, the racing season doesn't last forever. And you can straighten up the house any time, so Pat becomes the Spirit of the Outdoors for the rest of the day.
Today—more and more women are using this new cream with
"Skin-Vitamin"

THE first announcement of Pond's "skin-vitamin" Cold Cream brought almost immediate response. Hundreds of women tried the new cream.

And steadily your demand has increased for this new cream that brings to women such important new aid to skin beauty.

For years, leading doctors have known how this "skin-vitamin" heals skin faster when applied to wounds or burns. And also how skin may grow rough and subject to infections when there is not enough of this "skin-vitamin" in the diet!

Then we tested it in Pond's Creams! In animal tests, skin that had been rough, dry because of "skin-vitamin" deficiency in diet became smooth and supple again—in only 3 weeks!

Use this new cream in your regular way for cleansing and before make-up. Pat it in. Soon you, too, will be agreeing that the use of the new "skin-vitamin" cream does bring to your skin something active and essential to its health—gives it a livelier, more glowing look!

Same jars, same labels, same price

Now every jar of Pond's Cold Cream you buy contains this new cream with "skin-vitamin" in it. You will find it in the same jars, with the same labels, at the same price.

SEND FOR THE NEW CREAM!
The first streaks of dawn were pushing over the sky when that bunch of startled people began tumbling out of the apartment house door into the street. A fire drill could have been no more efficient, and Fernand Gravet, watching from a nearby car, was laughing himself sick.

This was vengeance the way he wanted it. Almost everyone living in this building had pulled jokes on him during the past six months. His friends in Paris were growing a little dull with their charges that he, as a fellow joker, was slipping.

So Fernand, sitting there in the car, saw Marie and Jacques, and a lot of other thespians in their night clothes hurtle out the door and shiver in the cold dawn.

Fernand leaned out the window and blew them a kiss. "Now, my friends, you may return to your beds," he shouted as the car drew away.

The noted comedian had bided his time before pulling this coup. Then, early one morning, he drove to the theatrical hotel, slipped past the concierge with a bundle under his cloak, and moved happily to the top floor.

There, in the hall, he planted his first gift for his pals, a nice loud noise bomb. And on each succeeding floor he did the same, then departed to his car to watch the results.

Yes, Fernand got his revenge, but like all events of this sort, he was of course laying himself open to further retribution from the victims of this little affair.

The French actor was in a reminiscent mood when we found him idle for a moment out at Warner Brothers.

This is the engaging smile which Fernand Gravet turns at the camera as well as at his practical-joking friends.

He had been working all morning on a scene for Fools for Scandal, his second American appearance under the banner of Mervyn LeRoy. Carole Lombard and Ralph Bellamy were in the scene with him. Carole had been laughing hysterically at Fernand's grave face. And truthfully, the graver Fernand looks, the funnier he is. That just happens to be the chief way he makes you laugh.

Well, just as Fernand finished the scene, he spied an acquaintance over at one side reading the morning paper. Fernand has the memory of two elephants. He recalled almost instantly this was the chap who introduced him to the little joke of "hot foot" by putting a match along Fernand's shoes when he wasn't looking, and then lighting it.

So the actor slipped over beside his friend, calmly pulled out a cigarette lighter, and touched off the top edge of the newspaper. The chap was so engrossed with the sports page that he did not notice the flames until they had eaten away a good portion of his material. Then he leaped to his feet, very startled, and began shouting wildly.

Fernand beamed. "That," he said, "is our favorite version of your American match game. Do you enjoy it?" And was off to his dressing room where we were getting a bird's eye view of the fun.

That's how Fernand happened to be in a reminiscent mood. Things like these reminded him strongly of Paris, where he and the pals who moved around town with him were unmerciful in the jokes they played on each other. Outsiders seldom bore the brunt of these pranks. To fool someone who was innocent of the constant plotting and counterplotting going on among this group was akin to shooting a rabbit with a shot gun. The idea always was pleasant revenge on friends who ought to be smart enough to see the joke coming.

There was the time, for instance, when Fernand and a friend named George arranged a neat little conspiracy against a third actor called Jacques. At least, these names will do to tell the story.

The trio had just arrived back in town from a London engagement and registered at a hotel. Jacques, coming across on the boat, had duped both Fernand and George with one of his pleasant little jokes, so the other two, upon arriving at the hotel, went to the manager for a conference.

"Our friend, Jacques, is a little difficult but not dangerous," they explained to the official. "He is suffering from a mental malady called dementia praecox. Will you please instruct all of your employees to ignore his orders and do as we say? Fine. Jacques should not be served..."
liquor of any sort. Always oblige him with a glass of soda. And whenever he orders meat, be sure he is served with nothing but the finest vegetables."

The manager agreed readily, and the first explosion came a few hours later when Jacques ordered a brandy to be brought to his quarters. The waiter appeared with soda water. Jacques was patient, and carefully re-ordered. The waiter soon returned with more soda water, and poor Jacques went into a rage. Of course the employe left convinced this was a madman.

At dinner that night the three of them looked over a menu and Jacques ordered a fish dinner to be carefully prepared. The waiter, another fellow who had heard of this man’s rages, wrote the order hurriedly and departed. It was no pleasure on his part to return presently with a vegetable plate, arranged as nicely as the chef could suggest.

Jacques immediately roared his wrath. His two friends tried calming him down between chuckles, but were not too successful.

"Really, it looked like our joke had gone far enough," Fernand recalled, smiling over a cigarette. "But Jacques walked out on us after refusing our company. An hour later he was in his room with a private bottle of brandy, feeding his injured pride. It was not long before he was disturbing guests on the floor with some very bad singing.

"Finally the manager came to us, imploring that we stop this business. We tried to shut Jacques up, but got nowhere. The manager’s patience was at an end. He disappeared, but presently returned with two strong policemen, and then we were in a fix.

"It took a good hour to convince him this was all a joke. Meantime, even after our explanations, they were all for ejecting our friend from the hotel for being too noisy. Finally, God bless him, he solved that problem for us by going to sleep. But the joke was scarcely worth the grief."

It would be a mistake to gather from this that Fernand Gravet is forever playing jokes on other people and never having them played on him. Not at all. For instance, on another occasion, Fernand was dining with some friends who had him served with raw carrots, uncooked peas, and similar things. It looked like Fernand could do little but eat them in apparent unconcern, or else be laughed at heartily.

Fernand chose neither course. He picked up a raw carrot, carefully carved it into the shape of a fish, and got up. His purpose was to be funnier than those who planned this hoax. So he walked across the room to where some goldfish were gambolling about in a little pool. Concealing the carrot in his right hand, he apparently dipped down in the water and came up with a wiggly fish which he downed with one gulp. Patrons put down their forks and stared unbelievingly. One woman shouted hysterically and left the

[Continued on page 49]
It is hard to believe that Feminine Hygiene can be so dainty, easy and Greaseless

BUT IT IS TRUE. Zonitors, snow-white, antiseptic, greaseless, are not only easy to use but are completely removable with water. For that reason alone thousands of women now prefer them to messy, greasy suppositories. Entirely ready for use, requiring no mixing or clumsy apparatus. Odorless—and ideal for deodorizing. You'll find them superior for this purpose, too!

• More and more women are ending the nuisance of greasy suppositories, thanks to the exclusive new greaseless Zonitors, for modern feminine hygiene.
• There is nothing like Zonitors for daintiness, easy application and easy removal. They contain no quinine or harmful drugs, no cocoa butter to melt or run. Zonitors make use of the world-famous Zonite antiseptic principle favored because of its antiseptic power combined with its freedom from “burn” danger to delicate tissues.

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Jean Parker pictured in the COLUMBIA PICTURE, "PENTITENTIARY." A few minutes and a few Solo Curls are all you need to transform straggly, unattractive hair into soft, lovely curls. No lotions...no heat...no fuss.

Solo Curls
SOLD AT NOTION COUNTERS EVERYWHERE

The life of a bird—woman is not an easy one, admits Rochelle Hudson, advanced student flier, as she gives the air to the tire of a bombing plane at Clover Field

Hollywood's High Fliers

Stars are taking to the air in their own planes, and here is something about the way they learn

By ELMER SUNFIELD

- Off-hand, one can name a score of top-ranking stars of Hollywood who let off emotional steam by taking an occasional flyer in the stock market. It's an expensive hobby, but a thrilling one, win, lose, or draw. Others, shunning the lure of the ticker-tape, get their thrills, win or lose, by placing their money across the board on the four-footed flyers at the Santa Anita race track. But in neither of these two groups will you ever find the real high flyers of Movietyown for the very simple reason that the real high flyers constitute that large and select group of screen celebrities who actually “go up into the air” in the cockpit of a plane.

Any bright, sunny day, if you know where to go, you can watch them shove off—some going up on their first flight with an instructor, others advanced far enough to solo, and still others, farther advanced, ready and eager for a try at blind flying and aerobatics.

- The man who teaches the stars to fly through the air with the greatest of ease is Marion McKeen, a sandy-haired, tanned-faced, alert-eyed pilot in his early thirties who has the amazing record of having taught more than 300 persons to fly without injury to either himself or pupils. His log books show that he has been aloft with pupils more than 7,000 hours and you can search the pages in vain for any record of even the most insignificant mishap.

For the past two years at the Clover Field airport, Pilot McKeen has devoted most of his time in giving flying lessons to members of the motion picture colony. Stars, writers, producers and directors are all down in his log books. Listed among those whom he has taught to skylark like air veterans are Director Frank Borzage and his wife, Jack Kirkman, author of Tobacco Road; Earnest B. Schoedsack, who is now in Burma shooting scenes for an M-G-M jungle picture; Peter Macgowan, son of Kenneth Macgowan, producer at 20th Century-Fox, and a score of others identified in the higher brackets of the motion picture industry. He has given advanced instruction to Director Henry King and Leland Hayward. His latest pupil is June Lang, 20th Century-Fox star, who took her first lesson the day we visited Clover Field. Right behind her is Rochelle Hudson who has progressed so fast that she is now taking
instruction in blind and acrobatic flying. 

"Movie people," says Pilot McKeen, 
"learn flying much quicker than any other 
class to whom I give instruction. Why, 
I can't say, unless it is because their pro-

fession teaches them obedience. I have 
found them more attentive, more open-
minded, and their re-actions are much 
qui
ter. They seem to have the utmost 
faith in one who has mastered his own 

profession. Once told, they never forget. 
Miss Hudson, for instance, could, in a year 
or so, become an ace flyer. She's what we 
call a natural. I expect to have her doing 
acrobatic work alone in a few months. 
Miss Lang, my latest pupil, shows many 
signs of becoming a solo flyer long before 
my lessons are completed. Her first lesson 
this afternoon proved that to me. Her re-

actions are trigger-like. Many of my grad-
uates come out as often as they can and 
either use my ships if they happen to be 
idle, or rent one for an afternoon's sky 
jaunt. See that young fellow over there?"

Pilot McKeen pointed to one corner of 
the shop where a tall, overall-clad 
boy was bending over a motor. His hair 
was ruffled, his face smudged with grease 
spots, and about him on the cement floor 
were parts of the power plant upon which 
he was so industriously engaged. He 
looked up once, saw McKeen, smiled, 
waved his hand and went back to work. 

"If that isn't Tyrone Power," we said, 
"I'll eat ten yards of parachute silk!

"It's Tyrone, right enough," affirmed 
McKeen. "His movie contract forbids him 
to fly, but fortunately it doesn't prevent 
him from doing a little ground work. He's 
really a whiz on airplane power plants. 
He's designed a new type of airplane car-

burator and as soon as he can eliminate a

THE fear of going stale keeps half 
of Hollywood awake nights. 
For the brightest star becomes a 
falling star... once freshness fades.

That's equally true of cigarettes. 
Staleness often makes a "has been" of 
a cigarette that ought to be in the 
prime of stardom. Staleness can trans-
form the mildest cigarette into a harsh 
irritant and rob it of all flavor.

That's why we run no risks with our 
delightful young star... Old Gold. 
Every pack of Old Golds carries its own 

freshness right with it... doubly sealed-
in by 2 jackets of stale-proof Cellophane.

At the peak of freshness, wherever 
and whenever you smoke it, every 
Old Gold gives a perfect performance 
in the role of America's most appealing 
cigarette. The price of one pack admits 
you to this year's biggest smoking hit 
... "Old Gold Freshies of '38".

TUNE IN on Old Gold's Hollywood Screen Scoops, Tues. 

and Thurs. nights, Columbia Network, Coast-to-Coast

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about Kurb Tablets

New Help for Trying Days

- Every woman should know about Kurb Tablets—a worthy companion to other famous Koxex products. We make no extravagant claims, but tell you simply, truthfully, why we believe you will want to use Kurb.

Designed to lessen discomfort caused by menstruation, simple headaches or muscular pain, Kurb is a most effective aid for Trying Days. The formula is plainly printed on the box, so you may readily check it with your own doctor.

We urge you to try Kurb Tablets—see how quickly they help you. The convenient purse-size container holds a full dozen, yet costs only 25 cents at all drug counters... If you act at once, we'll send you a sample supply FREE!

Send your name and address, on a postcard, to Kurb, Room 184, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago.

12 in Purse Size
Container... only

25c
Sponsored by makers of Koxex Sanitary Napkins

Oh Boy! How Grand I Feel

NOW I know there is a difference in the way laxatives work since I used the ALL-VEGETABLE Laxative, Nature's Remedy (Kurb Tablets). One NR Tablet convinced me... so mild, thorough, refreshing and invigorating.

Dependable relief for sick headaches, bilious spells and that tiresome feeling, when caused by or associated with constipation.

Without Risk try NR. Get a 25c box from any druggist. Use for one week, then if you are not more than pleased, return the box and we will refund the purchase price. That's fair. Try it.

few of the 'bugs' in it, I believe it's going to be of vast benefit to the industry. Besides being a great actor, I'm thoroughly convinced he's also a great inventor."

Pilot McKeen took up flying as a hobby in 1923; soloing a rattlebox "Jenny" on St. Patrick's Day of that year after a mere four hours of instruction. Unknown to his instructor he carried a passenger on his initial solo flight.

"When he learned about that," smiles McKeen, "he refused to have anything more to do with me and from then on I was entirely on my own."

The "Skyirishman" as he is affectionately called by his brother pilots, was born on a ranch near Carlsbad, New Mexico, and purchased a saddle and wrangled horses for a living until he was twenty. Moving to Santa Barbara, California, he decided that the only way to get up in the world was to become an aviator. Eager to get his feet off the ground, he organized a flying club, took four hours of instruction—and became a full-fledged flyer himself. This was in 1925, when flying was professional not merely for fun.

In 1928, he bought a Brown B-2 ship, christened it the Miss Los Angeles, and entered the racing game which undoubtedly is one of the most dangerous of all. Altogether he has started in 20 races and has finished in the money no less than 18 times. His best showing was at St. Louis during a National Air Meet where he won with an average speed of 240 miles an hour.

Pilot McKeen gets extremely well-paid for teaching his movie star pupils how to grow wings. They know his reputation, have faith in him, and regard whatever he asks cheap at the price. And it is, considering the almost absolute guarantee that they will be taught to fly without mishap.

His course of instruction is divided into 16 lessons and after about 10 hours in the air with him, a student is usually expert and confident enough to solo. Aviatrix Rochelle Hudson, whom he regards as one of the smartest of the 300 pupils he has taught, absorbed his teachings so quickly that she was up in the air cutting didos alone, before the 10th lesson. His training ship, an open cockpit, cream-colored Waco, is equipped with radio, blind-flying instruments, and is said to be one of the best ships of its kind in the United States—and it has yet to receive its first scratch due to a crack-up.

There's several ways of 'flying high' in Hollywood," claims June Lang, now in the kindergarten stage of her aerial knowledge, "There's the horses, the stock market, the gambling tables, real estate, the oil fields—but as for me, give me Wings Over Hollywood—and all points North, South, East and West." She climbed into the rear seat of the Waco for another short flight around the field with Pilot McKeen.

"C'mon up and see me sometime," she grinned as a mechanic spun the prop.

How to Lose Your Man

[Continued from page 21]

him. And there probably wouldn't have been any little Cains and Abels if Eve had sprinkled red pepper on that apple she offered Adam.

It wasn't until Carole showed Clark that she possessed the real feminine virtues—those tried and true old standbys honesty, loyalty, charm and genuine sweetness—that the romance actually blossomed.

I have it on no less authority than Robert Taylor—and that should be authority enough—that, "A man doesn't like a woman who makes a scene in public. If I dated a girl and she started causing a rumpus at a restaurant or a theatre or night club that's the last time I'd ever take her out."

And, before his marriage, when Tom Brown was the heaviest dater in Hollywood, he said, "I like a girl who is a good sport and can talk intelligently on subjects of mutual interest and who doesn't act silly."

Hollywood is a crazy place but it isn't crazy enough to act the way it acts on the screen and if you'll look over the romance list you'll discover that the gals who really get their men are the sweet little numbers who wouldn't know a practical joke if it rode up on a duck and bit 'em.

Can you imagine Janet Gaynor hurling a custard pie? You bet you can't and it's a sight you'll never see. Yet Janet has been adored by the most important and popular men in town. They like her because she is sweet and real and warm-hearted.

Sonja Henie hasn't done so badly for herself as an off screen siren and you'll never see Sonja, with that round guileless little face of hers, cutting a figure eight on the Trocadero's best rug. She's much too smart a gal.

And Loretta Young who is always in the romance news may go "ya, ya" to a screen beau when she finds him in an embarrassing position but never, never to her real sweetheart. Loretta believes the old adage pretty is as pretty does. And she is certainly pretty.

As for Miriam Hopkins—now there you have an old witcher who can make men tear cartwheels if she sets her mind to it. But her success as a siren depends on the fact that that is just what she doesn't do. Hers is the approved technique—be sweet, be gentle, be feminine.

And Dietrich, who has had so many admirers that you couldn't get the list in this magazine, wouldn't be caught dead.
smashing her boy friend's hat or putting cotton in the biscuits. The very thought of Marilyn going goofy leaves me so weak I'll have to lie down a minute.

I. Well, I'm back now and I feel some better, thank you. While I was resting, I thought up some fine rules of behavior.
1. Spit water through your teeth when your boy friend takes you out to dinner.
2. When he's trying to make a terrific impression on some very dignified family, walk in all done up in funny clothes and throw your arms around him.
3. Trip him when you're dancing with him.
4. Always scream at him when he's trying to explain something to you.
5. Give him a flower to sniff in which you have sprinkled pepper.

These five simple rules guarantee that you'll be the most unpopular girl in your set and when all the sweet simple maids are on wonderful dates you'll be sitting by the telephone waiting for it to ring. (Speaking of telephones reminds me that it’s a good idea to snatch it from its socket and throw the entire infernal machine at your boy friend's head.)

II. I grant you that when glamour was at its height I was slightly annoyed. All a girl had to do then was to get a vaguely painted look on her face and pretend as if she were smelling a fish market to acquire the reputation of being a siren.

Yes, when it got to the point that you really didn’t know, by either the expression on her face or what she said, whether a glamour girl was simply bursting with happiness and excitement or bowed down with woe and misery I was eager to toss a peony on glamour's grave.

But this new phase—the dizzy dame cycle—is worse. It is certainly more exhausting and if I were a boy and had to choose between a nice glamorous girl who just sat quietly in a corner and looked unhealthy, or one who pulled my chair out from under me, I'm sure I'd choose glamour.

But maybe—and this seems a small thing to ask—maybe there is a happy medium somewhere. Then, again, maybe there isn't.

However, the scenarists who have been writing this new type of comedy and creating this new kind of women will have a great deal to answer for from husbands and sweethearts who go around on crutches and conduct business from wheel chairs.

And if you girls have a lick of sense in your pretty little heads you'll laugh heartily at the picture. But you'll say "foo" to Miss Lombard's characters on the screen, and "tut, tut" to Miss Dunne's heroines and various other clever things like that to all the rest of the oh-so-funny fictional charmers. Don't be a dizzy dame unless you're just determined to lose your man!

For, remember, the stars play these roles on the screen but they don't try it in real life.

Wouldn't you say this was Your Lucky Day if you found a way to win extra compliments—extra attention—extra admiration? A way that can bring out the sparkle in your hair—the dancing light in your eyes?

The prize I'm talking about is the one flattering shade of face powder that can create a new "you"... your one and only "lucky" color. For you know as well as I do that the wrong powder color can actually hide your best points instead of bringing them out and giving you a lift.

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(You can paste this on a penny postcard)

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Love Without Words

When Eduardo Ciannelli met his wife, it was love at first sight, but he had to learn a new language before he could ask her the important question.

By JAMES REID

If you landed in a strange country that vaguely terrified you, because you couldn't speak its language, and you fell in love with someone who couldn't speak your language, what would you do about it?

Eduardo Ciannelli faced that little (did I say "little"?) problem almost as soon as he landed in America.

Perhaps that is not easy to picture—about Ciannelli. Perhaps it is not easy to imagine him as a lover. On the screen, you have known him as the cold, ruthless, tubercular, world-hating "Trock" of Winterset. As the hard, merciless, rapacious gangster-leader of Marked Woman. As the sly, murderous madman of Super Spleth. As Lily Pons' worry in Hitting a New High. As the movies' new Menace No. 1.

The awful truth about Eduardo Ciannelli is that he is not himself on the screen. He is an actor, giving a performance. In person, he is a mild, soft-spoken man who spends his spare time writing plays. Amusing plays, which get produced on Broadway. Where, before he played Trock (which brought him to Hollywood), he invariably played gentle, amusing men.

He is a slight man, slightly stooped. His lean, mobile face is deeply lined—but the lines are those of smiles. His dark, expressive eyes mirror quiet intelligence, an amused viewpoint of life. His strong, slender hands are constantly in movement, punctuating his conversation with unconscious eloquence. With him, you are with a cultured man. It is easy to picture sensitive romance in his life.

When he came to America, he was "the youngest baritone in European opera." He did not come on a concert tour, but a sightseeing tour.

"I wanted to see New York, stay two or three months, then go back," he says. "I didn't know a word of English. I said to myself, 'I shall manage with French. I had been all over Europe, even Russia, and people have always understood me.' Friends told me New York street-car conductors wouldn't know French. I thought they were trying to scare me."

"My boat docked in Brooklyn, not Manhattan. There is a difference. You know Brooklyn? It is a wilderness of suburb. I said to someone, 'Fifth Avenue?—' I headed where he pointed. I walked, and walked, and walked. At last, I reached Fifth Avenue—but what I didn't know was that it was Fifth Avenue, Brooklyn."

"I did know that something was wrong. There were no tall buildings. I'd stop people; I'd say, 'Fifth Avenue?—' They'd look at me as if I was a madman. This went on for hours. Literally hours. I was going crazy. My boat had docked in the morning. It was getting dark, and I was getting panicky, when I had a white flash. This wasn't New York."

"I found a taxi. I said, 'Fifth Avenue, New York.' We drove and drove. We crossed a bridge. I began to see tall buildings. I thought I had also crossed all language barriers. New Yorkers would speak French. . . ."

He shakes his head, in memory of that bedraggled debarker, that innocent from abroad, named Eduardo Ciannelli.

"One of my letters of introduction was to a Mr. Wolfe—a big railroad executive. I found him a fine old Southern gentleman. I understand he couldn't understand me. He seemed to think if he talked a little louder, I might understand. He got nowhere. I showed him the telephone number of a friend of mine. He called. I asked my friend to interpret. I thought Mr. Wolfe had been bawling me out. Actually, he had been inviting me to dinner the next night."

"I went—and met his daughter, Alma. We were attracted to each other immediately. But I was embarrassed. I would say something to her, and she wouldn't understand. She would say something to me, and I wouldn't understand. She was amused. That was lucky for me."

"I went back a second time. This time, she handed me a French-English dictionary. I would look up a word and say it to her. 'Yes?' I would ask her. I would be a half-hour on one sentence, sometimes. "'It was love, all right. I couldn't have gone through that, or Alma couldn't have, either—if it hadn't been. People would say something to me and I would answer, 'Yes.' They would ask, 'You mean No?' I didn't know what they were saying, or what I was [Continued on page 37]

Right, you see Ciannelli as he appears to his devoted family. In the other three pictures, you see him in the various threatening grimaces which have made him known to millions of admiring theatre-goers who will see him next in a picture with the promising title, Crime.
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BLENDA VISCHER appearing in Paramount Pictures

Behind the Scenes
Little is heard about some of the most important jobs in Hollywood. Here is a glimpse behind the scenes of the Wardrobe Department

By JOHN SCHWARTZKOPF

In this industry of making pictures it is hard to place the responsibility of perfect production on any one person's shoulders. Certainly the actors are the most important, but those people behind the scenes deserve great credit, too.

Not long ago we strolled into a huge tent on the Twentieth Century-Fox lot which was marked in huge letters "Wardrobe." Upon entering the tent, we were introduced to a dapper, well dressed business-like man who seemed to have the whole situation in hand. His name was Arthur Levy and it wasn't long before he was telling enthusiastically about his latest venture, supplying clothing for the entire cast of In Old Chicago. So large were the demands on his department that Levy had to order the tent to cover all the extra wardrobe. "And how did you know just what was being worn in Chicago between 1850 and 1880?" we asked. That was all the encouragement Levy needed to tell us all about his department. We learned that he spent months in research, that he visited museums, that he studied old catalogs. He even went so far as to find out the exact measurements of the policemen's badges worn during that period just so that, when we saw the picture screened, we couldn't come away saying it was a phony.

But actual preparation of wardrobe was only one of Levy's headaches. There were scenes where hundreds of people had to run into the lakes surrounding Chicago fully dressed. That one shot was perhaps the most spectacular of the whole picture but it was ruined when one of the extras forgot to take off her 1938 hat. So conspicuous was that person that the whole scene had to be retaken—and it was Levy's job to see that the whole cast was properly equipped with dry clothing so retakes would be possible. The clothing was all washed in soap, dried and back on the backs of the extras before you could say "Jack Robinson." It is Levy's job to predict just such accidents and he had a huge air conditioned room all ready for just that kind of a mishap.

But that experience is nothing compared to what Levy was up against recently when Twentieth Century-Fox signed Louise Hovick (Gypsy Rose Lee) to a contract. Miss Hovick was practically on her way out here when Levy learned that she was to go into production on

Arthur Levy, head of the Wardrobe at Twentieth Century-Fox, shows actress Helen Wood, some of the models used in making costumes for the stars

Accept no substitutes! Always insist on the advertised brand!
the Fox lot the same day she stepped off the train. Miss Hovick had to have her costumes on hand the very day she landed in town and it was Levy’s job to see that she had a complete wardrobe so that there would be no delay in the production of the picture. As if by magic, when Miss Hovick stepped off the train Levy had all her things laid out for her and there was only one alteration to be made!

How was this all done? Levy wired Miss Hovick’s dressmaker in New York for her exact measurements, had a dummy made to those measurements down to a tenth of an inch and fitted her dresses on that model.

We were about to take our leave when the telephone rang. Levy excused himself and presently we overheard him speaking in French. “That’s the call from Paris! Mr. Levy has been waiting for!” we were told... Thinking that 20th Century-Fox was contemplating a French production and we would get a story we asked if that were the case. “Goodness, no,” was the reply, “Mr. Levy’s Paris associates and friends are constantly calling him for advance tips on style trends.”

“You mean that the other way around don’t you?” That was the question that set the place in a hubbub, for apparently we didn’t know as much about motion picture production as we thought. It seems that an important part of Levy’s job is to predict styles as far as a year in advance... in fact he HAS to... motion pictures thrive on such predications.

Levy knows the latest styles and exactly what color looks best on his stars, and he also knows how to age clothes and what looks worst on his stars, too. Production doesn’t always call for brand new clothes. To make a man’s suit look old, iron weights are placed in the pockets while the suit is wet. It is then left out in the bright sun to dry. The secret of aging shirts is to rub them in dirt while they are wet, then dry them in the sun. Shoes are aged by the use of sand paper. But the job doesn’t age Levy himself—he likes it, even though few outsiders realize its importance.

Very unusual is it to see a picture of Joan Crawford with her back to the camera, but all of Hollywood is excited by this hit and we thought you’d like to see what can be done with blue and white checks and orange colored flowers. That’s Spencer Tracy on the other side of the microphone during their Lux Radio Theatre broadcast.

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Millions for Insurance

Stars are insured, not only against personal disaster, but against horse rustlers, tourists, fans and pirates, among many other things

By IVY CRANE WILSON

- Hollywood has become insurance conscious. The servant problem, the latest operation, and even the dear children, are no longer conversational "tops." Insurance is sweeping the picture colony. The insurance agent has the right of way on the telephone. The "big boys" are no longer in conference when he calls. The columnists give him a break. He is on the party list of the brightest stars. WHY?

Because the motion picture industry pays around a million dollars a year for insurance. The movie great have been the victims of many expensive law suits, and so today man odd policies are written which give the harassed stars a certain amount of peace of mind.

- Stars are insured against tourists, wild animals, pirates, freak accidents, kidnappers, acid throwers and a hundred and one things.

- Dick Powell is insured against tourists. If a curious fan insists on climbing a tree on the Powell estate hoping to glimpse Mr. and Mrs. Powell in home activities, and so breaks a leg or an arm—all Dick has to do is call his insurance company for help. If tourists trample on Mr. Powell's imported Dutch bulbs, or break down a rare shrub whose blossoms are the pride of his horticultural heart—again the insurance company comes to the rescue.

Dick recently broke one of his resolutions and bought a yacht. He and Warren William, an ardent yachtsman, were discussing the joys and sorrows of maintaining a boat, and Warren recalled the time when he was sailing off the South American Coast.

"We anchored near the mouth of a lagoon," Warren told Dick. "It was a moonlit night, so we took the dinghy and put-putted along as beautiful a bit of shore as I have ever seen. Neither of us wanted to go back to the Pegasus. Helen thought she heard the sound of another boat. I thought it was just the echo of our own motor, so we drifted along until sun-up."

"As we were heading back, I had an uneasy feeling; perhaps Helen had heard a boat. I wondered if anyone had boarded the yacht. We climbed aboard. I noticed things had been disturbed. 'Well, I'll be darned,' I said, 'Pirates!'"

"Whoever had boarded the yacht in this day and age," Helen said, "but she made a quick dive to her cabin, to find they had taken everything, even her powder and lipstick; everything that was not nailed down. We'd been cleaned out."

"There was nothing to do but get back to the nearest port for provisions and clothing. The sad part of it was we were not wholly insured. But you bet your life we carry everything now—even pirate insurance!"

- I caught Harold Lloyd transacting a bit of insurance business the other day in between shots on the Professor Beware set. He was insuring his glasses for twenty-five thousand dollars.

They are twenty-two years old and very fragile. Harold keeps them in a specially constructed humidor. He wore them in his first picture, and has worn them for the opening shot in every picture he has made.

As far as Harold is concerned, even twenty-five thousand is nothing to him compared to those glasses.

- Pet insurance is quite popular, for it is an expensive matter when a star's dog takes a bite out of the butcher boy, or raids a neighbor's chicken coop.

Joan Crawford has a couple of dachshunds, so far a well-behaved pair. But Joan is taking no chances, and is well protected against any wild desires on their part.

Paul Muni, Edward Everett Horton, Carole Lombard, Clark Gable—in fact, ninety-nine per [Continued on page 64]
Harold Lloyd signs the policy insuring his famous specs for $25,000

If one more hair grows upon Edgar Kennedy's fine open brow, he can collect

After pirates took everything on the yacht, including Mrs. William's lipstick, Warren William hastily took out pirate insurance.

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MEET A FAMOUS WRITING TEAM

There is no such thing as having to hold dinner because the bread-winner is kept late at the office in such a business as this because their garden is their office and they share the job of writing movies

By ED. JONESBOY

We had planned to start this side-light story on “things-you-never-knew-about-Hollywood” somewhat in this fashion:

If you should be curious enough to ask the first one hundred motion picture fans you meet today, tomorrow, or a month from now, what they know about Isabel Dawn and Boyce DeGaw, not one can give you a word of information about them.

It was a poor beginning and made poorer by the discovery that should a question about the DeGaws be addressed to us we would be included, automatically, in the first one hundred and this despite the fact that we’ve been tramping around the studios for years watching the cameras grind out their “A,” “B,” and “C” products while picking up a more cursory knowledge of the great and near-great moviedom. What we didn’t know about the DeGaws would fill a book—that is, up until the other day when we visited them in their beautiful home near Canoga Park in the San Fernando Valley and came away with the idea buzzing in our heads that here was one of the most interesting couples in Hollywood and that a story about them should really begin like this:

Isabel Dawn and Boyce DeGaw are, in fact, becoming the most famous husband and wife writing team in the business. And in proof of which statement we present Exhibit A, a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer long-term contract—a document that is, so far as writers are concerned, about the most difficult thing to obtain from this hard-boiled, hard-headed studio. In other words, before Metro - Goldwyn - Mayer signs up a writer, or a writing team, they have to be very, very good, indeed. And the DeGaws are that—only more so.

But the studio goes even farther than Exhibit A in its business relations with one of its pet writing teams. There’s no punching the time clock for the DeGaws. You could spend a month pecking into every little writing cell on the lot and you’d never come across Isabel Dawn and Boyce DeGaw tossin’ story ideas and situations back and forth in a frantic endeavor to provide something original for the front office.

“All our writing,” they told us, “is done here, at home. The only time we go to the studio is when we are called for story conferences. When we’re preparing a script, we usually start working after dinner, keep it up throughout the night and sleep all day. A peculiar writing
habit like ours wouldn't fit in with studio schedules and we're allowed to do our writing chores on the farm."

The "farm," as she calls it, was once owned by Fred Kohler, one of the screen's meanest of "meanness," and consists of twelve broad and flat acres that serve as a parade ground for the thirty or more beautiful white peacocks which Isabel raises as a hobby and a recreation. The broad and flat acres likewise serve as a playground for the dozen Boston and English bulldogs that Boyce raises as his hobby and recreation. The house, set near the roadside, is a thing of beauty and a joy forever as well as being the sanctuary in which the Mr. and Mrs. during their free-lance days, wrote Wings Over Honolulu, a fast-action, dramatic story of naval aviation for Universal; If I Had a Million, one of the most successful pictures ever produced by Paramount; The Moon's Our Home, the Walter Wanger film starring Margaret Sullivan and Henry Fonda; and Flower of France for B. P. Schulberg. It is here, too, the couple completed only recently the script for M-G-M's The Girl of the Golden West starring Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald, and where they will work soon on Broadway Melody of 1939, their next M-G-M assignment.

"We've only been at this man-and-wife writing business five years and we're still stumbling along," says Boyce, "but we're firm believers in the old bro-
mide which says that two heads are better than one—especially when one head is feminine and the other is masculine. Contrary to belief, when we start on a script we don't assign to ourselves any particular part of the story on the assumption that each of us is especially fitted for writing certain parts of it. On the contrary, we first discuss every situation together, work out our dialogue together, and, when we are sure we're ready to put it down on paper, write it out together. We rely on each other's judgment, indulge in a number of friendly arguments of course, and, although it takes us from three to four months to complete a script, whether it's an adaptation or an original, it's as much fun as it is work despite the fact that we keep going all night long for that length of time. I imagine we put more time on our scripts than most writers do on theirs, but it seems to be the only way we can accomplish anything worthwhile. Three stories a year, if we want to 'get away from it all' as they say in Hollywood, is about our limit."

Like many other successful writers, the DeGaws, once upon a time, were newspaper-reporters—I a b c l on the Indianapolis News, New York Journal, and other metropolitan dailies. Boyce got his first whiff at printer's ink in Detroit, his home town, but most of his newspaper experience was confined to China where he lived for several years.

In addition to being a fine newspaper woman, Isabel was a mighty alluring actress. (She became an actress, she says, as a result of interviewing stage celebrities in New York.) With her gift for good writing always predominant, she found time to turn out an occasional play. Of these, Marathon enjoyed the most success. It was produced in New York with the author in the lead and was credited with a better than fair run.

"The only fly in our writing-at-home ointment," confesses Isabel, "must be blamed on our servants, every one of whom believes himself or herself to be a dramatist. Unless we're very strict, we are continually bothered by scores of story ideas presented by them morning, noon, and night. It's all very annoying, particularly when you're trying hard to be a writer yourself."

This man- and -wife writing team business is fast becoming more than a bad judging from the couples who indulge in it. Included in a Mr.- and -Mrs. writing list are Dorothy Parker and Alan Campbell, Frances Goodrich and Albert Hackett, Anita Loos and John Emerson, the Perelmas, and the Spewacks, just to mention a few of the top-notchers who are commanding salary checks in four figures.

"It's a great idea," admits Isabel. "It's nice work if you can get it," smiles Boyce.
QUIVERING nerves can make you old and haggard looking, cranky and hard to live with—can keep you awake nights and rob you of your health, good times and jobs.

Don't let yourself "go" like that. Start taking a good, reliable tonic, made especially for women. And could you ask for any whose benefits have been better proved than the famous Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound?

Let the wholesome herbs and roots of Pinkham. The Court of Nature, tone up your system, and thus calm shrieking nerves, help lessen distress from female functional disorders and give you more strength.

For over 3 generations one woman has told another how to go "smiling thru" with Pinkham's Compound. Why not let it HELP YOU?

Lydia E. Pinkham's
VEGETABLE COMPOUND

THE TRUTH ABOUT CORNS
by Robert M. Smith

Few people understand what corns are, or how to get rid of them. A corn is not live tissue. It is an accumulation of dead cells which become the focal point of renewed development. It gets bigger and uglier. As it gets larger, it goes deeper—the point of this plug-like accumulation pressing like a pin-point into your flesh and against tiny nerves. That's what causes intense pain.

Paring corns is not the answer. Corns get bigger and more painful. To get rid of corns forever, the "root" or dead cell plug must be removed. That's the art of podology. To prevent a new corn developing, shoe pressure or whatever caused it must be eliminated.

Bauer & Black, known best for their surgical dressings, spent years developing scientific corn removers. The result is a modern medicated corn pad which takes shoe pressure from the corn. The medication relieves pain and swells and at the same time gently and gradually loosens the "root." In three days it lifts out safely, easily and without the slightest discomfort. This pad is called the new Blue-Jay.

Millions have successfully ended corn troubles this simple way. It costs very little. A Blue-Jay pad costs only 25c. Get a box of Blue-Jay from your druggist.

In three days you'll feel like dancing for joy.

FREE OFFER: We will gladly send you one Blue-Jay absolutely free to anyone who has a corn, to prove that it ends pain instantly, removes the corn completely. Just send your name and address to Bauer & Black, Division of The Kendall Co., Dept. J-67, 2500 South Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill. Act quickly before this trial offer expires.

(Adv.)

OF HUMAN HEARTS (M-G-M)

Once in a while a picture ignores all of the rules by which the average success is made, but nevertheless becomes one of the outstanding achievements of the year. Such a one is Of Human Hearts, a picture you are apt to remember long after the minor decorative offerings of the season are forgotten.

The tale starts with Preacher Wilkins with his wife and little boy answering a "call" to a small, isolated, back-woods community during the middle of the last century. The preacher (Way in the Tippling, sloppy old doctor, played with fine exact skill by Charles Coburn. True, the store-keeper (Guy Kibbee) occasionally weighs his thumb in with the sugar, and it is a sharp man in a horse trade, but he hardly qualifies as a spectacular candidate for hell.

The story drifts along, absorbingly. The son (Gene Reynolds) rebels against wearing cast-off clothing, is disciplined relentlessly for minor peccadillos, becomes fascinated by surgery under the old doctor's guidance. After the film is more than half over, the interest begins to concentrate on the son, now grown up and played by James Stewart.

The boy grows old enough to find his father's rigid authority intolerable, but he is still young enough to accept extreme sacrifices with a thoughtless ease when he needs help in making his way through medical school.

The boy is not bad. He is just callous and unimaginative with youth. You will not find him wholly admirable, but you have seen a hundred similar to him turn out all right.

That is the great appeal of this film. Here is a tale of a pretty girl and a handsome man making much ado about the routine misunderstandings of the emotionally smitten until love conquers all. Here is a story of three real people, played and directed with such subtle insight that you will find yourself being very nice indeed to your parents for several days after seeing it.

THE ADVENTURES OF TOM SAWYER
by Llewellyn Miller

His engaging Irish face and his bright coloring are typical of the boy whose imagination led him from one mishap to another. However, though young Tommy cannot be blamed for the fact that he is not an experienced actor, the film does not have the force that the story, itself, possesses.

It still is one of the great tales, however, and has the added appeal of striking color. May Robson plays Aunt Polly. Jackie Moran is seen as Huckleberry Finn, and Walter Brennan does a memorable job as his worthless father. Victor Jory plays the menacing Injun Joe. David Holt brings a hateful smugness to the part of the holy Sid and Ann Gillis makes an appealing Becky. The remainder of the cast is excellently chosen for type and talent, and should give the youngsters a fine time.

A SLIGHT CASE OF MURDER (Warner)

Gangsters in particular and gangster films in general are treated to one of the most delicious spoofings that ever came out of Hollywood in this Damon Runyon story of how Marco (Edward G. Robinson) refused to let reape interference with his beer racket, and turned "legitimate".

His gang (headed by Allen Jenkins and Edward Brophy) are pretty horrified when they have to throw away their side-arms and serve as house boy and chauffeur, but his wife (Ruth Donnelly) works hard at fine manners . . . at least half of the time . . . for the sake of their daughter (Jane Bryant).

In spite of all of his efforts to sell the same rough and ready brew that made his fortune during prohibition, Marco is facing ruin on the day his daughter returns from a French finishing school. The trouble is that he does not drink beer and his loving mugs fear to hurt his feelings by telling him that the stuff is awful.

Things reach a climax when bodies of a rival gang are discovered in Marco's summer home, when the daughter's suitor turns up proudly in a state cop's uniform, when half a million of stolen money is found in the upright Marco's possession, just as the bank prepares to foreclose on his brewery. The presence of Bert Hanlon as a depressed book-maker and Bobby Jordon as Douglas Fairbanks Rosenbloom, the toughest inmate that sentimental Marco can find in the orphanage that gave him his start in life, add greatly to the festive effect of this particularly funny feature.

A YANK AT OXFORD (M-G-M)

He was the pride of a small American town, was athlete Lee Sheridan (Robert Taylor), and when he won a scholarship to Oxford University, they saw him off with a brass band. Undergraduates at Oxford, reared in a quieter
tradition, suspected that he had brought some of the brass with him, and followed an irresistible impulse to polish him up a little.

Taylor does one of the most engaging parts of his career as the hyper-confident, super-cocky, boastful, breezy athlete who really can break records, but who finds that traditions cannot be broken with quite so much glory.

Besides the interesting glimpses of English school life, the film has a neat triangle with Maureen O'Sullivan playing the nice British school girl and Vivian Leigh doing a rousing job as a college widow . . . with a husband. Honest excitement is to be found in a track meet and a boat race. Better catch this one.

BRINGING UP BABY (RKO-Radio)

A lot of people are going to find very funny Katherine Hepburn's entrance into the rowdy-dow, nit-wil, run-around-and-fall-down school of comedy. And a lot of people are going to be a little baffled by it all. Miss Hepburn, herself, probably will be in the latter group.

The story is all about a rather unbalanced young woman who casts a somewhat greedy eye on a young professor of zoology (Cary Grant) on the day before his wedding to his sedate assistant. She screams at him, tells him outrageous lies, maneuvers him from one embarrassing situation to another and spends a great deal of time in running, falling into ponds, and sitting down hard. All of this adds up, according to some obscure psychological formula which seems reasonable to Hollywood but not to me, to a bad case of love.

There are two leopards, one tame and one savage, also in the picture as well as May Robson, Charles Ruggles, Walter Catlett and Fritz Feld.

THE GOLDWYN FOLLIES (United Artists)

It's big and beautiful. It has gorgeous girls and spectacular color. It has a staggering cast of brilliant players. And, if it seems a touch disorganized, that is because there is so much crowded in that audiences feel a little over-whelmed.

Once more, Adolphe Menjou plays a Hollywood producer with that fine exact satire that keeps him busy with such parts. While on location he meets a nice sensible little country girl (Andrea Leeds) who so impresses him with her common-sense that he retitles her "Miss Humanity," installs her in Hollywood, and gives her the final word on all of his problems.

Kenny Baker as the ambitious hero who slings hamburgers while waiting for a break has several opportunities to sing. Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy get plenty of footage as hopeful actors trying to get parts. The lovely ballerina, Zorina, does striking numbers with the American Ballet of the Metropolitan Opera and also plays a temperamental star. Helen Jepson has two telling numbers, Phil Baker, Bobby Clark, Ella Logan, Jerome Cowan and The Ritz Brothers keep comedy raging at various degrees of frenzy. See it when you feel strong and hearty.

MAD ABOUT MUSIC (Universal)

Delightful little Deanna Durbin once again brings her charming talents to make a sound story seem extraordinarily appealing.

The story starts with a movie star mother (Gail Patrick) who is persuaded to keep the existence of her baby daughter a secret in the interests of her career. So the child grows up in a European school. Because her own father is dead, and because she may not mention her famous mother, she invents heroic adventures for a quite imaginary father. He is a famous explorer, she tells her fascinated schoolfellows, and shows them pictures of an intrepid gentleman in pith helmet and shorts shooting charging rhinoceros and enraged elephants.

The story is a sensational success with her best friend (Marcia Mae Jones) but another and more realistic little girl (Helen Parriss) brings to scathing attention the fact that all of the pictures are rear views.

Heckled to extreme action when the whole school follows her to the railroad station to welcome her father, Deanna picks out a complete stranger (Herbert
Marshall) who reluctantly, at first, abets her in her plot.

Later, touched by the child's predicament, he tells tall tales of his adventures to the impressed school, and to the adoringly grateful youngster.

What happens when the child turns up in Paris where her glamorous mother is on a shopping tour makes a satisfactory ending to a pretty tale. There is plenty of good singing, of course.

MERRILY WE LIVE (Hal Roach)

Mother Billie Burke had an uncontrollable passion for hiring tramps to drive the various Kilbourne cars. Father Clarence Kolb couldn't do anything about it except roar and complain. Children Constance Bennett, Tom Brown and Bonita Granville run around protesting when a whiskery individual, who really is a famous author returning from a fishing trip, is hired. Brian Aherne plays that role, so you should be able to finish the plot for yourself. Alan Mowbray as a proud and sensitive butler takes the top honors in comedy with Billie Burke a close second. Patsy Kelly has, surprisingly, a straight and quite small role as the cook. The rest of the cast works very hard and is rewarded by noticeably hearty laughter.

Hollywood Newsreel

[Continued from page 17]

maid... it's off again, on again... both Alexander d'Arcy, the Egyptian actor, and Eddie Buzzell, director, languishing in Eleanor Whitney's smokes... Claire Trevor steadfastly denying there's romance between herself and Clark Andrews, producer of the radio program on which she appears... well, mayhap there isn't... when he isn't seeing Fris- cilla Lane, to whom he is reported engaged, Wayne Morris contents himself with Lana Turner... no argument here... Frances Langford and Jon Hall a rapidly-growing romance... Frances seldom in the love news of the day, so perhaps this is serious... no longer news that Virginia Field and Vic Orsatti, and June Lang and A. C. Blishenthal a pair of interesting two-somes... but we'll mention it, anyway... this going on month after month... Carl Laemmle, Jr., reported engaged to Grace Ralston, daughter of a Savannah, Ga., theatre owner.

It is with considerable pride that we make the following statement: William Powell is a terrible actor!

All right, all right, before you start throwing things, let us explain. He's one of our favorites, too, but here's the proof.

The new game which Hollywood is playing now, to a man, is a revamp of old "Charades." You know, acting out words and expressions. As Hollywood plays it, proverbs and slogans are acted out, with the party dividing into two sides.

Well, sir, not yet has Bill Powell been able to pantomime the proverb or slogan he draws, so that anybody present in the room can possibly figure out what he is trying to do. On the screen, he is a superb actor. In the drawing room, he isn't even as good as you and you and you and I. Which should be some measure of comfort, in the event you play this game, and are unable to translate in pantomime the meaning of that which is written on the slip of paper handed you. On the other hand, so unanimated an actress as Marlene Dietrich is considered one of the most adept hands at this game in the entire colony.

A Day on the Lloyd Set

[Continued from page 18]

Dust Twins (no adv.) had just gone over from bow to stern. I don't know how much Director Nugent must have paid to use it in the picture, but it was plenty. The sun gets brighter and brighter and everyone gets feeling better and better and pretty soon Harold Lloyd comes on the boat. His left ankle, sprained a week before during a badminton game, is heavily bandaged and he limps painfully along with the aid of a cane.

In this morning's shooting he's to be tossed overboard three times from the deck of The Jasmine and Director Nugent tries to argue Harold into letting a double do the dirty work, but it's "no dice" so far as Harold is concerned.

Since Nugent sees he can't win, he
starts in telling us sailors how to give Harold a royal ducking and if you don't think I got a big thrill in helping to throw
one of the richest movie stars in Holly-
wood overboard from the deck of a $300,000 yacht you don't know your movie
extras. I'll say this for Lloyd: He never
complained once, despite the fact that
some of us, in our zeal to make the scene
as realistic as possible, grabbed him by
the injured ankle. We tossed him into
the oily, dirty water three times that
morning and he came up smiling as
though he was having the time of his life.
I think he was, at that, for if ever a star
gives the impression that he's acting for
the pure love of it, it's this same Harold
Lloyd. His enthusiasm for everything
and everybody concerned with the pic-
ture was certainly contagious for it wasn't
long until hundreds of gulls and pelicans,
flyling lazily above the harbor, began to
make three-point landings on the edge
of the terminal roof to become interested
feathered spectators of the scene below.
And there they stayed until the cameras
quit turning late that afternoon!

Raymond Walburn, cast as "Judge"
Marshall in the picture, came on deck
just as we pulled Harold out of the water
for the third time, to author the prize
nifty of the morning. "Harold," he said,
seriously, "I've been looking over the
script and find my part is so small in to-
morrow's shooting that I'll just stay home
and phone it in!"

Second honors in the prize nifty di-
vision went to none other than Direc-
tor Nugent. Dissatisfied with the way
we sailors evacuated the yacht he hatched
up a scheme with 2nd Assistant Director
George Baker, to shout "lunch is being
served off the ship!" just as the camera
began to turn. The sailor boys dashed
off the boat so fast that I got knocked
down twice before I even stepped on the
gangplank! And don't think that Direc-
tor Nugent didn't have a Joe E. Brown
smile on his face as he yelled, "Print it!"

Just before lunch, Lionel Stander who
had been playing backgammon on the
dock with Lorraine, the hairdresser, since
early morning, was called for a short se-
quence and missed the first two "takes"
because the director said his voice
sounded too sweet.

"Let's make it more like the famous
Stander growl," begged Nugent.

"Okay," said Stander, "but if my voice
isn't sandy enough this time you can
rub gravel on the negative."

It must have satisfied Nugent for he
said, "Print it!" and then gave the order
for lunch. There followed another mad
scramble but this time no sailor had a
chance to give me the boot. I slid down
a rope and was up on the dock and into
the terminal building before the chef
could say "come and get it."

A big, burly guy dressed in long-
shoreman's clothes and with a Bull
Montana face that was scarred and
marred, sat down beside me. I told him
that the make-up artist deserved a gold
medal for the plug-ugly effect he'd
rought.

"You certainly look tough," I said.

"Mister," he growled, "I AM tough! I
ain't seen a make-up artist! And I ain't
no extra, either. I been working on the
water-front for years. Just thought I'd
knock off some easy dough. Good grub,
lotsa time to loaf, good pay-yah can't
beat it, pal. Unnersta? we're gonna have
some fun this afternoon."

With that he began cutting his meat with his finger-
nail. He even put sugar cubes in his
coffee without removing the wrappers!

It was this tough guy who told me
what Professor, Beware was all about.
Cora Witherspoon had let him read her
script the day before and he was pretty
well hopped up about the plot.

Professor Dean Lambert—that's
Harold Lloyd, pal—owns nine tablets that
tell in Egyptian, the story of two Egyp-
tian lovers, Nefirus and Anebi or sompin
like that. The last tablet is busted and so
the professor can't get the end of the
story, see.

"Being a good guy, he allows some am-
bitious Hollywood extras—like you, may-
be—to put on some tableaux that sort of

Now—with the active
"Skin-Vitamin"

it NOURISHES Skin, too

A CREAM that is powder base and nouris-
shing cream in one! The new Pond's
Vanishing Cream is a revelation to many
women.

It is positively not a grease cream... It
positively does not come out again in a
"goop"... It holds your powder faithfully...
And—it contains that blessed "Skin-
vitamin" which nourishes the skin and
improves its texture!

The new Pond's Vanishing Cream with
"skinvitamin" in it is grand as ever for
melting away little roughnesses and smooth-
ing your skin for powder. And is never dry-
ing! Use it for overnight after cleansing
and in the daytime under your powder. Now

Pond's Vanishing Cream with "skinvita-

"I always did love Pond's Vanishing Cream for powder base. But
now as nourishing cream, it is too perfect for words. Such a
light, greaseless cream to use on your face at night!"

TEST IT IN 9 TREATMENTS

Pond's, Dept. 6-V8, Clifton, Conn. Rush special
tube of Pond's new "skinvitamin" Vanishing
Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with samples
of 2 other Pond's "skinvitamin" Creams and 5 dif-
ferent shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10c
to cover postage and packing.

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NOW—WITH THE ACTIVE "SKIN-VITAMIN"

IT NOURISHES SKIN, TOO

MISS MARGARET BIDDLE

"I always did love Pond's Vanishing Cream for powder base. But
now as nourishing cream, it is too perfect for words. Such a
light, greaseless cream to use on your face at night!"

SEND FOR THE NEW CREAM!

Now every jar of Pond's Vanishing Cream you buy contains
this new cream with "skinvitamin" in it. You will find it in
the same jars, with the same
labels, at the same price.

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Well, mean was I dress know We AcceptTION. use STOPPED trial Dr. disease 48 your waste Fleischmann's DrScholls blisters. BECAUSE OF housen, Zino-pads. •STOPPED greaseless athlete's Cost skin of blood, is sore every Scholl's. at the system. Thousands waste millions give eating time stream free. Get and be FREE! Free! Free! size, clearer, Foot Remedy, These get rid of trifle. Get and be FREE! Free! Free! Corns, or toes, sores, and itching. Get and be FREE! Free! Free! Anebi tell— another time! I'll say it? My partner is grinning, but he doesn't look any too happy. Someone, one, during the fifth melee, has smashed him right in the eye with a prop mallet and the way he glares I'm beginning to think he blames me. I show him my empty hands but he just keeps on glaring.

SHUNNED AT SCHOOL BECAUSE OF PIMPLES?

Take steps to free your blood of skin-defiling poisons

Stop being the victim of ugly blemishes. Don't be shunned and laughed at. Get right to the root of the trouble. It may be poisons in your blood.

Between the ages of 13 and 25, important glands are developing. These gland changes often upset your system. At the same time, waste poisons from the intestinal tract may collect in the blood stream...bubble out on your skin in disfiguring pimples.

You want to rid your blood of these skin-irritating poisons. Thousands have succeeded—just by eating Fleischmann's Yeast, 3 cakes a day. The millions of tiny, living plants in each cake help you keep these poisons out of your blood, give you clearer, smoother skin.

Many get splendid results in 30 days or less. Don't waste time and run the risk of permanently damaged skin. Start eating Fleischmann's Yeast today!
room. Then a couple of husky waiters moved in on him and assisted the "poor demented man" out of the room.

The carrot was gone down inside him. There was no evidence, then, to prove his innocence, and he had no desire for a stomach pump. So Fernand's friends, realizing he was trapped in his own joke, let him soundly suffer with the visions of a straight jacket before they finally rescued him!

"And then there was another thing, more recent. We had a friend who was the son of an auto manufacturer. One day the fellow showed up with a new, beautiful car," Fernand reminisced. "He demonstrated it repeatedly to everyone, and was horribly proud of it.

"Well, some of us slipped over to his father's factory, got to the right man, and secured a set of duplicate keys. Then we began trailing him. Several times we pulled the same stunt. He would park his car and enter a building. We would climb in and drive away. Presently he would discover the car missing, and go to phone the police. When he returned, there was the car again.

"One day—the last time we tried this little conspiracy, he was all ready for us. He entered the building as usual, but had already planted officers near the car. When we drove away in it, we were suddenly seized upon and taken into custody. Really, it was most embarrassing. I said to the officer, 'I am Fernand Gravet. I have not stolen this car. It is just a joke.' And the officer replied, 'My name is Rudolph Valentino. Come on to jail.'"

Well, no wonder they call Fernand Gravet the Parisian Playboy. He has a strong sense of the ridiculous, and can spend hours arranging some little thing which will panic the crowd. Perhaps that is how he sharpens up the amazing facility he possesses for comedy. For in Paris, even as in Hollywood, this young and handsome fellow is toasted for his great acting.

American films were never able to secure Gravet before he met Mervyn LeRoy. But after these two men got acquainted, and found themselves in so many ways kindred spirits, Fernand agreed to come to the United States for one picture a year. If you saw The King and the Chorus Girl a year ago, then you realize what an excellent guess LeRoy made in signing this young Frenchman.

Gravet, as a human being, will fool you. He almost always looks extraordinarily serious. He talks with keen facility on almost any subject you wish. He does not sound particularly humorous.

But once you get the man in action, either as an actor or as an every day personality, that delight of comedy begins to creep out in his movements, his reactions to situations. Sometimes he confounds you by being elderly in conversation for a few moments, then completely reversing his field to appear almost boyish.

In Fools for Scandal, a mad comedy such as America enjoys so much these days, Fernand gets excellent opportunities for his special brand of acting. When you add to Gravet the irrepressible Carole Lombard, it is inevitable that this picture will be full of funny, impossible and delightful situations.
If you suffer from unsightly
BLACKHEADS
-try this method thousands
have found successful

Your doctor will tell you that blackheads, pimples and other skin blemishes may be due to any one of a number of causes. But he will probably also tell you that very frequently they are caused by nothing more than failure to keep your skin really clean.

If that's the case, it's up to you on your own personal habits of cleanliness. The truth is that ordinary surface cleaners too frequently can not remove the dirt that has collected in the small skin openings. What you need is a pore-deep cleanser.

There is such a cleanser—one that has proved successful with thousands. It is Pompeian Massage Cream. You massage this cream on your face...and as it dries you massage it off. When you apply it, it is pink. When you massage it, it is grey or black—laden with pore-deep dirt and oil.

Pompeian—the original massage cream—leaves your skin clean and gloriously refreshed...looking and feeling much younger. Your face will tingle with revved circulation! Thousands who suffered from unsightly blackheads, pimples and other skin blemishes now have gloriously clean, smooth complexions. Try Pompeian Massage Cream yourself! Get a jar from your druggist, department or variety store. Or if you prefer, send 10c for a generous sized jar and booklet of helpful hints about the care of the skin (see coupon below). Then judge Pompeian for yourself!

SEND 10c FOR GENEROUS SAMPLE
The Pompeian Company, Waltham, Mass.

Enclosed is 10c. Please send me generous jar of Pompeian Massage Cream and booklet of helpful hints about the care of the skin.

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GRAY HAIR
takes on new color

(FREE Test Shows Way)

Merely comb Mary T. Goldman’s clear, water-white liquid through your hair. Gray strands take on new color. Will not wash or rub off on clothing. Hair stays soft, lustrous—takes wave or curl. This way SAFE. Sold on money-back guarantee at drug and department stores everywhere.

Test it FREE! We send Test Package. Apply to simple locks of hair from hair. Leave in hair first. No risk. No expense. Just mail coupon.

—MARY T. GOLDMAN—
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Name ____________________________
Street ____________________________
City ____________________________ State ____________________________

Color of your hair ____________________________

The haunting floral fragrance of a new cologne brings a dreamy, romantic look to the eyes of Jane Bryan, attractive Warner Brothers player, now to be seen in A Slight Case of Murder

Spring Fervor

Here are some fine first aids for that first flurry of spring fever

By ANN VERNON

Spring is here to stay. And I'm all in a fervor with spring fever. I want to get out into the open and commune with Nature. And I suspect that a lot of you do too. Probably it's no more possible for you to get out into the woods and fields than it is for me, so here's the next best thing I could think of. Take a bit of spring inside with you. Go spring-like in your make-up, your perfume, your hair-do, your dress. Get away from winter's dried-out face, heavy exotic perfumes. Go fresh with the flowers—that's my cure for spring fever.

When spring fever got me, I rushed out into the stores, and "covered" the toiletty counters. I searched out all manner of beautifiers to help make you sweet and fresh and blooming. And now, I am all set to broadcast my findings. Perk up those pink ears and listen sharp. We're on the air.

Blackheads and large pores just don't make for a flower-like face. The first step in any spring beauty program should be toward getting rid of them. To cleanse your skin, not only on the surface, but down deep in the pores too, you'll want
to try a pale golden liquid that has been on the market for these many years. Saturate a wad of cotton with it, and see how much dirt it removes from your winter weary skin. This is the dirt which clogs the pores, promotes the growth of blackheads, large pores and eventually, blossoms! Regular cleansing with this antiseptic andrefreshing cleanser clears up blackheads, allows the pores to return to their normal size, prevents the appearance of pimples. 'The tingling sen-

sation of the cleanser as it works tells you that it is toning up your sallow skin, giving you a new face with which to front the spring. A six-ounce bottle of the refreshers costs 75 cents, and a handy purse size containing two and one-half ounces retails for 35 cents. Your local toiletary counters will have it, and I'll be glad to give you the name.

Over that clean skin, goes a film of powder. And here's where my second discovery faces the light—and is not found wanting. For it's a silky face powder that is refined in such a way that the tiny particles absorb the light instead of reflecting it. In other words, your nose, your cheek bones, your forehead just can't do a beacon-light act on you. Instead of shining in the spotlight, be radiant and glowing, in all lights. This magic powder comes in four flattering shades—Flesh, Rachel, Rose Rachel and Rachel No. 2—all of them just right for Spring, 1938. A sizeable square box in a soft shade of green costs 55 cents. Do write me for the name.

Springtime and romance go together, and romantic is the word for the dreamy floral scented cologne which once was the favorite of Josephine, who became the first empress of Napoleon. The exquisite freshness of the scent breathes youth and beauty, and is a welcome change from the heavy oriental perfumes of the wintry months. It is attractively bottled in a flat, square flask, with oblong crystal stopper, and gay, flower-be-sprigged label. [Continued on page 53]

Lady, Take a Bow—Your skin deserves applause because it has been thoroughly cleansed with a pore searching liquid, softened and soothed with a milky lotion, protected from glare with light-absorbent powder.

make the MOST of this year's VACATION!

—you will if you go by

GREYHOUND

Most in Miles—the whole map of America becomes your summer playground—brought within easy reach by Greyhound—offering THREE miles of travel at the cost of ONE mile in your own car.

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When Answering Advertisements Please Mention MAY HOLLYWOOD 51
Bad breath is death to romance. And bad breath is frequently caused by constipation. Just as headaches, sleeplessness, weakness can be produced by it, or most skin blemishes are aggravated by it.

Dr. F. M. Edwards, during his years of practice, treated hundreds of women for constipation and frequently noted that relief sweetened the breath and improved well-being and vitality. For his treatment he used a vegetable compound—Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets. This laxative is gentle, yet very effective because it increases bile flow without shocking the intestinal system.

Help guard against constipation. Use Olive Tablets. At all druggists, 15¢, 30¢ and 60¢.

ECZEMA itching and burning quickly subdued and healing of the angry skin aided with Resinol Sample free Resinol A. Balto. Md.

ACROSS

| 1. Booth Tarkington character portrayed by Billy Munk | 2. Your Lady |
| 3. Miss Montague in The Jury's Secret |
| 4. First name of Mr. Dewie, seen in westerns |
| 5. Time To Marry |
| 6. Give My Life |
| 11. Willet in Exiled To Shanghai |
| 12. Mr. Abel's initials |
| 13. First name of one who portrayed a Cossack captain in Conquest |
| 20. Carole Lombard was born in ——— Wayne, Ind. |
| 21. Cassidy of ——— Twenty |
| 22. Date in February on which W. C. Fields was born |
| 23. Janet Wilson in Scandal Street |
| 24. You'll see Glenda Farrell in Blondes At Oxford |
| 25. Miss Riddon's initials |
| 26. First name of a boy actor in Scandal Street |
| 27. Randolph Scott's nickname |
| 28. Robert Taylor's screen father in A Yank At Oxford |
| 29. Merle Oberon, Miriam Hopkins and Joel McCrea were ——— Three |
| 32. Miriam Hopkins starred in ——— Girl |
| 33. Cecil Kellaway's initials |
| 34. First name of one who portrayed Crawford in The Buccaneer (1938) |
| 35. Actor's part in a motion picture |
| 36. John Mack Brown was born here (abbr.) |
| 37. The Best Man ——— the Battle |
| 38. Out for Love |
| 39. Garbo is one |
| 40. Initials of Mr. Karg |
| 41. Actor married to Grace Bradley |
| 42. Paid ——— Dance |
| 43. Mr. Knowles' initials |
| 44. Gladys Swarthout is one |
| 45. William V. |
| 47. Feminine lead in Sala soda |
| 48. Mary Pickford's husband |

DOWN

| 1. Film in which John Howard and Jean Parker played opposite |
| 2. Miss Shearer's initials |
| 3. Remember Jean Crawford in this |
| 4. ——— Chicago |
| 5. Katherine ——— Mille |
| 6. Boy actor famous for his "meaning" roles |
| 7. ——— Disney |
| 8. Sally O'Neil's film, Kathleen, was produced here (abbr.) |
| 9. Nora Lane's initials |
| 12. A comedian in She's Got Everything |
| 14. Stars ——— Arizona |
| 16. Lee Tracy starred in Capturing ——— |
| 17. Gus in Everybody's Darling |
| 19. She Married ——— Artist |
| 20. Feminine lead in All-American Sweetheart |
| 21. Online actor's reward |
| 23. He was Richards in Life of Eddie Kolm |
| 24. Her first name is Irene |
| 27. First name of Miss Stradner |
| 28. Charles Butterworth was born in South ——— Ind. |
| 29. Krazy Kat likes this beverage |
| 31. Remember ——— Mann |
| 33. To show appreciation for an actor's performance |
| 35. Review of the ——— Mounted |
| 36. Charlie Chan ——— Monte Carlo |
| 38. ——— on a Budget |
| 39. Judy Garland entertains with this in sound films |
| 41. The ——— Broadcast of 1938 |
| 42. ——— Mary Warden |
| 44. Initials of Sonja Henie's costar in Happy Landing |
| 45. ——— Boman State Out |
| 46. Initials of a boy actor in Jones Family series |

(Solution on page 62)

accept no substitutes! always insist on the advertised brand!
Spring Fervor
[Continued from page 51]

The four-ounce size costs $2.50, and I'll be glad to send you the name.

Soft hands are a must for any season, and spring, with its short sleeves and socks makes soft arms, legs that are free from chap and shine, just as much a necessity. Newly out on the market is a grand lotion that is made from milk oils allied to those in our own skins. The creamy lotion is neither too sticky, nor too greasy. It dries quickly, leaves the skin soft and smooth, and its delicate fragrance won't detract from the perfume you may be wearing. You'll find the smart squarish bottles with their gay milk-maid bedecked, cherry-red labels at your favorite toiletry counter. Write for the name.

To dress up your fingers, and make them gay for the season, you'll want some of the new shades of nail polishes. I discovered four grand ones, all from the same well known company, and all just right for wear with the new spring clothes. The first is a soft muted orchid, good for wear with navy, and all spring colors, flattering to all complexion. The next is a deeper shade of the first tone, becoming to blondes, styled to harmonize with bright shades and multi-colored prints. Third comes a shade that is almost a plum color—most exciting and different. This is the shade you'll choose for your grey, beige, pastels and blues. It will fit into your wardrobe whenever you're not wearing yellow tones. The last shade is of a different color family from the others—it's a deep red-brown that you'll like with yellow, green, beige, brown and black. This forerunner of summer will be the color to wear later to contrast with your sun-tanned skin and summer whites.

These tropical shades aren't the only news from this manufacturer. For the polish itself is of a new type, a heavier liquid that goes on evenly, easily, dries quickly with a lustrous satin-smooth, professional-looking finish. The extra coverage of this heavier polish makes for longer wear, because the polish really clings to the nail. The colors are fade and run proof. Twenty-five cents buys a bottle of any shade of this fashionable polish—a bargain, I call it. Do send for the name, because I know you'll want to try all four colors!

Does your nail polish show the slightest chip? Then whip out a polish remover, and do the nail over. It won't take a second, and you'll save the embarrassment of sitting on your hands! To make this task even quicker, come some grand little pads, saturated with polish remover. A flat compact holding about ten of them fits into your purse, ready for use at a moment's notice. Or perhaps you'll want the slightly larger size for your desk drawer, or vanity table. Both contain the same size pads, soaked with the same vitamized liquid which leaves your nails soft and smooth. Compact, 19 cents; jar, 25 cents. Want the name?

Ann Vernon is not so full of spring fever that she can't help you to become a lovelier, more glamorous, more romantic person than ever before. Write to her about your special beauty problems, or better still, send her your snapshot and a description of yourself. And don't forget to enclose a stamped (3 cents in U. S. postage), self-addressed envelope for her answer. The address is Ann Vernon, HOLLYWOOD, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

Wouldn't you, too, like to know Hollywood's make-up secret?

"Most girls," say famous screen stars, "could easily be more attractive, more beautiful, if they knew the secret of color harmony make-up created by Hollywood's Make-Up Genius, Max Factor." It consists of powder, rouge and lipstick in harmonized shades to emphasize the loveliness of blonde, brunette, brownie and redhead. Try it, and enjoy the thrill of new beauty. Note coupon for special make-up test.

Max Factor Hollywood

Mail for POWDER, ROUGE AND LIPSTICK IN YOUR COLOR HARMONY

MAX FACTOR, Max Factor's Make-Up Studio, Hollywood

Send me box of Powder and Rouge Sampler of my color harmony shade (the Lipstick Color Sampler, that shades. 1 color in each flat package and shading. Also send me my Color Harmony Make-Up, Max Factor's Famous Instruction Book, "The Max Art of Fancy Face" 15c.

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Address: ___________________________

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When Answering Advertisements Please Mention May HOLLYWOOD
“Kidnapped” Gets Under Way

Robert Louis Stevenson’s tale of rousing adventure in Scotland of two centuries ago comes to life on the screen

“I’ll dangle him from a gibbet!”
The Duke of Argyle, brought to life in all of his austerity by C. Aubrey Smith, is speaking, and he mines no words when it comes to the Scot rebel (Warner Baxter) who swings a bloody cutlass like a last Slayer, rides a horse like a Cisco Kid, and fingers the trigger of a flintlock like a Robin Hood of El Dorado.

Stevenson’s Kidnapped fits the Homeric Baxter pattern. The shadow of the gibbet haunts Alan Brek’s trail. The Red Coats from London almost trap him time and again. He cuts his way through a mob of murderous ruffians with a cutlass. In the end, though, a girl’s kisses cheat both the gallows and the English dragoons.

The time of Stevenson’s yarn is the early eighteenth century. The Act of the Union between England and Scotland was ratified in 1707, uniting those countries, and into the lowlands and highlands of the Scotsmen swarmed the King’s tax collectors, followed by the Red Coats.

The rugged, independence-loving Scots tolerated these, since they made better targets than grouse for sniping parties! But when England passed a law forbidding the clansmen from wearing kilts, that was an insult. What was a Scot without a kilt? Not by a dey sight were they going to wear knee pants!

And when such tax collectors as the hawk-nosed Red Fox started seizing bagpipes in lieu of coins, it was high time for Alan Breck to start his swashbuckling on a grand scale. He rallied the angry clansmen, in their jerkins and cow-hides, in the great square at Edinburgh, and they swore themselves to drive the cursed English out of the moors and bogs of the land.

Hollywood “kidnapped” a convincing bit of the heather for Alan Breck and David Balfour. In Laurel canyon of the Hollywood hills rose a Scot village of stone-walled, thatched-roofed cottages that rambled over the countryside.
branching away from a village square of ale houses, stage coach taverns, shop builders and a fish market.

Above all else, the fish market provided a convincing touch. A "prop" man who believed in realism hung up California’s best in sea foods there, and after four days of "shooting" on the location site, the fish hawkers’ wares recked to high heaven. Even Baxter confessed that that was too much of high adventure. Since the fish, though, were already in the picture, they couldn’t be taken away without causing a movie boner. They stayed, smell and all, offset somewhat by huge incense burners that were spotted about in the square. Between scenes, most of the players took to the hills.

It remained for Master Bartholomew to get the point of the realistic settings better than others in the cast. While Alfred Werker, the director, was shooting inside a dark, dull and musty cottage, the young star climbed on top of a roughly-hewed table for a scene.

"Move over about three feet," said Werker. Boy-like, Freddie slid the distance, picking up a flock of splinters on the way! Production was delayed for an hour while the studio physician extracted them.

Research scholars assembled more than 1,500 sketches of life in the Scotland of two centuries ago before a single set was built. Besides the village of some 29 cottages and dingy-plastered buildings, the studio re-created old Balfour castle, a dark, ghostly tower where the cobweb of the movies, Jess Wolf, could play his heart’s content. In case you’re interested in statistics, he spun two miles of artificial cobwebs, squirting thin strands of rubber cement out of a gadget of his own invention.

Stevenson’s famous boat, “The Covenant,” too, took form in hulk, masts and rigging, costing $40,000. A two-masted brig, “The Covenant,” was built by Chris Christensen who sets sails to virtually every vessel that rocks over the celluloid deeps.

Flagons, spinning wheels and lanterns were scattered everywhere on the sets, and even a copy of Despaher’s Latin grammar was resurrected from an attle in Scotland for a school scene in the picture.

Equally important to the research workers, though, as the cottages and windjammers, was the spirit of the day. In that era, the Scots were a rough, wild lot who liked their ale and wine and their mutton broth. To forget their poverty and the dreariness of their dark, dank homes, they led a rolstering life.

Their women weren’t the pampered, be-powdered ladies of the Paris of that day. They were pretty, buxom girls who knew their own minds. They were spit-fires who put dashes of temperament into otherwise prosaic lives.

Arleen Whelan plays such a girl. By coincidence, she meets Warner Baxter as he is riding through the country. She decides that he is the man for her and she sets about to make him love her, even though she has to resort to stormy scenes to do it.

"Did you ever see a redhead who couldn’t get mad?" asked the "discovery," who was Irish Killarney. "No girl starting in the movies ever had a better role given her. I get to show my sweeter self as well as the devilment in me. I think I like the devilish side better—but then, wouldn’t any redhead?"

The part is a weighty one, in more than just acting. She wears twelve underskirts for many of the sequences!

After being "discovered" by H. Bruce Humberstone, the movie director, in a beauty parlor where she had been a manicurist for two years, Arleen Whelan was tucked away by 20th Century-Fox in its drama school before being brought forth for Kidnapped.

Although born in Salt Lake City, she has spent most of her life in Los Angeles where her father owns a small electrical shop. She sings well enough to warble a Scottish ballad for the picture, plays the organ and piano, tap dances, and aspires to comedy of the Carole Lombard kind. She is 21, and without any “steady dates”

---

**How Do Movie Stars Keep in Shape?**

**They Fight Fatigue by Keeping Weight Down and Energy Up**

Energy-yielding foods fortify the body against fatigue. Baby Ruth, the big, delicious candy bar, is a concentrated energy food; it is rich in pure Dextrose, called “muscle” sugar by doctors. And pure Dextrose is utilized by the body as energy, when needed, rather than stored as fat. That’s why Baby Ruth is the preferred candy of movie stars, athletes, active people everywhere. It’s chock-full of energizing goodness.

*CURTISS CANDY CO., OTTO SCHNEIDER, Pres.\nCHICAGO, ILLINOIS*
although she goes with Bill Faye, brother of Alice Faye, more often than with anyone else.

"I haven't been able to sleep well since the miracle happened," she admitted, speaking in a soft, girlish voice which is reminiscent of Janet Gaynor's. "Imagine being transformed from an $16-a-week manicurist to an actress!"

Although often likened to Miss Gaynor, she stands a head taller than the star and her auburn hair is of a lighter shade. She is also often compared to another famous redhead, Clara Bow, though she is slender and green-eyed. The make-up artists took turns trying to turn her into either another Gaynor or Bow, and they even attempted a Loretta Young make-up, just to be different, but they finally gave up. Arleen Whelan looks like Arleen Whelan, and that's that.

In the story, Warner and Arleen drift together on a brigantine, where they come across Freddie. The brig turns out to be a smuggling ship, running human prey from Scotland to the Americas, and that is where the "kidnapped" part of Stevenson's story comes in.

Those kidnappers of two centuries ago make the "snatch" racketeers of today look like mollycoddles. The "press gangs," as they were called, built kidnapping into a wholesale business. Seldom in history has there been such an era of terrorism.

In connivance with politicians, gangs of men roamed the countryside, seizing boys in their early teens from the highways and shipping them to the plantations in the Americas, where they sold them for $60 or $70 apiece into virtual slavery. The press gangs even grew so bold that they would steal youngsters from their beds at night. Mothers were afraid to let their children out of their sight.

Incidentally, it was an efficient way of getting rid of a war orphan. All that the disgruntled husband needed to do was to pay a gang to spirit her aboard a ship where she was locked up until the vessel set sail.

"The case of Peter Williamson was typical of the times," pointed out Kenneth Macgowan, associate producer for the film. "Peter was 11 years old when he was snatched from a street corner in Edinburgh, shipped to the West Indies and sold for sixteen pounds.

"His parents, of course, started a search for him. They knew what had happened, but their appeals to the authorities fell on deaf ears. The officials were sharing in the graft and they protected the press gangs that paid off.

"After working on plantations for many years, always held in servitude because of the debts he supposedly owed, he escaped and returned to Scotland. He put his case before the courts of the land where promptly found him guilty of keeping calumny on the heads of the authorities!"

"It isn't known how many boys were kidnapped and shipped out to work on the plantations but the number doubtless ran into the hundreds and possibly the thousands before the trade was suppressed.

Into the hands of such a gang, Freddie Bartholomew falls prey. Because he is the rightful heir to the Castle of Balfour, his sinister, hard-bitten uncle, played by Miles Mander, wants him out of the way, and he's paying the skipper of "The Covenant" (Reginald Owen) a few pounds to take Freddie to the Americas where Owen can sell him to the plantations and collect a few more pounds of blood money.

Miles Mander, by the way, is the movie director who gave Master Bartholomew his first role, a part in the British picture, Fascination, which was filmed in London in 1933. The now famous Aunt Cissy Bartholomew had gone from studio to studio and stage to stage trying to find a "break" for Freddie and was becoming discouraged when Mander cast him for Fascination. As a tribute of their appreciation to the Britisher, young Bartholomew and his aunt insisted that he be given a role in Kidnapped.

Ralph Forbes and John Carradine are playing roisterous, desperate clamsmen serving as aids to Baxter. Nigel Bruce, as father to Arleen Whelan, is the only Scotman in the cast—and they had to tone down his burr so that Americans could understand what he is saying!

Other celebrated characters in Stevenson's tale are brought to life by E. E. Clive, Mary Gordon, Halliwell Hobbes, Arthur Hohl, Moroni Olsen, and Eily Malyon.

While the tale marks the return to swashbuckling for Baxter, it passes off another milestone for young Freddie, who is now at a critical age for a movie youngster. Because of litigation over his salary, it has been a year since he was before the cameras. Not since Captains Courageous has he been on a movie set.

Since that time, he has grown an inch and three quarters, and he considers that he "owes" over his aunt, standing an inch taller than she. His voice is deeper than it was, and he believes himself definitely to be "the man of the family." He hopes to grow to manhood as an actor, but just in case something happens, he is studying pre-law courses, being now in the second year of high school.
Love Without Words

[Continued from page 36]

saying... My bank had an international department, where French was spoken. I used to go down there just to remember what a chat was like...

"I was asked to sing for an Easter benefit. Alma and her family attended. Afterward, I met them and the old gentleman said, "Will you have some lunch with us?" Singers don't eat before they sing; I was famished; I could have eaten raw dog. But 'lunch'—in my dictionary—meant just one thing: 'noonday meal.' I had a luncheon appointment for the next day. I told him I couldn't come. Where was I supposed to change my clothes and go out to eat? Alone? Yes. But why couldn't I have lunch with them? Again, I explained I had an appointment. The old gentleman threw up his hands, and said, 'Goodnight.' I went home, changed my clothes, then ate alone. Wishing I could have been with Alma.

Two days later, Alma told me, 'My father was bewildered the other night because you wouldn't come home with us.' That was the first I knew that I could have.

"She took me to see places. One day, I wanted to take her, instead. I had heard about a very nice French restaurant on Staten Island. I asked her how we would get there. She said, 'Ferry boat.' I caught the word 'boat.' I thought of a big steamer. When we came to the place to pay, I handed the man a twenty-dollar bill. He looked as if he couldn't kill me. He started mumbling and counting out handfuls of change. I know now he must have been cursing me. So much the population standing in line behind me—and muttering, too. I saw Alma's face reddening. She asked if I had any silver. She picked out a dime. 'That's all the boat costs,' she said. 'Ah—my God!' I said. He claps his hand to his head as he must have done that day.

"But that was not the prize. This is not a joke, I swear it. It actually happened. I asked Alma one day, 'How would you like to go to Niagara Falls with me?' We-ell, she didn't know. I said, 'Oh, but it will not take long. We will go in a cab.' She told me that to go to Niagara Falls people had to go on a train—had to start one day and wouldn't get there till the next. 'But it is in New York, isn't it?' I asked, puzzled. Then she had to tell me that the New York I knew was a city, but beyond was another New York, a state. She showed me a map. I was very embarrassed. I said, 'Excuse me. I didn't know.' But if the old gentleman had heard my invitation to his daughter—? I shudder.

Alma Wolfe did not sing, as he did—but: 'She loved music. That was a bond. Anyone can understand the language of music, if he listens. Eyes can speak an international language, too. They can tell thoughts. So can hands. In our case, they had to.' He smiles, in reminiscence. "It was, for a very long time, a—a love without words.

"Because of Alma I stayed in America. But it was three years before we could be married. I couldn't make enough money. I had strange adventures in American opera. I didn't get paid. It was a very nice gesture, giving me I. O. U's for salary. But I couldn't eat them. I finally sold a handful of them to my agent for fifty cents—and became an actor.

"That," he smiles, "would never have happened if I hadn't fallen in love when I did, and with the girl I did."

Yes, he still is married to the same girl, and they have two boys, of whom Eduardo said, horrified, when he first saw himself on the screen, 'They will hate me. They will never speak to me again.' But the Cianni family, like all the Cianni-family-connected moviegoers, did not confuse Trock Estrella with Eduardo. He rates as high at home today as he is likely to rate throughout the movie world tomorrow.

---

The Secret of Making People Like You!

Many find it hard to make friends, and seldom have good times. Some are not attractive-looking and haven't the pep that seems popular. Many find it hard to get along, even at home. Thousands of formerly shy, haggard, thin, and unattractive people have done it—BETTER OFF—like others. Read below how it is done and how to get this fascinating, helpful book.

SKINNY? THOUSANDS GAIN 10 TO 25 POUNDS THIS EASY WAY

NEW IRONIZED YEAST ADDS POUNDS — gives thousands natural pleasing curves!

IF your figure is too thin—flat and bony where there should be curves; if your skin is unhealthy-looking, if your hair perishes fast and ragged—there's no need to despair. Thousands have gained 10 to 25 pounds of unusually attractive body—rewarded their skin to normal beauty—gained new pep and popularity in a few weeks—with these new Ironized Yeast Tablets.

You see, scientists have discovered that many are thin and unhealthy only because they don't get enough Vitamin B and Iron in their daily food. Without these you may lack appetite and not get the needed body-building good out of what you eat. Now you can get these exact missing elements in this new Ironized Yeast. It's made from powdered yeast, one of the richest sources of health-building Vitamin B. This is highly concentrated and then combined in a new formula with pasteurized English ale yeast and three kinds of bread-strengthening iron. Try Ironized Yeast tablets without risking a cent. Get them from your druggist today. If you are not delighted within two weeks, your money will be immediately refunded. Start today.

Special Offer

Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast at once, cut out and send in this card and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book, "New Facts About Your Body," Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 235, Atlanta, Ga.
WHEN A BRIDE HAS A CAREER

Even the busiest of stars must find time to give orders to the cook. Here is how one of them combines a career with the kitchen problems

By BETTY CROCKER

Jeanette MacDonald is one of the busiest girls in Hollywood, yet she must also run a kitchen and feed a hungry husband, just like many another bride.

How she does it and still manages to make hit pictures like Girl of the Golden West, sing on the radio, keep appointments with her voice teacher, and goodness knows how many other activities required of her, proves that even a career girl can have an efficient household if she puts her mind to it.

So for this month's culinary class, let's take up the cooking problems of the working wife and go into Mrs. Gene Raymond's kitchen for some ideas.

"When Gene and I married," Jeanette told me, "we knew that two careers in the same family would require careful planning at home. Every wife who carries on her own career, even if it takes only a few hours daily, knows that husbands must be fed and a house well managed if all is to be serene and happy."

"So the first thing we did was to go into the kitchen and list our cooking likes and dislikes. Fortunately, we both had similar tastes, as we discovered when we combined our lists as a guide for our cook.

"It's amazing how this guide has simplified matters so that the kitchen seems to run itself, with the minimum of attention from me."

Jeanette opened a kitchen cupboard. This was the guide, thumbtacked to the door:

BREAKFAST

Cereal. Fresh fruit (peaches, nectarines, figs, apricots) Stewed fruits. Baked apple. Hot milk, or weak tea.

The coffee is always just right in the home of Jeanette MacDonald and Gene Raymond, and for the very good reason that she has learned how to combine two careers efficiently.
LUNCH

Potato Soup* or any home-made soup, using maggi sauce instead of meat, and including any assortment of vegetables. Green salad, French dressing. Hot rolls or bread if no potatoes on menu. Never meat for lunch.

DINNER

Meat: Any kind except pork or duck. Liver and sweetbreads* our favorite; next, tongue or grilled ground round steak.
Mushrooms: broiled in meat juice. Eggplant: our favorite vegetable, prepared any way.
Other vegetables: carrots occasionally string beans, limas, green peas, baked squash. Never creamed vegetables. Always prepare Hollandaise sauce when serving broccoli.
Potatoes: baked, mashed, creamed, steamed or buttered.
Desserts: Devil's food cake* our special favorite.
Other desserts: Apple snow pudding, apple crisp, gelatine, baked apple, prune whip, fresh fruit tarts*.

*See recipes

"Why, every working wife ought to make a list of 'does and don'ts' like that," I exclaimed. "It should be easy to prepare meals with that guide."

"Exactly," smiled Jeannette. "When we're both in the midst of picture work, we practically live on soup. Cook dices a number of vegetables and lets the pot simmer all day. Potato soup, our favorite, is practically a meal in itself.

"Our favorite entree for dinner is a dish of sweetbreads, parboiled, on thick slices of ham. For dessert, we share a positive mania for devil's food cake. Fresh fruit tarts, you'll notice, are another favorite, or baked apples, cooked in sugar with flour and butter.

"And all are really easy to make if you follow a good kitchen tested recipe carefully."

Meanwhile, their affable cook, Margaret, was bringing out recipes from a neat card container for me to copy. Let's start with:

**FREE RECIPES**

Fill in this coupon and send it to BETTY CROCKER, Hollywood Magazine, 1501 Broadway, New York City, and she will send you her own tested recipes for cakes and cookies for your kitchen scrapbook.

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Potato Soup

2 cups milk
1 cup cooked potato
1 tbsp. grated carrot
1 tbsp. scraped onion
2 tbsp. butter
2 tbsp. all purpose flour
1 tsp. salt
Celery salt
Pepper

Method: 1. Heat milk in top of double boiler. 2. While milk is heating, rub cooked potato (either mashed or boiled) through a coarse sieve and measure. 3. Heat grated carrot and onion in the butter and blend in the flour. (Do not allow them to brown.) 4. Then stir into hot milk, and add potato, salt, pepper and celery salt. 5. Cook in double boiler 20 minutes, stirring occasionally. 6. Serve

NOTE: You can use celery leaves in place of the celery salt if you have them, and then take them out before serving the soup. It's nice to add a little minced parsley as you serve the soup.

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Fresh Fruit Tarts

Peel and stone 9 to 12 fresh apricots or 3 or 4 large peaches. Cut in slices and add sugar to sweeten (about 1/2 cup). Drip the juice from 1 orange over the apricots and sugar (about 1/2 cup orange juice) or drip the juice of a lemon over the peaches and sugar. Place in refrigerator to chill 2 or 3 hours. Brown on pan in oven 1 cup blanched whole almonds. Shave the toasted almonds in paper-thin strips. Take apricots or peaches from refrigerator. Drain and combine with the almonds. Pipe into baked tart shells, and top each tart with a spoonful of whipped cream. A few of the almond slices may be reserved to garnish the top of the whipped cream.

Fresh Pineapple Tarts: To 1 cup fresh pineapple cut in small pieces, add enough granulated sugar to sweeten. Set in refrigerator to chill 2 or 3 hours. Drain juice from pineapple and fold into sweetened whipped cream. (Use 1 cup whipped cream then when it is whipped fold in 4 tbsp. confectioner's sugar.) Pipe the pineapple-filled cream into tart shells and garnish each tart with a stoned fresh cherry. (The cherry can be filled with a nut.) Maraschino cherries can be used in place of fresh cherries.

Berry Tarts: Wash and hull 1 quart strawberries, raspberries, or blackberries and add enough sugar to sweeten. Pile sweetened berries immediately into baked tart shells. Garnish each tart with sweetened whipped cream and serve immediately.
Help Kidneys Don't Take Drastic Drugs.
Si thought he was getting a sounding-board for his own jokes and Joan was equally deluded. When they met at rehearsal, they gasped. Here was Sid Hopkins and her masculine version, the Country Pumpkin. What they thought was going to be for worse, turned out for the better, and five months later, almost to the day, they had acquired the mother's punch, slide and fall with side-splitting results.

It was Beverley who changed her parents' plan. Well and good to talk about theatrical children who are born and raised in a trunk. This child's parents decided that a baby needed a permanent home. California, where they had lived, seemed to be the logical choice for a settling spot. And then, of course, there were pictures.

In New York Joan had been approached by scouts, made to promise that she would take tests when she was out in Hollywood. Well, now she was in Hollywood! In 1936 the executive who had insisted that Joan give his studio first call on her services had gone from there to somewhere else, and the screen tests didn't materialize. It was tough going for a while. The Hollywood agent for Wills and Davis tore his hair, shouted and ranted, and pleaded with studio scouts, producers and directors to give Si and Joan a chance to show their wares. But their indifference could be cut with a knife.

Producers figured that a punch on the jaw of a comedy lady couldn't possibly spell a knockout at the box-office.

A personal friend of Joan's was responsible for her first real break in pictures. Ray McCauley was directing Millions in the Air. He insisted that Joan be cast in the role of an amateur at a tryout.

After the preview of this, Joan knew for certain that the three Wills would reside in California permanently. The scouts who had sniffed at her act fell over themselves to ring her dorbell, but Twentieth Century-Fox got her there first.

They gave her a featured comedy role in Jane Withers' The Holy Terror and Joan was a holy howl. "Now," thought Joan, "I'm in pictures. I can settle back and not pay for my laughs with suffering. No more bums on my jaw; no more lumps on my lip."

Not that she planned to go high tragedy and play a Mrs. Hamlet. She planned to keep on making them laugh, but in a lady-like manner. But it didn't work that way at all.

Joan took a little punch at herself and the electricians laughed until they almost fell off their perches. She took one of her long-legged slides and the prop men became helpless with hysteries. She made a mis-step in a scene, fell flat on her back, got up, dusted herself off with a nevermind gesture, and the director, cameraman and producer all shrieked in chorus—"That's colossal; that's stupendous. Do it again!"

But that was an accident," Joan remonstrated, "and it hurts to fall."

"But it's funny—it's the funniest thing we've seen—it's got to stay in!" Everybody shouted.

And stay in, it did as a gag in that first picture. And stay in it has since in all the others.

Since then Joan has taken, by actual count, almost a thousand falls. She landed in the hospital a couple of times when she gave too much of her all for her art, and today she looks forward with yearning to the time when she will no longer have to be black and blue for the sake of her profession.

Joan is getting a little tired of laughing with tears in her eyes.

The team of Wills and Davis is still in existence, even though you see only Joan on the screen. When Joan gets a script, she takes it home and puts on a private show of her routines for Si. She can gauge to exactitude the sourness or sweetness of her comedy by the height to which Si's eyebrows elevate themselves. "Not so good?" asks Joan. Si will shake his head. Not so good. And then he'll do a carbon copy of Joan and she can see herself reflected in everything Si does.

Joan, in contrast to her lumpy, gusty, up-rushy antics on the screen, is a quiet-spoken, gentle person. Her red-brown hair and green eyes, her nice assemblage of features and a figure which would do any bathing suit a lot of good, would entitle her to glamour-gal roles if she weren't so precious to producers who want their pictures to make money.

Currently, Joan's presence in the cast seems to be a guarantee of the well-being of any production. Joan touches wood or fingers a dilapidated coin purse when she speaks of Hollywood and her career.

There is a story attached to that worn-fore-wear purse. She bought it while appearing in a New Orleans theater. On the same day, she went out to the race-track and placed a two dollar bet on a two horse parley and won $445. The new purse bulged with bills. It's down to the lining now, but Joan still carries it with her for luck. Even at the swank Tocadaco, when she is rigged out in her best bib-and-tucker, she calmly puts it on the table to the bewilderment of the so-correct waiters. Perhaps the magic of that purse will some day work further and graduate Joan from the self-punching class.

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When Answering Advertisements Please Mention May HOLLYWOOD
The King Returns to His Throne

(Continued from page 27)

trousers from time to time. To this day he does not like the average sample of the canine species. But he has a high regard for jays.

"Hoosegows? Now you're discussing a subject close to this heart of mine," he said with a reminiscent gleam coming into his eyes. "The first time I got pinched was in Norristown, Pa. We were traveling upon the rods, free of fare, intent upon reaching our next destination. The train stopped and there was a commotion up in front. My nosey partner wanted to see what was happening.

"I wandered up the roadbed to where a group of fellow tramps were standing. When we arrived, we were greeted by a dick and two guns. Presently we all found ourselves locked up in a convenient "kick-car" shack by the side of the tracks.

"The guardian of the law paced up and down without. Meanwhile a board somehow found its way loose from the floor, revealing a convenient exit via the rear.

"We all sped into the bleary night. Suddenly someone made a noise. It might have been I. The law took after us. A bullet sped by (thought I). It probably was a mile above us. But I made a dive for my nosy friend's heels, and we sprawled.

"Then I gasped, Tahell with all this. I wanna live."

They spent that night in the Norristown bastille. The next morning the great W. C. Fields staged a superb act at the unheard of hour of nine o'clock. He told the judge a sob story about rushing to the side of his ailing mother in Broad- brook, N. J. And the judge turned him loose. His pal wasn't so good at this sort of an act, so Fields did a doubleheader and cried the "dumb Dutchman" out of jail, too.

Wandering down the street, Fields felt the pangs of hunger. Passing a bakery shop, he noticed a clock which was easily read from without. Nonetheless, a

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If you suffer with attacks of Asthma so terrible you choke and gasp for breath, if restful sleep is impossible because of the struggle to breathe, if you feel the disease is slowly wearing your life away, don't fail to send at once to the Frontier Asthma Co. for a free trial of a remarkable method. No matter where you live or whether you have any faith in any remedy under the Sun, send for this free trial. If you have suffered a lifetime, and tried everything you could learn of without success, even if you are utterly discouraged, do not abandon hope but send today for this free trial. It will cost you nothing.

Address Frontier Asthma Co., 112-C, Frontier Bldg., 462 Niagara St., Buffalo, N. Y.

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This Old Treatment Often
Brings Happy Relief

Many sufferers relieve nagging backache quickly, once they discover the real cause of their trouble may be a pinched kidney.

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Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning shows there may be something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

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For Gray Hair

invertising Brand!
he stepped inside, grabbed a pie and slipped it under his coat, then asked the time. Before he got the answer, he felt something slipping. Looking down, he was mortified to note he had selected a custard pie. Mr. Fields took it in the lam. Norristown never again enjoyed his talents.

"Do you like sports, Mr. Fields?" I inquired. "Outdoor sports, such as swimming?"

W. C. twirled his cane and replied. "You might call me a hunter. Specializing on birds. Jail birds. I have encountered them over this entire continent. And found some rare species. In fact, although I am—and always have been perfectly innocent—it is highly probable that I have captured the finest hoosegows in the world. Including Bolivia, and Scandinavia. In the days of my youth, fighting frequently brought me into the pinions of the law."

We didn't know he had been a pupilist, and said so.

"If wasn't one," he replied. "Invariably I would strike, and then my opponent would strike. Occasionally it would happen that he struck first—and I seldom struck back. The officers of the law seldom picked up my adversary. Invariably they picked me up—off the ground. Indeed, I was the innocent victim of many a brawl."

"There was that time in Germany, for instance. I knew very little of the language, but I heard a native say, as my friend and I sat down in an establishment, 'Anybody can tell those fellows are foreigners, because they look so stupid.'"

"We were eating apple cake with whipped cream. Ah, that was a delicious dish. Especially when pronounced in German. I told my friend across the table what had been said. He took one look at the whipped cream, picked up a handful of it, and threw it. When my friend was finally able to make his escape, I remained behind to foot the bill. There was some delay, but eventually it came, accompanied by a fine German officer of the law. I was cast in the dungeons pending a court hearing."

"And what happened then?" we asked. "I was fined twenty-one marks. Twenty marks in cash, and one black mark against the family escutcheon."

W. C. was enjoying his reminiscence. He leaned back in his chair, chewed on an unlit cigar, and sipped of a glass of sarsaparilla. "Did you ever break your leg?" he asked irreverently. "And then, right when it got well, you stumbled and busted your arm? No? Well, neither did I, but things happen like that sometimes. With me it was rails. And I was always innocent!"

"For instance, that time in London. I encountered a noted confidence man at a bar. We walked out in the street together while I inquired how his business was going. Then we encountered a Bobbie, who made an insulting suggestion that we move on.

"He treated me like I was a disputable hobo, although I wore a new suit. I protested mildly, and was shoved flat on my face in the mud. So I arose to my full wrath and punched him in the jaw."

Fields mentioned the matter with the reverence due such an occasion. "And then he socked me and blew a whistle. Several bobbies laid hands on me roughly, and incidentally my companion. London fogs are not pleasant as viewed from a jail window. My confidence-man friend finally got a lawyer and we were brought before the bar of justice. It cost my friend three pounds. And it cost me three pounds and one mark—a dark blue one just beneath the right orb."

"My friend settled the debt for six pounds—by check. I later paid him my three in cash. Then I heard his check bounced and the police were on our trail. Regretfully I arranged my itinerary to include a quick trip to the United States."

"You've traveled a great deal, haven't you?" we questioned him.

"Between jail stops, yes. I was in Africa twice. Once in '03 and again in 1913."

"Lion hunting?" we suggested.

"No suh. I was in pursuit of the elusive dough. A very dear thing in any man's heart. I was not disappointed. Although I did not discover any diamond fields, the public seemed pleased to discover W. C. Fields."

"I have traveled from the Arctic regions to the Antipodes. Some of my exploits in Bolivia you may have heard on the radio. I shall not repeat them here."

The reminiscent mood was interrupted by the arrival of Ted Reed, a director associated with Mitchell Leisen, who walked in to find out what the Maestro planned for the next day's shooting on The Big Broadcast. The scene that followed is a swell tip-off on the way Fields ad lib his nonsense.

"Well, let's see," said the bumbling Mr. Fields. "Ah yes, I have it. Right here in my vest pocket. Listen to this."

He pulled out a sheet of paper which contained a skeleton plot of the sequence to come. He had conceived it only a few hours before our meeting. It called for the director to shoot a picture of wild geese on the wing.

"Where do we get the geese, and how do we photograph them?" Reed remarked hopefully.

"Ah, my fine-haired friend. That's your problem. I merely invent the business. You produce it."

Reed shook his head sadly. "That's going to be tough. You always invent the worst ones at the last minute. What about the dialogue? Have you written it?"

"Of course not!" Mr. Fields looked inured. "Am I that wasteful of my talents and time? Tomorrow, when the time comes, the words will, too—I hope."

That's the way he talks, and that's the way he works. Forty years of stardom finds W. C. Fields just as alert, and probably funnier than ever. His long illness left him with a burning ambition to do more than ever in the years ahead—and you're going to see him do it. Indeed, the King has returned to his throne.

When answering advertisements please mention May Hollywood.
Millions for Insurance

[Continued from page 40]

cent of the rank and file, have taken precaution against low suits emanating from the vagaries of their respective poches. Douglas Montgomery owns a pair of heavily insured Irish Wolfhounds, said to be the largest dogs known to dogdom. Their bones are too weak for their weight and break on the slightest provocation, therefore they are insured against such a catastrophe.

Foy Wray's expressive hands are insured against injury.

Shirley Ross has insured the pitch of her voice. If it changes, the company pays off.

Chatting with Buck Jones in the theatre lobby after the preview of his latest picture Headin' East, he told me a funny one. Speaking of insurance, (of course it goes without saying Buck signs a good-sized premium check for Silver, his famous horse) he asked me if I knew that producers of Western pictures protect themselves against rustling. It seems that this form of thievery still flourishes. Good roads and high-powered trucks give the cattle thieves a hard time to a touch of the gangster. When a company goes out on location all the livestock used in the picture is fully covered by another of filmland's odd insurance policies.

Studios not only make their stars present of certain types of policies, but fans have been known to send favorite players paid-up policies. Edgar Kennedy recently received one which protects his bald head — if another hair grows on Kennedy's pate he can collect. (I'd take a bet on that one, myself!) Basil Rathbone carries insurance covering accidents at sea. He is, like Leslie Howard, a commuter between Hollywood and London.

One wisecracking director suggested Howard should insure himself against becoming lost at wrong moments. The English actor is the bane of every director's life because of his habit of disappearing just as the cameras are set. He is generally found with his nose in a book, or talking pipes or polo with a fellow player, oblivious to the shouts, nay, almost screams, of the assistant director, whose job it is to produce the star when wanted.

Insurance companies are as prissy as a mid-Victorian chaperone when it comes to morals. To get top coverage and low rates, one must walk the chalk line. Stars who burn the candle at both ends are liable to find themselves outside the benefits of insurance altogether.

Another requisite of the insurance companies is that you tell your right age — and no fooling!

A story still told when old-timers get together is that of the waterlogged hogs.

During the making of a picture featuring Helen Keller, the script called for a herd of swine. The property man made
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...airy styles with extra support!

$6.75 to $7.75
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Remember, too, that every Lucky Strike gives you the throat protection of the exclusive process, “It’s Toasted.” This process removes certain harsh irritants present in all tobacco, and makes Lucky Strike a light smoke—easy on your throat.
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The use of chewing gum gives your mouth, teeth and gums better exercise. Beech-Nut Oralgene is specially made for this purpose. It is firmer, “chewier” and gives your mouth the exercise it needs.

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"PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

ANN: "Hello, Jane. Well, the laugh's on me—there's a tinge of 'pink' on my tooth brush. What do I do now?"
JANE: "See your dentist, pronto. Cheer up, my pet—maybe it's nothing serious!"
ANN: "Good heavens, I hope not. What did Dr. Bowen tell you?"
JANE: "Mine was a plain case of gums that practically never work—I eat so many soft foods. Believe me, I've been using Ipana with massage ever since. It's made a world of difference in the looks of my teeth and smile!"
ANN: "You make good sense, darling. Guess there's just one thing to do—find out what Dr. Bowen tells me..."

Don't let "Pink Tooth Brush" ruin your smile

When you see "pink tooth brush" see your dentist. You may not be in for serious trouble, but let him decide. Usually, he'll tell you that yours is merely another case of neglected gums. Because so many modern foods are creamy and soft, they fail to give our gums the exercise they need. That's why so many dentists today advise "the healthful stimulation of Ipana with massage."

For Ipana, with massage, is especially designed to help the gums as well as clean the teeth. Each time you brush your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana into your gums. As circulation increases within the gum tissues, gums tend to become firmer, healthier.

Play safe! Change today to Ipana and massage. Help your dentist help you to sounder gums—brighter teeth—a lovelier smile!

DOUBLE DUTY—Perfected with the aid of over 1,000 dentists, Rubberset's Double Duty Tooth Brush is especially designed to make gum massage easy and more effective.

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

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NEXT MONTH
You'll laugh over the adventures which led to one of her most devoted friends calling Joan Crawford "crazy"! Watch for the new issue, on the stands June 10. You can tell it by the striking cover which shows Robert Taylor in a natural-color off-stage shot made during the filming of Three Comrades. DON'T MISS IT!
Out of the inferno of war came three men and a woman—to live their lives, to strive for happiness, to seek love... The most heart-touching romance of our time, brilliantly re-created upon the screen, from the world-renowned novel by the author of "All Quiet on the Western Front".

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YOUNG

in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's Vivid Drama of Today

Three Comrades

with GUY KIBBEE • LIONEL ATWILL • HENRY HULL

A FRANK BORZAGE Production • A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture
Directed by FRANK BORZAGE • Produced by Joseph L. Mankiewicz
Screenplay by F. Scott Fitzgerald and Edward E. Paramore
with

ERROL FLYNN

OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND • BASIL RATHBONE • CLAUDE RAINS

PATRIC KNOWLES • EUGENE PALLETTE

ALAN HALE • MELVILLE COOPER

IAN HUNTER • UNA O'CONNOR

Directed by Michael Curtiz and William Keighley

Original Screen Play by Norman Reilly Raine and Seton I. Miller • Based Upon Ancient Robin Hood Legends • Music by Erich Wolfgang Korngold • A FIRST NATIONAL PICTURE
Loving, roistering, battling...blazing their deeds of daring into the legends of the world! History's most beloved rogue and all his merry men come fighting again for Richard, King of the Lion's Heart! Come galloping out of their outlaws' forest to storm and take forever the castle of romance!

The Adventures of

Robin Hood

Presented by
WARNER BROS.
in
TECHNICOLOR
NOW PAINTS
THEIR DASHING DEEDS TO LIVE FOR THE AGES!

Loving, roistering, battling... blazing their deeds of daring into the legends of the world! History's most beloved rogue and all his merry men come fighting again for Richard, King of the Lion's Heart! Come galloping out of their outlaws' forest to storm and take forever the castle of romance!

The Adventures of
Robin Hood

Presented by
WARNER BROS.
in
TECHNICOLOR
DANDRUFF?

4 Minute Treatment Stops Dandruff Itch
And Kills Nasty Scalp Odor

Dandruff is the sign of a diseased, unclean scalp. Through neglect, the tiny sebaceous glands (oil glands) fail to work as they should and become clogged with scales and dirt. The scalp becomes infected by germs and fungi, and the condition spreads.

Skin specialists generally agree that effective treatment for dandruff must include (1) regular cleansing of scalp; (2) killing the germs that spread infection; (3) stimulating circulation of the scalp; (4) lubrication of scalp to prevent dryness.

The Zonite Antiseptic Scalp Treatment Does These 4 Things

WHAT TO DO: Massage head for 3 minutes with this Zonite solution—2 tablespoons Zonite to 1 quart of water. Use this same solution for shampoo with any good soap. Rinse very thoroughly. If scalp is dry, massage in any preferred scalp oil. (For complete details of treatment, read folder in Zonite package.)

It is vitally important to use this treatment regularly (twice every week at first) to keep dandruff under control and keep germs from spreading. Because reinfection constantly takes place from hats, bed-pillows, combs and brushes.

If you're faithful, you'll be delighted with the way this treatment leaves your scalp clean and healthy— free from itch and nasty scalp odor.

At all U. S. and Canadian drug stores.

TRIAL OFFER—For a real trial bottle of Zonite, mailed to you postpaid, send 10¢ to Zonite 604 New Brunswick, New Jersey U. S. A.

Next time be sure to use ZONITE FOR
DANDRUFF
BAD BREATH
SORE THROAT
CUTS & WOUNDS
FEMININE CLEANSING
ATHLETE'S FOOT

SPECIAL OFFER
Get this measure bush with each 14 oz. Zonite. Also... four ounce Zonite. Ask your drug dealer for details.

ZONITE Is
9.3 Times More Active
than any other popular, non-poisonous antiseptic—by standard laboratory tests

IMPORTANT PICTURES

By LLEWELLYN MILLER

No, we did not get the pictures mixed. This is Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm in the middle of a song and dance routine. Shirley Temple brings her own special magic to the 1938 version they go to the country for a rest. So the next thing you know, Shirley is running back and forth across the lawn to go on the air behind Aunt Mirandy's back. She dances with Bill Robinson, she aids the romance of her cousin (Gloria Stuart) and she sings a generous number of songs with that exact showmanship which enchants a huge audience.

Beyond any doubt, Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm is an immensely successful picture, but besides that, it blazes the trail for an entire new group of dramatic properties in which Miss Temple might be starred. The imagination is fired by the possibilities . . . Shirley Temple in The Taming of the Shrew! (Suggested plot: Shirley as an orphan cajoles an evil-tempered aunt into marriage with a lonely tap-dancer) . . . Shirley Temple in Camille! (Suggested plot: Shirley's widowed father suffers terribly from hay-fever until Shirley gets a job on a transatlantic liner and introduces him to the captain's lonely daughter) . . . Shirley Temple in Carmen! (Suggested plot: When Shirley's bewildered mother is too ill to go to work as a cigarette girl in Child's restaurant, Shirley takes her place, meets a lonely musical comedy producer and put over his show) . . . Shirley Temple in Beau Geste! Shirley, the only survivor of a shipwreck off the coast of Africa, becomes the darling of the lonely Foreign Legion, and cajoles the blood-thirsty natives to

[Continued on page 10]
One of the Best Pictures you'll see this year!...

A new-slap love-story made to order for red-headed Ginger's blue fire, and wishful Jimmie's come-and-get-me charm!... It's a revelation in rich romance and heart-lined laughs!... Night-club Ginger married to college-professor Jim!... What a blow to culture in that moss-grown college town, when she tries to adjust herself to patterned life in a world where they use six-syllable words to say good-night!... IT'S POSITIVELY PRICELESS!

Ginger Rogers
James Stewart
Vivacious Lady

James Ellison
Beulah Bondi
Charles Coburn

Pandro S. Berman in Charge of Production

A George Stevens Production

Don't Miss the Big Fight...
when Ginger locks claws with the prissy miss who tried to claim her man!

Hear Ginger Sing!
the tantalizing new blue ballad, "I'll Be Reminded of You"

RKO Radio Pictures

When Answering Advertisements, Please Mention June HOLLYWOOD
a peace pow-wow with her song, “Give a smile a trial before you shoot!”
Well, it’s nice to know that there is no danger of Shirley retiring because of lack of suitable stories. This department
would miss her terribly.

BLUEBEARD’S EIGHTH WIFE [Paramount]

Michael (Gary Cooper) believed
firmly in marriage. He respected
women, and when he proposed he meant
nothing less than honorable wedlock.
That is how he happened to have married
. . . and divorced . . . seven wives.

Then he met the lovely Nicole
(Claudette Colbert), daughter of an
impoverished but still hopeful French nobleman
(Edward Everett Horton). It was
love at first sight for both of them, but
it takes eight reels of rousing comedy
before they realize it.

Nicole consented to become Michael’s
eighth wife, but only on a coldly
commercial basis. Then she began a cam-
aign of heckling designed to keep her with
all possible speed to the divorce courts.

How she uses real and fictitious rivals,
phony notes and spring onions to entice
her stubborn spouse, and how he retali-
ates is something that you should investi-
gate for yourself. You’ll be sorry if you
miss this one.

EVERYBODY SING (M-G-M)

This is another tale about one of
those nit-wit, run-around-and-act-
crazy families, so popular at the moment.

The mother (Billie Burke) is a star
who cannot stop acting in the home. The
father (Reginald Owen) is a tempera-
mental playwright. Bankruptcy scares
them in the face until the cook (Allan
Jones) puts on a show in which the
youngest daughter (Judy Garland)
makes a hit. But before that happens,
Fanny Brice, Reginald Owen, Henry
Armetta and Lynne Carver have oppor-
tunities to add comedy and drama to
make the story seem a little different.

For some reason, not entirely clear to
me at the moment, I keep thinking about
what would happen if Miss Judy Garland
could be cast in a film as the sister of Miss
Martha Raye. Wow!

HER JUNGLE LOVE [Paramount]

All alone on a wildly beautiful South
Sea Island lives Tura, an exquisite
native maiden in a seductively cinched-
up sarong.

Into her paradise comes a wreath
of frightened suspicion, Tura
(Dorothy Lamour) settles down to a
happy life of learning English, bandaging
the injured Bob and singing songs.

But comes the evil day when natives
from a nearby island arrive for the yearly
festivities of sacrifice to Tura whom
they worship as a goddess. Led by an
embittered Eurasian (J. Carrol Naish)
who cherishes a gnawing hatred for all
whites, they surround the native
house where blood-thirsty crocodiles crawl
in horrid swarms, waiting for human
sacrifice.

The film follows the familiar pattern
of many jungle romances, but on a quite
stupendous scale. Where other such films
have been content with a dozen crocco-
diles, this one has hundreds. The sacrifi-
cial cavern is as big as all out-doors. It
has not only stalagmites, stalactites, but
little bubbling volcanos, and when it col-
lapses in an unfortunate earthquake just
when everyone you like in the cast is
right on the verge of being sacrificed, it
comes down like the Grand Canyon

caving in.

Technicolor adds greatly to the tropic
splendors of the background. The late
lamented Jiggs, most talented of all screen
chimpanzees, has an important role, and
you’ll find yourself planning a vacation in
the South Seas, if you don’t watch out.

FOOLS FOR SCANDAL [Warners]

Persistence must be a prime virtue
in the gentle art of romance, if we can
believe all we see in the movies, for
so many tales show a determined young
man laughing off vicious rebuffs until the
heroine grows weary of insulting him,
and melts into his waiting arms.

Such a one is Fools For Scandal.
Fernand Gravet, as a broke but very
dressed Marquis is having a hard enough
time without adding foreign entangle-
ments when he sees a beautiful American
brunette (Carole Lombard). Then his
troubles really start. Her mysterious
actions are explained by the fact that,
der the dark wig, she is a blonde movie
star on vacation. But that is dis-
covered until the Marquis follows her to
London, and insists upon taking seriously
her offer of a job as chef.

Randall Bellamy and Allen Jenkins add
greatly to the comedy content, which is
very high. The whole affair is feather-
weight and very funny.

JEZEBEL [Warners]

Miss Julie was willful and wayward
and stubborn. But Miss Julie was
mighty fascinating, and she knew it, and
she was at some pains to keep others from
forgetting it.

Not since Of Human Bondage has Bette
Davis had such a strong role, or such a
difficult one. She has to gain, if not symp-
athy, at least understanding for the
headstrong girl whose chief pride lay in
showing her power over men. Gentle-
men, she did not beat up their loved ones,
in the manner so popular in modern
movies, but they had other ways of
evidencing displeasure. And before the
end of the film, Miss Julie experiences
rigorous discipline for her ruthless way.

Henry Fonda, George Brent, Margaret

[Continued on page 47]
"Dainty Girls Win Out"

says

DOROTHY LAMOUR

DAINTINESS IS A CHARM THAT ALWAYS WINS. NO SMART GIRL NEGLECTS IT

A Lux Toilet Soap beauty bath is the best way I know to insure daaintiness.

STAR OF THE PARAMOUNT PRODUCTION "Her Jungle Love"

HOLLYWOOD’S beauty bath makes you sure of daaintiness. Lux Toilet Soap’s ACTIVE lather carries away from the pores stale perspiration, every trace of dust and dirt. Other lovely screen stars such as Bette Davis, Irene Dunne, Joan Blondell tell you that they use Lux Toilet Soap as a bath soap, too, because it leaves skin smooth and fragrant. You'll love this Hollywood way of insuring daaintiness!

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap

When Answering Advertisements, Please Mention JUne HOLLYWOOD
Wear the Swim Cap that Movie Stars Prefer!

U.S. HOWLAND SWIM CAP
The one cap that REALLY keeps your hair dry

Screen stars know a dip in the deep can't harm a hair of the head that wears a U.S. Howland Swim Cap. With the watertight protection* of the one cap that really keeps the hair dry, they can dash straight from the salty sea to the eye of the camera, without an in-between trip to the hairdresser. This year's smart coiffures, with their upward swirls and curls, just demand the protection that only this truly watertight* cap can give. You, too, will want several for your various beach ensembles!

* Patented Suction Band Keeps Water Out

U.S. STROLLERS—SMARTEST, MOST COMFORTABLE beach shoes that ever walked across the sand. Use them for sports and all around play, too. Cap shown is No. 852.


U.S. WATER TOYS make the water and beach more fun for young and old.

By WHITNEY WILLIAMS

HOLLYWOOD NEWSREEL

"They ain't nobuddy kin laugh at us, and git away with it!" warn the feudin' Ritz Brothers, as they prepare to take their own comedy pretty seriously in Kentucky Moonshine, soon to be released.

- Most hilarious moment of the month occurred when James Cagney, after an absence of two years' battling, returned to the Warner Brothers fold, filled with good will, and ready to let by-gones be forgotten, and made his first day's appearance in Boy Meets Girl. In the initial scene... JIMMY COULDN'T THINK OF HIS LINES, and for one awful moment gave a very fine imitation of a sit-down strike while he wracked his brain for the words.

- Joan Blondell underwent an experience recently that might cause the hardest to blanch... but she came through with flying colors.

Joan is superstitious, deadly superstitious. She would no more do certain things than she would slit the throats of seven little kiddies.

One of her pet superstitions decrees that once a dress is put on wrong side out it must not be changed. Well, Joan arrived at a smart luncheon in one of Hollywood's swankiest restaurants in a frock that fairly exuded smartness... but a dress so plain that anyone might easily have made the same mistake. Only the seam down the side revealed that Joan was wearing the creation INSIDE OUT!

- From Europe flashes the word that Dr. Joel Pressman, spouse of our Claudette Colbert, is decidedly wrought up. Claudette, the good doctor avers in no uncertain terms, is NOT about to have a baby, as erroneously printed in the journals of the world.

Incidentally, Claudette is having one swellegant time on her Continental holiday. She and the doctor, after a period spent in the Austrian Alps, descended upon St. Moritz for an indefinite sojourn... and remained exactly TWO DAYS. "Too formal," was the way Claudette put it, as she returned to the Austrian Tyrols for more skiing.

- Panic reigned supreme oneawning back at Jack Oakie's, when a maid, in cleaning up, threw out his pet diet.

Now this, in itself, wouldn't have been so tragic. But the diet happened to be the only one on which Jack could reduce rapidly... and that's something Mrs. Oakie's youngsters have had to do lately. What's more, neither he nor his wife nor the cook had ever taken the trouble to memorize the diet... and its value depended upon certain food combinations in certain rotation. What's still more, Jack couldn't recall who had given him the diet.

Immediately the loss was discovered, a tornado of activity descended upon the household. Jack and Venita and all the servants ransacked trash heaps, cans and boxes, but up to this printing the diet hasn't been recovered. If you note more

Thousands of answers in the SEVEN DWARFS POPULARITY CONTEST are flooding into the offices of Hollywood Magazine. The judges are working hard, but, each entry must be considered carefully, and for that reason winners will not be announced until next month.

Watch for the July issue, on the stands June 10, for the list of lucky winners.

12
Accept No Substitutes! Always Insist on the Advertised Brand!
of Jack than ever when you next see him on the screen, you'll know that his treasure hasn't turned up. Awa ... awa ... awa.

When the announcement was made in the newspapers that Kay Francis was betrothed to German Baron Raven Erik Barnekow, stories stated that the German would be the star's fifth mate. But not so ... Kay is indignant about it. The baron will be only the FOURTH, she declares.

Edgar Bergen, pal of Charlie McCarthy, tells this one on himself ... and it bears repeating. To avoid bringing pain and embarrassment, however, we'll delete all names but Edgar's.

The ventriloquist had a new and heavy date, a very extra fancy date. So grand, in fact, that he arrived in tails and top hat.

"All ready, honey?" he asked, as he was ushered into the young lady's apartment.

Before that attractive young miss could show her surprise, Bergen broke out in a sudden blush. He had arrived at the wrong house ... and this was the girl with whom he was trying to keep steady company!

(Note ... Edgar refuses to divulge just how he got out of THAT one.)

Attention, colleges! Sol Lesser, the producer, is paging five hundred educational institutions for his next Tarzan. He wants a young man combining athletic prowess with a knowledge of the classics. Any candidates?

Romance still flourishes, and in goodly measure. Whenever Irene Dunne visits her dentist-husband in New York, for their first dinner they go to a little chop house in Lower Manhattan, scene of

Joan Crawford was snapped with a midget clown at the Circus Party held recently at the Hawaiian Paradise. It is a reassuring thing to notice that even the greatest of stars can have runners in the stockings!

I'M TEACHING GIRLS A LOVELIER WAY TO AVOID OFFENDING!

I LOVE BATHING WITH CASHMERE BOUQUET... THE EXQUISITE, PERFUMED SOAP THAT KEEPS A GIRL FRAGRANTLY DAINTRY!

FIRST THE DEEP-CLEANSING LATHER OF THIS LOVELY PERFUMED SOAP REMOVES EVERY TRACE OF BODY ODOR...

MARVELOUS FOR COMPLEXIONS, TOO!
You'll want to use this pure, creamy-white soap for both face and bath.
Cashmere Bouquet's lather is so gentle and caressing. Yet it removes dirt and cosmetics so thoroughly, leaving your skin clearer, softer ... more radiant and alluring!

THEN, CASHMERE BOUQUET'S LINGERING PERFUME CLINGS TO YOUR SKIN! LONG AFTER YOUR BATH IT GUARDS YOUR DAINTINESS IN SUCH A LOVELY WAY!

TO KEEP FRAGRANTLY DAINTRY—BATHE WITH PERFUMED CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP

ONLY 10¢ at drug, department, and ten-cent stores

WHEN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS, PLEASE MENTION JUNE HOLLYWOOD
No! Look again, and you'll see that the girl is Marcia Ralston having a little fun with Humphrey Bogart's candid camera during the making of Men Are Such Fools at Warner Brothers Studios.

their first dinner together. Afterwards, they go for a hansom cab ride through Central Park... just as they did on that other occasion. THERE'S an idea, mebbe, for you swains.

Ever so often a certain man in Hollywood slips down to Olvera Street, Los Angeles' oldest thoroughfare, and, dressed in the colorful raiment of a Mexican, with brilliant costume and wide sombrero, will sit on the curbing by the hour and strum his guitar.

For hours he will sit there, singing the songs of the early days of California, frequently rising to sweep the ground with his sombrero when some visitor stops and applauds his music. In the eyes of some of these passers-by there will be a half-hint of recognition, but after a few minutes of observation will continue the promenade, convinced the singer is just another Mexican from the native quarter.

To see him as he lounges on the curbing, guitar in hand and a song in his throat, one would never guess that this figure is a descendant of the first governor of California. Nor would one guess, even in fancy, that this Mexican-clad hombre is none other than... LEO CARRILLO!

CUPIDATINGS:

June Lang isn't confining herself exclusively to A. C. Blumenthal... she's beginning to step out with Carl Laemmle, Jr., Michael Whalen and Allan Lane, after so many months OUT of circulation... while he was in California for the racing season at Santa Anita, Alfred G. Vanderbilt devoted most of his time AWAY from his horses with good-looking Margaret Lindsay,... what started as a studio-publicity romance seems to be developing into the real thing for newcomer Arleen Whelan and just-as-recent Richard Greene... Blonde Phyllis Brooks still head-woman in Cary Grant's life... now it's Anthony Averill who's taking Gloria Blondell places... but Bruce Lester, just over from good old Lunnon, is chiselling in quite successfully... speaking of three-sums, Gordon Oliver and Agent Johnny Maschio have been brawling over the smiles of fair Laurie Lane, as cute as they grow... any day now Gloria Brewster, of the twins, may elope with Claude Stroud, likewise of the twins... wouldn't that be a splash... Mexico is disrupting the peace of Director William Keighley... he's smitten of Cecilia Villa, fiery daughter of bandit Pancho... Nan Grey's affection for Jockey Westeurope dates back to their school days... Joan Fontaine swears there's nothing but friendship between herself and Conrad Nagel... but she doesn't go out of an evening with anybody else... what's YOUR guess? they may be second cousins, but Ida Lupino and Louis Hayward have eyes for nobody else... Marlene Dietrich and young Doug Fairbanks a nice appearing couple, as they rub hands in one night spot after another... Marlene seen with Anderson Lawlor and Writer Willis Goldbeck, too... Alice Faye's brother, Bill, has eyes only for Lona Andre... Virginia Field has switched her affections from Vic Orsatti to Alexander d'Arcy... but it isn't serious... Director Gregory La Cava can't see enough of Doris Nolan... but who can... Judy Stewart, from the South, has replaced Gloria Youngblood, in the affections of Rudy Vallee... law suits mean little to W. C. Fields... he and Carlotta Monti, South American beauty who recently hailed him into court, taking in ALL the night spots.

Here's one for the book... Movita, the Mexican actress, has spoken English so consistently during the past few years that when she went to Mexico ... [Continued on page 48]
Watch for the **Allen-A** Swim Suit style week

**June 6 to 11**

sponsored by Allen-A dealers — to make a thrilling summer for you at surf, pool or beach

You'll find special style showings of flattering Allen-A swim suits at leading stores throughout the country from June 6 to 11. There's so much that's new, you really must see what Fashion does this season for your figure — your natural coloring — everything that helps you "make a picture" in your swimming costume... Allen-A expresses the smartest trends from sub-tropical Winter resorts — designed by Trebitsch—interpreted in colorful new woven fabrics and fine woolens knitted in Allen-A mills — every model actually swim-tested and truly "See-Worthy"...

... Spring-needle knitting affords extra elasticity which assures that intriguing "poured-in" look and longer wear. Allen-A swim suits are available in new, fascinating shades. Write for beautifully illustrated circular and dealer's name.

**Allen-A Swim Suits**

See "This Week" magazine, with your Sunday newspaper of June 5, for list of Allen-A dealers near you.

the **Allen-A** company

Kenosha, Wisconsin

Bennington, Vt.
Hollywood tour

HUNGRY! HUNGRY! HUNGRY!...

Producer Fritz Lang is showing Sylvia Sidney what he wants the camera to see in the next shot. If you're a Movieland Tourist, you'll have a chance to see a film in the process of shooting.

MOVIELAND TOUR TIME TABLE

How so much can be crowded into a two weeks' vacation is hard to understand until you read how carefully the "time table" has been worked out for you.

Here's your vacation "time table," if you take advantage of the glorious holiday offered by a Movieland Tour:

The first tour leaves Chicago, July 3, the second July 24, and the third and last, August 14. The program has been arranged so that all three tours arrive in Los Angeles on a bright summer Sunday morning. The first half of the day has been left open for rest, church attendance or preparation for the afternoon's events.

A trip through Beverly Hills, and glimpses at homes of dozens of stars in the early afternoon will precede a cocktail party at a star's home. Warren William will play host for the first tour, Harold Lloyd and Bob Burns have invited the second and third groups, respectively, to be guests in their charming homes.

From that start, your whole stay in Hollywood will be one round of activities. Your "traveling houseparty" will be guests at a nationwide broadcast...

... You will lunch at Clara Bow's famous "It" Cafe. You will be taken through Max Factor's "glamour factory" and shown how that master of make-up goes about his business.

Our grand party at the Wilshire Bowl, where Les Parker's famous dance orchestra will entertain, should certainly be mentioned as one of the most outstanding features of the whole tour. As master of ceremonies for that grand occasion, George McCall, commentator on the Old Gold program, has agreed to entertain you with late news of the stars as well as introduce them to you as they join you for dinner and a dance. Last year Bob Taylor was one of the star guests. So was Judy Garland, Hugh Herbert, Wayne Morris, Mischa Auer, Jimmy Stewart and a host of others.

This whole "traveling houseparty" takes

Copyright 1938 Oneida Ltd.

Accept No Substitutes! Always Insist on the Advertised Brand!
NO DATES IN MARY'S BOOK
NO SONG IN MARY'S HEART

She doesn't dream that underarm odor is the reason men pass her by!

Mary is pretty, vivacious, and young—she should be as popular as any girl around. Yet the men that she meets always seem to avoid her. Through glorious summer evenings she sits home alone, while men take other girls out on good times!

Too bad Mary doesn't realize that it takes more than a bath to prevent underarm odor—that underarms must have special care to keep a girl dainty and fresh, safe from offending.

Wise girls use Mum! They know that a bath takes care only of past perspiration, but Mum prevents odor before it starts. To avoid all risk of offending friends—use Mum every day and after every bath. With Mum, you'll be sure your charm is lasting, you'll be a girl that men always find attractive!

MUM IS QUICK! One-half minute is all it takes to smooth a quick fingertipful of Mum under each arm.

MUM IS SAFE! Mum is soothing to the skin, harmless to every fabric. You can use it right after underarm shaving.

MUM IS SURE! Without stopping perspiration, Mum's sure protection lasts all day and all evening long. No worries, then, about unpleasant odor. For Mum makes underarm odor impossible!

IT TAKES MORE THAN A BATH—IT TAKES MUM

USE THIS COUPON
Fawcett's Movieland Tours,
360 North Michigan Boulevard,
Chicago, Ill.

Without obligation on my part, send me your complete, illustrated booklet describing the Movieland Tours.

Name ..................................................
Address .............................................

For Sanitary Napkins—
No worries or embarrass-
ment when you use Mum
this way. Thousands do, be-
cause it's SAFE and SURE.

MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

When Answering Advertisements Please Mention June HOLLYWOOD
Jeepers Creepers! Wait'll you see those Ritzes as imitation hillbillies on a rampage in the corn likker country! They've cooked up the con-sarndest mess of fun since Grampaw shot the galluses off'n that revenooer! "Life Begins In College" was just a warm-up for Public Maniacs No.'s 1, 2 and 3! And there's romance in them thar hills!

Tony Martin as the singing radio talent scout "discovers" cute little Marjorie Weaver in Coma, Ky.....and they've been in a coma of love ever since!

The
RITZ BROTHERS
in
KENTUCKY MOONSHINE
A 20th Century-Fox Picture with

TONY MARTIN • MARJORIE WEAVER

Slim Summerville • John Carradine • Wally Vernon
Berton Churchill • Eddie Collins

Directed by David Butler

Associate Producer Kenneth Macgowan • Screen Play by Art Arthur and M. M. Musselman • Original story by M. M. Musselman and Jack Laft, Jr.
Additional Dialogue and Comedy Songs by Sid Kuller and Ray Golden
Darryl F. Zanuck in Charge of Production

Pollack and Mitchell's tunefuller, swingin'-est, best!
"It takes three," remarked Myrna Loy, "to make a love affair."
She tipped her pretty auburn head upward in the captivating Loy manner and let a quizzical sparkle slide into her gray-green eyes. Yet she meant what she said. Her tone was serious.
"When a girl isn't truly in love with John Doe, she finds that out after meeting John Roe," said Myrna, "but when a girl's truly in love with John Doe, even a temporary infatuation for John Roe only makes her realize how much she loves the first one. I've watched it work out in the case of some acquaintances. Not that I recommend the method—it's too chancy!"
"Just the same, a modern woman ought to look twice before she leaps—into matrimony. Oh, it certainly takes three to make a love affair; the third one's for comparison, for making up her mind. Rather often he turns out to be the man she marries after all."

It is from the dilemmas and tribulations of a large circle of friends that Myrna has deduced the need of a third party to the average courtship and from her observations she has drawn a number of shrewd conclusions. She smiled, recalled them, as she lounged in her buff and green dressing room at the M-G-M studios.

Everybody has heard about the course of true love seldom running smoothly, but Myrna Loy introduces a note of reassurance, by saying that rough going is all to the good in the happy ending.

By JESSIE HENDERSON

That girl with a temporary infatuation for John Roe, of whom Myrna had spoken, went absolutely haywire for a month over this handsome stranger who cut in at a dance on her fiancé, John Doe. Still engag ed to Doe, she dashed around with the new lad like one bewitched while the whole town, diverted and scandalized, argued as to the outcome. She swam with the new heart interest, rode with him, gazed earnestly into his dark eyes, even tried to learn to cook his favorite dishes ("An almost fatal symptom!" Myrna commented.), until, all of a sudden—pfft! She realized in a flash that this wasn't the real thing and galloped madly back to her first love. They've been happily married now for five years. The point is, she might never have married Doe, at least she probably wouldn't have settled down to a contented wedded life with him, except that by comparing him with the scintillant Roe she discovered the difference. Roe's glitter was tinsel and Doe's quieter gleam was pure gold.

Wise, and sweet, is the philosophy Myrna has evolved from the things she's seen others do along these lines, or neglect to do. That aristocratic, somewhat Mona Lisa smile of hers, deepened at various recollections. Cool and poised as she always seems to be—cooler than ever in the smart green tweed frock—her strongest characteristic is nevertheless a keen sense of humor. She says you need a sense of humor most when you have it least; that is, when you're in love.

"Comparison!" she insisted, "not jealousy!"

In other words, she went on to explain, if the man you love goes out with another girl, don't grow jealous. Instead, remind yourself: "Well, I compare favorably with her," and see to it that you do compare favorably with her by not flying into a tantrum. This getting jealous is a lack of self respect, an inferiority complex.

But if you can't help feeling jealous, in other words if... [Continued on page 62]
And How Are Your Reactions?

What does it mean when you hold your breath, bite your nails, tear your handkerchief and otherwise fully enjoy a movie?

By WINIFRED AYDELOTTA

---

Next time you go to a motion picture theatre, be sure to give the impression that nothing about the film affects you in any way, or a psychiatrist will analyze you if you don't watch out. Freeze into a Ned Sparks dead pan and hold your hands still, for if by chance a psychiatrist is sitting next to you, he can analyze your character down to the last detail, merely by watching your reactions to the picture.

He could tell if you were an extrovert or an introvert; a coward or a bully; an intelligent person or a moron; an egotist or a shrinker; a person whose life is full and interesting or a person whose days are dull. He could know your tastes and inclinations; your problems; the atmosphere of your home life; if you view things subjectively or objectively. He could tell if you are financially successful and if you are generous or stingy; if you are happily in love or unhappily out of love; if you are an exhibitionist or an inhibitist, and just how evolved you are.

So let's go. The theatre darkens; the picture is on the screen, and Dr. Ameen Fareed, psychiatrist, is watching you. . . .

1. Does loud recording during the screen credits stimulate or irritate you? Yes— No—

If it stimulates you, it means that you like excitement, night spots, hot music, and that you depend somewhat upon external stimulus for your interest. If it annoys you, you do not need outside stimulus. You resent being forced into a mood; you can get into your own without any help. In other words, you are self-sufficient.

2. Do you tear up your program or handkerchief during an exciting or tragic scene? Yes— No—

Yes? Well, that means that you are identifying yourself with a character on the screen to some degree. If you were looking at the scene objectively, without bringing into it your own personal experience or ego, it wouldn't affect you to the point of tearing up anything. It means that you are extremely sensitive and, in some instances, sentimental.

3. Do you cry at a love scene? Yes— No—

Goodness! You are an introvert! You are thinking only in terms of yourself and either are having or have had an unhappy love affair; for if you were happy now in love, you would heave a smug little sigh and consider yourself just a tiny bit more lucky than the lovers on the screen.

4. Do you cringe when Pop Eye or some other cartoon character gets bashed around? Yes— No—

Don't hesitate to say "yes" to this, for the psychiatrist's analysis is really quite nice. It simply means that there is in you still the ability to play, to regard toys as real; that you have a fundamental love for things smaller than you; that a little of the child is still in your heart. For Pop Eye and other cartoon characters are toys that, through [Continued on page 50]
Things have come to a pretty pass, indeed, when the publicity department of a major studio can't arrange an interview with one of its stars without first obtaining permission from a couple of guys who go around calling themselves "monitors"!

Anyway, that's the high-toned, two-dollar word that confronted us the other day at 20th Century-Fox when we went out there expecting to see Arleen Whelan, the pretty Irish girl who quit her job as manicurist in a Hollywood barbershop to become the leading lady opposite Warner Baxter in Kidnapped, one of the studio's biggest pictures of the year.

Arleen, in a few short months, has become the most-talked-about (but in a very nice way, mind you) girl in the film industry. She's the great discovery of 1938. A veritable Cinderella girl if there ever was one, and no flash in anybody's pan so far as her screen talents are concerned. When a studio thinks enough of a newcomer to gamble the success of a $2,000,000 production on her film debut, she really "must have something there"—and that was what we wanted to talk to her about.

"I'm sorry," said Frances Deaner of the publicity department, "but an interview with Arleen is out of my hands. You'll have to get your okay from Don Ameche and Tyrone Power first."

We harbored a suspicion that she was setting the stage for the well-known and often-practiced "rib". And we said so. It appeared to us that this passing of the interviewing buck to a couple of gay buckeroos like Don and Tyrone was suspiciously not like the usual procedure of the well-
Husbands Are Exasperating

—SAYS GRACIE ALLEN

One of the things I cannot understand about husbands is why they don't understand. Maybe that sounds a little confusing, but after I tell you all about everything, maybe it will be clear. First of all, because I want this article to be purely impersonal, I wish to point out that I am not referring to my husband, George Burns, but just to husbands in general.

In this connection, there is a certain radio comedian who appears on the radio with his wife, or a motion picture comedian who appears on the screen with his wife—I don't mean Mary Livingstone and Jack Benny because they have never appeared on the screen together—who is particularly exasperating.

One of the things which he does which gets his wife down is telling her she cannot give interviews. This wife has some wonderful ideas for articles, such as "Gracie A. Looks At Love," "Is Clark Gable Gracie A's Ideal Man," "I Think Wives Should Have Pasts," and "Gracie A. Reveals Her Love Life." The husband turns all these ideas down, and always is present when the interviewers are around, so the wife doesn't have a chance. He also will not let the wife tell the public anything about her brother, or any of her relatives, which is irritating to the public, which would like to know all.

This husband has other annoying habits. For instance, he reads all the fan mail received by the couple. The wife has some fine suggestions to make, such as:

"Georgie, why don't we ask all our fans to come out and see us, and we could entertain them, and have one great, big happy family."

I have seen the husband get up and leave the table for no reason at all, rather than discuss such a fine suggestion. Where would we be without our fans? That's what I ask Georgie and he replies:

"Where would we be with them?"

The editors want this article intimate, so I must write about money matters. I am sorry to state this husband is very selfish in money matters. If money was hard to get, there might be some excuse, but it is so easy for him to get. When he wants money, all he does is sign some little blue slips of paper, and it is given to him. He tried to explain this, but he couldn't fool her. Those little blue slips of paper are given away free at banks.

The wife knows, because the husband sent her to get some once. Instead of getting blue ones from the nice man at the bank, she got some yellow ones because they went with the color of the blotter on the desk in the front room where they have their arguments the first of every month. The husband went into a rage about the yellow papers, and told her to go back and get the blue kind, which upset the color scheme and the wife. The husband said something about the yellow ones being for savings and what chance did he have to save anything, anyway, which didn't have anything to do with the subject.

Another thing which is very painful to the wife is his attitude about automobiles. He will not let her drive the car. Personally, I think the wife would be a very good driver, as she makes some very fine suggestions from the back seat practically all the time. The husband, being a know-it-all, pays no attention, and once caused a very serious accident. On this occasion the wife, sitting in the back seat, very helpfully held out her right hand so her husband could turn, and the husband didn't turn. The bill on this was something like two hundred dollars, and the husband was very unreasonable about the whole thing.

Furthermore, the wife took driving lessons. After they were all over, or should have been, because weeks had passed, the instructor told the husband:

"There is no more I can teach your wife about driving." [Continued on page 64]
So Are Wives
—SAYS GEORGE BURNS

Many men have written very nice things about wives, but they have all turned out to be bachelors. I am perfectly willing to write about wives in general, but it must be understood that I am not writing about Gracie. Gracie understands why I feel this way. Gracie understands everything.

There is a certain wife, however—not mentioning any names—who lives in Beverly Hills, works in motion pictures and on the radio with her husband, has two children, Ronnie and Sandra Jean, and whom I know very well. This woman is the wife of a famous comedian who is not Jack Benny, Fred Allen, Eddie Cantor or Joe Penner.

One of the things which I think is that wives should be kept out of financial affairs, if you have to have a wife. This one to which I refer is particularly bad on finances and, to give you an example of what I mean, I cite her behavior at the race track. This season, and every season, she goes to Santa Anita, and you will find her boasting to friends that she never loses. She talks a great deal about her system. If she wins, she keeps the winnings, and if she loses, her husband pays.

About wives and children. Can wives take care of children? My personal experience shows that they cannot. This certain wife, whose name I am not mentioning, has her breakfast in bed. I mention this because it is a frequent ambition of wives. Not long ago this woman’s daughter, Sandra Jean, woke up one morning with this crack:

“I’ll have my breakfast in bed, too. I want a silver tray, like mama has. Maybe you’d better bring me some squab on toast.”

This is just one of the clever ideas that she has given her child. For instance, at Christmas—that’s a long time ago, but I have to start there to make the whole thing clear—this wife said to her husband:

“George,” (by a peculiar coincidence her husband’s name is George, through no fault of mine), “I have a very smart idea. Sandra has a lot of nice presents, so we must put them around the tree for her to see. But they are really too nice to let her have until she gets a little older, when she can appreciate them. We will tell her that Santa Claus brought them.”

The husband was reading a newspaper at the time, and he mumbled something that the wife took to be approval.

As I write this many weeks later—this plan having been carried out, the toys being nicely hidden—Sandra is going around the home of her parents saying “Santa is a bum. Santa is a no-good Indian giver.” This is very tough on Santa Claus, but what I want to know is what is going to happen when this poor, deduced child finds out papa is Santa Claus? This is the way that some wives train children.

Another thing that makes me grope for the reason for wives is the fact that this wife will wait until her husband has finished a very large breakfast to ask him what he will have for dinner. She waits until he is full of food and then says:

“Georgie, what would you really like to have for dinner tonight?”

The husband looks up from his newspaper and, after the argument which lasts an hour or so, says:

“Make it lamb chops.”

This is because he wants to get all the talking over with so he can get back to the sports pages. During the day, as his appetite grows, he begins to think about the lamb chops and starts to like them. At supper time there is stew. The wife says:

“Why, Georgie! You didn’t sound very happy about the lamb chops, so I got a nice stew instead.”

Things like this are very depressing to the husband.

Have you ever noticed how jealous wives are? Sometimes this husband, when making a picture like College Swing, (Adv.) will stop and talk to several chorus girls. The wife will immediately come up and say:

“Georgie, darling—come along now. I have some very important things to talk about.”

The husband will try and try to find out what is important, but never does. And then, the next day maybe, he will walk into the dressing room and find a great, big autographed picture on the desk. It will have written on it, “To Darling Gracie, (oddly enough the wife’s name is Gracie, through no fault of mine) with loads of love from Your Freddie.” This will be a picture of Fred Astaire. Naturally the husband will complain about this. The wife will explain:

“Wasn’t it nice of Freddie to give this lovely picture to us?”

Another tendency which this wife has, and which is very upsetting to the husband, is to buy

[Continued on page 60]
The presence of Edward Everett Horton in the casts of Paramount's College Swing and Columbia's Holiday guarantees many laughs, so no one feels badly because he did not continue his career as matinee idol.

Far reaching were the consequences when a handsome young actor signed up for a season of melodrama

By HILARY LYNN

Pay close heed, Robert Taylor! Edward Everett Horton was also the innocent victim of a far-too-alluring profile. His dilemma and the way in which he solved it may stand you in good stead the next time you leave the cloistered haven of Hollywood to fare forth among the coat-tearing, hat-mauling, souvenir-seeking Amazons.

One bleak winter night, in 1917, the ladies in a boarding house in a town on the east coast were sitting down to their manless dinner of lamb stew and tapioca. Came a vigorous knock at the front door. In its very sound were Virility and Romance. Four school teachers, ranging from twenty-five to forty-one (approximately) sprang to their feet. One, the youngest, managed to reach the door before the landlady—who was hard of hearing and very stout—had waddled down from the second floor.

The eight ladies who remained seated—comprising four social workers (birth date indefinite), two timid, yet-not-completely-hopeless widows of recently deceased storekeepers, one wife of an aged doctor, and a demonstrator of the Cold Pack Canning Process—sat tense and expectant in their uncomfortable chairs. The lamb stew congealed, the minute tapioca collapsed, while they listened to a thrilling baritone voice ask, "Do you take in boarders?"

"Yes, oh, yes," quavered the little school teacher. "We most certainly do."

"We can make you very comfortable," interrupted the landlady who had, by this time, arrived on the scene. "And our table is the best in town even if I say so myself," she lied boldly. Whereupon the little school teacher nearly fainted—overcome either by the magnificence of the two young gentlemen who stood in the doorway, or by the landlady's brazen fib.

Ten minutes later, the quivering ladies in that bleak dining room learned that a "perfectly handsome actor with soulful brown eyes and lovely hair has come to spend the winter with us!" Further than that, the excited schoolmarm informed them, "He's to be the leading man in the new stock company—he's just down from Harvard and, my dears, he has two perfectly enormous trunks with him, probably full of stunning clothes, judging by the looks of the suit he's wearing!"

All of which, relayed between gulps and gasps, had such a profound effect on the assembled yearning ladies that not one of them gave another thought to the lamb stew or the minute tapioca. Except the demonstrator of the Cold Pack Canning Process.

She was plump and she was jolly, and she had long since reconciled herself to a mateless existence, accepting the comfort of food as a not-so-inferior substitute for romance. Being a philosopher, she was also resigned to lamb stew and tapioca, since there wasn't any caviar and quail.

"You got to make the best of things," was the way she [Continued on page 57]
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THE NEW CREAM WITH
"Skin-Vitamin"

A NEW CREAM that puts the necessary "skin-vitamin" right into skin!—The vitamin which especially helps to build new skin tissue—which aids in keeping skin beautiful!

Since Pond's new "skin-vitamin" Cold Cream was announced, hundreds of women have tried it!

In this advertisement we are repeating the words of some of the first to try it—"A great advance"—"Keeps my skin better than ever"—"Gives better color"—"Keeps my skin finer and softer in spite of all my sports."

Exposure dries the "skin-vitamin" out of skin . . .
Exposure is constantly drying this "skin-vitamin" out of the skin. When there is not enough of this "skin-vitamin" in the diet, the skin may suffer—become undernourished, rough and subject to infections.

Suppose you see what putting the "skin-vitamin" directly into your skin will do for it! In animal tests, skin that had been rough and dry because of "skin-vitamin" deficiency in the diet became smooth and supple again—in only 3 weeks.

Use the new Pond's Cold Cream in your regular way for cleansing and before make-up. Put it in. Leave some on overnight and whenever you have a chance. Do this faithfully for 2 or 3 weeks. Some women reported enthusiastically within that time!

Same jars, same labels, same price
Now every jar of Pond's Cold Cream you buy contains this new cream with "skin-vitamin" in it. You will find it in the same jars, with the same labels, at the same price.

FREDERICA VANDERBILT WEBB
now MRS. DAVID S. GAMBLE, JR.

"A great advance . . ."
"Pond's new Cold Cream is a really scientific beauty care. I'll never be afraid of sports or travel drying my skin, with this new cream to put the 'skin-vitamin' back into it."
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"I've always been devoted to Pond's. Now with the 'skin-vitamin,' it helps my skin more than ever. Keeps it bright and fresh looking all through the gayest season."
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"Pond's Cold Cream gets my skin really clean. Now it nourishes, too, and keeps my skin so much softer."
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Laugh It Off

When you are happy, it does no harm to shed a few tears, thinks Claudette Colbert. . . . . . but it is fatal to weep when things go wrong

By Edgar Birdman

The banquet was very elaborate, very formal, very social. It was one of those tremendous things which happen in Hollywood every year or so. Producers and stars had assembled to do honor to the ambassador of one of the greatest nations in the world. Among those who graced the gallant occasion was Claudette Colbert—that stunning girl in white up there, sitting between the ambassador and one of the leading motion picture producers.

Claudette was feeling it—and how! She, like the banquet, was perfectly assembled. Her white dress was a creation of crepe, fresh from the salon of one of the better designers.

Far in the distance, away from the table at which sat Claudette and the other honored ones, sat another star. That star waved to Claudette, the wave clearly indicating:

“So you’re up among the big shots.” Claudette gave a very languid, very broad A bow, and returned to the business of dissecting a chicken rich in brown gravy. The knife slipped, the chicken did a nip-up trailed by a tail of gravy and the ensemble lit in Claudette’s lap.

For one horrible moment she sat, paralyzed.

“This is quite beyond everything,” she told herself. “Shall I scream, cry, get up and run like everything, or just sit?”

She looked at the ambassador. The ambassador looked at her.

“Lively little thing, isn’t it?” she asked.

The ambassador laughed. She laughed. She, the ambassador and waiters made repairs. The banquet went on its gal-lant way. Claudette told me today:

“That laugh saved the day for me. It was a laugh directed at myself. If you can’t laugh at yourself you’re in a very...
bad way. I found it easy to do so, simply by comparing the Claudette of much dignity with the Claudette who played involuntary host to the chicken. I very quickly saw the line which divided a very impressive dignity from a person who looked very silly, and the line was so thin it wasn’t at all important.”

And she confessed:
“A few years ago, I’d have run from the banquet in confusion and would have had a good cry. That would have made things very uncomfortable for those around me as well as for myself.”

The beneficial effects of a good guffaw have been proved to the star on many occasions. Recently she was discussing her work in a play with a British critic.

“The picture wasn’t very well received in England,” the critic said. “The general consensus was that it could have been better.”

Claudette sighed.
“Yes, indeed,” she replied. “The American critics said that the plot wasn’t all that it should have been.”

Claudette was quite pleased with her work in that picture, and it was true that American critics had blamed story structure for the fact that it, while profitable, had not been a smash hit.

“It wasn’t the story,” the critic. “It was your acting.”

That was one time when Claudette had a hard time laughing it off, but she did. And she’s glad she did. Because the critic left her thinking she was a very swell person. When you can laugh at criticism like that, you aren’t in danger of snapping any hat bands.

Then there was that time at the opening of “See Naples And Die,” Claudette’s second or third big hit on the stage. She was feeling quite pleased with her ability as an actress. The critics were all set for a big moment in their lives when she walked onto the stage for her first entrance.

They got it.
Claudette tripped and fell flat on her face. She laughed that off, too, instead of retiring in confusion, and the audience liked her for it.

“Playing in comedies has since taught me to become used to being laughed at,” she told me, as she walked out of a funny scene in Paramount’s Bluebeard’s Eighth Wife. “Nobody ever laughs at the straight man in a comedy scene because nothing silly ever happens to him. But they do laugh at the comedian, who is the butt of the jokes, and they go away remembering the comedian. He’s the one who has given them a good time.”

“It never hurts to be laughed at, on the screen or in real life—providing one laughs, too. The person who can’t laugh, when victim of ego-shattering circumstances, is the one who is remembered as a poor sport.”

Claudette has found, too, that the times when she has to laugh, and the laughs come Two Little Play Suits Climb the Hill...

Two little play suits climbed the hill—
One on Jack, and one on Jill.
Look at Jill’s—so bright and gay!
But Jack’s is full of tattle-tale gray.

For Jill’s mom knows what Jack’s does not—
That lazy soap just hasn’t got
The pep to wash clothes really clean.
And that’s why Jack’s things look so mean.

If Jack’s mom were as wise as Jill’s,
She’d quickly cure her washday ills.
She’d get the golden bar today
That chases pesky tattle-tale gray.

Fels-Naptha Soap is what she’d buy—
So full of naptha, dirt must fly!
Then white as Jill’s, Jack’s clothes would be,
And as for mom, she’d shout with glee.

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Lonesome For Trouble!

Humphrey Bogart may be seen frequently in this mellow mood off screen, though
you will see him scowl through all kinds of assorted villainies in Men Are Such
Fools, Crime School and The Amazing Dr. Clitterhouse in the next few months.

There was a certain compensation in living
dangerously, and one actor thinks wistfully of
the dear old days when trouble always was near

By EMILY NORRIS

"It was agony...sheer agony...at
the time" confided the sensitive Mr.
Humphrey Bogart, who feels things very
deply, even though you'd never guess it
from the menace-roles he plays on the
screen. "I have lived through split-seconds
of purgatory, anguish such as I would not
have my worst enemy endure. But the
strange part of the whole business is that
it is that part of my past that I miss the
most out here in Hollywood.

"It's those breathless moments of agony
on the stage that I miss in my happy, care-
free career as a Bad man. I long for the
apprehension, the fear of what the audi-
ence may be like, which sets an actor's
nerve ends tingling, and tests his mettle.
Things go wrong in pictures, but it doesn't
matter. The director is always on hand
to call 'Cut'!

"But there's no one around to call 'Cut'
on the stage. It's all up to the actor. If
there's a slip-up in lines, if another actor
fails to appear at his cue, if the scenery
collapses, it's up to you to carry on, to
cover up the blunders. And if you suc-
cessfully delude the audience into think-
ing everything's fine when it isn't, you
leave the stage feeling as if you've just
won the Battle of the Marne.

"Not that, at the time, you wouldn't give
your right eye to be on a sound stage with
only a camera, a director, a cameraman,
and a few grips and electricians around to
'boo' the blow-up. But after it's all over
and you're still alive, you're grateful for
the danger which put you on the qui vive.
It was thrilling—the very tightness of
your throat, the dryness of your tongue,
made you give a better performance...
No wonder there's so much fascination in
dangerous professions.

"I've had my share of those 'breathless
moments'," continued the screen's
super-dispenser of breathless moments.
"Like the time I portrayed a great pianist
in a touching opus called A Most Immoral
Lady. Alice Brady was the star.

"Of course I can't play a note, but I
would sit down at the piano and hold the
audience spellbound because it was a
player piano and Rachmaninoff was play-
ing. But the folks out front didn't know
it...they couldn't see the keyboard.

"Alice Brady would ask me to play, and
I would coyly demur for a while, and would then sit down, touch a lever and start pounding the keys.

"Then came the hideous night when once again Alice said, 'Please play!'"

"I sat down at the piano and touched the lever. The thing didn't work. I tried to catch Alice's eye. She was looking the other way. There was a deadly pause. I went clammy. I pushed the lever again and again—but the piano was silent."

"'Sorry,' I said, feigning boredom, 'I don't feel like playing tonight.' Under my breath I hissed at Alice. 'It won't work. Pull me out of this, please!'"

"You must play,' Alice said, as if she hadn't heard me. 'You do it so beautifully!' Her voice was like butter and honey.

"'Not tonight,' I said. 'Some other time. But not tonight!' I stood up. If she kept the thing up, I was going to make for the exit.

"Then you'll sing for me,' she said—and never have I heard such tenderness in her voice. The woman was a sadist! I'd rather hear your beautiful voice anyway!"

"I sang! And Alice stood with her back to the audience and shook with laughter. Could I help it if my singing voice was sour?... Well, if Alice Brady hadn't been a lady—and if I hadn't been a gentleman..."

---

"But perhaps the moment when I needed to light a Murad the worst possible way was the time they had to ring down the curtain when my pants split!

"It was a scene from 'Captain Brassbound's Conversion' (the Bernard Shaw play)—and I was playing it with Gladys George. The lines called for Gladys to say to me: 'Won't you sit down?'... I was wearing the fashionable trousers of the day—and tight ones that fit like a glove! I started to sit down—and there came a ripping sound! I couldn't take the chance of getting up and exposing my BVD's in all their glory. Ladies were still fainting in those days! So they had to ring the curtain down—but not before everybody in the audience knew what had happened.

"When the audience, highly edified, had pulled itself together finally—and when I had pulled on another pair of trousers—the curtain went up again. And, since we were starting the scene again—the first thing Gladys George said was: 'Won't you sit down?'

"'I think I'd better not!' I ad-libbed ruefully... It brought down the house!"

"And that" Chuckled Bogart "is why I miss the theatre. You never know what to expect... and that's half the fun of living. But just the same, I'll be in Hollywood for some time to come—Because I do know what to expect here and that's the other half of the fun of living!"

---

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**DON'T RISK MISFIT MAKEUP...**

**'CHOOSE YOUR MAKEUP BY THE COLOR OF YOUR EYES'**

SAYS **Danielle Darieux**

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**MAKEUP THAT MATCHES...** face powder, rouge, lipstick... eye makeup, too... in color-harmonized sets. And here's makeup that matches you... for it's keyed to your true personality color, the color of your eyes.

**NOW YOU CAN BE SURE** your skin, your hair, your eyes look their loveliest, because you're following Nature's plan for you! Stage and screen stars, beauty editors, fashion experts have approved Marvelous Eye-Matched Makeup. Thousands of women who have tried it agree it's the way to immediate new beauty.

**THE PRICE IS LOW.** Start now to build your matched set. Buy a lipstick... or rouge, face powder, eye shadow, or mascara... in Marvelous Eye-Matched Makeup... only 55¢ each (Canada 65¢) in standard full sizes. Your drug or department store recommends this makeup, advises:

- **BLUE...** wear DRESSEIN type
- **GRAY...** wear PATHICIAN type
- **HAZEL...** wear CONTINENTIAL type

**DATING TONIGHT? Then beware of misfit makeup. Know you're a knockout... in makeup that matches... makeup that matches you!**

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29
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VETERAN OF ADVENTURE

Andrea Leeds will play nothing on the screen more exciting than adventures of her own life

By TED MAGEE

Dawn was scarcely an hour away as a half dozen figures moved cautiously through the night. A brilliant Mexican moon made the countryside bask in little more than a twilight.

Men with rifles led the way, grimly watchful of the lurking shadows. Behind them and near her father was Antoinette Lees, too interested in the drama being enacted to shiver with the apprehension she should have felt.

Antoinette, as lovely a girl as had ever been seen in the Mexican state of Durango, far below the International border, was being hustled through the night for a very definite reason. A band of renegades had marked her as a kidnap victim, believing that this young and beautiful girl would bring a higher reward than her own father, Charles Edward Lees, a mining engineer.

When word slipped through by a mysterious channel of this plot, Mr. Lees wasted neither time nor words. It was his good fortune to have the thing happen at full moon. So, in the dead silence of the night, Antoinette was hustled to an airplane owned by the mining corporation—attended by a heavy guard.

The roar of the plane's motor shattered the stillness. Antoinette was shoved hastily into the craft. Her father kissed her a hasty goodbye. And with only the light of the moon to serve as a beacon, the plane put its teeth into the wind and took off.

Antoinette was never to return to this little town of Cineguilla, for the danger that drove her from Mexico was part of the pattern of adventure that lifted her to national fame in her own country. Scarcely a year later Americans came to know her as Andrea Leeds, the girl...
Samuel Goldwyn drafted for stardom!

Her first appearance was in *Come and Get It*. She was a complete success—and would have been even more outstanding if the same picture had not offered so much more for Frances Farmer, another comparative newcomer to Hollywood.

Then a remarkable thing happened, and Andrea loves to tell about it.

"I heard that RKO was going to do *Stage Door*," she explained. "I had read the play, and wanted the role of Kaye Hamilton in it more than I can tell you. I went to my agents and told them so. I met Billy Grady, who was a talent scout at RKO at that time, and confided my hopes to him. I read, studied and lived the part before I finally made a test for it. And you'll never know how happy I was when I won the role."

But we're getting too far ahead of an amazing story. You ought to know the background—the real life events that shaped this girl's destiny. Only in this way can you understand why she bears so much promise as a dramatic actress, and is one of Goldwyn's finest discoveries.

She was born in Butte, Montana, on an August 18. This is important only as a beginning, for Andrea's parents soon moved to Globe, Arizona. By the time she got through grade school, the family was on the move again. This time they left the United States behind, moving across the border and far south to Cineguilla. I'm no authority on Spanish names, but if the first half of that word wasn't a portent of things to come, then I'm talking about the wrong girl!

Cineguilla was a hot spot for a number of reasons. In those days the Yaqui Indians had a bad habit of running wild on the slightest pretext. In addition, there were banditos to be considered.

So her father sent her to Long Beach, California, where she attended high school. Nonetheless, Andrea rejoined the family every summer, and, unless you question her closely, she will insist that all she did was read books and bake in the hot sun.

But things did happen. For instance, the incident of the Yaquis and the rifles. The American engineers, knowing of the constant dangers around them, formed the habit of regular rifle practice. One day a "committee" of Indians visited the mining town to deliver an ultimatum. There must be no more rifle practice. It made the Yaquis jittery. The shots might be an attack by rebel bands, and how were they to know the difference?

So the Americans laid their guns away for a spell. But life was dull, and there was need of excitement. So one day they had a little marksmanship tourney, and thought nothing of it.

Came nightfall. Andrea went to bed at the usual hour, and soon the camp was quiet. Hours later she was awakened by the plodding of bare feet outside her window. She climbed out of bed and took a quick glance. The place was surrounded by Yaquis, naked except for loin cloths.

"Lysol" gives greater assurance of intimate cleanliness

Women...any woman...you...are foolish to risk offending by neglect of personal daintiness. Your happiness and even the security of your home may rest on a dependable method of intimate feminine hygiene. Use the "Lysol" method.

Often the very nicest and loveliest women are at fault. No one warns you. The offense is too personal. Yet so many women would benefit by giving this subject honest thought. Ask any experienced family doctor.

The fact often is—your finniest bathing, your loveliest beauty aids, just cannot make you completely clean, sweetly nice. People may notice; your husband surely will. And may think you are carelessly neglectful. To be sure of not offending, use the wholesome, efficient method many doctors and nurses recommend—"Lysol" in the proper dilution with water.

You can buy "Lysol" disinfectant in any drug store—with detailed directions for use on every bottle.

Six reasons why "Lysol" is recommended for your intimate hygiene—to give you assurance of intimate cleanliness.

1—Non-Custic..."Lysol", in the proper dilution, is gentle. It 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", because it 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, no matter how often it is uncorked.

What Every Woman Should Know

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Send me free booklet, "Lysol vs. Germs" which tells the many uses of "Lysol."

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Charles Lees, now moving through the house, went to the door. The Yaquis were there to meet him. They wanted no trouble—but would he please oblige them by delivering up all those noisy rifles? They got them—all except a few which the men managed to keep hidden.

Andrea went through several Rebel raids. The irregulars would descend upon the camp, take charge for the moment, and gorge themselves upon turkey and chicken. But no one was molested. Only an absence of fowl and ammunition would testify to what had happened.

On one occasion, however, Andrea had a very frightening experience. She was en route to her father's camp after the usual winter in California. At three o'clock one morning she was to change trains at Jiminez. She was the only woman on a train packed with soldiers and officers.

She saw the reason when she stepped off the train. Rebels had razed the town that very day, and she found herself in the midst of fear-crazed civilians. An hour of stark terror followed. People besieged her for money and food. Her luggage was ripped asunder. One man even tore her coat from her shoulders. Her father, who had received word of the raid, hastened by auto to Jiminez and finally found her there. Andrea had put up a brave front—but never was his appearance as welcome as this time!

That same summer another thing, even more frightening, occurred. She and her family were dining at a neighbor's house when a mob came seeking the superintendent. They trussed up the maid and ransacked the house. Finding nothing they wanted, they moved on to the mill where the superintendent was finally cornered.

At first they refused to talk, so they held burning matches under his bare feet. Finally he told them where Mr. Lees could be found. Andrea will never forget the shock of that moment. They were all quietly eating dinner by candlelight when a brick suddenly smashed through a win-

Charlie McCarthy seems frankly delighted at joining Andrea Lees in another picture, and Edgar Bergen seems equally pleased. The young actress plays a girl who goes to Hollywood, determined to get into pictures in Universal's new drama, "Letter of Introduction"
dow. Loud voices shouted outside, and more glass crashed to the floor.

Charles Lees would not have been a good mining engineer if he had lacked courage in a moment like this. In fact, he might not have been a live engineer, had he not had the courage to walk out alone, face the mob, and order it off the place. Had several men tried to put up a fight, tragedy probably would have resulted. The startling incongruity of one lone man issuing orders to a mob was the thing that saved that situation.

Andrea, during the winters preceding, had continued her schooling. She spent one year at the Chicago Conservatory of Music studying the piano. The rest of her college education came about at the University of California at Los Angeles—they call it UCLA out on the West Coast. And while there, she played in college dramatics and appeared in an amateur movie filmed on 16 mm. equipment.

Andrea's last flight from Mexico—that dawn escape related at the first of this story, set the pace for the things that followed. She made up her mind that only a job would quell her restlessness.

So Andrea started in to be a writer. She made the rounds of the newspaper offices, to no avail.

One day she met a film executive who said to her, "Young lady, you've got the right desire but the wrong application. You should be an actress."

So what? So Andrea listened, and thought perhaps he was right. But being an actress is different from having the desire to be one. She already had some pretty fair examples before her of Hollywood's aloofness to fresh talent.

Then a strange thing happened. Director Howard Hawks saw that innocent little 16 mm. film they made at UCLA, and in it he saw a potentially good actress. So he traced down Antoinette Lees and took her to Samuel Goldwyn. That great producer gave her a screen test, and verified the suspicion that this girl had what it takes. So they christened her Andrea Lees and put her in Come and Get It.

Then she did Stage Door, and by the time it was finished, Sam Goldwyn was ready to start his Goldwyn Follies. He gave Andrea the top feminine role in it.

The preview of the Follies attracted a big crowd. Most of the stars arrived in polished limousines, and entered the theater in grand style. But Andrea—well! She came with Edgar Bergen and his constant companion, Charlie McCarthy. They did not drive up in some super-automobile. Not these three. The crowd stared, and soared in delight. This trio of top personalities in the picture arrived in a tiny Austin!

This is the story of Andrea Lees' amazing life. I haven't tried to detail her personality to you. It's hard to do. The girl sits there, looking very gorgeous, and she talks in a voice that carries power, conviction, color, and you carry away the suspicion that her adventures are just beginning.

Watch the Pores on Your Nose!

Largest Pores on Your Body—A Stern Test of Your Cleansing Methods

Gorgeous figure—lovely face—but the whole effect ruined by Pore-Pocked Nose! All because she carelessly permitted those large nose pores to fill up with dirt and waste matter and become coarse and unsightly!

You must keep these pores C-L-E-A-N! Not merely surface clean. You need that deep under-layer cleansing that penetrates the mouths of your pores and lifts out hidden dirt that may have accumulated for months. It is this dirt that causes trouble. It becomes embedded and grimy—may breed tiny skin infections or result in blackheads, bumps and coarse, rough skin!

Lady Esther Face Cream penetrates this under-layer dirt. It breaks up the embedded packs in the mouths of your pores and makes them easily removable. Just look at your cloth when you wipe Lady Esther Cream away. You'll be astounded at the amount of dirt that was hidden away! In just a short time your skin is glowing and clean and smooth—alive with vibrant freshness and beauty.

Make this Free Test

Let me prove, at my expense, that Lady Esther Cream will cleanse and soften your skin better than any method you have ever used. Just mail the coupon below and I'll send you a generous sample of Lady Esther Face Cream, free and postpaid. I'll also send all ten shades of Lady Esther Face Powder. Mail the coupon now.

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)
It Took Quick Thinking

Sometimes the answers are not written in the script and actors have to turn authors in a hurry

By GRACE KINGSLEY

- It isn’t only aviators and railroad engineers and card sharps and firemen and auto-racers and burglars who have to think fast. Everybody has at one time or another in his life faced an exciting moment when his life, his happiness or maybe only his job hung in the balance.

- It is bad enough, says Jack Benny, to find yourself in a tight place and have to think quickly, but it’s ever so much worse when you suddenly see a loved one in danger. There’s no gagging that up!

- "My little daughter, Joan, was visiting me one day on the set," explained Benny. "I was studying my script, but looked up a moment, and saw my child with her little hand outstretched toward one of the high voltage controls. Realizing I couldn’t get to her in time to save her from a possible fatal shock, I hurled my script at Joan’s legs. This threw her off balance. She plumped down on the floor, laughing gleefully over the new game I was playing with her!"

- Maybe you remember reading how Mae West’s fast thinking got those apartment house burglars jalled. But the story is worth repeating anyhow.

- Returning to her apartment house late one evening, Mae noticed that the doorman was not in his place. Taking a quick glance around the lobby, she noted the switchboard operator wasn’t at her post either. Suspicious, she went back to her car and told the chauffeur to hurry to the corner and call the police.

- Her quick thinking resulted in the arrest of robbers, who had locked the hotel staff in the basement with the idea of waiting till she came home in order to rob her of her jewels.

- A lot of times there is comedy involved in theatre emergencies.

- Take the experience of Brian Donlevy, for instance, when he was playing in The Milky Way, on Broadway, where his pals, trying to make a prize fighter of him, get him down and take off all his clothes with the exception of one single important article.

- On the night in question the boys had stripped him of all but the last piece of clothing, when it suddenly and hor ribly dawned on Brian that in his haste to get dressed that night he had neglected to don the aforesaid important garment. Panic-stricken he shoved the head undresser into a chair, ad libbed, "Cut it out now! I got modesty!" And, under cover of the wave of laughter that followed, he frantically explained the situation to his startled fellow thespians.

- Then there is the story of Eric Blore, and how he got his own way by thinking fast at the right minute.

- Blore was a lance corporal in the British Army during the World War. He was up for a commission, along with a month’s leave, when a new military big shot moved into camp to take charge of the situation. The big shot was a crusty soul and a stickler for perfection of military routine.

- On this particular day a new company of recruits was lined up for his austere inspection. The kids hadn’t much training and that fact stuck out all over them.

- When the crusty soul called "Attention," he got it—seventeen different kinds of it! "Lance Corporal Blore!" snapped the big shot, "Come forward and explain to these piling infants the exact meaning of the command, ‘Stand at attention!’"

- Blore stepped forward, saluted his superior and faced the troop.

- "When the command comes to stand at attention—" he began.

- And then the awful thought occurred to him that, if he pleased the old fellow, he might be stuck with the job of instructing all the troops to come! And under the new order of things, farewell to the pending commission and the month’s leave!

- Awful thought!

- "When the order comes," he began again, "to stand at attention, you—er—simply stand at attention!"

- Old Crusty blew up

- "Of all the inefficiency I ever saw, you, Lance Corporal Blore, have given the most deplorable exhibition," etc.

- And Blore got his leave.

- Hoot Gibson never would have been able to tell how it felt to fall with an airplane if he had not thought fast, that day he crashed while he was flying in the Olympics in Los Angeles.

- "When I knew I was falling, out of control," said Hoot, "the first thing I thought of was fire. With a second or two to go before I hit the ground, I reached down and turned off the ignition. I did go to the hospital all right, but not as a cinder."

- But of all the social misadventures, that of Spencer Tracy and Pat O’Brien is the funniest.

- It was in New York, while Pat and
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They Keep Stars Fresh!
Who keeps your favorite movie star looking so FRESH? Why, it's those geniuses of make-up! They give you FRESH FACES on the screen, as Old Gold gives you FRESHNESS in cigarettes.

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HOURS waiting “on the lot”. Dust and dirt. The heat of Kleig lights. Yet a screen star...to retain her charm and appeal...must be utterly fresh the instant she steps before the camera.

Cigarettes face that freshness problem, too. They travel far to reach you; and along the way they’re beset by dryness, dampness, dust. Yet a cigarette...to retain its charm and appeal...must be utterly fresh the instant you put a match to it.

Hollywood spends a fortune to guard the freshness of its stars. We spend a fortune to guard the freshness of our star...Double-Mellow Old Gold.

We put an extra jacket of costly moisture-proof Cellophane around every Old Gold package. Thus, double-wrapped and double-sealed, Old Gold’s mellow prize crop tobaccos are protected from staleness. Every Old Gold reaches you exactly as we make it...and that’s as fine as a cigarette can be made.

TUNE IN on Old Gold’s Hollywood Screen Scoops, Tues. and Thurs. nights, Columbia Network, Coast-to-Coast

Here’s why the O.G. package keeps ‘em fresh

Copyright, 1938, by P. Lorillard Co., Inc.

Brian Donlevy still wears a shocked expression when he remembers the time he had to do his quickest thinking on the stage. You’ll see him next in The Battle of Broadway with Victor McLaglen and Louise Hovick.

Spencer were both stage actors doing small parts. They lived together and owned one dinner coat between them.

Pat and Spencer were invited to a party one night, but what to do for clothes? But they did want to go to that party so badly! So they hit on a device. The party took place on Long Island, and the house had a verandah which ran around the front and one side. The boys decided that one would wear the dinner coat and the other a business suit. One would go into the party, while the other lurked on the side verandah; then the first one would come forth, seek the verandah shadows, and the two would change clothes.

“It all worked beautifully,” said Pat, “until our hostess’ curiosity was aroused by the fact that Spencer and I were never present at the same time, but that, when he was there I invariably disappeared, and vice versa. So finally she followed me out. She saw me dodge around the corner; she caught sight of Spencer in his business suit, lurking about like a burglar. We had just begun starting to unbutton our vests in the undressing act when we saw her. I gulped as I realized that I must think quickly.”

“Spencer—er—er—” I began, “Spencer went home to look after some business matters. He came back to tell me he had a telephone call from a manager who wants me for a part, and so I have to go too!”

“And so we made our ignominious departure! But at least we had saved our faces and we had been at the party!”

When Answering Advertisements Please Mention June HOLLYWOOD
Enter the Flower Girl

Ann Doren, who will be seen in Columbia's Holiday, takes no time off from the care of her hands. A softening lotion is particularly important during vacation days filled with sun and wind.

Daintiness still is the first rule for charm, and here is a beauty expert's advice

By ANN VERNON

- Fair and flowery is the fashion forecast for summer. Flowers are definitely the decoration of the moment. You'll wear them on your hats, your dresses, tucked into the buttonholes of your suits. You'll twine them around your head for evening, pin them to the bosom of your strapless evening dress, fasten them at your wrist, your waist. Even flower trimmed evening slippers will peep out from bouffant, swishing organdy or taffeta skirts.

With all this accent on flowers, you'll want to be flowerlike in your daintiness— and rival your clothes for sweetness. I've covered the town, and now I'm all ready to sound off with an impressive list of products which will help keep you flower-fresh for summer. These are the things which will make you dainty from the skin out, fresh as the morning dew, so that the final touch of make-up will give you a petal-like loveliness.

For summer daintiness, for summer comfort, you'll never want to slip up on your morning and evening baths. Take an invigorating shower in the morning to wake you up, and a warm relaxing tub at night to leave your body silky soft as the fresh nightie you slip into before toddling off to bed. To make the bathing rite even more refreshing, why not a soap that is known for its gentle, mild and thoroughly cleansing lather? The tiny bubbles attack and defeat all the dust and grime you've collected during the activities of the day. You'll like the fragrance of this creamy white toilet soap. A few cents buys it in its green and yellow, cameo bedecked wrapper, so you'll surely want to lay in a stock to insure pleasant bathing this summer.

- I'm one of those people who just never could see the sense of taking a shower or tub, and getting all clean, and then stepping into underwear that "has been worn just one day." One day, I usually find, is quite long enough for a slip, brassiere or girdle to collect its full quota of perspiration odor, even in the winter.
And the hot weather just multiplies that! And when you come right down to it, it's not so terribly hard to have clean undies always on hand. There are so many reliable soaps and soap flakes on the market that it's but the work of a minute to suds them out, hang them up, and start the next day really fresh! The maker of the toilet soap I just told you about also puts out a pure soap that can be used for both laundry and bath. It comes in powder and flake (in a blue and white package) as well as cake form, and all three lather easily in lake-warm water.

Summer means hot weather, and hot weather means just one thing. Perspiration. Smart girls from New York to Hollywood have learned that it just doesn't pay to take the chance of staining good clothes. Shields are one good method of protecting dresses, saving you worry and cleaning bills. At a fashion show I attended the other day, each and every model wore, under her glamorous clothes, a brassiere with shields attached to it. I learned later that these are worn in all the big studios in Hollywood, to protect the clothes—for Klieg lights are hot! These garments seemed to me to be the last word, because they are convenient and comfortable, can be washed all in one piece. Gone is the bother of removing shields from a dress, sewing them in again. There were all sizes and types of models in that show, and there was a bra for each type, so I'm sure you'll find one that is just right for your figure. Some were wrap-arounds, some hooked in back. Most featured the uplift line. Two of the styles had a built-in arch which supported the bust from underneath. The bras come in such fabrics as lace, net, batiste, and cost from about a dollar up. Want the name?

To go with the shields, I found a grand product that takes the odor out of perspiration. The pure white cream is easily applied to the armpits, and vanishes so quickly that you can go on with your dressing immediately. You'll find the cream will soften the skin, leave it smooth and white. If friend husband snitches some of your cream, buy him some of his own—or get him a can of the powder deodorant made by the same company.

After taking care of every other phase of personal daintiness, don't fall down on mouth hygiene. Scrub your teeth regularly to accomplish two things—a clean mouth and gleaming teeth. Nothing looks nicer with a deep coat of summer tan than sparkling white teeth. But not everyone's teeth are white and bright. If yours are the dingy type, I know you'll want to try the refreshing minty-flavored dentifrice I ran across the other day. It comes in two types. No. 1, in the red package, is for teeth that brighten easily, No. 2, in blue, for teeth that are hard to whiten. The dentist manufacturer has lately brought out both types in powder as well as the original paste form, so you can have your choice. They come in 10, 25 and 50 cent sizes.

I used to dread working during the summer because my face would get so dirty when the office windows were open all day. But this summer is going to be different. The other day I discovered some grand little pads, saturated with a mild lotion that cleanses the skin without drying it. One circular pad does the trick for the face—removes the dirt and perspiration as well as make-up, freshens the skin, and at the same time softens and smooths it! Your face is all prepared for fresh make-up then. There are 110 pads packed in a blue and white jar, and 10 travel in a flat, purse-sized vanity. Fifty-five cents buys them both, and of course I'll send you the name.

Want to spend a fair and flowery summer? Then write to Ann Vernon for advice on how to do your hair, how to make up, how to be fresh and dainty on the hottest days . . . And don't forget to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope (3 cents U. S. postage) for her reply. The address is Ann Vernon, HOLLYWOOD, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

Lovely TO LOOK AT ...BUT NO FUN TO KNOW!

I'm sorry to leave early, Madge, but nobody but you will miss me. People never pay any attention to me at parties!

Ruth, will you let me tell you why? It's hard to say—but you simply ought to see your dentist about your breath!

Tests show that most bad breath comes from decaying food deposits in hidden crevices between teeth that aren't cleaned properly. I advise Colgate dental cream. Its special penetrating foam removes these odor-breeding deposits, and that's why . . .

Colgate Dental Cream Combats Bad Breath

"You see, Colgate's special penetrating foam gets into the hidden crevices between your teeth that ordinary cleansing methods fail to reach. It removes the decaying food deposits that cause most bad breath, dull, dingy teeth, and much tooth decay. Besides, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent gently yet thoroughly cleans the enamel—makes your teeth sparkle!"

One Month Later—Thanks to Colgate . .

Sorry to break this up, Phil, but you can't expect to monopolize a popular girl like Ruth.

No bad breath behind Ruth's sparkling smile!

...and no toothpaste ever made my teeth as bright and clean as Colgate's!
Want a lipstick that's permanent? ... keeps your lips soft too?

Then here is the lipstick for you ... The color stays on, yet this new kind of lipstick keeps your lips smooth, youthfully moist.

**ROMANTIC CALIFORNIA COLORS**

**WINE** is a dark vibrant color for brunettes with dark skin. **SPANISH** is a daring red styled for the complexion of a flashing senorita. **DESERT FLAME** is a brilliant youthful color for blondes. **CINEMA** a new shade styled in Hollywood for wear under artificial light.

Large regular size for 60c at all Drug and Dept. Stores and 25c size at Dime Stores.

**HE HAS A WONDERFUL TIME**

Ever since he wanted to be a Shakespearean actor at the age of ten, he has been making a success of his hobbies

By TERRY KELLY

- It's a pretty sound tradition that most youngsters dodge Shakespeare like a pot of poison. Until they have attained a certain degree of sophistication and literary background, they'll run at the sight of the old bard's printed ghost.

- I did, and I'll bet you did. But Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. didn't, and that's why I maintain he couldn't help being an actor.

- Over at RKO where he starred in The Joy of Living — people just couldn't resist referring to it as the joy of loving — Doug was stymied by this question: "Supposing you had been born John Richard Jones, son of a noted ship builder. Would you still have turned out to be a great actor?"

- Almost immediately he took exception to that term "great actor," but when I pointed out that it had very little to do with the question, he said, "I probably would have grown up to be a ship builder who spent too much of his time in amateur theatrical ventures, Little Theatres, and that sort of thing."

- Then he admitted the truth. At the tender age of ten, young Doug, living with his mother, was going through the first throes of wanting to go on the stage.

- What he had to say was the start of a tense story — past, present and future.

- "I was ten years old when the bug bit me," he said, pouring milk (not cream) into his afternoon tea. "Mother was what was known as a society belle and had nothing to do with the theatre. Dad was on the west coast in pictures. "I had no inclination to climb cliffs, swing from chandeliers, or do any of the other alarming stuff which had made him famous. But how I went for Shakespeare! I learned all the roles in King Richard III, and parts of other dramas.

- "When mother wasn't around I would get into her make-up box and fix myself the way I thought good professional appearances would be. Then I'd get before a mirror and throw acting tantrums."

- Not that he spent all his youthful years shouting Shakespearean quotations over the neighborhood. Quite to the contrary. After this early attack of drama, he recovered for a spell and almost became an artist. He painted a bit and sculptured more. And wasn't half bad at it, either.

- "I won an honorable mention once under an assumed name in a Paris salon for one bit of sculpture," he admitted. "I think I was about twelve then. I have done some sculpting since, but very little painting. Two summers ago I did a couple of busts for the fun of it, but I must confess the years of inactivity proved fatal and the results were horribly amateurish."
Doug has done a good deal of writing in the past five years. He was one of the first contributors to Esquire. His work has appeared in everything from Vanity Fair to the Saturday Evening Post. Most writers would like to be able to say the same for themselves, yet Doug has not gotten too much satisfaction out of what he has done.

For one thing, he is suspicious that some of his stuff sold because of his name, and not strictly on merit. Although you must not conclude from this that the editors of big magazines will buy just anything with his John Henry on it. To the contrary, he has the usual drawer full of rejection slips and letters. Some of the rejected manuscripts, he believes, in true author’s psychology, are among his best things to date.

No wonder, then, that he is a very busy man these days. Doug makes one film after another, with very little time in between. When he’s away from the studio, he has plenty to do. He likes to find time for a day or two at sea. He writes a yarn for the satisfaction of it. He goes somewhere for a little trip. I saw him this last time in the RKO commissary. He was studying the production schedule, and detected a period of eight days that soon would offer him his freedom. So what was he planning? A quiet train trip to New York to visit his mother for two days. That’s a long way to go for such a brief visit, but she was getting ready to sail for England and it was to be a case of two days or none at all.

Douglas Fairbanks, the younger, is unusual in a lot of ways. He is artistic, something of an idealist, a bit of the dreamer. But at the same time he has a dynamic drive. He simply can’t be still for long.

The result? He won’t sign a long term contract in Hollywood because he might want to visit his home in England. He won’t buy a house because tomorrow he may want to live somewhere else.

What then, does he plan for the future? Well. I can give you some of the conclusions I have reached in observing him and talking with him. To be sure, they may not agree in the slightest with what he plans. I merely maintain that these things are indicated from my point of view.

He will remarry again sometime. His matrimonial venture with Joan Crawford turned out unsatisfactorily, and a man can’t quickly walk into another marriage without a lot of consideration first—not if he’s smart about it. I’ll guess that he has no permanent romance in sight, but sooner or later he will find the right girl, and when he does, the marriage will take place.

He will not be satisfied being just a star. He has no desire to direct pictures, but once of these times we will see him blossom out as a producer-actor, all in the same film. In all probability he will even have a hand in the writing of the script.

In this way Doug will find the chance he wants to create the vehicle first, shape its destiny, and then interpret what he has prepared.

If a man did all the things that Douglass does, and did them too seriously, if he took his thoughts too seriously and failed to leaven them with humor, he might be something of a drudge. Not so, however, with the younger Fairbanks. Happily, he has a swell sense of humor. And that guarantees that he’ll have a wonderful time—no matter which career he is following.

Everyone is wondering just how the glamorous Danielle Darrieux, French star, impresses Hollywood. In order to get the inside news, E. J. Smithson spent several days working as an extra in her first American film, The Rage of Paris. He tells you all about it in the July issue of HOLLYWOOD Magazine. Get it at your newstand on June 10.

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**WHERE'S BILL THESE DAYS?**

**NO, BUT HE HASN'T TELEPHoned, AND THE LAST TIME WE WERE OUT TOGETHER, HE DID NOTHING BUT RAVE ABOUT JANE, AND HER "SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION"!**

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After the First Year

What difference has a year of fame made in the young man who was unknown only a few short months ago?

By ELMER SUNFIELD

Take a young, good-natured fellow who literally flies from screen obscurity to screen fame within the short span of a single year—an amazing record accomplished with no more than two pictures to his credit—and you begin to wonder, if you are at all interested in his career, just what this spectacular rise to stardom has done to him. You recall the almost complete metamorphosis that blighted the lives of other young and good-natured youngsters—boys and girls alike—whom Lady Luck chose to sprinkle with star dust. Some went high-hat, some went "Hollywood" and some went into oblivion.

Take Wayne Morris, for instance. Kid Galahad Morris, the big boy with the broad shoulders and infectious smile.

Here's a young, strapping, good-natured fellow who was smoked out of his fire warden job in the Sierra Madres Mountains by a Warner Brothers talent scout, given a screen debut in King of Hockey, a starring part with Bette Davis and Edward G. Robinson in Kid Galahad, to find himself bracketed almost overnight with the top names of filmdom. Hardly had he read over the first preview review of his second picture when he was the center of interest of the back-slapping, bouquet-throwing, "I-told-you-so" fair-weather friends noted in movietown for their adroitness in hitching their wagons to a star.

Two weeks after Kid Galahad was re-
leashed he was deluged by a flood of telegrams and letters from motion picture fans the country over and was taken to their hearts as their special film favorite. Wayne's fan mail rose from absolutely nothing to a mark equal to that received by any Warner top-ranking star! All this, mind you, within the period of a year! It was enough to turn the head of a man let alone a boy, and all Hollywood, eager to get at its favorite indoor sport, began to speculate as to the length of time it would take before this broad-shouldered, good-natured guy would start trying on largersized hats. Granted that he was level-headed and so far, to all appearances, he seemed to know what the shouting was all about, it wouldn't be long before he would begin to develop the outward and visible signs of a fellow pretty much in love with his own importance.

That's what Hollywood thought and said, having in mind the form sheets of a number of other likeable youngsters who had gone from better to worse after their names had been blazoned in marquee mazdas. No kid of Kid Galahad's age could withstand the pressure exerted by the sudden acclaim and adulation of the country's motion picture fans. So Hollywood thought and said.

Now, Hollywood being the town it is—a place where you can't believe half of what you see and nothing of what you hear—we decided that the only way to obtain a fair appraisal of the young, ex-fire warden of the Sierra Madres Moutains, was to put him under observation, ask him a few questions about himself and so discover if the wise-acres of Movietown were hot, warm, or cold so far as their prophecies about him were concerned.

We decided to do this because we had taken a personal interest in Wayne ever since we had first met him on the Kid Galahad set during the filming of the thrilling fight sequences. We had given him his first publicity story in Hollywood Magazine. This was long before the picture was released and we predicted that here was a guy who was going to travel far in his film career. We also predicted in the same story that, come the day when he would have his blonde head among the brightest of Hollywood stars, he'd always manage to keep his No. 11 brogans on the ground.

Well, the first year of stardom was just about over and we decided to put Wayne through the examiner's mill to prove whether we or the wise-acres were right or wrong.

We had lunch together recently and he had time to take the first bite of his "beef-on-rye," we started to pour out a generous dose of the well-known "oil" in the firm belief that if he HAD changed for the worse a little flattery would be the mental prod that would give him an opening to pat himself on the back until he broke a couple of wrists.

"It must be a grand and glorious feeling," we said, "to be drawing down big dough, seeing your name on 24-sheets, being the target for all those fan letters, hob-nobbing with the screen's elite—boy, whatta life!"

"It's a cinch! And am I laying 'em in the aisles and knocking 'em cold! I've got 'em in the palm of my hand and I'm shouting gangway to the rest of the world! I'm good now, brother, but you watch me hit my stride a year from now! It's a cinch!"

Kid Galahad didn't say that, but it's what he would have said if the wise-acres of Hollywood were right. What he did say was this:

"It's a grand and glorious feeling, all right," he said, forgetting his "beef-on-rye," "seeing your name where you never in the wide world ever expected to see it, reading pieces about yourself in the magazines and papers, receiving fan mail from all parts of the country, meeting new and interesting people, feeling that maybe you're really getting somewhere—but I'm scared stiff! It's sort of gotten me down. Too much has happened to me in a year. But I'd be a sap to deny that I haven't been thrilled by it all. I hope my foot won't slip... what I mean is, I hope I won't change any. I'll never forget what Pat O'Brien said while we were making Submarine D-1. The first time

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you feel your feet leaving the ground,' he advised. 'Go buy yourself a pair of shoes with spikes in the soles.' I've already bought 'em—just in case. Remember the night Kid Galahad was previewed? I'll never forget it.'

We won't either. Standing in the lobby after the show, Wayne, red as a beet from embarrassment, listened to himself being hailed as a new star. Producers, directors and stars patted him on the back, shook him by the hand, tagging him as the best bet of the season, filling his ears with enough praise to kill an ordinary youngster receiving his first full taste of screen fame. It was a royal reception if there ever was one, rarely accorded a newcomer, and Wayne took it shly, looking around in a dazed sort of way as though it must be two other guys.

'I never slept a wink that night, or for several nights after that,' he admits; "it was the thrill of a lifetime."

We asked him if he'd ever taken time out to check up on himself recounting case histories of youngsters who had gone slightly haywire after tasting the fruits of initial success.

"I do it all the time, checking and re-checking," he replied. "And I'm smart enough to take the advice of good friends like Pat O'Brien. You know, that big Irisher has told me off a number of times and, believe me, when Pat begins to yell, you stop, look, and listen. Right off the bat I learned from Pat that I didn't have to be a 'Good Time Charlie' to get ahead in this business, and so my visits to the gay nightspots are few and far between. You may not believe it but it's a fact just the same—I've only been to the Troc twice since I've been in pictures."

"Here's what I do with the 'big dough' you asked about a minute ago. All of it, save for a small sum needed to take care of my car, lunches, and so on, goes into annuities. If saving will do it, Father Morris' big boy, Wayne, will never have to beg for benefits when Fate steps in and says 'You're through, Pal.' My one extravagance, if you want to call it that, is my car which is ancient enough to receive old age benefits and soaks up gas and oil like a barfly trying to drink the breweries dry."

"Have I bought a new house or moved into swankier quarters? Not by a long shot! In order to be near the studio I rented a modest little house in the hills above Warners and moved my family from Pasadena. It's a quiet, pretty place, but far from being swanky. Some of these days, though, I'm going to buy a few acres in the San Fernando Valley, build a house on it and be a farmer. My family thinks it's a swell idea, and so do I."

"Romance and marriage? Say, you've read about Priscilla and me in the papers so let's skip it. We've both agreed to wait two or three years before taking the Mr. and Mrs. step because we both feel that first we ought to establish ourselves more firmly in our careers. That may sound a trifle selfish, but it's fair, it seems to me. And it's okay by Priscilla, too."

The day we went out to arrange a luncheon date, he was working with Priscilla Lane, his real sweetheart who is also his real sweetheart in Men Are Such Fools. During a long wait between shots, Wayne sat down in a corner of the set to study his lines and within a minute he was surrounded by a group of props, grips and so on—all bent on teaching their pal how to handle his dialogue! In turn, each took the script and became an actor with Wayne sitting there, smiling a little, but taking it all in like any earnest pupil would. There was a lot of friendly argument about 'timing,' and 'emphasis' and it all sounded pretty expert to me. It evidently did to Wayne, too, because we saw him later making penciled notations on the page of script under discussion. And when an assistant director shouted: 'Break it up, we're shooting!' one of the props brought a hand down on Wayne's shoulder and grinned: 'Now do as we told you an' get up there and hit that ball!'"
Body-Guards De Luxe
[Continued from page 21]

organized publicity department. And we said so. Don and Tyrone were gentlemen, scholars, and mighty fine actors, but for the life of us we failed to see why they should feel obligated to horn in on a matter that was between Arleen and ourselves. We said a lot of other things, too, but Frances was too busy at a phone to pay much attention. We had just fashioned a neat series of caustic phrases anent this incredible situation when she hung up.

"I just called Don and Tyrone on the Alexander's Ragtime Band set," she reported, "and they said to come right over. They'll take you lunch, and you can meet Arleen there. I told them you had been out here on scores of interviews and that you were a fine, upright gentleman, but they said that didn't matter and for you to come over on the Ragtime set for inspection."

We learned, then, that Don and Tyrone had appointed themselves monitors to Arleen, and that while it may have started out as a gag, it surely wasn't now. The two boys had taken the smiling little colleen under their wings, had helped in her training in the studio's dramatic school, had taught her tricks of the acting trade she never could have ac-

Hand-painted tulips are the only decoration on this striking dinner gown, designed by Violet Tatum for Danielle Darrieux to wear in Universal's new drama The Rage of Paris quired alone in years. So successfully had they guided her beginner's footsteps that now she even refused to go out on a date with a boy unless he received their approval and sanction! And it was the same with interviews. No publicity about their protege unless they had a hand in it! The publicity department had given this arrangement its blessing, Frances said. Don and Tyrone got a great amount of pleasure out of it and Arleen, certainly, got a great deal of very valuable help. And now would we please run over to the Ragtime set?

The two self-appointed monitors had just finished a sequence when we arrived. We apologized for not bringing along our birth certificate and a history of our family tree but we hoped, so we said, that these two omissions could be overlooked and that they would grant us the privilege of asking their protege a few questions.

Don gave us a long look and glanced at Tyrone. Then Tyrone gave us a long look and glanced back at Don. Both moved back a couple of steps and there was a lot of whispering between the two until Don finally went to a phone. When we heard him put in a call for Arleen we knew we had at last passed inspection.

"It may sound a bit screwy," admitted Don as we walked to the commissary, "and we don't blame you if you think it's all part of a gag, but it isn't.

LOVE ALMOST FLIES OUT THE WINDOW

Tom has been calling on Marion, but he's "different" somehow—seems uncomfortable. Marion wonders what she could have done.

She spends a week end in the country with her best friend, Helen. Tom is there, too. He pays attention to another girl, and Marion is broken-hearted.

Tom proposes! He confesses that he was distracted by someone else for a while—doesn't know what got into him. "I don't blame you a bit, Tom darling. We won't talk about it . . . but I won't ever offend again!" Marion says happily.

That night Helen finds Marion crying in her room—making up for the big dance. "If I can't win Tom back, I don't want to live," she sobs.

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really. Like all greenies, when Arleen first came on the lot she was the victim of more than her share of teasing. Tyrone and I were as guilty as the rest, at first, but we gave it up as we got to know her better. She is such a swell little lady that we sort of saw to it that she got as many good breaks as possible. We’ve been advising her on this, that, and the other thing for the past four months, now, and she’s gotten in the habit of looking to us for advice—and we give it. A monitor is one who admonishes, one who warns of faults, informers of duty, and gives advice and instruction and our supervision over Arleen has somehow spread out to cover these various duties . . .

“We cut out quite a job for ourselves,” admitted Tyrone, “but we like it. Arleen does, too, and that makes it pleasant for the three of us. This interview, now. She isn’t used to them, so Don and I are sitting in on this one just in case you inadvertently ask a question we don’t want her to answer. Like ‘What I Think About Love’, for instance. Or ‘Why I’m Not Ready for Romance’, just to cite another sample. Arleen’s views on love and romance are ‘out’. She isn’t in love and she isn’t playing the feminine lead in any real-life romance—and if she were we wouldn’t allow her to talk about it. Not for publicity purposes, at least.”

Arleen was waiting for us when we entered the commissary. After introductions were over we got right down to business by bouncing the ball of conversation with a simple little query that had to do with her age. Much to our annoyance Don bounced it right back before she could even open her mouth.

“She’s twenty-two and was born in Salt Lake City,” he said. “When she was no more than knee-high to a shamrock her parents moved to Twin Falls, Idaho, and from there to Portland, Oregon, where she attended the Sacred Heart convent and St. Francis School . . .”

“And from Portland,” Tyrone broke in, eager to add his bit to our fund of biographical information, “the family moved to Pueblo, Colorado, where she sang in the choir and played the organ. Los Angeles was the next step in the Whelan family’s travels. Arleen enrolled in the Manual Arts High School and specialized in piano, voice, harmony and music appreciation during her four school years. . . . Isn’t that correct, Arleen?”

Arleen smiled and nodded. “I loved music and thought that sometime I might be able to do something with my voice,” she told us before her monitors could object. “Dramatics didn’t appeal to me, then. Whenever my name was mentioned for a part in a school play I’d always refuse. I won a place on the girls’ rifle team, though, and was initiated into the Delta Phi Chi sorority and I became fairly proficient in swimming and . . .”

“When she was graduated from Manual Arts in 1932,” Don broke in, “she set out to make her own way in the world. There wasn’t enough money in the family cash box to finance her musical studies and, anyway, she wasn’t sure whether or not she was talented enough to make music her career. Beauty salons seemed to offer a good livelihood that year so she enrolled at the Paramount School of Beauty where she studied for six months. . . .”

“And by the time 1933 arrived,” interrupted Tyrone, “the country, still groaning under the weight of the depression, was as blue as a jazz singer’s song. There were no beauty jobs to be had and it was a full year before she found work as a manicurist in the Roosevelt Hotel. Isn’t that correct, Arleen?”
"I felt as though I owned the earth," she said quickly, "the day I received my first pay check. It was the most exciting event in my life except, of course, the time when I knew for certain that..."

"We're coming to that," Don cut in hastily. "You just be patient, Arleen, and let us handle this. Tyrone and I want to keep everything straight and you're getting excited. You remained at the Roosevelt for a year and a half and then moved over to Patrick Regan's barbershop where you earned $18 a week and tips. Right?"

"Right," agreed Arleen, and before either of her monitors could stop her she added swiftly, "after I was there for about two weeks I was ready to quit. You see, in the Roosevelt I had served mostly women, but it was different in the barbershop. The customers were mostly men and the majority of them seemed to take a great pride in being gagers when it came to pretty girls. I didn't enjoy their teasing and wished more than once that I was back behind my old table..."

"And that," Tyrone said, giving her the sign-off signal, "brings us to the eventful day of May 27, 1937, when H. Bruce Humberstone, one of our ace directors, walked briskly into the barbershop for a haircut. On a little white table was a little black and white sign, 'Arleen Whelan, manicurist,' but Mr. Humberstone, being pre-occupied with something or other failed to notice the sign, the table, or Arleen. Believe me, it was lucky for him, 20th Century-Fox, and for her that she finally mustered up enough courage to approach the chair in which he was sitting and ask, in that low, soft voice of hers, 'Manicure, Sir?'..."

"He glanced around," Don said, taking up the story at this point and without offering any apologies to Tyrone, "saw Arleen's red hair, looked intently into her blue, expressive eyes, noticed the way she walked—and right then and there, although she didn't know it—she was marked down for stardom! That's Hollywood for you! Studios spend hundreds of thousands of dollars on talent scouts who search the country for prospective screen material and here, right in their backyard, you might say, they stumble onto the discovery of the year! That's more of Hollywood for you! Now..."

"When Mr. Humberstone was about to leave he asked to be introduced to me. And..."

"That was as far as Arleen got. Tyrone, eager to contribute his share of the exciting story, shushed her with another sign-off signal.

"Mr. Regan explained that Humberstone was an honest-to-goodness director and not a practical joker trying to get free. Then Humberstone explained that if she would like to have a screen test the next day at the studio he'd be very glad to arrange it. Arleen, she told us later, explained to herself that if it were a joke it certainly was a good one and that since she had nothing to lose she might as well agree to the test. Her boss had said she could have the day off, and that was something. So she took a bus the next day, took her test, and when it was over, took everybody by surprise by passing it with flying colors. Everybody, that is, except Director Humberstone and Darryl Zanuck who had apparently had agreed before she even stood in front of a camera that she had everything it takes to become a great star..."

"In less than forty-eight hours," Don cut in, giving his fast-talking partner in monitoring a kick on the shin, "Arleen was signed to a contract and scheduled to play opposite Warner Baxter in Kidnapped! And if that isn't what you'd call the 'reel luck of the Irish' the interview ends right here. Maybe you'd like to say a few words, Arleen?"

"Well," smiled the blue-eyed colleen, "there isn't much left to say except that before the picture went into production I was sent to the studio's dramatic school where I studied for six months on such important matters as diction, pose, and posture. It was hard work and so exciting that I rarely got more than four hours of sleep a night. I don't know what I would have done if Arleen who had eventually become of me if it hadn't been for the kindness of Don and Tyrone."

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**When Answering Advertisements Please Mention June HOLLYWOOD**

45
owes them a debt I'll never be able to repay. I'm deeply indebted to Warner Baxter, too. You know, when the picture first started, Warner and his wife used to take me with them on their yacht and both would coach me in my lines during the week-end trips.

“Here's something you might want to know,” Tyrone hastened to add, “producers at the Selznick Studios heard about Arleen and asked to see her tests. They were searching for a girl who would fit into the Scarlett O'Hara role and with the permission of 20th Century-Fox Arleen was ‘furnished out’ for three months while she learned a Southern accent under Selznick tutors. An offer was made to buy her contract from Darryl Zanuck who promptly refused to let go of what he considered the outstanding discovery of the year in Hollywood...

"It was a disappointment not to be able to play Scarlett," Arleen said, succeeding in getting a few words in edgewise, "but I still think I'm the luckiest girl in all the world. From a manicurist table to a sound stage is a long, long jump and no one knows it any better than I!"

"About your dates," we said, then. "We've heard that you won't accept one unless these gentlemen—your man-hating monitors—give their okay. That, according to the way we look at the social amenities, is going a little too far in supervision.

The two monitors threw the conversational switch with swiftness and dispatch and we found ourselves side-tracked and without an answer. We saw Arleen shake her red hair vigorously and we're fair enough to take that for a 'no'. "Arleen has a fifteen-year-old brother named Robert," Don informed us as we got up to leave.

"And a five-year-old brother named Tommy," Tyrone added.

"She has one date a week—with our permission," Don said.

"She takes long hiking trips with her father and mother whenever she has time." This from Tyrone.

"She likes to bowl, can tap dance, plays tennis and badminton." This from Don.

"She was asked for her first autograph the other day, and was so thrilled," smiled Tyrone.

"She weighs 112—and can eat as much as she wants without gaining an ounce. She... well, we think she's swell!” said Don.

Come to think about it, we do, too!

**Hollywood Newsreel**

[Continued from page 14]

City for a picture down there she had to go to a Spanish teacher, to improve her Spanish accent.

- There’s no telling what a comedian will do. As witness Ben Blue...

Ben is building a new home... but WHAT a home. It will have only three rooms, but for these the comic has imported a wood-carver from Sweden and a mural decorator from Norway. It will have a sod roof, with brilliant flowers growing thereon. "I want what I want," is the way Ben describes the undertaking... "and this is what I want." So, that seems to be that.

- After this, Edgar Kennedy is going to be mighty careful in following the dictates of the Boy Scouts... Do a Good Deed Daily.
Not long ago, he was driving past a barbecue stand and chanced to see a small lad literally eating the scene with his sparkling eyes. Edgar stopped, and bought the boy a sandwich. Then, he watched the youngster bolt down the food, proud in the knowledge his good deed for the day was done.

A hurricane of skirts rocketed against him. "What do you mean," a shrill voice demanded, "buying my son THAT? He's on a vegetable diet!"

Edgar, burning, left in confusion.

- Sally Eilers and her producer-husband, Harry Joe Brown, still are chortling over this incident . . .

They were throwing a party, and in making out their list of food supplies to be purchased on the morrow inadvertently placed the name of the book, "Sartor Resartus," at the top of the sheet, as a volume to be picked up later for reading.

Came the morrow . . . and the butler, who always does the marketing personally, nearly became apoplectic in insisting at the store that Miss Eilers ALWAYS got Sartor Resartus at that counter!

**Important Pictures**

*Continued from page 10*

Lindsay, Richard Cromwell, Henry O'Neill, Spring Byington, John Litel and Irving Pichel are only a few of the many fine players in the supporting cast. Fay Bainter gives perhaps the most telling and consistent portrayal in a production which is notable chiefly for impressively lavish costumes and backgrounds, and for Southern accents from Boston, Ireland and other points of the compass.

THERE'S ALWAYS A WOMAN (Columbia)

- When a serious young detective has a flibbertigibbet wife who insists upon helping him with his work, audiences are assured of an hour and a half of laughs, if the action depends upon Melvyn Douglas and Joan Blondell.

On the firm base of a nice murder mystery, a quite giddy comedy has been built. Aided by an excellent supporting cast and rapid fire direction, the stars frolic through daffy situations and light-minded lines for an hour and a half of farcical fun.

LOVE, HONOR AND BEHAVE (Warner's)

- This is a domestic drama of two generations, and is based on the theory that nothing pleases and flatters a wife quite so much as a good old-fashioned spanking from her husband.

Strange idea.

Barbara O'Neill, Thomas Mitchell, John Litel, Mona Barrie, Dicky Moore, Wayne Morris and Priscilla Lane carry leading roles. More than one person will feel that the case for spankings as proof of devotion is none too convincingly proved, but most people will enjoy Priscilla Lane's vigorous rendition of "Bei Mir Bist Du Schoen."

MOVIE STORY Magazine

*Invites you to*

Preview all the Big Hit Pictures

Everyone loves the thrill of a movie preview or premiere. And MOVIE STORY Magazine makes it possible for you to preview—in the comfort of your own home—every big hit picture produced.

These previews are in the form of thrilling, vividly real, full-length story versions of the films. Each story is generously illustrated with beautiful pictures from the movie itself. And all this entertainment is offered for only ten cents! No wonder over a quarter of a million enthusiastic picture-goers buy MOVIE STORY every month. *It's the only magazine on the market that offers them a complete all-hit preview program at this price.*

MOVIE STORY's program for June is topped by RKO-Radio's coming smash hit—The Joy of Living, starring Irene Dunne and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. Better hurry to your nearest newsstand and get your June MOVIE STORY now.
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This new way comes ready to use. No fussing, no applicator. It mixes with body fluids; remains in long, effective, antiseptic contact; kills germs, yet washes away completely with plain water. Odorless—and an ideal deodorant. It contains no harmful drugs—no greasy base to melt or run. Ask your doctor about Zonitors. Zonitors are small, snow-white, greaseless, and come in individual glass vials. Get a box today. $1 for box of 12—only 8¢ each. At all U.S. and Canadian druggists. Full instructions in package. FREE booklet in plain envelope on request. Write Zonitors, 3603 Chrysler Bldg., N.Y.C.

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What a Difference!

If you think all laxatives act alike... just try the ALL-VEGETABLE laxative, Nature's Remedy (NR Tablets)... so mild, thorough, refreshing and invigorating. Dependable relief for sick headaches, bilious spells and that tired-out feeling, when caused by or associated with constipation. Without Risk—get a 25¢ box of NRs from any druggist. Use for one week; if you are not more than pleased, return the box and we will refund the purchase price. That's fair. Try It—NR Tonight. Tomorrow Alright.

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HAVE YOU FAILED to remove ugly stains?
Use Iodent No. 2. Specially compounded by a Dentist to safely remove stains from teeth hard-to-bryten. Specially made to polish dull teeth to a beautiful lustre. Made also in No. 1 texture for teeth easy-to-bryten. Try Iodent today! Enjoy its pure, minty flavor.

Uncanny Scot

Something about the man who has a magic touch with strawberries as well as make-up

By SCOOP CONLON

Yes, indeed! This pleasant looking young man is our friend, Andy Clyde, just arrived at the studio.

The aging process starts with the hair

The lining pencil puts in plenty of worry

Glue comes next

And then the crowning glory
And here is our old friend, all set for a day's work.

If you met Andy Clyde on the street would you recognize him? I'll give you twenty to one you wouldn’t know him, despite the fact that he probably is one of your favorite comedy stars.

Why? Because Andy has never ONCE for fifteen years on the screen been seen without those specs, that drooping mustache and the habiliments of the "old man" he portrays so successfully in pictures.

In appearance, the comedian is far removed from the quaint character he portrays on the screen. He is a slender chap of medium height, good-looking, sandy-haired, sports a small snazzy mustache—if any—rather than the droopy effect. He walks with the free and easy stride of the athlete.

Andy is a quaint character on the screen, and in some respects, he is a quaint character off the screen, too.

For example, he is the only gentleman farmer I know who does his farming in the city.

He grows the most expensive strawberries in the world. If you think this is a broad statement, give ear.

Andy and I were having breakfast in the patio of the Clyde manor, which is a brand-new home nestling in an old but exclusive part of the Hollywood foothills.

Mrs. Clyde, the pretty Elsie Tarron, who was once a Sennett comedy girl, saw to it that we were served strawberries. They were the biggest this writer has ever seen, and the quality of their taste would do credit to the more famous Colorado variety. Naturally, I hastened to compliment Andy on his Luther Burbank abilities, but somehow the comedian didn’t seem to enjoy the delicious fruit as much as the guest.

---

**Grand for 17 Skin Troubles**

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ATHLETE'S FOOT - SCALDS - ITCHING

CHAFING - BABY RASH - ECZEMA

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Noxzema is not like old-fashioned greasy, messy ointments. It is a dainty, snow-white stainless cream that vanishes into skin pores, carrying with it soothing, helpful medication. You can use it freely day and night to help make your skin clear. No wonder women have recognized Noxzema as "The Modern Treatment for Skin Troubles."

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**LOOK AND FEEL YOUNGER**

All over America men and women who want to cleanse kidneys, waste matter and irritation acids and poisons and lead a longer, healthier, happier life are turning to GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules.

So now you know the way to help bring about more healthy kidney activity and stop getting up often at night. Other symptoms are backache, irritated bladder—difficult or smarting passage—puffiness under eyes—nervousness and shifting pains.

This harmless yet effective medicine brings results—you'll feel better in a few days. So why not get a box of GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules today—the original and genuine—right from Haarlem in Holland—don't accept a counterfeit—Ask for and get GOLD MEDAL.

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**25¢ TRIAL JAR**

Take advantage of this limited-time money-saving offer. Get your generous 25¢ jar of Noxzema for only 15¢ at any drug or department store today.

**CLIP THIS COUPON**

Clip this coupon as a reminder to stop today at your nearest drug or department store for your 25¢ trial jar of Noxzema for only 15¢.

If your dealer can't supply you, send your name and address with 15¢ to the Noxzema Chemical Co., Dept. 66, Baltimore, Md.

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**BRUSH AWAY GRAY HAIR**

and **LOOK 10 YEARS YOUNGER!**

At home, without risk, you can dote those streaks of gray to lustrous shades of blonde, brown or black. A small brush and BROWNATONE does it. Prove it by applying the tint to a lock of your own hair. Used and approved—for over twenty-five years by thousands of women. BROWNATONE is safe. Guaranteed harmless for tinting gray hair. Active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Economical and lasting—will not wash out. Simply retouch as the new gray appears. Imparts rich, beautiful, natural appearing color with amazing speed. Just brush or comb it in. BROWNATONE is only 50¢ at drug and toilet counters—always on a money-back guarantee.

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Work and play, and summer weather aren't the only things that make you perspire. When you cry or get angry or excited, especially in those intimate moments that mean so much, perspiration becomes more active.

Beauty, charm, personality—all the feminine attributes that win a man's affection—can be completely marred by under-arm odor.

Careful women use DEW—the modern deodorant. Stops perspiration and keeps the under-arm dry regardless of what you do. Be as gay and active as you please without thought of perspiration odor. Be confident of your daintiness.

Use DEW to guard frocks from ugly perspiration stains. DEW is mild in action, kind to the skin. Enjoy the assurance that DEW gives. Get a bottle today.

**INSTANT DEW**

DEO**D**RANT Stops Perspiration

YOU SHOULDN'T EAT SUCH RICH FOOD, JIM. YOU'LL GET ACID INDIGESTION SURE.

**ACID INDIGESTION DOESN'T WORRY ME ANY MORE. I JUST CHEW TUMS AND IT'S FIXED UP QUICK.**

**MILLIONS DO THIS FOR ACID INDIGESTION**

YES—TUMS, a remarkable discovery brings amazing quick relief from indigestion, heartburn, sour stomach, gas, and constant burning caused by excess acid. For TUMS work on the true basic principle. Act unbelievably fast to neutralise excess acid conditions. Acid pains are relieved almost at once. TUMS contain no laxatives; no harmful drugs. Guaranteed to contain no soda. Over 1/2 billion TUMS already used—proving their amazing benefit. Try TUMS today. Only 10c for 12 TUMS at all druggists. Most economical relief. Chew like candy mints. Get a handy 10c roll today, or the three roll economy package with metal container for only 25c.

“Being a true Scotchman,” said my host, “I hate to mention money, but each and every strawberry we are eating cost the Clyde exchequer $1.89!” He sighed as he rolled the words with his soft burr.

Prompted by a wink from the little woman, who has a swell sense of humor, we prevailed upon Andy to reveal everything.

“Ah, well,” sighed the comic, “it’s my love of the artistic that led me astray. All my life I’ve been an actor and all my life I’ve yearned to have a little farm. I dreamed of growing the biggest and the best of everything good to eat. Luckily we started in the city where I didn’t have much room to farm. Eat the strawberries now, my boy, because next season they will only be a memory.”

Seriously, Andy Clyde belies most of the traditions of his race. He loves to bet on golf matches and horse races. Incidentally, as a golfer, the comedian is one of the best in the film colony. He belongs to the famous Lakeside Golf Club and shoots in the high seventies. His wife, equally adept as a golfer, shoots in the eighties. She left the screen upon becoming Mrs. Clyde five years ago.

There is great pride of heritage in the Clydes. Andy is proud of the fact that his father, John Clyde, was one of the famous romantic actors of Great Britain, that his sister, Jean Clyde, is one of the most popular actresses in Scotland today. She has been a noted stage star in bonny Scotland for many years. His sister-in-law, Fay Holden, is the new character actress discovery under contract in Hollywood to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

And, his son, John Allan, will be an actor if that profession is what he likes. You’ll see Andy Clyde in the featured comedy roles in several outstanding pictures during a year—and you’ll see him in six of his own starring short subjects released by Columbia.

**And How Are Your Reactions?**

[Continued from page 20]

association over any length of time, have become quite real to you, like your dolls and teddy bears of childhood. You love them and don’t want them to be hurt.

5. Do you associate the stars in real life with their roles? Yes——No——.

If you do, you have a latent dramatic sense that probably leads you frequently to dramatize your words and anything that happens to you. What is more thrilling than to persuade yourself that loose in Hollywood and on a continual murderously spire is that horrible Boris Karloff? Unconsciously, you fight against the knowledge that Mr. Karloff is, in reality, a nice, kind, scholarly gentleman who adores dogs and who wouldn’t swat a fly. And don’t you love to whisper it about that Glenda Farrell is so tough and hard-boiled she has intimidated even the grips? And that Joan Crawford is a public menace, forever on the vantage? You don’t want to know that John Carradine is a very gentle, idealistic young man; that Zasu Pitts is not vague and dumb, but a charming person and an astute business woman. Better be careful how you answer this question, for if you do identify stars with their roles, it makes you out an awful gossip who likes to draw attention to himself. For stars are cast for certain roles, not only to resemble the characters they are to portray, but because of their ability to ACT.

6. When it rains on the screen do you suddenly remember, panic-stricken, that you left your washing hanging out on the line? Yes——No——.

Ah! how we have the child-like mind that can absolutely lose itself in make-believe; the person whose life is apt to be rather empty and who lives vicariously; who hasn’t much money but too much imagination; who is very emotional and who is easily swayed and not overly-intelligent. This is the type that should take a moment out every reel or so and remind himself that “this is just a picture.” It saves wear and tear on the emotions. This person is the one who ducks when a train comes toward the audience on the screen, who has an empty feeling when an airplane falls, who goes pale if anyone is hurt on the screen. He gets hungry if he sees the players eat and wants to eat himself. He is lighted! He is very open to suggestion and generally follows the lead of others. He should not see exciting or emotional pictures often, for he is unable to view a film objectively, to devour his emotions from what he sees, and to protect his nervous system from repeated shocks that, in reality, have nothing whatsoever to do with him.

7. Does it upset you to see beautiful furniture broken? Yes——No——.

If it does, a psychiatrist might reason first, that you love beautiful things; second, that you resent the destruction of something you would like to have yourself; third, that you are one of the army that believes that Hollywood is selfishly wasteful. In any case, you are perfectly normal. And just to make you feel better, nothing really valuable is ever destroyed on a set. The apparently beautiful picture is actually a throw-out of a few dollars right in the prop department, and it was skillfully weakened by invisible flaws so that it would break easily.

8. Do you associate yourself with the heroine (or hero)? Yes——No——.

If you view them objectively, you are more apt to appreciate good acting. If you identify yourself with either of them, you will enjoy the picture more, for you will feel their feelings. You will drink to the full the emotional cocktail of the moment. This may indicate, also, that you are potentially an actor, though not necessarily, for, again, you may be the person who lives vicariously. This type,
however, makes the best audience. So cheer up—theatre managers love you.

9. Do you like war pictures? Yes __ No __

If you do, you are either a hero-worshipper, or morbid, or a very emotional person whose life is empty. Or, (happier thought) you might simply be able to view all things objectively, going to the picture merely to see good acting.

10. Do you become excited at jungle pictures like Tarzan and Borneo? Yes __ No __

Oho! What the psychiatrist knows about you now! You are one of those blessed (or cursed) with race memory. Do you remember the long, agonizing capture of the orang-outang in Borneo? Did you feel sorry for the monkey? Well, unconsciously you associated yourself with him and that is a hang-over from your anthropoidal days when you, yourself, swung free and happy from branch to branch in baboon bliss. That unrecognized hope that the monkey will not be captured is a link connecting to-day with the days when your primal instincts rebelled against capture.

11. Does it annoy you when actors on the screen extinguish their cigarettes after the first puff? Yes __ No __

Speak right up. Of course it does, and we are dragging this question in, in order to broadcast to all directors our pet hate. This immediate extinguishing of cigarettes calls attention to the mechanics of the scene and is thoroughly and unnecessarily aggravating. If you don't mind it, you aren't quite normal.

12. Are you in love with Robert Taylor? Yes __ No __

Oh-oh. Your mental status quo is not as mature as it will be some day. Mr. Taylor appeals too strongly to the schoolgirls in women: their young, wide-eyed, ribbon and gingham dreams that sooner or later they outgrow. (Don't blame me. Dr. Fareed said it.) A mature woman is much more apt to go for Spencer Tracy or Charles Boyer.

13. Do you call screen stars by their first names? Yes __ No __

This is a sure sign of egotism, and is on a par with identifying players with their roles. You are an exhibitionist. You simply want to call attention to yourself; in the back of your mind is a desire that the person to whom you are talking will recognize that you know the stars—whether you do or not—and that you have some sort of mysterious relationship with them that he hasn't.

* * *

Did you answer Yes to all the questions? Then you're pretty normal. After all, fifty million Americans can't be wrong.

The persons who could answer No to the questions make the poorest kind of an audience, for they have a strict guard on their emotions.

And after all, one of the main reasons for attending picture shows is to lose oneself; to escape from reality. Entertainment is release. So trot right along, all you yessers including the author of this piece and have a swell time at the movies crying and tearing up your handkerchiefs.

---

you will if you go by

GREYHOUND

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The Most in Comfort: You'll revel in the immensely increased comfort of Greyhound's new Super-Coach. Air-cooled by fresh natural breezes—4-position reclining chairs—wide observation windows with pull-down shades.

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Mail this coupon to nearest Greyhound office, listed above, for interesting booklet, filled with travel facts about any of the following: NEW ENGLAND, CENTRAL ATLANTIC CITIES and BEACHES, PENNSYLVANIA and NEW YORK STATE, MICHIGAN and GREAT LAKES RESORTS, GREAT NORTHWEST, CALIFORNIA, ALL THE WEST, ACROSS AMERICA THROUGH SOUTHWEST, SOUTH ATLANTIC COAST, GREAT SMOKIES, SHENANDOAH VALLEY. Check the one you want—and jot down any special place you would like to visit, on margin below.

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FW-6
Tapping to the Top

Presenting little Ann Miller whose dancing feet are carrying her fast to fame

By ED JONESBOY

Take it from lovely Ann Miller, the cute, fast-stepping little jigger out at RKO, she is never going to be thoroughly satisfied with her screen career—however far it may progress—until she dances in a picture as the partner of Fred Astaire.

Figured conservatively on the basis of fifty hoofers to every square mile of Hollywood, there's probably a thousand girls who would willingly wear out their pretty legs from the soles of their feet to the caps on their knees in a dance-mathon if they could realize an ambition like Ann's. And if you don't think this sensational dancing darling, fresh from the fog of San Francisco's night clubs, isn't pushing her best foot forward to accomplish her purpose, you've got another guess coming.

Within a year she has become a topper of the tappers and credit for her discovery goes to Benny Rubin, an RKO writer who caught her act in a San Francisco night club and brought her to Hollywood the next day. You saw Ann as one of the new faces in New Faces of 1937. You saw her as Ginger Rogers' dancing partner in Stage Door. Right now she is having a wonderful time with Ginger, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Peggy Conklin and others who make up the cast in her next picture which, oddly enough, is Having a Wonderful Time. And after that, you see her go into her dance in Columbia's You Can't Take it With You.

Ann's first public appearance as a dancer occurred at the age of five when she took part in a dancing school carnival on the stage of the Majestic Theatre in...
Madeleine Carroll's next film, The Adventuress, will be a romance played against the grim background of the civil war in Spain. Henry Fonda plays opposite, and Leo Carrillo has an important role.

Houston, Texas. But so far as she, personally, was concerned, the carnival spirit was entirely lacking.

"All the fond papas and the fond mamas were there to see us perform," says Ann, "and there I was, too, huddled in the wings and shaking like a leaf. Mother gave me a shove that sent me to the center of the stage and somehow I managed to do the first few steps of my solo ballet routine. That was as far as I got. The next moment I was back in the wings literally frozen stiff with terror. It was three full years before I got over that terrible experience. I wouldn't so much as take the tiniest of dancing steps in my own home. Being slight of build, mother had given me dancing lessons to improve my health. After that solo experience I told her I was healthy enough, now, to forget dancing forever."

When Ann was sixteen her mother brought her to Hollywood. Like most newcomers to this land of promise, they were without influence. More often than not they were without food. "The bare cupboard of Old Mother Hubbard was nothing compared to ours," says Ann. "We didn't have a legacy to stand on, so to speak, despite the fact that I could dance. Finally, though, I managed to get on a guest artist program at the Orpheum Theatre in Los Angeles and the audience must have enjoyed my tapping because the manager signed me up for two weeks. Mother and I were down to our last crumb and that job was really a lifesaver."

From this job Ann went into a Hollywood night club with the fond hope that the engagement would point directly to an offer in pictures. All she got, she admits, was callouses on her educated toes and a chance to dance in a San Francisco night-club. "I hated to leave Hollywood," she confessed, "for fear I'd miss an opportunity to get into films. But mother and I needed to eat, and we couldn't eat unless I worked so we moved to Frisco."

A move strangely enough, that proved once again the truth in the oft-repeated but seldom-followed advice: Get out of Hollywood if you want to get into pictures!

Which brings us right back to where Benny Rubin brought her back to RKO and a career as promising as a youngster could wish for. It will never be as promising as Ann wishes, however, until they promise that she can go into a picture as Fred Astaire's dancing partner.

"We'll promise you this, knowing how much they value their clever, 18-year-old dancing star, Ann is likely to be scheduled for that honor much sooner than she thinks!"

UNSIGHTLY HAIR SPOILS YOUR CHARM

Rinse It Off This Quick, Easy Way!

This season's shorter skirts...sheer stockings...and modern bathing suits...keep women's legs in the spotlight. See that yours are always smooth and feminine. Avoid unsightly hair!

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Avoid Brizzly Razor Stubble

NEET eliminates brizzly re-growth that follows shaving—sharp-edged stubble that may snag stockings. NEET ends danger of cuts—prevents razor-roughened skin.

For lovely legs and arms—with no unsightly hair—get NEET today! At your drug or department store. Generous trial size at all ten-cent stores.

NEET leaves your legs like velvet

NEET Just Rinse Off Unsightly Hair

WHEN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION JUNE HOLLYWOOD
HOLLYWOOD COOKING SCHOOL

Gloria isn't satisfied being glorious on the screen, she shines in the kitchen, too. Here are some of her secrets

By BETTY CROCKER

- Most women like simple recipes, but not Gloria Stuart!
  - "Half the fun in cooking," she told me, "is in surrounding yourself with lots and lots of ingredients, and the other half is in having something good to look at as well as good to eat when you set it before your lord and master."

  Said I, and m. is the author-playwright, Arthur Sheekman, a whimsically witty gentleman who is an exacting critic not only of pictures but also of his wife's culinary concoctions. Theirs is an unusual partnership as well as happy marriage, for he writes pictures for Gloria to act in. That's how they met—Arthur was writing Roman Holiday for Samuel Goldwyn in which Gloria had a role. They fell in love, and, from all I can gather, will live happily ever after.

  But getting back to Gloria and her kitchen:

  "My favorite recipe is a baked tuna casserole," Gloria continued. "Really, it's easy to make although when I 'go into production' you'd think it was going to be super-colossal, to look at all the things I put in it."

  "Which reminds me," put in Arthur, who has the sort of appetite women love to cook for, "that I'm hungry. Why don't you demonstrate for Betty Crocker instead of just going over the script?"

  No sooner said than done, and we were thrusting the cook out of the way while gathering the ingredients. Here's the list:

  **Gloria Stuart's Baked Tuna**
  - ½ bottle green olives
  - ½ bottle ripe olives
  - ½ can pimento
  - ½ lb. whole mushrooms
  - ½ green pepper

Gloria Stuart is going to have a fine dish of baked tuna, if husband Arthur Sheekman doesn't taste the mushrooms to see if they are done too often...
These Gloria, Arthur and I sliced, except for the mushrooms which were sautéed in butter and left whole. Gloria had set a pan of noodles to cooking, and when these were ready she drained them and mixed them with three cans of tuna fish. The minced mixture listed above was then added. A white sauce, using the mushroom butter, was poured over the mixture, then a sprinkling of parmesan cheese. The whole was baked in a hot oven for twenty minutes.

And is it delicious! The dish will easily feed four people, and bring panes of praise from them all.

"Every housewife wants a good recipe for a sour milk cake," remarked thrifty Mrs. Sheekman. "This is my favorite."

**Sour Milk Spice Nut Cake**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Ingredient</th>
<th>Quantity</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1 1/2 cups fat</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>1 1/2 cups brown sugar</td>
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<tr>
<td>2 eggs</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>1 cup thick sour milk and sour cream mixed</td>
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<tr>
<td>1 tsp. cinnamon</td>
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<tr>
<td>1/2 tsp. cloves</td>
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<tr>
<td>1/2 tsp. nutmeg</td>
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<tr>
<td>1/2 tsp. salt</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>1 1/2 cups broken nut meats</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>1 1/2 cups all purpose flour</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>1 tsp. soda</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>1 cup large seeded raisins (each raisin cut in two)</td>
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Cream fat, add sugar gradually and cream thoroughly. Add well beaten eggs. Sift flour, measure and sift again with the soda, spices, and salt. Add to creamed mixture alternately with milk. Add nuts and raisins with last addition of flour. Pour into 2 well greased and floured 8-inch square pans and bake 30 minutes in a moderate oven, 350° F. Spread white butter icing between layers and over top.

**Chocolate Nut Loaf Cake**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Ingredient</th>
<th>Quantity</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>2 cups cake flour</td>
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<tr>
<td>3 tbsp. baking powder</td>
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<tr>
<td>1 1/2 tsp. salt</td>
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<tr>
<td>4 tbsp. shortening</td>
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<tr>
<td>2 cups sugar</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2 eggs</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>4 sq. chocolate (4 oz.), melted</td>
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<tr>
<td>1 1/2 cups milk</td>
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<tr>
<td>1 tsp. vanilla</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>1 cup chopped nuts</td>
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</table>

Sift the flour once, measure and sift again with the baking powder and salt. Cream shortening, add 1 1/2 cups of the sugar gradually, then the well beaten egg yolks, and cream all together thoroughly. Blend in the melted chocolate. Add the flour mixture alternately with the milk. Beat just enough to make the batter smooth (about 5 seconds). Blend in the vanilla and nuts. Make a meringue by beating the egg whites until stiff enough to hold a point, then gradually beating into them the remaining 1/2 cup sugar. Fold this meringue into the batter. Pour into well greased and floured loaf pan, 8x12 inches, and bake 50 to 55 minutes in a moderate oven, 350° F. Cover the top and sides of the cake with:

**Mocha Icing**

- 6 tbsp. butter
- 1 egg yolk
- 3 cups confectioners' sugar
- 1/3 tbsp. cocoa
- 1 1/2 tbsp. hot coffee

Cream the butter and add the egg. Sift the sugar and cocoa together and add alternately with the coffee. Spread between layers and on the top and sides of the cake.

Besides collecting very tasty recipes, Gloria fills in time between pictures at 20th Century-Fox by collecting antique furnishings for her home. As an investment she purchased another home and furnished it, too, in antiques, and did the same with her beautiful dressing room at the studio. Arthur writes a history of each piece, many of these being amusing little dramas which Gloria discovered were strictly the product of his lively imagination. Among Arthur's list of pictures are two for Shirley Temple, several for the Marx Brothers (which certainly shows versatility!) and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer is currently preparing production on an untitled screen play of his. Gloria's current starring picture is *Island in the Sky* with Michael Whalen, and also *Rebecca of Sunny Brook Farm*, the Shirley Temple film.

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**BETTY CROCKER RECIPES SENT FREE**

Betty Crocker's kitchen tested recipes are available to readers of HOLLYWOOD Magazine free of charge. They are printed on the standard size suitable for handy kitchen filing. This month Betty Crocker features the recipes listed below. Check the ones you want and send the coupon with stamped, self-addressed envelope to Betty Crocker, c/o HOLLYWOOD Magazine, Paramount Building, New York City. Betty Crocker also will be glad to supply, free of charge, a kitchen tested recipe for practically any dish you may ask for.

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MARY T. GOLDMAN
3066 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

Not so very long ago, cowboy stars were rough and ready he-men who appealed to children as heroes of two-fisted battles. Today they are romantic, handsome, songsters, who appeal to the ladies as well as the boys. One of the newest members to this group of Hollywood actors is Jack Randall.

He is tall, dark and handsome. He has traveled all over the world. He would rather dine out than at home. He loves all sports and is an excellent athlete. His family lives in one of the most beautiful estates in Beverly Hills. He has always been surrounded in luxury. But Jack himself lives in a small apartment in Hollywood. He lives simply and inexpensively. "Money isn’t everything," he says. "I have traveled in many parts of the world, all over Europe, the Canary Islands, Gibraltar, Egypt. But the most exciting thing in life is earning your own way, doing the things you most want to do."

Jack was preparing for his American concert debut when he suddenly decided to throw it all over. He thought he wanted to be a newspaper man like his father, the late Edgar O. Randall. He soon discovered, however, that the stage was his medium of self-expression. "I was working on the Los Angeles Times when I got my first chance at acting," says the six-foot singing cowboy. "An American Tragedy was playing there and I used to hang around backstage a lot. One night one of the male actors was taken ill suddenly and he had no understudy. I was asked to substitute. That was the beginning."

He made the traditional trek to
Broadway and was given little encouragement. So he gained experience in stock and finally was given a small part in Riddle Me This in 1931.

Then followed several parts until 1935 when he was called to Hollywood for motion pictures.

"I wanted to sing in films," he says, "I had the vocal training necessary, but I had to fight for what I wanted."

Last Spring Monogram Pictures signed him to a long term contract as a singing cowboy. To date he has made three pictures in this new field. Riders of the Dawn, Stars Over Arizona and Danger Valley. His latest picture is Land of Fighting Men. His contract calls for eight musical westerns a year—a heavy schedule.

Jack is unmarried and twenty-eight years old. He has hazel eyes, black hair, is six feet one and a half inches tall in his stocking feet and weighs one hundred seventy pounds. He has two dogs, Mr. and Mrs. MacIntosh, and has definite likes and dislikes of people and things.

Heart-Breaker Horton

[Continued from page 24]

put it. So the demonstrator of the Cold Pack Canning Process kept right on eating!

The next morning at breakfast, the campaign for the capture and enslavement of the new boarder and his companion began. Every one of those almost-but-not-quite resigned ladies had a special crimp in her hair, a shiny new ribbon, or an extra-dazzling piece of jewelry on her tremulous person.

But alas and alack! The handsome, the aloof Mr. Horton, whose poetic expression suggested unplumbed depths of tenderness and understanding to those frustrated damsels had no intention of being distracted from his career.

While Edward Everett ate chopped beef and codfish balls and other New England delicacies in modest silence, his fluttering fellow-boarders—except the demonstrator of the Cold Pack Canning Process—hung on every gesture. Each one secretly dreamed of the day on which she might happen upon the actor as he sat learning his part in some heroic drama, dreamed that he might lay aside the book, lean toward her, tenderly murmur such flowery phrases as he gave to his leading lady nightly in the theatre.

For, to make matters worse, Edward Everett was playing melodrama. Seventy-five percent of his audience was made up of miners and their families. They were used to violence and the unexpected in their own lives, and they like their entertainment strenuous, too. They liked lots of action and lots of soulful embracing, and Edward Everett, having been signed as the heart-throb of the company, was in for concentrated practice as a Great Lover.

It had its effect upon his companions at the boarding house. They took to sighing. They took to dropping handkerchiefs, to tripping on the stairs, to needing advice, to taking walks just at the time he was leaving the theatre. And there were eleven of them.

Edward Everett began to regard with envious eyes the uncomplicated life of the carefree comedians of the company, and he began pondering ways of escape. Flight was out of the question. He couldn't leave town until the season was over. But he could create the "other woman" angle.

Once his momentous decision was made, it only remained to put it into practice. Which he did the next day at dinner by paying sudden, unsolicited, unaccountable court to the one person who had never made a fuss over him: the chubby demonstrator of the Cold Pack Canning Process. He monopolized her attention. And when the meal was over he asked her, in a voice audible to all the other chagrined inmates of the boarding house, if she would permit him to read scenes out of Shakespeare to her. The other ladies couldn't take it. Their faces indicating various stages of grief and desolation, they pleaded—headaches—and retired to their rooms.

When the season ended, and Edward Everett was free to leave, he appeared at his last luncheon at the boarding house with a handful of portraits of himself. The demonstrator of the Cold Pack Canning Process was given first choice. She selected the price of the collection... the star in a crashing checked suit with a chrysanthemum in the buttonhole. Other photographs were gallantly presented to the rest of the boarders, all with appropriately high-minded and serious inscriptions. Excepting the Cold Pack demonstrator’s. And no one ever saw hers.

But heart-breaker Horton has been a comedian ever since.

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WHEN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS, PLEASE MENTION JUNE HOLLYWOOD
Laugh It Off

[Continued from page 27]

hardest, is when she's built herself up to having a pretty good opinion of herself.

"I'll never forget the time," she says, "when I got a pretty good opinion of myself as a tennis player. For months I took lessons from a professional coach, Eleanor Tennant. Sure that I was another Alice Marble, I challenged my husband, Jack Pressman, to a set. He beat me soundly, and I found that my ego was slightly bent.

There have been other laughs, too—that time she drove through a stop-light very slowly because there were no cars coming in either direction. The inevitable cop bounced out of the inevitable hideaway, eyed her, and said:

"Say—you're Claudette Colbert, aren't you?"

She nodded very sweetly, and said that she was. She was thinking that getting out of this ticket was a pushover, and she began counting the idea that it was nice to be known.

The policeman had seen several of her pictures and commented on them. In fact, he and she had a grand time for about ten minutes. After a while, he said:

"Now, if you'll just give me your license, I'll fill out your ticket."

And he did. The blow to Claudette's vanity was quite a something. But she laughed and the cop laughed, and she drove away.

"The ticket was a lesson in not feeling too important, and the laugh was the tonic that took the sting off the lesson," she says.

Claudette is mighty grateful to such pictures as The Gilded Lily, The Bride Comes Home, I Met Him In Paris, Toward, and now, Bluebeard's Eighth Wife.

"You have to be able to laugh at yourself before others will laugh at you. To make people laugh, you have to surrender to the idea of making yourself appear ridiculous. And anyone who makes himself appear ridiculous deliberately hasn't much chance to develop a superiority complex.

"This is true in pictures. And it's always true in real life, too. No blow is so great, whether it is mental or physical, that it can't be laughed into good fortune—if you laugh hard enough, and if you mean it."

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One of the highly dramatic scenes in Marie Antoinette is when the stately queen, played by Norma Shearer, grieves the romantic young Count Forrest, acted by Tyrone Power. The production, one of the biggest to come from M-G-M this year, will be ready for release in the early fall.
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GET OUT ROOT' AND ALL—THIS SAFE WAY

A corn's like a tack in your toe!

Well wrapped up against the chill of late spring evenings in Hollywood, Rudy Vallee and Dorothy Lamour were snapped leaving the Tropicana after an evening of listening to others sing and play, just for the change continually things just exactly like those worn by some other women. I think this is called keeping up with the Joneses. I am clinging to my resolve not to mention any names, as this is an impersonal article, but the husband's name is Jack B. The wife, or woman to whom I refer, is Mary L. They advertise a certain kind of delicious dessert with six flavors over the radio.

"Mary L. has just bought the loveliest dress!" the wife will say. "I think I should get a new dress, too."

This worked out all right for a while, until this Jack B. bought his wife a set of star sapphires. Since this time, the two husbands in the case have been working together to put a stop to the ridiculous competition. They are trying to get the two wives to start collecting something reasonable, like marbles, which can be had in great variety, with lots of different colors and which are, in some cases, much prettier than star sapphires, which are all one color. So far, not much headway has been made.

There is more about clothes. The wife will say:

"Georgie, darling, I haven't a thing to wear," as she shuts the doors of three closets so filled with clothes nobody can get in to get anything out. The husband mentions this and she says:

"Why, Georgie, those are nothing but rags!"

Then the wife, on going to buy clothes, gets sets of things which are all alike, or match, or something. This is where the trouble comes in. She will buy a suit, a hat, gloves, scarf, belt and shoes. Then she will look them all over and say:

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In Madagascar they throw spears at him, in British Guiana he’s cut up a bit and sewn into a hammock full of fire ants, in America he’s the target for rice and old shoes. It’s the same the whole world over, in June. The bride gets the blessings; the groom gets the gripes, and the readers of the magazine.

FOR MEN

get the facts of life and matrimony in Carlton Brown’s article,

THE GROOM IS DOOMED

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Evelyn Knapp, who played a ranch owner in Hawaiian Buckaroo, smilingly showing a letter she received from a six-year-old fan, which read... "You have so many cows. Miss Knapp, would you please give me one of the baby cows?"

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It Takes Three to Make a Love Affair
[Continued from page 19]

you insist on considering yourself less alluring than the girl he's taken out for an evening, at least don't be catty. Myrna doesn't believe in catty-ness under any circumstances. "Be bigger than the situation," she advised with a sage wag of that
auburn head, "or else you give him the chance to say, 'Ho, ho, I was right. The second girl is nicer.'"

In a three-cornered crisis of this sort, she reasoned, when the man of your heart shows a right interest in somebody else, the big thing is not to make any phony gestures. For instance, don't say, "She's such a dear; too bad she's bow-legged." A man—yes, even a man—catches on to that kind of sabotage after a while.

No, the thing to do is to do nothing. This is one of the things in the world to do, and one of the most effective.

Take competition as a challenge. Perhaps the other girl is nice, and it's up to you to be nicer. Anyhow, in getting jealous, you simply hurt yourself and oftener than not help your rival.

A mousey, diffident little girl whom Myrna knew about went into a fury of despair and indignation because her boy friend took another girl to a dance. Admittedly, it was a rather funny thing for him to do, but he did it. Feeling that right was on the wrong side, she waited the night until she met him on the street next day but immediately plunged into a hot argument during which her voice grew louder and higher. All mouseyness, all diffidence, fled.

She embarrassed the man. As she saw people pause in astonishment, she embarrassed herself. Abruptly she stopped in mid sentence, but too late. "There!" she ended angrily, on a more subdued note, "I've never made a scene in public before. It's all your fault—I hope that'll teach you something."

"I didn't mean anything," replied the man who had first admired her for her appealing little-mouse quality. Among other things it taught him that, as his wife, the girl might unexpectedly make him ridiculous in public or miserable in private. He dropped her as if she'd been a hot brick.

No, even under the most trying circumstances of this kind, the thing to do (Myrna was repeating) is to do nothing. And if you're very, very clever, you not only do nothing; you say nothing. That's the hardest, and cleverest move of all. Let the one who has made the mistake and gone away be the first to come back. For, look: If the situation doesn't eventually smooth out, then—since the erring one's affection wasn't any stronger than that—it's a good thing the break came when it did. Under those conditions, it doesn't take long.

"When such a situation arises," Myrna added, "when the man begins taking another girl around, the strain generally
brings out the first girl's worst qualities. At the very time when she should be at her best! She ought to put the situation in the bottom drawer and leave it there till the whole thing's finished, one way or another; not keep dragging it forth to display to her friends or to weep over in secret."

You must take these things, Myrna believes, philosophically. Though you don't realize it at the time, it is probably nature's way of working things out. Often the damsel who wept and wailed over her delinquent boy friend has found—rather promptly, too—another boy with whom she could be happier than she'd ever have been with the first.

- Take, for example, the maiden who languished because the man of her choice ever so often fell in love with a new face. Fundamentally, he assured her, he didn't absolutely love any of these lesser flames but he hated to be tied down to one girl friend all the time. The maiden reasoned, and her reasoning was good, that if he cared a lot about her he wouldn't flitter here and there with others; even if he did come back to her when the new interests began to pall.

One evening, abandoned in somewhat cavalier manner at a night club for a long hour while the gay Lothario tentatively flirted with a new blonde on the terrace, the maiden suddenly murmured an excuse to the rest of the party, wrapped her cloak about her shoulders, and marched to the door to summon a taxi. She was going home. She was the calmest, most cool of all the young men so mad he gibbered when he tried to speak. She recognized him as the erstwhile escort of her own Lothario's new blonde. Misery loves company. The two jilted ones joined forces, adjourned to another night club to discuss their grievances, and found that they both liked the old-fashioned waltz and roast wienies.

They both liked dependability, too. Consequently, each was dependable. Therefore they married each other. But in each case it had taken a third person to help on the decision.

- This anecdote has a sequel. The dependable one didn't roam from his own fireside, but he had a temper. Still, his wife had a sense of humor. One breakfast he grew so annoyed about a telephone message from the office that he threw his (empty) coffee cup across the room. Not at his life, but at the wall.

Did friend wife rush out to see her lawyer? Not she; for, as Myrna points out, love—when you come down to brass tacks—can stand practically anything but disloyalty. If more wives—and husbands—would remember this and summon a sense of humor before an emergency grew into a crash, there'd be fewer decisions in Reno.

When the husband stampeded out of the house, so mad he forgot the goodbye kiss, this wife didn't feel that All Was Over. She collected the coffee cup. That evening at dinner when she brought in the coffee pot she put a gleaming china cup at her own place and a jagged fragment of hubby's morning coffee cup, balanced delicately upon a saucer, at his. Hubby burst out laughing, and the incident was closed.

Myrna thought this coffee cup diplomacy was about the best she'd ever heard. For Myrna, despite her pronounced femininity—notice those little hands making graceful gestures while she talks—has a man's viewpoint, and that's a rare thing in woman. She knows, for illustration, how to drop small discussions, small plans, small differences of opinion, without making a fuss about them; knows this better than any other woman I've ever met. It takes a matter of major importance to make her grow serious to the extent of insistence. And, incidentally, when she does battle for a thing she considers important she does so with calmness and good taste.

- In short, Myrna's convinced that the great life-saver for engagements, and marriages, is appreciation of what you have. Don't get so used to love that you slight it. Getting used to love and slighting it is why marriages have a "ten-year lull," why they slump into the commonplace within ten years, and often sooner.

The girl who went into an ecstasy of appreciation when her fiancé brought half a dozen roses is the same girl who doesn't even say, "Thank you" when the same man after ten years of marriage lets her put a fur coat on the charge account for which he foots the bills. On the other hand, the fiancé who brought roses may be the same man who never dreams of bringing home even a bunch of dandelions. Now. It works both ways.

"A man likes the little, sweet attentions," Myrna said, "the things you did that made him think you were sweet when you first met him; the things that attracted him at the beginning. Keep them up!"

- It's a couple of days before the wedding. Your fiancé drops by to remark modestly: "I went around the course in 80 today." You leap to your feet, pallid with admiration, kiss him soundly, and exclaim in accents of awed enthusiasm: "Darling! How won-derful!"

Oh, sweet little woman! Who wouldn't marry you, y u pet?

Okay. It's ten years later. Husband comes home, beaming, "I broke 80 today," he brags. You're reading a book. "So what?" you snap. All right, all right, Sourpuss; but if this were ten years ago there wouldn't have been any wedding bells.

Well, that same evening, while you're dining with friends, your husband says to their house guest. "I broke 80 today." "Really?" she squeals. "How won-derful!"

And pretty soon your friends begin to hint how your husband and that redheaded snip appear to get along very nicely together and so on and so on and so on. It takes three to show two where they stand.

See? See what Myrna means?

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Husbands Are Exasperating
[Continued from page 22]

I thought he gave the wife a very pretty compliment. It came right after the second wreck—the one the instructor had when the wife put the car into reverse instead of second gear. But even after this recommendation the husband would not let the wife drive the car.

- Really, the husband gets angry without the slightest reason. Recently, the couple went to their producer to sign a big, new contract, and the wife helped out. She said to the producer:
  "You've got to give us better pictures. The last six have been flops. The ticket offices are as lonesome as desert outposts."

  The contract was supposed to be signed that day, but there was some delay. The husband, not understanding how the wife had helped, flew into a rage.

  Recently, the husband got provoked at the wife again. The wife went out of the way to get her husband material for his air program, so you can see there was no excuse. She was talking to Jack B., the man mentioned above, and Jack B. told her a very good story which she remembered very, very carefully and told to her husband, George.

  "Gracie," the husband said later, when he finally could talk, "Jack B. used that joke in his latest picture."

  The wife told him in a very calm and unruffled manner:
  "Well, if it was good for a picture, it must have been just as good on the air." But the husband only grew angrier.

- The other day, when the husband was away, the nicest man came to the house. He was very much interested in it. The wife wanted to show her husband, George, and make this man think of him as being very well-to-do and important. The wife took the man all through the house, and surprised him again and again. The man thought that most of the furniture was just old, second-hand stuff but Grace, the wife, said they were antiques, very valuable, and showed him all the bills to prove it. She also pointed out how expensive the oil paintings were, and pointed out some he didn't see at all.

  When the man went away he left his card.

  "Who was this man?" the husband asked the wife when he came home.

  "His name was Johnson or Paflendorff or Vick," the wife replied. "I didn't quite get it. But here's his card."

  She handed her husband the card. How did the wife know that this man was the tax assessor, when she didn't even quite understand his name? The fact that the husband didn't speak to the wife for more than a week shows what can happen when a wife really tries to help a husband.

- Then there was the time about the clothes. The wife listened to a long tirade about how she must economize. So, when the funny little old man came...
THERE'S MAGIC in your eyes!

- Bring out the enchantment of your eyes—reveal their depth and brilliance even with thinning, thinning lashes! KURLASH works this magic in 30 seconds, curls lashes so they look long, dark and alluring. No heat, cosmetics or practice needed—$1 at any good store.

Learn—absolutely free—what shades of eye make-up are becoming to you—learn how to apply them skillfully! Send your name, address and color to Jane Heath, Kurlash beauty consultant, Dept. D-6; she will send you a personal color-chart and complete instructions in eye make-ups.

THE KURLASH CO., Rochester, N.Y., Canada, Toronto 3.

Kurlash
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NOW SHE'S A NURSE EARNING $25 A WEEK!

From an unremunerated job to a well-paid position as office nurse and assistant to the town's leading doctor! No wonder Mrs. N. E., of New York, is happier and more enthusiastic about her Chicago School of Nursing education than before.

Don't stay forever in a poorly paid job, Chicago educated Nurses make a neat to learn business by mail in spare time. As a C. S. N. trained practical nurse you will be needed, make new friends, live a full, rich life of service.

EARN WHILE LEARNING

Mrs. S. E. R., Chicago, started on her first case after her 3rd lesson; in 14 months she earned $1000. H. S. not necessary. Equipt. included. Thousands of graduates. 30th year. Men and women 15-60.

SEND COUPON NOW. Booklet tells how you can win money, happiness as a C. S. N., trained practical nurse.

CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING
Dept. 65, 140 No. Halsted St., Chicago, III.
Enclosed is $5 for book and 10 sample lesson papers.
Name:
Address:
City:
State:
Age:

Crossword Puzzle Solution

LUISE RAINIER
PAULA IROH
S N E D S S I D S H
C F S E I L S I
R I O R O L E P H I L
E L L A R E S C U E D
E M I L E - W B R E A K
N V K L S L U R
P I E S T A S S A E A
M D I N E R U
A T M A D L O V E T
Y B A R I S T E V E
S P E N C E R T R A C Y

HAPPY RELIEF FROM PAINFUL BACKACHE

Caused by Tired Kidneys

Many of those growing, nagging, painful backaches people blame on colds or strains are often caused by tired kidneys—and may be relieved when treated in the right way.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking excreta and waste products out of the blood. Most people pass about 3 pints a day or about 3 pounds of waste.

If the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters don't work well, poisonous waste matter stays in the blood. These poisons may eat away normal backbones, cause pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Donn's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give quick relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from the blood. Get Donn's Pills. for old clothes she got some stuff out of George's closet and sold them to him. That night she very proudly gave the husband the three dollars. The husband smacked her very expensive vase against the wall. How was she to know those were his costumes for his next picture? There should be no secrets between married couples, I think.

When this famous pair came to Hollywood after important roles on the New York stage, they soon had enough money to install a telephone. George had this done, and when the telephone book came out, the wife was very upset to find their names weren't mentioned, so she called the telephone company and raised quite a to-do. She felt they were entitled to this publicity. The nicest people started calling up, telling George about the wonderful cars, lots, furniture and other things he could buy, and talked about charities and all. For no reason he tore the telephone cord off the wall one day, which was silly, because nobody could call at all, then.

Then the wife made some purchases from a peddler who came to the house and the unreasonable husband told her never to do this again. She followed these instructions implicitly. I think that is the word, until the man came with the beautiful new box which just matched the wallpaper. She remembered her promise and didn't buy them, but just traded them for some dirty old books with some scrawled writing all over the inside.

"Those were autographed first editions!" exclaimed George, in the midst of a violent fit of temper.

"But really, George," the wife said, "I don't see why you're so exasperated. I've never been the first editions of the newspapers every day—and throw them right away because they didn't have your name or your picture in them."

I could mention the time that awful old furniture of the house, and I painted it very carefully with that quick-dry enamel only to find out later they were antiques, I think George called them. I mean, the wife did this. I could write on, and on, but it just goes to show how exasperating husbands can be.
Gathers and shirrings are the newest wrinkles in this year’s bathing suits, shown on this page by a quartet of sunshine-minded beauties. Right to left, you see Evalyn Knapp in the snug-fitting heavily shirred Matle tex suit that adjusts itself to the figure. West Coast Manchester points with particular pride to the moulded waistline. Movita posed on the springboard at the Ambassador pool in her Allen A suit, distinctive in high-waisted cut as well as for interwoven design. Jinx Falkenburg’s Gantner and Mattern suit has an interwoven stripe under all of those gay leaves which is one of the reasons it clings so snugly. Left is Virginia Dale in her choice of the Allen A suits, a sun-yellow wool model, made very festive by the raised design.
Imagine! Lovely WINDOW SHADES for only 15¢ each

You can select a 15¢ Clopay Lintone in a style or color to match any decoration scheme. There are fifteen Clopay shades in rich, solid colors, gay “wallpaper” patterns or striking lacework designs.

Millions Switch to Clopay

YOU won't believe your eyes when you see and feel these gorgeous new 15c Clopay Lintones! You'll say it's no wonder Clopay is America's largest selling window shade... chosen for beauty and durability by over four million women!

Don't confuse Clopays with other low-priced shades. Only Clopay gives you this creped Lintone finish—in a cellulose fibre material that hangs straight, rolls smoothly, with amazing resistance to pinholes, cracks or fraying! Women tell us they can see no difference in appearance between 15c Clopay Lintones and shades priced five or ten times higher! And they wear amazingly!

You can attach Clopays in a jiffy to your old rollers, with the patented Clopay gummed strip—no tacks or tools needed. Or you can get them already mounted on rollers—Clopay molded button and Clopay Edge-Saver Brackets (a new invention) included. See 15c Clopay Lintones at 5 and 10c stores or neighborhood stores everywhere.

Another Clopay Super Value!

Here's another Clopay value sensation—Clopay WASHABLE shades at 35c! The same rich Lintone texture... the same durable cellulose fibre... double-coated on both sides with fine oil finish! Just plain soap and water quickly removes grease, grime or finger marks—leaving no rings, streaks or watermarks. Note, too, how rich they look against the light—because of the exclusive Clopay Lintone texture. See and compare them—at all 5 and 10c stores, neighborhood stores and leading department stores. Send 3c stamp for color samples of Clopay Shades.

CLOPAY CORPORATION 1276 YORK STREET CINCINNATI, OHIO

New Style Hit!

CLOPAY CELLPHANE CURTAIN Reinforced Edge... Won't Tear

Mr. and Mrs.

...and Chesterfields for a lifetime of MORE PLEASURE

...better taste
...refreshing mildness

They Satisfy

Copyright 1938, Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.
ARE THE "THREE COMRADES" GOOD FRIENDS OFF STAGE?

STORY ON PAGE 23
A NORTH WOODS VACATION

Treat yourself to a delightful, economical vacation among the lakes and fragrant pines of northern Minnesota at "America's most complete summer resort." Make new friends and become one of the thousands who call Breezy Point Lodge their "vacation home."

Breezy Point Lodge is on the shores of Big Pelican Lake, 120 miles from Duluth, 150 miles north of Minneapolis. Golf on emerald green and watered fairways. Sun yourself on a white sand beach. Ride horseback through stands of pine. Fish for bass, pike, or trout. Dance each evening at dinner. Play billiards, tennis or bowl on Breezy Point's bowling alley. There is every sport at Breezy, including trap shooting, archery, etc.

There is a mammoth three-story hotel of gigantic fir logs, plus the convenience of beauty shop, tailoring service, and all the niceties that will make your vacation complete. Half a hundred of the finest, well-equipped log cabins, each with several rooms, complete with fireplace, bath, kitchenette, sleeping porch, etc., are available for those who prefer them to rooms in the hotel.

Breezy Point is delightfully cool. Official average temperatures are lower than those of any other summer resort in the United States.

Easily accessible by motor car, train or bus. Rates start at $2 per day, $5 per day with meals. Golf $1 per week. Other prices in proportion. Season from June 20 to Sept. 1. Write for reservations.

FAWCETT'S BREEZY POINT LODGE
PEQUOT MINNESOTA
A TIP ABOUT BATHING TO A GIRL WITH A DATE TONIGHT

After your bath, don't fail to give underarms Mum's sure care!

What a wonderful lift a bath gives to a girl who is going out in the evening. It starts you off so gloriously fresh and alive.

But even the most perfect bath can't protect you all evening long. Underarms must have special care—that's why smart girls, popular girls, follow every bath with Mum! They know that a bath only takes care of past perspiration—but Mum keeps underarms sweet through the hours to come—makes odor impossible.

Many a girl who starts out fresh, loses that freshness before the evening's over. If you want to avoid worry about underarm odor—if you want to be a girl who gets a second date and a third—remember, no bath protects you like a bath plus Mum. Then you'll never risk offending others, never risk spoiling your own good times. Always use Mum.

Mum is quick! Just half a minute is all you ever need to apply Mum.

Mum is safe! Mum is completely harmless to every fabric. And Mum is gentle, actually soothing to the skin. You can use it immediately after shaving the underarms.

Mum is sure! Mum does not stop perspiration—it simply banishes all odor, all day or all evening long. Hours after your bath, Mum will keep you as fresh and sweet as when you started out.

Another important use for Mum—Thousands of girls use Mum for Sanitary Napkins because they know it's gentle, safe, sure. Avoid worries and embarrassment with Mum.

One half minute and your charm is safe

Mum takes the odor out of perspiration

When Answering Advertisements Please Mention July HOLLYWOOD
NEXT MONTH

Our roving extra spends a day on the set with Danielle Darrieux and has surprising things to report. Ray Milland tells why he'll never take another plane without permission. Bob Burns comments on the expensiveness of the simple life, and in addition there are stories and pictures of dozens of stars. Watch for it on the newsstands July 10.

LLEWELLYN MILLER, Editor

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PAT O'BRIEN, MARIE WILSON AND JAMES CAGNEY ON THE BOY MEETS GIRL SET

RALPH DAIGH, Managing Editor

CHARLES RHODES, Staff Photographer
Luise Rainer as "THE TOY WIFE"

...who has youth and beauty and all the world to gamble it in..."life slips too hurriedly by, so sip the cup of frivolity and danger while you may"...you will watch with beating heart this sensational drama of New Orleans' gayest, maddest era in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's glamorous production. In the cast also: MELVYN DOUGLAS, ROBERT YOUNG, Barbara O'Neil, H. B. Warner. Directed by Richard Thorpe. Produced by Merian C. Cooper. Screen Play by Zoe Akins.

TWO YEARS IN A ROW THE PRIZE AWARD!

Talented Luise Rainer again wins the Academy Award. This time for pathetic Olan in "The Good Earth." Last year for Anna Held in "The Great Ziegfeld." Her new role is her greatest!
Use This Antiseptic Scalp Treatment

Skin specialists generally agree that effective treatment must include (1) regular cleansing of scalp; (2) killing germs that spread infection; (3) stimulating circulation of the scalp; (4) lubrication of the scalp to prevent dryness.

To Accomplish This Is Easy With
The Zonite Antiseptic Treatment

Just add 2 tablespoons of Zonite to each quart of water in basin . . . Then do this:—
1. Massage head for 3 minutes with this Zonite solution. (This gives and scalp an antiseptic cleansing—stimulates scalp—kills all germs at contact.)
2. Lather head with any good soap shampoo, using same Zonite solution. (This cuts oil and grease in hair and scalp—loosens dirt and dandruff scales.)
3. Rinse very thoroughly. (Your head is now clean—your scalp free from scales.)
4. If scalp is dry, massage in any preferred scalp oil. (This relieves dryness.)

RESULTS: By using this simple antiseptic shampoo treatment regularly (twice every week at first) you do what skin specialists say is necessary, if you want to rid yourself of dandruff itch and nasty scalp odors. We believe that if you are faithful, you will be delighted with results.

TRIAL OFFER—For a real trial bottle of Zonite, mailed to you postpaid, send 10¢ to Zonite 704 New Brunswick, New Jersey U. S. A.

IMPORTANT PICTURES

By LLEWELLYN MILLER

ROBIN HOOD (Warner)

Leading the list of best entertainment for the whole family is the new version of Robin Hood, cast to perfection and filmed in blazing Technicolor.

Surely the best of all adventure stories is that of the gallant Robin who rebelled against the cruelty dealt, not to himself, but to the defenseless poor by wicked Prince John. Surely one of the most satisfactory romances was the love of the Saxon outlaw for the noble Norman maiden, Marion. And surely beloved characters never have been brought to the screen with greater care than in this production of the familiar tale.

Enrol Flynn makes a dashing, rollicking Robin. Basil Rathbone could not be more suavely menacing as the ruthless Guy of Gisbourne. Ian Hunter is noble and upright as Richard the Lion Hearted. Alan Hale is just right for the belligerent, guffawing Little John. Patrick Knowles as the fashion-plate of the outlaw band, Will Scarlet, is as gallantly picturesque as he could be wished. Montague Love is menacing personified as the venal Black Canon, in sharp contrast to the roistering Friar Tuck played by Eugene Pallette.

Claude Rains as the ambition-bitten usurper of the throne is elegantly venomous, relentlessly evil. Una O’Connor and Herbert Mundin as Maid Marion’s nurse and Much the Miller’s son are engagingly comic. And last but very far from least in appeal is Olivia De Havilland as the spirited Maid Marion who risks her life to warn of Robin’s danger.

Don’t miss your chance to renew acquaintance with Robin and his merry men. The story has endured for centuries, but it is just as good, just as timely today as when it first was told.

TEST PILOT (M-G-M)

Out of the welter of interesting, exciting but fairly familiar situations in Test Pilot emerges one of the most striking characterizations of the year. It is turned in by Myrna Loy who has been considered a delightful, but not a highly emotional actress until now. She plays Ann, who could see nothing more exciting in her future than marrying a neighboring farmer until romance dropped out of the sky early one morning.

Jim (Clark Gable) was in an evil temper as he climbed out of the cockpit of his plane and examined the broken oil line which had ended his chances at setting a new record for cross-country speed. So angry was he at the mishap that he did not notice that Ann was a very pretty girl, even though he had the reputation of being an expert on pretty girls. Then he took a good look, and swung into his familiar routine of bedazzlement of just one more smitten girl. No one was more surprised than Jim when he discovered a few hours later that he did not want to leave Ann behind. No one was more surprised than his mechanic, Gunner (Spencer Tracy) when Ann climbed out of the plane.

Nothing in Ann’s upbringing on a prosperous middle-western farm prepared her for the erratic life, the hazards and the adventures of a test pilot’s career. She realized only one thing. If she persuaded him to stay out of the air, he would no longer be the person she loved. So she waited miserably on landing fields while he spun planes in power dives, took desperate chances in air races, flung the planes through their first unpredictable performances.

Throughout, the film is tense, exciting, filled with carefully calculated strain and suspense. But transcending the excitement of the background is the playing which makes three people come alive as something more than characters in a pretty love tale. Better see this one.

DOCTOR RHYTHM (Paramount)

Even if this film had nothing more than the delicate clowning of Beatrice Lillie, it would be something special. But it has much more and all of it the good.

On a certain spring night in Central Park Zoo four young men might have been seen going through a strange and slightly alarming ritual, had not the place been deserted. It was a strangely assorted foursome, a successful young doctor (Bobby Crabshy), Police Officer O’Roon (Andy Devine), an ice-cream peddler (Sterling Holloway) and the zoo keeper (Rufe Davis). They had gathered by the light of the moon to run, once again, the relay race which had won them a cup in the good old days at Public School Number 42.

During the course of the hilarious evening, Officer O’Roon was inspired to join the race in the tank. From the ensuing duel, he came off such a poor second that it became impossible for him to act on special duty as body guard for Judy (Mary Carlisle), who planned to elope with a fortune hunter (Fred Keating) against the wishes of her aunt (Beatrice Lillie).

The loyal doctor laid aside his stethoscope, donned the cop’s uniform in a gallant effort to save his friend’s job. What happens after that, you’d better see for yourself.

FOUR MEN AND A PRAYER (Twentieth Century-Fox)

When grim old Colonel Leigh was dishonorably discharged from the British Army, he sent four cables speed- ing around the world, and left India forever.

The four cables summoned his four [Continued on page 8]
HERE THEY COME ON A MILLION DOLLAR SPREE TO WAKE AND MAKE AND TAKE PAREE!

Those gorgeous "Gold Digger" lovelies have taken America twice! Now see what they do to 50 million Frenchmen!

"GOLD Diggers in PARIS"

HEAR for the first time on the screen—

The SCHNICKELFRITZ BAND

& 4 Brilliant Song Hits
"DayDreaming" "A Stranger in Paris" "The Latin Quarter"
"I Wanna Go Back to Bali"

Starring
RUDY VALLEE
ROSEMARY LANE-HUGH HERBERT
ALLEN JENKINS - GLORIA DICKSON
MELVILLE COOPER - MABEL TODD - FRITZ FELD

Directed by RAY ENRIGHT • Screen Play by Earl Baldwin and Warren Duff • Story by Jerry Wald, Richard Macaulay, Maurice Leo
From an Idea by Jerry Horwin and James Seymour • Music and Lyrics by Harry Warren and Al Dubin • A WARNER BROS. PICTURE

When Answering Advertisements Please Mention July HOLLYWOOD
Important Pictures  
[Continued from page 6]

KENTUCKY MOONSHINE  
[Twentieth Century-Fox]

- Does the news that the Ritz Brothers do their own version of Snow White in their new film make you feel that summer will go on forever? Then take a new lease on life, because that is only one of the giddy routines which range all the way from hill-billy yippings to grand opera warblings with dancing to match. The film opens with Jerry (Tony Martin) doing a telling swing time version of Pagliacci. Audiences will think it grand but the sponsor of Jerry's program is all against it. In despair, Jerry sets off for the mountains of Kentucky to get real back-woods talent.

Driven to extreme measures by failure to get jobs in New York, the Ritz Brothers and Marjorie Weaver dash for the mountains, and establish themselves, complete with overalls, beards and gingham aprons as a hill-billy family ready to be discovered.

What they had not counted on were the feudin' Hatfields (Slim Summerville, John Carradine) and the complications which arise when they are recognized by one of their old friends.

Kentucky moonshine is noted for its potency, and there was no mistake in the title of this film.

COCOANUT GROVE  
[Paramount]

- Johnny (Fred MacMurray) was holding his band together by will power and promises when the truant officers descended because his adopted son (Billy Lee) was not getting sufficient schooling. Suddenly Johnny had to get a tutor, and that is how Harriet Hilliard joins the band. Johnny's one chance of getting a good engagement and keeping his band intact was to get to California and give an audition for the Cocoanut Grove management.

The main body of the picture is devoted to their struggles in getting across the country in a trailer, with plenty of music from Harry Owens' Royal Hawaiians on the way. Owens, composer of "Sweet Leilani" plays a part, MacMurray flourishes a saxophone, Harriet Hilliard sings, Billy Lee goes to town on the drums and Rufe Davis does his imitations so things are never very dull.

THE BATTLE OF BROADWAY  
[Twentieth Century-Fox]

- The war has been over for twenty years, but Big Ben (Victor McLaglen) and Chesty (Brian Donlevy) still were fighting it out along the same lines when it came to girls.

With the American Legion, they came to New York to enjoy the convention and to wrest the boss' son from the clutches of a designing woman.

They surrounded Louise Hovick, as the first move in the offensive, not knowing that they had the wrong girl. They did...

[Continued on page 48]
The New Universal proudly presents The American Debut of

DANIELLE DARIEUX

The girl whose exquisite beauty... charm of performance... has made her the most beloved stage and screen star in all Europe... The star of the sensational MAYERLING... which all America has taken to its heart!

DANIELLE DARIEUX • FAIRBANKS, Jr.

in

"THE RAGE OF PARIS"

with

MISCHA HELEN LOUIS AUER BRODERICK HAYWARD

Original Story and Screen Play by Bruce Manning and Felix Jackson

Directed by HENRY KOSTER who made "3 SMART GIRLS" and "100 MEN AND A GIRL"

Produced by B. G. de SYLVA

CHARLES R. ROGERS

Executive, Vice-President in Charge of Production

Creature of a thousand new moods of femininity!

When Answering Advertisements Please Mention JULY HOLLYWOOD


**HOLLYWOOD NEWSREEL**

**By WHITNEY WILLIAMS**

Vacation time is here, and everyone is reading travel folders and planning vigorously. Dennis O'Keefe and Maureen O'Sullivan pose as "The Spirit of the Holiday" in a scene from their new picture, *Hold That Kiss*

— Glenda Farrell's German housekeeper, Teresa, is a thoroughly competent little woman... and that's what makes this story so funny. Glenda's neighbor, and good friend, is Hugh Herbert, who owns a country home near hers. Hugh loves ranch life, tending his chickens and milking his cows, both of 'em. Obviously, this type of farmer doesn't go around dressed up. But when he calls on Glenda the next time, he will, in his best bib and tucker. And for reason... .

When the be-whiskered, be-overalled Herbert recently knocked at Glenda's back door to proudly deliver a dozen fresh eggs, Teresa mistook him for a tramp and chased him off the property with a wildly-flourished broom!

— If England gains a peculiar impression of the United States in the near future, blame it all on Virginia Field. Virginia, you see, is making a trip to her native land to appear in a picture over there... and before her departure collected a bit of Americana to show her friends.

Believe it or not—and I can vouch for the authenticity of the following items—the blonde actress took with her from Hollywood:

Two meat grinders, to make hamburgers,
A case of Wienies (hot dogs, to you),
Two cartons of Coca Cola (it's not sold in jolly old England), and,
An Indian head-dress, with feathers, and a pair of beaded gauntlets.

Those, to the Virginia lass, were typical of America. Wonder what the English will think of us, now?

— Loud merriment on *The Rage of Paris* set inspired your intrepid reporter to ferret out the meaning of this outburst of laughter. There was Danielle Darrieux, [Continued on page 40]
A Bride Now...

will she keep Romance?

"Don't let Cosmetic Skin develop—rob YOU of love"

LOVELY SKIN WINS ROMANCE, SO WHY TAKE CHANCES WITH UNATTRACTIVE COSMETIC SKIN

CLAUDETTE COLBERT

COSMETIC SKIN DEVELOPS WHEN PORES ARE CHOKED WITH DUST, DIRT AND STALE COSMETICS. LUX TOILET SOAP'S ACTIVE LATHER GUARDS AGAINST THIS DANGER

STAR OF THE PARAMOUNT PRODUCTION "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife"

I ALWAYS REMOVE COSMETICS THOROUGHLY WITH LUX TOILET SOAP. IT'S THE SAFE, EASY WAY TO KEEP SKIN SOFT AND SMOOTH

9 out of 10 SCREEN STARS USE LUX TOILET SOAP
BURLAP HANDS
TURN SMOOTH AS SATIN?

Try this Amazing, New Oil of Milk Lotion, and see!

When your hands feel like burlap... red, rough or sunburned... they have lost some of the natural oil that keeps skin lovely.

Here at last is a lotion that contains oils scientists declare are similar to the oils of the skin. These amazing oils come from sweet pure dairy milk.

Try this thrilling new Oil of Milk way to soothe a sunburn and to keep skin soft and lovely always. Ask for Duart Oil of Milk Lotion at any cosmetic counter. 25c—50c.

CREME OF MILK CREME
Complete beauty care for your skin in one creme. Contains real milk-oils processed with other oils. At all cosmetic counters. 25c to $1.65.

2-PURPOSE LIPSTICK—Special softening ingredients combined with permanent color in new California shades. 25c and 60c.

DUART OIL OF MILK LOTION

DUART, 785 Market Street, San Francisco, Calif. Enclosed is 10c. Please send me a bottle of Duart Oil of Milk Lotion.

Name______________________________

Address______________________________

City________________ State___________

CONTAINS MILK-OILS IN OTHER LOTION INGREDIENTS

If you want to see Hollywood from the inside, a trip with the Movieland Tourists gives you the key to the city.

You have a very short time to get your reservation in for the First Movieland Tour, which leaves Chicago on July 3rd. But don't be too worried if you can't make the First Tour. There are two other tours this summer. They leave Chicago on July 24th and August 14th.

So, all aboard! Let's go!

After your train pulls out of Chicago, it heads straight for the cool north woods—so cool after the torrid heat of the city—and the Thousand Lakes district of Minnesota. When you arrive in Seattle you will get your first glimpse of the Pacific. After a journey across Puget Sound to the Island of Vancouver on one of the "Princess" boats, the train heads for San Francisco. Here you will be conducted to the bright spots of the city including Chinatown, the Embarcadero and many other famous places on the "Gold Coast."

Sunday morning you will arrive in Los Angeles, where you will be greeted by a screen star and presented a key to the city in behalf of the Hollywood Junior Chamber of Commerce. Last year Wayne Morris, "Kid Galahad" himself, did the honors.

The remainder of the morning, after you are taken to your hotel, is left open for anything you may care to do. Shortly after noon, a battery of buses will take you on a tour of Beverly Hills, Hollywood, and surrounding districts where movie stars live.

Warren William waves a gay greeting from the porch of his home where he will entertain Movieland Tourists at a cocktail party.
Then in the afternoon, Warren William has invited members of the First Movieland Tour to drop in on him for cocktails and to meet some of his movie star friends. If you’re a member of the second tour, you will stop off at Harold Lloyd’s estate, where he will be on hand to greet you.

Bob Burns is entertaining the third tour at his residence with a bit of southern hospitality including an old-fashioned barbecue with corn pone and all that goes with it. And he probably will play his bazooka for you without much coaxing. If you want to take advantage of his offer of a swim in his pool, be sure to bring along your bathing suit.

For the Sunday night entertainment the sponsor of the Tyrone Power air show has invited the tours to visit the broadcast. Although Tyrone Power will be off the air this summer, there will be other top notch stars in the east to take his place.

Monday is open for anything you might care to do—shop, browse around on Hollywood Boulevard, or take a short trip to Catalina Island where so many of the motion picture companies go on location.

Included in the plans for Tuesday is a trip through Columbia Square, the new home of CBS where many of your favorite Hollywood programs are broadcast. After that there will be a visit to Universal Studio. Luncheon will be served in the studio commissary where you will see many of your favorite stars. Universal is the home lot of Deanna Durbin, Nan Grey, Henry Armetta, Wendy Barrie, Kent Taylor, Charles Winninger, Boris Karloff, Andy Devine and many others. After a motor tour of the lot, our buses will take you to the famous make-up studios of Max Factor. Here you will be shown all the little intricacies and secrets of how milady’s cosmetics are made.

Then comes another gala event of the glorious vacation. A dinner-dance with the stars at the Wilshire Bowl. Les Parker’s famous orchestra will supply the music. George McCall, whom you have heard many times on the Old Gold Cigarette program, will be master of ceremonies and will introduce the film celebrities, who also will be guests at our festive party. Last year Jimmy Stewart, Bob Taylor, Judy Garland, Mischa Auer, Hugh Herbert, Rosina Lawrence, Jimmy Fidler (the I-DO-mean—YOU commentator) and many others were there. This year we expect a group of equally famous honor guests. So when we say “Come to Hollywood and dine and dance with the stars,” you know we really mean it!

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in his first picture since "Captains Courageous"

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and a cast of 5,000

Directed by Alfred Werker
director of "The House of Rothschild"

Associate Producer Kenneth Macgowan • Screen Play by
Sonya Levien, Eleanor Harris, Ernest Pascal and Edwin Blum

A 20th Century-Fox Picture
Darryl F. Zanuck In Charge of Production

A NEW TRIUMPH IN BIG-PICTURE ENTERTAINMENT!
The appealing winner of last year's Academy Award is preparing still another highly individual characterization for the leading role in M-G-M's *The Toy Wife*, love tale of Civil War Days.
When Joan Crawford vacations in New York time is short and there are a thousand things to do. Here's a rather breathless report by a friend who tried to keep up on her last vacation.

By KATHERINE ALBERT

I didn't know how a secretary was going to work out. Joan doesn't like everybody by any manner of means. And if a very crisp, brittle, efficient number had appeared Joan would have outcripped her and there would have been a honey of an atmosphere.

But when Coule arrived I knew everything would be all right. She's a dizzy dame if there ever was one, French and Viennese with a cute accent. (And don't you think it's the last word in chic to have a secretary with a foreign accent?). Coule is an actress and looks like Luise Rainer. Joan liked her immediately.

With the three of us there—Coule screaming into the telephone in bewildered amazement, Joan screaming over every new parcel that arrived and me (well, I've never been called placid) it was like a girl's dormitory if the girls had just poisoned the head mistress. Merchants by the dozen were arriving every three minutes. "Would Miss Crawford condescend to look at this little muff of white mouse fur or a leopard shower curtain or cellophane gloves?" Hattie Carnegie's fitters were in and out all day long. John and Fred were sending up their most incredible hats. Dagogue boxes were arriving on the hour. Joan was discovering Eric Moller and his amazing hats. Tappé was sending gowns which he hoped would throw Adrian into a swoon.

Everyone was yelling and laughing and Joan was paddling around in the most enormous-shouldered house coat and a pair of fur mules with bells on them. Sometimes you couldn't tell whether it was Joan or the telephone.

That's how things were when Mrs. Travers arrived. To describe Mrs. Travers and her two children will take a bit of doing. She's the minister's wife from Rhinebeck and when she isn't busy with ladies' aid societies and foreign missions she designs petit-point patterns. Joan has been corresponding with her ever since she saw an article about the patterns. Mrs. Travers had a new stitch Joan wanted to learn. She asked her for tea.

Mrs. Travers is a very nice woman—tall, tanned. [Continued on page 54]
The charming comedy, Holiday, co-stars again the pair who romped through Bringing Up Baby. Here they are in the old play-room scene, recapturing the joy of youth.
"A screen test is fun..." "A screen test is the gosh-awfulest ordeal any-...
body ever goes through in Hollywood..." "A screen test is nothing to be afraid of...
"It gave me an inferiority complex I'll never get over..." "I'd sell my soul for a screen test..."

You can hear anything you want to hear about a screen test. Practically no two people agree. Because every little screen test has a story all its own. There are two kinds of tests: Those given to established stars merely as costume and make-up tests, the being no question as to their ability; those given to unknowns, there being considerable question.

Annabella, Twentieth Century-Fox's importation and certainly not a novice, had quite a seige of it when she first arrived in Hollywood. While hair-dressers fuss over her coiffure or pounced on her with spectacular wigs of all sizes and colors, make-up men made eyebrows grow where none ever grew on a human being; they changed the contour of her mouth and therefore the expression of her whole face; they receded her chin; they made it just forth; they rounded her face; they elongated it. They worked like demon sculptors on a helpless victim, making a hundred Annabellas out of one. Nobody was satisfied with any of them. The demons stood off, cocked heads, sighed, shrugged hopeless shoulders, rolled mournful eyes, pessimistically photographed all the Annabellas, washed their hands of the whole thing after seeing the tests run off...and then renewed their attacks.

This went on for days; they got nowhere, unless their goal was reducing Annabella to a state of complete physical exhaustion and mental inferiority. Then the star timidly suggested that they allow her to make herself up as she always did. In fifteen minutes, she was ready for the camera. It turned... and smiles spread over the lot. She was lovely, enchanting, alluring—just as she was!

RKO tore Katharine Hepburn apart, snarled over her and put her back together again a hundred times before deciding to let nature—and Hepburn—take their course. In this case, the tests were necessary because Miss Hepburn did not fit into the accepted Hollywood mold, and the crew had to learn how to handle her before the camera.

One afternoon on the set of Dr. Rhythm I asked Beatrice Lillie if she had ever had a screen test. "And how?" was her characteristic reply. She told me about it with wonderment and gusto, and, comparatively, it didn't amount to a thing. All that happened to her were a couple of hours of having various wigs tried on her head and photographed, for her boyish bob worried the powers that be. (Incidentally, you will see Miss Lillie sans wig.)

There are three angles that are true about screen tests for novices: First, everybody wants one from Grandma to Junior, because that reel or two of celluloid is the knock on the door to fame and fortune. Second, the purpose of a test is to capture a concrete example of the aspirant's individuality so that the producers can know what kind of material they own, how they can change it, how they can enhance it as it is. Third, sometimes a screen test lasts about six weeks!

While you're gasping over that last, let's see one. It is scheduled at Warner Brothers on Stage 12, and the subject is Marion Jones, aged five, an unknown.

They open the giant doors of the giant building we go, and as we step into the vast gloom of its interior, it occurs to us that if this cathedral of shadows is a stage, so is Grand Central Station. Our steps echo as we walk through the gloomy vaults of space. Quiet everywhere. Silent sets stand waiting; stairways spiral out of the darkness and lead nowhere; doors of every description loom suddenly, but open—nowhere. A child's voice saves us from stark terror. "When you want me to start again, just say 'action,' " he pipes. We hurry toward a great flood of light, full of life. In its center stands a little girl.
A SCREEN TEST?

There is much more to a screen test than standing before a camera for a few minutes and putting on your prettiest smile, and here are some of the details.

At the rim of this lively brilliance, men murmur and move about. One man sits on the floor at the child's feet and whispers to her. This is the director. Another man runs in with a metal tape measure stretched from the huge camera in the darkness to her shoulder. He makes a note and disappears. Crew men murmur over the lights, the cables, the microphone, the boom. The director murmurs to the child. In fact, everybody murmurs except the little girl upon whom all this intense work is concentrated. She stands carefully upon the spot marked out for her by chalk on the floor and talks to anyone who will listen about her teddy bear as tall as "up to here" and about her daddy's moustache, as long as "out to there," when suddenly the word QUIET comes, and then—ACTION!

Hardly taking an extra breath, little Marion Jones leaps into a lively recitation. This rehearsal is not only for her, but for the men on the cat walk, the men behind the camera, the man at the sound box, the director. The lights... do they strike the right places? The sound man... can he dial away all the little sharp high notes of that child's voice? The camera at what point should it move in upon her? The hair-dresser... should that curl fall over her forehead or be brushed back? The make-up man... did I make her eyebrows too heavy? The head electrician... should that spot be moved up? The man with the whisk broom (there's always a man with a whisk broom)... isn't that a thread on her coat? The assistant director... well, it's cost about $300 so far.

And in the midst of all this, little Marion Jones goes on with never a break in her recitation even when she sees the tremendous camera bear down upon her. Then it is over. Untouched by the general nervous tension, she smiles gaily at the whole tea party. More murmurings; more checking and re-checking. She is made up in a different way; her hair combed in a new fashion. There is a new chalk mark for her to stand upon; a new system of lighting. And another rehearsal. It all goes on, and over and over. There are twenty-five men working tensely; almost every department in the studio has been touched in one way or another by this screen test; hundreds of dollars have been spent; the resources of the studio have been concentrated this afternoon on this little baby figure in all the light... on the minute chance that here might be another Shirley Temple. But it is all a jolly tea-party to Marion, even the final take hours later, which will decide her entire future. She is so young! As she skips away after it is all over, it occurs to us that only she could say, "A screen test is fun." And as she runs blithely from the bright spot of light through the shadows, past the dark waiting sets, the chairs that lead nowhere and the doorways that open nowhere, a handsome young electrician, grim with exhaustion, gazes after her. Two years ago he was given a tea party—only it was torture to him. He didn't quite make the grade.

Gloria Dickson had her first screen test while still playing in the Federal theatre in Los Angeles, where a scout discovered her. How strange it seemed to her to play a scene before an audience consisting of an impersonal camera and a crew of men who were intent upon every mechanical detail around her but never, apparently, upon her! Only the director watched her. Like a hawk. She had difficulty in adjusting her voice to the microphone.

"In fact," she told me, "when my voice went over the mike for the first time it nearly knocked the sound man out of his chair. I learned immediately that it is one thing to be confidential with a microphone and quite another to be confidential with the man sitting in the last row balcony of the theatre. And I really felt painfully shy about the crew. They were so efficient and—well—busy. They crouched a few inches from my eyes to find shadows and angles; frowned as if there wasn't a single thing about me that was right; measured distances where I was to walk and stand,

Make-up artists are magicians in their own right, and nowhere do they prove it more than in preparing a star for a screen test. All of the pictures on these two pages are of Annabella, and if you look closely, you can see how emphasis has been placed on eyes in one picture, on cheek-bones, on mouth, on forehead or on nose in others...
No Sooner Said Than

Dunne!

Some call her impulsive, and some say that she is quick witted, but the fact remains that there are advantages to making up the mind in a hurry

By JAMES REID

"Impulsive? Am I impulsive?" Irene Dunne, curled up in her favorite chair in the library of her Holmby Hills home, asked herself the question I had just asked her. There was a note of amiable vagueness in her voice. As if she had never thought about the matter before. As if she wouldn't know the answer offhand.

I had advanced the contention that, after years of being poised and dignified and always-a-lady, she had gone amusingly unpredictable in The Awful Truth. And that public surprise at the extent of her impulsiveness in that script had been partly responsible for public delight with the picture.

Irene, mulling the question, suddenly laughed in self-amusement.

"Well," she said, smiling, "I certainly was impulsive yesterday morning. . . ." "You know, I have a pet car—a little one—that I like to drive around by myself. When I have to go all over town, and be hours in each place, I think it's silly to keep a chauffeur outside waiting for me. So, on days like that, I just drive myself."

"Yesterday morning, I went out to get the car, and it wasn't there. Frank—Dr. Griffin—had just eased out with it, without 'bothering' me. I was furious. My day was, to put it mildly, ruined. I said to myself, between clenched teeth"—she illustrated—"'If I had him here with me, I'd choke him!' "I couldn't wait for him to get back from wherever he might have gone. I had to get out the chauffeur and the big car. We were driving down Sunset Boulevard, and I was still fuming, and keeping a weather eye out for my car, when I spotted it coming from the opposite direction. I told the chauffeur to honk at the Doctor and stop him. He honked—but the Doctor didn't stop. Now I was positive that when I laid hands on him, I was going to choke him."

"I'll bet he has a guilty conscience," I said. "I told the chauffeur to turn around and chase him. We raced back, and as we got in sight of him, the chauffeur kept honking. Still the Doctor didn't stop. Finally, we pulled up alongside and then in front of him, to force him to stop. I started piling out of the car. And—\underline{all} the things I was about to say died on my lips. The car wasn't mine; the driver wasn't Dr. Griffin."

"This man looked at the chauffeur and me and if we must be crazy people or as if I was a gun moll out hijacking with one of the gang. 'So sorry—my mistake,' I said, weakly, and shrank back into the limousine. And then started laughing at myself and what my fury had accomplished. And the fury evaporated instantly."

"It's like that, with me. I can get so mad about things, so burned up—and then I start laughing at myself, and it's all over."

Having this proof that Irene is at least as impulsive as the next woman whose husband can be vexing at times, I set out to discover if, perhaps, she wasn't a little more impulsive. If, perhaps, her whole life wasn't influenced by impulsiveness—unknown to her public.

"Oh, I don't think so," she protested, mildly. "I'm pretty conservative. When it's something that really matters, I consider it pretty carefully."

"Always?" I prodded.

"Well... perhaps not always... This career business certainly didn't start from careful planning... You know, I don't think I've ever told before the whole story behind its starting..."

"When I was a little girl, I had never been anywhere, and I never expected to go anywhere—particularly after my father died and Mother and I went to live in a little town called Madison, Indiana. I remember distinctly having the idea that I was going to live there the rest of my life. Not that I liked the idea, particularly—but I couldn't get away from it."

"I was sixteen or so when, one day, there was a great flurry in the house. Mother had had a letter from an old school friend who lived in Memphis. And the old school friend said, 'Your daughter must be quite a girl now. Wouldn't it be nice for her to come to Memphis and visit us?" She even said, 'Don't worry about clothes—which was lucky, because I didn't have many. 'Girls here wear lighter things than they do in the North. We'll see that she gets fitted out after she arrives.' The next day, I was on my way to Memphis, thrilled to death, filled with romantic ideas about the South. Which, by the way, I still have."

"That friend of Mothers' was marvelous [Continued on page 46]"
On the screen, they think and act with one purpose. How do they differ, once the spotlights are dimmed and the camera runs down?

Smiling at Margaret Sullavan, who has the leading woman's role in their new film, are the Three Comrades, who are interestingly contrasted in this story, Robert Young, Franchot Tone and Robert Taylor.

Three Comrades
ON THE SCREEN—AND OFF

By SONIA LEE

“Reloading,” the cameraman chanted.

The brilliant lights winked off. For a brief moment the tension on the set relaxed. Property men lighted cigarettes. Director Frank Borzage consulted his script clerk. There was a buzz of talk.

The three principals walked to their name-marked canvas chairs for that welcome interlude of rest. They sat close together—these three—Robert Taylor, Franchot Tone and Robert Young, the illusion of their parts in Three Comrades still on them. In their eyes and attitude lingered the spiritual comradeship of the tale which they were bringing to life for the screen.

Three Comrades, by Erich Maria Remarque, author of All Quiet on the Western Front, is the touching story of three men who together have tasted the bitterness of War. Who together are caught in the maelstrom of post-war adjustment, with its bitterness and cruelty and disillusion. Caught like straws in the unrest and instability of war's aftermath!

The only faith the three comrades have is in each other, in the understanding which binds them together and gives them enough strength to live and love—and die!

This is the epic theme, and events serve only to embroider it. The story itself is fairly simple. The three are owners of a small automobile repair shop, where Franchot Tone has built a phenomenally fast racing car. Robert Taylor meets and marries a girl with the mark of death on her. To give her needed hospital care, Franchot sells the love of his life—his car. Bob Young, active in a patriotic group, is killed in street rioting.

Franchot and Taylor revive his death. Taylor's wife (Margaret Sullavan) dies.

And so Robert Taylor and Franchot Tone are left to face the uncertain future together—comrades!

Off the screen, the two Bobs and Franchot are friends, certainly, but with none of the deep and thrilling comradeship which they must portray on the screen.

It is a tribute to the individual abilities of Taylor, Tone and Young, that on the screen they create the illusion of being products of the same world, the same thought, and the same troubled times, with similar backgrounds and experiences.

They play their parts with tenderness and integrity. They make the story unfold vividly and brilliantly. They make of friendship a tangible thing. They ARE three comrades, as alike as carbon copies.

But in reality, Franchot and Robert Taylor and Bob Young are distinctly different. In fact, they are representatives of distinctive types in Hollywood.

Tone—the idealist, the man with the philosophical turn of mind; the cultured product of New England, whose reserve and balance has not been lessened by Fame and Fortune.

Robert Taylor—the Horatio Alger hero, if there ever was one. A youngster who achieved world adulation overnight, became king of a million feminine hearts, but still retained the liking and respect of the men who know him.

And Robert Young—the enthusiastic |Continued on page 44|
Don't Bring Rover

Even if he does the cutest tricks, keep Rover in the amateur class for the Hollywoods are full of dog stars

By EDWARD CHURCHILL

Want to put your pet in pictures? If he's smart and cute and you think he has possibilities—he's got a chance... about one in a million.

Maybe it's odd and maybe it isn't, but animals are very much like human beings so far as film success is concerned. They either have it or they haven't it, and if they haven't they might as well stay home with the family. And would people try to put their pets in pictures? Indeed they would. Movie struck people the world over are big-hearted that way. They don't draw the line on children who look like Shirley Temple. Anything goes. They'll spend their life savings getting him, her or it a break.

There was that Colorado lad, who had a service station, tourist camp and a bear. On occasion, the bear would annihilate a bottle of pop. It would wrestle with the Colorado lad in the cutest way. The proprietor of the service station plus tourist camp plus bear started writing Hollywood about the bear. He forgot all about the service station and tourist camp.

Eventually his letters found their way to the North Hollywood home and menagerie of one Rennie Renfro, ex-vaudevillean, comedy star, who has trained everything but hooded cobras for screen work. Renfro wrote him a letter asking him a lot of questions. The answers sounded pretty good, so Renfro got the bear a job in a picture. The proprietor closed up his camp, etc., etc., and started for Hollywood in a trailer.

The bear didn’t like the trailer. The film company was agog, as they so quaintly put it, and waited with bated breath for the arrival of trailer and bear. Somewhere on the broad plains in the light of the stars the bear and the trailer got a divorce. Weeks later, after another bear had been secured, Renfro got a letter from the proprietor.

"I finally caught the bear," the letter stated, "and have a stronger trailer. We will be with you soon."

"If the bear dislikes Hollywood that much," Renfro answered, "keep him home."

But the man and the new trailer and the bear arrived. The bear drank his pop very well, and he wrestled with his owner and proprietor very well. Renfro decided to do a little wrestling and the bear got tough. Renfro, displeased, socked the bear on the snout and told his friend: "You and the bear go away. He won't wrassle with anybody but you, and you can’t appear in all the pictures with him."

Unconvinced, the man from Colorado spent all his money, six months and anything else handy to get bruin a career. The final pay-off came when Pete Smith, the commentator, a mild man, called for the bear. The bear didn’t like Pete, took a swipe at him. The man, the bear and the trailer went home.

Then there was the lady from San Francisco who had the cat. This cat was very, very bright, the lady said. So Renfro told the lady she’d better stay in San Francisco, so she brought the cat to Hollywood. She could make the cat sit up by holding a piece of fish about six inches from its nose.

"That cat," said Rennie, "is no good. Take him back to San Francisco."

His real name is "Skippy," though you know him as "Asta" and as "Mr. Smith" in The Thin Man and The Awful Truth.

Below, Rennie Renfro and his remarkable "Buster" go through the reading lesson which is part of special training.
"No, indeed," said the lady. She visited studio after studio, finally learning what Rennie had already told her—that she'd have to work in the pictures with the cat to hold the fish close enough to its mug to make it sit up. And that wouldn't do. So after spending a small fortune she went back to San Francisco and, as far as Rennie knows, she's been there ever since.

"Cats are dumb," he says. "You can make 'em come to you, go away, and stay put, like when they are on the mantelpiece. But that's all."

Rennie, who has fifty dogs, two mountain lions given him by Clark Gable, six cats, some fowl and a few odds and ends tripping him up as he walks around his house, ought to know. He's been toying with pets—and loving them—since he was old enough to get outside the yard down in Denison, Texas, and bring home a stray mutt.

He's boss of several well-known dogs. Buster, now 15 years old, dozes in a chair in his sitting room. Buster, in his time, has made or has caused to be made, about a quarter of a million dollars, much of which Rennie spent trying to manufacture a dog food which was too good for the dogs. Buster was the star of Lucky Dog, with Chio Sale—he was star of the famous Barkies, which netted Rennie $1,750 a week—and as a featured player he has netted as high as $500 a week.

Buster is retired to a life of indolence. Dogs today rate only as featured players. A bright dog gets $7.50 a day for doing bits. A very bright dog will get $50 a day, and you can get a college graduate for that figure. Rennie's big number, a mutt with sad eyes and a dead pan who is brighter than you'd think, collects as high as $250 a week, some weeks. But the day of the money dog is gone. Rin-Tin-Tin, greatest of the dog stars, made $1,500 a week every week under the guidance of his master, Lee Duncan.

Strongheart didn't do badly—about half that.

The big three of the dog men in Hollywood today are Renfro, with a dozen "pay dogs," Karl Spitz, of the Hollywood Dog Training School, who brought "Buck" to the screen, and Henry East, trainer of Mr. Asta, a wire-haired whose right name is "Skippy." "Buck," who shared the honors with Gable in Call of the Wild, and later worked for Twentieth Century-Fox in such pictures as Beyond the Border, for a time netted himself $750 a week. Mr. Asta, pal of Bill Powell in The Thin Man and After the Thin Man, is good for about $300 a week.

"Toughie," technically known as a "muff Shepherd," is the property of a Wyoming cowboy. He walked into pictures quite by chance, much as a human actor might. Henry Hathaway, director, was on location for Trail of the Lonesome Pine with Fred MacMurray, Sylvia Sidney and Henry Fonda, when he saw the dog. The animal worked for $100 a week. Later he was starred in Trefle at Universal, but only shared the billing.

"Dogs are the smartest of all animals," Renfro says. "You pick 'em and train 'em for six months, and you have something. I got Buster from Henry Lehman, the producer. He was the runt in a mongrel litter of nine. Lehman made me give him $25 for him. Six months later he worked him in a picture, tried to buy him back for $5,000. I wouldn't sell him. I love that dog."

Renfro says not to bring your dog to Hollywood if he's a trickster.

"Trained dogs don't mean anything in Hollywood," he says. "The kind of dog that clicks is the animal that's got a smart look in his eye. You take him, see if he's as smart as he looks. If he is, you get him used to you and then work him in pictures. Once on the set, you tell him what to do and he does it. It'll be different every time, so there's no use in training a dog to do a lot of goofy stuff he'll never need. It's not education but natural brains that count."

This spur of the moment stuff Renfro illustrates by pointing out a couple of tricks of Buster. On one occasion, Buster went to a pile of sixteen articles and picked them out one at a time. Renfro called for "black shoe," "brown shoe," "light cap," and "dark cap," and "horn with a bulb on it." On another occasion, Renfro was blindfolded, and directed Buster by means of cards. The dog obeyed several cards silently and then started barking. Renfro had his direction card upside down. He righted it and Buster went on with his work. Walking "cold" onto a set, Renfro got Buster to push an egg across a room with his nose and get it under a bed in five minutes.

Hollywood has produced other "money" animals. Pete, the pooch, no longer with Hal Roach, made $500 as a member of "Our Gang"—every week. Henry Lucenay, his master, now has him in vaudeville and successfully, too, while Roach has found his own "Pete," owned by the company.

The late and [Continued on page 47]
Even though Anita Louise is busy at work in Marie Antoinette and in Every Woman's Life, she has time to think about summer clothes. Above and left you see her in a white flannel lounging robe in her own pink and white bedroom which depends on gold stitching for its only decoration.

Above, under the biggest sun hat she could find, Miss Louise poses with her rubber plant, known as the gentlest of all possible pets. Notice the short coolie jacket, worn with slacks to match.

Left, is a corner of the gold and white drawing room which is so suitable a background for the owner's blonde beauty. In the summer, Miss Louise indulges her passion for prints, and this flowered dinner gown is typical of many she chooses for warm evenings.
the South

Above, most sedate is the long cotton housecoat, brilliant with color, but the skirt can be slipped off in a jiffy. Tailored tennis shorts are attached to the blouse.

The library of Anita Louise's home is decorated in shades of gold, beige and brown, with ivory carpeting. Above and right is the owner in a favored costume for evenings at home . . . a sheath-like black crepe dress under shocking pink brocade jacket, decorated with coral frogs down the front.

Right, in the elaborate court costume and high piled hair of her role in Marie Antoinette, the actress may be more stately, but she much prefers her own comfortable wardrobe.

JULY. 1938
When the postman rings at a star's home, he may be delivering anything from a live crocodile to a stuffed mouse

By GRACE SIMPSON

If you want to receive just about every kind of gift under the sun, then become a movie star!
The Hollywood studios and private homes of the film players are deluged with countless packages from cranks, convicts, small-time blackmailers, children and sincere admirers.

Often the gifts are of real value and beauty. These frequently are returned by players, who wish to avoid the embarrassment of being obligated to persons who are total strangers to them. But the odd, clever, inexpensive items are accepted in the generous spirit in which they are sent.

Bing Crosby, for example, recently received a tiny, portable "hot dog" stand, complete with stove, fryer, grease, buns, mustard and the quite necessary "dogs."

Rosalind Russell once received what is thought to be the largest fan gift ever to find its way into Hollywood. It was a live oak tree that some Southern admirer sent her for the backyard of her home.

Typical of the presents that seem to be an expression of maternal solicitude, each Christmas brings Jack Oakie a pair of hand-knitted socks from an elderly lady in Sedalia, Missouri.

Another time, Jack received a wide belt, woven of twine, from a San Quentin convict. In appreciation, Jack sent a five dollar bill to the donor. Since that time, indicating the mouching element behind some of the gifts, he has received thirteen such belts from different prisoners.

Sometimes there is a lot of humor connected with the sending and the receiving of gifts from the fans.

Attempting to discourage a flow of expensively carved leather gifts from a Mexican admirer beyond the Rio Grande, Joan Blondell wrote and told him she was hereafter passing all the tokens onto hubby Dick Powell. Wallets and such, she added, were a bit too masculine for her.

That would be rebuff enough, she thought, if the gentleman knew his Emily Post! But Joan hadn't reckoned with Latin gallantry, and shortly thereafter received an air mail reply.

Since Joan wished to give those gifts to Powell, she could forget it, the admirer wrote. He, the bes dam caballero in all Mexico, would send the items of leather to Dick himself. As for Miss Blondell, her gifts in the future, would be combs, lace mantillas and other distinctly feminine frippery.

Gary Cooper once received a rusty six-shooter from a rancher in Montana, who claimed he had found the old gun in a cave once used as a hide-away by a notorious local outlaw named Jack Adams.

Not quite so acceptable was the expensive looking box of cigars that Robert Woolsey recently received. They turned out, to his dismay after smoking one, to be the exploding kind!

From a maiden lady in Hamilton, Ohio, Una Merkel receives a sort of a progressive gift. During the past four years, every Christmas, Easter and other holidays have brought Una a lovely piece of Spode china, until now she has a complete set of dishes. But what pleases Una most are the intelligent and charming letters that have come from the gracious donor.

Una also recently received a collection of pennies, dating back to 1859, from an Eastern fan.

But think how Joel McCrea must have felt when he applied for a present some fan sent him and it turned out to be a genuine A number 1 cow of no mean pro- [Continued on page 56]
Although her first American picture, Universal's The Rage of Paris, has not been released yet, the little French actress has become the rage of Hollywood, and great things are promised for her.
All Around the Town

From sets to circus and back by way of some parties went the candid camera, and here are some of the highly contrasted activities of a normal Hollywood day. 1. Cary Grant and Doris Nolan in a scene from the comedy drama, Holiday, at Columbia. 2. Janet Gaynor and Tyrone Power, each with a handful of peanuts, at the circus. 3. Rita Hayworth, Columbia player, demonstrates the newest thing in dressing rooms. 4. Marlene Dietrich, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Hedy Lamarr and Reginald Gardiner at dinner in the Cocoanut Grove. 5. The war with the Indians still goes on with unabated zeal, as Johnny Mack Brown demonstrates with the help of a couple of redskins in Universal’s Flaming Frontiers. 6. One of the circus apes bends gallantly over Alice Faye’s hand while Tony Martin admires his technique. 7. Lovely Irene Rich has a good time with Edward Everett Horton and Donald Crisp at the Tri-Guild Ball.
8. Clark Gable and Myrna Loy, caught in the middle of rehearsal for a Maxwell House Coffee broadcast. 9. Carole Lombard and Robert Taylor were interested spectators during that same rehearsal. 10. Something new in trailers was needed when Bill Boyd wanted to take his mounts in from his ranch, so he designed the horse-trailer above. 11. Jane Withers was undecided about giving the peanut to the elephant or eating it herself when this picture was taken, but the elephant won. 12. You’ve seen her on the screen as June Travis, but the Chicago White Sox think of her as the daughter of general manager Harry Grabiner when she joins them for a work out. That’s catcher Luke Sewell in the background. 13. Mary Lou with Papa Joe E. Brown recommend the side show at the circus to Louise Hovick. 14. Mrs. Gene Towne, formerly Betty Brown of the Ziegfeld Follies, and a hat designed by her thoughtful and talented husband. It’s guaranteed not to wear out.
Martha Raye looked very pained, indeed, as she picked herself up off the floor.

She couldn't so much as touch the tingling, afflicted portion of her anatomy. For one thing, a foot-square board was appended there, belted on securely. At each corner of the board was a roller-skate wheel.

Thirty seconds before, on the gleaming deck of the modernistic steamship on which most of the action of The Big Broadcast of 1938 takes place, six sailors had picked up Martha bodily by arms and legs, swung her one-two-three, then sent her skittering across the deck. And she was horizontal as she went.

So far as we know, no one ever hit a deck in that particular way before. No movie star—certainly no feminine movie star—ever arrived, spreadeagled, on a polished floor by that particular route. Martha was pioneering. Not that it was her idea. Well, hardly. A gag writer on the picture dreamed it up. He didn't try to do it, himself. But he thought it would be funny if Martha did it. So did everybody else connected with the picture—except the martyr named Martha. Being a minority of one, she was talked into it.

That's Martha, all over. Can she be temperamental? No. When everybody else is saying "Yes," can she say "No"? No. She's too good a sport. If the bosses want her to try some new stunts, and break the news to her very, very gently—eventually, she'll try it.

She'll try anything once. So she does it once, and what happens? She has it to do again. And again, while the camera catches her from an assortment of angles.

I saw her hit the deck, for example, so many times that I lost count. After the last "take," she wobbled toward the sidelines with her knees half-way to the floor—in the manner of Leon Errol just before his rubber-like legs cave in under him.

Pained as she unquestionably was, she could still clown for the crowd on the set. That's like Martha, too.

Helpers started taking off her skating harness. I asked her, "Did you ever, by any chance, think of this as an easy way to earn a living?"

She sat down. (To my amazement, she was able to sit down.) She exhaled a cloud of smoke from her freshly-lighted cigarette. She said, "Well, I'm still in one piece. That's something."

She didn't shout, as she shouts on the screen. If I hadn't been sitting right beside her, I wouldn't have heard what she said.

That's one of the surprising things about Martha, in person: Her voice is husky, but it's low. You don't believe your ears at first. Any more than, at first glance at her in person, you believe your eyes. She is prettier than you'd suspect after seeing her facial contortions on the screen. She just doesn't open her mouth that wide—in person.

She added, "You know, doing scenes like this is a lot of fun—because I feel so good when I'm all through." She stretched out her shapely legs, luxuriating in relaxation. "It's like hitting yourself over the head with a mallet. It feels so good when you stop."

"This scene wasn't so hard. Just the floor was hard. You should have seen some of the other little stunts I've had to do for this picture. Like getting myself tossed out through a big porthole—and landing, sitting, on the anchor hanging outside. The jar nearly brought my wisdom teeth in ahead of time. Then, another day, I had to flounder around the tank on the back lot, half-drowning, but swimming with a baby seal in my arms.

"Practically every time I turn around, I have to get in positions no other girl in Hollywood even has nightmares about. I can't walk straight across any stage. I have to prance, fall down, jump on somebody. Or something. Something goofy."

"Sometimes, I wonder how it all started. I opened my mouth—and they thought I could do anything. So far, I've kept up with their ideas. But, boy, am I getting worried!"

"I had to catch golf balls in my mouth for Double or Nothing. That was the tops in things-to-do. I mean: I thought it was—then. Now I'm getting suspicious. Maybe it wasn't."

"What do you mean—did I actually catch 'em? That stunt wasn't done with mirrors! I'm lucky to have all my teeth still in my head. Not to mention my tonsils... If anybody should step up and ask you: I do all my stunts, myself. I don't use doubles. If I'm hurt, I'll be taken care of. But doubles [Continued on page 36]
"SKIN-VITAMIN" SCORES HIT WITH WOMEN

Scientific findings in different countries awaken interest of leading hospitals. A certain vitamin is found to heal wounds, burns, infections, when applied direct to the skin!

New York! Tested in Pond's Cold Cream, the "skin-vitamin" brings definite results! Slides thrown on screen show skin of animals is rough, scaly, when diet lacks "skin-vitamin"—show skin smooth, healthy again, when Pond's Cold Cream containing "skin-vitamin" is applied daily.

A young wife in Tarrytown-on-the-Hudson, N.Y., writes: "I have never used anything like this cream. It's grand! In two weeks roughness was entirely gone, my skin felt velvety and smooth."

Society beauties tell of greater benefits from Pond's Creams with "skin-vitamin"—(reading down) FREDERICA VANDERBILT WEBB, now Mrs. David S. Gambble, Jr.; WENDY MORGAN, now Mrs. Thomas Rodd, III; MRS. ALEXANDER C. FORBES, grandniece of MRS. JAMES ROOSEVELT—"Texture finer." "Skin softer." "Color better than ever."

Telephone calls and letters greet the first Pond's advertisement offering Pond's Cold Cream with beauty-giving "skin-vitamin" to women (October, 1937, magazines).

Announced nine months ago, the "Skin-Vitamin" was quickly accepted by Thousands of Beauty Seekers.

Thousands of women have already tried Pond's Cold Cream containing the "skin-vitamin," special aid in maintaining skin health and beauty. New thousands are constantly learning of its increased benefits.

Women's satisfaction is recorded in the mounting sales of this widely known beauty aid. Today Pond's Creams, long famous as largest selling creams in the world, now with the beauty-giving "skin-vitamin" have reached the largest sales in their entire history!
FREEZING
THE HARD WAY

The thermometer registered 84 degrees on the stage where Harold Lloyd was freezing, but he shudders at the memory

By EMILY NORRIS

For two days and nights the unfortunate man had been accidentally locked up in a refrigerator car, coldly designed to deliver crates of frozen lettuce to the East. His clothes were solid ice, smooth and hard as a skating rink. His eyes were frozen shut, with icicles pointing stiffly downwards from the corners, and frost whitening his lashes. His ears and nose were cakes of ice, and his hair needed defrosting.

Miraculously, he could still walk, although with every step he sounded like the breaking up of an ice floe. They had to chop him out of his coat, chisel his vest off, ice-pick him out of his shoes and hack his pants off. A human icicle!

These poor screen stars! What they suffer for your entertainment!

Transforming Harold Lloyd into the animated glacier seen in this picture was quite a problem. But the problem was solved by one of those Hollywood magicians who are expert at making things appear what they aren’t. The magic in this case was accomplished by Royce Finlay, Mr. Lloyd’s private magician, a good-looking young prop-man who works dozens of miracles a day and usually thinks nothing of it. However, he admits that the problem of “freezing” Mr. Lloyd gave him a headache.

The story calls for the star and his new leading lady, Phyllis Welch, to be locked in the refrigerator car of a train for two days. When they are finally taken out at Jersey Junction, New York, in company with several crates of frozen lettuce, they are frozen also!

“Of course, we could freeze the lettuce,” said Mr. Finlay, “but it was obviously impractical to freeze Mr. Lloyd and Miss Welch. I began to experiment. I soaked one of Mr. Lloyd’s suits in paraffin. It dried stiff, all right, but there was too much ice effect and the paraffin made the suit many shades too dark.

“I appropriated another suit and this time used less paraffin, but there was still too much ice and the suit was still too dark. When I had ruined five suits—suit patterns that had been expressly made for Mr. Lloyd for this picture—and a hundred dollar leather coat belonging to Miss Welch, I had a definite feeling of frustration, a feeling that was shared, incidentally, by the stars.

“Then I got a brilliant idea. Line the suits with buckram and paint the paraffin on! Until two o’clock that night, I cut patterns and lined another suit. I’d never cut a pattern before in my life.

“Then I bleached the suit white and dipped it in dye much lighter than its original color. Then I painted paraffin onto it; on top of the paraffin I put rubber cement, then more paraffin. Then I brushed it hard to give it the sheen of ice. As a final touch, I added about twenty-five pounds of clear rosin. And lo! the suit was properly ‘frozen’ and of the right color!”

To “freeze” the faces of Harold Lloyd and Phyllis Welch, Mr. Finlay invented a horrible concoction: beaten whites of eggs and epsom salts. He made the icicles dripping from the corners of their mouths and eyes out of silicate of soda—liquid glass to you. Liquid glass, when it sets, is hard and brittle, and not any too safe. All three—whites of eggs, epsom salts and silicate of soda—went on their hair for the frost effect. It took the stars two hours every morning to get into this frozen state and two hours every evening to get out of it.

It required the combined efforts of three strong men to pour Mr. Lloyd into his ice suit. Two men stood up on a packing box, lifted him off the floor and lowered him gently into his trousers, which were held by Mr. Finlay. The only discomfort Mr. Icicle Lloyd suffered
A doubly lovely
this healthful Double Mint way...

Here is a charm secret which everyone knows brings admiration from men—women, too, for that matter. It is that doubly lovely look which refreshing Double Mint gum adds to your smile and style. And this is more than a pretty promise as you see by reading below—

Add loveliness to your smile • The daily enjoyment of delicious Double Mint gum, in this soft food era, supplies beneficial chewing exercise...In a normal, natural way, this double-lasting mint-flavored gum firms sleepy face muscles and saggy chin lines, keeping facial contours young. It gives an easy, gentle chewing exercise which safely massages your gums, stimulating healthy circulation—helps mold round, shapely lips and whitens your teeth. The added loveliness of your smile is apparent and friends like you better. Enjoy Double Mint gum any place. Sold everywhere. Buy several packages today.

Be alert to new fashions • Through Double Mint gum you can dress beautifully, flatteringly, in the most advanced style. Below left, is an attractive, new dress of real feminine appeal. Below right, is the new Snow White Double Mint party frock. To make these dresses available to you, Double Mint gum has had them put into McCall Patterns.

"Oh yes," you say, "I now see how Double Mint gum adds to my Smile and Style." Enjoy healthful, delicious Double Mint gum. Millions do. It aids digestion, relieves tense nerves, assures you pleasant, inoffensive breath also. It satisfies craving for sweets, yet is not fattening. Buy several packages today.

For Travel, Schoolwear, Business, be your charming best in this smart DOUBLE MINT dress, designed in NEW YORK and made available to you by Double Mint gum in McALL Pattern 9758. (Sizes 12-20) You can buy pattern at local department stores. Or write to McCall Double Mint Patterns, 230 Park Ave., New York.

For Parties — look as lovely as Walt Disney's star "SNOW WHITE" in this Snow White DOUBLE MINT dress made available to you by Double Mint gum in McCall Pattern 558. You can buy pattern (6-14 yrs.) at local department stores. Or write McCall Double Mint Patterns, 230 Park Ave., New York.

When Answering Advertisements Please Mention July HOLLYWOOD 35
was the terrific heat of his paraffin “armor” under the hot studio lights.

Mr. Finlay also tried soaking Miss Welch’s dress in liquid glass, to save the trouble of the buckram lining, dipping, dyeing and painting with paraffin. It came out beautifully, giving just the desired effect. Unfortunately, Miss Welch sneezed a minute or so after getting into the dress, and it broke in a number of embarrassing pieces!

One of the simplest requests gave Finlay the most trouble in Professor,

“Gimme Glamour”  
[Continued from page 32]

wouldn’t be. Oh, they’d get their hospital expenses, all right. But the salary wouldn’t go on.

“That happened on Rhythm on the Range, my first picture. I was supposed to fall head first down a deep well. A double did it, and got hurt, and that was the end of her screen earnings for a while. I haven’t had a double since. I’m willing to try any stunt, once. If I can do it, swell. If I can’t—we’ll just skip that stunt. So far, the only thing I’ve skipped has been a rope. I’ve been doing all right by the liniment companies . . ."

On the screen, Martha may have to look as if she were absent when the brains were passed around. Off the screen, she doesn’t have that blissful vacuity.

She proved it with what she said next: “But it isn’t a question of how long I’ll be able to do these crazy stunts and like ‘em. It’s a question of how long I’ll be able to do them and have the public like ‘em. So far, there haven’t been any complaints. Well, not many. Not enough to count. But I’d sure like to be able to do something when, and if, the turnover comes.

“That’s why I want to be a glamour girl. Glamour girls last forever.

“I’m not kidding. I mean it. That’s what I want to be: a glamour girl. More of one than I am, anyway. That ought to be possible. “Don’t get me wrong. I don’t want to pull a Garbo or a Dietrich or a Hepburn on the folks. I just want to have people think of me as something besides a wild woman who plays rough. Something besides ‘ultra-violent Raye.’

“I know they go to see that wild woman, and I’m grateful. Where would I be if they didn’t? But I’d like to spread the idea around that, maybe, in person, I’m different. Maybe I’m not that scatter-brained. Maybe I’m not that noisy. Maybe—I’ve even got sex appeal. A little, anyway.

“How would you like to go skating across a floor, with the skates anchored where you sit down, and have people thinking that you probably do that every morning, before breakfast, just for exercise? How would you like to have golf balls popped into your mouth, and have people think you’d rather do that than be kissed, any day in the week. See what I mean?”

What really sears her sensitivity, though, is that nickname “Moutha.”

“I kid about it, out loud, but—I can’t

Toby Wing, now playing on the New York stage in You Never Know, helped Philco television engineers demonstrate that images of blondes may be sent over waves just as easily as those of brunettes. She is sitting before a television camera, ready to see her televised image in receiving set.
Three mistakes
...in the bride's house!

The bed spread was a beauty when she bought it—snow-white muslin with bands of embroidery and yards of perky flounce! But the poor little bride made a sad mistake! She washed her spread with lazy soap—and left it full of tattle-tale gray.

Spic-and-span new, the vanity skirt was something to make friends chirp with delight. But not after the little bride tubbed it. Her lazy soap just couldn't wash clean. And nobody had the courage to tell her—"Change to Fels-Naptha Soap. It gets all the dirt!"

Tattle-tale gray spoiled this slip-cover, too—and all the bride's wash—until Aunt Ruth got her Fels-Naptha. Thanks to its richer golden soap and lots of naptha, that sparkle-fast dirt had to let go. Now the bride's washes sparkle like snow! And everybody raves about her home!

Banish "Tattle-Tale Gray" with FELS-NAPTHA SOAP!

NEW! Great for washing machines!
Try Fels-Naptha Soap Chips, too.

When Answering Advertisements Please Mention JULY HOLLYWOOD
An important part of Ann Miller's career is her beauty, so she gives it particular care in the summer months, so hard on skin and hair. You'll see the little dancer next in Columbia's You Can't Take It With You, and after that with the Marx Brothers in Radio's Room Service.

BE A SUMMER SIREN

A drop in time of just the right beauty article may save many tear-drops under the hot summer sun

By ANN VERNON

- Take a look at Ann Miller's pretty dressing table and you'll see one of the reasons why she and all the other Hollywood girls are eye-fuels. Ranged in neat rows are all the jars, bottles and tubes that help to accent natural beauty and to hide or correct any imperfections. Ann's dressing table is always more completely arrayed during summer than in winter, for she has discovered that the outdoor life she leads, comes hot weather, plays tricks on her skin and hair—unless she resorts to antidotes in bottles and jars. Then, too, so much more of her is visible in warm weather, that there's more territory to cover—beautifully.
speaking. Her toes, for instance. She could get by without tinting them to match her fingernails in winter, when they're incised in shoes—but make their debut in smart toecless clogs, they must have the accent of polish in tropical tones.

A bottle of sunburn preventive is another "must" item on any clever girl's beauty list. Peeling nose and shoulders, or a skin that is tanned beyond the smart limits of bisque or beige softness, just don't go with the new deal in women's fashions—a heightened femininity.

Soak up the sunshine, for health and fun, but eliminate the harmful rays with a screen of protective liquid. How about the one that was developed, several years ago in Sweden, to protect skiers' faces from the painful burning caused by sun on snow? It's a thin, almost colorless, liquid which applies and dries fast. There are sun glasses impregnated with the same filtering ingredient that's in the liquid.

When you pack your beach bag with suntan lotion and all the odds and ends that make for beauty at the beach, tuck in a box of small cotton squares for applying the lotion. The ones I refer to are out now in a new mauve-pink window package, as decorative as it is convenient. You'll find that the application of any lotion is easier, more economical, when you use these sanitary absorbent cotton squares. They make grand eye pads, too.

Ever noticed how leathery fishermen's and farmers' skins get? That's because they are out in sun and wind most of the time. Your skin will react the same way, unless you use a sun lotion, when actually outdoors, and then replace missing oils each night by slathering on a good emollient cream. Which cream? Well, I can recommend a new all-purpose blend of vitamins A and D, created by a house that is definitely not new. . . . The cream is white, light and fragrant, and the vitamins in it are the result of y'ars and y'ars of chemical research. You can buy the jars, with their green and black labels, at the V and X for 10 and 25 cents.

Once your skin takes on the richness and depth of pigmentation that old Sol brings, better no rouge and powder at all, than the same ones you've used all winter! Let your cosmetics deepen. Wear, for example, the new champagne shade of a famous face powder. It goes beautifully with your summer skin, with the new wheat-toned hats and accessories, with all pastels. . . . There's a companion lipstick of a warm, coppery red that's just

[Continued on page 49]

If you'd like to have the names of any of these summer beauty aids, or special help with your summer beauty problems, why not write Ann Vernon? Her expert advice is free—just send a stamped (3 cents in U. S. postage) return addressed envelope with your problem letter. The address is Ann Vernon, in care of HOLLYWOOD, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

There's knitted witchery in B.V.D.'s "String Bean" maillot. Just a slim length of accordion rib knit in your hand—but a sleek and silhouetting suit when worn. Perfectly cut in every size, it clings with a willowy, "poured-in" look that modern mermaids adore. Cable halter and belt in rainbow colors. $5.95.

For a more beautiful YOU

...we designed these *B.V.D.*

beauty-line Swim Suits!

- That flash of slim grace is you—that beauty line is yours—in one of these B.V.D. Swim Suits. For B.V.D.'s superbly fitting fabrics and alluring fashions make every girl a goddess in her swim suit.

B.V.D.'s "Grow's Next" skirted suit (right) fits like a dream. It gives you such triumphs of B.V.D. design as the new "Crosstide" stitch, self-adjusting elastic uplift and extra seat-fullness. The heart-shaped bra is smoothly lined (all B.V.D. skirted models feature bust-lining—maillots are fully lined). $5.95.

"Egyptian" (below) — gay hieroglyphics leave their imprint of beauty on this shimmering "Sea Satin by B.V.D." Lovelier than ever in texture, and in colors that defy fading in sun or salt water. Designed with B.V.D.'s exclusive Fantom Skirt — a slim panel attached in front to give a smooth and slenderizing line. $8.95.

The Sea Horse is the sign of beauty, of sculptured lines and exclusive features. Look for this emblem on the smartest swim suit fashions of 1938!

B.V.D. Swim Suits

*The B. V. D. Corporation,
Empire State Building, New York City*

*If you have a beauty problem, why not ask Ann Vernon?*
Hollywood Newsreel

[Continued from page 10]

Wallace Ford is accustomed to a stream of visitors rushing back stage crying "Magnificent" over his performance in Of Mice and Men, voted the best play of the season by the Critics' Circle. Stuart Erwin, who just has finished Three Blind Mice at Twentieth-Century-Fox wanted to do something different, so he brought a custom built mouse with him as a tribute. Mrs. Ford and Una O'Connor watch the presentation ceremonies with evident pleasure.

the new French star who enacts the title role, standing helplessly in the center of a room.

And the reason? Danielle couldn't say, "sour puss," that good American expression. She was supposed to tell Doug Fairbanks, Jr., "You come from a long line of sour pussies," but couldn't for the life of her manage to twist those two words around her tongue. Time and again she tried, but finally the lines had to be rewritten. The same thing happened one time when Lily Pons couldn't utter the word, "Bunk."

When Johnny Downs walked on the set of Algiers for his first day's work, the head electrician approached him with a grin. "I'm glad you won the part, Mr. Downs," he informed the astonished Johnny, clapping his hand heartily. "I just collected $18 on you."

Eighteen candidates had been tested for the role, it appeared, and eighteen set workers each had chipped in a dollar on a name. The electrician had taken Johnny's name, and when he was cast in the part won the $18 pot.

LIFE IN THE HOLLYWOODS: Rita Johnson now wears the screwiest hats in Hollywood . . . her latest could double for a lampshade . . . Charles Boyer resembles Paul Muni while working . . . he doesn't like to speak to anyone while on the set . . . Mitzi Green had no sooner arrived in town than Anne Shirley was on the wire . . . they've seen each other daily ever since, renewing old acquaintances . . . so enthralled did Lucille Ball wax over the trailer she and Joe Penner used in Go Chase Yourself that following completion of that film she hired herself to the nearest dealer and bought a beauty . . . that reminds us that Fred Astaire purchased a new car . . . he bragged all over town about it, and all his friends thought it would be at least a nineteen cylinder de luxe model . . . instead, it was a second-hand station-wagon . . . to Fred, though, it still was sumpin' . . . first act of Mary Maguire under her new Fox contract was to ask her wardrobe woman's daughter to be her stand-in . . . nice gesture, that.

It must be really something to be a movie star—Freddie Bartholomew is said to have received more than fifteen hundred presents on his birthday . . . how'd you like to acknowledge that many? Freddie, incidentally, attends school with that new glamour-girl, Lana Turner . . . yep, it must great to be a star . . . Bert Wheeler's recent venture into the habit-dashery business ended in his getting the gong . . . it went plop . . . Hugh Herbert can pick up honey bees in his hands without being stung—if you care . . . add goofy touches—Glenda Farrell tints each finger—nail a different color . . . just try it gal, and see what happens when the boy friend arrives . . . both Carole Lombard and Alice Faye are confirmed bicycle riders . . . they travel back and forth
between their dressing rooms and the sets, if they aren’t wearing too billyow skirts... it’s a thrill to glimpse Frances Drake doing the rhumba with Tony Moreno... as this is being written, the James Cagney’s and the Robert Youngs have just gone east for a holiday on their respective farms... Cagney at Martha’s Vineyard and Young in Connecticut... wonder why they don’t buy farms closer to Hollywood...

Tony Martin attends the fights every Friday night with George Burns and George Raft, while Alice Faye remains home and throws a party for her girl friends... when Louise Hovick (but she’ll ALWAYS be Gypsy Rose Lee) dropped by one of Los Angeles’ most exclusive furniture shops to buy linoleum and such for her trailer, she was stopped by a snooty clerk telling her... “Madam, we do not furnish trailers”... for the first time on the screen, George Raft will sing in Span of the North... he’s danced aplenty but never warbled... if you’d like to get in good with your friends, give ‘em hand-done needlepointed backgammon covers... that’s what Kay Francis is doing... she’s become unusually expert at the art... good news that William Powell is up and out again... many believed he’d never make another picture, but he’s already considering two...

Frank Morgan now is the proud owner of the yacht, Katinka, the one that took Director Tay Garnett around the world a year or so ago... it’s a prize-fighter now for Robert Montgomery... the actor is backing a young fighter whose mother is a waitress at Metro.

Oddity of the month concerns Ned Sparks, the dead-pan comedian, and his pet bulldog, Betsy Ann, who snores like a retired army colonel. Betsy Ann sleeps in a bed the perfect

When answering advertisements please mention July Hollywood

NEW-TYPE ICE DEODORANT
Is greaseless and actually cooling—checks perspiration 1 to 3 days

NOW, a deodorant that has everything—an ICE DEODORANT!
It’s easy to put on! It’s actually cooling! It’s absolutely greaseless! Its own fresh odor evaporates immediately! It checks perspiration!
The wonderful new Odorono ICE is based on a brand-new principle. A gentle, cooling ICE deodorant that goes on like a vanishing cream and disappears completely. It is not greasy or sticky.

And here’s another thing about this new ICE that will thrill you. It checks perspiration the instant you apply it... banishes worry over stained dresses and offending odors up to three days!
Its texture, too, is delightful. So light and easy to spread. And its clean, wholesome smell of pure alcohol disappears as soon as it’s on, leaving you fresh, dainty—cool.
After the first application you’ll understand why so many of the women who have tried it prefer the new Odorono ICE. You’ll never have another moment’s uneasiness about underarm odor or perspiration.

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Fearless Bob Burns shows clinging-vine Martha Raye the best way to start a bull fight in Paramount's Tropic Holiday

Are you a short-wave addict? John Boles is, and in his home has more than $3,000 worth of radio equipment, through which he converses with unknown friends in various parts of the world. South Africa, Australia, Europe, Siberia . . . those are only a few of the locations he wanders over with his broadcasting set. At least once a week he'll devote an entire evening to such talk. Mebbe, if you're lucky, you can tune in and hear him.

LOVE IN BLOOM:
Constance Worth, once Mrs. George Brent, glimpsed frequently with Charles Richards, one of Hollywood's most popular casting directors. . . June still a romantic name to Vic Orsatti . . . formerly wed to June Lang, he's often seen with June Knight . . . Carl Laemmle, Jr., and Alexander D'Arcy, the Egyptian actor, vying for the smiles of Jane Stanton, ace tennis player . . . you can always depend upon Simone Simon to do something different . . . she's tossed Hollywood overboard for a University of Southern California football player . . . and is HE the popular one on his campus? . . . That Arleen Whelan-Richard Greene two-some still going strong . . . Hollywood can't figure out the status of Joan Fontaine and Conrad Nagel . . . seems to be one of those off-again-on-again matters . . . in case you're interested, it's GLORIA Brewster and CLAUDE Stroud who are so much together and its BARBARA Brewster who is seen with Don Terry.

CUPIDATINGS:
Just TRY to find Priscilla Lane without Wayne Morris . . . and vice versa. . . .
The engaging Dopey is outstripping all the other dwarfs by many thousands of votes in the Seven Dwarfs Contest. Grumpy is the runner-up, but it was evident, even in the first week of the voting, that Dopey would walk away with the honors. As this magazine goes to press, the judges are tabulating the final returns and arguing strenuously about the prize winners. The list of those who win the handsome awards will be printed in August Hollywood.

Anthony Averill—he's the new beau gallant of Hollywood... on successive nights he was seen with Dennie Moore, Jane Bryan, Margaret Lindsay and Susan Hayward... and he's been reported wed twice already... one of the handsomest couples we've seen lately is Ilona Massey with Gene Markey... Vicki Lester, Radio's blonde of blondes, admits she and Dick Purcell will wed... and soon... the Andrea Leeds-Jack Dunn (he was Sonja Henie's skating partner) romance seems serious... so, too, that of Barbara Pepper and Craig Reynolds... Dick Baldwin and Cecilla Parker... and Helen Mack and Gordon Oliver... "Mr. Wanger is not divorced," Joan Bennett answers those who ask the blonde star if she will wed the producer... well, that's an answer... Eleonore Whitney and Johnny Downs have split up, romantically, but it's nice to see that they attend each other's previews with each other... mebbe there's hope yet of their reconciling... add new combination—Carol Stone and George Mason, who once was engaged to sister Paula... is Rosalind Russell forgetting Jimmy Stewart for Producer Davis Lewis? Romances marching month after month include Phyllis Brooks and Cary Grant, Frances Langford and Jon Hall, Lucille Ball and Al Hall, Lona Andre and Bill Faye, Barbara Stanwyck and Robert Taylor, Janet Gaynor and Tyrone Power, Cynthia Hobart and Russell Gleason.

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**FARR’S FOR GRAY HAIR**

Three Comrades On The Screen—And Off

[Continued from page 33]

lad to whom Fame came slowly; who worked for what he has achieved over a period of years, who is similar in many respects to ambitious men his age in every walk of life.

By the very nature of his character, Hollywood knows Franchot least of these three. He is sensitive and intuitive. He is not one of those hale and hearty individuals who slaps a person on the back on short acquaintance, tells the story of his life, or reveals his cherished thoughts at the drop of a hat.

As a matter of fact, his sole complaint about the business of being an actor is that the private affairs of a player become the property of the world at large. The one thing which made his courtship of Joan Crawford less than ideal was the minute report of his progress in the public press.

His circle of intimates is small. Robert Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck are frequently on the guest list of those attending the charming dinners given by Mr. and Mrs. Franchot Tone, when they entertain a famous musician, a world-renowned savant, or others who have won distinction outside the Hollywood world.

With the exception of the reception Joan and Franchot gave for Leopold Stokowski, they have never entertained on a large scale. That is in keeping with the graceful, gracious background which is Franchot’s. Son of an important figure in America’s business world, his childhood was serene, his education comprehensive.

He attended private schools here and abroad. He had tutors during the time when family travels made school attendance impossible. He is a graduate of Cornell University. He has been awarded the Phi Beta Kappa key—the mark of scholastic excellence.

Franchot Tone is serious and studious—with deep, untapped wells of reserve. He makes friendships slowly, but once his allegiance is given, it is lasting and loyal.

Few know him, for he is not an easy person to know well. But his brilliant mind, his deep understanding of human nature, his fine artistry as an actor have achieved for him a deep respect in Hollywood, which is unmixed by envy or resentment.

His interests are wide. Books, the progress of the theatre, music, new trends in thought and world events, engage his attention. He takes his life and his work seriously, but not himself.

The meteoric rise of Robert Taylor has obscured to some extent, his worth as a fine person. It has interfered with

Rudy Vallee and the Schnickelfritz Band join in some violent melody. You'll see them in Goldiggers in Paris in even madder activities than this.
the honest appraisal of him not only by the world at large, but even by a few in Hollywood.

As the calendar tells the story, he is very young—just about the age when the average young man is getting his first foothold on the rungs of the success ladder. Taylor reached the top instantly through the force and pulling-power of personality. The world has given him Fame—but nevertheless has been unfair to him. It has forced him into a manufactured shell as protection against unjust barbs, criticism without basis, and a watchfulness of his every action which is an emotional load for any one to carry.

I remember Bob Taylor before this burden called Fame came to him. He was gay, carefree, ambitious. He had a refreshing frankness. He was a wholesome boy, just out of college, hopeful of the future, eager to make friends, to be liked. He was YOUNG.

There were no hidden places in his personality. He was a worthy product of substantial, middle-western Americanism. His life has been well-ordered. Son of a physician, he has the average number of advantages—music lessons, school activities, college, all well-balanced by the stiffening influence of vacation jobs, a sense of responsibility to himself and his heritage.

His becoming an actor, as you know, was an accident—the result of being seen in a school play by a studio scout, who took Bob’s mind away from his planned profession of medicine and bent it to the exciting life of acting.

Fame is a responsibility, make no mistake about that. Robert Taylor has paid a considerable price for his prestige. He has learned many a bitter lesson through it. That there is injustice and envy. That a man can be helpless even with a world at his feet.

It has sobered Bob. It has taught him to spot lip-service. It has taught him to limit his spontaneous desire to be friends with everyone. And it has taught him that frankness can be a boomerang. In self-protection, he has become reserved.

Not since Valentino has anyone been subjected to such a vicious, malicious attack as Robert Taylor has been. If his eyes are a little tired, if he is older than he should be, there is ample reason for it.

And so the Bob Taylor that Hollywood first knew—the boy so eager to live life fully, to meet and know people, to be seen everywhere, has given place to a man who is quieter, far more self-assured, with an active sense of what is reality and what is illusion.

He differs from Franchot in that whatever he is, he became quickly, and so is representative of all of Hollywood’s skyrocketts. He differs from Bob Young in that he learned everything in the pitiless and merciless glare of a spotlight, rather than in the comfortable twilight of a career built step by step.

The third comrade, Robert Young, is the essence of the new Hollywood, which works hard, lives unostentatiously but normally, which is interested in the multiple, small concerns of everyday life. Unlike Franchot and Taylor, Bob did not have the advantages of advanced education, of ample funds, of a well-set plan of life. His talents indicated that his place was in the theatre. But his own and his family’s need again and again forced his feet into other occupations.

But once begun, his acting career progressed surely, steadily. Today he is one of Hollywood’s substantial leading men, with none of the discomfort of sudden and sensational Fame.

He lives quietly, and only on occasion does his exuberance manifest itself in a super automobile, or some other extravagance. He is married to his school-day sweetheart. They have two small daughters. With singularly few exceptions, Bob’s life is in no wise different than if he were the crack salesman for some large business concern.

The three close comrades on the screen are casual comrades in their interests and their work. But the vital differences not only in their beginnings and their backgrounds—but in their personalities and their present lives—make a good, if not an intimate friend of the other two.
to me. I had grander clothes than I ever had before. I had dates. I went dancing. I 'rode to the hounds.' Every day brought something new. I stayed four months. And every moment of it was like a dream. I went back to Madison, convinced that I could never be contented there again. But it still looked as if I would have to be.

'I had always sung. Mother had always wanted me to 'go on with my music.' But I didn't see how that particular dream would ever get me out of Madison. Music study would take money—and money was something we didn't have.

"Finally, I got tired of just sitting around, doing nothing. I decided, impulsively, to try an examination to be a schoolteacher. I passed it and was given a school in Hammond, Indiana—which happens to be quite near Chicago. I went up early, a couple of weeks before school was to begin, to get settled and, maybe, find a choir-singing job on the side.

Somebody happened to tell me about the Chicago College of Music—the one founded by Florenz Ziegfeld's father—offering three musical scholarships, in public try-outs.

"I obeyed that impulse. I got on a trolley one morning and went up to Chicago and sang in the tryouts with fifty other contestants. I don't know how, but I won one of the three scholarships. I resigned the job I never actually held—the one as a teacher. Some relatives in Chicago took me in—some relatives I barely knew until then. And I went to music school...."

After the long course was over, and Irene had won the gold medal at the final concert, she went on to New York to try to get into opera. In Chicago she had known a friend of her mother's with a daughter about Irene's age, for whom she had stage ambitions. They went on to New York at the same time Irene did, and the woman mothered both girls. Irene sometimes went along when they went looking for jobs. And that was how, at the tryout for the road company of the musical comedy, Irene, she was picked off the sidelines for the title role, and "went to all the little towns in the world."

Back in New York after that road tour, she walked into the New Amsterdam Theatre Building to see a producer about a job. Waiting for the elevator was a man whom she recognized as Florenz Ziegfeld.

"On an impulse, I was about to smile recognition. On another impulse, I didn't. On the way up in the elevator, I felt him looking at me. At his floor, he stood aside to let me off first. I indicated that I was going up farther ... I had been in this other producer's office about two minutes when in rushed a girl who said, 'Are you the young lady who just rode up in the elevator with Mr. Ziegfeld? Why yes, I was. 'Well, I'm Mr. Ziegfeld's secretary. He'd like to see you right away."

"It seems he had guessed I was one more girl coming to ask him for a job, and when he had guessed wrong, I was of tremendous interest to him. He had his secretary ask the elevator man what floor I had gone to, track me down, and ask me to see him immediately. The Show Boat engagement came out of that. If I had tried to see him, probably I'd never have got past the application desk. That's life."

And that's what a couple of impulses did for Irene Dunne's career before Hollywood. Pin her down—and you can get a further admission that one little impulse led her into the present cycle of comedies.

"I was so sick of magazine stories about 'Irene Dunne, the perfect lady.' I was so tired of playing heroines who were always on their dignity, no matter what. I was hopeless typed. Finally, making Show Boat, I asked Jerome Kern, 'Isn't there something I could do that would be a little
I guess. And, the spontaneous nature of those events wasn't something he had planned.

"No-o, I guess they aren't," she admitted, reluctantly. "I guess they wouldn't be so much fun if they were. Doctor and I just got back from the grandest trip. We were sort of planning a little cruise somewhere, maybe to Hawaii. Then, one night at a dinner party, someone happened to mention a place called Painter's Cottage. I bet you never heard of it. I know I never had until that moment.

"Where is it?" I asked. "It's a crummy white little place run by a Mr. and Mrs. Painter, on a little island near Victoria, British Columbia. Nobody ever goes there except artists, and not many of them. A few days later, I was on my way to Painter's Cottage, which we liked much better. We stayed there for three weeks. We left for there in such a hurry, that we didn't have time to shop for outdoor clothes. We got those on the way, in San Francisco."

She is full of impulses whenever she is in New York. She always stays at a certain hotel on Fifth Avenue in the early Sixties—not because it is on Fifth Avenue, mind you, but "because it's so near Central Park Zoo." If a zoo is anywhere around, you can't stay away from it. And she always eats the strangest things, once she arrives in New York. Like the time—one of the coldest nights of the present century—when she and Mildred Knopf walked forth in a blizzard to find the nearest Schrafft's because they had a hankering for Schrafft's ice cream cakes. They consumed two Ripple cakes and were still shivering three days later. They weren't sick after the first twenty-four hours, though.

Not that she is exactly impulsive in Hollywood. Prop men at Columbia still talk about the time, on the set of Theodora Goes Wild, when Irene turned cartwheels—on a dare. When she has some question on her mind about a picture, she goes to Irene to mention the matter to go-between. She obeys that impulse and goes direct to the Top Man. ("I like to know where I stand," she explains. "I figure I'll keep out of trouble that way.")

The fact that Irene's adopted baby is the blue-eyed, flaxen-haired Mary Frances—not some other child—also is traceable to a spontaneous Dunne impulse. Under pressure, she will admit it; but only under pressure.

"Yes, I did think it was needed. But when I laid eyes on Mary Frances—well, it had to be Mary Frances. I didn't want to look any farther."

In short, there is an accumulation of evidence that Irene wasn't unnaturally impulsive in The Awful Truth. Enough evidence for Irene herself, curled up in her favorite chair in her library, to say amusedly, at the end of our interview:

"It sounds to me as if you almost have a story that could be titled, 'No Sooner Said Than Dunne.'"

Don't Bring Rover

[Continued from page 25]

lamented Jiggs, the monkey, drew $300 a week.

Lesser monkeys get from $10 to $20 a day. Trained lions get about $50 a day. Renfro has had wild experiences with lions. One bit his hand, and he got so mad at it he chased it into the corner of a cage with a splinter of wood and smeared it on the nose. He had a lot more trouble with it but in a few months it was credited with killing two other so-called trainers. The mortality rate in this field, among humans, has been rather high.

"This is good money," Renfro says. "It's good money when you get $150 a day for an elephant, too. But you've got to figure on feeding the elephant on the days it doesn't work. There are a lot of days. I worked a hundred dogs in Two Black Crows with Moran and Mack. I got $7.50 a day apiece for those animals, which were used in the dog-catcher scenes. But not for many days. You've got to figure that angle before you start bringing trained animals to Hollywood."

Rennie is kind to his animals. In fact, he's gotten so kindly that he now has stand-ins for them. Jerry, who worked with Ronald Colman in Lost Horizon—he's a St. Bernard—and Tom for a stand-in. Squeegee, one of the few trained Pekes, who worked in Torarich with Boyer and Colbert, had Shanghai, his mother, to go before the lights and cameras until work really begins.

Why?

"Heat and lights and excitement bother dog actors just as much as they bother humans," he says. "They deserve a break."

Renfro rates police dogs as most intelligent of all motion picture animals, mainly because they have wolf in them, and the wolf is the smartest of all animals, he says. Danes, St. Bernards, mastiffs and terriers come next, with greyhounds, Russian wolfhounds, and English bulls well down on the list.
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Gentle James the Irishman

[Continued from page 19]

alist who is continually taking arms against a sea of troubles and in the battle ending them—pardon me for taking liberties with Mr. Shakespeare—is all wrong. I carry neither chips on my shoulders nor shillalahs in my hands and as for me going around looking for a fight to happen so I can get into it, why, that’s as far from being the truth as it possibly could be! The impression that motion picture fans have of me has been gained through roles I’ve played. Maybe it’s my fault—perhaps I shouldn’t have played them so sincerely, but my real life and my real life are as far apart as the two poles. I’m a friendly, mild-tempered, easy-going Irishman who keeps away from crowds and arguments, a guy who permits himself to get pushed around quite a bit before voicing an objection, I know—you don’t have to tell me. I’m supposed to be a fellow who’d rather fight than eat, but that is even farther from the truth than the two poles.

“This, to us, was a confession of such a startling nature that we inadvertently let the little finger of our right hand slip into our coffee cup and by so doing lost another point in the doughnut dunking contest; but fortunately, we retained enough control of our jangled nerves to remind Jimmy of the two and one-half year battle he had had with the very studio for which he now was working. If that, we said, wasn’t one of Hollywood’s supercolossal arguments, neither was it a supercolossal love feast. Maybe, as he claimed, he’d rather sit by the fireides and read a good book than get up and swing a couple of hay-makers, but he could never prove it by Exhibit A, the longest argument on record in Dickens’ own where arguments are as long and as frequent as gun-fights in a 15-reel horse opera.

“That wasn’t an argument in the true sense of the word,” Jimmy explained in his best Irish manner. “Tis true we did take a few verbal pokers at each other and ‘tis a fact that we used up a dozen or so of our best dollar words when the going got a little rough, but no damage was done outside of the loss of time which probably hurt me more than it did the studio. Well, you can see for yourself. Here I am, back in the fold and happier than I’ve been in a long, long time. You know, there’s something about this studio—and it’s no plug for Warners, either, but the truth—that I like. You have all the freedom you want or need, everybody’s friendly from prop boy to front office, the story department leans backward to acquire the stories you’d like to play in and if a guy can’t get along I’d say it was his own fault.

“So I’m not going to have to put it down that if I am, it’s because I’m happy, and if anyone wants to say there’s anything sappy about that I’ll . . . .” Jimmy unclenched his fist and made a graceful swipe at his coffee cup. “. . . I’ll be quick to deny it!”

Well, says himself, says that he is the mildest-mannered, easiest-going Irishman in these parts, that he is soft of tongue and of fist, and that nothing makes him mad, and frankly, we don’t believe him. But that doesn’t mean that we don’t admire him immensely for fighting his reputation as a fighter.

Important Pictures

[Continued from page 8]

not discover their error until many battles had been fought with bottles up and down Broadway and the convention was drawing to its uproarious close.

There is nothing subtle about this comedy, but it moves the energy of the convention, and from all we hear, the boys had a good time.

GO CHASE YOURSELF (Radio)

Wilbur (Joe Penner) was a bank clerk who did not know from nothing. Many people will readily appreciate just why his wife (Lucille Ball) was so irritated most of the time. When Wilbur won a trailer in a contest, and was kidnapped in it by some bank robbers, just what you might expect happened. With the exception of a truly breath-taking dash of the runaway trailer down a steep winding road, the appeal of the picture is mainly for Joe Penner fans.

COLLEGE SWING (Paramount)

This energetic film has one of the most promising openings seen in many a day. The time is exactly 200 years ago, and Gracie Alden (Gracie Allen) once more has failed to graduate from schoolmaster Edward Everett Horton's class. Driven to frenzy, her grandfather (Tully Marshall) swears a mighty oath that his estate shall not go to his heirs until a female of the line shall pass final examinations.

The scene changes to 1938. Another Gracie is up for another final examination, and after no more than two of her speeches, it seems certain that she too, will fail.

But an enterprising tutor (Bob Hope) has a different idea. He catches her with the understanding that he will receive ten thousand dollars when she passes the test and inherits the college. Early in the game he abandons any attempt to make a permanent impression on Gracie's mental blank, relying instead on the flinging of questions and on a short wave radio.

Gracie's first act as president of the college is to install herself as dean of men. Then she appoints Martha Raye as professor of love and Ben Blue as physical director. Betty Grable and John O'Hagan do a spirited version of the "College Swing," but don't miss the first . . . it's the funniest.
right with the golden tan skin. Powder costs 50 cents and lipstick, 75 cents. Skin does not present the only summer problem. Hair acts up, too. Not that you can blame it, the way we cavort about in salt water, dust and broiling sun. Here's how to prevent your hair from getting as dry as mattress stuffing: Wear a bandana while outdoors; brush and brush at night; use a shampoo especially made for dry hair. This product has been on the market since the first of the year, when it was introduced as a companion product to its already wildly successful sister—a shampoo for normal and oily hair. The new liquid fathers capiously, rinses out with speed, and leaves your hair highlighted and manageable. The blue and yellow package can be found at five and dime stores in a trial size, at drug stores in 60-cent and $1 bottles.

I can't close a summertime beauty article without a word or two on cleanliness and personal daintiness. . . . Especially when I have three such grand products as a milk bath, a cream non-perspirant, and a new, inexpensive version of perfume to tell you about! . . . The first is a terry cloth bath mitt filled with powdered milk and a blend of other beneficial ingredients. You soak this in water, then use it as you would a wash cloth—in your bath or shower. One lasts for an entire body cleansing, and the results are an epidermis that is clean as clean, and deliciously white and soft . . . Ten cents each, or ten for 90 cents.

The cream non-perspirant (that means that it checks as well as deodorizes perspiration locally) is as easy to use as a hand lotion . . . You simply rub a bit under the arms—immediately after shaving if you like—and go on with your dressing. It is perfectly safe, of course, and as effective as it is pleasant to use. A pale blue and white jar of this "social security" sells for 39 cents.

A French perfumer whose exquisite but costly scents have always set me to dreaming, has my undying gratitude—personal and professional. He has brought out his six swooning fragrances in what he calls "a new version of perfumes" at $1 for a large flacon . . . This means, dear reader, that you can now go wrapped in the breathless aura of priceless Parisian odors—for the price of a pair of Sunday-go-to-meeting hose! You get the same effect as Mrs. Muchmoney—because you apply the fragrance more liberally. And when I say liberally—I don't mean dabbing it behind your ears or eyebrows or on your hankie. I mean for you to slosh it all over your body as soon as you step from your tub. . . . Then you'll be fresh and lovely all through the day or night. . . . Besides being presented in the six famous odors, there are some new floral fragrances in this same preparation—honeysuckle, magnolia, sweet pea, verbena and gardenia.

Be A Summer Siren

[Continued from page 39]

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Kay Francis Signs Lifetime Contract!

A Baron takes a Queen. A nobleman from Germany and a queen from filmland have discovered each other. This we all know—but the public has not been informed of the amazing motive behind this scintillating star's betrothal announcement.

Get the July issue of SCREEN BOOK for a detailed, inside story in which Kay Francis gives an exclusive interview. Other absorbing stories in this all-star issue include:

ROSA LIND RUSSELL'S NIGHT OF TERROR!
SECRETS OF A HOLLYWOOD FORTUNE TELLER

SCREEN BOOK

10c

When Answering Advertisements Please Mention JULY HOLLYWOOD
Lucky is this Hollywood bride, whose cooking problems are so neatly solved as those of Gail Patrick who married Robert Cobb, manager of the Brown Derby restaurants. When Gail wants any advice on cooking she just asks the head chef!

“And if you don’t think it’s a handy arrangement, just come with me,” invited the lovely Mrs. Cobb. “I'm going to get a strawberry cake recipe from Frederick.”

“Frederick” is Rudolph Friedrich, chef at the Hollywood and Vine street Brown Derby, familiar to all Hollywood visitors. Rudolph Friedrich is his name. But he is called "Frederick" by the screen and radio stars who gather at the Hollywood and Vine street Brown Derby. His specialties are world famous. The way he cooks brook trout, smothered in almonds sliced thin as paper . . . but Gail has led us into the kitchen.

Frederick had a gorgeous strawberry cake already cooked when we arrived, and was starting another.

“One most important thing I’ve learned from Frederick,” said Gail, “is the value of accurate measurements in following a recipe.

“We even weigh ingredients,” smiled Frederick. “And also I tell Mrs. Cobb to use only the best materials. A recipe is only as good as the things you put into it!”

Frederick knew the recipe by heart, and Gail copied it carefully. Then we tasted the cake, and it was delicious. Here is the way it's made:

**STRAWBERRY CAKE A LA BROWN DERBY**

- 1 1/2 cups whipping cream (35-38% butter fat)
- 3 eggs
- 2 1/4 cups cake flour
- 2 cups all-purpose flour
- 3 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 1/2 cups sugar
- 1 1/2 tsp. vanilla

Whip cream until stiff. Beat eggs very thoroughly and fold lightly into whipped cream. Sift flour once before measuring. Sift flour, baking powder, salt and sugar together twice. Sift flour mixture slowly into the cream mixture, folding it in gently with a flat wire whip. Blend in flavoring and mix well. Pour into well greased and floured pan and bake 30 to 50 minutes in a moderate oven, 350° F. When baked, remove from pans and turn onto
wire cake coolers. AMOUNT: Two deep round 8-inch layer pans 11/4 inches deep or two round 9-inch pans.

Put layers together with a whipped cream filling. Whole hulled strawberries have first been folded into the whipped cream. (If desired, a little gelatin may be added to the whipped cream, 1/2 tsp. gelatin to one cup of whipping cream. Soak the gelatin in 1/2 tsp. milk, dissolve it over hot water and blend it into the whipped cream.) Sweeten the cream with 2 tbsp. confectioners' sugar. Spread a thin layer of the whipped cream over the top of the cake and decorate with whole, unhulled strawberries.

"Mrs. Cobb has a recipe of her own which is very good," said Frederick. "We have it at the Brown Derby. Why don't you ask her about it, Miss Crocker?"

"It's an Apple Sauce Cake, and really quite easy to make," said Gail. "Come on into the Derby and we'll have some tea while you copy it." And here it is:

MRS. COBB'S APPLE SAUCE CAKE

1/2 cup shortening
2 cups sugar
1 egg
1 1/2 cups unsweetened apple sauce
2% cups cake flour
or 2% cups all-purpose flour
1/2 tsp. salt
1/2 tsp. cinnamon
1/2 tsp. cloves
1/2 tsp. allspice
1 cup chopped raisins
1/2 cup broken walnuts
2 tsp. soda
1/2 cup boiling water

Cream shortening, add sugar gradually, and cream thoroughly. Blend in well beaten egg. Add cooled apple sauce. Sift flour once before measuring. Use a little of the flour to dredge fruit and nuts. Sift remaining flour with salt and spices. Dissolve soda in boiling water. Add flour mixture to the cream mixture alternately without the water. Add the floured raisins and nuts. Pour into 2 well greased and floured pans 8 inches square. Bake 45 minutes in a moderate oven, 350° F.

While I was busy with my pencil, Gail Patrick was receiving congratulations from her friends on her performance in Mad About Music, in which she plays the role of a movie star forced to conceal the fact that she has a fourteen-year-old daughter. Not many Hollywood actresses, so young and pretty as Gail, would dare play a mother part like that, but Gail enjoyed this test of her dramatic ability. She was just as convincing as a mother in this Deanna Durbin picture as she was convincing as a calculating gold digger in Stage Door with Katharine Hepburn and Ginger Rogers. In private life she is just as you would picture her, poised, beautiful, intelligent, a most happily married young bride.

When I had finished taking down her recipe for apple sauce cake, Gail brought out another recipe—the one for the delicious Coconut Butter Icing to be used on the Apple Sauce Cake:

COCONUT BUTTER ICING

1/4 cup sweet butter
3 cups confectioners' sugar
1/2 cup thick cream
1/2 tsp. vanilla
6 ounces grated fresh coconut

Method: Cream butter and sugar together until smooth. Add cream and vanilla and beat thoroughly. Put between layers and on tops and sides of the cake. Put remaining coconut on top and sides of cake.

I have kitchen tested these three recipes and the results are excellent. And as Frederick advised, be sure you use a good cake flour and measure the ingredients carefully.

In my files are thousands of recipes—perhaps I have the very one you've been searching for. Won't you write me, in care of this magazine, describing the recipe you want? Or use the coupon below for this month's free recipes.

Betty Crocker,
HOLLYWOOD Magazine,
1501 Broadway, New York City.

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When Answering Advertisements Please Mention July HOLLYWOOD
So You'd Like To Have A Screen Test?

[Continued from page 21]

changed my make-up and coiffure a hundred times. I'm still being tested all the time. I never have a dull moment trying to please everybody."

We go over to New Universal to see a girl rumored to be this year's screen find. Inasmuch as it's all still in the sub rosa stage and the girl herself hasn't a glimmer of her sudden importance, we will call her Mary Lou. A talent scout discovery, she has had two screen tests and is preparing for her third.

We find her painting in the school gymnasium on the lot. Badminton. In quest of grace and co-ordination. All screen possibilities discovered by talent scouts are sent to studio schools for about six weeks before their screen tests. Tests cost money. Plenty. Hence the six weeks of training.

After the work-out in the gym, she goes to the little school room, and "this year's screen find" starts biting her lips over the names in a mythology book, reading aloud, snipping down a slight lip which a microphone loves to amplify a hundred times. Around her sit about eight young men and women hired to study for six weeks—such is the faith Universal has in them to become "good material." All different, distinct personalities. All types, with one similarity—individuality. "Guard the personality—keep it," is the credo of every dramatic school on every studio lot in Hollywood.

We ask Mary Lou if she was frightened or uneasy when she took her first test.

"Not at all," she says, "but that was because I was so ignorant. I'd never seen myself on the screen and I just didn't know. I had to watch that hateful test run off in the projection room seven times and note down all the things I did wrong. My left eyebrow moved up and down on every other word. And my upper lip curled strangely. Things like that aren't noticed at all in daily life. I had to wear adhesive tape on my lip for days as a reminder. After two more weeks of training, came my second test. This time I was scared. So it was a flop. There were so many little mechanical things to think about I forgot my lines, my characterization—everthing!"

Three more weeks of training. Daily practice, concentration, coaching. "Why did you look down at the floor at that moment? Watch your eyebrow. Keep your lip still. Don't cross your legs. Look up, but never at the camera. Why did you pluck your eyebrows so high? Let them grow in."

These are the eternal admonitions of Speed Margolies, day in and day out. Each student has his own particular problem. Some have Southern accents that must be modified, or nasal tones. Some have bad facial habits. Some are afflicted with a star fixation and unconsciously imitate the star they most admire. All these problems are handled at Universal by school-and-screen-test-director, Speed Margolies, and his assistant, Peggy Vaughn. Speed, so-called because he always moves at such a slow, steady pace, is a slim, black-haired young fellow with constant humor in his all-seeing eyes. He knows theatre. He was born into it. His easy manner and clear-cut guidance are a godsend to the bewildered neophytes preparing for their first screen tests.

We see Mary Lou's third test this afternoon. One of her scenes for the test lasts three minutes. She is supposed to be angry at her boy friend; then she decided to forgive him. She must get that into panomime completely within the allotted time. And she does.

"This year's screen find" is told it is "pretty good," and that with "some more study she may have a few lines in a picture here and there." And so Mary Lou returns to the school room to bite her lips over some more vowels and consonants and diphthongs.

All of which tends to show that one good screen test leads to another—and another. The first one settles only one thing—whether or not you are worth the next.
They Called Her Crazy but She Didn't Care

[Continued from page 18]

vigor, country. Her children—one of each sex—aged about thirteen and fifteen—were nice polite well brought up kids. The Travers are backbone of America, salt of the earth, worthy citizens. They came in with a tide of eight fitters, six hat boxes and a man with five fur coats.

The Elizabeth Arden girls had been having their way with Joan so she just slipped on the padded, rose sprinkled house coat and tinkling mules and, brushing aside eighteen yards of sequins and a hat made to look like a cock’s comb, greeted Mrs. Travers,

"And now, dear," said Mrs. Travers, "I want to show you how this stitch goes."

And there in that typically actress atmosphere, set and incidental characters right out of "Royal Family", Joan and Mrs. Travers surrounded by a dress called "Daughter of the Regiment" and a hat called "Carnival" put on their glasses while the minister’s wife from Rhinebeck bought Joan Crawford a few very noticeable Artificial Ear Drums. He were them day and night. They stopped his head boxes. They are invisible, and no batteries. Write for TRUE STORY. Address:

Mr. Travers on the Universal Film. 774 McIntyre Ridge, Detroit, Michigan.

"That's right, dear, put the needle in and skip two—careful of the corner."

And Joan, trying so hard to please, saying as she peered through her horn-rimmed glasses, "I think I have it right, now."

After she had learned the stitch and bid Mrs. Travers and the children good-bye she bought two fur coats and fitted a white evening gown with a decolletage that would make a foreign missionary do penance for a moment. And the funny thing is that Joan didn’t see anything funny about the scene until I pointed it out to her. She was too busy trying on her new clothes.

How many she bought while she was in New York I wouldn’t know I never got to the multiplication table in arithmetic. But since Joan has the perfect hat face all the fancy milliners in town pounced on her. Each creation looked more lovely than the next and the creators of the hats just stood around and gasped and she gasped when they tried on them.

She graciously told every milliner that his (or her) hats were divine and she simply admired them and then, one day she had a brain storm.

She had just shut the door on the last beaming designer. That was the day, I think, when she bought ten hats. Then she turned to Coulé and me with a wild look in those big blue eyes. She came toward us stealthily as we backed away and in a low, Boris Karloff voice she said, "If I tell you girls something will you promise me you’ll never, never breathe it?"

We expected nothing less than a confession of murder. "No one—no one must ever, ever know this," she went on. "Listen! I hate hats! I hate hats! I hate hats!"

"There, there," we said gently, "everything will be all right. You’ve just seen too many hats today."

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Jerry overheard this and repeated it to Joan. It was all she needed to get right in the mood. She had never danced the Big Apple before but, if you remember, she used to do all right on the Charleston.

Suddenly someone called, "Shine, Miss Crawford." Which meant they wanted her to get into the middle of the circle and dance. By this time the girls had stopped saying, "She'd never do that." For Miss Crawford got out in the middle of the floor and shone. The sun, which was just coming up over the Empire State Building, ducked under a cloud when it saw Miss Crawford shining. Too much competition. She got out at dawn with eight bruises on her shin bone and her stockings in tatters. Miss Crawford had not only shone, she had come out!

Joan is the demon shopper. She can do more in an hour than I can in a week and she dances among the crowds following her constantly. But—a thing she can never make anybody understand—she loves it.

One day we went to Dunhilis where everything is so too, too, divine you can't bear it. The clerks all speak with such thick British accents that you have to take along an interpreter to buy a pack of cigarettes.

There was, of course, a bowing and scraping you could hear all the way to the Battery when Miss C. put in her appearance. And if anybody ever rushed in Dunhilis (which nobody does) you could see clerks (and poor old clerk) rushed around to show her all the fascinating little gadgets which make the shop so different.

Everything was going very well and very Dunhilis when suddenly the doors burst open and the howling fans mobbed their hero. In the shower of violets a long distance call came for Joan. (That crazy Coulé over at the Waldorf had calmly transferred the call to Dunhilis.) Everyone was thrown. How in the world could Miss Crawford possibly talk on the telephone with all those people milling about?

She fought her way through the crowds. She picked up the gilded 'phone and then, in a sudden burst of inspiration, she put her head in a glass show case to keep out the noise. And if I live to be a thousand I'll never forget Joan and the telephone under that howling throng. With a gentleman's gold tipped evening wallet, a meerschaum pipe and a platinum pencil with a watch in the end of it.

"I'm terribly sorry, Miss Crawford," one of the Dunhill attendants said, "I'll have these people out of here in a moment so you can shop in peace."

But Joan didn't hear her. She was, at that moment, engaged in deep conversation with a fan she had never seen before. The fan was saying, "I love the way you wear your hair in Mannequin."

And Joan was saying, "Do you really? You know, I'm awfully proud of that because I expected—rolled it up on curlers every night."

And I honestly think that if at that moment the completely demoralized Dun-
hill staff had not called the police to clear the place Joan would have shown the girl just how she had rolled her hair up.

Dunhills, so used to the sweeping jor
nettied ladies who will have no truck (or
is it truckin') with the common people, had never seen a star like Joan Crawford before. And I'll bet they're still talking about it, with or without British accent.

I like Franchot and all that but I did wish Hollywood had kept him just a little longer. When he arrived I had to move back to my own little hovel and although I was looking forward to showing the strain of a week with Crawford it's nice to live in luxury at the Waldorf. And when I thought it all over I decided that some of the things I had seen happen with my own eyes just weren't true. Crawford just won't be a picture star, that's all. She just won't run true to form.

Then, the other night, I turned the radio on to the Lux Theatre of the Air and heard a great actress give a beautiful and touching performance. You've guessed it, it was Crawford. That girl is here again. Her reading of the part was nothing short of magnificent and I found myself crying because her voice was so beautiful and her interpretation so sincere.

And then I got mad. "She can't do that to me," I said to myself. "That actress on the radio, that artiste with the ability to move me deeply—why, that's Crawford, that's that goofy girl who dances Big Apples and learns petit-point stitches from ministers' wives and hates hats and talks long distance in Dunhill show cases."

I haven't been the same since. I may never be again. Besides, I can't figure it out. The only conclusion I can come to is the one I originally concluded at the beginning of this yarn. The girl is crazy. But it's a kind of craziness that's a lot of fun to know!

Never A Dull Moment!  
[Continued from page 28]
costume between scenes at the studio. He also mentioned casually that it would be nice if Glenda could dig up something just a trifle more colorful. About a couple of weeks later smocks began to arrive from fans. The first was decidedly colorful—red, white and blue stripes running in barber-pole fashion! A Nashville lady was the giver. Glenda was tickled, but since she has received an average of three smocks per week from all sections of the country. Her thirty-third garment was from a gentleman doing a long stretch for forgery in a middle-western prison.

James Cagney is still wondering why a fan sent him a small, handcarved wooden alligator with the urgent request that he always call it "Genevieve!" Yes, Jimmy kept the odd gift and does call it "Genevieve!"

Luise Rainer was even more baffled by the gift of a very much alive baby alligator.

The oddest gift Maureen O'Sullivan ever received came the other day in the shape of a phonograph record that played "I Love You" and over, with the "signing off" with "That's How I Feel About You!" But her favorite gift of all is a hand-made rug for her dressing room sent her by a sailor admirer aboard the U. S. S. Lexington.

Paul Muni was pleased, if a little baffled, to receive a year's subscription to a Chinese newspaper shortly after he played Wang in The Good Earth.

Jean Muir was likewise pleased but just a little bit astonished, too, recently receiving the biggest set of bagpipes she'd ever seen, sent her from Scotland by a fan named Donald Matheson.

Claudette Colbert recently received a sterling silver vanity case, inlaid with ziron, from Bangkok, Siam. A gift from America which pleased her a lot was a pair of hollow glass book-ends, which form a miniature tank for tiny tropical fish.

Virginia Bruce feels that she has to be lucky from now on. Why? Because several weeks ago, a fan wrote from Kentucky saying he was going to "comb the state" for a gift—which turned out to be a pressed four-leaf clover, which Virginia now carries as her good luck charm.

The wide publicity given to Warren William's two wire-haired terriers, Jack and Jill, resulted in a flood of rubber bones. To one enthusiastic contributor, who sent rubber bones every other day, Mrs. William eventually had to write, asking her to please, O, please desist!

They run from the sublime to the ridiculous, do these strange gifts that fans so delight in showering upon their favorite celebrities. For Dick Powell came the world's largest watermelon, weighing a mere 185 pounds! And for Hugh Herbert came a trained flea, weighing hardly a fraction of a sixteenth of an ounce!

Kay Francis is still puzzling over why someone should send her a large collection of oilcloth tie-backs for window curtains, plus a ball of red twine. And someone sent Mae West a paid-up life membership to the "Goody Goody Club" of New York City, made up of six thousand school children who are pledged to purity of thought and deed. Recently a Texas fan sent Robert Taylor a bulky package containing a rubberized suit "to protect him against the onslaughts of his admirers!" Wrote this fan: "I hear that when you appear in public, people almost tear your clothes right off your back. This suit, which I have invented, will stay on you and save you much embarrassment." Taylor has not worn the suit in public—yet.

Patsy Kelly got a sports shoe through the mails. A letter with it said, "Send me your autographed picture and I'll send you the mate to this!"

Sometimes these gifts are a real benefit to the stars. For instance, fifteen famous Julies of the past fifty years stepped out of an envelope when Norma Shearer opened her morning's mail one day just before starting Romeo and Juliet. They came from a musty theatrical trunk, accompanied by a brief note explaining that the writer had prized the collection for more than a quarter of a century, but wished Norma to hang them in her dressing room to serve as an inspiration for her own Juliet.

If you plan to send your favorite something dear in mind that gifts of food are always taboo. Fear of cranks causes studios to destroy them all.

An example of how much waste results from this practice follows:

In a magazine yarn recently, Olivia de Haviland mentioned fruit cake as her favorite delicacy. To date, Warner Brothers have had to destroy 12 large cakes. The amount of fruit, candy and jam that suffers the same fate in Hollywood each week would actually stock a huge store.

Just one other "don't" if you're thinking of sending something to some star. Don't send it COLLECT! Of course, you probably wouldn't dream of doing such a thing, but just the same, one fan did! And heaven help the fan who sent Mary Boland twenty quarts of ice cream, a piano, and a truckload of furniture, collect, when she catches up with him.

**Crossword Puzzle Solution**

```
G AR B O  T W I N S
I L A N E  J O A H N
R G  B E L L A M Y  G O
L A D Y  S U N  S C A R
S R O  F A C E S  S H I T
Y U M A  K H E E L  B O N D  K E Y S
G L E N B  P E T E
O R E  Y E A R S  E L M
M I S S  A R M Y
A N  C U R T A I N  O R
H O N S  D A N E N
A N I T A  N E L L A
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Note: This crossword puzzle solution is not related to the content of the main text and is included for variety. The main text discusses various celebrities and their gifts, with an emphasis on unusual and creative items received by them. The crossword puzzle is provided for entertainment and variety in reading material.
Gay colors and new fabrics are making the biggest splashes in swimming suits this year. Right, Marion Martin, Universal starlet, poses with pride in her Malletex suit of gaily flowered cotton. Below, Gene Price, featured in Swiss Miss, likes the adjustable straps of the seagoing print, made by Gantner and Mattern.

Above, Eadie Adams is ready for a long swim in BVD’s wool suit which features a simulated crochet stitch, and a removable skirt. Left, June Martel poses as the spirit of Splash in her gay little Allen A one-piece suit.
The World Goes Camera Crazy!

...even Hollywood is taking "candids."
James Stewart, MGM featured player, is snapped taking a picture of a fellow actor on the lot.

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FAWCETT'S BREEZY POINT LODGE • PEQUOT • MINNESOTA
A girl smiles—and her face glows with a touch of splendor. (Dazzling, bright teeth—firm, healthy gums help create that lovely moment.) Another girl smiles, and her charm vanishes. (Dingy teeth and tender gums halt your attention, tragic evidence of carelessness and neglect.)

It’s a shame when a girl ignores “pink tooth brush” and risks the beauty of her smile! True, “pink tooth brush” is only a warning—but when you see it—see your dentist. Let him decide.

Usually, however, he’ll tell you that yours is just another case of lazy gums, gums robbed of exercise by modern soft, creamy foods. Probably he’ll advise more work for your gums, more exercise. And, like so many dentists, he’ll probably suggest the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage.

For Ipana with massage is especially designed not only to keep teeth bright and sparkling but to help the health of gums as well. Massage a little Ipana into your gums each time you clean your teeth. Circulation quickens within the gum tissues—gums tend to become firmer, more resistant to trouble.

Start today with Ipana and massage. Let this modern dental health routine help you to a more attractive smile!

DOUBLE DUTY—Ask your druggist for Rubberset’s Double Duty Tooth Brush, designed to massage gums effectively as well as to clean teeth thoroughly.

Change to Ipana and Massage
When Answering Advertisements Please Mention August HOLLYWOOD
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The hottest new romance of the month is the revival of an old one, that between Sonja Henie and Jack Dunn, the two greatest ice skaters in the world today. Hollywood broke up their romance two years ago, after Sonja was suddenly hoisted to stardom by 20th Century-Fox studios. Jack just drifted for a while, but after he signed his recent long-term contract with Edward Small Productions, he started stepping out with Sonja again.

Jack's intimate friends say that they have been friendly all the time, but that Jack did not want to seem to be usurping any of the Sonja glory. Now that he is about to start work on his first picture as a star, playing the role of a West Point cadet, Jack apparently is taking up his romance with Sonja where they left off.

Incidentally, Dunn's first picture will give him a chance to show his talents not only as a skater, but as an all-around athlete, since he is considered expert in tennis, golf, boxing, riding, swimming and high diving.

Discovered at last! A poetic Dale Carnegie in Hollywood and none other than Wayne Morris who recently sent in the following tender little four-liner to yours truly:

Don’t worry if your job is small,
And your rewards are few;
Remember that the mighty oak
Was once a nut like you!

Front-paged the country over, the Jackie Coogan case is attracting attention to the film colony, but it fails to call attention to another side of the issue. Meaning that stars, in the money, are cursed—and that is not an unfair word, either—by relatives. It’s too bad that a listing of ‘relatives’ cannot be published.

One feminine star has 16 relatives on her pay-roll—and we don’t mean that they are doing anything in the way of labor to earn their checks, either.

And of the 16 ‘relatives’ eight of them are far removed, fourth, and fifth cousins whom the star had never heard of until they arrived in Hollywood.

Rather a tough situation but nothing can be done about it.

An international star of stage, screen and radio is about to be divorced by his wife of many years. Which is nothing unusual in Hollywood. But this particular case IS unusual for if the suit is contested it will be revealed that the wife suing is actually the star’s aunt. They are legally married.

Hank Luisetti, Stanford University student, famous as a basket-ball player and rated the best goal maker that an American college has ever produced, has been signed to a contract by Paramount and will show some of his prowess in his first picture at that studio.

Luisetti, a handsome chap, has made as many as 50 points in a single basket-ball game.

Harold Hurley, who will produce the picture starring Hank, has a great theme song for the basket-ball star’s screen debut.

It’s to be called Tip-It-In!

Norma Shearer made a special trip to New York to see the stage production of Susan and God. Therefore you can make a bet that this brilliant play will be Norma’s next screen vehicle and that she will play the role which brought so much fame to Gertrude Lawrence.

The Paramount gang is getting a great kick out of the request Frances Farmer and Lief Erickson made of the studio for a leave of absence from their contractual obligations at that studio.

They said they wanted to ‘learn acting’ on the New York stage, which was quite all right; but asking for a leave of absence for five years to learn is what produced the chuckles.

Incidentally, Paramount has served notice on Frances and Lief that they had better hold their punches when talking about pictures and picture people in their credited New York interviews.

[Continued on page 8]

Gary Cooper, Mrs. Cooper, Basil Rathbone, Myrna Loy and her husband, Arthur Hornblow, Jr., snapped at the wedding of Rathbone’s son Rodion Rathbone takes his pretty bride, the former Carolyn Fischer, down the flower-decked aisle in one of the most picturesque and pretty ceremonies of the season

Cesar Romero, Mary Pickford and Olivia De Havilland were among the many distinguished guests who filled the garden for the ceremony
Cagney meets O'Brien for the first time since "Ceiling Zero."... And the stage hit that tickled the nation slap happy for over two years, now floods the screen in a deluge of joyous laughter!
Hollywood Newsreel
[Continued from page 6]

Frances, you movie fans may recall, was once an elevator girl, and might be expected to know that elevators—and some people—can go down as well as up.

Marie Wilson, bless her pretty blonde head, is always thinking up nice things to do for other people. Different things. Last week, for instance, she played hostess at a party which she gave in honor of all the fan magazine writers who had ever written stories about her! A thoughtful, dog-gone nice girl, this Marie Wilson, and long may she wave! And while we’re on this pretty blonde subject, you can discounts that newspaper rumor that stated that Marie and her boy friend, Nick Grinde, had called the whole thing off. They are still very much that way.

You’ve often heard or read of the famous 'long-term' contracts which are issued to motion picture players. Usually they start at a very low wage and increase as time goes on. What is seldom mentioned is that an option comes up every six months and rarely does a contract remain in force for its full length, except in the case of top ranking stars.

Mary Brian is the only feminine player known to have acted out a contract of that nature for seven years. After Peter Pans, her initial picture, was finished at Paramount, Mary was given one of those 'long-termers' that started out at $75 a week and wound up with $2,000 a week, and every six months the option was picked up—which ought to be a record worthy of an Academy Award. And here’s a funny sidelight. In all that time Mary was never starred. When the contract ended she decided to freelance and set her wage at a minimum of $2,000 per week.

San Francisco is noted for its lack of sunshine and recently Richard Arlen, who was in that city for a golf tournament, telephoned Jobyna, his wife, that he would be delayed a day or two.

“We’re having a rainstorm,” Joby. “How’s the weather up there?”

“I dunno,” said Dick. “I’ll have to wait until the fog lifts to find out.”

“Don’t let unsightly hair spoil your LOVELY LEGS!”

RINSE OFF UNWANTED HAIR
This Quick, Easy Way!

Legs are in the spotlight! And men just won’t forgive the girl whose legs bristle with untidy hair. So—whether at the beach or chad in sheer silk stockings—be sure your legs are smooth and feminine!

Just spread NEET (like a cold cream in texture) on unwanted hair. Then rinse off with water. That’s all! NEET removes all hair... leaves your skin satin-smooth.

Avoid Unpleasant Razor-Roughness

Say good-bye to rough skin and sharp, wiry hairs that grow in after shaving. There is no razor stubble to snag your stockings and cause runs—and no danger of cuts—when you use the safe and convenient NEET way.

Beach wear, shorter skirts and summer dresses call for smoother, hair-free arms and legs. Do as millions of women do—remove unsightly hair with NEET. Get it today. At drug and dept. stores. Generous 10¢ size at all ten-cent stores.

NEET Just Rinse Off Unsightly Hair
Henry Fonda's heart grew fond on Mother's Day and among his gifts to his wife was half a horse! Both the star and his wife's rancher brother wished to buy the same animal at a Hollywood horse auction, but finally arranged a deal which satisfied all concerned. Fonda bought the horse and presented it to his wife; then gave it to her brother to have and to hold excepting at such times as his wife might be a visitor at the ranch.

The lengths to which producers of motion pictures customarily go in order to provide authentic atmosphere and backgrounds for their screenplays is aptly illustrated by Algiers, the Wanger opus starring Charles Boyer and Hedy (Ecstasy) Lamarr. Having decided to film the picture Wanger sent detailed instructions regarding certain needed scenes to the United Artists offices in London where they were relayed to cameraman Lloyd Knechtel. The latter journeyed to the Algerian capital on the northern coast of Africa and after obtaining the required permission from officials, shot more than 10,000 feet of the native quarter for background scenes. This footage was immediately rushed to the United Artists studios in Hollywood so that the selected bits might be incorporated in the picture. Then Knechtel returned to his base in London to await another call to some distant point in Europe, Africa or Asia.

Ed Wynn is the favorite marrying justice of the peace for filmdom's elopees.

[Continued on page 47]
Girls who know

— use the lipstick that gives a natural glowing color to their lips... never a "painted greasy look." Whether you are blonde, brunette or red head—Tangee gives your lips the color that best suits your complexion.

Like magic, Tangee changes from orange in the stick to warm blush-rose on your lips. Only Tangee has this famous Tangee color-change principle. Its special cream base keeps lips soft... smooth. Try Tangee, 39¢ and $1.10. For a natural matched makeup use Tangee Face Powder and Tangee Rouge.

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Greasy, painted lips—Don't risk that painted look. Men don't like it.
Tangee lovely lips—Intensively natural color, ends that painted look.

World's Most Famous Lipstick

BEWARE of SUBSTITUTE! There is only one Tangee—don't let anyone switch you. Be sure to ask for TANGEE NATURAL. If you prefer more color for evening wear, ask for Tangee Theatrical.

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(Please rush "Miracle Make-Up Set" or sample Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge and Face Powder, I enclose the amount or cash. 50¢ in Canada.) Also please send Tangee Charm Test. Check Shade of: □ Flesh □ Rachel □ Light Powder Desired

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IMPORTANT PICTURES

By LLEWELLYN MILLER

KIDNAPPED (Twentieth Century-Fox)

A law went into effect not so long ago calling for the death penalty for members of the snatch racket who mutilate or injure a kidnapped person.

So far, there is no law providing any penalty for the gentlemen of the films who mutilate or injure a well-known story when they put it on the screen.

In the filming of Robert Louis Stevenson's Kidnapped, a number of changes have been made, but, in this case, the "crime" is its own punishment, for the drama has been injured rather than aided and the very handsome picture probably will be only a moderate success.

Robert Louis Stevenson was not fond of writing love stories. He left one out of Kidnapped. So the film company put one in.

Kidnapped is not an ideal screen story, to start with. It deals with the adventures of young David Balfour whose wicked uncle has him kidnapped by a manceval sea-captain so that the boy will not claim his rightful inheritance. David (Freddie Bartholomew) has numerous exciting adventures, by sea and by land, and eventually wins his estate.

The second most important character in the book is Alan Brecck, Scottish loyalist who is fighting the enemy for his country and his tax collectors. Warner Baxter plays the part and plays it splendidly. Little Arleen Whelan makes a charming heroine in her first screen appearance, but the bitter fact remains that, in building up the love story of Alan Brock, the story of David Balfour loses some of its vitality. Many theatre goers, even if they never have read the book, are going to feel that they are seeing two stories at the same time on the screen. And those who know Robert Louis Stevenson are apt to complain with some passion.

The film is beautifully photographed, has many telling scenes and characterizations, a huge, brilliant cast, but just a little too much of a good thing when it comes to story.

YELLOW JACK (M-G-M)

Love is a wonderful thing, and most people are more vitally interested in it than in any other subject. No argument there! But, for the second time in a month, we have a striking example of a film slowed, delayed, made something less than gripping and great because love interested writers won by the heels in the studio rewrite of the story... and let me be quick to say that the expression "heels" is used metaphorically and does not refer to the canny gentlemen who gamble many thousands of dollars on such productions as this.

Yellow Jack is the story of the grim fight to stamp out the deadly, mysterious fever which killed more men in the Spanish-American war than did sharpshooters' bullets. It was a gripping tale when Paul de Kruif wrote it in his Bacteriologists. It was a successful play. And it became a very good movie, though it is not a great one, and it might have been.

Robert Montgomery does a most engaging job with his part as the Irish sergeant who has made his rolllicking way through the army without plan or ambition, unless it is to attract the attention of the serious young nurse, played by Virginia Bruce.

When the call comes for volunteers to prove the theory that yellow fever is carried by one kind of mosquito, the whole army holds back. It has seen men... too many men, to die in horrible trage- diment from yellow jack. Finally five men volunteer for what later were called, "the greatest acts of individual bravery the army has ever known."

What goes on in those little experimental huts built on a lonely small hill in Cuba is done to fire the imagination and stir the heart.

Of course the sergeant gets the girl, but somehow you don't care, particularly. Your imagination still lingers with the scene where the gay young man, who is having a fine time with his life, allows the dumpy little nurse to light a match on his arm, and watches with a little smile as it pricks his arm with its deadly sting.

THREE COMRADES (M-G-M)

When Camille was written, no one knew that tuberculosis was contagious, that the lovely young heroine's tragic love affair had no distressing overtones. No one thought Camille irresponsible or criminally selfish, and sympathetic audiences by the thousands wept over the touching story.

But that time, science had marched on. No matter how touchingly told is the tale of a heroine who marries, knowing that she has consumption, the sympathy of an audience cannot be won for her.

That is one reason why Three Comrades falls somewhat in appeal.

When three boys come out of the German army in 1918, they return to a world of turmoil and hunger and unrest. The conscience of one (Robert Young) draws him to a secret movement which is combating forces which later will take shape, one guesses, as the Nazi party. He is killed in a street riot for his belief.

One (Robert Taylor) falls in love with a disillusioned girl (Margaret Sullivan) who deliberately takes her own life when she realizes that recovery is hopeless.

The third (Freddie Steele) exemplifies the staunch loyalty a man can have for his comrades.

Performances are excellent, and you'll be interested as you watch it move across
THE SAINT IN NEW YORK (Radio)

"It's a pity there has to be such violence," murmurs "the Saint" in well-mannered regret as he pops off his seventh victim. (I think it was the seventh, but I lost count about the middle of the film).

Well, none of my friends think it is a pity. You can have a lot of fun muttering "Bang, bang, you're dead!" to your theatre companion every time a new character is introduced, and see how many times you and "the Saint" agree on rubbings out.

This film is the start of another series. "The Saint" (Louis Hayward) is an imperturbable gangster who has a striking peculiarity. He preys only on criminals. Kay Sutton, Sig Ruman and Jonathan Hale head the supporting cast of this story which deals with the wholesale slaughter of enemies of society in New York.

SON OF THE SHEIK

If you are one of those who remember seeing Rudolph Valentino on the screen, by all means make a point of seeing this film which has been equipped with a music score and some sound effects and is being reissued.

It was made shortly before Valentino's death, was one of his greatest successes, and will be a most interesting experience in that it is a vivid reminder of your movie-going past.

Times have changed and the movies have kept pace. There is much that is quaint, much that is a little absurd in the film, but there is also charming photography and you cannot fail to find plenty of interest.

In the supporting cast are Vilma Banky, George Fawcett, Montagu Love, Karl Dane, Bull Montana, Blunsky Hyman and Agnes Ayres.

Valentino played two parts with the vigorous dash and fire that made him the idol of millions, and there are splendid fights and gallopings to the rescue.

THE WORD THAT CAROL NEVER HEARS IS... "DARLING"

No woman who offends with underarm odor can ever win out with men

She meets nice men—plenty of them. And she still dreams that some day one of them will fall in love with her. For she's a charming girl—Carol!

She does worry, though. It seems odd that men so seldom ask her for a second date. Certainly she is pretty enough—and easy to talk to! And she thinks she's careful about her person. After all, doesn't she bathe every day?

Foolish Carol—to trust a bath alone to keep her sweet. For underarms must have special care. Underarms need Mum. A bath only takes care of past perspiration, but Mum prevents odor from coming. With Mum you never risk offending those you want for friends.

MUM IS QUICK! It takes just half a minute to smooth a touch of Mum into each underarm. How easy that is!

MUM IS SAFE! Mum is soothing to the skin—you can use it right after shaving. And Mum is harmless to fabrics.

MUM IS SURE! Without stopping perspiration, Mum banishes every trace of odor for a full day or evening. To be a girl man ask for dates, a girl who wins and holds romance, always use Mum!

A TIP TO GIRLS WITH A DATE TONIGHT

IT'S MUM FOR ME! HOW CAN ANY GIRL THINK A BATH IS ENOUGH?

TO HERSELF: MUM NEVER LETS A GIRL DOWN! BILL'S BEEN GIVING ME A RUSH ALL EVENING LONG!

Use Mum this way, too! Avoid worry and embarrassment by using Mum on Sanitary Napkins. It's gentle, safe, sure.
START your day the Djer-Kiss way! Bathe your entire body with this delightful talc each morning. Djer-Kiss keeps you dainty and refreshed all day... Helps you stay cool, for it actually lowers body temperature. Clothes feel more comfortable... Makes you alluringly fragrant. Use Djer-Kiss generously, for the cost is surprisingly small. Buy it today at drug and toilet goods counters—25c and 75c sizes. Liberal 10c size at all 10c stores.

The same delightful fragrance in Djer-Kiss Sachet, Eau de Toilette and Face Powder.

YOURS FREE—the exciting new book, "Women Men Love—Which Type Are You?"—full of valuable hints on how to make yourself more alluring. Just send a post card with your name and address to Parfums Kerkoff, Inc., Dept. F, New York.

...genuine imported talc scented with Djer-Kiss perfume by Kerkoff, Paris.

LAST CALL FOR HOLLYWOOD!

There is still time for you to join one of the Movieland Tours and see Hollywood from the inside on your vacation.

Almost as you are reading this, there is a happy-go-lucky group of people seeing Hollywood at first hand. They are meeting stars... they are seeing the sights of the movie capital. They are out here where it is cool by night and pleasant by day. Soon they will return to the Clark Hotel to talk over the grand day they have spent, and to look forward to an even more exciting evening. They are members of the first Movieland Tour of the summer.

There is still time for you to get your application in and to join one of the last two tours, though time is growing rather short. Read the following starting dates carefully, make out your application blank NOW and plan for the time of your life.

Tour No. 2 leaves Chicago on July 24th and reaches Hollywood July 31st, and Tour No. 3 leaves Chicago August 14th and arrives here August 21st.

As your train pulls out of Chicago station, you will travel across the vast plains and towering mountains of the northwestern part of this country. Your first sight of the Pacific Ocean will be at Seattle, Washington. There you will board a steamer and cruise the Puget Sound, returning the same day to Seattle where you will again board the train and head for San Francisco.

And what pleasures the Bay City will have to offer you... the famous Golden Gate bridge, Chinatown, preparations for the big fair next year, ships arriving in the huge land-locked harbor from all parts of the world. The trip down the western coast is one of spectacular beauty, and at the end you will find the Hollywood Junior Chamber of Commerce on hand with a great big key to the whole city.

After welcoming ceremonies at the station, you will be taken to your hotel, The Clark, to unpack luggage and
call friends. Many of you will want to attend church that morning. Others will want to rest for the afternoon’s activities for your first afternoon here will be a big one.

Early in the afternoon, comfortable big busses will be waiting to take you all on a general tour of Hollywood, Beverly Hills and the beaches. Screen stars’ homes will be pointed out to you. You will be shown their favorite night spots, their shops, their country clubs. On the same afternoon, another thrill awaits you. Members of the second tour have been invited to join Harold Lloyd in his magnificent Benedict Canyon home for an informal get-together. Members of the third tour have been invited to join Bob Burns for a swim in the pool of his new Bel Air estate.

Both tours have been invited to the Sunday night Tyrone Power-Woodbury radio show. Power, himself, will be off the air for the summer, but the producers of his show promise to have a good cast lined up for the shows on both nights.

Monday has been left open for those little side-trips that everyone will want to take, or for exploring Hollywood’s famous shops. The beaches will be inviting on that day. The mountains are near. So are the desert and Catalina Island.

Tuesday will be the grandest day of all, for that day has been set aside for you to lunch at Universal Studios. Right after lunch with the stars in the commissary, you will be taken on a trip through the famous lot where you will see exactly how movie sets look and find out what goes on inside the gates.

After our very thorough tour of inspection, we leave the studios for a tour of Max Factor’s world-famous make-up establishment.

Back to the hotel to prepare for an evening of dancing at the Wilshire Bowl. At the grand farewell party you will meet still more stars and dance to the tunes of Les Parker’s orchestra. George McCall, ace air reporter, will entertain you as Master of Ceremonies, introducing the stars and telling the latest news.

Last year our guests had a chance to meet Robert Taylor, Hugh Herbert, Mischa Auer, Judy Garland, Jimmy Stewart, Wayne Morris, and many others.

Hollywood’s gates are wide open to the Movieland Tourists, but we warn you,

FILL OUT YOUR COUPON NOW . . .

THIS IS THE LAST CALL!

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Without obligation on my part, send me your complete, illustrated booklet describing the Movieland Tours.

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DON’T be helpless when an emergency arises! Every mother should know what to do. Don’t trust luck that your household will escape emergencies. You may be next. Be prepared!

At your drug store you can now get (while they last) a copy of Dr. Allan Roy Dafoe’s new book—free with a purchase of “Lysol” disinfectant.

Few doctors have had to deal with home emergencies as Dr. Dafoe has. Great distances, hard travel, in the Canadian back country forced him to teach his people what to do in emergencies till he got there. Now the benefit of this experience is yours, free! Accept “Lysol’s” offer of first-aid facts. Ask, when you buy “Lysol”, for your copy of Dr. Dafoe’s book.

Used in the care of the Quintuplets since the day they were born . . .

Lysol
Disinfectant

If your drug store cannot supply you— mail this to
LYSOL, Bloomfield, N. J. Dept. 8-H.
(Enclose “Lysol” coupon from. Dr. Dafoe’s book will be sent at once, free and post-paid.)

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Men Who Boss the Stars

ZUKOR—DEAN OF THEM ALL

BY LUPTON A. WILKINSON

Adolph Zukor is not only the dean of the motion picture business; so far as the American feature picture is concerned, he is the father of it.

Moreover (hold your breath!) he invented the motion picture star.

"Papa Zukor," as his New York office nicknamed him (it's a lie; he's the proud grandfather of five) was born in Ricsa, Hungary, nearly seventy-five years ago. One side of his family had been respectable, small storekeepers for centuries; the other side had bred teachers and Rabbis for generations.

Adolph and his brother, Arthur, were orphaned early. An uncle, himself threadbare poor, took care of the very small, earnest boys. Arthur followed the career the family chose for him and became one of the most famous Rabbis in Europe.

Adolph asked for a business career. He got it. At thirteen, just out of grade-school, he was apprenticed to a storekeeper for three years.

The storekeeper had five children. One of them smuggaed into the house Hungarian translations of Deadwood Dick, Nick Carter and Frank Merriwell at Yale. Other translations, too: Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, which Zukor still re-reads frequently; The Count of Monte Cristo; Robinson Crusoe. The very small Adolph (he has never reached five feet four) dreamed of stories—and America.

After three years, he started drawing a salary—two dollars a month. The orphan was to receive a tiny inheritance at 21, but he couldn't wait. He persuaded the State Orphan's Board and his stern guardian to give him the pittance and begged the storekeeper, who didn't want to lose such a clever clerk, to release him.

The money was enough for a steerage passage, plus forty dollars, which Adolph sewed inside his shirt. He was afraid to take off his clothes during the dirty, seasick, seventeen-day voyage. He arrived in New York, eighteen years old (there was just one skyscraper then, twelve stories high, No. 1 Broadway) and soon was doing better. After breaking down at manual labor, he landed a job in a fur novelty shop—two dollars a week now instead of two a month!

Adolph rose. A clever workman, he was a showman, too. When somebody conceived the revolutionary idea of a fur-piece composed of the whole skin of an animal, with the head attached, and bead eyes, Adolph took his savings, jumped to Chicago and capitalized there on the new style. There he made the even more radical step of making neck-pieces of two animal skins, each with head and bead eyes.

Zukor guessed ahead of his time on short fur capes and went bust. He made substantial stakes and again went bust several times in the fur trade. But he always found some more money, hatched some new ideas and paid off every cent he owed.

About the time Adolph started for America, two Hungarian families, the Kohns and the Kaufmans, took up government homesteads in North Dakota, to raise wheat. Their story is epic. Early snows, droughts, prairie fires made their lives uncertain. But they stuck it nearly ten years, piecing out their living by trading with the Sioux Indians, for fur pelts on behalf of a fellow back East named Zukor.

The Kaufmans chucked the prairie first. Their three daughters had grown beautiful. Mrs. Kaufman thought they ought to have a chance in the city. All three married well. Lottie married Adolph.

Lottie Kaufman Zukor is fit subject for a scenario. Many times she was quietly to sell the jewelry Adolph had given her in prosperity and hand him cash in hard times; many times she was to move from a fine home to a tiny apartment and start over again with the daring, hard-working husband whose credit was always good, who always came up with new ideas, new success, new clean-up of all debts. Her faith has been gloriously justified. No woman asks more than that.

Adolph went into motion pictures because he couldn't help it. It was a gamble in a new field and he couldn't resist it. He was a principal partner in the original Penny Arcade, on Fourteenth Street, New York, where you peep-showed thirty seconds (but no dirt, not with Adolph) for a copper cent.

Then he and William A. Brady were partners in a chain of gents where the patron sat in a fake railway car that bounced up and down while the scenery ran past on a screen at the end of the car. Customers came once for the novelty. Then—boodle! The equipment had been expensive. Before you could say Freddie Bartholomew (in fact, thirty years before you could say it) the firm was $80,000 in the red.

"It's amusement luck," Brady shrugged. "We can't hang on. Let's put the company in bankruptcy."

Long afterward the large Mr. Brady chuckled: "That little man came at me with both hands outstretched, like he was going to beat me up."

They compromised. Adolph could go ahead, but no more dough. Adolph had one-reelers were coming in. This was an example of the times Mrs. Zukor sold jewels and moved to a cheap flat.

Zukor rented old stores, put benches in them or borrowed chairs from undertakers. He exhibited none of the filthy junk that was beginning long years of police and censorship attention to the struggling art-industry. In two years he had met all obligations and paid Brady a twenty per cent dividend on the original investment.

[Continued on page 49]
and the brilliant cast of Columbia's You Can't Take It With You. Left to right, Halliwell Hobbs, Donald Meek, Mary Forbes, Edward Arnold, James Stewart, Jean Arthur, Lionel Barrymore, Ann Miller, Mischa Auer, Spring Byington, Sam Hinds, Dub Taylor, Lillian Yarbo and Eddie Anderson.
ON THE "Five of"

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Above, right to left, Cecile, Annette, Marie, Yvonne and Emilie demonstrate their varying ideas of the dance which they will perform for their new film, *Five of a Kind*.

Here is the first story on the new Quintuplet film, with news of how the babies prepare their parts.

By LLEWELLYN MILLER

"We won't treat the children like a circus," says Dr. Allan Roy Dafoe, above, and his consistency has won respect and affection of the movie company.

"And I want one, too, Doctor!" said the breathless lady tourist, running up to join the group around Jean Hersholt, and handing him a picture of the Dionne quintuplets to autograph. "I think you're just wonderful, the way you've kept them alive!"

We were standing at the entrance of the Dafoe Hospital in Callander, Ontario, in the gentle sunlight of a May morning waiting for director Herbert Leeds and cameraman Daniel Clark. It was an exposed position, and the actor had been kept busy.

Hersholt smilingly pointed out that he had no claim to the title, "Doctor," though he was in Ontario, to play, once more, the country doctor in another quintuplet film, *Five of a Kind*. He reminded the breathless lady tourist that it was Doctor Dafoe who was the very great man responsible for guiding the five little girls to lusty health on their fourth birthday.

"Of course, if I'd stopped to think!" said the lady tourist and retired in somewhat flustered triumph with her prized autograph.

Hersholt rather ruefully admitted that the confusion is not unusual. He gets a considerable amount of mail all year long asking for medical advice and for instruction in the care and feeding of children.

I meant to ask Dr. Dafoe if he, in
his turn, received many requests for pointers in acting in the movies, but forgot that question in the interest of his conversation about his famous little charges. The talk with the "little doctor" came later in the day, and hours intervening were packed with such absorbing events that no reporter could be blamed for missing one un-

It has been two years since the five little girls made Reunion. They were babies, then, and naturally no effort was made to plan any special parts for them in the film. Now they are talking; so in the new film they will have rather more to do with the plot and will be revealed as singing stars, in addition.

- Never were parts more painfully learned. The children do not even know that they are busily preparing for a picture that will carry their images to millions of people. They love to sing, and their repertory of songs in French is quite large. Their chief contribution to Fire of a Kind will be a pleasant jingle dealing with their unbelievable similarity of appearance.
  "Who am I?" chirps one. "You're Cecile . . . no . . . you're Annette," sing the others.
  "No, I'm Annette, so you're Yvonne," protests another, and so the song goes.
  The children love it, and put a good deal of spirit into the rehearsals. The song is being learned, along with others, as part of their well-organized routine of work and play.
  One of the nurses sings it as she plays it on the piano. The children repeat the words with her. Before they have a chance to grow tired or bored, the tune is changed, or the singing lesson gives way to sandpile digging.

- On this particular morning, Herbert Leeds was responsible for breaking up his own rehearsal. Ever since his arrival in Callander, Leeds had been "conducting" rehearsals by sauntering quietly into the playground with Jean Hersholt and Dan Clark and sitting for an hour in the sunlight while the children went through the regular routine of the day. This system had been wisely decided upon to accustom the little girls to the presence of strangers, so that the sudden introduction of many new people would not be upsetting to their carefully controlled lives, and so that they would not be self-conscious when actual filming started.

On this particular morning, all five were sitting in a lawn swing when Leeds passed by the sentry at the stout gate, and dropped down [Continued on page 57]
MADELEINE CARROLL will be seen next in Walter Wanger's dramatic story of war-torn Spain, Blockade.
The Mystery
THAT HAUNTED HERBERT

All Hugh Herbert wanted was quiet and fresh air when he bought a ranch. And then he found that the place was haunted

By MARGO KENT

“Have you thought the smoked salmon is good?” Hugh Herbert inquired.
“It’s fresh—it’s fresh. It should be good—it should be good.” The waitress was committing grand larceny right under Hugh Herbert’s nose, taking unto herself his trade-mark, and double-talking her recommendation of a luncheon goodie.
“But I don’t like cold fish. Heat ‘em up for me, will you?”
The waitress was obliging, but the culinary soul of the chef rebelled. The girl came back bearing disquieting tidings.
“The chef says, Mr. Herbert, that it’ll spoil the fish to heat them,” she retorted.
“Well, I don’t like cold fish; never could eat cold fish. Tell the chef to spoil a couple of pieces for me. Woo—Woo!”
With the luncheon problem well out of the way, we turned our attention to the fascinating tale of the cows who found the gold-mine.
Every man has a secret yearning. Hugh had suppressed his successfully for years, but eventually that suppressed desire could no longer be held in check. Visions of the simple life of a farmer made his nights restless and his days incomplete.
If the glamour gals and boys could go in for raising race-horses, in dungees by Adrian and Travis Banton, there was nothing to stop him. Of course, he might not make the fashion gazettes in his overalls, but he would certainly get a lot of fresh air.
A cow or two, a flock of chickens, and maybe half a dozen orange trees, from which he could snatch his breakfast every morning, would be just the sort of thing to make a man feel at peace with the world. And so Hugh went ranch hunting. Real-estate agents heard about it, and his life became so complicated that he had to sneak home after dark, and sneak into the studio for his daily laugh chores in a Mickey Mouse disguise.
The great discovery was made on a placid morning when the only clouds were on the face of the gentleman who was temporarily squatting on the acreage. It was a perfect spot; the ground was gently rolling and a mosaic of mountains in the distance made a breath-taking background. The air was uncontaminated by fumes from motor exhaust pipes.
“You lookin’ at this place ‘spectin’ to buy it?” the temporary tenant inquired. “Tain’t what it looks like,” he added, with an ingratiating air. “I wouldn’t want honest folks to get stuck with it. Maybe I better let you drink the water from the spring in the south pasture. It’s bad. My dog took a drink of it and I ain’t seen him since.”
Hugh obligingly walked down to the spring, but he didn’t have to drink it. He could smell it ten feet away. There was undoubtedly something the matter with it.
However, except for the water, the place was ideal. So Hugh signed on the dotted line and became a rancher, with a spot of his own, forever entitled to pull weeds and worry about too much rain and not enough rain.
He and Mrs. Herbert built a small house and moved in. They then acquired a couple of cows, a horse and sundry chickens, ducks and geese. There was no doubt about it—this was the life, even though they had to haul water in. After all, they couldn’t ask self-respecting cows and their little feathered... [Continued on page 44]
Dear Editor:

Well—you've lived in California and know how it is. The native sons claim the air is almost good enough to eat, but I haven't found it so, although I'm willing to admit that it's very invigorating, and well worth an extra sniff or two providing you have the time and the strength to make the effort. But so far as I'm personally concerned, I haven't been able yet to consider our sun-saturated ozone as food. At least, not the kind I've been accustomed to eat between five and six o'clock and two pretty blondes at Joe's De Luxe Open Air Hamburger Stand, and which I couldn't eat, now, unless I could find a dib or two in my pantaloons since Joe refuses to take markers or let you put it on the cuff. "Pay First—and Then Eat" is Joe's hard and fast rule.

Well, there I was with nothing in my pocketbook but a leak! I called up my agent (maybe I forgot to tell you that after working in Professor, Beware, I got myself one of these ten per-centers for no reason at all except that he promised me steady work with only half of his usual cut) and gave him the nudge for a couple of bucks so I could eat and he gave me a turn-down colder than an old maid's kiss. I could take my pocketbook to a garage, he said, and get it vulcanized. Not only that, but I could take our agreement and try peddling it off at Joe's place for a "cuppa coffee anna sandwich"—if Joe was that dumb! Well, it turned out that Joe wasn't that dumb, so it became very clear to me that unless I wanted to eat the wolf at my door I'd better see about landing a job.

Extra work, I discovered as soon as I started phoning, was harder to knock off than a rebate on your income tax, and it wasn't until I called up the publicity director at Universal Studios, that I finally promoted a couple of days' honest labor in The Rage of Paris.

Believe me, it was a revelation—when shooting of the first sequence began Monday morning. Danielle Darrieux, the French beauty who plays the leading feminine role, was revealing; the polished performance of Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., playing opposite her, was revealing; and lastly, the directorial technique employed by Henry Koster was likewise revealing.

Now let me reveal what actually happened.

That first sequence was a honey—and I'm not forgetting to put in a good word for the delectable Danielle who is as lovely an eyeful as she is a fine actress. Frank Shaw, the 1st assistant director, and Vaughn Paul, the 2nd assistant director, took me aside after I'd been on the set about ten minutes and patiently told me what I had to do and just how I was to do it and then, after priming me with directions, informed me that I could take it easy since I wasn't to be in the first scene. Which was okay by me since it was about as easy a way to earn my wages as I could hope for.

The set represents the luxurious office of a great advertising agency operated by Fairbanks, and when the cameras begin to grind, Danielle, as a lovely, unsophisticated French girl, comes tripping in, starts to undress—and you should have heard the gasps that literally whistled from the throats of the two hundred visitors who stood around. The director says, "Cut!" and looks mad enough to toss everybody out on their respective ears, but he thinks better of it, being a kindly man, shrugs his shoulders, smiles a little, and says, "Let's try it again," and a minute or two later, Danielle, looking a trifle nervous, comes tripping in again.

Off comes her hat. Off come her gloves. Off come her shoes. Then she slips out of a tight-fitting sweater. Then she slips out of her skirt. Then she slips out of a couple of silky thingamagigs—and I come mighty near slipping off the chair I'm sit-

Hollywood Magazine's favorite extra reports with unmistakable enthusiasm on Danielle Darrieux and her first American picture

By E. J. Smithson
doubt wasn't the fashionable girl who filled the visit. Her job was a keeping up front in Paris—fling in New York. Neither her parents nor her guardians could have expected her to come back. But she had come back, and now she was flushed with the excitement of it all. She was a success, a success of sorts. She was a success in every sense of the word. She had made her mark. She had proved herself. She was a success. And she was proud of it. She was proud of herself. She was proud of her success. She was proud of the whole thing. She was proud of it all.

When Director Koster said, "We're turning "em," again, we were on a set representing the bedroom of Trevor's mountain lodge and Danielle, looking as pretty as you please and maybe prettier, was in Trevor's bed telling him that she isn't as "bad" a girl as he thinks. It's a tender, pathetic, tear-jerking little speech that finally gets under Trevor's skin and he admits that he believes every blessed word she says.

This scene didn't go so well for some reason and Koster, who has the happy faculty of keeping the cast in good humor, kept blaming himself for the mistakes that necessitated the eight "takes." Doug, not to be outdone, kept walking around while he muttered "ham" to himself, and Danielle kept pretty close to her handsome husband, who kept patting her hand while he consoled her in wisps of French. When he "took" a "print it" order from the director everybody patted everybody else on the back.

When the hired hands were called for lunch that first day only two were fast enough to beat me to the stand-in. One, Gordon, stand-in for Fairbanks, was one; and Frances Hayden, stand-in for Danielle, was the other. And both very interesting youngsters, by the way.

Gordon could easily be mistaken for an identical twin. He looks like Doug, with the same moustache. But he speaks like him and displays all of the mannerisms of the talented actor. He was born in New York State but has spent most of his life abroad where he has been very active in the theatre. He springs from the Von Thranes, for more than 400 years a family of the nobility in Denmark, and he could, if he so wished, tack on the title of "Baron" to his name. "The family dropped all titles seventy-five years ago," he says.

Gordon has appeared in a number of French films and came here primarily to study the French films which he plans on applying abroad when he goes into the business of producing foreign films. He was visiting the Selznick studio while The Prisoner of Zenda was being filmed and there met Fairbanks whom he had known previously in England. More in jest than anything else, Doug suggested that he stay and act as his stand-in and Gordon agreed.

Frances Hayden, as pretty and as wholesome a little trick as one could ever wish to gaze upon and who will go places once she is given a start, was a child actress from the age of two until six. Her mother is a famous character actress and her father, Frank Richardson, worked as assistant director for Fairbanks, Sr. Richardson has been making pictures in England for the past eight years and is one of the top men in his field by our over-seas cousins.

Well— the gabfest went on and on and the only sour note that sounded from soup to nuts was when I said The Rage of Paris had all the signs and portents of being another of those semi-slap-stick comedies. It took Frances to "mow me down" on that one.

"The Rage of Paris is definitely NOT a slap-stick comedy," she informed me. "On the contrary it's a gay, romantic, adventure story—and you're going to see the difference when it's released. You see, it's this way—"

"Musette—that's Danielle—is stranded in New York and she's alone, penniless, and very hungry and when the Model Agency refuses to give her a job she becomes desperate. In the first scene this morning you saw what happened. A casual acquaintance, Gloria—played by Helen Broderick—sees a chance to make some money in the unspoiled Musette and she persuades a guy named Mike—played by Mischa Auer—to sell his cafe and back her scheme to land a wealthy hubby for Musette. Mike agrees and the three of them move into a fashionable suite at the Waldorf-Astoria. Gloria poses as Musette's aunt, and Mike becomes "The Count." His job is to make violent love to the girl so that eligible millionaires will be interested in the girl in her. She is introduced as "The Rage of Paris," in this country so that European noblemen will stop killing each other over her.

"Musette soon becomes a sensation in New York, Bill Duncan, young, wealthy and of good family, seeks to marry her, but her heart is filled with dreams of James Trevor who is always popping up at odd moments and threatening to expose her. He warns Bill about her and Bill smacks him on the jaw for his trouble. To save his friend Trevor kidnaps Musette and takes her to his mountain lodge. You saw that scene this morning, too. Musette, after telling Trevor all about herself, runs away and returns home Back in her own little nest she gives friend Bill the air; packs up her bags and disappears. Trevor discovers that she is working in a gown shop, goes to the shop and orders a wedding gown demanding that it be modeled on the girl. When she appears he leads her out into Fifth Avenue where, wedding gown and all, they walk up the street and head for a church, wedding bells and rice."

After this recital there was nothing to do but agree with Frances about the type of story. It certainly wasn't a slap-stick and it did look like a gay romance. No such thing appears at the Alamein. Luxe, Open Air Hamburger again between five and six o'clock and the two pretty blondes. I was on The Rage of Paris two days and unless they shot me when I wasn't looking, I wasn't in a foot of celluloid! There were times when I thought I would be but ever Director Koster and Bruce Manning would take the script, give the scenes I was scheduled to appear in a swift rewrite and I'd find myself crawling up to Joe Valentine, the cameraman. I remember Joe saying "Thank God!" when I told him I was through.

Maybe you'll say the same thing when you reach this last line.
How One

Poison at the boxoffice!

All Hollywood winced under what it considered a foul blow, decidedly below the belt, one bright Monday morning recently when the full page advertisement, reproduced above, appeared in The Hollywood Reporter.

The Reporter is a trade paper widely read in the cinema capital. It is on the desk of every executive. It is in the dressing room of every star. It is to be found sometime during every day in the hands of every person of importance in the industry. It is a fine place to get the attention of the entire film colony when you have something startling to say.

Seven stars gasped on that bright Monday morning when they read that their outstanding quality was not PERSONALITY but POISONALITY, according to one man who represented 240 theatre owners in New York.

Then the fun began. Telephones started to ring, and the words that went over some of the wires were scorching with indignation. Reporters jumped into their cars and dashed for studios and interviews. Friends called stars. Stars called producers. And a number of producers called a certain gentleman a few harsh names. And all because one man had decided to speak his mind in public.

Let's take a look into that mind and see why Harry Brandt, owner of 80 theatres and president of a group of 240 theatre-operators called themselves The Independent Theatre Owners

INDEPENDENT THEATRE OWNERS ASSOCIATION

By

LLEWELLYN MILLER
Man Shocked Hollywood

Association of New York, decided to wage a one-man battle on the picture industry.

In the first place, he denies that he and the exhibitors he represents are waging a "battle."

"We are in love with the picture business," he says emphatically. "It has given us everything we have. And we are not trying to destroy stars. We are not trying to beat down star salaries, when they bring money into the box-office. Any star is entitled to as much money as he or she can get, provided the cash customers come to the theatre. But we are trying to see that stars who no longer make money for us are not used against the box-office. After all, it is the theatre-owner who created the star in the first place. It may be the producer who actually signs the pay check, but it is the nickels and dimes and quarters and dollars that go through our box-offices that really pay that salary. We are the final paymasters, and because of that we think we have a right to complain when a star's salary is all out of proportion to the money that star brings into our houses."

To understand the complaint of Harry Brandt and his fellow exhibitors, it must be remembered that major studios sell a year's product, usually 52 features, in advance to theatre operators. The theatre man has the privilege of cancelling about ten percent of those films, if he does not wish to play them, but the rest he must pay for, whether he plays them or not. This system is called "block-booking," and has many advantages and many disadvantages. An advantage is that it allows the owner of a small house to book a year's pictures without maintaining an expensive book-

He called the people whose famous faces adorn these pages "Poison at the box-office" and started a fight that is apt to rage all year. Then he started a campaign for single bills. Unless you understand what is behind this fight, you don't know what is going on in Hollywood's inner circles.

Joseph M. Schenck, chairman of the board of Twentieth Century-Fox, dismissed the whole matter with "Ridiculous! How can any exhibitor, on the basis of what a film does at his theatre, know how it goes generally? He has to have more information than his own box-office receipts to gauge the drawing power of stars. Statements of that kind don't do the business any good, and they harm those who make them. They boomerang."

It is interesting to notice that Mr. Schenck's indignation is quite impersonal, since none of the stars mentioned by name are on the Twentieth Century-Fox contract list. [Continued on page 55]
Lincoln did a lot of thinking while splitting rails. Theodore Roosevelt preferred deepest Africa when things got complicated. Then consider the case of Bob Burns, who's stuck in Hollywood while spinning the simple philosophies of the Ozark people.

You can get rich in Hollywood if you're lucky. You can develop a broad "a". You can be fashionable as all get out. But brother, if you want to remain simple and unchanged—that's hard! Yep, it's got Robin Burns, the sage of Van Buren, a trifle worried.

He couldn't take to splitting rails. He couldn't move to Africa. In fact, he can't even get very far from Hollywood, because he has to be in the heart of it nearly every day. That's why Bob did everything but advertise for the simple life.

Bob has been an expert on such things as poverty. He spent a good portion of his life doing enforced research along those lines. Bob can still remember when the smell of good food inside a restaurant while he was passing by had to serve as a square meal. But it doesn't change the lamentable fact that Bob has struck it rich.

"Sure, it's lamentable," Bob says quite frankly. "I got where I am because life was so doggone simple for me. Back in Van Buren we didn't have any complications to keep us from seein' things the way they were or ought to be. But now—well, it's a heap different."

A film star has many obligations that come with fame. In the first place, he must dress the part. In the second, he must live it. But be told all these things when he "arrived"—was told them even while a brand new business manager was delivering the usual "don't be a spend-thrift" lecture.

Much against his wishes, Bob did what everyone advised. He got himself a nice home out in Bel-Air. And if you don't know what that means, then use your imagination. In Bel-Air they look you over carefully before selling you a lot. They tell you what you can and cannot build. They even supervise your building it, just so you won't get the economical jitters at the last minute. In a word, Bel-Air is exclusive.

Well, one bright morning Bob awakened to find himself in the lap of luxury. It rather appalled him. Some men seem to be their best cogitating amid a nightly mass of modernistic mahogany masterpieces, or at least a considerable collection of chromium calamins. But not Bob.

No, sir. His pappy found solace and wisdom in a simple home in Van Buren, and his grandpappy before him lived happily in a cabin constructed of heavy logs. There was nothing in this scheme...
to get in the way of a man's thinking.

All these things occurred to Bob in due time. Of course he had to have that initial period of acclimatizing things. Over-
stuffed furniture was easy on the spine. Beds so soft that he fairly disappeared in
their luxurious laps were highly tempting. Oh, Bob found it all pleasant enough
—until he began realizing that it dragged his priceless common sense. And at that
stage it became alarming.

Finally he went to the Mrs. about it. She had seen it all coming, of course, but
had decided to let Bob find out for himself. So when he finally confessed his confusion,
the wise Mrs. Burns merely said, "Well, Robin, you'd better do something about it."
You see, she had a bunch of things that Bob should work it out for himself.

So Bob got to thinking, and he remem-
bered that a man's best friend was his dog. Maybe things would seem less com-
licated if he had a pooch or two around to keep his head on the straight and narrow.

"I know well enough what I wanted in the
line of dogs," Bob confessed one day, "but I thought maybe Bel-Air had some
building restrictions in the matter of breed. So I did a little investigating. You
know, I had an Uncle down in Arkansas
who was a dyed-in-the-wool, and he always
told me that I had the makins of a first
class Sherlock Holmes if I'd develop my
intuition a bit.

"So this seemed like a pretty good time
to take my uncle's advice, and I went prowlin' around the neighborhood. You
know, it's a new area around town. Most of
them people with imposing brick homes
topped with a coat-of-arms went in for the
finest blue-bloods of dogdom. Their
canines were so doggone snooty that they
practically carried their pedigrees around
on the end of their noses.

"But it's always been my private
opinion that the smartest dog is one that
can't explain his ancestry at all. If he's a
common pooch he has had a chance of
pickin' up some sense somewhere along the
line.

"So after sizzin' up the neighborhood, it
seemed like a good idea to run down to the
police station and inquire. I got down
there and found the desk sergeant was a
pretty square guy. 'Good morning,' I says,
and he nods pleasantly. 'I'd like to ask you
just one question, mister sergeant. Is
there any buildin' restrictions in the
matter of dogs in Bel-Air?'

"The sergeant looked at me kind of
funny and said, 'Dog houses have got to be
decent lookin' and in accordance with the
architecture of your place, Mr. Burns.
Bel-Air frowns on large kennels.

"Mister sergeant, I ain't a-talkin' about
acquiring a pound,' I explains carefully.
'I aim on building a dog accordin' to my
own specifications. And I don't want no
blue blood. I'd a heap rather find some
almost-cocker spaniel, with some airhole
in him. But I was wonderin' if the com-
munity is too exclusive for that?'

Bob poured himself a drink of nice cold
ice water and prepared to finish his story.
"Well, the sergeant promised to keep my
secret, and said maybe he'd like a dog of
that type, too. So I made arrangements,
and one day two pups were delivered to
me. They were cuter than all get out—
little black fellows with white chests.
Brothers, about six weeks old.

"Well, at first we couldn't tell them
apart, but now they're growin' up, there's
very little the same in either of them.
That's what comes from mixing breeds,
and that's what makes them good dogs.

Bob paused, and we found an entering
wedge. 'And did they make life
simple for you?'

He looked a bit disgusted. Naw, they
didn't. I love those dogs like nobody else
could, but the little devils just took too
much of my time when they were in the
house. I couldn't think at all. If I wasn't
pettin' them, I was answerin' the phon		
twelve times a day, or pryin' in house-
hold matters that should concern no one
but the missus. So finally I struck my
solution.

Bob was smiling now, and looking pretty
placid with his leaves of the 'end.'

I "resumed," "that my great grandpappy found
everything to his likin' in a little old log
cabin that was just barely nailed together.

We nodded. 'Well, I decided then and there
to build my own log cabin.'

"What,—in Bel-Air?"

"Yep,—in Bel-Air. You see, I figured that
if I could have dogs the way I want
them, I might be able to fool the boys
some more. But it wasn't no easy job. Not
by a long shot.

"A mess of building inspectors and
other officials came out and tried to
repress me. They took all to the
back end of the property, which is pretty
rustic anyhow, and showed them just
what I wanted to do.

"You know, even a buildin' inspector is
human. Those fellows thought it was a
pretty nifty idea, and kind of wished they
could have one, too. But don't get me
wrong—they sure had their ideas on what
a Bel-Air log cabin is like.

"And friend, my grandpappy would
blush with shame to see what resulted.
It is positively the most luxurious log
cabin, from the outside, that you ever
saw. It's a wonder that didn't make me use
solid mahogany logs. It's so purty, even
so, that it looks like a fake. But only on the
outside!

"I got the inside of that place fixed to
my sultan. There's no phone in it, and
nothin' else that seems too civilized. Some-
times I kin plumb forget myself and think
I'm back in Arkansas. If I want to, I
can take off my shoes and wiggle my toes
comfortable-like. There's no one in there
to tell me different, and there's goin' to be
no one.

"When I set myself to write for the
newspapers or the radio, I just stay there
until the thoughts come tumbling out.
And if they don't tumble right away, then
I sit and think about the old Arkansas
River, the one that goes through Van
Buren, and how I used to take an old
weekly houseboat down the river when I
was a kid. Then suddenly things seem
awful clear, and I start to scribblin'. Yes
sir,—I guess I've found the simple life at
last."

Bob finished off his long explanation
with a pleasant grin. We grinned, too,
and said that the solution came pretty
easy after all. But Bob didn't agree. He
found simplicity, yes—but it wasn't a
simple task. He still had a lot of fresh
visions about those building inspectors,
you see.

"Why, those fellows wouldn't let me get
by with one single simple thing on the out-
side," he explained, working himself into
a reminiscent frown. "I had to have every
log just so—it was against the law to have
the place look natural.

"In my grandpappy's day things were
easier. He'd just say, 'Son, hustle down to
the store and get me a dime's worth of
nails. We're gonna build a cabin today.
I'll get the nails and there we were. No
more expense a-tall. Grandpappy would
chop down a few choice trees, then hand
the axe to me while he marked the ground
with a stick. I'd trim the logs, notch them
so they'd cleave together. Then we'd stack
'em up, build a little fireplace, and you
had it.

"But here—why, the hardware for the
door cost me morn'a whole cabin down
in Arkansas.

"Bob's a persistent cuss when he begins
something. There was a lot of grief
before he finally had that cabin finished,
but it's done now, and how Bob uses it!
It's confidential—but we'll tell you one
more plan of his. He's going to put in a
horse shoe pitching ground, and ask Bing
to bring a few shoes from his racing
stables.

Of course Bob hasn't asked the building
inspectors about it yet. We don't want
to borrow trouble for him, but he's liable
to find that indulging in this simple pastime
is frowned on in Bel-Air.

If you see him tossin' gold-plated shoes
at shiny spikes in the sod, you'll know
they read about his plans and caught up
with him. You've got to do things right in
Bel-Air!

Even though a good deal of finery seems to have
gone to his head in Tropic Holiday, Bob Burns
remains quite unimpressed with bull, alive
stuffed or verbal
JOAN

The average girl of twenty would not dream of living alone. The average girl of twenty would not be allowed to live alone by her family. But fame does strange things to people. And those who win fame are exceptional enough to make rules of their own. Read how one girl felt when fame chose her, as well as her sister, for the spotlight.

Can a girl be too sheltered? Yes, says Joan Fontaine. Particularly so if she wants to be an individual, if she wants a sturdy, well-balanced career, which requires periodical solitude for progress.

Less than two years ago, a girl as fragile as a cameo, as delicate as a miniature on ivory, was introduced to the public as a potential new. She carried the intriguing name of Joan Fontaine.

No mention was made by her studio that her sister was Olivia De Havilland, already entrenched with Fame.

In a town where every family connection is capitalized, where every lasting bit of pull is used, this was a curious and an amazing situation. Without equal in an industry where forty-second cousinship is claimed, if it will do any good.

Neither Joan nor Olivia ever discussed the other. Interviewers caught on to the idea, and tactfully refrained from asking the wrong questions.

Yet the reason for this was simple. Here were two girls who had made a pact not to be a sister act, but to be individuals, to develop independently as human beings, and not to borrow Fame one from the other.

Recently—and this is known to less than half a dozen people even in Hollywood—Joan rented a house of her own, and established herself as mistress of it.

She explained the reason for it in this way: "I happen to be one of those who easily borrows the mannerisms, the voice inflections, even the habits of thought, from..."
those I love. If I want to develop a distinct personality, one that will be marketable at the box-office, I must not be in too intimate contact with others.

"I am one of those," and her broad, gray eyes were wells of seriousness, "who must live alone. If I don't I can't possibly maintain the integrity of my individuality."

Joan is young—just twenty. For her, this separation took courage—for the home nest is sheltered and comfortable. But she is a girl with an unusual history, which is the key not only to her courage, but to the personality which requires solitude.

She has the will-power to do things as she sees them. The same will-power which has saved her life time and again, by the very tenacity to remain alive.

From infancy, Joan was frail. How the spark of life continued in that little body was a miracle. Wise physicians couldn't quite understand it. It seemed so impossible that a veritable baby would have so much fight in her.

She was born in Tokyo, Japan, and for the first two years of her life lived in the International Settlement. Her father had business interests in that country.

For the sake of Joan, the mother took her two small daughters to the United States, where the climate was more equable. They settled in Saratoga, California, where Olivia and Joan grew up.

Childhood for Joan Fontaine was defined primarily by long weeks in bed, interspersed with only occasional periods of well-being, when she could play and study like other children.

So, from the very beginning, loneliness was part and parcel of her life. She learned to depend on her own resources. She learned the value of doing only those things which were good for her. [Continued on page 48]
huddled together. Superstitions about the plague ran wild—people fled in terror when each new case developed. More American soldiers were dying from it than from the booming cannonades of the Spanish-American war.

The great turning point of this Yellow Fever siege was being re-enacted on Stage Fifteen of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios when I walked on the set. It was a critical, dramatic moment.

The scene was an accurate, detailed replica of Camp Lazea, at Quemados, Cuba. It was so real that you forgot this was Hollywood, and wished silently that you had a gas mask or something better than that to protect yourself from this dread disease.

■ It is a brilliantly sunny day—and hot.

The sun and heat is supplied by the biggest sunlamp in Hollywood—an apparatus searching the set with 1,000,000 candlepower.

Isolated in a hot tent is a young man of the American army who is about to verify, he hopes, the conclusion of the great Dr. Reed that Yellow Fever is contagious only through the bite of one lone type of mosquito. The soldier keeping a rendezvous with death is Sergeant O’Hara (Bob Montgomery). His doctor—superior is played by Lewis Stone. And the woman who urged Sergeant O’Hara to thus sacrifice himself is a young nurse, played by Virginia Bruce.

All around the camp people pause, terrified by the inexplicable spread of this deadly disease. They cover their faces with cloth, hoping to avoid contagion. The desperate doctors of the Yellow Fever Commission, are preparing to gamble with death for the life of the man, in order to save lives of millions.

■ O’Hara, alone in his tent, holds a jar full of mosquitoes in his hands. His tent is sterile, isolated, comfortable, airy, but death is locked in with him if the doctors are right in believing that mosquitoes carry the disease that is wiping out the army. Will they kill him, thus proving that one single type of insect is to blame for this horrible massacre?

O’Hara slowly unfastens the lid of the jar. For a moment he shudders involuntarily. Then he hesitates no longer. Firm to his purpose, he allows the mosquitoes to crawl out upon his arm.

One of the insects poises as if to bite. O’Hara lifts a hand to slap it into eternity, then stifles the motion in mid-air. He must be bitten, not once, but many times. Calmly he holds still, and his arm is punctured by tiny beaks.

Everyone is grimly silent as the cameras record this fateful moment. You feel as if you, yourself, are undergoing this awful experiment. And then, suddenly, it is

In his role of the reckless Sergeant O’Hara, Robert Montgomery gazes with a fatalistic humor at the imprisoned mosquitoes which may mean death to him and safety to millions.

Inspired by Yellow Jack, Robert Montgomery undertook independent research into the cause and cure of the dread disease “Hollywooditis”

By TERRY KELLY

Yellow hell was loose in Cuba. It was the turn of the century, and thousands were dying of a plague—a plague of inexplicable cause, and therefore all the more horrifying. People were normal one minute, then delirious with wild fever the next.

They called it Yellow Fever, and it wiped out whole families at a sweep, or again picked out one victim among twenty

HOLLYWOOD
Suddenly Bob's face portrays realization. It is not called for in the script. Bob staggerers on another step or two, and then suddenly makes up his mind. Quite unexpectedly he gives a little lurch, and Bill Henry crashes to the floor with an awful thump. Anything softer than oak planking would have been splintered.

And Bill Henry was wishing for something softer. When he hit the floor, the grin on his face disappeared magically—and out of his blouse tumbled hunks of heavy lead. One, two, three, they rolled out—and more. They must have weighed seventy pounds.

Ruefully, Bill Henry found his little joke bungled up. While Bob Montgomery and everyone else roaring cheerfully as Bill got up, rubbing a couple of places gingerly.

And that's the way it continued to go on the set—always some ribbing to mitigate the grim drama of the film. As Bill came back to the subject of his research, I ought to have known what was coming:

"This has been a desperate research I've been doing," Bob said without a smile. "If this microbe exists, it is a very deadly bug, indeed.

"For the purpose of my discussion, I shall label this frightful disease Hollywooditis. It is an allegedly deadly result, revealed among allegedly great stars, produced by an allegedly murderous microbe. We will assume, for the moment, that the bug has not yet been isolated. I, of course, have been so called upon that it has never bitten me. In fact, I have never seriously believed in its existence.

"The presence of a disease does not prove a microbe is there, too. A man may have the big head, but you cannot assume as a consequence that he is a bit buggy, too.

"In this case one might say that a person comes to Hollywood, he becomes famous, and certain frightful things result. Why? Well, the man in the laboratory tries to find a theory and then prove it. So I formulated one, too. I assumed that all actors, are bitten first by an often-discussed microbe—the bug for acting. In itself it seemed to be a deadly creature. But does this bug also give you Hollywooditis?

"In my own sacred laboratory of thought, I built a new type of ultra-microscope. I began a desperate search. I examined every alleged case of Hollywooditis I could find, but in no case could I isolate the microbe.

"After great research I concluded that Hollywooditis, if the disease really did exist, was a psychological reflection peculiar to the unusual condition of being famous.

"Let's take the sad case of Mr. X, assuming he is a great star. Perhaps people say he has 'Gone Hollywood.' Chief symptoms are how swell, brain reductio, and Mr. X has often spoken to, with a lot of et ceteras, celery and bologna.

"We take our star back to his home town for a moment. We tell him to act like he did in Hollywood. And what happens? He wants a new car and gets it. The town sees nothing wrong in that. He wears good clothes—and why not? He sparkles with the girls. They love him.

"But bring him back to Hollywood—and look out! He does everything wrong, my friend—even if he is acting just like he did back at home. He is under the scrutiny of a harsh, discerning world. He is heartily criticized along with the home town drunkard, the Einstein theory of relativity, and the Reorganization Bill.

"In Hollywood, a great many things indicate the dread disease. Let a star buy and fly a plane—he's gone Hollywood, developed Hollywooditis. If he demands a pay raise or forgets to autograph some fan's book, his life is in danger. If a star stays quietly at home in Hollywood, he's a darned recluse. If he goes out, he's trying to get publicity. If he dresses well, his money has warped his sense. If he doesn't, he's a tight-wad. If you aren't married, you ought to be to stifle rumors. If you are, they all say it won't last.

"So, after all this careful study under my special microscope, I cannot help but conclude that these symptoms, developed elsewhere, are innocent enough. But here in Hollywood, they suddenly point to the lamented, dread disease of Hollywooditis. And for the time there isn't even an Irish microbe around."

Having thus concluded that it is all a state of mind, our eminent scientist, Mr. Montgomery, still has a cure for this imaginary ailment which does not exist. I shall show him to be a quack. But I shall not take it seriously.

"Critics without portfolio make good doctors if a star will only listen. Some movie fans are kind enough to pan an actor. I seem to have many considerate followers.

"Some of the letters I get seem downright insulting, but boy, what a cure they are for this alleged Hollywood plague! A man couldn't all for long with Hollywooditis if he read the comments that Uncle Sam brings in every day. And I'm glad to get the adverse remarks, because now man ever gets better through flattery.

"I take those letters home at night, read them carefully, study the intelligent ones to discover my weaknesses which they are frank enough to point out. Some of those letters have had a profound effect. They are, perhaps, clinical diagnoses, aimed to save me from the microbe I claim does not exist. They have, I must admit, helped me in my career.

"Whenever I think I am getting somewhere—getting a little bit good, I get out those panning letters. A couple of them will deflate the worst ego. Usually I don't sleep that night, but at least I go to work the next morning with greater determination.

"So, there you are. Bob Montgomery couldn't find the dread microbe of Hollywooditis. And he searched hard enough, at that. But perhaps his diagnosis is just as good—it's a state of mind. Behind Bob's humorous analysis, in any event, is something worth thinking about—something of value both to the stars in Hollywood, and the carping critics of the world. Right?
Never a dull moment in the life of a cameraman! Here are some of the brighter moments. 1. William Powell and Carole Lombard enjoy a radio rehearsal in different fashions. 2. Little Edith Fellows takes time out between scenes of City Shadows for some exercise. 3. Cesar Romero and Ethel Merman had a sudden attack of shyness at the preview of Alexander’s Ragtime Band and avoided the crowds by entering under the ropes. 4. June Martel, Mabel Todd and Lillian Bond take a long look at Hollywood’s newest fad, the star-autographed kerchief. 5. Patricia Ellis and Robert Coote forestalled gossip by a neat little sign when they lunched together at the Brown Derby. 6. Vilma Banky and Rudolph Valentino in a scene from Son of the Sheik, now being reissued. 7. Ruby Keeler, Donnie Dunagan and Anne Shirley during the filming of the beloved story, Mother Carey’s Chickens.
Hollywood

8. Ilona Massey's spectacular evening wrap is white wool, heavy with brilliant embroidery. She wore it with sensational effect when Michael Whalen took her to the preview of Alexander's Ragtime Band. 9. This picture was one of a series showing Victor McLaglen posing for "What the well-dressed man will wear," and pretty unhappy he looks about it, too. You'll see him next in The Devil's Party. 10. For the first time in 19 years, Dorothy Gish returns to Hollywood. She flew in from New York to make a test for a part in The Young in Heart. 11. Rosalind Russell tucked a copy of The Citadel under her arm when she left, with her mother, for England to make the film version of the best seller. 12. Jack Dunn, world's champion male ice skater and former partner of Sonja Henie, is in Hollywood to star in Edward Small's The Duke of West Point. He is shown greeting Laverne Busher, featured skater in the Ice Follies. 13. James Cagney and Pat O'Brien have fun in the costume department in Boy Meets Girl. 14. Mischa Auer does not seem impressed by Helen Broderick's first sweater. Snapped on The Rage of Paris set.
A Day With a Queen

Marie Antoinette was fed up, trying to get married. Finally she laughed, plumped down on the scarlet cushion that lay on the altar steps, heaped her hoop skirts in a diamond-sparkle froth, and hugged her knees. The Dauphin (Louis-Sixteenth-to-be) slid out of his splendid ermine cape and lighted a cigarette.

"Save the candles!" shouted Director William S. Van Dyck.

A grip in overalls flitted through the Versailles palace chapel and, using a hooded contraption on a long rod, began to kill the gigantic candles behind the carved stone altar. Plop! went each orange flicker of light, and shadows deepened around the wedding party. Marie Antoinette leaned her chin on a hand that flamed with jewels. This was the fourth attempt she and Louis had made to get married that afternoon. Something went haywire on each occasion.

Here is an absorbing report of one day spent on the set during filming of Marie Antoinette

By JESSIE HENDERSON

"These royal weddings take time," observed Marie Antoinette—Norma Shearer with a smile.

"Back in the 1770's they negotiated three years for it," admitted the Dauphin bridegroom resignedly. He's Robert Morley, the personable young actor whom M-G-M "discovered" not long ago in England.

Just now the delay in the nuptials was due to a camera angle. So the entire French court relaxed right where it stood, flopping to the floor in a rustle of taffeta and a clink of swords. The Dauphin strolled outside for a bottle of lemon pop. The bride, pausing for a word with brother Douglas Shearer, chief sound technician for M-G-M, went billowing away to her portable dressing-room that was equipped with garage doors eight feet wide to accommodate those farflung hoops. She had every right to rest between takes. Norma weighs 110 pounds, and the silver and jewel studded wedding gown, plus train, weighed 108!

While, for a very special shot, the camera crew tinkered over gadgets eighty feet above the sound stage, the French court broke into animated talk. They chattered casually of things that would have made the original French court's powdered hair stand on end in superstitious

[Continued on page 40]
It is amazing but true that Alice Faye can't read a single note of music but just the same she is adding to her musical laurels with many songs in Alexander's Ragtime Band.

By ELMER SUNFIELD

Alice Faye can't read a single note of music.
A flat, to her, is just a place to live in; a cleft has something to do with the palate; a minor is a child under age; a major is an officer in the army; and if someone tossed such musical terms at her as fortissimo, nonlegato, rinforzando, and diminuendo she'd probably say "Cut out the double talk!"

All this may be a trifle on the exaggerated side, but it still remains startlingly true when one considers the astounding success that has come to her since the day she was led out of the manager's office of the Zeigfeld Follies and told to go home and grow up before bothering him about a job in the chorus.

Alice can't read a single note of music. She's never taken a music lesson in her life.

Yet Cole Porter and Irving Berlin say they'd rather have her plug their songs than any singer in the country. The late George Gershwin said the same thing which should, and does, make it unanimous for the rest of us. Just let her have a new song and sing it for the first time over the air or on the screen and that song within a week or two is going to be on top of the Hit Parade or a mighty close second.

That's why she's called America's song plugger No. 1!

And if you think that is an empty honor you're not keeping up your musical score nor adding to your knowledge of the show business!
We went out to her home a few days after she and her husband, Tony Martin—a mighty fine singer and actor, if anybody should ask you—returned from their Honolulu vacation. We wanted to discover, if possible, how she had risen to her high estate in the popular music field without any professional training. Maybe it was all done with mirrors. Maybe she was fooling her public by permitting the publicity department of 20th Century-Fox build up this “non-musical” yarn. Maybe—

"It's true," she said with a smile, "I don't know one note from another and probably I never will, but it doesn't seem to matter, really. I just like to sing. I always have. Just songs that the average person likes. Ballads. Something that has a lot of sentiment. We call them 'commercial' songs in the show business. I've never attempted anything beyond that over the radio or in pictures because, for one thing, I know that my voice isn't adapted to what you might call the classics and for another thing, I'd much rather stick to the songs I've suggested anything else I would have to learn music, and if I did that I'd unconsciously change my style of singing, and if I did that I wouldn't be Alice Faye. It all sounds pretty much involved and perhaps it is, but I do know this—the moment I lose what naturalness I have when I sing, I'll be sunk. No, I just rather be Alice Faye and the way she is now, unable to read a musical note than to be an Alice Faye with grand opera aspirations."

"Perhaps it isn't polite to point," said our favorite song singer, "but if you'll look at that table near the window you'll discover a partial proof, at least, of my non-musical education."

Alice pointed, and we looked. What we saw was a table piled high with envelopes of all shapes and sizes. We mentioned something about fan mail.

"No, it's not fan mail," she smiled. "Every envelope on that table contains a new song written by someone who wants me to sing it in a picture. I get them every day. Hundreds during a month. But what can I do about it? I can't read a note of music so I can't judge them even if I had the time. All my songs are written by song-writers under studio contract, so these manuscripts are returned with a little explanation that I hope eases the disappointment of the young composers. And there's another thing, too, that prevents me from helping them even though I could. I'm restricted by studio rules that have to do with un-solicited manuscripts."

It occurred to us that being unable to read music might be a great handicap to her position of a star in a picture. How, we asked, did she go about it? How long did it take her to memorize the words and music? Who helped? When was it done? And so on and so on. Well, according to Alice, who should know, the whole business is as simple as falling off a composer's piano stool.

"When Gordon and Revel, who have written the majority of my motion picture songs, are assigned to a production, they get a copy of the script, read it through carefully for spots where a song would fit in. With that decided upon, they go to work upon the lyrics and score, and with that finished to the satisfaction of the producer and director, they call me in. I go down to their bungalow which is located on the studio lot, and they play the numbers over until I have both the words and music memorized. Once in a great while there is a little difference of opinion as to just how I should sing a certain number, but in the end they're kind enough to let me do it as I've done so many others. No, it doesn't take me long to learn a song. Not more than three or four hours. After that comes the recording with an orchestra and then the playback on the set. As simple and as easy as that. You see, I really don't have to know do, re, mi from fa, so, la to get by."

Well, there you are girls and boys. If you have an idea for a radio or motion picture, toss your musical education out the nearest window and try climbing the ladder of success with the way Alice has done. Just try! But before you do it, remember that there's only one Alice Faye in Hollywood. On second thoughts you'd better stick to your sharpies and flats!

She's never taken a lesson in voice, elocution, or acting in her life! And it's more than likely she never will! "I thought it might be a good idea to acquire stage presence," she admits. "That was right after my first picture, George White's Scandals so I hurried off to a teacher and told her I wanted to learn how to act. The first thing she did was to put a book on top of my head and ordered me to walk across the room. Well, I said to myself, if I can do the way they teach acting I'll quit right here and now. Which was exactly what I did before I had taken ten full steps. If you want to be precise you can say I took one-tenth of an acting lesson and let it go at that."

Which is exactly what we did.

Bill, her brother and business manager, came in about then, and after a hello all around sat down and horned into the interview. Bill came out to Hollywood a while back to enjoy a well-earned three months' vacation after serving a 14-year grind in the banking business in New York, and Alice, being a smart girl, signed him up to look after her interests. Bill has not only done that to her complete satisfaction but has found time to branch out as a business manager, an actor's agent and as a publicity agent.

It was Bill who began bouncing the ball of conversation our way to give us a number of interesting facts and facets in the life of America's song plugger No. 1. "She used to sing around the house," he offered, "but so far as we could tell there wasn't a lack of difference between her voice and the girl's next door. Maybe louder, if that's worth mentioning; but no sweeter. Finally, though, to have a little quiet in the house, we got her to take part in church and school programs and that seemed to calm her down a bit. About the time she was ten she began to throw out hints about preparing herself for a stage career, and we had that in mind, so the hints went in one ear and out the other. She began to take dancing lessons just in case. And that was all right with the family, too. 'Little girls should learn to dance,' Dad said. Did she tell you about the time she sneaked off to the Ziegfield Pollettes and tried to get a job as a chorus girl? She did? She was fourteen, then, and as mad as any 14-year-old girl can be when someone told her to go home and grow up...

"You bet I was mad," Alice broke in. "I thought I was grown up. I knew I could dance as well as any of the chorus girls and I was as good-looking as half of the girls in the line. Well, there was nothing to do but wait for another chance and that's what I did for the next twelve months during which time I learned as many dance routines as I could. It was a lucky thing for me that I did because when I applied for work in a Chester Hale unit I got a job and kept it for a year. That was step No. 1 in my theatrical career. Step No. 2 arrived when I wound up working and living in Pelham Parkway, and Step No. 3 was my successful try-out for a spot in the George White's Scandals chorus. . . ."

"Alice had never given singing a thought up to this time," Brother Bill interrupted politely. "She was making good as a dancer and that seemed to be about enough. Oh, sure, she sang her head off around the house and in the dressing rooms, but nobody appeared much interested in her vocal gymnastics. That is, nobody appeared interested until the night she sang a song at a George White's Scandals after party. There was a lovely picture. Hyman Bushel heard it along with the other guests, heard it and liked it, and later made her sing it for recording on a 25c phonograph record. Bushel, who was Rudy Vallee's legal counsel, took the record to Vallee who hesitated—and right then and there Alice said 'goodbye' to her dancing and 'hello' to singing. In no time at all she was singing on the Connecticut Yankees radio program and knocking the dial twisters dead...

"Then," said Alice, giving her brother a rest, "the Yankees came to Hollywood to add their bit to the picture version of the Scandals and I came along with them just for the trip. All I had to do was to sing one song. You may remember that Oh, You Nasty Man number?"

We said we remembered something else, too, about that number, about the picture, and about the grand break she got. We remembered, we said, that Lillian Harvey, about the time the picture was hitting its production stride, up and took a walk-out powder on the show, upsetting shooting schedules, driving executives crazy. We remembered, we said, how someone... (Continued on page 53)
The Man Who Has Everything

He has everything from an ash-tray to a stuffed zebra and what is more, he has a use for every one of his many belongings

By WINIFRED AYDELOTTE

A certain door at Warner Brothers Studio is lettered “A. C. Wilson, Prop Department.” Step through it and you find yourself in the setting of the world’s most gigantic fairy tale, where anything you could wish for could be placed in your hand in a minute. It is presided over by The Man Who Knows Everything; the man, furthermore, who can rub Aladdin’s lamp as many times as he wishes, while a hundred genii jump to do his bidding.

A picture, they say, begins in the prop department. So Mr. Wilson must know the name, purpose, origin, size, shape, price and whereabouts of every possible prop a director might call for, and he can supply it at a moment’s notice. He knows all there is to know about architecture, furniture, fashions, interior decoration, art, vehicles, electricity, animals, and history, and his knowledge covers all periods up to the present—and a little beyond.

Once there was no such thing as a prop department in the picture business. Lamps, furniture, wagons, objects d’art... whatever was needed was rented or borrowed from private individuals and small renting companies. When Mr. Wilson started handling props for the picture, Main Street, a prop department came into being. He was it. He went around to all the second hand stores in Long Beach and Pasadena and bought all their old-fashioned furniture and what-nots for the “K e n i c o t” home. Those purchases formed the nucleus of what appears today to be the largest department store, junk shop, art store and merchandizing center in the world, larger than any metropolitan department store you ever saw.

The one object I can think of that is not in Wilson’s department is a whale; whaling, however, is represented by every prop necessary for a whaling picture. I tried to catch him, and asked for various things... a needle and No. 60 thread; a can of dog food; a set of false teeth; a stuffed bison’s head; a corse of orchids; a bow and arrow; an Eighteenth Century shoe buckle; a quart German beer stein (he wouldn’t fill it for me although on a shelf was a can of beer in case a director called for it); a first aid kit; an Indian head-dress; a copy of “The Blue Boy”; a spittoon... my imagination ran riot. Wilson rubbed his Aladdin’s lamp, meaning that he yelled for George or Alec or Jim, and a minute later the object was brought to me or I to it. I even asked for a rabbit’s foot. That was in what he calls the “Valuable Room,” which contains every choice bit you can think of from a $5,000 violin to a glass eye. I was allowed to look at—but not touch—a $25,000 crystal chandelier. Around the corner, I was momentarily horror-striken at coming face with a stuffed elk.

I walked miles through all the departments: artificial flowers, weapons, drapery, electric fixtures, new and “character” furniture, lamps, wagons and carriages of all kinds, art, bric-a-brac, household utensils, rugs... oh, just make a list of every known object in the world. There is also a department devoted to the names and addresses of all livestock needed for pictures. There is the mill department, in which are built and made all furniture and props that are not to be rented or bought.

One of Wilson’s most valuable genii is a man named Richardson. Richardson is a shopper who would make Doris Duke Cromwell look like a peanut buyer. Every morning he leaves the studio in his truck for Los Angeles. He makes an average of twenty purchases a day. He knows value and where to find it. He knows where to find the bedroom suite for a glass-front picture and the old bedstead for the home-stead picture; the parrot that can say “Kay Francis,” or a tire for a 1913 Maxwell. Richardson telephones Wilson every twenty minutes from wherever he happens to be to check on any new demands that must be filled immediately. For example, during the shooting of Jezabel, the director wanted a certain kind of watch fob worn by Southern gentlemen of New Orleans just prior to the Civil War. When Richardson telephoned, Wilson told him about it and dispatched a motorcycle boy to meet him at a certain corner in half an hour. Richardson knew where to get the fob—it’s his business to know—and in half an hour he handed it to the boy on the motorcycle, who promptly turned around and roared back to Warners. In exactly one hour the director had the fob on the set. That’s service!

Richardson has a tough job. Remember the day you went downtown to buy that mattress? It took you all m o r n i n g . Shopping is hard work. And the prop department is run on a budget as unyielding as yours. In one day Richardson bought a box of cigars, a bed, a tennis racket, a set of dishes, three rugs, one statue, a roulette wheel, a lamp, some vegetables, some chew me, a school blackboard, an elephant’s tusk, a pair of 1860 duelling pistols, a stew pan, a thermometer, a French grammar and some Mexican jumping beans.

Mr. Wilson receives thousands of letters, photographs and catalogues yearly from furniture companies and private individuals who have things to sell. The announcement of every new picture brings a flood of these letters and photographs. From all this mass of material he makes perhaps 75 purchases. He buys, he says, from intuition. “You can’t live year in and year out with all this,” waving his hand at the appallingly large and stuffed department, “without knowing its weaknesses. The letters from private persons invariably claim possession of...” (Continued on page 52)

HOLLYWOOD
When bewitching, red-headed Clara Bow, sparkling star of a hundred movies, "It" girl and flapper de luxe, came out of a four-year retirement a few months ago, moved back to Hollywood, and, with her husband, Rex Bell, entered into the cafe business, thousands believed she was angling for a movie "comeback."

Certainly, reasoned Hollywood wise- acres, returning to the screen was the natural thing for her to do. But that is where they were wrong.

Clara merely smiled, recalled old times and gave old friends a hand clasp that was sincere and strong, and let it go at that.

What Hollywood never dreamed of in its gay welcome, was that Clara Bow, instead of getting lonely in Rex Bell’s remote Nevada ranch-house, had fallen genuinely in love with a new life—with her home, and her plans for a family. Few in Hollywood ever gave the more serious side of Clara Bow a thought. She had been the outstanding example of the frivolous mad-cap flapper. Because she looked as young and gay as ever, it was taken for granted that she still was the fun-loving girl who had danced out of Hollywood over four years ago.

"The first few months after I moved up to the ranch and Rex and I began to build our home there I was dreadfully lonely. I did miss the studios and the hustle and bustle of the sets; I missed the autograph hunters and the crowds. You can’t just turn your back on a career and forget it in a moment. But I did find that being a wife and planning a home was quite the most wonderful job in the world.

"When the weeks turned into months and the duties of the ranch and of guiding the baby’s first steps came, I completely forgot I had ever been a movie actress, believe it or not, until a souvenir hunter came along.

"I found that we had almost as many ‘souvenir hunters’ up on the ranch as they have in Hollywood. In a studio and on personal appearances visitors frequently took handkerchiefs, props from the sets or other personal and studio property for souvenirs. Up on the ranch—and 600,000 acres is a lot of front yard to watch—we found there were ‘souvenir hunters’ who would drive up at night in trucks and take ten or twenty cattle at a time. In the old days they used to call them cattle rustlers. Today they call them something more explosive. The rustlers with the taking ways use ten ton trucks instead of ponies. We lost more than 200 cattle in one year to these souvenir hunters.

"I’ve been back in Hollywood a dozen times since the first baby was born but with no thought of going back into the studios again. When the opportunity to go into business in Hollywood presented itself, Rex and I decided to divide our time between the ranch and the city but I did not move back to California with any thought of making overtures for a new movie career; I came back to be closer to Dr. H. H. Blodgett, my physician, and better nursing facilities, knowing that our second baby was no longer just a dream."

Clara’s career as a wife and mother has been an expensive one. Since her retirement she has had three offers for long term contracts with major film companies ranging from $100,000 to $175,000 per picture, an offer of $150,000 plus a percentage for one picture, and two offers from independents which didn’t stipulate any set figures, being profit sharing arrangements, an English film contract also was suggested.

And there were other bids—offers for radio, for endorsement of various products, for personal appearances, and for Broadway shows.

One Broadway producer offered the "It" girl $12,500 a week straight salary for a run-of-the-play contract. Another offered $11,500. Then there was an offer of $20,000 a week for a personal appearance tour of ten weeks, another at $12,500 and another for an American and European tour assuring a net salary (taxes and expenses to be paid by the sponsor) of $10,000 a week for the term of the tour. The answer was always politely but definitely "No!"

"Later—a year from now, maybe," Clara told them all, "But for some time to come I want to concentrate on being a mother." And she meant it, went back to her Hollywood hillside home, took baby Rex and his wooden horse [Continued on page 44]
Landscapes on Wheels

Ready made forests, perambulating gardens, and touring orchards are ordinary sights in Hollywood

By Edward Churchill

As Joyce Kilmer wrote, only God can take a tree. But Hollywood, with ever greater enthusiasm, is moving several hundred thousands of dollars worth of them each year—the next best thing to making them. The trees you see in your motion pictures these days are, for a change, real, live trees. Because you demand realism. But it doesn’t stop there. Stars, famous over night or in six months, want to feel that they’ve been that way permanently. A couple of days later a 200-year old oak and a 50-year old olive tree grace the front lawn and everybody’s happy.

Or, consider Edward Everett Horton, who is a regular patron of a “tree farm” on West Pico Boulevard.

Horton, purchaser of a bare knob of eight acres in San Fernando valley, has imported trees along with his antiques to the extent of fifty or sixty, and today his estate looks as if it had been there since his Grandpa Orr came to this country in 1840. He has ten acres more, now, and Bob Hamsher, who transports and sells more trees than any other man in the world, is very happy.

Hamsher’s trees cause trouble. In fact, not long ago, Claudette Colbert and Horton met at a dinner party and there was considerable confusion for a while. Claudette accused Eddie of buying all Hamsher’s trees, leaving her nothing but a few small ones to pick from. Only one tree so far has Eddie stumped. It’s an Atlantic cedar in a nine-foot box, weighs about 35 tons and Hamsher wants $1,250.

“I’m going to buy that tree yet,” Horton says, every time he comes in—which means that sooner or later he will.

The truth is that the stars love trees. When you drive by an estate or a home owned by a player in Southern California, you’re probably mystified to see a huge cedar, an orange tree with fruit on it, or some rare and exotic palm holding down the front lawn. Particularly when the house behind the tree looks only about six months old. The stars go shopping for these trees.

Hamsher paints a picture of Joel McCrea coming into his “tree farm” in battered cowboy hat, soiled trousers and shirt open at the throat, to buy a pepper. Joel has a 1,000 acre cattle ranch.

“I’ve got to get some shade for the cows down on the south end,” Joel says, pulling himself out of the car. “They’re getting too much sun by the well.”

Joel and Hamsher go into a huddle, and two or three trees are selected. Hamsher employs seventy-five men, has one hundred pieces of equipment. The trees, weighing from 10 to 35 tons, are loaded onto a truck and trailer and off they go to the ranch. Boxes bigger than 9-feet can’t be transported. They’ll weigh more than 50,000 pounds, have a spread of more than 40 feet, and will be more than 50 feet tall. Moving the house to the tree would be a lot easier, Hamsher says.

Will Rogers used to be a steady customer, mostly for large vines. Hamsher remembers his visits. Rogers came in first in a dumpy model-T Ford to get his vines. His estate is covered with every variety today as the result of his shopping in this strange place where there is a man-made forest in boxes, and a tree is apt to go scooting down the highway at any minute. Rogers, after making his selections, always said: “Now I’ll have to ask maw.”

“My maw” was Mrs. Rogers, and he always asked before he returned and made the final purchase.

Even as rare and spectacular trees grow at the McCrea ranch, the Colbert home, the Horton estate, and many other places, so do they thrive at Gary Cooper’s new home in Brentwood Heights. Gary languidly drops in for a tree or two every now and then and his modified Bermuda home in Brentwood is surrounded by thousands of dollars worth of the finest specimens that can be found.

Hamsher can’t remember the names of all the stars who have bought his ambulant products since his start in the business ten years ago. One of the earliest of his customers was Ann Harding, who got eight or nine trees for her guarded estate in the hills. California hills are notably barren of large trees—Beverly Hills was once a sage-brush place akin to a desert—and it’s not hard to see why they’re in demand. Myrna Loy and Arthur Hornblow, Jr., the producer, have eight or nine trees on their estate in Hidden Valley, above Beverly Hills. These bring with them a big truck and loaded to their property on inclined slides. Al Jolson, Richard Dix, and many others have bought trees valued as high as $1,500 apiece.

This is a far cry from the early days, when Charles Ray electrified Hollywood and the Paul J. Howard Horticultural Establishment by investing $30,000 in landscaping.

Currently, the prize for a large assortment doesn’t go to Horton, Hollywood’s consistent Number One tree buyer, but to Jack Warner, the producer. The Warner estate, which will outdo every other motion picture property in Southern California, now boasts about 50 transplantations.

Trees are not only gracing motion picture estates, and thus confounding the sightseer who heard the places had just been built, but they are larger, more and more important on motion picture sets. In the old days—five years ago, let us say—trees brought onto inside sets were cut down, sawed apart, and then bolted together for picture work. The drawback to this was that the sets might be used for thirty days or so and, during that time, the leaves of the trees would show up shopworn on the film which finally reached the screen. Undoubtedly you have seen backgrounds which would have made better kindling wood.

The Zoo In Budapest, for instance, a bunch of youngsters dived from a huge
"assembled" tree into an artificial pond. The tree’s foliage had to be renewed every other day. This got to be very expensive.

The result is live trees. Remember that beautiful shot of Jeanette MacDonald beneath the tree in Blossom Time, and how very real it seemed to you? That tree was a Hamsher tree in a nine-foot box. Weighing about 35,000 pounds, it was the biggest tree ever moved into a motion picture set. It had a spread of forty feet.

There was then that old tree with the gnarled trunk used in Lost Horizon. The limbs grew out oddly and grotesquely, and that answered Frank Capra’s demand for a weird thing to fit the mood of the production. Hamsher spent three weeks looking for the tree, finally found a Brazilian pepper in a back yard in Inglewood, a Los Angeles suburb. He bought the tree, transported it to the Columbia ranch 25 miles away, planted it with cedar trees in the courtyard there. So much for realism for you.

Another Brazilian pepper was used in the Louisiana scenes in Paramount’s Valiant Is The Word for Carrie. This tree was transported to the Paramount ranch, and Jackie Moran swung from it during his visits to Gladys George, if you recall.

That was a permanent, live and beautiful tree you saw in the “Colonial house” setting in Mr. Deeds Goes To Town, with Gary Cooper. Recall the house he inherited? The desert courtyard which Twentieth Century-Fox used for Under Two Flags, with Colman and Claudette Colbert, was the real thing. Brazilian peppers, palms and olive trees all were moved in to give the scene the realism which it finally had.

“Some great has become the demand for realism in pictures and for old trees to grace new estates,” Hamsher says, “that I have one man who is a ‘tree scout’. He works just like a baseball or football scout. He goes around the countryside, spotting healthy specimens, trying to buy them up. Whenever we find such trees, we box them, bring them to our ‘forest’ on West Pico Boulevard.

“As we are finding fewer and fewer available trees, we are planting our own groves and transplanting reasonably small trees into them. I have ten acres in San Fernando valley, and soon expect to have more.”

So now maybe when you see such pictures as Romeo and Juliet, with sets in which real trees grow, or you visit California and see the new homes of stars graced with forty-foot olive, palm, oak cedar, and pine trees, you’ll know that you’re not dreaming—and that one more strange business has grown up in this equally strange place called Hollywood.

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WHEN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION AUGUST HOLLYWOOD

39
The sight mightily intrigued the royal couple, her eyes shining with delight at the proper signal turned their faces heavenward and broke into beatific song.

I was having a root beer with the Princesse de Lamballe, Marie Antoinette's closest friend (Anita Louise), in turquoise with mountainous plumes to match—when the nobility began to dash back to the stage for another go at the wedding. Norma and Morley had been sent for, but their stands still knelt before the altar, looking as if they were about to leave if all is not well.

To "Skats" Wyrick, ex-football star at UCLA, and stand-in for the Dauphin, somebody had sympathetically handed a cigar and "Skats" was carefully keeping the ashes away from his blue velvet coat.

The Cardinal, in crimson robe, delicate lace and little round cap, sat fast asleep on a stool. Tyrone Power, the romantic "Count Fersen" of the picture, the young Swedish aristocrat whom Marie Antoinette loved, came suddenly through a doorway talking to Norma Shearer.

Tyrone, who had no part in this marriage scene, wore modern brown tweeds and probably couldn't realize how odd he looked next to a lady in a gown like a white balloon and a coiffure like piled-up sausages.

"Ready, baby?" inquired Director Van Dyck. He was speaking to Norma Shearer; and the first time he called her "baby" and "kid" everybody looked as horrified as if he were addressing Marie Antoinette herself. Everybody, that is, but Norma. She didn't mind at all.

Indeed, to this first picture she has made since the death of her husband, Irving Thalberg, (it is also the first picture in which Van Dyck has directed her), Norma brought her own brand of courage; the kind of courage that can smile. She left her private grief outside the sound stage door and, the moment she crossed the threshold—despite the sharp memories that must have tormented her—she became Norma Shearer the actress and the gracious friend. Almost the last time I had seen her was during a sequence of Romeo and Juliet when Irving Thalberg looked on so proudly as she danced in the great banquet hall of the Capulets.

"Ready!" she smiled now at Van Dyck and took her place, before the chapel altar.

In accents like cream and Chinese gongs Nigel de Brullier as the Cardinal read the rolling Latin of the marriage service. "Okay," called Van Dyck. "But it is Greek to me! Can we have it in English?"

Everybody knew it in English. Scurry, scurry. Find a translator. Find a type-writer. Tap out the Latin lines in English and hand 'em quick to the Cardinal. Boy, will that pair NEVER get married?

Two wardrobe assistants brought a low stool for Marie Antoinette (the French court had once once en masse to the floor) and arranged her wedding gown with its garlands of shirred ribbon so it wouldn't crumple.

Marie was fond of ornate clothes. In this picture, the action of which covers twenty years, Norma wears 34 costumes, each over 52 pounds in weight, not to mention 18 wigs.

Each dress was draped over a steel hoop which in turn was fastened to a foundation so adjusted that the weight hung from the shoulders. The hoop had a petticoat under it, a second flrolled petticcoat fastened to it, and a much more flrounded petticoat over it... although the ladies of the real French court are said to have worn no lingerie whatever, sst, sst. Marie Norma and the other Misses, like the others, had metal framework of considerable weight to keep them in shape. When the real Marie Antoinette held formal court, she wore a coiffure so lofty that a page had to follow behind with a wooden prop to hold it in place till she was settled in the chair.

"Which only prove," commented Norma, "that a woman can get used to any kind of clothes!"

Incidentally, it took a lady of the French court, in this most extravagant epoch woman's dress has ever seen, a good five hours to climb into her formal apparel, including the coiffure. Thanks to talon fasteners for clothes and whatnots to hold wigs in place, an M-G-M lady of the French court could leap into her formal attire in five minutes.

Van Dyck summoned the principals once more to their wedding. The high, sweet chant of those impish choir boys arose. The English translation had come. Having left Marie and Louis were not wed in English. And then, for good measure, in Latin again.

Thoroughly married, they proceeded in the cockeyed but (believe it or not) efficient Hollywood manner to do the scene before the one just completed. That is to say, they next did the wedding procession which comes before the marriage. Two wardrobe women carried Norma's train as she disappeared beyond the entrance archway of the chapel. Organ music burst forth in a joyous strain. Slowly through the archway passed the bridal party, a tossing crest of pastel plumes, a following surf of brocade and velvet topped by a foam of white wigs with here and there a flash of jewelled sword hilt or of coronet.

The bride... if Norma thought at the moment of her own wedding day, or of how she and her husband together had planned this very picture for her there was no sign on that calm, faintly smiling face. She moved forward, the veil frosted with silver falling about her...
like a spent wave. And thus, cinematically, the 15-year-old Austrian Archduchess and the 18-year-old Dauphin who liked his blacksmith shop better than his palace, began what proved to be their march toward the guillotine. But that was twenty years ahead of them.

In the meantime, several days before the wedding scene was shot, they had filmed the sequence in which the royal couple's first child was born. Norma startled her own doctor who for some time had been eager to watch a movie in process of production. "Come right over to the studio," Norma telephoned him hurriedly one noon, 'I'm going to have a baby. About two o'clock, they think. I mean—" He came right over.

And shortly after the birth of her child, Marie Antoinette—thanks to what can be done on celluloid—was dancing the minuet. One of the most dramatic as well as most magnificent minuets ever screened.

For it, the ballroom at the palace of Versailles had been reproduced from dear knows how many photographs and sketches. Big enough to hold French royalty and a large slice of French history, the real ballroom wasn't colossal enough for Hollywood and camera angles. Hence, the one built on the M-G-M sound stage is 250 feet long and, 125 feet wide, about twice the width of the original.

They reproduced the grand staircase exactly; the crystal chandeliers like pyramids of ice; the marble pillars, brownish pink, with their gold encrustations; the famous ceiling in panels of rose, green and gold, its nude figures symbolizing whatever they symbolize. Filled with a rhythmic pattern of dancers that swept through the deliberate figures of the minuet, the room presented a spectacle so glowing and varied that the real French court could hardly have excelled it.

That dance was given, at the insistence of Louis Fifteenth, to end a feud between Marie Antoinette and Louis Fifteenth's girl-friend—Madame du Barry. Marie Antoinette had at length consented to "recognize" the du Barry socially by speaking to her in public instead of salling past with nose in air. The music would stop, Marie Antoinette would edge over toward du Barry, and—say something. "What weather, Madame!" is the remark which history says Marie made.

The Duc d'Orleans was looking almost with apprehension at Marie Antoinette; the Duc—or, rather, Joseph Schildkrout—hadn't known how to dance till this picture when he took special lessons. First off, his rapiers caught in Marie Antoinette's feathered gown while they practiced and the hoops flew up, the feathers whirled to her shoulders. "Clodhopper!" Van Dyck called him after that, ribbing him unmercifully, telling people they had to follow him around the dance floor with needle and thread.

"Louis Sixteenth lived to be 38 years old, and he had 26 baths in his whole life," remarked George Richelavie pensively at my elbow. Richelavie, the technical advisor, knew everything about everything. "They were great events, those baths. He noted them in his diary."

In and out hurried a busy figure with dark, bobbed hair; the navy blue dress very utilitarian by contrast. Albertina Rasch, who from 600 applicants selected 84 couples and taught them the minuet in two days.

"Only 64 couples dance, but there are more than 500 people in this scene—" Richelavie began. He was interrupted by the measured beat of the minuet sounding for a rehearsal. Stately bows and curtsies; hands daintily uplifted, palm outward; the pretty and delicious artificiality of the gentry of the age. No Benny Goodman. No—my gosh!—big apple.

"All right!" Van Dyck called through the loud speaker, 'now for the real thing. Camera! And you, Schildkrout, keep your big feet off Shearer's dress." He spoke to the Queen of France. "Ready, baby?"

"Ready," said Norma. With grace the company advanced, retreated, glittered.... C'est la vie, hein? While it lasted.
When Nervousness Makes You Perspire

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**Bathing for Beauty**

Summer can be tolerable if your beauty baths are properly planned

By ANN VERNON

- Dog days mean just one thing to me.
  - Stacks of letters from readers who want to keep as cool as an ice cube. Now that hot weather is here again, you may be interested in my advice on the subject.

Q. No matter how much I bathe, come summer, I'm never cool and fresh. What's wrong with my methods?

A. Most people think that cold baths and showers are cooling. Not so. The cold water shocks the system, sets the blood running faster, makes you warmer than before you bathed. The trick is to take a luke-warm shower or tub, cleanse yourself thoroughly with a quick lathering, dirt chasing soap, rinse well in fresh water, then pat yourself dry. If you rub yourself, you'll stimulate the circulation.

I can recommend a pure white toilet soap, cherished by movie stars, that answers all qualifications of a good skin cleanser. The rich lather (quickly produced even in luke-warm water) sets about its work immediately, and the fact that excess moisture and air is "milled" out makes one of the oblong cakes last and last. I like the delicate bouquet scent so much that I keep my supply of soap in with my undies. A few cents buys the soap in its dainty cross-stitch sampler wrapping.

Q. Summer evenings find me looking limp and feeling that way. What can I do to correct this, so I'll enjoy going out?

A. Run a tub full of luke-warm water, throw in a handful of snowy starch crystals, watch the water turn milky. Then make a mask of the same product (mix it with milk) and spread it over your jaded puss. Then climb in the tub and let this luxury bath relax your body while the mask tones up your face. When you emerge from tub and mask, your skin will be soft as fine linen, and you'll feel—and look—ready for anything! A large blue and white box of the corn product costs only ten cents at your grocery.

Q. I've been hearing so much about perfumed baths—but I like showers. Is there any way of spicing them up a bit?

A. Yes, indeed! Have you tried scrubbing yourself thoroughly with a shower brush? That'll give you a tingling new slant on showering. Or try the new smooth-as-silk powder that you dash over
your skin before stepping into the shower. It dissolves as the water hits you, and rinses away to leave you a brand new "body complexion," satin smooth. What's more, you'll step from your shower smelling like an old fashioned garden full of heliotrope or lily, honeysuckle or pink clover. A dollar buys it. Want the name? Q. I feel cool and fresh as lettuce after my morning shower, but the feeling vanishes after I reach the office. How can I keep that morning freshness till I pop into the tub at night? A. Have you tried pouring a few drops of cologne into your morning tub, to make it that much more cooling? Another nifty idea is to slap it all over yourself after your bath—a small square of cotton saturated with your favorite cologne will do the trick nicely. That will help you prolong the cooling effects of your bath.

One of my favorite colognes, and one that is priced just right for most pocket-books (50 cents, 90 cents, $1.50) comes in vertical ribbed bottles that handle easily, won't slip out of the soapiest hands. You'll like the springlike scent—it'll cool you off the most torrid of days—and the green and lavender floral decor of the bottles.

Be sure, too, that your morning self is really fresh. Hot weather is no time to slip up on perspiration control (as though you would at any time!). There's a white cream that does a slick job of taking the odor out of perspiration. It's easy and harmless to use—half a minute (right after shaving if you wish) is all you'll need to rub it into the skin thoroughly. The small ten cent size of the white jar, with its leaf-wreathed screw cap, is easy to carry in the purse, to the office, for reapplication when you want to be surer than sure. The larger (35 and 60 cents) ones belong in your bathroom. Want the name? Q. Even though I rub myself down thoroughly after my bath, I still wage a tug of war with my girdle—and that makes me warmer than ever. What to do?

A. Pat, don't rub, yourself thoroughly dry. Then dust over yourself a fine, fragrant powder. I'll be glad to send you the name of an alluringly scented talcum powder which will keep your body cool and comfortable all day long, make your girdle slip on quick as a flash. You can use the shaker can liberally, lavishly, because the powder sells at the surprisingly low price of 25 and 75 cents.

Q. My husband objects to a cream-covered face, but my skin looks like an old shoe when I slip up on the creams. I work during the day, so that's out. When shall I lubricate my face?

A. Why not apply your lubricating cream just before your bath, leave it on while you soak. The warm air of the bathroom will relax your pores, help the softening oils penetrate further and faster, do a better job in less time. There's a fluffy white all-purpose cream that lubricates while it cleanses, leaves your skin soft and smooth so that make-up clings perfectly. The rose capped white jars come in 10, 20, 55 and 83 cent and $1.38 sizes—the largest contains enough to last you for five or six weeks, depending on how often you "teaspoon" out the cream.

Q. In summer you can almost see the hair grow on my legs. Is there anything I can do to control this?

A. Naturally hair grows faster in summer, when the warmth and the sun stimulate it. You'll just have to make up your mind to use a hair remover oftener then. For week-end trips, why not tuck into your suit case a convenient hair removing mitt? You rotate this, for about three minutes, over your shaggy surfaces. (For best results, be sure that your skin is completely dry.) It will leave your arms and legs as smooth as a baby's.

Do you know how to keep cool and sweet and desirable in hot weather. If not, write to Ann Vernon about your special beauty problems today! She will be glad to send you the names of the products described here. Just send a stamped, self-addressed envelope with your letter (U. S. postage, please) to Ann Vernon, HOLLYWOOD, 1501 Broadway, New York City.
Catching Up With Clara Bow

(Continued from page 37)

and his fluffy little pooch and went out for a walk, pending Papa Rex's arrival from the ranch, for dinner.

Few film stars have ever known the fame and adoration that Clara Bow has enjoyed. There was a time when her fan mail averaged more than 37,000 letters a month. Even today—four years after the release of her second Fox picture, Hoorap (which she didn't like and which fans didn't care so much for either) Clara's fan mail totals several hundred letters a month and she tries to answer them all.

"Children were the one thing interviewers never discussed with me in the old days. But you could have written this story ten years ago. I felt the same way about children and marriage then. I'll always feel that way. I had to work darned hard to keep on top when I was in pictures but the hard work proved worth while. When I was ready for marriage and a family I was able to concentrate on them, and not divide my time.

The Mystery That Haunted Herbert

(Continued from page 19)

friends to drink that odorous water gushing out of the earth!

The fly in the ointment, the mote in the eye, the pain in the neck, came along all too quickly. A couple of days after the Herbets had settled down and were thinking about a house-warming, Hugh was out on the back porch— gulping great breaths of invigorating ozone—when his discerning eye caught a break in the fence marking the dividing line between his acres and those belonging to his pleasant neighbors.

Kindly Hugh, who makes a habit of taking home stray cats and dogs and telling folks to save other people's jobs, the big brother and father—confessor to half of Hollywood, felt a twinge of annoyance. The trespasser had evidently used a baby truck to make the break. The intruder, he thought to himself, might at least have used the gate. And then he would have been made welcome in the regular Herbert manner.

But in a moment or two, Hugh dismissed the whole matter, finding half a dozen excuses for whoever caused the damage. He ordered the fence mended and promptly forgot about it.

Two mornings later, by the calender, his eyes fell on the half dollar which had fallen out of their pockets with surprise. There was another gapping hole in the self-same spot in the fence.

"There was a hole there two days ago, and it was fixed. I'm sure it was fixed," he lamented to his wife. "I saw it fixed myself, and there was no hole there yesterday. So somebody made a hole since then."

Something was definitely wrong, not to say mysterious. If there are breaks in a fence with appalling regularity, a little sleuthing was in order.

Now, while Hugh isn't a Sherlock Holmes, he can very modestly claim some practice in the art of deduction. In his long and honored experience as an actor, he had presented to the world critically acclaimed interpretations of those wily gentlemen who instantly link a sudden corpse with a murder. He would lie in wait for the vandal and collar him in the deed.

However, his plans for the nonce, were set aside. The production to which Hugh was contributing his priceless humor was scheduled to go on location, and Hugh was forced to be absent from his field of operations.

When he returned, he discovered that the fence had been mended half a dozen times. "What's more," Mrs. Herbert explained, "I finally had to give up. What's the use of repairing it? It's broken the next morning. I think this is a matter for the police."

There was another situation which made Hugh's cup of tribulation overflow. He looked at his cows. They were thin—actually skinny. His neighbor's cows, grazing contentedly in the adjoining pasture, were sleek and shiny and fat. He compared notes with their owner. Evidently both sets of cows were eating the same alfalfa which came from the same feed stores.

If anything, the Herbert cows were a little more greedy. Their feed bills were higher.

"There isn't a juicy steak between you," he told Ethelreda and Ethelinda, the two cows, and he added a spiritless "Woo-woo!"

Alas, and alack Hugh Herbert bought a ranch to get away from it all, and instead he had walked right into a hornet's nest of perplexities and problems.
Broken fences! Mysterious intruders. Cows who were eating him out of house and home, but were getting thinner by the minute! It just wasn't fair that the cows across the fence looked so self-satisfied, while his own moo-ed mournfully. It didn't occur to him at the moment that the fat cows and the broken fence had any relationship to each other.

He began his sleuthing in earnest.
Long before the Hollywood Hills were out of their nightcaps of darkness, he was cautiously opening the back door. He avoided stepping on the third plank of the porch, because it always squeaked at the wrong time, and then Hugh melted into the darkness still surrounding the tall fence.

The birds were caroling the approach of a new day, but Hugh's ears were tuned to another sound, as of a heavy body moving through the tall grass.

He strained his eyes to see into the still pervading gloom of early morning, and his eyes saw what his senses refused to believe. Three bulky shapes in single file, like elephants on parade, were moving with assurance towards the break in the fence. As they went through the gap, they knocked down another plank or two.

Could these be the marauders? Hugh followed them at a discreet distance. The cows seemed to know where they were going. And they weren't wasting any time getting there by stopping for a mouthful or two of luscious grass on the way!

It seemed incredible, but it was true. They were heading straight for the pool of evil-smelling spring water—the water Hugh scrupulously avoided permitting his cows to drink!

The three cows drank long and deeply and with seeming relish, and then with a swish of their tails and a frisk of their heels they went loping across the pasture, through the broken fence and into their own bailiwick.

Hugh could hardly wait for the next twenty-four hours to pass. He was unwittingly silent on the set that day. The long stories with which he delights his co-workers weren't forthcoming. Everyone on the set was solicitous. It was evident that something was bothering Mr. Herbert. But Hugh kept his own counsel. Two and two made four in any man's arithmetic and he was going to double-check. He wanted to see those cows drink that water just once more.

He did! Bright and early the cows came through the fence gap, drank at the pool, swished their tails and kicked their heels and went home.

Promptly after breakfast, he filled a gallon jug with his very own spring water. He drove into town to a chemist and asked that a test be made. In a very few hours he had the report. "Mr. Herbert," the chemist said to him, "you've got a gold-mine. This is a very rare water. In only a few places in the world are such health-giving springs found."

"Would it make cows fat?" Mr. Herbert inquired, with only one thought in mind. "Not only cows, but it's awfully good for people."

Hugh delayed no longer. He drove home as fast as the traffic cops would let him, and went directly to where his cows were grazing.

He coaxed them over to the spring. He expounded its virtues. He hoped they'd take a lap or two and find the water to their liking.

They evidently got the idea, for today Hugh's cows are nice and fat, and in gratitude to the neighbor's cows, that fence has never been repaired. They can come and go their familiar way at will.

But not only Hugh's cows, but his friends too, are now hale and hearty. Let one of them complain of a pain or an ache, and the next hour Hugh's messenger is delivering gallons of the water to the companion, with the terse injunction "Drink Yourself to Health." There's a sanitarium idea playfully tugging at his fancy. If the Herbert Ranch should become the Herbert Sanitarium, that all-gone feeling in Hollywood's ranks will be a thing of the past. They'll all be tensing enormous muscles and turning handsprings and radiating charm at the brim of the spring—in testimony of its magic power.

Lovely Patricia Ellis protects the freshness that first won her a successful screen test. She's 5 feet 5; weighs 115; loves to swim and ride horseback. (See her in Republic's "Romance on the Run".)

Freshness wins fans for young star...and Old Gold

Stars have risen, gleamed brilliantly for a time—and faded out of popular sight. Why? Their talent was no less. Their looks were not lost. Yet something was lacking; something that makes the difference between greatness and mediocrity. Freshness. In a star or a cigarette, freshness gives you an extra thrill that no other quality provides!

Old Gold spends a fortune to bring you the flavor-thrill of prize crop tobaccos at the peak of appealing freshness; each pack protected against dampness, dryness, dust, by two jackets of moisture-proof Cellophane—double assurance of the utmost pleasure and satisfaction a cigarette can give.

Try a pack of Double-Mellow Old Golds! Discover what real freshness meant—in richer flavor, smoother throat-ease!

Tune in on Old Gold's Hollywood Screen Scoops, Tuesday and Thursday nights. Columbia Network, Coast-to-Coast.

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

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When Answering Advertisements Please Mention AUGUST HOLLYWOOD
**Movie Crossword**

![Crossword Puzzle](image)

**Across**
1. Blonde in *College Swing.*
2. Her actor husband.
3. It furnished musical accompaniment for many silent films.
4. Barbara Stanwyck and Herbert Marshall starred in *Breakfast* for —.
5. Bill Corgan's brother.
6. What Taylor did as track star in *A Year in Oxford*.
7. Annabella's native land (abbr.).
8. Initials of Claudette's screen father in *Birth of a Eighth Wife*.
9. Sheriff in *Wide Open Faces*.
10. Actors stop working at this command.
11. Elster of Barry brothers.
12. Short for Mr. Howard, English actor.
13. The *Adventures of Marco*.
15. Tap dancer in *Start Singing*.
16. First name of one who portrayed the reporter in *Making the Headlines*.
17. Sally Elters' screen father in *Danger Patrol*.
18. Maureen O'Sullivan's native land (abbr.).
19. First name of star of *Code of the Range*.
20. Measure of film (pl.).
21. Movie player in *In Old Chicago*.
22. Comedian in *Reckless Living*.
23. Oliver Hardy is — and funny.
25. Greta Nissen's native land (abbr.).
26. Miss Rutherford's initials.
27. The Girl — Young.
28. Initials of a star of *The Joy of Living*.
29. Toke Romance.
30. Shirley Temple was born in —. (Monica, California).
31. High card in gambling scenes.
32. Pot in *The Cowboy from Brooklyn*.
33. Gene Raymond and Olumpy Brada star in *Heaven*.

**Down**
1. English actor in *Four Men and a Prayer*.
2. The Three Mesquites starred in *Wild Horse*.
3. Notice telling what is playing at your favorite theater (abbr.).
4. Initials of Virgil O'Keefe's co-star in *Divorce of Lady X*.
5. He had the title role in *Adventures of Robin Hood*.
6. This is as famous in Chaplin films as his derby (pl.).
7. Love — Toast.
8. Miss Tolbin's initials.
10. His first name is Barry.
11. First name of Miss Page, seen in *Crime School* (poss.).
12. Mrs. Oscar Nelson.
14. Change of —.
15. Claudette Colbert's native city.
16. Paroled to —.
17. High is a musical film.
18. This is My —.
20. Remember Olive —?
21. First name of Mr. Foxx.
22. Nick Shane in *There's Always a Woman*.
23. Famous screen sirens (poss.).
25. Laura — Plante.
27. *Blondes — Work*.
28. His last name is St. John.

(Solution on page 56)

Accept No Substitutes! Always Insist on the Advertised Brand!
In other words, Ed Wynn of Yuma, Arizona, is the boy who ties the knots when Hollywood couples flee to the desert to become man and wife.

2 Jane Withers is probably the only child in the world whose name may be included in the board of directorship of a business organization with voting power equal to that of a membership including bankers, railroad magnates, university presidents, merchants princes, public and church dignitaries. The unique distinction has been accorded Jane by the California Zoological Society because of her love for animals, because she was the first to contribute funds during the recent near-starvation plea for money, and because she made several constructive suggestions regarding the welfare of the zoo inmates. Jane will sit on board meetings with Allan C. Balch, millionaire philanthropist and a director of the California Institute of Technology; D. W. Pontius, Chairman of the Board of Directors of the P. E. Railways; Joseph Scott, noted attorney; Irving Helman, banker; Tom May, president of one of Los Angeles’ largest department stores; Bishop W. Betram Stevens; Archbishop John J. Cantwell; Rufus B. von Kleinmold, president of U. S. C; and many others.

Olivia de Havilland

in

"The Adventures of Robin Hood"

A Warner Bros. Production

ANNOUNCING! Max Factor’s

for dry, oily and normal skins...55¢

POWDER

The perfect color harmony shades of Max Factor’s Face Powder actually enliven the beauty of your skin. Soft in texture, it imparts a clinging satin-smooth make-up...$1.

ROUGE

It’s so important to have the right shade of rouge, and that is why Max Factor created life-like colors for each type. You’ll be amazed how lovely your color harmony shade will look...50¢.

LIPSTICK

Hollywood knows Max Factor’s Lipstick will withstand every test. Try it once...and you will never use any other. Moisture- proof, smudge- proof...the color lasts for hours. Original color harmony shades...$1.

With the notification of her membership came a note explaining she will be expected to ignore the usual admonition that ‘children should be seen and not heard.’ She promptly agreed to attend all meetings.

Eddie Collins, former burlesque star who was Walt Disney’s inspiration of ‘Dopey’, and now under contract to 20th Century-Fox was so embarrassed he couldn’t utter a word when he found that the ‘distinguished guest’ the M. C. was introducing at ‘The Drunkard’ was himself. Collins was busy craning his neck to see if Clark Gable or Robert Taylor was in the audience when the M. C. finally called his name.

Because Loretta Young provides them with coffee and doughnuts daily on the set of Swez, the crew presented her with a silver coffee service. Incidentally, Alan Dwan, director of Loretta’s latest picture, recently celebrated 30 years of directing films. Asked how many pictures he’d directed Dwan began to calculate. He began with the old American Film Company, directed 3 Flying A pictures a week for five years which would total more than 600 right there. Then he did one or two a week for the next three years. He recalls that stars of the Flying A pictures were J. Warren Kerrigan and Wallace Reid, while his very slim and youthful juvenile was the now rotund Eugene Pallette.

“Give new charm to your beauty with Color Harmony Make-Up”

You’ll be amazed at what wonderful things correct make-up colors will do for your beauty...how much more attractive you will appear.

Blonde or brunette...brownette or redhead...there is a color harmony in Max Factor’s powder, rouge, lipstick, originally created for screen star types, that will be flattering for you. Try it today...share this make-up secret of Hollywood’s stars. Note coupon for special make-up test.

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When Answering Advertisements Please Mention August HOLLYWOOD 47
Most Endearing of All Those Young Charms

Beautiful Eyes

Yours Quickly, Easily

Truly, it's a shame for any woman to let pale, scraggly lashes spoil this most endearing of all our charms!

This need not be true of your eyes, however, if you will simply brush a bit of Maybelline Mascara upward on your lashes. Then—see what a long, silky, sweeping fringe of lashes is yours—and how naturally dark and luxuriant lashes appear! Harmless, tear-proof, non-smarting, Match your Maybelline Mascara with the smooth-marking Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil and creamy Maybelline Eye Shadow. Apply Maybelline Special Eye Cream nightly to help guard against those premature age-lines around your eyes.

Liberal introductory sizes at 10c stores. For eye makeup in good taste—insist on Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids.

Why Joan Fontaine Left Home

(Continued from page 27)

She developed a will-power which defied illness and inactivity to make her unhappy.

Instead of the normal life every child has—parties and movies and school and out-of-doors games—she substituted a life of her own making.

As she grew older, her companionship was with adults who were gentle and kind to the delicate child. The old ladies in the neighborhood told her stories of their own childhood, in which pioneers and Indians and cowboys moved in stately procession. The child came to think that courage was after all, the only important quality to possess.

Joan had a lot of time to think. Long hours, immovable in her bed. Time to dream, to work things out for herself.

Her body had limitations. Her mind—none!

Today, Joan's interests are those of a mature person. She is beyond the egotistical attitude of girls whose calendar years are no greater than hers.

As we sat across the luncheon table, I looked at this girl with her ingenuous, forthright eyes, her pixie face, her sunny hair which caught the sun from the open window in such a manner as to leave no doubt that her blueness is nature-endowed.

Her flowered gown, which she was wearing for scenes in Ground Crew, had an old-fashioned mood. The quaint skirt was three-tiered like a wedding cake.

Outwardly, she was the essence of dependence, of the kind of a girl who required protection and sought it; who must be kept in cotton wool to shield her from the harsh realities of the world. In contrast to her appearance, was her honest and frank attitude toward the independence, a career-woman finds essential.

"It's so difficult to make people understand that loneliness is essential to some people," she pointed out.

"For me, living alone is imperative. I find rest and peace and a renewal of my energies when I'm away from crowds. After all, if we are honest with ourselves, there is nothing others can do to lessen that sense of loneliness which is deep within all of us.

"At crucial moments in our lives we are all, always alone. No one—no matter how dear they are to you—can really help.

"I like being independent. I like the sense that I am free. When I was fifteen, I was sent to Tokyo to school, for a term. When school closed I traveled all through Japan and crossed the Pacific Ocean to San Francisco without a companion. I had a beautiful time, and wasn't a bit lonely or afraid. Nothing happened to me. My mother didn't know I was even leaving Japan until I telephoned her that I had arrived in this country."

Almost Garboesque in her need for seclusion, she defines her leisure hours by reading, by an occasional game of bridge, with one of her rare callers. Her idea of a perfect Sunday is to spend it in the kitchen cooking an impressive dinner, or learning how to prepare a new dish.

Loneliness and freedom—under its influence she expands, grows emotionally, digests the things she has read, the things she has seen, or thought or discussed. What Joan Fontaine is really doing is storing up emotional and mental reserves for the requirements of her career. Society intercedes here. She isn't one of the dancing mob at Hollywood night spots. She admits that she possesses one evening gown, and aside from an occasional concert or attendance at a play, she goes nowhere.

"Right now," she points out, "I have a career to consider. I have an infinite number of things to learn; I have many qualities to acquire before I can consider myself an actress."

"I have to make certain sacrifices to my ambition. I have to be independent—live alone—so that I can see things clearly in my own way."

"I don't dare depend on others for what they can give me emotionally—a sense of comfort, a sense of security—because I believe too much dependence, too much need of others weakens your fiber and your courage."

Joan, in her living alone, in governing her own destiny, will undoubtedly show in her progress as the months go by. There have been dozens of cases in Hollywood of promising young actresses who didn't get anywhere because mentally and emotionally they have been too dependent on their families.

Those girls didn't have the courage to strike out for themselves, fight their own battles, establish their own homes as Joan has done. "Mama's girl" may indicate a beautiful relationship between mother and daughter. But it also indicates that a girl hasn't enough of what it takes to stand on her own feet.

Girls can be too protected. It keeps them from growing up as fast as they should. And an actress must be able to translate adult emotions if her fame is to increase. The perpetual ingenuous gets exactly nowhere.

"Frequently the right thing is the hardest thing to do," she says. "It isn't easy to strike out on your own. But for me it is essential. If there is to be a Joan Fontaine, she has to develop by herself."

To develop in loneliness. A loneliness with which she has walked through most of the days of her life. A loneliness which has come to be a friend.

It was vital that Joan develop as a separate entity. She realized that. Too much sheltering wasn't good for Joan. Not for Joan Fontaine, the actress.

It took a lot of courage to make the break! But Joan has a lot of that!
Men Who Boss the Stars

[Continued from page 14]

All that time, the small man with the hazel eyes had had a double dream. First, there should be real stories in pictures, not just episodes, and a picture should be long enough to furnish a whole evening's entertainment. Second, people would come to love and support "starred" personalities, just as they did in the theater.

Up till then he had been considered a daring business man who took his own losses. Now even his best friends were sure he was a crack-pot.

The fight went on, with Zukor spending every spare minute at the studios where Griffith and others were developing movie technique. The old Patents Company, "the trust," were holding everyone to two-reelers.

Bang! In one of Zukor's low financial spells, somebody in Europe photographed Sarah Bernhardt in the stage play, *Queen Elizabeth*. Four whole reelers! Zukor raised $35,000 to buy the American rights. The man was crazy!

Even before *Queen Elizabeth* clicked, the adventure of Zukor always paid off hand; persuaded his bank to lend him money to start Famous Players. He carefully filmed his old favorite, *Monte Cristo*, but the trust beat him to it with a short quickie of the same name. So the first American feature length picture released was—*A Prisoner of Zenda*. It wowed everyone.

Will Irwin has written a splendid book, "The House That Shadows Built," on Zukor's rise. In 1912 Adolph was an obscure exhibitor on Fourteenth Street. By 1916, "the term of a college course," as Terry Ramanye puts it, he and the courts had licked the trust; Zukor stood at the head of a $25,000,000 combination, dominating the industry.

Were there crises? At the time of the *Monte Cristo* steal, Zukor came to the point where he couldn't meet his pay-roll. Everything seemed bound to crash. Daniel Frohman had carefully put away for his old age $50,000 in bonds untouched for years. He learned of Zukor's plight, sold the bonds, handed the cash to the harried producer, saying only, "Pay me when you can."

Bank loans had risen to $200,000. That was enough to lend, even to Honest Adolph, when the only security was the negatives of four unprinted feature pictures, that couldn't pay off for a year. A fire burned the studio. The films were in a newfangled "fireproof" safe. Would celluloid withstand that red heat?

It took three days for the safe to cool. Zukor went frenziedly about arrangements for continuing the production. He refused even to be present when the safe was finally opened. The films were unharmed.

During all this the Kohns and the Kaufmans rallied round. They must be a fighting tribe. During the world war thirty-eight sons served the Zukor-Kohn-Kaufman clan, abroad, served in the Austrian army. Of the younger branch, in the United States, seven boys were eligible. All joined up, under the Stars and Stripes, early. And one other. Eugene Zukor, Adolph's son, was so far under draft age that he had to fib outrageously to enlist in the U. S. Navy. He did.

Away back yonder in 1896, Adolph Zukor, then 23 and barely at the five-year residence requirement, had taken out United States citizenship papers. He hadn't been fooling!

That second dream of Adolph's—to create and maintain popularity for personalities on the screen—came true, also. He made it come true. When he hired Mary Pickford away from Biograph at nineteen, he promised her $20,000 a year, but he promised her more than that. Her name would go on the picture and in the advertising. That was unheard of. In three years he was paying her $10,000 a week. She left him because the best deal she could get from him, in another year, was $225,000 a picture plus half the profits. First National topped that... So we have stars.

Zukor's leadership has been felt throughout the industry's history. His love of clean pictures was one of the principal factors that caused the creation of the Hays Office, and he has backed Hays consistently. Much of the present-day respect in which motion pictures are held by churches and educators can be credited to the wisely wielded influence of Adolph Zukor.

Every industry, like most individuals, was caught short in the 1929 crash. Banks moved in on Paramount to "protect" their interests. They thought Zukor was a wonderful old gentleman. "Mighty good in his day, no doubt." So they eased him into the dummy job of Chairman of the Board of Directors. Par son us, while we laugh. When Wall Street had tried its hand at making pictures, the financiers were glad to persuade "the old gentleman" to leave his thousand-acre estate on the Hudson and come out to Hollywood, in sole and complete charge of production.

Why did he come? He loves stories. He always would rather have been the creative man than the business man.

Zukor is remarkably modest. He has always had a knack for recognizing other men's brains, and giving them room. He has an uncanny faculty for seeing into the future. He now says of picture-making:

"Once the business was all mechanics, with what appeared on the film as a secondary consideration. That passed. In later years, some have tried to make the creative work itself mechanical, like a factory. That must pass, too."

At Paramount now, Zukor is gathering little groups of brilliant men, on the unit system, and giving them very nearly full rein to do their stuff. But quiet hazel eyes watch it all. About one thing no one argues: the lot's master showman is "Papa Zukor."
Outdoor Party Food

Informal meals need not be cold odds and ends just because they are served in a garden

By BETTY CROCKER

It seems that everyone in Hollywood has a backyard grill, or "barbecue pit," but the one I found when I went to visit Ginger Rogers is quite the grandest one I saw. It is constructed at the end of the delightful patio which opens off her play room, and the big, rambling tables and benches and the old-fashioned high cupboard which equip it make you want to stay on and on to partake of the luscious food which comes off the charcoal grill.

We were discussing favorite foods, Ginger and her mother and I, in the comfortable chairs alongside her swimming pool.

Of course steaks and chops and hamburgers are always in order at outdoor parties, but the dish that is still nearest to Ginger's heart is her mother's southern fried chicken. Frying the chicken is a fine art if done in the fashion which has made Mrs. Lela Rogers' dish famous in Hollywood. You must follow every step, just as she described it to me, if you would turn out a masterpiece in good

-Disjoint a young fryer, weighing from two to three and a half pounds," Mrs. Rogers explained. "Use a skillet, and heat about a pound of lard or vegetable oil to frying heat, and keep it over a low fire.

"Now you carefully roll each piece of chicken in flour. Don't put any salt in the flour. Place the pieces in the skillet with the flat sides on the bottom of the pan. The fat should be deep enough to half cover each piece. Never add water at any time. You should treat each piece as carefully as though it were being fried alone.

"Cover the pan and allow the chicken to fry slowly. When golden brown on one side, turn the pieces over. Salt each piece after turning. Turn only once.

"As pieces are removed from the skillet, place them on heavy brown paper which will absorb excess oil. Some of the larger pieces may not be quite done, so tip the skillet until the fat is in one end and directly over the fire, frying these pieces a few moments in deep fat.

"To make the gravy, which is as important as frying the chicken, drain off the excess grease. Leave the cracklings and about four tablespoons of fat in the skillet. Stir one-half cup of flour gradually into the fat, allowing it to brown to a rich gold. Slowly add a pint of milk, stirring con-
stantly to prevent its becoming lumpy. When thick, serve."

The biscuits, too, are part and parcel of southern fried chicken, and these are made in the kitchen and brought piping hot to the grill. They may be made from a good, kitchen-tested prepared biscuit flour requiring only the addition of milk or water. It takes but a few minutes to turn the dough, pat, round it up and fold several times, and then roll lightly to about an inch thickness before cutting.

We got around to the subject of what she serves with her meats when she entertained at her outdoor suppers and Ginger said that they almost invariably served an aspic salad of some variety, featuring either vegetables or fruits. And here's the recipe for the basic aspic which they use:

**ASPIC SALAD**

2 tbsp. plain gelatine
1 cup cold water
1 tsp. salt
¼ cup sugar
¼ cup vinegar

Soak gelatine 5 minutes in the cold water. Add boiling water and stir well; then add rest of ingredients and set aside to cool. When the mixture first begins to jell, add 3 cups of mixed chopped vegetables—carrots, celery, radishes, cucumbers, etc., as well as cold cooked chopped vegetables—and turn the mixture into a ring mold. The center of the mold may be filled with mayonnaise when it is turned out on a plate to be served. This same recipe is used as a foundation for fruit salads, too, substituting mixed fruits, well drained, for the vegetables.

Italian spaghetti is another dish that is a favorite among Ginger's guests, especially when served with a mixed grill consisting of tiny grilled steaks, calves liver and bacon, and lamb chops. The spaghetti is prepared in the kitchen and brought to the patio steaming hot on a big platter. This is the way it's made:

**ITALIAN SPAGHETTI**

1 lb. of ground round steak
1 small onion
1 can tomatoes
1 lb. good Italian spaghetti
½ cup grated Italian cheese
salt and pepper

Brown the meat in a little fat and add the onion cut small. Sauté these together and season with salt and pepper. When the onion and meat are brown add the tomatoes and let cook slowly for one hour, being careful to stir it frequently. Cook the spaghetti in plenty of boiling water until tender and drain. Place it on a hot platter, sprinkle with cheese and pour the meat sauce over all.

The desserts are the high spots at these outdoor meals, because everyone makes his own desert at Ginger's real soda fountain. Ginger's favorite is chocolate ice cream with chocolate sauce, but she says she has come to the conclusion that everyone in Hollywood has a suppressed desire for banana splits because that is what practically everyone makes. And don't get the idea that this is just a make-believe soda fountain, because it's the real thing—fizz water and all. There are compartments for six varieties of ice cream and more than a half dozen different sauces and syrups. There are always plenty of chopped nuts and nice gooey concoctions to pour over the ice cream.

After supper—several hours afterward, when everyone has reached the nibbling stage—great cans of popped corn always put in their appearance. Sometimes the guests pop corn at the open fire place in the play room, too.

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**Authentic Hollywood Autograph Kerchiefs**

All Hollywood is wearing kerchiefs this summer. And here's a kerchief that Hollywood can't be said of you. If you're a fan, you'd want our Hollywood kerchiefs, because it bears the authentic autographs of your 89 favorite stars. Wear it now...treasure it all winter. Makes an ideal gift. Approximately 21 inches square...choice of blue, brown, or white, combined with white, in a hand-blocked print.

Heavyweight
Pure Silk...$1.00

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ANY COLOR
LIGHT BROWN to BLACK

Gives a natural, youthful appearance. Easy to use in the clean privacy of your home; not greasy; will not rub off nor interfere with curling. $1.35 for sale everywhere.

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**FREE SAMPLE**

FARR'S FOR GRAY HAIR

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WHEN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION AUGUST HOLLYWOOD 51
The Man Who Has Everything

[Continued from page 36]

items like Napoleon's shoe buckles, Washington's first bridgework, or Daniel Boone's leather pants. He files them all carefully, for who knows when he might want a shoe buckle or a good set of upper.

He goes once or twice a year to Chicago and New York on a buying spree. Pictures must keep a jump ahead of the trend of interior decoration and fashion, so he knows a lot about the production schedule for the coming year when he goes East to the great furniture marts. If he knows that the year will feature a preponderance of Bette Davis and Kay Francis pictures, he veers off Grandma's rockers and brick-a-brac and orders chromium and white leather even before the public knows what is happening to tomorrow's swanky salons. But he keeps clear of conspicuously exotic objects of art. Such objects attract so much attention that they cannot be used more than once. Indeed, they can cause a bit of embarrassment here and there, when they become more important than the actors!

Here's a bit of information for you, if you are tempted to offer Wilson an old or valuable painting; he won't buy it. Old masters are invariably copied at the studio by artists hired for that purpose. They bring out certain lines and colors and subdued others. When the copy is photographed it looks to the audience more authentic than the original would. A real Rembrandt just won't photograph at all, for example. Too muddy!

I picked up an ancient, musty cross-bow which fascinated me. As I handled it, I seemed to feel the brave and gallant vibrations of some Battle in the dim past. "Made day before yesterday in my mill department," said Wilson, grinning wickedly. His department made all the lances, swords, and cross-bows for Robin Hood not to mention ten thousand arrows, hundreds of pewter mugs and greasy, scarred tables. It was cheaper by far to make these things than to rent them for six months, the duration of the picture's shooting. And that's how prop departments grow and grow.

The hardest things he had to get for Jerebel, amusingly enough, were fifteen old-fashioned coal lamps. In his department he has hundreds of parts of these lamps, but could assemble perhaps only ten whole ones out of the parts. "It always just like a director," said Wilson, "to decide to have a fight on the set and shoot up the best lamp they have."

Mr. Wilson received every script weeks before the pictures start and from them makes a prop list and budget. The script might mention one hundred soldiers. "When an extra is hired for $10 a day to be a soldier," said Wilson, "you’re just beginning. His sword costs $30, the put him on a horse and a hundred dollars for the horse. And there's a man caretaker for every five horses who gets $10.50 a day. That's the way my budgets mount by leaps and bounds."

SNUBBED BECAUSE OF "ADOLESCENT SKIN"

Act now to help keep your blood free of pimple-making poisons

Don't go on being cursed by loathsome pimples. Don't make others feel ashamed of you or shun you. Find out what's the matter and correct it.

During the period of adolescence, in the years between 13 and 25, important glands are developing. This causes disturbances throughout your body. Wear poisons from the inside often find their way into the blood... and may break out in ugly skin eruptions. You must help free your system of these intestinal poisons.

Thousands of young people have resolved this problem—since using Fleischmann's Yeast. Each cake of this fresh food contains millions of tiny, living plants that act to help you eliminate waste poisons from the body... before they find their way into the blood... and may break out in ugly skin eruptions. You must help free your system of these intestinal poisons.

CASH EARNINGS up $32.50 A WEEK

Wear Hose We Furnish

and write orders to supply friends

and neighbors with amazing hose

made at low prices, 

over 250 styles, 

and prices, 

$2.95 a pair, 

with 

$1.95 a pair, 

36 inches, 

and 

$1.45 a pair, 

18 inches, 

and 

$1.25 a pair, 

9 inches.

Every hose comes 

with 

a 

map of 

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world, 

and 

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your

name 

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it.

Use 

these 

hoses 

to 

help 

you 

remember 

your 

friends 

and 

your 

neighbors.

Neuritis Relieves Pain in Minutes

To relieve the torturing pain of Neuritis, Rheumatism, Neulagia or Lumbago in a few minutes, get URUTHO. No one is ever disappointed. No narcotics. Does the work quietly—must relieve worst pain to your satisfaction in few minutes or money back at Druggist's. Don't suffer. Get trustworthy URUTHO today on this guarantee.

MANY NEVER SUSPECT CAUSE OF BACKACHES

This Old Treatment Often Brings Happy Relief

Many sufferers relieve nagging backaches quickly, once they discover that the real cause of their trouble may be limes in kidneys.

Lime kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking the excess acids and waste out of the blood. Most people pass about a day's worth of lime kidney waste.

Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning show there may be something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

An excess of acid poisons in your blood, when due to functional kidney disorders, may be the cause of nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up stiff, feeling, burning, pinching under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

Don't waste your money's worth on No's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 35 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Don's Pills.
Another of Wilson's genii is the duster. Imagine dusting the largest department store you ever saw, where every inch of space is utilized; where even the small passages leading from one room to another are hung with pictures, tapestries, weapons or stuffed animals. The duster dusts with a compressed air hose, then throws you a time when you fill tires in gas stations. I don't know where the dust goes after it is blasted off the properties, but I suppose it is just too discouraged to light on them again.

One of Mr. Wilson's most valuable possessions is his little black address book. He read off just a few names to me. They are names of Army and Navy officials whom he contacts when Warners want to make an air or sea picture and need help; there is the name of a gambler who provides him with a complete and elaborate gambling set-up when it is needed, including all the necessary information and all the cheating tricks! He also has the telephone number of a lighthouse keeper, just in case, as well as a professional bartender and a reformed convict.

Also subject to Mr. Wilson's Aladdin's lamp are ten trailers, each one a miniature prop department in itself. These trailers, smaller in size, are used in the making of movies with limited sets. Public are scurrying around these days, assigned to various sets for particular pictures and have places of honor on the stages. They may also be hitched to trucks and taken on location. They consist of innumerable gabled cabinets, trunks, drawers, hanging closets. Each truck carries three thousand items, packed with diabolical cleverness in an apparently impossible conservation of space. Again Wilson played a game with me. I asked for a chair. Each trailer carries five chairs for directors and for portable dressing rooms. I asked for a canvas tent. There it was hanging on the wall. Everything I asked for was there . . . old coins, first a/d kits, dog food, coffee and percolator, electric stove and fan, can opener, jack knife, ladies and men's wrist watches, a scarf, a pair of bedroom slippers, a revolver, needle and thread, shovel, axe, rug, pipe tobacco, a desk lamp, some candy and gum, cuff links, a stretcher and camp cot, books, magazines, high rubber wading boots, a wallet, several boxes of breakfast foods, a garden hose . . . well, I'm not going to list three thousand items. What a trailer to take on a camping trip? Mr. Wilson told me that besides all these items on all ten trailers, eighty-seven thousand and one items yearly are checked in and out of the department property. Which are several thousand reasons for having a hundred genii.

Mr. Wilson finds enough adventure in his job to sustain even his restless spirit which brought him, a mere boy, to Hollywood in 1906 with vague aims but a definite drive. He got a part in a picture directed by Lois Weber because he happened to be wearing a suit. Nobody else had on a complete business suit. He then looked for props for Universal until the war came along. They gave him a gun, but he prefers to talk about the fun he had handling the distribution of that extraordinary army newspaper, "Stars and Stripes," edited by none other than Alexander Woollcott and Harold Ross who is the present editor the The New Yorker. As editorial men, they got out a scandalizing newspaper, but they didn't know what to do with it once it was printed. Wilson saved the day by taking charge of its circulation among the dough-boys.

Back in Hollywood, he gave up distributing and took up collecting. Props and more props. Eighty-seven thousand dollars were collected on a hundred genii. They are busy with an inventory of the whole department.

Song Plunger Number One

[Continued from page 35]

ran off a bunch of rushes that included the Nasty Man song and how quick this someone was to nominate Alice Faye to take the Lillian Harvey part. That was Step Nos. 4, 5, 6, 7, clear up to 100 so far as her screen career was concerned, we said. And she signed her agreement.

"They had quite a time making me sign a long-term contract," she admitted. "I was all for going back to New York where I thought I belonged. The idea of being a leading lady in pictures didn't appeal to me, but I finally signed up—and here I am!"

Now for a few vital statistics.

Alice was born May 8, 1915.

She stands five feet, four inches high in her high-heeled slippers.

She can swim like a fish and she could probably show her dainty heels to a lot of professional girl swimmers in the shorter distances.

Since she returned from Honolulu she's spending the remainder of her vacation trying to learn the native Hawaiian dances and doing exceedingly well at them.

She's a whiz on the badminton court, but says she's going to give that sport up to become a divot digger on the fairways.

She felt so sorry for a horse named after her that during the Santa Anita racing season she went out to buy it with the purpose of retiring it to a nice green pasture for the rest of its life. It hadn't won a race until the day she saw it when it came in first to pay $37 for a two-buck mutuel ticket!

She doesn't like jewelry nor fair-weather friends. The latter she can spot a mile off.

She doesn't know how to read music. For all she knows a bar is something you find in saloons, a scale is something for weighing things, a key is something you use to open doors with—but, Lordy, how America's song plunger No. 1 can sing—and act!
HERE ARE
THE LUCKY
WINNERS!

Nothing can be more final than the vote of the people. And it was the people, the readers of HOLLYWOOD Magazine, who settled the arguments, raging the world over, about which of the Seven Dwarfs is the most popular.

The engaging little Dopey is the nation's choice in the Seven Dwarfs popularity contest beyond any doubt. His nearest competitor, Grumpy, brought in only 20 per cent as many votes. Good old reliable Doc tried hard, but he drew only 10 per cent of Dopey's staggering total. Happy rates next in popularity. Then comes Bashful and Sneezy. Little Sleepy is the field with only one-half per cent of Dopey's high rating. Five hundred souvenir pictures of the Dwarfs as well as the prizes already have been shipped to the clever writers of the best letters.

The Grand Prize, as you will remember, is a beautiful cedar chest. The First Prize is an original sketch in color of Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs. Second Prize is a 15 inch Snow White doll. The Third Prizes are sets of Seibling Rubber Dolls. The six Fourth Prizes are Snow White dolls, too. The twelve Fifth Prizes are the new games called "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs." The twelve Sixth Prizes are beautiful little hand-bags. The twelve Seventh Prizes are "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs" books.

Here are the winners:

GRAND PRIZE—
Helen Keller, Normandie Apts. No. 1, McKeesport, Pa.

1ST PRIZE—
William R. Batty, 74 Mill St., Middle-
town, Conn.

2ND PRIZE—
Myrtle Reese, 1224 Seventh St., Lorain, Ohio.

3RD PRIZES—
Nancy Louise Wright, 8 McClure Ct., Lakewood, Ohio; Edwina B. Lucas, 313...
How One Man Shocked Hollywood

[Continued from page 23]

But they might have been, for a fact that all Hollywood must face is that stars do fade and that the spotlight does not stand still. The spotlight of public fancy is an uneasy background. It swings restlessly, ever on the search for new faces, new personalities, new opportunities.

Great stars, like Greta Garbo, hold the spotlight for years, but eventually, she, like everyone else, must watch the radiance dim. One of Garbo’s great claims to continuing success through the years has been her enormous popularity abroad, and the huge revenue her pictures bring in from across the seas.

That, of course, has nothing to do with you and me and all the rest of the American theatre-goers who are seeing films in the little theatre around the corner. That, of course, has nothing to do with the man who operates that theatre. He may be glad, in a friendly impersonal sort of way that the studio is making money on the film in its London release, but if people are staying away from his Main street theatre, it does not give him much comfort.

But should a star be blamed for the fact that the movie industry is a complex business? Is a star responsible for the success or failure of a film? Should a star be pilloried in public, and should the somewhat embarrassing label, “Poison,” be hung on a player, who, after all, is just part of the process of entertainment manufacturing?

There seems to be a certain difference of opinion.

Several producers have been seen smiling with quiet satisfaction over the whole situation. They are the men who have been hammering out difficulties with players who, if they wanted to choose stories, dictate on production details, control directors, choose the cast and generally run the show. These producers feel that it is a well deserved reprieve and will have a healthy effect on stars who have been difficult to handle.

But most producers feel that stars are not to be blamed for the failure of pictures.

“A great star does not necessarily make a great picture,” is the consensus, and most executives agree that a star must have a good story and good direction to maintain that enviable rating on the top of the talent field.

Harry Cohn, president of Columbia Pictures, just has placed Katharine Hepburn under contract after her contract with Radio Pictures was terminated, and he also has made a deal with Marlene Dietrich, though Paramount just dropped the contract which it has held for many years on her. He says, “All any of these players need is one good picture to bring them back.”

M-G-M scorned to comment on the ad-
Free for Asthma During Summer

If you suffer with those terrible attacks of Asthma when it is hot and humid, if heat, dust and general mugginess make you wheeze and choke as if each gasp for breath was the very last; if restless sleep is impossible and the struggle to breathe; if you feel the disease is slowly wearing your life away, don't fail to send at once to the Frontier Asthma Co. for a free trial of a remarkable method. No matter where you live or whether you have any faith in any remedy under the Sun, send for this free trial. If you have suffered for a lifetime and everything you have ever learned of without relief; even if you are utterly discouraged, do not abandon hope! Add your name to the list at once. Address Frontier Asthma Co., 138-C Frontier Bldg., 462 Niagara St., Buffalo, N.Y.

40 MILLION WOMEN NEED NEVLO
Are you one of the 40,000,000 women who need NEVLO at least one week out of every month for relief from pain, nervous headaches, and sleeplessness? NEVLO is the only cure known to medicine that can be used safely and effectively. Get a free sample now and send coupon.

The NEVLO CO. San Antonio, Texas

Not Free and To WORRY About
If embarrassing facial freckles do not disappear under Dr. C. H. Berry's Freebie Freckle Clearing lotions, and your money will be refunded. Keep dry skin smooth and smooth. Get a slip at once at Drug or Department store for free sample and direct to

KREMOLA CO., Dept. B-2, 3144 S. 68th Street, Chicago, Ill.

50 YEARS OF SUCCESS 1895-1945, Richmond Ave., Chicago, Ill.

No Joke—Be DEAR
As God exists, here is your chance to turn your troubles into something that is good. Mr. Way qam published his articles and sold very well. Now, after the success of his book, he is publishing a new book, "The Way Company's Books." Write for "TRINITY'S STORIES." Also available at

THE WAY COMPANY
724 McKinley Blvd.
Detroit, Michigan

Crossword Puzzle Solution

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Free Electricity for Students

Train now for a better job!

Free Big Free Book tells you how we train you in 12 weeks—practically everything you need to know to operate and maintain electrically every type of modern electric equipment. Free Big Book is yours as a gift when you write today and tell us about your "Plan" of study. 

NAME

CITY

STATE

M. C. LEWIS, Prop., COYNE ELECTRICAL SCHOOL

112 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Illinois

EDWARDIAN TWINLESS RADIATOR


Keep only one moving part, placed in a wide area of your home. A TWINLESS RADIATOR is made of steel, one and one-half inch outside diameter, and weighs no more than one pound per square foot of floor space. The Twinless Radiator takes only a second to connect. No book-keeping to do. Be sure to get the Twinless. 

SEND NO MONEY! Pay postman with $2.39. This offer is valid only for the first 6 months of this year. This offer expires March 31, 1949. Write for free sample and catalogue.

TWINLESS RADIATOR CO., Dept. 43, Kearney, Nebraska.
on the grass. He waved, and the children waved back. Already they were accustomed to his presence and accepted him as another friend.

A nurse was sitting with them, and her white shoes made gentle pads at the floor of the swing, swaying it in the rhythm of the song. The five little girls, looking like an animated bouquet of bright pink flowers, swung with her, their loud baby voices chirping the words with a gay French accent.

They were dressed in five minute pink wool coats, smartly tailored. Five pairs of sturdy legs in long white stockings waved with the swing. Five pairs of small white shoes kicked in the air. Five yellow ribbons bounded on top of five sets of glossy dark curls. Five little brunettes faces bobbed back and forth while ten great smiling brown eyes watched the nurse intently.

It was Yvonne whose gaze drifted to the brand new hat that the young director was wearing. It was Yvonne whose shrill cry of discovery called the attention of her sisters to the wonderful new experience that it offered. The song stopped in mid-chirp. An instant later the swing was deserted, and the five were greeting a rush play down center field. In moments like this, their team work is excellent.

Now HerLert Leeds’ courage is above question. If he had a trace of coward in him, he would not be directing this picture. But he surrendered the hat without a struggle, though it was new, dear to his heart, and he suspected that he was sending it to quick doom. No good picture is made without a certain amount of personal sacrifice, thinks Leeds. The new hat was his first contribution. Yvonne tried the hat on first. Then, though it cost her an effort to relinquish it, she passed it to Annette who basked in its somewhat over-whelming glory for a while. Then she tried it on Cecile.

Cecile is of an adventurous and inventive turn of mind. She seemed to wear the hat in conservative fashion, and carefully adjusted it so that the bow rode rakishly in front. The effect was devastating, and Cecile knew it. She pressed her advantage by going into her flirting act.

Somewhere lately the children have picked up a quite spectacular flirting routine. They look out of the corners of their eyes, drop their brown lashes coyly, and then glance up again with the practised ease of fatal beauties. The effect is very funny.

Already the little girls have been trained into the art of community living, which is an achievement very few of their elders anywhere in the world have been able to manage to any great degree. The hat episode demonstrated their capacity for give and take nicely. And even if it did leave the hat sadly battered and experienced looking, it spoke wonders for their willingness to share with each other.

Each youngster wanted the fascinating "chapeau," and wanted it badly. But each one passed it along with good grace to a sister after she had had it for a while, evidently realizing that, in justice, each had to have her turn.

Emille probably has daring talents as a milliner, if that morning's enterprise has any bearing on her future. When the hat fell into her hands, she set it firmly on the grass and punched it vigorously into a shape which would have astounded the manufacturer, but which seemed to please some creative urge in herself. Then she tried it on with that satisfaction that comes only with successful self-expression.

**FOOT ITCH**

**ATHLETE’S FOOT**

**Send Coupon**

**Don’t Pay Until Relieved**

According to the Government Health Bulletin, No. E-23, at least 50% of the adult population of the United States are being afflicted by the disease known as Athlete’s Foot.

Usually the disease starts between the toes, little watery blisters form and the skin cracks and peels. After a while the itching becomes intense and you feel as though you would like to scratch off all the skin.

**Beware of It Spreading**

Often the disease travels all over the bottom of the foot. The soles of your feet become red and swollen. The skin also cracks and peels, and the itching becomes worse and worse.

Get rid of this disease as quickly as possible, because it is very contagious and it may go to your hands or even to the underarms or even to the neck.

Most people who have Athlete’s Foot have tried all kinds of remon to cure it without success. Ordinary peroxide, antiseptics, salve or ointments seldom do any good.

**Here’s How to Treat It**

The gnat that causes the disease is known as Tinea Pedis. Tinea Pedis begins itself in the tissues of the skin and is very hard to kill. A foot made shoes it takes 20 minutes of boiling to kill the germ, so you can see why the ordinary remedies are unsuccessful.

R. P. was developed solely for the purpose of treating Athlete’s Foot. It is a liquid that penetrates and dries quickly. You put on the affected part. It peels off the tissue of the skin where the gnat breeds.

**Itching Stops Immediately**

As soon as you apply, R. P. you will find that the itching is immediately relieved. You should put the infected parts with R. P. night and morning until your feet are well. Usually this takes from three to ten days, although in severe cases it may take longer or in mild cases less time.

If R. P. leaves the skin soft and smooth, you will marvel at the quick way it brings you relief; especially if you are one of those who have tried for years to get rid of Athlete’s Foot without success.

H. F. Sent on Free Trial

Sign and mail the coupon and a bottle of H. F. will be mailed you immediately. Don’t send any money and don’t put the postman any money, don’t do anything unwise. If H. F. is not helping you, if it does help you know you will be glad to send us $1 for the treatment at the end of ten days. That’s how much we have to H. F. Back, sign, and mail the coupon today.

**GORE PRODUCTS, INC.**

529 Perdido St., New Orleans, La.

Please send me immediately a large bottle of H. F. (100% Guaranteed) if your treatment of Athlete’s Foot troubles has never failed. I have been suffering from athlete’s foot for 20 years. I am positively satisfied I will return the unused portion of the container to you within 10 days from the time I receive it.

**NAME**

**ADDRESS**

**CITY**

**STATE**

When answering advertisements please mention August Hollywood 57
Even though the children look exactly alike from a short distance, already they are developing marked differences in temperament. Yvonne seems to be the natural leader with Annette a close runner-up. They are apt to sing the loudest and the most surely, though each little girl has one particular song that is hers because she knows it best, and so they have turns at being prima donna. Marie is the steady one, and was the first to master the tune of the new song. She carries it conscientiously all the way through. Emilie and Cécile are the most involved with the newness of the ones who are apt to discover that a task, turned upside down in the sandpile is an exciting new toy, and that words rearranged at calculated random in a song are a good joke on the others.

Their similarity of appearance is startling to visitors who have seen newspaper pictures of the small faces and have been able to compare and note the little differences. At the distance of even a few feet, you have the amazed feeling that you are looking at one little girl reflected in four mirrors. No sooner than you feel that you have spotted Marie, for instance, than she hides in among her sisters and is lost so far as your eyes are concerned.

Visitors stare fascinated through the screened windows of the viewing gallery, trying to spot favorites, and usually becoming involved in heated but whispered arguments about the matter.

The children are on view for half an hour each morning and afternoon when the weather is good. The viewing gallery is a covered runway built around three sides of the quite large playground. Screens are set at such an angle that visitors are only dimly visible from the outside. It is not easy for them to guess what they are there, but they pay no attention for they never have known anything else. Guards are courteous but very firm about any attempt to attract the attention of the babies. And so fascinating is this morning and afternoon play period that all members of the movie troupe attend it regularly!

No admission is charged though a tremendous revenue could be had by even the smallest fee, for during last summer as many as 7,000 people turned up in one day to see the famous youngsters.

Dr. Dafoe is adamant on that point, however. “Children aren’t a side-show,” he said in his quick, clipped speech. “This way we keep control. If any visitor gets noisy, we show him out. If he paid a quarter, he’d argue and we’d have all kinds of trouble. The kids don’t come out in bad weather. If we advertised appearances and charged for them, people would kick all the time if they came up and the kids weren’t on view. Isn’t a good idea to treat them like a circus. So we don’t.”

The “little doc” is just as consistent in his alert guardianship of the children during the filming of the picture. He has bound the movie company to rules which are without precedent in Hollywood experience, but there is not a person in the company who does not speak of him fondly, and with great respect as well as with admiring devotion.

Filming is allowed for one hour a day, and no more, so, in order to get three days work done, the company will be in Cal- 

lander for at least three weeks. No one minds, because everyone is convinced that the doctor asks himself only one question on any decision, “Is it good for the quints?” And when he says “Nothing doing,” and shakes his head with a bright, good-natured smile, he means that nothing is going, and there is no use to argue. The fact that the little girls are up to normal in height and weight after starting with the appalling handicap of premature birth, speaks for his good judgment.

At no time was that careful judgment more clearly demonstrated than in the way Dr. Dafoe handled the quints’ “birthday party.” Last year there was quite a thing else again. The first taste brought forth a chatter of objections. The second brought resounding approval, as each child looked up on the reactions of her sisters in a flood of delighted French.

Dr. Dafoe believes that the important thing in the lives of the little girls, right now, is to keep them on strict routine, and not until a certain age apart they are from the other youngsters by the fact of their unique numbers. “All the privacy they’ll ever have, they’ll have to buy,” he says. “No matter what we do, they’ll be set apart from other children. So that’s why we’re glad to see the movie company come back and do it. That’s the key,” he added, with a bright grin at Frank Peretti of the company who had taken me over to the little red brick house where the doctor has lived for twenty years.

Since their rather embarrassing first meeting, Jean Hersholt has built a warm friendship with Dr. Dafoe. Hersholt is convinced that he had the hardest assignment an actor ever undertook in the portrayal of Dr. Dafoe in the first quintuplet film. When they were introduced, each man sized the other up, but though neither changed it, each was self-conscious. That quickly dissolved away through Hersholt still claims that nothing is more difficult than trying to portray a man who is standing behind the cameras and watching you do it.

All members of the company, down to the last man, are absorbed in the trip. The country is beautiful with the rolling hills set around innumerable small lakes. The trout fishing is excellent, and country roads running through clumps of second growth birch are charming. Many small houses built of logs squared by the axe, are dotted through the country-side in the middle of cleared plots of stony ground. Except for the sudden wealth poured into the town by tourists, the country is poverty stricken, and the French-Canadian population makes a meagre living by cutting and selling pulp pine. The town, itself, has a prosperous look, however. Oliva Duin is big, and she does a heartily business over which he presides, a small man whose dark eyes are like those of his famous daughters. He speaks good English, but is very adept as well as courteous about maintaining silence most of the time.

“I figure it out for yourself, he’s in a spot,” said one of the clerks in the store to me later. “Any man who has five girls all at the same time gets a lot of kidding. And any man can get pretty sick of kidding in four years.”

Dienne was finishing off the last autographs, which he sells for a quarter, for the 400 visitors who had come up on a special train from Toronto. He turned and went out to the little house where the quints were born, and which he refuses to leave for more commodious quarters. He keeps a still poker face turned to the road, but one suspects that it takes a good deal of an effort, because even the most experienced poker player never looked down into a hand and found himself holding Five of a Kind.

Marcia Ralston's bathing costume is a dramatic contrast of black silk jersey suit and voluminous white cape. You'll see her next in Men Are Such Fools opposite Wayne Morris.
Danielle Darrieux, the petite star of Universal's "The Rage of Paris," was asked the familiar question by ships' news reporters the moment she landed in this country. At the time Mlle. Darrieux had no answer, but she quickly consulted FOR MEN magazine, the popular mirror of the tastes, customs, sense of humor, etc., of the American male. Frances Hayden, her stand-in, agrees that Danielle has something there.

The latest issue (August) of Mlle. Darrieux's favorite American magazine is chock full of two dozen hilarious color cartoons and more than twenty entertaining articles.

NOW ON SALE AT ALL NEWSSTANDS 25¢
Grace Moore in Magnolia Gardens

.... Chesterfield time is pleasure time everywhere

They Satisfy

Copyright 1938. Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.
THE whole drama of existence pulses through the newspaper headlines as they announce their daily message of achievement and disaster, love and hate, life and death.

Headlines never lack an audience. Millions of men and women read them eagerly day after day because the headlines deal with subjects which are everlastingly new and vital and important.

Everlastingly new, vital and important, also, are the subjects on which the Fawcett publications are based. Straight from the headlines come the themes and stories that distinguish the Fawcett magazines and give them the throb of life and vitality.

Fawcett writers and editors go to life itself...life as it is lived in America in the twentieth century...for the contents of their magazines. It is this editorial policy that accounts for the "headline appeal" of the Fawcett magazines. It accounts for the fact that millions of men and women in increasing numbers turn every month to Fawcett publications with the same eagerness and interest that characterizes their reading of the headlines.

Magazines can do many things. They can amuse, inform, instruct and preach. Fawcett publications have only one aim...to catch the drama and tempo of contemporary life with the same sweep and impact as the headlines.

**FAWCETT WRITERS**

The men and women who contribute to Fawcett publications form an amazingly diverse group, reflecting the immense scope of the magazines. Contributors are drawn from all walks of life, but principally from among those who are best equipped to write about some particular aspect of the contemporary scene. Because of Fawcett's insistence on "headline appeal" many contributors are headline personalities.

Among those who have written for Fawcett magazines:

- Herbert Hoover
- Rev. Joseph Fort Newton
- Lowell Thomas
- Walter B. Pitkin
- Father Hill
- Dr. Miller McLintock
- of Harvard University
- Brig. Gen. H. H. Arnold
- William McFee
- Dr. Valeria Hopkins Parker
- Congressman Alfred W. Beiter
- Rabbi Alexander T. Lyons
- Admiral Percy W. Foote
- Col. Dean Ivan Lamb
- Rene Belbenoit
- Heywood Broun
- George Seldes
- James Thurber
- John O'Hara
- Hon. Algernon I. Nova
- Judge, Kings Co. Court
- Alfred W. Batson
- Irving W. Halpern
- Chief Probation Officer
- New York City
- Eugene Cunningham
- Stanley Walker
- Rex Noville
- Harold G. Hoffman
- Former Governor of New Jersey

**FAWCETT PUBLICATIONS INC**

TRUE CONFESSIONS

HOLLYWOOD

ROMANTIC STORY

SCREEN BOOK

MOVIE STORY

MECHANIX ILLUSTRATED
"PARDON US, SALLY!  
WE ALL HAVE DATES WITH ANOTHER GIRL—"

You can't offend with underarm odor and still win out with men

She'd doomed to unpopularity right from the start—the girl with underarm odor! When there's a dance, she'll probably stay at home. Men will be introduced to her—but it's the other girl that they'll take out. Why should they want to be near a girl who isn't really sweet?

Of course, no girl would knowingly let underarm odor spoil her charm. Yet any girl can offend this way if she depends on a bath alone to keep her fresh.

For a bath removes only past perspiration, it can't prevent odor to come. That's why underarms always need Mum's sure care. Mum prevents all risk of offending—Mum makes odor impossible.

It's a smart girl—and a popular one—who takes the simple precaution of using Mum after every bath and before every date. Just a quick touch of Mum under each arm and you're sure of your charm—sure you'll never offend those you want for friends. And Mum has all the things you like in a deodorant—

MUM IS QUICK! There's always time to apply Mum. Just half a minute is all you need to be free from underarm odor.

MUM IS SAFE! Mum is harmless to every fabric—safe to apply even after you're dressed. Mum actually soothes the skin. You can use it right after shaving.

MUM IS SURE! Mum stops all odor—does not stop perspiration. Mum keeps you nice to be near all day or all evening long.

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

MUM MAKES YOUR BATH LAST ALL EVENING LONG

MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

Ask Your Druggist About NATIONALLY ADVERTISED BRANDS WEEK, September 1 to 10
CLARK GABLE

"TOO HOT TO HANDLE"

MYRNA LOY

The best news since "Test Pilot" with that rare pair of romancers, M-G-M's tantalizing twosome. Clark's a daredevil newsreel man—Myrna's an airdevil aviatrix... Action! Heart-pumping paradise for thrill and fun-loving picture fans!

with WALTER PIDGEON • WALTER CONNOLLY
LEO CARRILLO • Screen Play by John Lee Mahin and Laurence Stallings
Directed by Jack Conway • Produced by Lawrence Weingarten • A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture
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Jean Arthur in a scene from Columbia’s You Can’t Take It With You
IT'S a busy day on the big Paramount lot in Hollywood. Director Henry Hathaway, famous for his ability to bring the drama of primitive emotional conflict, of thundering action, to the screen, is guiding Paramount's "Spawn of the North" through the final stages of production. On the set are such famous players as George Raft, Henry Fonda, Dorothy Lamour, Akim Tamiroff, John Barrymore, Louise Platt and Lynne Overman. Beautiful Dorothy Lamour has forsaken her famous tropic sarong for the rough dress, the laced boots of a daughter of the northern wilds. Raft and Fonda are wearing oilskins. For "Spawn of the North" is set in Alaska of 1908, when feud law ruled as brother fought brother, friend fought friend for the priceless rights to the silver horde... King Salmon.

We ask permission to take a few candid camera shots to show you picture fans. Permission is granted and we snap away. The results speak for themselves. You can see Henry Hathaway has a...
picture to rank with his "Trail of the Lonesome Pine," his "The Lives of a Bengal Lancer." But Paramount Producer Albert Lewin insists we visit a projection room to see the "rushes" as they come from the big cameras on the set. And we agree with him that no still shots can half do justice to "Spawn of the North." For candid camera shots can't give the thundering action. They can't give the breadth and the sweep of this story of America's last frontier of romance. They can't give the emotional impact of this drama of two men whose devotion to each other is greater than the fear of death itself. Nor can they reveal the poignant beauty of the romance which we believe makes "Spawn of the North" one of the great women's pictures of the year.

ADOLPH ZUKOR presents

SPAWN of the NORTH

STARRING George RAFT

Henry FONDA • Dorothy LAMOUR

AND FEATURING Akim Tamiroff • John Barrymore
Louise Platt • Lynne Overman

DIRECTED BY HENRY HATHAWAY • PRODUCED BY ALBERT LEWIN

Screen Play by Jules Furthman • Based on a Story by Barrett Willoughby

A PARAMOUNT PICTURE

Ask Your Druggist About NATIONALLY ADVERTISED BRANDS WEEK, September 1 to 10
DANDRUFF?

4 Minute Treatment Stops Dandruff Itch
And Kills Nasty Scalp Odor

Dandruff is the sign of a diseased, unclean scalp. Through neglect, the tiny sebaceous glands (oil glands) fall to work as they should and become clogged with scales and dirt. The scalp becomes infected by germs and fungi, and the condition spreads.

Skin specialists generally agree that effective treatment for dandruff must include:
1. regular cleansing of scalp;
2. killing the germs that spread infection;
3. stimulating circulation of the scalp;
4. lubrication of scalp to prevent dryness.

The Zonite Antiseptic Scalp Treatment Does These 4 Things

WHAT TO DO: Massage head for 3 minutes with this Zonite solution—2 tablespoons Zonite to 1 quart of water. Use this same solution for shampoo with any good soap. Rinse very thoroughly. If scalp is dry, massage in any preferred scalp oil. (For complete details of treatment, read folder in Zonite package.)

It is vitally important to use this treatment regularly (twice every week at first) to keep dandruff under control and keep germs from spreading. Because reinfection constantly takes place from hats, bed-pillows, combs and brushes.

If you're faithful, you'll be delighted with the way this treatment leaves your scalp clean and healthy—free from itch and nasty scalp odor.

At all U. S. and Canadian drug stores.

TRIAL OFFER—For a real trial bottle of Zonite, mailed to you postpaid, send 10¢ to Zonite 904 New Brunswick, New Jersey U. S. A.

Next time be sure to use ZONITE FOR:

- DANDRUFF
- BAD BREATH
- SORE THROAT
- CUTS & WOUNDS
- FEMININE CLEANSING
- ATHLETE'S FOOT

SPECIAL OFFER

Get this amazing shave
at no extra charge.

9.3 Times More Active
than any other popular, non-poisonous antiseptic—by standard laboratory tests.
Worlds of Exotic Women!

Women beyond the law's reach ...living their own lives, fighting their own game...each for HER MAN...dark, romantic Charles Boyer in the year's most intriguing melodrama.

WALTER WANGER presents

CHARLES BOYER in

"ALGIERS"

with SIGRID GURIE
HEDY LAMARR*
JOSEPH CALLEIA • ALAN HALE
GENE LOCKHART • NINA KOSHEZ

Directed by John Cromwell • Screen play by John Howard Lawson • Additional Dialogue by James M. Cain
Released thru United Artists

Tip from Ed Sullivan, famous Hollywood correspondent... "Most gorgeous item to come to the films in the past year is Hedy Lamarr...Wait until you get a load of this lovely number in Wanger's 'Algiers'...She'll create more talk than any performer in seasons...TERRIFIC!"

Ask Your Druggist About NATIONALLY ADVERTISED BRANDS WEEK, September 1 to 10
BLOCKADE (United Artists)

This picture has stirred up controversy out of all proportion to its value as entertainment, or, for that matter, to its power as propaganda. Though the Civil War in Spain is approached rather evasively, and it is never in directly stated on which sides are the characters, the impression is clearly given of sympathy for the Loyalist forces.

Those who believe the Loyalists are right are disappointed to a certain degree. Those who believe that the Royalists should win are indignant. And everyone has a fairly unhappy time. I was disappointed because the film is so expertly photographed, there is so much talent and time put into it that it might have been one of the great preachers against war instead of just another spy melodrama.

Madeleine Carroll plays the daughter of a professional spy who will work for any side that pays his price. John Halliday is number one menace as the head of the spy ring. He believes that war is a racket, and that the canny man turns any war to his own profit. On her way to deliver important information, the girl spy meets a peasant (Henry Fonda) and his friend (Leo Carrillo). She meets him again when he has been driven from his quiet home land by heavy shell fire. The girl spy and the peasant boy are entirely opposed in background, training, ideology, and experience, they fall in love, and from there on save each other from firing squads and other disasters.

You’ll not forget for a long time many memorable scenes in this film. You’ll not forget the worn faces of the starving peasants as they watch the food ship sink. You’ll not forget the helpless rage of the men who see their homes demolished and their quiet fields ripped by shells, not of their making, not of their desire. You’ll not forget the anguished cry of the peasant boy who turns to the audience at the end of the film and demands “The world could stop it! Where is the conscience of the world?”

And then you probably will join in the argument that follows Blockade wherever it is shown.

WHITE BANNERS (Warners)

Almost every worn-out adage relative to the virtues of turning the other cheek is incorporated in this film which quite bristles with inspiration and uplift. But, so brilliant is the performance of Fay Bainter, that it will be a tremendous success, and justly. In the hands of a lesser actress, the preachy quality of the dialogue would seem dull to many and sicken one to quite a few, but in her expert hands, the story becomes touching, believable and fascinating to follow.

It is the tale of Hannah, who, half frozen by a winter storm, stops to warm herself by the kitchen fire and remains to be the guiding spirit of the Ward household.

Mr. Ward (Claude Rains) is a violent, charming, impulsive professor who struggles with first one invention and then another in the determination to make a fortune, while Mrs. Ward (Kay Johnson) struggles unsuccessfully to make his meager salary meet the needs of the family.

Hannah sells old furniture, glorifies cheap cuts of meat, comforts the woes of the young daughter (Bonita Granville), Hannah sublimates the trouble of a leaky refrigerator into plans for an ice- less iced-box, and watches with tender concern over the problems of a boy (Jackie Cooper) adopted by neighbors. Hannah becomes the inspiration of the whole household.

The story is hackneyed, but very few people will escape the excitement of many of the situations, or the irresistible appeal of Fay Bainter’s performance. Better see this one.

LORD JEFF (M-G-M)

It is hard to tell just what the affinity is between child stars and the stolen jewels, but have you ever noticed how often the little ones become involved with gem thieves on the screen?

Well, it seems that Freddie Bartholomew is the youngest member of a gang of extremely clever and sophisticated rock snatchers. All dressed up in an Eton collar, young “Lord Jeff” visits a smart jeweler. In the middle of pricing a gift for his imaginary and wealthy “mater”, a pretended heart attack gives an accomplice opportunity to make away with valuable property.

When the law finally catches up with them, the gang disappears, leaving Lord Jeff to see his future alone. He is sent to one of the famous Barnato schools, which prepare orphans for various trades and occasionally for professions. Lord Jeff, haughtily refusing to select his own career, is arbitrarily sent to train for the merchant marine service.

The story is the always absorbing one of a boy adjusting himself to new values. Add to this a background not before touched by films, and you have one of the most entertaining of the Bartholomew movies.

Of course the boys catch the jeweled thieves, but the acting of the fine cast takes the sting out of that routine climax. You’ll like immensely Mickey Rooney’s performance as an under- graduate sea-dog, and that of Herbert Mundin as the old-timer. Charles Coburn, Gale Sondergaard and a most appealing child with a Scotch accent are only a few of those who deserve special comment.

[Continued on page 12]
OUT IN HOLLYWOOD . . .

where a Complexion Care has to work—

JOAN BLONDELL
WARNER BROS. STAR

I ALWAYS USE LUX TOILET SOAP, IT REMOVES COSMETICS THOROUGHLY

SCREEN STARS USE LUX TOILET SOAP BECAUSE IT HAS ACTIVE LATHER THIS SAFE, EASY CARE GUARDS AGAINST COSMETIC SKIN

BARBARA STANWYCK
STAR OF THE 20TH CENTURY-FOX PRODUCTION "ALWAYS GOODBYE"

—and in your own home town—

AND BELIEVE ME THEY DO

SCREEN STARS OUGHT TO KNOW ABOUT COMPLEXION CARE

IT'S MY NICE, SMOOTH SKIN THAT'S MADE A HIT WITH BILL. I USE COSMETICS, BUT I'LL NEVER RISK COSMETIC SKIN

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap

Ask Your Druggist About NATIONALLY ADVERTISED BRANDS WEEK, September 1 to 10
THE LIPS MEN
LOVE TO KISS

Important Pictures
[Continued from page 10]

THE AMAZING DR. CLITTERHOUSE
(Warners)

Here is a fine, challenging idea, with a
new plot that puts the film into the
super-chase and thriller class among
gentleman-crook dramas.

Clitterhouse (Edward G. Robinson) is a
doctor with an extensive practise among
the wealthy. But his real interest is his
book upon crime. In order to gather ma-
terial for it, he has been planning and
executing a series of perfect burglaries,
and testing himself for nervous and emo-
tional reactions before and after. Feeling
in need of a wider field for investigation,
he manages, with some difficulty, to be-
come a member of a gang. He directs
their activities on an enormous scale, but
insists upon listening to hearts and tak-
ing other tests, right in the middle of
the wholesale looting of a fur warehouse. It’s
fine! Especially when Slapsie Maxie Rose-
enbloom, Humphrey Bogart, Allen Jen-
kins and Bert Hanlon as the gangsters get
all baffled and irritated by having their
blood pressure taken all the time. Claire
Trevor makes a satisfactorily tough mob
leader. Edward G. Robinson is not very
convincing as a disinterested scientist,
after all these years of being “Little
Caesar”, but the story is unflaggingly in-
teresting and the finale is a complete sur-
prise.

HAVING WONDERFUL TIME
(Radio)

A lot of us like nothing better than
to see Ginger Rogers dance. A lot of
us think that she puts over a song in fine
fashion. So a lot of us will be disinclined
to write no more than “Having a fair to
middling time” when we are seeing her
newest picture.

It is a pleasant enough little drama, but
it does seem like an oversight to leave
dancing out of a Ginger Rogers film.

The story deals with a stenographer who
goes for her vacation to the romping
uproot of Kamp Karefree to get a com-
plete rest. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., plays
the romantic lead and featured in the cast
are Lucille Ball, Peggy Conklin, Lee
Bowman, Red Skelton and Donald Meek.

COXFO Y FROM BROOKLYN
(Warners)

Jordani had two ambitions in life. One
was to make a success of his banjo
playing. The other was to keep away from
animals. Jordan (Dick Powell) was
scared stiff of all of our four-legged
friends... any kind from a cat to a cow.

While Brooklyn was comparatively free
from animal life, it offered no encourage-
ment to his musical ambitions, so Jor-
dan set out for the west as a non-paying
guest of an unsuspecting railroad. When
he was tossed off at the gate of a dude
ranch, things began to happen. For one
thing, Jane (Priscilla Lane) decided that
he was her man, even though he did beat a
frantic retreat every time a calf or a dog
or even a chicken showed up. For an-
other, a booking agent arrived for a com-
plete rest, heard one warble from the
Brooklyn cowboy, and, convinced that he
had discovered a genuine hill-billy at last,
hustled him aboard the next train for
New York.

Pat O’Brien makes this part a very
funny caricature of a high pressure the-
atre man. The finale is unexpected and
very funny when the phony cowboy has
the choice of bull-dogging a very angry
steer in a rodeo or being exposed as a
fake.

ALGIERS (United Artists)

Probably the most important thing
about this film is the introduction of
Hedy LaMarr who is extremely pretty
and seems to be a talented actress with an
extraordinary appeal.

For the rest, it is pretty much a good old
kops and robbers chase, very handsomely
mounted and photographed and brilliantly
cast.

Charles Boyer plays Pepe Le Moko,
jewel thief, who is safe to direct the ac-
tivities of his henchmen so long as he stays
in the grim native quarter of Algiers
where the police do not dare to venture.

The drama depends upon his sudden,
passionate infatuation for a French sight-
seer, and his evasion of the various traps
set to lure him out of his stronghold by
the not quite wily enough police.

Gene Lockhart is sure to get much ad-
miring comment for his part of a rabbit-
hearted informer. Alan Hale adds an-
other colorful characterization to his long
list as a receiver of stolen goods. Joseph
Calleia does a fine, oily police agent.
Sigrid Gurie is effective as a native girl.

SHOPWORN ANGEL (M-G-M)

Daisy was tough and cynical and beau-
tiful. Daisy had been through the
mill, and one cannot help suspecting that it
hurt the mill more than it did Daisy.
Daisy could take it.

When the war started, Daisy was doing
nicely with the star part in a Broadway
show, and the devotion, apartment and
car of the show’s backer.

Daisy wasn’t interested in the war or
anyone in it. Any guy making $30 a
month simply wasn’t Daisy’s sort. Then a
gangling, innocent, idealistic boy from the
cow country came along.

Even the fine emotional equipment of
Miss Margaret Sullavan fails to make
Daisy’s subsequent mental processes quite
understandable. There she is, madly in
love with the nice charming producer
(Walter Pidgeon) who loves and under-
stands her, but, just because the cowboy
(James Stewart) thinks she is an angel,
she feels that she should marry him and
send him off to war happy.

The film is played intensely, and is ab-
sorbing while it lasts, but when it is over

— are soft... natural!

Men detect that ugly "painted look", Only
Tangee can give your lips this lovely natural
glow—it’s the only lipstick with the famous
Tangee color-change principle.

Orange in the stick, Tangee actually changes
on your lips to a warm blush-rose— exactly
your shade whether you’re a blonde, brunette
or red head. Won’t smear or leave red marks
on teeth or handkerchiefs. Special cream
base keeps it on... hours longer. Get Tangee
39c and $1.10. Try Tangee Rouge and Powder,
too, for a natural matched make-up.

THIS SUMMER, are Tangee Creame Rouge, waterproof. Never
smears or flakes— even when you’re swimming.

Untouched— Lips left untouched are apt to have a
faded, patched look.

Greasy, painted lips— Don’t risk that painted look.
Men don’t like it.

Tangee trouble lips— Intenstifies natural color,
ends that painted look.

World’s Most Famous Lipstick
TANGEE
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTE! There is only
one Tangee—don’t let anyone switch you. Be sure
to ask for TANGER NATURAL. If you prefer more
color for evening wear, ask for Tangee Theatrical.

4-PIECE MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET
and TANGEE CHARMS TEST
The George W. Lauft Co., 417 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C.
Please rush "Miracle Make-Up Set!" of sample
Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creame Rouge and
Pine Powder, I enclose list (samples or post. 1 List
in Canada.) Also please send Tangee Charm Test.
Check Shade of 

Name (Please Print)
Address
City — State

Nationally Advertised Brands Are Your Assurance of Value and Protection
you are apt to feel that you just can't wait to see the good old unsentimental newsreel.

THE RAGE OF PARIS (Universal)

Cute as a kitten is Danielle Darrieux in the gay little comedy designed for the vacation trade. She rolls her eyes, she scurries her English ever so slightly, she over-acts with a delicate precise charm, and audiences come out of theaters gassing that Universal has a discovery.

It really isn't fair to tell the plot of the story, because the plot is an old friend. But the dialogue is new and the cast is fine, so all you need to know is that Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. plays the leading male role as a young business executive of vast wealth; that Mischa Auer and Helen Broderick persuade the little French girl that she must marry for money; that she starts to pursue a willing millionaire played by Louis Hayward; that everyone has a lot of fun with the mixed-up romances.

TROPIC HOLIDAY (Paramount)

Just the idea of Bob Burns dressed up in a bull fighter's costume is funny. It gets funnier when he really fights a bull. So does Martha Raye. There is a romance between Ray Milland and Dorothy Lamour in a picturesque Mexican setting, some songs, some dances, and, for good measure, Binnie Barnes burlesquing a movie queen.

JOSETTE (Twentieth Century-Fox)

Miss LeBlanc (Simone Simon) was just the tobacconist's daughter, but she wanted to go on the stage. So she became the wardrobe mistress in a New Orleans night-club. Her big chance came when Josette, (Tala Birell), new star of the floor show, hooked old man Brissard (William Collier, Sr.) and fled with him to New York just before her first show opened.

In the meantime, the two Brissard boys (Robert Young and Don Ameche) were waiting out front and congratulating themselves at having hustled papa out of town so that they could buy off the scheming Josette behind his back.

Bert Lahr as owner of the night club, Joan Davis as the companion of the enterprise Josette, and Paul Hurst as a wonderfully swacko patron add greatly to the comic confusion which follows Miss LeBlanc's masquerade as the missing Josette.

Simone Simon gives generously of the familiar mannerisms which have endeared her to quite a number of people.

WHEN WERE YOU BORN? (Warners)

Anna May Wong, looking more exotic than ever, helps the police solve a mystery murder by the aid of astrology, and helps audiences have a lot of laughs by some pointed remarks about characteristics of people born under different signs of the zodiac. The picture is a novelty in that, at some time or another, every person in the audience can take part of the dialogue personally.
GREAT AS THE ACCLAIM THAT HAS GREETED IT

Irving Berlin

ALEXANDER RAGTIME

TYRONE POWER · ALI
GREATER THAN YOUR GREATEST EXPECTATIONS!

Against the background of our turbulent times ... the story of headstrong young sweethearts who find love, lose it, find it again — through the music that is their life! Rich with the Irving Berlin melodies that have kept hearts singing ... glamorous with the dramatic panorama from ragtime to swing ... here is entertainment triumphant from 20th Century-Fox, makers of "In Old Chicago"!

DER'S
BE BAND
valcade

FAYE • DON AMECHE

ETHEL MERMANN • HALEY
JEAN HERSHOLT • HELEN WESTLEY
JOHN CARRADINE • PAUL HURST
WALLY VERNON • RUTH TERRY
DOUGLAS FOWLEY • EDDIE COLLINS
CHICK CHANDLER

Directed by Henry King
Associate Producer Harry Joe Brown • Screen Play by Kathryn Scala and Lamar Trott • Adaptation by Richard Sherman
Featuring a pageant of Irving Berlin songs including 26 favorites of yesteryear and 2 hits of tomorrow

Darryl F. Zanuck in Charge of Production

A 20th Century-Fox Picture
GREATER THAN YOUR GREATEST EXPECTATIONS!

Against the background of our turbulent times...the story of headstrong young sweethearts who find love, lose it, find it again—through the music that is their life! Rich with the Irving Berlin melodies that have kept hearts singing...glamorous with the dramatic panorama from ragtime to swing...here is entertainment triumphant from 20th Century-Fox, makers of "In Old Chicago"!

Irving Berlin's

ALEXANDER'S RAGTIME BAND

An American Cavalcade

TYRONE POWER • ALICE FAYE • DON AMEACHE

ETHEL MERMAN • JACK HALEY
JEAN HERSHOLT • HELEN WESTLEY
JOHN CARRADINE • PAUL HURST
WALLY VERNON • RUTH TERRY
DOUGLAS FOWLEY • EDDIE COLLINS
CHICK CHANDLER

Directed by Henry King
Associate Producer: Harry Joe Brown
Screen Play by Kathryn Scola and Leman Travis
Adaptation by Richard Sherman
Featuring a pageant of Irving Berlin songs including 26 favorites of yesterday and 2 hits of tomorrow

Darryl F. Zanuck, in Charge of Production
A 20th Century-Fox Picture
Colonel Burns discusses with Miss Barbara Ann Burns the problem of growing hair. Miss Burns was three months old when this picture was taken, and already she is getting many gifts from papa's fans. Papa, who is also famed as the inventor of the bazooka, is to be seen currently in Tropic Holiday.

When Max Reinhardt took out his first citizenship papers three years ago—a fact which for some reason has failed to come to light until now—he had in mind the idea of creating in Hollywood a festival season of arts that would be even more impressive and artistic than the one which brought world renown to his beloved Salzburg.

As an experiment in the realm of festival Reinhardt produced the glorious fantasy, Shakespeare's A Midsummer Night's Dream in the Hollywood Bowl in 1934, and did it so successfully that it was taken to San Francisco, and Berkeley, California, for two more very satisfactory showings. In fact, the success of this pageant temporarily shelved Reinhardt's festival idea, for Warner Brothers offered him so much money to make a film version of A Midsummer Night's Dream that he decided for the time at least to let art go chase itself, at least insofar as festivals were concerned.

But the movies took Reinhardt's artistic temperament and put it through a wringer in accordance with Formula A and thus chased him back into the festival business, though not in Hollywood. In fact, he pulled up stakes and returned to Salzburg where he again took up the work begun seventeen years before when he started with an idea and built it up into an institution.

Despite continued success in Europe, he never lost sight of his idea for a Hollywood festival. So last October he returned to the film capital to see what could be done about it. After several months' work his planning has begun to bear fruit. In fact, a Hollywood festival season is now promised this coming summer, calculated as the film capital's bid for international recognition as the World's new capital of dramatic culture. Reinhardt says he will never return to his native land. He will soon be an American citizen. He did not know, when he left Salzburg late last summer, that his castle of Leopoldskron and all the art treasures he had assembled there these past thirty years would be confiscated by the Nazis, that in fact his homeland would be taken over by the Hitlrites and a new form of government established. He could not foresee such things. However, it was fortunate that he was in Hollywood when they occurred. For it meant that the artistic and cultural glory that were Salzburg's may be permanently
Watch For Sonja Henie's Big Contest!

NEXT MONTH Sonja Henie is sponsoring a contest to celebrate the release of her new Twentieth Century-Fox film, My Lucky Star. The contest is going to be a lot of fun in itself, and it also will give you opportunity to win some delightful prizes. The little skating star has given one manufacturer the right to make gay sweaters, graceful dresses, colorful caps, scarfs and mittens authorized by her. Each garment has her name woven into the label, so prize winners can be sure that they are dressed just like the star when they wear their awards on the ice this winter.

Pictures of the prizes and rules of the contest will be printed in the October issue of HOLLYWOOD Magazine on the stands the first week in September. Better not miss it!

Heart leaving Isabel Jewell to hold down second place in the Dan Cupid Derby . . .
Robert Wilcox has quit sponging Joy Hodges around and now hits the nightspots with Helen Mack . . .

ON AGAIN!

Hedy Lamarr and Reginald Gardiner are like twelve o’clock about each other . . .
Nancy Carroll now being beamed by Allan Wilson . . . the Judith Malcolm—
Milton Berle twosome getting hotter . . .
Ethel Merman and Cesar Romero still continue to hit the gayspots on all sides . . .
Fay Wray and John Monk Saunders, two very, very nice people, may reconcile which will be great news to their friends . . .
Richard Greene, one of the Four Men and A Prayer players, now the ONE with
Simone Simon . . . Glenda Farrell step-

Transfered from the gem of the Austrian Alps to the home of the Hollywood hills.
There will be three events in Reinhardt’s festival season in Hollywood. First, a colorful production of Faust, second a presentation of the new Thornton Wilder play, The Merchant of Yonkers, and last, the fantasy by Maeterlinck, The Bluebird, with a cast primarily of children—hundreds of them, in the Hollywood Bowl.

To provide talent for these attractions, completely overcoming hampering restrictions of studio contracts which harassed Reinhardt during the production of A Midsummer’s Night Dream, and also with the very definite idea of developing new talent, there will have been opened by the time you read this, Reinhardt’s “Workshop of the Theatre,” a crucible in which to test talent, to explore the capabilities of potential and prospective stars in all branches of dramatic art. It is Reinhardt’s ambition to make this workshop the greatest institution of its kind in the world. To that end he has already gained the cooperation of a score or more of major celebrities who have joined him as associates on the workshop faculty. Such men and women as G. Muni, Bette Davis, Basil Rathbone, George Jessel, Walter Huston, Constance Collier, Ralph Bellamy, Franco Averardi, William Dieterle, Nikolai Remisoff, Lisa Sokoloff, Erich Wolfgang Korngold, Karl Freund, Tony Gaudio, Isaac Van Grove, Edward G. Robinson, Catherine Willard, Konstantin Shayne, Rudolph Mate, William Bacher, Charles M. Hamp and Vladimir Sokoloff have already signed up as faculty members and others have professed a willingness to sign so that when the workshop faculty is finally completed it will be an imposing one. Never before in the history of the film industry has anyone been able to make teachers of stars, but Reinhardt has accomplished it, and the new enterprise is apt to be one of the most interesting ones ever started in Hollywood.

Driven into a mild frenzy by constant ribbing and practical joking at the hands of Mischa Auer, Ann Miller, dancing comedienne, finally turned the tables on her tormentor the other day when Mischa was called away from the set. In his dressing room he found a “stink pot” burner and giving off an odoriferous perfume. But that wasn’t all. Once he had removed the “pot” he found a stuffed effigy of himself hanging from the ceiling, the furniture overturned, paper scattered about and his wardrobe pilled in a heap. Mischa hasn’t spoken a word of Russian since he came to Hollywood, but at the sight of the wreckage he certainly went right into the role of the Volga Boatman. As for Ann, she did a few Russian steps of joyous revenge for an Auer or more.

What with budgets being cut, overhead being trimmed to the bone, and general expenses around the studios pared down to the quick, Producer Sol Lesser has gone the efficiency experts and auditors one better in their attempts to cut additional corners. Sol has not only cut down expenses with the rest of the producers, but he has cut down the size of his actors! The cast of his full-length western, The Terror of Tiny Town consists of 80 midgets. The half-pint players have been signed to extended contracts and Producer Lesser has plans of utilizing them in a series of Class “A” features burlesquing current hit films. And if this isn’t an original idea to make both ends meet we don’t know what it is!

OFF AGAIN!

Gloria Youngblood and Rudy Vallee have put their romance in the cooler for good . . . ditto for the Joseph Schenck—Mary McGuire which wears an ice pack . . . Peggy Moran, a Warner Brothers kutekid, has homesteaded Owen Crump’s heart leaving Isabel Jewell to hold down second place in the Dan Cupid Derby . . .

Robert Wilcox has quit sponging Joy Hodges around and now hits the nightspots with Helen Mack . . .

ON AGAIN!

Hedy Lamarr and Reginald Gardiner are like twelve o’clock about each other . . .
Nancy Carroll now being beamed by Allan Wilson . . . the Judith Malcolm—
Milton Berle twosome getting hotter . . .
Ethel Merman and Cesar Romero still continue to hit the gayspots on all sides . . .
Fay Wray and John Monk Saunders, two very, very nice people, may reconcile which will be great news to their friends . . .
Richard Greene, one of the Four Men and A Prayer players, now the ONE with
Simone Simon . . . Glenda Farrell step-
ping out with Harry Priestre, her a few-years-back boyfriend... Rosemary Lane and Jeffrey Lynn are getting “that way” about each other... ditto Doris Nolan and Richard Carlson.

- Travis Banton, former submarine commander and now the Hollywood fashion designer whose clothes for Carole Lombard, Marlene Dietrich, and Claudette Colbert, having made him internationally famous, was invited recently by the U. S. Navy to renew his officer's commission by the expedient of appearing on a test cruise with the new type of undersized craft.

- Pat O'Brien tells about a Shriner friend of his who returned to his hotel after one of the innumerable social affairs given during the Shriners Convention held in Los Angeles in June. Having imbibed a bit too much of the cup that cheers, said Shriner friend, according to Patrick, was having trouble in locating the keyhole of the door.

  “Is that you, William?” called out his anxious wife finally alarmed at the scratching and fumbling at the door.

  “If it isn’t,” replied William, after a long wait, “I’m gonna get me a divorse!”

- Columbia is conducting a search for a “Golden Boy” to take the title role in the picture to be made from the Clifford Odets play of that title. The other day a middle-aged man called to see Julius Evans, the studio official in charge of the search.

  “What do you wish to see him about?” a secretary asked.

  “I don’t want to see him. He wants to see me,” protested the visitor.

  “Did he make an appointment?” the secretary inquired.

Eddie Cantor seems to be in considerable pain as he looks over programs at the new Hollywood track, but maybe he is just holding his hat on.

“He is looking for a Mr. Goldenburg,” said the man emphatically, “and that’s me!”

If you don’t get his angle try it again with a touch of the New York Toity-Toid Street accent!

There is something wrong with this picture... the Ritz Brothers should be wearing the chaps instead of Hobart Bosworth who is giving them the signal to start in the Shriners’ parade.
IT ROCKED BROADWAY FOR 82 WEEKS!

NOW IT'S THE LOUDEST LAUGH ON THE SCREEN!

Boy meets girl! . . . Cagney meets O'Brien! . . . And the great stage triumph that panicked New York and swept the whole nation from coast to coast, becomes the love-and-laughter picture of a decade!

BOY MEETS GIRL

FROM THE STAGE PLAY PRODUCED BY GEORGE ABBOTT

Starring

JAMES CAGNEY

PAT O'BRIEN

MARIE WILSON • RALPH BELLAMY

Directed by LLOYD BACON

SCREEN PLAY BY BELLA AND SAMUEL SPEWACK

Presented by WARNER BROS.

Ask Your Druggist About NATIONALLY ADVERTISED BRANDS WEEK, September 1 to 10.
FANS CAN BE Pests!

Joe Penner thought it was the last round-up at Pomona County Fair when the thundering herd of usherettes decided to ask him for his autograph, but his flight was all in fun.

Certainly the stars love us. Certainly the stars are grateful for our attention. Of course the stars value our devotion, but there have been times when fans have been no less than blights and burdens.

By LLEWELLYN MILLER

Once upon a time a nice quiet editor of a fan magazine was walking across a sunny street in Hollywood. She had parked her car, and was going into Columbia Studios. The editor was quietly dressed. She had on a dark blue suit, white shoes and gloves. She looked neat. She looked respectable. She might have been any one of thousands of neat and respectable people who attract no attention as they go about their business in Hollywood except for two things: she had on a wonderful spectacular new hat and she was wearing sun glasses.

The hat was pretty rakish. It wasn't so
awfully big, but it had a certain something. It had dash, that hat. It had appeal. It had personality. It had a quiet drama... in a nice way, of course. Its dark blue brim curled in an adventurous fashion, and it took a courageous woman to wear it.

No one who does a great deal of driving along the dazzling white highways under the blazing California sun goes without sun-glasses. The fan magazine editor's sun-glasses weren't tricky. Let other people go in for white rims and gaily colored lenses. Hers were for service, so they had big sturdy grey shell rims and the lenses were the heavy duty grey that looks black from the front... the kind you wear if you really want to cut the glare from the sun, but also the kind you wear if you want to disguise yourself!

Quietly the editor walked across the street. She was trying (Oh, vanity!) to catch a glimpse of her splendid new hat in a window, so she did not notice that half a dozen youngsters were racing after her until a hand caught rather rudely at her arm, and a shrill voice cried, "Can I have your autograph?"

The editor stopped. She had to. You can't trample over little children or strong-arm the younger generation, even if their mothers haven't taught them that you mustn't grab. From under her dark glasses she gave the children a grin. "Why?" she said.

"Aren't you somebody?" the children demanded. Now there was a question!

"No," said the editor. "I'm just a hat."

The children took a doubtful glance at the dashing hat. "Aren't you an actress?"

"No. I'm not. Really."

"Take off the sun-glasses." demanded the children without ceremony.

"All right," said the editor obligingly, and she did.

The children took a long look, and the leader batted a contemptuous hand. "She's not anybody," he shrilled disgustedly, and without further waste of time they turned in a body and dashed back to the entrance to ambush someone who was "somebody."

The editor walked thoughtfully into the studio, realizing that, while it is fun to be important, no one wins fame in Hollywood without [Continued on page 61]
When a movie star determines to get away from the glamour of her career, it really can be done, and Claudette Colbert proved it

By HELEN BUNCH

Waving her arms frantically, Claudette Colbert stood in the center of one of those winding, twisting streets in Lyons, France. The reason for the gyrating arms was that her husband's modest roadster of American make was stalled, and he was changing a tire.

"You'll have to go around!" she yelled in French.

Disconcerted taxi drivers—the French brand with the little horns that go "beep, beep!"—slammed on the brakes, skidded, swerved and scooted around the three-wheeled Colbert chariot. They grimaced, narrowly missed the car, narrowly missed the husband, too.

Not one guessed that they were making snide French cracks at the beautiful American motion picture star. For the simple reason that Miss Colbert was thoroughly incognito. She and her husband were wandering modestly about France, her native land, without trappings, without ballyhoo, and without giving much of a hang about doing anything but enjoying themselves.

They did that as "Mr. and Mrs. Jack Pressman".

"I wanted to show Jack what France was like and wanted to do it in peace," Claudette told me today. "Eight years ago, when I [Continued on page 55]
Ray Milland stood at the edge of Metropolitan Airport doing a slowburn.

"Listen," he said to Bill Wellman, who is rather well known as one of Hollywood's most successful film directors, "what's an air epic if you can't fly? I can't be a hero in Men with Wings if I have to stay on the ground. I want to get in on the fun."

Bill Wellman never has stampeded easily. So he gave Ray one of those amused, easy-going looks of his and said, "Don't see why we should take any chances with you. There's quite a bit of cash invested in your hide."

Wellman was a World War ace. He had flown those ancient crates over the lines—and come back. Paramount picked him to direct Men with Wings because he knew all the hazards of flying, and all the answers. The film was scheduled as a big expensive production, and a firm, smart director was needed. Answer: "Wellman."

And Wellman's answer to Milland: "No!"

Ordinarily that might have ended the whole thing. But Ray, who has piloted a plane innumerable times in the past, was not willing to give up. That's why, a while later, he wandered in among the pilots who were getting ready to do a big battle formation scene. Finally he found Al Lary, the "movie-mad stunt pilot," as he is billed in the hinterlands.

"Listen, Al," Ray began. "You make fifty bucks a day flying your crate for these scenes. Let me take your place for just a few hours—please."

Al shook his head slowly.

He wanted his own way, and he got it, but there were some surprises added for fun and good measure

By TERRY KELLY

"Aw—Al. It's a matter of principle to me."

Al still didn't like the idea. He had heard Wellman's refusal a few hours before.

"Al, that guy won't know until it's all over," Ray wheedled. "It's worth fifty bucks of my own money to be able to say I flew in this picture—how about fifty bucks?"

That's how come Ray waddled like a duck to Al's war-time Fokker ship a few moments later. Like a duck is right, too. He had on a heavy, fur-lined flying suit. And a parachute was strapped on like a pillow. So he waddled.

One by one the ships took off. Ray's was among the last few. Finally they disappeared over the trees. They were to come back a few minutes later in formation. The scene would be shot from the ground and from the air, too, in full technicolor.

Bill Wellman made a last minute check of his ground crew, glanced above him and saw Paul Mantz circling in the camera ship. Then the distant roar of motors told him the planes were coming back.

This scene had been done five times in rehearsal. Wellman had considerable reason to expect the formation to be perfect. So he cast a critical eye aloft and saw the planes sweep past. Every ship seemed to be in formation. Well, almost every ship. A black and white Fokker was about one length behind and quite a little too high. Somehow it just couldn't wobble into exact position.

"Who's that?" Wellman howled, waving the cameras to quit. "It oughta be Al Lary," somebody just above a Yes-man status suggested.

"Well, flag 'em down," Wellman shouted. "I think we'll have a little conference."

It was Bill Wellman's turn to do a slowburn when Ray Miland waddled out of that ship, waddled like a duck, with a wide grin on his face.

Technically, Red had won his point. He had flown during the making of Men with Wings.

[Continued on page 53]
There was squalor in the streets, there was hunger in the land, there was desperate poverty among the people when Marie Antoinette, still in her teens, became a leading figure in the brilliant court which was to dazzle all of Europe with its lavish display of wealth, power, extravagance. The contrast between her life and that of her subjects was stark, in great part, from the young queen, but her name became a synonym for a heedless magnificence that has not been equalled since her time.
Adrian of M-G-M designed the spectacular gowns which Norma Shearer wears in the title role of Marie Antoinette, one of the most expensive films ever produced by Hollywood. Expert needle-women spent thousands of hours in the fashioning of precious fabrics, delicate lace, feathers, ribbons and jewels to the exacting specifications of the designer. On these pages are seven of the most beautiful of the thirty-four costumes. They are worth careful study, for the film is sure to have its effect upon the fashions of 1938. Marie Antoinette co-stars Tyrone Power with Norma Shearer, and will be released in the late autumn.
Carefree is the name of Ginger Rogers' new picture, and she certainly looks as if she is taking the title seriously as she plays a fast set of tennis between working hours. Once again, she is co-starred with Fred Astaire. A new dance routine is introduced by the pair, and it is said to combine the vigorous romp of "The Big Apple" with the grace of the minuet. You can't imagine it? Try again! It's easy!
He Had Plenty of Nothing

Everyone laughed when he got up to act. He is having the last laugh now

By KATHARINE HARTLEY

Most all of our movie heroes had something in their very young youth which gave promise of a heart-throb career. Bob Taylor, even before pictures spruced him up, had those undeniable good looks which made every girl reach for her mirror—and her leaping heart—the minute she beheld him. And it was the same with Clark Gable. Not exactly handsome in his pre-acting days he nevertheless had brawn and a vigorous and untamed quality which sent shivers down young female spines. Ditto Mr. Boyer, who had the lovely ladies of Paris sending him fragrant billet-doux by way of the stage door, long before picture fame caught up with him. And so it has been with most all of them. There was always an obvious something which made others know that they were one of those "should oughta be in picture" boys. All, that is, except Jimmy Stewart. Tall, lanky, shy, fast-blushing, slow-speaking Jimmy Stewart. On his own admission, there was nothing, simply nothing, about his early life or personality to recommend him to a future career devoted to female heart-fluttering.

"Jimmy, an actor! Oh, come now. He's a smart boy, but he's so skinny!" That was the reaction of the home town (Indiana, Pa.) when it first heard that Jimmy, off there at Princeton, was appearing in a number of the Triangle shows. And not a few of the old home towners, remembering a certain school-day incident when [Continued on page 42]
WHAT COLOR

There is a new game in Hollywood, and it is keeping the town busy trying to assign colors to personalities. Lola Lane gives you a sample of how it is played

By JESSIE HENDERSON

This is the strangest interview you ever saw. But how it makes sense! After Lola Lane says what they are, you can see they’re exactly that. And this is true even though you’d never have dreamed, before, that Tyrone Power is amber and Marlene Dietrich dusky pink and the Ritz Brothers maybe a Scotch plaid.

The subject came up because Lola sees people as colors. She’s kind of psychic, or perhaps it’s psychological. Dumb clucks like you and me (all right, all right, like me) see people as

so many scrambled features and a couple of hands and feet. But the instant Lola meets an individual, she envisions that individual surrounded by a color—oh, a quite imaginary color, of course—and the color not only expresses this person’s real personality but invariably turns out to be the color which this person ought to wear. Becoming, you know; and one which makes the wearer feel happy and well dressed.

“Bette Davis is apple green,” Lola said, “she’s also the soft green under the apple tree in the orchard. Alive! She’s more; she is dauntless. She’s the wind that billows round the corner through the pine tree. She’s the green of a Florida hurricane.”

Lola erased the frown of concentration and laughed. “Or am I too poetic? That’s how I visualize Bette, anyway. I don’t know whether she has a lot of green dresses, but she ought to have. I visualize her in apple green taffeta with a tight bodice and flowing skirts—she would be at her best in that. There ought to be plenty of green in the decorations of her home, she should have green about her always. She is soft as grass and irresistible as the wind, and if that sounds like blank verse I can’t help it. She is.”

From the time Lola Lane was a youngster, fond of color herself, she has classified folks in terms of the rainbow. Partly it’s a gift and partly it’s a matter of study. Her feeling for tints is so sensitive that they mean more to her than to most of us. She can be actually, physically miserable in a room where the hues are discordant and, when renting a house, she slip-covers the furniture in the shades of which she is fondest. Lola could be a topnotch interior decorator, with a dash of costume designing on the side.

A dash? Better than that. She designs nearly all her wardrobe and selects the

Lola Lane is a “blue” personality, with turquoise predominant. You’ll see that personality next in Warner Brothers’ Sister Act.

Clark Gable’s color is light beige.

HOLLYWOOD
color combination for each outfit. Lola is not only a beautiful girl, she's a beautiful girl beautifully dressed, who insists upon beautiful surroundings. Not necessarily expensive, mind you, but beautiful.

So there she sat, hugging her knees, on the white fur rug before the fireplace in a room touched by turquoise. "What a peaceful room!" visitors exclaim. Those touches of turquoise are, it seems, the reason. Any player, Lola contends, absolutely needs a restful room in which to look between pictures. She was resting up at the moment after the completion of Women Courageous, the Warner Brothers picture in which all three of the Lane sisters appear.

Lola was wearing London tan, which appeared to bring out the warm lights in her brown hair, with a blue brooch at her throat; and either the rich leather shade or the brooch brought out also the deep violet of her eyes. It isn't everybody who has violet eyes. Isadora Duncan had; a fact which pleases Lola, because Isadora was a genius whom she greatly admires.

In addition to the brooch, and the turquoise flecks in the room, there were other items of blue in the immediate surroundings. A dark basalt vase on the table, the river tint in a little picture, the shadowy pansies in a clear glass bowl.

For Lola is a "blue" personality; which doesn't mean in the least a melancholy one. She likes the blue of outdoors, night skies, day skies, lakes and ocean. No matter what color her costume may be, she doesn't feel right until she has added a trifle of blue to it, anything from the delicate white-blue of an ice tone through electric blue to midnight; a belt or a piece of jewelry or a flower.

But it was of Olivia de Havilland she was talking at the moment; another "blue" personality, by the way. "Olivia is the loveliest shade in the whole blue range; that pale, sweet periwinkle that's a combination of royal purple, yellow and red.

"Yellow stands for an ethereal quality, red for terrific vivacity, the purple for ancestry and breeding. Put all these shades together and you have the exquisite periwinkle which to me means Olivia."

Surprisingly enough (the talk had turned to Robin Hood) she added that Errol Flynn is pearl gray. You'd have guessed crimson, orange, a shade more striking. But no; Lola stuck to it. Pearl gray.

"Possibly you never analyzed pearl gray," she suggested, "it's iridescent, a solid tint yet intangible. You can almost look through pearl gray, but you look again and it's opaque. True pearl gray sometimes appears on a cloud just before sunset; a very subtle, fine tint. The cloud looks material enough so that you might think you could grasp it, but, if you tried, it would elude you. I imagine Errol would look better in a pearl gray suit than in anything else he could put on."

But, I objected, pearl gray is such a neutral tint.

"Oh, is it?" Lola retorted, "it's among the most remarkable tints in existence. Don't you realize that any color is a complement of pearl gray? That no matter what color you choose, pearl gray goes well with it, looks all the richer for it, and makes the color look richer, too? And haven't you noticed how Errol and each of his different leading women on the screen have complemented each other, bringing out in each other the best, the most dramatic qualities?"

"Lily Damita" — (that's Mrs. Flynn, of course) — "is clear flame. And, have you ever noticed, there's nothing else so magical with pearl gray.

"There, look!" Lola picked up the turquoise pottery ash tray and indicated the cigarette ash that she had just dropped into it. "That cigarette ash is a genuine pearl gray. You see the fire smouldering beneath it? It's the fire, smouldering beneath, which creates the pearl shade, like the sunset on the cloud... you don't have true..."

[Continued on page 36]
Back to School

Deanna Durbin is a star in her own right, but she still has to go back to school. Above is the pencil blue cullotte dress which she wears when she is riding her bike to class. The belt is white suede. The sweater is flesh pink.

Even if you are only in the middle teens, a dark blue afternoon dress can have a certain dash if it has a high neck, high waistline, and accessories to match in color.

When it is raining on the Universal lot, and Deanna has classes between shots of That Certain Age, her next film, she pops into a black and white weather-proofed fabric raincoat, and ties a matching off-the-face bonnet under her chin.

Autumn is the perfect time for a gay plaid in colors to match the leaves. If it has pleats in the front and a stiff white Eton collar, it is sure to be a success.

Deanna’s favorite dress for dinner or the theatre is made of heavy rough silk in shrimp color with a ruffled lace blouse, a double patent leather belt and brown velvet bows.
SWEET AS A "Rosenbloom"

Slapsie Maxie is the first to admit that he is beautiful, grand, wonderful and smart, too, since he finds time for five professions

By ED CHAMPION

Less than an hour after he had given young Lou Nova, a strapping ambitious heavyweight, a ten-round boxing lesson and had won the California State heavyweight championship for his fistic chore, Slapsie Maxie Rosenbloom, Jack of five professions and master of them all, jauntily entered his popular night club to receive congratulations from his friends.

Instead, no sooner had he set foot inside than he was greeted by a storm of catcalls and boos from members of the Hecklers' Club, an organization recently formed by Comedians Ben Blue, Bob Hope, George Burns, Milton Berle, Jack Benny, Hugh Herbert and a score of other stage and screen funnymen for the express purpose of embarrassing the good-natured, broad-shouldered Maxie in his own caravanserie.

"Whatever they say, Maxie," Milton Berle shouted above the din, "you wear that ear!"

"When are you going to let the air out of it?" Jack Benny asked.

"Looks like Lou gave you a shot of Nova-caine!" George Burns quipped. "And is your face red?"

As a matter-of-fact, it was. Young and ambitious Nova, some day due to be a challenger for the world's heavyweight crown if he minds his fistic P's and Q's, had managed now and then to slip over a fistful of leather during that ten-round brawl and Teacher Maxie's mug showed the effects of the knuckle treatment. His face, as George Burns said, did have a carmine tint. But Maxie, apparently, didn't mind that. His face had been tinted before during the 300 and more ring battles he had engaged in since he had taken up the ungentle art of fisticuffs. The hecklers could heckle and the boors could boo for all he cared, and so, still smiling broadly, he stepped upon the tiny orchestra platform and waited for Cully Richards, the master of ceremonies, to introduce him in the manner in which he was accustomed. Which happens to be something like this:

"Ladies and gentlemen, presenting the man with the big left ear, black hair, and fingernails to match! Here he comes! The Jewish Seabiscuit!"

A split second after that Maxie began his [Continued on page 52]
If anyone knows how to break the hex of a dead Pekinese, for heaven sake, will they please write Nigel Bruce in Hollywood at once.

One has been haunting him into making so many false moves that his friends—such as he has left—are calling him “Boner” Bruce, the man with the gift for doing it wrong. It absolutely is taking all the sweetness and light out of his life. It is making a mouse, albeit a 206-pound one, out of a man and something has got to be done about it.

You know who Nigel is, of course. He’s that Scotsman (and don’t call it Scotchman if you value your health) with a brrrrrr a mile long who is such a damned swell actor, that he has worked in some thirty feature roles in the four years he has been in Hollywood. You’ve seen him most recently in The Baroness and The Butler and Kidnapped. Currently he is working in Suez with Tyrone Power and Loretta Young.

Ordinarly Bruce is a man of tremendous good nature but this hex business is getting him down. And I mean down!

It all started, really, when he “cut the cloth” some years ago in England. I’m not so sure about America, but cutting the cloth in England, it seems, is a pretty heinous offense. Practically one against The Crown. Almost a hanging matter.

Nigel had been invited for the weekend at Lord and Lady Whosis’ impressive stone castle near Gloucestershire, some 180 miles from London. He’s not mentioning real names because there is a chance they have forgotten the whole unhappy chain of events even if he never will.) It was all vedy vedy and a lot of fun in a nice, quiet way.

One morning, having nothing in particular to do with himself, he strolled into the billiard room, racked the balls, and started potting at them. Not the billiard room in Whosis Castle is really something. Not only is the table an exceptionally fine and large one but it boasts a cloth of extraordinary quality. It is, in fact, quite the pride and joy of the entire household.

Suddenly Nigel froze in horror. Attempting a difficult shot, he committed the most blasphemous of sacrilege. He cut the cloth! There, where his cue had slid across the table, was a long, jagged cut! In panic he replaced the balls and cue, raced to his rooms, stowed his clothes in his bag every which-way, and stealthily departed Whosis Castle forthwith. Next morning he sent an abject note of apology and a sizable check in amends.

But neither the note nor the check could salve his conscience. Day and night his crime haunted him. Even a trip to America and the passing of two years failed to erase the awful memory. Back in England again he decided to take the bull by the horns. Like a criminal returning to the scene of his crime, he went back to Whosis Castle in person to again apologize. That way, he hoped, he could find peace.

His arms were filled with the most luxurious blooms he could find in London when he arrived. [Continued on page 60]
Merle Oberon's very wise and very pretty little head was bothered by a number of very big worries as she waited for the first studio call that would bring her in front of the Samuel Goldwyn cameras set up to shoot the opening scenes in *The Lady and the Cowboy*.

And worry No. 1, among a host of others, arose from the charming English star's discovery that all is not gold that glitters—even in Hollywood. And the reason she had classified this fact as worry No. 1 was because, after wearing down three pencils to their respective erasers, she had finally figured out that despite the upper bracket salary she would receive from Mr. Goldwyn for her work in *The Lady and the Cowboy* and *Wuthering Heights*, she would have the staggering sum exactly nothing to represent her cinematic labors when the cameras stopped rolling.

"It begins to look as though I came over here this time merely for the ride," she declared the day we visited her in her Santa Monica home. "You can see for yourself," she added, picking up a handful of papers upon which she had regimented row after row of tiny figures. "The more I work the less I'm going to have, and if I stay in Hollywood too long I may have to have a benefit!"

We hinted in our best diplomatic manner that perhaps she had been detoured somewhere by an error in her arithmetic, that she had confused herself somewhat by placing her financial cart before her financial horse, and that while all play and no pay didn't make Jack—to paraphrase an old and honorable maxim—it might be well, before her worrying became a habit, to order a fresh supply of paper and pencils and start all over again in her calculations.

Her answer to this was an emphatic shake of her very pretty little head.

"There's nothing wrong with my arithmetic," she insisted. "All these figures come from my attempt to work out my income taxes. I use the word in the plural and there's nothing wrong in that, either, because I have to pay both the British and American governments a part of my earnings. Not that I dislike or object to paying an income tax—or taxes. As a matter-of-fact I think anyone who pays an income tax should consider himself very lucky. But after I divide up part of my salary between England and the United States, and then pay all my other expenses, there really isn't enough left to bother about. So when I say that I'm working for Mr. Goldwyn for nothing I really mean it."

And she really meant it when she said she'd been broke if she stayed too long in Hollywood because one doesn't have to be a mental giant to figure out that there's a bottom to every pocketbook—even those well-filled ones owned by the top stars of the motion picture colony.

And that's worry No. 1.

Not only that, but it's reason No. 1 why this talented and gracious young English beauty is seriously considering, even now, plans for her return to British studios immediately after her second picture, *Wuthering Heights*, is completed late this fall; and no one can blame her if she does, because after all, there's little sense, if any, in working—even in the MOVIES—for nothing.

Worry No. 2 springs from her dual contract with Alexander Korda in London and Samuel Goldwyn in Hollywood.

"When Darryl Zanuck borrowed me from Mr. Korda for his Hollywood production of *Folies Bergere de Paris* in 1935," Merle explains, "my speech was decidedly British in accent and, since I knew I was scheduled to appear in other Hollywood pictures, I studied hard to Americanize it. And then, just as I was beginning to talk like a native daughter of California I was called back to London to make two pictures for Mr. Korda and my speech had to become British again. Now here I'm back in Hollywood again and once more I'll have to iron out my accent so that..." [Continued on page 63]
MICKEY'S CAREER MARCHES ON

No actor can be considered a finished Thespian until he can handle a GREAT LOVER'S scenes, and Mickey Rooney is no exception. His chance came recently during the making of Love Finds Andy Hardy. Here are some of the results you'll see on the screen.

1. With the help of Ann Rutherford, Mickey demonstrates fascination with a pretty fatal loer.

2. This is the man-of-the-world approach, restrained and yet effective. Lana Turner is his partner.

3. Don't worry about looking like a gold fish if the meaning is clear.

4. Hey, Mickey, take off your hat!

5. And this is the way Taylor, and Gable do it, claims Mickey with justifiable pride in his technique.
"If you want to get yourself a beau, take up knittin'—you'll have all the fellas you want—and some you don't want!"

That's Patricia Wilder's advice to would-be belles and the sad-eyed wallflowers. One of filmdom's most popular girls, "Honey Chile," gave the romantic tip from the set of My Lucky Star at Twentieth Century-Fox.

"There's somethin' about knittin' that gets 'em every time—hits 'em right between the eyes." The actress drewled the words out slowly, in that soft southern accent familiar to thousands of radio listeners and now destined to gain her a flock of new fans on the screen. "Ah don't care what they say to the contrary," Patricia persisted on her theory, "most young fellas can't get past the old-fashioned idea that a woman's place is in the home. Now you know there's somethin' awful home-like lookin' about knittin'!"

It might be just a coincidence (although Patricia admits she's been "doin' some talkin' aroun'") but most of Hollywood's prettiest unmarried belles have taken to knitting, and on the sets between scenes, it's become a rage.

As a matter of fact, filmdom femmes usually pay attention to what the Wilder has to say. She seems to have this matter of beau psychology down to a system—and the system must work, what with such names as Frank Parker, Bruce Cabot, Jon Hall, Don Terry, Bentley Ryan (young Hollywood attorney), Winston Frost (southern socialite) appearing consistently in her date book.

"It's impossible," she claims "to be a success with men unless you abide by a strict set of rules—and ah'm fixin' to tell you a few right here and now.

"Rule number one," Pat settled down earnestly to the discussion, "Don't call 'em up!"

"Forget you ever heard of a telephone where men are concerned. Don't go to allitin' yourself by thinkin' they may have lost your phone numbah. No-o-o ma-am! There's no more resourceful man in the world than the one who's lost the numbah of a girl he wants to talk to. He'll turn the whole town upside down, the telephone book inside out, the information operah in a panic, but, honey, he'll wind up with your numbah if he has to call the grocery store where he thought you once bought some cheese.

"An' nevah accept a last-minute date." The Wilder was emphatic on number two. "This puts you in the 'nth fiddle' class. An' don't forget, there's been many a swell undahstudy who nevah got a lead.

"An' don't believe the story 'he just decided to take in the fraternity dance at the last minnit'. He's had his tux and trimmin's ready for days. Don't you all know boys nevah [Continued on page 49]
What Color is Your Personality?

[Continued from page 29]

pearl gray without it. Moreover, you can't pin pearl gray down, so to speak; you can't dictate to it, I mean. Because, put pearl gray under a bright light, arrange things the way you think they should be, and it simply disappears. Yet, while you lose it when you try to circumscribe it and 'bring it out' (as you can do with less unusual tones), it's there just the same ready to emerge... on its own terms. Pearl gray, iridescent and independent, is pretty nearly unique in the color gamut.

Not merely her acquaintances but likewise the members of her family are subjected to this color test of Lola's. Though they may not be aware of it, she sees her sister Priscilla as silver and her sister Rosemary as a Paisley pattern. Sort of nice, either notion.

"Silver sparkles," Lola explained, "yet if you turn a piece of silvercloth in a certain way it has no color at all. I've seen that kid, Priscilla, sparkle like a diamond, then blend like marble. She's the real silver you see in an old wedding ring, silver symbolic of an old soul in a very young girl. Silver comes out of the ground and goes through fire, and you put it in the sun and it sparkles. Or in a dark corner of a mine you suddenly see a light—and it is silver.

"A silver personality like Pat is the kind who could drive a covered wagon to a new country, and love it."

Rosemary is very different, she went on. People right in the same family can have colors so different that it's amazing.

"A Paisley," Lola repeated, "that's Rosemary. A combination and apparent conglomeration of colors, but a definite pattern nevertheless. From the maze of colors you can pull out one tint in a Paisley that shines above the rest. Possible, it's chartreuse. Without losing any of her Paisley pattern, Rosemary, I'd say, has more chartreuse than any other shade; it predominated, and through the Paisley it has a pattern of its own.

"Chartreuse is yellow and green together. The green is deeper than apple," Lola meditated, "and brightening her eyes, "the yellow doesn't exactly mix with it and still the two shades do blend. The yellow is a wonderful complement to brown, and Rosemary has chestnut hair. Yes, golden brown and green make the yellow glow I see around her. It's the shade of the moss you see in the tops of the highest redwood branches. There it is, far away, remote, but a beautiful thing for you to look at.

"Joan Crawford is white, and white as you know is a combination of every color. You've almost got to be perfect to wear it—your skin, your hair, must be just right—and Joan wears it often.

"White is a color symbolic of what Joan stands for. Anything that's strong, that's staple, no matter what color it starts out; anything strong enough to be washed by the ocean, for instance, and not be defeated by it, as a rock or a length of good, staple cloth—shines white in the sun. In fact, it turns white. Even the side of a rock, if you catch it in a shaft of sunlight after the waves have swept over it, has a white shine on it."

"Joan's continual desire to improve herself projects a shine of white about her. I can see it every time I look in her direction. White is sincere. There's no flick in it. It isn't anything but white."

"I see Gary Cooper as navy blue. His isn't a color that changes or fades. It's a versatile color, too; you can wear it with anything, and it wears so well and it is always navy blue. The shade is conservative, yet it enhances any particular attribute you happen to have. It's fundamental, dependable, and therefore always popular, forever in style. It is there. Gary looks his best in navy, incidentally.

When the Shriners held their convention in Hollywood, Charlie McCarthy turned out in tails and monocle. That's Bergen in the topper.

"People frequently wonder why they happen to wear a certain color so much. It isn't," Lola claims, "a matter of happening. Look at your own wardrobe, and you'll probably find that you have more clothes in one special color, or shades of that color, than in any other.

There's no mystery about it, either. If you say it's because the color looks well on you, in a way you are putting the cart before the horse. Why does it look well on you? Just because you express that color, or it expresses you. There is one color which evokes the best in you, whether looks, disposition, mood. This is true of everyone, she explained, and about the worst mistake you can vanish is to wear black if you're a gold individuality or gold if you're a cerise or... but you get the idea.

Nor is this so other-world and improbable as it may at first appear. Psychologists say a good many of the irritable moods that beset our daily lives would vanish if the heliotrope people stopped living in vermilion homes, and the vermilion people stopped trying to work in chocolate brown offices.

When they began to delve into the whys and wherefores of technicolor in Hollywood, discovering why this combination of shades "did something" to the face of a star and wherefore another combination of shades didn't, they ran across the psychology of color and began to investigate it pretty carefully. They found that color on the screen could establish a mood in the audience. If you remember Becky Sharp, you'll recall how the red of draperies, of wine and of uniforms grew more prominent as the threat of war and bloodshed grew nearer. Without the audience realizing it, this heightening of reds put them into the frame of mind to expect conflict.

Nobody starts a fight simply because there's a red rug in the living room, even though the words "seeing red" indicate how much the color red supposedly is connected with belligerency. But many an individual has been vaguely irritated by a certain living room, has felt ill at ease in it and snappish, and has blamed on the dinner or the hostess what may have started as a kind of reflex protest against this red rug. That is, he's the sort of person who re-acts badly to red. Lots of people love it.

"Now, Shirley Temple—she's bright yellow," Lola observed, "she couldn't be anything else. She is sunshine. You never saw a more sunnyish child, or one who gave more sunshine to others. To me, the way she moves around and speaks is like sunbeams flickering over something dull and changing it to something bright and wholesome."

The importance of color in people's everyday existence, Lola proceeded, can hardly be overestimated. Whether you know it or not. "Everybody wants color," she said, "he may get it symbolically from the person in whom he's interested; that person to him is a 'colorful character'—or else he isn't interested. He may get it from his daily work, or else he speaks of his life in terms of color as 'drab.' The spectrum, actual or symbolic, is a thing from which nobody can escape."

Bye and bye I happened to mention Clark Gable. What item of the spectrum does the screen's greatest hero represent?

"Clark Gable," said Lola, "is the shade of natural wool. That strong, light beige. He's real and homespun, he's durable, he is always himself. If Gable had lived in another age, he'd have been a frontiersman."

And this color idea works! Going home, imbued with the thought of everybody wrapped in his psychic pigment, I ran into a crazy-quilt. Yes, sir, a crazy-quilt, crisscrossed with all tints and tones, standing at the corner of Hollywood and Vine. Right away I realized that I'd gone psychic, too, and was beholding a color aura beneath which at second glance appeared a brown suit and maroon tie.

"Oh, hullo!" said the crazy-quilt, waving his hat and giving that chuckle, "Woo-woo!"

It was Hugh Herbert.
Now—Apply Vitamin A
the "Skin-Vitamin"
Right on Your Skin

For years we have been learning about the importance of the various vitamins to our health. A-B-C-D-E-G—who hasn’t heard of them?

Now comes the exciting news that one of these is related in particular to the skin! Lack of this "skin-vitamin" in the skin produces roughness, dryness, scaliness. Restore it to the diet, or now apply it right on the skin, and our experiments indicate that the skin becomes smooth and healthy again!

That’s all any woman wants to know. Immediately you ask, "Where can I get some of that ‘skin-vitamin’ to put on my skin?"

Pond’s Cold Cream now contains this Vitamin

Pond’s Cold Cream now contains this "skin-vitamin." Its formula has not been changed in any way apart from the addition of this vitamin. It’s the same grand cleanser. It softens and smooths for powder as divinely as ever.

But now, in addition, it brings to the skin a daily supply of the active "skin-vitamin."

Use Pond’s Cold Cream in your usual way. If there is no lack of "skin-vitamin" in the skin, our experiments described in the next column show that the skin is capable of storing some of it against a possible future need. If there is a lack of this vitamin in the skin, these experiments indicate that the use of Pond’s Cold Cream puts the needed "skin-vitamin" back into it.

Begin today. Get a jar of Pond’s, and see what it will do for your skin.

Same Jars, same Labels, same Price
Pond’s Cold Cream comes in the same jars, with the same labels, at the same price. Now every jar of Pond’s contains the active "skin-vitamin"—Vitamin A.

Most People don’t know these Facts about Vitamin A and the Skin . . .

First: Published Reports
In 1931 and 1933, deficiency of Vitamin A ("skin-vitamin") was first recognized as the cause of specific skin disorders. In the cases reported, a liberal Vitamin A diet made the dry, roughened skin smooth and healthy again. Later reports confirmed and extended the evidence of this.

In hospitals, other scientists found that Vitamin A ("skin-vitamin") applied to the skin healed wounds and burns quicker.

Tests with Pond’s Creams
Experiments were made concerning possible causes of deficiency of "skin-vitamin" in the skin.

1. Dietary—The skin may lose "skin-vitamin" from deficiency of it in the diet. In our tests, skin faults were produced by a diet deficient in "skin-vitamin." Without any change in the diet, these faults were then treated by applying "skin-vitamin" to the skin. They were corrected promptly.

2. Local—Our experiments also indicated that even when the diet contains enough "skin-vitamin," the stores of this vitamin in the skin may be reduced by exposure to sun, and also by exposure to warm, dry air together with frequent washing. In further tests, packed irritation resulted from repeated use of harsh soap and water. This irritation was then treated by applying the "skin-vitamin." The skin became smooth and healthy again. It improved more readily than in cases treated with the plain cold cream or with no cream at all. The experiments furnished evidence that the local treatment with "skin-vitamin" actually put the "skin-vitamin" back into the skin.

All of these tests were carried out on the skin of animals, following the accepted laboratory method of reaching findings which can be properly applied to human skin.

Even today it is not commonly known that the skin does absorb and make use of certain substances applied to it. Our experiments indicate not only that the skin absorbs "skin-vitamin" when applied to it, but that when "skin-vitamin" is applied to skin which already has enough of it, the skin can store some of it against a possible future need.

The Role of the "Skin-Vitamin"
The "skin-vitamin" functions like an architect in regulating the structure of the skin. It is necessary for the maintenance of skin health. When the skin is seriously deficient in the supply of this vitamin, the skin suffers.

Signs which may indicate "Skin-Vitamin" Deficiency
Dryness, Roughness, Scaliness resulting in a dull appearance.

Ask Your Druggist About NATIONALLY ADVERTISED BRANDS WEEK, September 1 to 10

MRS. ALEXANDER C. FORBES, young New York society woman, granddaughter of Mrs. James ROOSEVELT: "With Pond’s Cold Cream, my skin looks soft—not rough or dry."

MRS. WILLIAM RHINELANDER STEWART, beautiful as when she came out: "The use of Pond’s Cold Cream has helped me to keep my skin fresh and bright and smooth."

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OFFSIDE AT LAKESIDE

Lakeside is the golf club of the stars and that is where you can see picture people at play, if you’re lucky enough to belong

By WHITNEY WILLIAMS

Midway between the First National and Universal studios, hard against the fern-bordered shores of Toluca Lake, lies Lakeside.

What makes Lakeside interesting and different is the fact that it is to Hollywood what the Racquet Club is to the New York’s fashionable sport-minded, what Newport and Miami symbolize to the eastern rich.

Lakeside is the playground of the stars—the golfing stars, especially. The club house is a low rambling structure, built along Spanish lines, with a mammoth tiled swimming pool in the rear, and open-air patios on three sides. It is vine-covered, and overlooks one of the acknowledged ten best courses in the United States.

It was here that Humphrey Bogart, one of the leading lights of the club, gave me some of the more intimate lowdown on some of the members. We were sitting in the grill. Our table adjoined that of Bing Crosby. At other tables were Richard Arlen, Adolphe Menjou, Edgar Kennedy, Grantland Rice (the sports writer), Jimmy McLarnin (formerly welter-weight champion of the world), Radio-columnist Jimmy Fidler, Frank Shields (the tennis player), Director Gregory La Cava and William Wellman, a dozen other celebrities whose names mean much in the world of pictures and sports.

"Bing is the club champion," remarked Bogart, who himself shoots in the seventies, as the crooner rose to go out on the fairway. "And not only once did he achieve this distinction, either. Two years running he's been the champion."

Bogart, as unvillainous in his sport shirt and grey slacks as he can be dastardly on the screen, began to warm to his subject.

"Probably more things out of the ordinary happen here than at any other golf club in the country. For instance . . ."

"Bing, of course, plays the game every possible moment. At the studio, whenever he sees he won't be needed for an hour or so, he jumps into his car and speeds for the course . . . telling the assistant director where he may be found. It's a good four miles, but no matter."

"When they're about ready for him on the set, the club is telephoned, and word relayed by caddies from hole to hole until the message catches up to him . . . then he dashes back to the studio. It's trying on the studio's nerves, I've heard, but Bing has never yet held up shooting. With overhead five thousand dollars or so an hour, that would be pretty costly." [Continued on page 50]
Let refreshing Double Mint gum keep you cool and doubly lovely.

The fickle male has an eye for girls who are not only good dressers but who have a taking smile as well. And now healthful Double Mint gum gives you both — style and smile. Millions enjoy this double-lasting mint-flavored gum. It helps assure sweet breath, relaxes tense nerves, makes your mouth feel cool and refreshed — whereby your whole self seems lovelier. Then too, chewing is nature’s way to wake up sleepy face muscles (promoting young contours) and to brighten your teeth so that your smile reflects a new loveliness to attract friends.

However, it is smile plus style that wins. A perfect example is lovely Sonja Henie, acclaimed world famous artistic skater and distinguished Hollywood star. Asked by Double Mint gum Sonja Henie has designed for you this delightful, cool looking dress, left—adapted from her applause-getting Norwegian skating costume which she also designed. Smart. Becoming. And by Double Mint made available to you in a Simplicity Pattern. SO, you see how delicious Double Mint gum keeps you cool and doubly lovely. Daily enjoy this non-fattening sweet. Also remember it aids digestion. Sold everywhere. Buy several packages today.

Left, Sonja Henie Double Mint gum dress. Designed and modeled for you by enchanting, lovely SONJA HENIE whose flashing grace made her 10 times World Champion and 3 times Olympic Champion. Photographed in Hollywood by Hurrell. Made available to you by DOUBLE MINT gum in SIMPLICITY Pattern 2849. At nearly all good Department, Dry Goods or Variety stores you can buy this pattern. Or, write DOUBLE MINT Dress Pattern Department, 419 Fourth Avenue, New York City.
BELAUTY GOES TO A PARTY

A party may mean refreshments by a caterer . . . a swing band . . . formal frocks and dinner coats . . . or it may mean a front porch gathering with homemade refreshments and homemade frocks . . . and canned music. But no matter how elaborate or informal a party is, it's always loads of fun. I mean fun for the girl who knows how to "pretty up" for it! The wall-flowers at any party are the ones who didn't take the trouble to make themselves extra-attractive for the big occasion. Don't be like that! Be smart about your party preparations and you'll be a sensation, not a wall-flower!

Put extra thought and time on your beauty routine. Put a little extra z-z-z-z into your hairstyle and your make-up. For instance, WHY NOT—

—ACCENT your eyes (so they won't fade out wearily under electric lights) with blue mascara that's applied with a spiral brush? Twirl the brush lightly against your upper lashes (never the lower ones—that would just make you look old and hard and tired of it all), pushing upward slightly to give your lashes a synthetic curl. If blue mascara strikes you as too theatrical, there's black or brown to please your conservative soul. . . . This mascara gives your lashes a silkiness as well as softness, and it's lasting and harmless. Comes in a metal tube about the size of a lipstick, and the brush fits neatly inside. Costs 25 cents.

—TREAT your eyes, before you make them up, to a cleansing bath in a waterclear lotion? It will remove bloodshot traces, make them feel clear and refreshed; add to their brilliance. I'll be glad to send you the name of an eyelotion that is made from an oculist's prescription, comes in an attractive blue glass bottle, with dropper-stopper ready for use. One of the three sizes—20 cents, 60 cents and one dollar—will find its place in your party budget. You may want to carry the smallest in your purse, to rinse away irritation when smoke gets in your eyes.

—FLATTER yourself with a facial before starting to make-up? Cleanse your skin first with a cleansing cream, remove that with absorbent tissues, pat with cotton soaked with a stimulating skin tonic or astringent. Next, an emollient or tissue cream. Pat it well into the skin with upward, outward finger motions. Remove, and again slap on astrigent to tighten the pores somewhat, help counteract the oiliness, before smoothing on protective cream as a base for your make-up. I'll be glad to send you the name of an attractive pink and white beauty kit that contains all the essentials for this routine (and excellent preparations they are), as well as a softening lotion for hand and face use, a large box of fragrantly fine face powder. Cost is $2.50, a bargain if there ever was one—so do write me for the name.

—TINT your cheeks with a new rouge that is a pale orchid in the box, but just the right blush shade for your skin when it's applied? The secret of this powder rouge is that it does not paint the cheeks with an opaque color. Instead it tints the natural oils

Half the fun of a party depends on the pains you take, and here are some short cuts

By ANN VERNON
of the skin with a transparent color which combines with the skin tone beneath, produces the perfect match for any skin. Apply sparingly, and rub it in well with your fingertips, till you have the desired blush tone. One application will last night and day, survive a rain storm, yet yield readily to the cleansing efforts of soap and water or cream. Fifty cents in your nearest drug store.

—PERFUME your whole body by sloshing a perfumed cologne over yourself, or by patting it on with a square of cotton, after you step from the tub? Write me for the names of two "scent events" from a certain Parisian parfumeur. The first cologne has a tang-y perfume, the other, a caressingly mellow one. Both contain all the refreshing properties of cologne, are equally kind to your purse. One dollar brings a stunning fiasco to your dressing table, lets you luxuriate in the fragrance for nights to come.

—SLENDERIZE your fingers by wearing your nails long? I'll gladly send you the name of a transparent and colorless polish foundation which will help protect your nails while they are growing out, keep your polish smooth and intact once they've reached the mandarin stage. Over this, flow on a coat of salon-type polish to harmonize or contrast with your gown, make your nails sparkle like jewels. If you've never worn dark nail polish, try it now—your hands will seem whiter, more fragile, by contrast. You'll like the muted rose and orchid shades, the low price (35 cents) of this creamy polish.

—CURL the ends of your hair, and pile them high on your head for one of those pre-war coiffures? Instead of moistening your hair with water (which won't hold the curls in place for very long, and may prove harmful to your crowning glory) dip your comb into a bottle of a new amber-colored curling lotion. This, you'll find, lets your hair dry quickly, sets the curls securely, and gives them a polished brilliance. Ten cents buys a four-ounce, wide-mouthed bottle, smartly labeled in black and yellow. Want the name?

—PIN those high-piled curls in place with springy bob pins? I can recommend some that hold their shape through thick hair and thin, won't let you down at the wrong moment. The outer side is coated with a dull, non-glistening finish of black or brown, so that the pins are practically invisible once they're in place. If you are having trouble discovering a new hairstyle, then the chart on the bob pin card may prove helpful. The coiffures are up to the minute, shown clearly enough so that you or your hairdresser will be able to copy them easily. Thirty-six pins for ten cents—and cheap at the price.

STEPPING OUT THIS SEASON?
Then write to Ann Venon for the names of these party-going products. She will be glad to help make you over into the popular girl you've always wanted to be. Just send your picture, and tell her whether you're troubled with large pores and blackheads, dandruff, excess weight or brittle nails. Remember to enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope (U. S. postage, please) for her answer. Address your letter: Ann Venon, HOLLYWOOD Magazine, 1501 Broadway, New York.

Gossip at the beach!

JUDY: "He nagged and acted so terribly mean, it sure looked like a bust-up for a while. I really felt sorry for Jane."

ALICE: "Aw, be fair! Tom raised Cain—but so would you if you always had to go around in tattle-tale gray. Jane was to blame for using lazy soap. It left dirt behind! Tom's shirts and her whole wash showed it."

SALLY: "Well, I'm glad the fuss has all blown over! If we'd only told Jane sooner how Fels-Naptha's richer golden soap and lots of naptha hustled out every last speck of dirt—the whole mess wouldn't have happened."

MARY: "Better late than never! Since she listened to us and switched to Fels-Naptha Soap, everything's peaches again and they're off for a second honey-moon!"

BANISH "TATTLE-TALE GRAY" WITH FELS-NAPTHA SOAP!

NEW! Great for washing machines! Try Fels-Naptha Soap Chips, too!
He Had Plenty of Nothing

[Continued from page 27]

Jimmie had appeared on the school platform to "give a little talk," further added, "Gee, a fellow has to have poise to be an actor, doesn't he? Well, do you remember this...", and so the old story was recalled again and again, so that ex-schoolmates, now grown and some of them married, recalled it to their spouses across the dinner table, and in a short time the whole town was laughing.

The incident had been this. Jimmy as a young boy, in his awkward teens (and he has never quite outgrown them physically), was a radio addict. That was in the days before radio was the all-talking show that it is today, and if Jimmy even got music over any one of his fifteen homemade sets, he was deliriously happy. His sets were made of oatmeal boxes, laboriously wound around with a fine wire.

His bedroom was one mad scramble of wires, antennae and control panels. He had one panel covering one whole wall on which there were fifty different switches. "One of those foolish things where you pull all fifty of the switches and then maybe one little thing happens," as he has since explained.

When the loud speaker horns came in, so that Jimmy no longer had to rely just on ear phones, he made a special trip to Pittsburgh, bought a loud speaker, came back on the train carrying it in his arms, guarding it and cuddling it with as much fond care, as though somebody had entrusted him with a baby. Then, to see how good the horn really was, he attached it to the radio, set the radio in the window, then got into his father's car and backed the car off down the street, to see how many blocks away he could still hear his radio. Which is just to give you some idea of what his family, even with cotton in their ears, had to put up with.

 Came the time of the Harding inauguration, and the announcement that it was to be broadcast. Jimmy had never yet heard any "talk" on any of his radios, but for this great event he prepared weeks in advance, and his efforts were successful. Jimmy, with a fanatic frenzy on his face, heard every syllable and band note of the entire proceedings, and when he went to school the next morning, he couldn't help telling some of the other boys about it. Word spread from boys to teachers, and later in the day at the school assembly, Jimmy was invited to tell the school all about it, too. From this moment on, his interest in radio waned. After that, he could never quite dissociate it with the embarrassment and the misery it caused him on this never-to-be-forgotten occasion. It was bad enough to be shoved out there on the platform. It was bad enough to just stand there, feeling all hands and feet (he had already reached the six foot mark and was destined to grow further). It was bad enough to see countless rows of grinning, smirking faces swimming there before him. But to have to talk on top of all that!

What his speech finally amounted to was mostly a series of stammerings and stutterings with numerous "Well's" cast here and there, but eventually it came out that there had been a lot of talking by them, there in Washington, and a lot of band playing, then more talking, and then the final band selection, which as Jimmy finally managed to blurt out was that grand old selection, "Columbus, the Germ of the Ocean!" If he had said it in the embarrassed mumble, like the rest of his speech, he might have gotten away with it, but in his relief to have finished with the whole miserable business at last, he fairly shouted it.

That was enough; it brought the place down; even the pictures of past presidents on the wall shuddered and shook—and from that day to this, the mention of any patriotic song has Jimmy in a jitter, remembering the embarrassment—boner of his first public appearance.

Nor was Jimmy any more at ease with young women than he was in front of an audience. "Somehow or other, I..."
never had any dates of my own," he has recently explained. "I just never got around to asking anyone myself, so at the last minute one of the other boys would undertake to get somebody for me—you know, blind date stuff—" and Jimmy's chagrined expression foretold the outcome. "I tell you, it's the truth. If there was a fright within fifty miles I always got her! And that's—well, that's bad for a boy. It discourages him, makes him in different right from the start. At least it did me. I got so I didn't even try to make conversation any more. Besides, I was so wrapped up in my other interests—after radio it was magic, and after magic it was motion picture projectors, and after that it was architecture; it was always something. And when I'd try to enter the conversation by way of an antenna, a Gothic arch, or a chemical solution, I never got very far, because the girl wouldn't know what I was talking about and naturally preferred a subject on which she was at home. So after a while I just gave up. I could dance a little—in fact I liked to dance—but there was a problem there too, the problem of picking on somebody my own size. As seen from the four corners of the dance floor it usually looked as though I were dancing with myself. It was always such a surprise when a space cleared and there was the girl, poor darling, not even able to wink at somebody else over my shoulder. Our town was full of short girls.

"But it was the same even when I went to Princeton. There, even if I could get a girl who was tall for myself for a dance, how was I going to be sure that the other fellow's date was tall, when it came to 'exchange' dances? No, it was a real problem, and I avoided it, preferring the stall line.

"I did invite one girl once to a houseparty and afterwards regretted it, only that, in a way, was my accordion's fault. I had met her somewhere on the Triangle tour; hadn't known her very long, but she was tall and cute too, and so I asked her on the spur of the moment. A shy fellow always does things either on the spur of the moment, or not at all, and usually one is as disastrous as the other. Well, she arrived at the houseparty, and during the first part of the first evening, everything went fine, until twelve. The dance orchestra had to quit at twelve, and after that they pounced on me and I had to haul out my accordion, and a couple of the other boys with guitars and banjos joined me, and we were the carry-on band until five in the morning. I have never seen her or heard from that girl from that day to this. Oh, I was a male wallflower in other ways too. I was always the sort of fellow who, three days later, thought of what I should have said or done on some particular occasion. The realization of how I could have turned the dull moment into one scintillating with laughter was something that kept me awake nights crying over the unmitigated humor. But then I guess I don't have to go into all that; already you have some idea, I'm sure, of what a sour date I was."

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Ask Your Druggist About NATIONALLY ADVERTISED BRANDS WEEK, September 1 to 10

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Today, of course, all that has changed. Today there isn’t a girl in Hollywood who wouldn’t jump at a date with Jimmy, and notably among those who answer his phone calls without the usual star-stalling are Ginger Rogers, Rosalind Russell and Eleanor Powell—a triple threat to his entertaining prowess. A few years ago Jimmy couldn’t have discussed anything more discusssable than the weather probably, but today he’s one of the most entertaining and delightful young men on the whole Hollywood scene (screen, too, for our money.) The answer is that through his acting career he has overcome his complexes. The career may not have fit him in the beginning, but eventually he forced himself to fit it, and the gratifying result is his personal, as well as professional success. (Five pictures in a row, gives an idea of his record; the last-made, Shopworn Angel, and his next, You Can’t Take it With You, for Columbia.)

But it wasn’t one of those hocus-pocus overnight changes. Jimmy, back there in the beginning, suffered as only a shy, ill at ease boy can suffer when things go wrong, but because things did go wrong he is where he is today. A few of his own recollections of those nightmare moments will suffice to show what we mean.

There were, first of all, those horrible experiences at the Cape, at the first little theatre where I worked with Maggie Sullivan and Hank Fonda, and the others.

Half the time we worked without sufficient and proper props, and I’ll never forget, on an opening night, coming to a part in the play where I had to come on to the stage with a new-born baby in my arms. About half a minute before my cue I suddenly discovered that there was no baby, not even a doll. Josh Logan said, Think nothing of it, and whipped out a handkerchief out of his coat pocket. He shook it out, gave it a couple of flips, tied up a section of it to faintly resemble an infant’s head, and handed it to me. With that, cooing and clucking at it, I went on out onto the stage. Hilarity? That’s not the word for it... tie up a handkerchief yourself and see how big a baby you get! But it was going through things like that which finally rid me of all sensitiveness.

Again, on the opening night of a play in New York, I had to play the part of an Austrian boy, Austrian blade, no less, and oh, I was really a rascal! The play was already a very tired play, having toured all the outlying suburbs; then for several months the producers had lost all hope and had stored its scenery somewhere and fired its actors. But, somehow or other, hope had been revived, and so had the cast—with me, as an addition. Opening night, mind you, and the scenery still with a cloudy halo of warehouse dust all about it. It was the scenery which undid me. The set was a hotel suite. Came a knock on the door, and unsuspecting I went to open it. But it didn’t open. It had no intention of opening. But it had to, for there was another actor on the other side of it, waiting to come in. I struggled and strained, then thinking that maybe it was stuck at the bottom, with one Herculean effort I lifted—and then pulled. It gave. So did one of the hinges. After that the door sagged inwards and kept swinging back and forth all during the rest of the act. But that was nothing. As the door gave, so did the phone give out, with one long ring.

“Well, the phone was supposed to ring all right, but not until after the actor who had just come in had left again, but it had taken me so long to let him in

Jack Oakie has a new and fatal charm. Not longer is he mountain Oakie, for in a sudden burst of energy, he took off 60 pounds in as many days. Exactly how he accomplished this miracle of figure-moulding is told in next month’s

HOLLYWOOD MAGAZINE

on the news stands the first week in September.
Have you tried chewing gum while you're driving?

Many drivers tell us—and many laboratory tests explain why—chewing gum helps ease nervous tension under pressure, aids in reducing your feeling of fatigue. Just as gum helps an athlete keep “on his game,” so it helps a driver keep on the job, alert and yet relaxed. On long trips chewing gum helps to relieve driving drowsiness. Keep a package of Beech-Nut Gum or a box of candy-coated Beechies always handy in the pocket of your car. You will enjoy their fresh, rich flavor... and the aid they lend to better driving.

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BEECH-NUT GUM
is always refreshing

P.S. Have you tried RUMMIES, the new Beech-Nut Candy with the different and delicious flavor?

Ask Your Druggist About NATIONALLY ADVERTISED BRANDS WEEK, September 1 to 10
Frank McHugh claims that fate patted him on the head, but also socked him neatly on the jaw. So he should be able to play the title role in Mr. Chump, his next for Warner Brothers, with real feeling.

Licked by Success

He wanted to work and win but Hollywood never would give him a fighting chance.

By SERENA BRADFORD

Across the Warner Brother's lot stamped Frank McHugh, mild blue eyes brightly indignant, brown hair positively crinkling. He didn't even pause to toss a crumb into the goldfish pool where in a fine content dwells Charlie who reminds Frank of a lawyer he used to know in the home town of Homestead, Pa.—the same nose look, the same cold, fishy stare. “So there it goes again, hey?” McHugh was muttering. “Done! Wow! Like that!” He made a kind of whoosh gesture. “Zam!” At least, it sounded like zam. Naturally, anyone would stop the poor fellow and ask him what's the matter.

“I want to be a lawyer!” McHugh howled.

Well, why don't you? I inquired.

“Why DON'T I?” For a moment I thought the man was going to strike me. “I've been trying, haven't I?” he demanded, “haven't I?” He ran a hand over his brow. “Since I was a kid in knee pants I've been trying to take a bar exam but I can't ever catch up to one. And today, just when I'm getting all set again, they—” He rolled his eyes heavenward in splendid despair and flapped his hands in the justly celebrated McHugh gesture. —“they put me in another picture!” That's terrible, I agreed.

“Not,” McHugh added hastily, “that I don't want to be in pictures, you understand. I love Hollywood. I love my art. But I want to be a lawyer, tooooooooot.

They've been threatening at Warners', to make him a star. He's never yearned to be one, but if they say he's it, that's fine with him. Only—he'd still like to be a lawyer, and by gravy, he's going to be a lawyer if it takes him one hundred and fifty years.

“Which, from present indications, it will,” he admitted with a gusty sigh.

But why this attorney complex?

“Because a lawyer can sit down practically his entire life,” McHugh retorted gloomily.

It seemed as good a reason as any. Yet, seriously, McHugh for years has looked forward to taking his examinations and becoming a full-fledged attorney with the right to wag his finger under a witness' nose and loose off resounding speeches to the jury. He desires to be a criminal lawyer; that is, not criminal himself but an expert on criminal law and such, for he thinks there's more human nature and drama in that branch of the practice.

Corporation law? Bah! They don't very often have beautiful lady witnesses or, for that matter, beautiful lady clients, when corporation law is in question. But let a good crime come along and the witness chair is full of debonair damsels...

“With nice ankles,” said McHugh in roguish mood.

The way he got interested in law studies, he was a lad leaping with the rest of the McHugh family (six of 'em, including Ma and Pa) from this one-night stand to t'other in such offerings as East Lynne, Uncle Tom's Cabin wherein during an emergency he once played “Little Eva,” and Thorns in Orange Blossoms—when all of a sudden he saw an actor reading a book. A law book. Frank asked the actor what good was a law book and the actor told him.

It seems, from reading up on such matters, the actor knew what law the company manager infringed when he failed to pay salaries. And if the actor had only taken the exams and become a sure enough attorney, he could probably have collected the salaries, at that.

To Frank it seemed wonderful that any human being could have such power. Haul people into court! Tell about 'em to the judge! Frank decided then and there to become a lawyer himself.

Easier said than done, as he soon discovered. For after he'd read law with his fellow actor for many months, he set about finding an examination to take.

Well, hey-nonny-nonny. The comedian had squeezed in a good grammar and high school education, between shows, at Pittsburgh; and here and there, in sections, he'd managed junior college likewise. But in New York, where he was located by now—so-called meaning he'd be there maybe a year, maybe six months, depending on the theatre business—it appears they required a university degree before you could so much as sniff at a bar examination.
Nothing daunted McHugh made arrangements to skin up to Fordham daytimes and betweentimes to hold down whatever theatre work came his way and he'd just about fixed it up to snatch time off from college for matines and was learning what Blackstone, the great legal authority, thought concerning this and that—when somebody gave him a job as stage manager for a stock company over in Pennsylvania.

"That's how it's always been," McHugh grumbled, "not but what I appreciated the job, you understand. But every time I get set to bone up on law and finally take the bar examination, a theatre or movie job comes along that I can't afford to miss. That I don't want to miss, either."

His whole career, in fact, has been a staunch struggle against success. McHugh decided to become a lawyer, and Fate decided he'd become an actor. If he'd continued as a stage manager, stage director, or a producer of small shows in any one of half a dozen towns where he "settled down," he'd have found time to study for the bar and to realize his ambition. Or if he'd been left to himself he'd have worked his way through college and law school and, again, realized his ambition.

"I never drew a long breath and decided that here—wherever it might be—was my lifework," McHugh declared, "but what pretty soon I'd be booted out into a better theatrical setup. I tried my darnest in the early days to swap acting for a law office. Result? I landed in the movies!"

Success, as a matter of fact, licked him. His success on Broadway, for instance, in Is Zat So? and in London in The Fall Guy. Success kicked him up the theatrical ladder when all the while he was hanging back with a copy of Blackstone hugged to his bosom; it is to his achievements as an actor that he owes his failure to knuckle down and become a lawyer. He simply didn't have time to be both.

Oh, but he tried. He made the best attempt you ever saw to elude Lady Luck, to fight against any laurels from Broadway—you'd have thought they were poison ivy.

While he produced small shows in Pennsylvania he sat up nights with Blackstone. He was about ready to get going on exams in that State when suddenly he found himself managing a show company in Iowa. So! So he sat back, reached for Blackstone, and got himself ready to apply for a chance to become an attorney in Iowa; and discovered that he was a stage director somewhere in Ohio.

Many an aspiring legal student would have given up and cried, "Okay, okay, then I'll BE an actor!"

Not our Frank! He kept on studying. Twice again he was absolutely prepared for bar examinations. Twice, just before he took them, the legislatures tightened up the requirements in the State where he dwelt at the time and automatically made him ineligible.

"Like the cowboy that got thrown out of the dance hall three times," McHugh observed lugubriously, "sometimes I think they don't want me, anyway." He brightened, the eternal optimist. "Of course, that was only two States. There's forty-six left, you know." He thought a moment. "And Alaska. And Hawaii."

He's had a lot of fun, though, trying. Learned a great deal about different laws in different places.

"I'm in favor of bigger and crazier laws," he remarked facetiously, "gives us attorneys more work. You often hear people say, 'There ought to be a law.' Matter of fact, there probably is. Seems to me whenever I dig into the subject that there's a law to cover everything you can imagine, and some things only a legislator could imagine.

"Why, in Massachusetts—well, I haven't studied Massachusetts law lately, though that's one place where I thought of taking the exam. Anyhow, it used to be and perhaps still is against the law to play baseball on Sunday there, and policemen would even stop you from throwing a hand ball back and forth. And you could give a 'show' in a vaudeville house week days, but on Sunday it had to be a 'sacred concert,' which means it contained no

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To Remove Dulling Film That Clouds Hair Beauty—

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SPECIAL for Dry Hair
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To Advertise About NATIONALLY ADVERTISED BRANDS WEEK, September 1 to 10 47
dancing but might otherwise be the same show. But that's all right. I think any community's entitled to exactly the kind of laws and ordinances it wants."

This law study was often diverting, not only in Massachusetts. In Oklahoma, for example, the sheets on beds in hotels had to be at least six feet long. In Colorado you can't fish on horseback. In Boston, you can't have hatters sticking out more than four inches beyond your hat, nor—according to the old Blue Laws—kiss your wife on the Sabbath day.

In California, you mustn't pick cacti. In Maine you had to wear a bathrobe over your bathing suit unless you were actually on the beach or, presumably, in the water, and in several States women bathers still could be compelled to wear stockings. You can't sing on a main thoroughfare in a bathing suit in one Florida town and in one California town you can't ride a bicycle past a fire truck.

Yes, and they passed a law in California making it illegal for two people to take a bath simultaneously in the same tub! What these lawmakers won't think up!

Of course McHugh didn't spend every moment studying law. He spent some of his time getting acquainted with more stage actors who were eventually to become Hollywood movie actors than any other actor who has ever come here. McHugh didn't need to meet people when he arrived on the West Coast. He knew everybody already.

When he first began to learn from his law studies that you can't legally hitch horses to shade trees in certain localities, he was at the Empire Theatre in Pittsburgh where Guy Kibbee was the prime favorite. By the time McHugh had uncovered the legal fact that in certain other localities you are obliged to wash your milk bottles spick and span, he was in a Des Moines stock company of which the leading lady was Eloise Taylor. McHugh introduced to Miss Taylor a fellow by the name of Pat O'Brien who dropped into town with a road show, and Miss Taylor is Mrs. O'Brien now. The leading man of the Des Moines stock company was Robert Armstrong. When he left, John Litel (now at Warner Brothers with McHugh and O'Brien) took his place.

And no sooner had McHugh attained the knowledge that in some cities you can be pitched for jay-walking while in others you can't, and that in some States you can shoot buzzards and in others you dastent, than there he was in Baltimore playing stock with Spencer Tracy. And thence to London with James Gleason.

He had ploughed through the second volume of Blackstone before he met Frank Morgan, starred on Broadway in Tenth Avenue, which also had McHugh in the cast, and he was again making a stab at law school in New York when he played a role in Excess Baggage. Miriam Hopkins was the star.

But while he'd met everybody and everybody wanted to entertain him as soon as he joined the movie colony, McHugh continued to devote a fair amount of time to his law studies. You can't shake off a McHugh, once he sinks his teeth into an idea. He built shelves in his den at home, he put his law books on the shelves, he fixed a chair and a light; and by gosh, he studied law.

"California bar examinations are pretty tough," he sighed, "But it looks as though I might settle in Hollywood long enough to make it this time. Honestly, it does. Say in the next fifty years.

He looked thoughtfully for a moment in the direction of the goldfish pool and Charlie—who-looks-like-a-lawyer. "Maybe I'd better make it sooner," he amended, "or sell the station wagon."

He grinned broadly. It's no secret that he and Ste Erwin were given tickets by a speed cop the other day for racing their new station wagons down an empty stretch of Ventura Boulevard—and that he needs a lawyer for that hearing next week!
decide to take in a fraternity dance at the last minnit? What's really got him is, the girl he asked first decided to take in the dance with someone else. So don't fall for that 'just decided' gag. If you do you'll feel like a poor fish before the evenin's ovah.'

"Nevah let a man think you're fixin' to catch him," she continued. "Now, you know what I mean, honey. Let him know you like him a little, if you do, that is. If you don't, 'taint upright to say anythin'.

"An' let him do all the talkin' on the love business. You jus' listen. Let him think you believe every word he says. Smile sweetly, but by all that's propah, don't fluttah your eye-lashes. And out you'll go with the gentleman if you try it. But not out dancin'.

"An' don't flirt with your girl friend's beau. It's not cunnin' or smart, or modern. It's plain obvious. You'ah tryin' to flatter your ego, or worse, tryin' to make your own fella jealous. And all the same time, provin' you'ah a sap! By the time the evenin's ovah, if the other girl has half a brain and your own date isn't losin' his eye-sight, you'll be pinin' away—well—behind the eight ball, without a cue in sight."

And that appeared to settle it as far as Patricia was concerned. She'd read us the book, and we could borrow or buy it. The rules were simple, sane, logical. And proven, I was reminded as the phone rang. The Wilder looked at it, smiled impishly. "Ah forgot to tell you—nevah an'ah the first ring."

The bell had rung for the fourth time when Pat lifted the receiver. "Hello-o-o ... Ye-ah ... this is me... Ah know ... ah got your message. (Hm-m-m, thought I, she does practice the rules). "Dancin' tomorrow night? ... ah can't make it, honey ... Saturday night? Shu-ah, ah'd love to go Saturday night. (That would be rule number two, 'Nevah accept a last-minnit date') ... Oh, tha-a-ank you, kind suh ... but don't let me catch you tellin' that to all the girls. (Right to form, the Wilder gal. 'Let him do the talkin' on the love business.) Huh-mmm ... time foah the birthday ... Ah'm knittin' on it now ... Well ... ah'll be fixin' to look pretty for you Saturday night ... 'bye now."

Hollywood's most popular girl was chuckling softly as she hung up the phone. She tackled her needles again and clicked away earnestly at the intricate rope stitch. "Like I tol' you, honey," she grinned, "it gets 'em every time. So really, all ah've got to say is 'tend to you'ah knittin'."

Ah, with what grace and fire Edward G. Robinson does the Big Apple. It's a scene from I Am the Law and his partner is Wendy Barrie

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Try a pack of Double-Mellow Old Golds, and discover how much factory-freshness adds to your smoking pleasure!

TUNE IN on Old Gold's Hollywood Screencoops, Tues., and Thurs. nights, Columbia Network, Coast-to-Coast.
Offside At Lakesides

[Continued from page 38]

For years, there's been a feud on between Bing and Dick Arlen. The best of friends, on the course they're deadly rivals.

"Bing is always relaxed, and steps up to the ball and makes a perfect shot, as a rule. Dick, whenever he plays with Bing, is inclined to be over-anxious, he tightens up and as a result usually over-plays his ball.

"Another feud that has existed a good many years is between W. C. Fields and Gregory La Cava. Of course, Bill Fields hasn't been able to play since he's been ill, but prior to that you would have thought they were about to slaughter each other.

"I remember one occasion, in particular, during an important match. La Cava made a shot, and the ball landed in a gopher hole. How the hole got there on a perfectly-kept course we'll never know, but there, nevertheless, it was, and Greg's ball snuggled neatly inside it.

"Greg studied the situation. "What'll I do?" he asked Fields. "Play it!" Bill roared. La Cava was burned, but he carried through, like the good specimen he is.

"A few holes later, Greg came upon Fields standing in a sand trap. And Bill's ball, this time, lay directly behind a large rock, as though it had been planted there.

"What'll I do?" it was Fields' turn to ask, and he inquired in no uncertain terms. An unholy light appeared in La Cava's eyes. He was burning to play it! He yelled, in all his Latin heat. To play it meant breaking the club, but Bill was in a spot . . . and knew it.

"Murder filled the atmosphere. But it always does whenever those two play. Especially that day when Greg broke Bill's putter—the one he's used for more than twenty years of his life—showing his caddie what he meant by ordering him to take his own putter over to a tree and make a letter U of it . . .

"You can believe this or not, just as you please . . . but I'll swear it's true, and others will back me up. Jack Mulhall was so mad one day that he knocked himself out!

"We'd been playing around, and Jack made one dud shot after another. Finally, he missed a putt even a baby could have scored.

"He threw down his club, called himself names in particularly flowery language then, before we knew what he was about to do, gave himself such a hard right uppercut to the jaw that he knocked himself out cold. It took five minutes to bring him out of it. He hasn't repeated that, but whenever he misses an easy putt, he bends over and orders his caddie to kick him as hard as he can.

"You'd never think it, to see him on the screen, but Adolphe Menjou is the most excitable player we have in the club. I'll never forget the time he went out with a foursome in which I was playing, and after every stroke heatedly demanded of his caddie what was wrong with his playing. "What's wrong with me?" he'd shout.

"We came to the fourteenth hole. "What am I doing?" he shouted at his caddie, after a remarkably dub play.

"'You're losing a lot of money, Mr. Menjou,' the caddie replied, in all seriousness. Adolphe was so mad he chased the caddie all the way back to the clubhouse.

"Then there was the time Oliver Hardy, Andy Clyde, Robert McGowan and Bill Seiter (the latter two directors) were playing a match. Oliver always wears brilliant colors, and that day he was particularly resplendent in gorgeous raiment.

"Nothing was said, however, until they reached the eight hole. Oliver, asked McGowan, as the comedian was right in the middle of a difficult putt, 'just where did you get that suit?'

"Hardy missed completely, but he didn't say a word. Not until they were on the seventeenth green, nine holes later, did he open his mouth in speech.

"'The shop is so expensive—' he began to say.

"'Hardy,' Shaffner & Mark,' Hardy announced, abruptly, in answer to McGowan's earlier question. And McGowan missed!"

"'Golfing does something to a man. Like the time Bert Wheeler broke ninety.

"'He came back to the clubhouse with excitement. 'I did it,' he yelled. . . . 'I broke ninety.' Then turning to one of the members, he asked if he knew of any house for sale in the neighborhood of the club. 'I'm really going in for golf, now,' he explained.

"'There was a house that overlooked the links, at the other end. Bert heard about it, and immediately went over there. He didn't know the owner, but that didn't prevent him from trying to tell him just how he had broken ninety that day. But the owner wasn't interested. 'What do you want?' he demanded of the slightly-dejected Wheeler.

"'The outcome of the conversation was that Bert bought the house on the spot. 'NOW,' he said, a glint in his eye, 'you're going to listen to how I broke ninety.' And for the next half hour he regaled the ex-owner with the story of his prowess!"

Andy Devine dropped by the table, chuckling.

"Just played with George Murphy," he proclaimed, in his gravel-voice, "and was he MAD. He threw his pet niblick into a tree, and it landed in the top branches. Took him nearly an hour to get it down."
he was in top form... he was missing everything.

One by one he selected his clubs, and threw them solemnly into the river. The other three players didn't say a word; just stood and watched. Finally, Frank didn't have any more clubs to throw. He had even tossed in his golf bag.

"Did that stop him? It didn't. He backed up a few paces; then, sprinted forward and threw himself into the river. That's one of the classic stories we remember around the club,

"Johnny Weissmuller is another who throws clubs. I don't have any putters or mashies, but there was the time I flicked the air after having missed a putt... and hit Jimmy McLarin, the fighter, right on the heel. It was a good thing for me Jimmy and I are friends.

"For a long time Joe Penner was our pet goat around the club. At first, Joe was terrible... he could scarcely hit a ball, and the boys began to bet on him. If it got so that some of them were making money regularly on him, betting how bad a score he'd bring in.

"Joe didn't get on to this for months. But when he did discover it, he got so mad he started taking lessons... and one day showed up and took some of the lads for plenty.

"Once in a lifetime, an actor gets a break. He stars in a situation that even he could not better, were it up to him to plot. This happened not so long ago to Alan Hale.

"A road runs past part of the golf course, and one of the sightseeing companies routes its buses along this thoroughfare, so that very often the tourists will get a glimpse of some celebrity. On this day I have in mind, Alan stood near the fence, and he could distinctly hear the Barker says, 'Ladies and gentlemen, there is that talented menace of the screen, Alan Hale, about to hole in one.'

"Alan is a good golfer, but even the best could get rattled at that remark... especially, when he was stripped to the waist, and one leg of his trousers was rolled up above his knee. He looked everything disreputable, and everything but an actor... and a golfer. Nevertheless, he strode forward and addressed the ball.

"He swung... and the ball soared through the air, the most beautiful shot he had ever made. It landed on the green, rolled toward the cup. At about six inches from the pin, it stopped. It was a perfect show... and Alan took it big. Swaggering past the crowd of gaping tourists who applauded lustily, Alan spoke airily, with a deprecating wave of his hand... 'Nothing at all folks... usually, it goes in the hole!'"

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**Sweet as a Rosenbloom**

**[Continued from page 31]**

Routine. He smiled, held his hands high above his head as ring gladiators do before the first round bell rings, and then, making a sound that was supposed to be a hum but which was more like a buzz saw going through a keg of nails, he started his floor show with a theme song written for him by his pianist, Tommy Riley. The song, known in the show business as "ultra corn," is a parody based on the hit tune Rosalie, written by Cole Porter.

"And now," grinned Maxie, after his hummimg, "I'm going to sing a song about that grand infestional actor that we all know. You love him, I love him, we all love him—"

Rosenbloom, you're wonderful, Rosenbloom, you're grand, Rosenbloom, you're super-dynamic, you're the best actor in the land.

Rosenbloom, you're beautiful, You're gigantic, dynamic, and grand. So I've stopped my fifty-fighting to do this nitely-nighting Rosenbloom, you're the greatest in the land!

With the song ended, Maxie paused to draw a deep breath and the Hecklers' Club, augmented by those in the cafe who knew the second verse, started singing a parody on Maxie's parody, and when this loud and raucous festival of song was over, some movie great, under the gay pretense of being utterly and deeply disgusted with the performance, got up, shoved Maxie aside, and put on a show of his own that lasted a full hour. It was all informal, a lot of fun and among those who enjoyed it the most was the Fighter Maxie himself.

The night we were there Maxie told us he was soon to present nightly a burlesque on Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs. It was to be called, he said, Riffa, and the Seven Schlunks, which means, according to Maxie's translation from the Hebrew, "Rebecca and the Seven Dumbbells."

Richards, the master of ceremonies man, often varies his introduction by saying: "Maxie Rosenbloom—a nice guy, in an abnormally sort of way," and this goes over big with the crowd.

Hollywood was set back on its collective heels the other day when it learned that Maxie was taking diction lessons. Up until this announcement he had been running Samuel (The Great) Goldwyn a tight race in abusing the English language.

"I figgred it out this way," Maxie explains. "Since I've become a movie actor and a nightclub owner and performer. I gonna pronounce words correctly, see, and so why not hire me a teacher so I can prononce each syllabus okay?"

Well, why not? Maxie even went so far as to change his name and he now calls himself M. Welton Rosenbloom. But all changes in his speaking voice and name have somehow failed to do the work. He still makes his amusing grammatical fumbles.

Just the other evening, when some heckler stood up and called him a "huff," after the first floor show, he cracked right back at his critic with: "I should sue you for definition of character!"

When he first opened his cafe he announced along Hollywood Boulevard that he was going to add a 10-cent cover charge to keep out what he called the "ribble-rabble," but the scheme failed to have the pay off he had expected. Later he announced: "I have to cut it down to 5 cents because the other price made me too exclusive!"

The night Anatole Litvak, the director, appeared in the cafe for the first time, Sammy Lewis, Maxie's partner, turned to Maxie and inquired seriously, "That's Mr. Litvak, the great director, isn't it?"

"Sure thing," Maxie replied.

"He's Russian, isn't he?" Lewis asked next.

"No, you dope," Maxie explained just as seriously, "everybody knows he's a Litvak."

Not so long ago a number of Frenchmen visited the famous fighter's now famous nightclub and they liked it so well that they stayed almost to closing time.

Finally a woman of the party asked for the check by saying to the waiter, "L'addition."

Maxie at a nearby table, heard it, came over, and said, "Lady, we don't serve that stuff in here!"

Slapsie Maxie's, as his cafe is known, not only contributes hugely to the gaiety of Hollywood's best stayer-upters among the movie colony, but it also contributes to the well-being and employment of a number of old-time vaudeville folk. For instance—

The bartender used to be in a circus and also in vaudeville.

The chef was a former monologist on the Keith circuit.

Two of the waiters used to be singers in vaudeville.

One waiter was a dancer doing a solo act.

The head waiter, Al Roth, is the famous shimmy dancer.

Even the colored porter has done his turn—he used to be in a colored sideshow with the Ringling Brothers Circus.

So much for profession No. 1.

In his 17 years of fighting during which he has thrown leather at more than 300 different opponents, including among these such ring noteworthies as Harry Greb, Larry Johnson, Ace Hudkins, Tiger Flowers, Young Jack Stribling, just to list a few, Maxie has knocked out only 17 men, an average of one a year. Only once, in all his long, hard years of fighting, has he ever lost a fight, and that was by the hard-hitting Jimmy Adamick. He won his first fight when he was 15 in New York City where he was born.

---

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George Raft, Paramount star, was his first manager. He won his first title from Jimmy Slattery in Jimmy’s home town of Buffalo and lost it five years later to Bob Olin in Madison Square Garden. He has never taken a drink of hard liquor in his life nor has he ever smoked tobacco in any form. He was, in his heyday, and despite his clownish antics in the ring, one of the most-feared fighters who ever swung a pair of gloves. One of the most amazing items in his ring history is the fact that no one has ever seen him train seriously for a fight. They say that whenever a ring battle is in prospect he goes into training by running home from a nightclub about 2 o’clock in the morning and going to bed with the window open! After his next fight which is with Bob Pastor he’s going to hang up his gloves for good and devote his talents to his acting and nightclub hosting. One thing is sure. When and if he does forget the lure of the ring, no one will ever have to give him a benefit nor will anyone ever see him rocking on his heels and cutting out paper dolls because, despite his 300 fights and the punishment he suffered from them, Slapsie Maxie is in full possession of his faculties. He’s a very smart cookie who knows how to make an honest dollar and how to keep most of it when he does.

So much for profession No. 2.

Maxie’s greatest ambition has been to become an actor. Not, by any means, a John Barrymore sort of actor—but a plain, run-of-the-mine screenster in the comedy classification—and it looks as though his ambition is to be realized. Perhaps you may recall that small part he had in Nothing Sacred where he talked over the telephone to his brother Moe? Well, whether you remember it or not, a number of producers and directors did, and it wasn’t long before he found himself in front of the cameras during the filming of Mr. Mato’s Gamble. A bigger and better part this time, and following it in quick succession came comedy roles in The Kicker from Brooklyn, The Amazing Dr. Clitterhouse and The Crowd Roars. It was easy, Maxie says, to carry out the title of this last picture for that is exactly what he’s been doing at his nightclub ever since it started. Other pictures are scheduled for him for the rest of the year and it really looks as though the good-natured, 32-year-old leather pusher has got another career down for the count. At least that’s what all Hollywood hopes because Maxie, since his arrival, has grown into one of the “real” characters in Movietown.

So much for profession No. 3.

Nightclub owner, professional boxer, up-and-coming comedy actor—and to these you can now add an excursion into the field of sports.

Just to keep himself busy he recently purchased the Hollywood Stars girls softball team, rechristened it Slapsie Maxie’s, and every Wednesday night you can find him under the arc lights urging his young ladies to do or die for dear old Maxie. Eight thousand softball fans packed the park the last time the girls played and fortunately for Maxie’s heart they won. He likes the team so well—it hasn’t lost a game since he bought it—that he’ll bet any amount from a buck to $500 that his Slapsie Maxie girls cop the title at the end of the season.

A man of five professions, that’s Maxie!

And the fifth is horse-racing. Every day, during an off moment, Rosenbloom can be seen reading a form sheet and following the races at every track in the country—and losing, like all horse players, more money than he wins. Incidentally, he always refuses to bet on long-shots, preferring to lay his actor-boxer-nightclub-sports money on an odds-on favorite. All losses, apparently, bounce off his pocketbook as harmlessly as his sparring partner’s gloves do off his body. His win tickets he saves for three or four days in case he should get cleaned out on a bad day, but unfortunately for Maxie his winning days are few and far between.

The next business he wants to enter is midget auto racing. He feels that he has time for another profession, now that he has given up his dictation lessons.

“After taking $99.15 worth of dictation lessons,” he told us, “I thought I would surprise mamma in New York. So I put in a long distance call and when she came to the phone I said, ‘Hello, Mother,’ just the way I’d been taught and she said to me, ‘I want to talk to Maxie, get off the line, you dope.’ So what’s the use?”

**Milland Gets the Air**  
[Continued from page 23]

He was not a land lubber. Bill Wellman might have been willing to call it quits, but somehow the story kept coming up to haunt him. And the director of a Hollywood opus has quite a load on his mind without being haunted all times of the day.

It’s difficult to put the finger on the fellow who really was behind the idea. Surely Bill Wellman, the old war-time pilot, was by now far too conservative to dream up a revenge like this. But that’s getting a little ahead of the story.

Did you ever hear of Tex Rankin? Well, you’ve really got to see him in action to really appreciate his talents. In a good, flippant airplane he seems just a trifle teched. You know—on the squirrely side. He does things that are against all laws—including that of the falling apple.

If Ray Milland—ah, he was so handsome before he climbed into that Ryan ST monoplane with Tex—if he had just known what made this Rankin fellow famous, the hero of Men with Wings might have been willing to call the whole thing off. But it was too late now, and Tex already was in the air, ready to show Ray and a hundred

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had no money, I toured the country very modestly—and had fun.

"This time, I thought at first Jack and I should do it with real style, and soon found out my mistake. I started off from Hollywood as a very fine lady. I had my maid. There was Frank, my identity, and everything.

"Jack and I were going to have a delightfully formal time on our long-planned honeymoon. We'd been married a year and a half and we'd never had it. So we swept through Paris and were off to play at San Moritz and St. Moritz, two winter sports spots, one in Switzerland, the other in the Austrian Tyrol.

"For a while it was fun, but after the first thrill of skiing wore off, the candid cameras, newspaper people, formal functions, and very, very social receptions became too much the Hollywood pattern. We resolved to be informal."

The informality was a lot of fun. The trip was conducted on such a modest basis that before Claudette and her husband had seen everything they wanted, she was down to doing her own washing!

"Claudette was home showing the benefit of being absolutely herself. She has a calm serenity, a lack of nerves, a natural buoyancy which she hasn't had for years—and several of those years have been dropped by the wayside, as well.

"We spent a month forgetting about work and who we were and who we were supposed to be," Claudette said. "I promised Jack I'd show him the countryside and I did. I discovered parts of it I never knew existed. It was glorious! I was tired after it was over, but it was the kind of tired feeling you enjoy."

Claudette laughed.

"The informal trip happened a bit by accident," she said. "After we left San Moritz and the Tyrol we came back to Paris. We faced a lot of rushing around. One night I told Jack what I thought we ought to do and he agreed on the spur of the moment. We put Terry, the maid, all my finery in a Paris hotel. Jack got a drive-yourself car. And away we went."

Claudette was humming happily as the car rolled into the Parisian suburbs. In her hand was a guide book published by a tire manufacturing firm. In the back of the roadster were her two bags and one which belonged to her husband. It was the romantic month of April, when the woods were just beginning to turn green, and the orchards were just beginning to bud. Romance?

"We found it at every turn in the road," she said. "Quaint peasants in old-world costumes. Wagons, carts and horses and little one-rams and the guidebook was a peach! We arranged our tour so that we stopped at old little places where the food was good for lunch, took time to walk through the provincial towns. Nights we planned to stop at cities which at least boasted of hotels which had rooms with baths. We covered about one hundred and fifty miles a day, just loafing along."

There were no prairie agents, ballyhoo artists and advance notices within hundreds of miles.

"But I very nearly got caught up with one town," Claudette revealed. "Nobody had been paying any attention to us. We'd registered under my husband's name. In this particular hotel, we followed the same routine. We had the bags brought in, registered, and Jack went out to put the car in a nearby garage. "When Jack returned to the lobby, the clerk said: "Pardon me, sir—but your wife bears remarkable resemblance to an American film player named Colbert—Claudette Colbert."

"Yes, indeed—" Jack assured him. "We've been told that before."

"He hurried upstairs to tell me. We were worried lest the village turn out, and everybody get very formal. Anything but that! We noticed that we were eyed warily when we went to dinner. We retired, and the next morning prepared to leave bright and early. Jack brought the car to the door. I was just about to leave when the clerk, who was again on duty, asked me: "Will the madame please sign the special guest register?"

"I saw a suspicious twinkle in his eye. So I signed 'Claudette Colbert' and then beat a hurried retreat. The word spread like wildfire and by the time I got into the car heads were sticking out of windows."

The hours of travel were long and each day was full. Claudette didn't want to waste any of the precious time. They rose at seven. They dressed hurriedly for the next adventure. They breakfasted. And then they were off to explore new worlds.

"One of the biggest thrills," Claudette related, "was when we were travelling through the 'castle country.' We saw one chateau which particularly intrigued us. It was gaunt, and forbidding, and the walls had wasted away through the years. It sent a shudder down my spine and I discovered that Jack got the same reaction."

"We decided that such a place must hold a large assortment of sinister secrets and investigated. We found out that a blood-thirsty gentleman named Gil de Retz, the original 'bluebeard' of history, had erected it. This was an odd coincidence, for I'd just finished making Bluebeard's Eighth Wife, which wasn't a bit sinister, but sounded so."

At another tiny village, where the peasants wore lace caps and full skirts and wooden shoes, Claudette discovered an antique shop which was filled with treasures. She explored it, found that the proprietor wasn't there. She left her Paris address, explaining:

"There are several things I would like to have."

She pointed them out, gave her husband's name. "And the antique dealer apparently wasn't at all impressed, because I never..."
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Nationally Advertised Brands Are Your Assurance of Value and Protection
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Temperamental!

Joan Fontaine likes to cook in her stream-lined kitchen and does so frequently, now that her part in Ground Crew gives her time at home for a few weeks before her next film starts.

Details are important and a good cook is temperamental about them says one star

By BETTY CROCKER

■ "You can always tell a good cook," Joan Fontaine said sagely, "by her temperament. If she's fussy about the gravy, or secretive about a recipe, or has some kitchen idiosyncrasy, then you can safely say 'Aha! There is a good cook.'"

From one so young this seemed a rather penetrating observation to the ears of a veteran at cooking. We had come out of the kitchen and were sitting in her living room, walls lined with books, chairs deep and comfortable, and all done in a simplicity of style that was enchanting—and quite like Joan.

But I soon discovered that Joan had other surprises. Seeing her in one RKO picture another, I had judged her to be bound up only in her career, and doing splendidly at it. But Joan had an avocation that also interests her. And it's cooking. She really adores to cook. I know—because she has her own cooking temperament.

She insists, for instance, upon people sitting down while the dinner is hot; dawdling and letting a dish get cold annoys her no end. She dislikes "appetizers" because she believes they destroy appetite, and a good meal should be enjoyed with a sharp edge. Above all, I noticed how orderly she is in the kitchen; everything must be timed—the lettuce crisped, potatoes peeled, ingredients and utensils laid out ready—everything proceeding with precision so that the meal reaches the table complete in all details. Right there is a good lesson to learn in our Hollywood cooking school.

■ "A lot of girls in school," Joan was saying, "declared they didn't want to learn to cook because they intended having servants when they set up housekeeping. That's not my reasoning. I did the buying for the family, looked to details, and loved to cook. And whether I have
CROOKED NECK SQUASH

Joan's method: Halve a crooked neck squash and cook in a pint of cream with a quarter pound of butter—a very rich dish, but delicious.

MACARONI A LA FONTAINE

Next time you make a macaroni en casseole try Joan's mixture: pimento cheese, fresh mushrooms, strips of bacon on top. Always a good dish for late parties.

JOAN'S SALAD DRESSING

2 tablespoons lemon juice
1 teaspoon mustard
1/2 teaspoon salt (or to taste)
2 tablespoons Worcestershire sauce
Mix these ingredients, then prepare:
1/2 cup tarragon vinegar
1/2 cup wine vinegar
2 tablespoons best grade Italian olive oil
Drop in a clove of garlic and keep in a bottle. This sauce is excellent for vegetable salad or jellied salads.

Which of those recipes sound the most tasty? I confess they're all delicious. Joan's group of friends in and out of the film colony of Hollywood like to have impromptu parties, and you can understand why they like to drop in on the Fontaine establishment. Joan's ice box usually has a bowl of dough for biscuits ready, there's a bottle of her exciting salad dressing mixed, and in no time at all a delightful repast is ready.

For a planned dinner, Joan likes no more than three courses, and her preference is for roast beef, cooked with onions, carrots and potatoes in the same pan. She is exceedingly particular about cooking meat.

The biscuits Joan had put in the oven to bake while we were talking, now were ready. Fluffy, delicious, she served them with honey and tea and we talked about movies and travel and people. But I think you now know that Joan Fontaine has every right to honors in cooking as well as acting.

WINE JELLY DESSERT

Another of Joan Fontaine's specialties is this one, easily made. Follow directions for making plain gelatin, except to substitute wine for the fruit juice—any sweet wine you like will do. When the gelatin is ready for serving, decorate with rosettes of whipped cream and a cherry.

If you wish for kitchen-tested recipes for any particular dish, just write to me in care of this magazine, enclosing a three-cent stamp. Remember, my files contain recipes of every kind and description, so do not hesitate to use of your cooking department in HOLLYWOOD MAGAZINE for any special recipe you may want. FOR THIS MONTH'S SPECIAL OFFER use this coupon.

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**Hexed By a Pekinese!**

[Continued from page 32]

at the castle. Rare and exotic flowers that had cost him a pretty penny. With a thundering heart he went into the drawing room to await Lady Whosis to whom the butler was announcing him. His knees felt wobbly beneath him and he plumped his 206 pounds down into the first handy chair, a beautiful thing upholstered in gold brocade.

"Yes—what is it?" said.

A yapping scream faded into a dull moan. Then silence. He bolted from the chair.

Lying in the seat were the inanimate remains of what once had been Ching, Lady Whosis’ adored Pek. Lady Whosis didn’t think any more of Ching than she did of her right eye. Everyone in Gloucestershire knew that.

Nurmi or Jesse Owens never made faster tracks than Nigel did from the drawing room out of Whosis Castle. Along his trail were strewn the exotic blooms with which he had planned to make his peace.

"I am afraid it was the end of a beautiful friendship," Nigel said mournfully. "I’ve never been back to make sure."

It may have been the end of a friendship but it was the beginning of the Hex of the Century that is sure to follow.

---

Then there was the sidewalk conference after the preview of an important little picture. Producers, directors, publicity men all solemnly were discussing the epic they had just witnessed in the theatre.

"It’s great!" one said.

"It’s terrific!" a second added.

"It’s colossal!" concluded a third. "What do you say, Bruce?"

"I think it’s a good picture," Nigel said seriously.

The group viewed him with a good deal of suspicion as he walked away. Nice chap, sure. Very good actor, too. But was he quite bright? Something rather strange about a man who would call a picture “good” and let it go at that. It wouldn’t do to trust him too far.

"So now I’m not invited to any more sidewalk conferences," Nigel mourned. "First Whosis Castle and now sidewalks."

Just the other day he pulled a prize one. For days the sets of Swez, in which he has an important role, have hundreds of extras milling about them. All were garbed in the colorful baggy trousers and bright silk blouses of the native Egyptian and atop hundreds of heads were bright red fezzes gaily festooned with gold braid.

As affable a chap as ever was, Nigel often strikes up an impromptu conversation with the extras. He learns, he says, all sorts of interesting odds and ends of information from them. They in turn think he’s a swell fellow and daren’t be democratic for the brother of Sir Michael William Selby Bruce, 11th Baronet of Stenhouse, and a man who missed the baronetcy by a cat’s whiskers. So when he strolled over and started chatting with two of the be-fezzed gentlemen. One happened to have one of those diminutive “tooth brush” mustaches.

"I say, old chap," Nigel said to him. "I don’t think I’d wear a make-up like that.
in this picture. That mustache looks sort of silly and out of place, don't you think?" He was, he insists, only being helpful. How was he to know that a couple of Shriners attending the national convention had managed to wangle their way on to the sound stage, and that he had insulted the hirsute adornment of no less a personage than the illustrious potente of the temple of Whatchumacallit, Kansas?

It happened again the very day we were lunching in the 20th Century-Fox commissary and Nigel was telling me this sad story. We had been discussing a new cape. On the front was a smeared blotch of ink from a too heavily loaded fountain pen. Where a fringe had swung before there was a ragged uneven range of tails. In the excitement and confusion, a dozen fans had helped themselves to souvenirs!

Oh, certainly the stars love us. Certainly the stars are grateful for the devotion which has made them famous. But can you blame them if they grow a little timid about making public appearances? Think it over, the next time you wait in a railroad station or the lobby of a hotel, hoping to catch a glimpse of your favorite. And think twice before you say in disgust, "She's high-hat! He's stuck-up!" when one of the movie greats just walks out the back way like a fugitive from justice.

When young players are seeking careers in Hollywood, they are tested for photographic effectiveness and for acting talent. It is a severe test and they aren't tested for football prowess, as well. Because some time or other, every star has to buck that line, and go through a scrimmage that would not be out of place on the gridiron.

Such things happen not only in Hollywood. In fact, Hollywood is accustomed to such emergencies, knows how to anticipate most of them. But when fan fever breaks out in other parts of the country, police frequently are taken unaware. They are prepared for riot calls. They know what to do when a five alarm fire breaks out. They can handle traffic snarls with ease. But the joyous enthusiasm of fans on the hunt for sensations is a matter difficult to handle, once it is under way.

When a film has a formal opening in Hollywood, an especial corps of cops is detailed as a matter of course to keep the crowds under control. Sidewalks are roped off, and the audience has a reasonable chance of getting into the theatre quietly. More than many times, however, gardenias have been snatched off evening wraps, handkerchiefs have been grabbed from pockets by long armed fans who reached over the ropes for a souvenir.

Famous Massage brings a new freshness to your skin!

Millions of American women are using a better, surer way to keep their complexion looking young and more beautiful. Follow their example and give yourself a genuine Pompeian Massage at least once or twice a week.

Pomegranate (the original pink massage cream) is entirely different from regular cosmetic creams and works differently. It's 70% pure milk. You simply massage this unusual cream on your face and shoulders, and let it do its work. This massage removes pore-deep dirt and blackheads... you can see the dirt roll out. It also stimulates the circulation of blood in your skin. Leaves your face gloriously refreshed—looking and feeling years younger!

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Enclosed is 10 cents. Please send jar of Pomegranate Massage Cream and two booklets of beauty hints as described.

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Ironically enough, many stars are blamed for the very thing that they cannot help. When Dick Powell and Joan Blondell went to see Helen Hayes star on the stage in Victoria Regina in Los Angeles a few weeks ago, they realized that there would be heavy traffic and probably some delay in getting into the theatre, so they left home unusually early. They were right. The crowd was enormous, and it was impossible to get into the theatre until after the curtain had gone up. Embarrassed, they slipped down the aisle as quietly as possible, but that did not prevent it being noticed in that paper the next day: "Mr. and Mrs. Dick Powell arrived in true movie-star fashion . . . LATE!"

This discussion has nothing to do with the pathetic people who are mentally unbalanced, and who become such difficult problems. Every few months, some pitiful person turns up claiming to be the long lost mother, daughter or former sweetheart of someone prominent in Hollywood. Such cases are always painful, because no argument and no proof is convincing to those poor clouded minds. And frequently the public is left with an impression of something unpleasant and undervalued about a star through no fault of his own.

A case in point is the recent trial of the woman who claimed Clark Gable to be the father of her child. The story was in headlines for days, and truth was proved beyond shadow of a doubt that the star never had seen the woman before, and that she was completely mistaken, many people remember the charges, and forget that they were proved to be false.

This discussion deals with those people who admire stars sufficiently to wait for hours outside theatre and hotels in order to catch a glimpse of a favorite. It deals with people who, having imagination enough to admire brilliant personalities, might reasonably be expected to have enough imagination to realize that stars are people, too.

Take that time when Gertrude Michael was keeping a luncheon date that had an extremely important bearing on her career.

She had been delayed at the studio, and she was late. When her car stopped in front of the Brown Derby, there was a slight frown of anxiety between her brows, because lateness is never a good idea, and this time it was especially embarrassing.

There was a crowd of perhaps fifty fans lying in ambush at the entrance. They fell upon Miss Michael with whoops of joy, waving autograph books.

"I can't stop now, I'm late for an engagement," she took time to explain as she pushed her way determinedly to the door. "I'll be glad to sign for you when I come out."

The fans didn't like that. Wasn't she a movie star? Wasn't she a favorite? Then who did she think she was, having the nerve to make dates when they were waiting?

They took an unkind revenge.

When Miss Michael came out later, there was a big sign chalked on the white stucco wall: "G MICHAEL IS HIGH HAT WE THINK SHE IS LAUSY".

Funny? Well, suppose it had happened to you? In front of your friends?

Devotion from fans is a wonderful and heart-warming thing. Most stars are genuinely grateful. Most stars are touched and warmed by the admiration and affection that comes to them from thousands of unknown admirers. But can you blame a dignified and sincere artist for being a little shocked and a little hurt when a fan yelled out of a crowd, "Hey, Joan, when you divorce Freckle won't you marry me?"

This happened to Joan Crawford, who is noted for the careful consideration she gives to the public and for the gratitude she has expressed many times to her fans.

There is the case of Janet Gaynor and the determined fan. Janet was his favorite, so he determined to see her. He traveled and tracked across the country. When he reached the studio, he was denied admittance. Naturally. A studio is a place of business. No one gets inside unless he has a business errand, or unless he has very influential friends on the studio staff or on the press who can have the rule set aside.

He tried to climb the fence, and was stopped by the studio police. He tried to ride in on a truck, and once more was stopped. Undaunted, he managed to discover her home address. Her house is set rather apart from other houses and the grounds are heavily planted with shrubbery. That gave the fan his chance. As Janet's car swept up the driveway,
the early California dusk was falling, and the porch was in heavy shadow. As the little star ran up the steps a big, and what seemed to her menacing figure stepped silently out of the concealing shrubbery. She says that now she knows what writers mean when they say, "her heart leaped to her throat." She was scared all the way through with one of those unreasoning terrors that are like nightmares. It was the combination of dusk, the silent swift appearance of a desperate looking stranger where she had expected nothing more alarming than her own geranium bed.

Once he had won his point, the fan was satisfied. He said that he just wanted to be sure that Janet was as lovely in real life as she looked on the screen, and he went away satisfied after a good look. But little Janet confesses that she went straight to a mirror, half expecting to find her hair white from fright.

That was thoughtlessness which can be excused, but some of the inconsiderateness that is of daily occurrence is hard to understand.

When Jeannette MacDonald and Gene Raymond were first engaged crowds followed them wherever they appeared. One of their favorite entertainments was the annual picnic held at the Hollywood Bowl. The Bowl holds some 20,000 people, and frequently is sold out because the concerts are fine and there are many music lovers in Southern California. But not all the people who go to the concerts are music lovers, and during intermissions, fans who go for no other purpose than to get autographs carry their books from box to box.

The engaged pair signed graciously enough during intermission, though they had guests with them, and it was a rather trying interruption. But surely the all-time high of inconsiderateness was reached when a fan tip-toed down the aisle, right in the middle of Beethoven's Second Symphony, and whispered a request for signatures.

The stars were saved the embarrassment of refusing by infuriated box-holders around them who hissed, "Be quiet! Sit down! Go away!" furious over the interruption.

Most of them realized that Jeannette and Gene were helpless but one particularly angry music lover blamed them for the whole thing.

"These movie stars think they own the world!" she commented audibly. "They stop at nothing! Imagine signing autographs in the middle of the concert! They pretend they don't like it, so why do they do it? If they all got together and refused they could put an end to it in a week!" And that, of course, is true.

But most stars are long suffering. Most stars have their troubles on the way up. Most stars have a real sympathy and a real gratitude for the interest in them that is being so spent for hours waiting for a chance to see them. Most stars feel that signing an autograph book is a little favor to grant, if it gives pleasure. But most stars do wish, and fervently, that fans would Stop, Look and Listen before they dash in where friends would be too considerate to tread.

Worry, Worry, Worry!

[Continued from page 33]

my role of a Washington, D. C., society girl in The Lady and the Cowboy is to be authentic. By the time my speech becomes Americanized again I'll have to return to England to fulfill commitments with the British studios and once more I'll have to pick up the accent I dropped in America. It's going to be pretty confusing and difficult to keep my tongue 'in character,' so to speak, but perhaps I can manage it." . Worry No. 3 springs from her belief that she's going to have a hard time living up to the nice things that have been said about her since her return to American pictures, the hard-working, studious actress who isn't at all bashful about criticizing her own efforts, she wants to pay off her admirers with the best performances of her career.

That worry, if we know anything about the lovely English lady, can be canceled right out of her mind. And we took a great deal of pains to tell her so.

We reminded her of her splendid performances as Kitty Vane in the Dark Angel, as Anne Boleyn in The Private Life of Henry VIII, (the English picture, by the way, that provided the springboard for her immensely popular American role), and of her outstanding work in the Scarlet Pimpernel—just to convince her that in our own undercover way we had been keeping close tab on her career. To convince her further we asked her if it weren't true that her first pay check was for extra work in a British-Gaumont film called Ali's Button.

"I was given a line to speak in that one," she laughed, "and received ten dollars a day for three weeks. I'll never forget it. When the picture was released I went to see it, but much to my embarrassment I did not hear myself speak my expensive line; and as an added indignity I caught but one fleeting glimpse of myself on the screen. Ali's Button! I wish the girl who remembers it! Of course I've made a little progress since then, but I'm still worried about what's going to happen to me during my second appearance in American pictures."

And talking about second appearances, Merle says that she finds Hollywood just as terrifying as the day she arrived in 1935.

"Everything and everyone moves so fast that it's hard for me to keep in step. Everything is motion pictures and everything one talks 'shop' and it's practically impossible for an actor or an actress to have any semblance of privacy. Perhaps that,
as one director told me not long ago, is the reason why American pictures are so much better than those filmed abroad—the very intensity of everyone connected with the industry helps produce a superior product. Well, that may be true, but it's difficult to become accustomed to the Hollywood way of living. In England, when I'm not working on a picture, I can find seclusion, and rest, and perfect enjoyment away from the studios. No one keeps urging you to do this and that for publicity's sake, no one asks you questions about your motion picture work, no one intrudes on your time and you are able to live the life of an ordinary human being. But here, everything is so frenzied and frantic that an easy-going person like myself is thrown off-balance. But I'll say this—it's all very exciting and stimulating and if my nerves hold out I'm sure I'm going to enjoy it.

An exciting, exceptional, extremely talented English girl, this Merle Oberon, who is as lovely as she is wise. It's been three years and over since her first visit to Hollywood and in case you've forgotten some of the facts and fancies that have built up her fascinating background it might be well to remember that:

Her real name is Estelle Merle O'Brien Thompson, her birthplace is Tasmania, and that from the time she was seven until she was seventeen, she lived in Calcutta.

She was known, then, to her friends, as "Queenie," a nickname that her mother still uses.

She didn't like school and as soon as she was old enough she found employment in a large commercial firm. When she was seventeen her uncle got army leave for a trip to England and took her along. The couple toured France, Italy, and Switzerland but when it came time to return, Merle objected. Many of the people she had met, struck by her exotic beauty, had told her she should be an actress—told her so often that she had grown to believe it herself.

Her uncle finally capitulated to her pleas, gave her a return ticket to Calcutta and with it $100. When the money was spent she was to take the first boat home.

On her own, she cashed her steamship ticket, spent the money for clothes and set about finding a job in the show business.

She labored obscurely in films for two years with such rewards as bit parts in Ebb Tide, and Aren't We All. Next came a role in Fascination directed by Myles Manter who changed her name to Merle O'Brien. Alexander Korda, on the lookout for new talent, gave her a test and later a part in Wedding Rehearsal starring Roland Young. Korda it was who made the second change in her name, this time to Merle Auberon. A day or two later it was discovered that there was a dressmaker by the name of Auberon working in the studio and it was Korda, again, who suggested another switch. This time to Oberon, an artistic steal from the king of the fairies in A Midsummer Night's Dream.

Because I Was
A Secret Bride

If her parents heard about the marriage, they were sure to have it annulled. That's why they kept it a secret. If only they could have foreseen the grief and shame that was ahead—because the world didn't know they were man and wife.

Read the whole story in the September ROMANTIC STORY, plus these gripping confessions:

I WAS A LOVE PIRATE
A Playboy's Confession

GAMBLE FOR A WEDDING RING
Married—in Jail!

I MARRIED A HEAD HUNTER
Romance of a Girl Explorer

TOO EAGER FOR LOVE
Branded—By Her Mother's Sin

OUT OF MY CLASS
She Dared to Love Him
And others
PENNY’S

According to the newspaper reports of the theatrical event, Penny Singleton’s New York stage debut went over with the loudest bang ever heard on Broadway!

Ever since she was eight—the year that marked the beginning of her professional career—the bright and talented Penny had kept her twirling blue Irish eyes on the Big Town’s theatrical horizon, and at the age of thirteen, and as a member of Anatole Friedland’s Anatole’s Affairs, she had finally caught up with it. Her one girlish ambition had at last been realized. She was on Broadway. On a Broadway stage. It was ready and eager to prove to a critical Broadway audience that there was rhythm in her educated feet and melody in her beautiful voice.

“I wanted to be at my very best that first night,” says Penny in recalling the experience, “because someone had told me that Alan Dale, the famous critic, was to be present. If my act could squeeze even one little line of praise from him I felt that I would never again have to worry about success. When I came out of the wings and began my dance, my heart was beating into the tapping of my feet, but I knew I was getting along fine because the orchestra conductor would smile and nod his head every time I looked at him. Maybe, I kept saying to myself, I’ll do so well that Mr. Dale will give me a whole paragraph in his review! And then it happened! Just as I started my ‘spotting tinsies’—the technical name for a series of fast dance whirls—I lost my balance, flew headlong over the footlights, and landed kerplunk on a kettle-drum! The drummer caught me on the second bounce, lifted me back onto the stage without missing more than five beats, and I went right back into my dance routine!

‘Heart-broken was the word for Penny when I got back to the wings. Besides losing my balance, I was certain that I had lost whatever chance I ever had to appear in New York again. My clumsiness and Alan Dale’s review would take care of that. That the audience was giving me the well-known ‘great big hand’ help dispel the cloud of despair that engulfed me. The applause was more out of sympathy, I thought, than anything else. I learned later that it was given in appreciation of what was believed to be the most startling and original bit of dance routine ever witnessed on a New York stage!”

Well, the bright Penny was pretty dull in thinking that her career was ruined. In the first place, the famous critic had failed to cover the show, and in the second place, a Shubert scout who did, liked her act so well that he signed her up the next day and before the little dancer knew what it was all about she had been cast in her first musical comedy, Innocent Eyes. When this hit had completed its run she was immediately assigned to a starring role in Good News and followed this up with another part in Follow Thru.

Believe it or not, that’s what this little girl got for falling for a trap drummer! And then, at an age when many girls are merely struggling to get started in a professional career, she retired from the stage, gave up her footlight ambitions, said farewell to her theatrical aspirations, and took up her residence in California with no other thought in her pretty head, says she, then to settle down to a life of ease and comfort at the deerrept and cranky old age of twenty-four! Strange people, these Irish!

“I felt,” explains the vivacious Penny, in trying to give us the low-down on her odd behavior, “that I had earned a rest after 16 years of hard work. All I

By E. J. SMITHSON

Ask Your Druggist About NATIONALLY ADVERTISED BRANDS WEEK, September 1 to 10
wanted from now on was a rocking chair to rock in, some of the famed California sun to sun myself in, and a sequestered place from which I could watch the rest of the world go by. And then, after I had rocked, sunned, and watched long enough, I might try my hand at other things besides acting. Writing, for instance. And painting. The movies? Honestly I never gave the screen a thought."

Well, you know how it is in Hollywood. Before she had time to give the rocking chair a good work-out, she was visited by an emissary from Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. He had come, so he said, for no other purpose than to pay his deep respects to a famous Broadway star. It developed later during his visit that as a matter of studio routine he had brought along a contract and a pen just in case Miss Singleton might be intrigued by the idea of motion picture work. The second feminine lead in After The Thin Man was hers for the mere signing of a bit of paper and so begging was his tongue, so slick his approach, that before he left he had Penny half-way out of her retirement complex and her name on the dotted line. She was such a sensation in that picture that before she had time to read her flattering review notices another emissary—from Warner Brothers, this time—paid her what he insisted was merely a social call, parked on her front door-step and, social call or not, refused to budge until she had agreed to do the feminine lead opposite Humphrey Bogart in Swing Your Lady. Before the shooting had reached the half-way mark, Warner Brothers, fearful of losing her, signed her up to a long term contract and now the little old lady of twenty-four is back in motion picture circulation for good. Or so everybody hopes.

A few weeks after she had inked in her name to the above mentioned contract she did it again—but this time on a marriage license—so becoming, you might say, a movie star and a housewife at one fell swoop of the pen. She's now Mrs. Lawrence Scroggs Singleton in private life—and Penny Singleton to you. "Ever since I've been married," claims this Penny-wise film star and housewife, "good luck has been with me. For years I've been trying to break into the writing game but without a sign of success until I married Dr. Singleton. Now it all seems so easy! Good Housekeeping Magazine just bought a poem of mine and I've also managed to sell several short stories."

Modesty is almost a fault with this young lady. In passing over her writing ability, she neglected to tell us about the two story ideas in which she interested Sam Bischoff, a producer at Warner Brothers, almost before the ink was dry on her contract.

Penny slipped into Producer Bischoff's office late one afternoon during the first week's shooting of Swing Your Lady to give him one of the real surprises of his motion picture life. Being new to the studio he thought at first that she came to discuss roles. Like all actresses she probably had some naive ideas along that line and he was ready to head her off. Bischoff, being a very busy man, was on the point of telling her what was being done, what would be done, and what she had to do so far as her talents were concerned, when she beat him to the gun. She wasn't here to discuss her career as an actress. Whatever Warners did, she said, was perfectly satisfactory to her. Well, if you know Hollywood you know how the producer felt! Here, right in front of him, was a smiling little lady, a new-comer, a Broadway star, who absolutely refused to talk about her parts! It was unheard of! It was positively incredible. It was—

It was right about then that Penny broached the subject of story ideas and she broached them so well that before she left Producer Bischoff had okayed both of them and told her to develop them as screen possibilities. The story goes around the studio now that before the year is over she'll not only be acting in pictures but writing them as well!

"The thrill was too much for me," Penny says. "During the filming of an exciting sequence the next day I not only 'sunk my teeth' into my role, but swallowed them as well! They weren't my real teeth, of course, but porcelain caps. The studio hurried me to the dentist who made me a set and I swallowed them the next day! Back to the dentist for another 'fitting,' and then back to the set where I put on another tooth-swallowing act. It cost the studio $450 to keep me in porcelain spacers for my lower jaw, and I guess I was lucky the production manager didn't charge the expense up to my salary. But he got even. During the final editing and cutting he left in a sequence that shows me with my fingers in my mouth trying to press the caps into position. I wasn't supposed to be in that scene at all and I must say it isn't very flattering. It certainly caps the porcelain climax!"

Penny was born Mariana Dorothy McNulty and is the daughter of Bernard Joseph McNulty, a newspaper man, and Maria Louisa McNulty. She has one aunt who was one of the original orphans of the famous play, Orphans of the Storm. No other relative that Penny knows of has ever been connected with the stage.

Her education was completed at the Alex McClure School in Philadelphia and at Columbia University where she took a course in Journalism and Dramatics. She's a member of Beta Sigma Phi sorority and has contributed a number of articles and poems to the sorority's magazine, The Torch. She started her professional career at the age of eight singing illustrated songs on a Philadelphia movie theatre and landed on Broadway four years later.

"I learned to dance in Al White's Dancing School," she says. "Jeanette MacDonald was a student, too, and I still have a vivid remembrance of the red-headed Jeanette singing Shadow Man, My Shadow Man in one of our recitals."

Eliminating the old-age-retirement complex that placed her in a rocking chair on her arrival in California a year ago, the bright, shining Penny is one of the most active and industrious young ladies in or out of the studios. Between pictures, if she has any time at all to devote to it, she busies herself with the child welfare work of Beta Sigma Phi, and if there is a spare moment left over she gives it to the California Women's Association of Westwood Village where she resides, and to the Rotary Club. Being a direct descendant of Daniel Boone she says that just as soon as there is a lull in her studio work she's going to scout around for more outside work to do!

Penny-wise, but by no means pound-foolish is an eight-word garbled proverb that aptly describes this gay and vivacious young new-comer to the screen.

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**Crossword Puzzle Solution**

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B L O C K  A D E  L E A H
A G A N S  R E D  U
N H  L O N  B O W  P M
D O N  W E I R D  C O P
T A P  S R O  B A T H
L  N A T  W A R N E R
E H  R O M A N C E  L E
D A M I T A  T E D Y
E Y E S  S I R  N O D
R E X  R O P E D  G O T
E S  M A N  G U M  C O
R  G U Y  N A N A S  B
S L I M  D O N N E L L Y
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66
Another Way to a Man's Heart

EVERY woman knows that well-worn phrase, "the way to a man's heart is through his stomach." If you're careful to see that your favorite male...boyfriend, husband, father, brother or second cousin twice removed...gets enough of what he likes to eat, you're bound to stand high with him. That's one way to his heart.

But there are other ways...

That favorite male of yours is fussy about his reading, too. He has a difficult time, perhaps, finding the kind of thing he enjoys...the kind of reading matter that is aimed directly at him and which he can enjoy as fully and completely as he does a satisfying meal.

The answer to his reading problem is really pretty simple, and you can solve it by walking to the nearest newsdealer and buying him a copy of FOR MEN. In the September issue, for example, he'll devour with relish E. Hoffmann Price's description of a piscatorial paradise, in "Angling a la Creole"; shortly he'll find himself engrossed in Georges Surdez's intriguing tale of the Foreign Legion, "An Officer and/or a Gentleman"; Jack Miley's word-portrait of that rollicking Cleveland catcher, Rollie Hemsley, will be right up his alley; we're willing to bet he'll read Earl P. Hanson's Misunderstood Male of the Month sketch of Sir Hubert Wilkins without looking up once; and Will Cuppy's "How to Become Extinct" is guaranteed to put him in a festive mood for weeks.

All this in addition to two dozen color cartoons which are aimed straight at his funny bone.

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Sworn Records Show That—WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST—IT’S LUCKIES 2 TO
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JITTERBUGS!
SEE PAGE 23
ASTAIRE AND ROGERS TEACH NEW DANCE RAGE
Gentlemen:

I have just purchased both your publications entitled: "Good Photography," and "Photography Handbook." I am writing to you to compliment you on the fine work put into these magazines, and I regret that they do not appear on the newsstands more often.

Though I am a professional photographer myself, I have obtained numerous ideas from both of these photographic handbooks. Will you kindly keep my name on file and let me know when you publish any more of these books in the future.

Respectfully yours,

Paul C. Burton
Specialist in Child Portraiture
Melville Photographers, 40 Jefferson Avenue, Jersey City, N.J.
This explains it—I'm letting 'Pink Tooth Brush' spoil my smile!

Protect your smile! Help your dentist keep your gums firmer and your teeth sparkling with

IPANA AND MASSAGE

As ashamed of yourself, quite ashamed, aren't you? You knew about "pink tooth brush." Your dentist had warned you. But you wouldn't follow good advice. You thought you were different—that you'd get by! What a shock to find you didn't! You're regretful now! How miserable to feel that your own carelessness has put your smile in danger.

But now you're wiser! Now you're going straight back to your dentist. And this time when he stresses special care for your gums as well as for your teeth you're going to listen. And if he again suggests the healthy stimulation of Ipana and massage—you're going to follow his advice.

No Wise Person Ignores "Pink Tooth Brush"

If you've seen that tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush—see your dentist. Let him decide. Usually, however, he will tell you that yours is a case of gums grown lazy and tender—gums deprived of hard, vigorous chewing by our modern soft, creamy foods. He'll probably suggest that your gums need more work and exercise—and, like so many dentists today, he may suggest "the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

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

Get an economical tube of Ipana at your drug store today. Adopt Ipana and massage as one helpful way to healthier gums, brighter teeth—a brilliant smile that wins admiring attention.

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

When Answering Advertisements Please Mention October HOLLYWOOD
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Gary Cooper and Merle Oberon in a light-hearted scene from The Cowboy and the Lady.
Since we were in the 4th grade...

All of us... kids together... we have been reading about Marie Antoinette... the glamorous queen of France. Of her virtues... her intrigue and brilliance as a queen but... more than anything else... we read of her scarlet history as the playgirl of Europe... of her flirtations... her escapades with the noblemen of her court... her extravagances even while her subjects starved. * Now the screen gives us... "MARIE ANTIOINETTE" the woman... we see her, as tho' through a keyhole... not on the pages of history... but in her boudoir... in the perfumed halls of the palace of Versailles... on the moonlit nights in her garden... A rendezvous with her lover... we follow her through triumphs and glory... amidst the pageantry of that shameless court... we see the tottering of her throne... the uprising of her people... her arrest and imprisonment... and we follow her on that last ride through the streets of Paris to the guillotine. NEVER... not since the screen found voice... has there been a drama so mighty in emotional conflict... so sublime in romance... so brilliant in spectacle... so magnificent in performance... truly "MARIE ANTIOINETTE" reaches the zenith of extraordinary entertainment thrill!
Whoever started the rumor that ice-skating queen, Sonja Henie, is a rickle-nurse must have taken a couple of deep puffs of the poppy. After finishing her latest picture, My Lucky Star, European promoters offered her $80,000 plus expenses, to make personal appearances while abroad, but little Sonja turned it down—and for what, do you suppose? Well, because the tired little star wanted a vacation, a good long one, and no mere $80,000 was going to stand in the way of it.

Robert Cummings is just about ready to give a lot of his friends the air. The Department of Commerce just okayed his instructor’s license and he’s now entitled to give flying lessons in ships weighing up to 7,000 pounds. Just to show him what it thought about the honor, Paramount grounded him for the duration of Touchdowns Army, which recently went into production.

Marlene (Legs) Dietrich may be poison to a lot of independent exhibitors, but she’s going to be plenty busy in front of the lens when she returns from Europe in September. Columbia has her about set for a picture and when that is completed Darryl Zanuck, the 20th Century-Fox, has just about decided she’s the gal to play Lady Eakoth in The Rains Came. And while we’re mentioning this future opus, you should listen to the plotting and planning and conniving that’s going on at the Fox studio among the stars who want roles in the picture.

Bette Davis, bless her sturdy little heart, isn’t backing away from speaking her piece whenever she thinks she’s right. Out on The Sisters set at Warners, Director Anatole Litvak expressed his disapproval of the manner in which Ian Hunter was leading Bette in the polka.

“In Russia,” Bette said very quietly, “the women may lead the men, but in America the man leads the woman.”

The Sisters set was smothered by a complete and painful silence for a full minute with prop boys, electricians, and technicians waiting tensely for war to break out, but Litvak, being a wise director as well as a good one, shouted “Action”—and the show went on.

Phil Regan and Bill Gargan have been friends for years but only the other day, during a luncheon powwow, did they discover that they had much in common. They learned by comparing notes that they had been born in the same county and had attended the same school in Brooklyn. Much to their surprise they discovered also that they had both married Irish lassies in the same church, the St. Francis; that both were once street car conductors, that each had been blessed with two sons and that they both contributed to the same charity. The same-ness ends, however, when they get talking about baseball, Bill being a rabid Giant fan and Phil a staunch supporter of the daffy Dodgers of Brooklyn.

Isolationist No. 1 is Filmman Jimmy Cagney, who recently laid $32,000 on the line to become sole owner of an island lying near the westerly tip of Balboa Island in Newport Bay. Along with the purchase went a large residence and a number of guest houses all ready for occupancy when Jimmy and his Irish pals want to play hookey from Hollywood.

Spencer Tracy, whose numberless deeds of kindness often go unmentioned, added another to his long list the other day when he went to bat for the two sons of the M-G-M gardener, Tony Mendoza, and saw to it that the youngsters got their chance to make their screen debut in Boy’s Town.

Marital discord in the Errol Flynn-Lili Damita menage broke out afresh last month when Errol, winging into the Union Air Terminal from San Francisco—where he’d gone to grow a beard for a picture—refused to embark when he saw his wife waiting for him: Ordering the pilots to go ahead after all passengers had left the plane, Errol ducked down into his seat while the ship taxied to a

[Continued on page 65]
HEADING THE PARADE IN MOTION PICTURES' GREATEST YEAR!

Here's the new season's high level in new entertainment. Packed with action! Crammed with surprises! Be there when this fast-moving romance is shown in your theatre!

WARNER BROS. PRESENT

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JOE YENUTI AND HIS SWING CATS • JOHNNIE DAVIS • JERRY COLONNA

"Everybody but me turns in a five-bell performance."
—Jimmie Fidler

DIRECTED BY BUSBY BERKELEY • Screen Play by Jerry Wald and Richard Macaulay
From the Saturday Evening Post Story by H. Bedford-Jones and Barton Browne • Music and Lyrics by Harry Warren, Al Dubin and Johnny Mercer • A First National Picture.

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FOR A WOMAN IN LOVE... If you want to attract him, use the lipstick he likes! Men detect lips that look too bright and "painted." Use the lipstick that gives your lips a smooth, natural glow.

LIPS ARE ROSY AND SMOOTH when you give them the magic touch of Tangee! Orange in the stick, Tangee changes on your lips to the shade of blush-rose that best suits you—whether you're blonde, brunette or redhead. And Tangee's special cream base keeps lips soft, tempting.

AND ROUGE TO MATCH... In the Creme or Compact form, Tangee Rouge blends with your individual complexion—gives your cheeks a delicate, natural tone. It suits every type of coloring—perfectly! Try Tangee Rouge and Lipstick tonight!

BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTES! There is only one Tangee—don't let anyone match you.

Miss Young calls it, "The 'Regular Guy' test," and we think you ought to have it in your files. The following month, Mr. Robert Montgomery is producing an equally searching set of questions for the ladies.

In our files right now is a wonderful picture of Mr. Robert Taylor at the age of two, dressed in a rather sensational combination of suit and dress. He seems to be in full charge of a handbag about twice his size which undoubtably is filled with equally interesting and fashionable affairs. It was taken just before his departure for his grandmother's home, and we plan to print it with the story about that same grandmother. She is a very determined little lady, and you will laugh with her (and Taylor, too) when you read about her one-woman battle against the star's screen name.

Our favorite extra, Mr. E. J. Smithson, has been working pretty steadily, and if you enjoyed his adventures in other pictures, you will be glad to know that he still is all in one piece, even after working in You Can't Take It With You, which he tells about next month. In our last letter, we asked him why he always seemed to get hit by things every time he went to work in the movies. He said it was because he is too much of an artist to look behind him, but he thought he ought to have an expense account for bandages. Our last word from him came from the Mount Whitney location of the Gunna Din company. It came in a wire which we haven't answered yet: HAVE JUST BIT- TEN RATTLESNAKE WAS HE SURPRISED DO YOU WANT PICTURES.

Speaking of next month, we have some extra special features under way for the winter season. Two of the most challenging are questionnaires. The first one appears in the November issue, and in it Miss Loretta Young lists sixty-four questions which she claims will reveal the hidden self of any young man. Our great weakness is a marked tendency to be dazzled by a soft voice, a flamboyant way, and a touch of smouldering sorrow. Sometimes those attractive attributes cover a heart of gold. But they also may be worn effectively by 90 proof heels. So immediately we tried out the system on six unsuspecting gentlemen, and it works! Life should be much simpler from now on.

The Show Goes On

An editor's lot is not an easy one, and editors of movie magazines have the hardest times of all. If you don't believe it, ask any fan magazine editor. They'll tell you that the unexpected always happens.

But this month, serenity reigns in the offices of Hollywood Magazine. Placid smiles have smoothed the normally furrowed brows of the staff, as fine a set of worries as you'll find in the publishing business.

For one thing, our circulation manager has just strolled in, all abeam, with facts and figures to prove that Hollywood Magazine sells more copies in Hollywood and Los Angeles than any other magazine devoted to the movies.

That was such good news that, impulsively, we offered the circulation manager the pickle off our sandwich. On the day the magazine goes to the printer, luncheon always comes in on a tray, and, as everyone knows, they never send enough pickles on a tray luncheon, so the offer was pretty magnanimous. He declined the pickle, remarking rather tactlessly we thought, that he was on his way to the Hunting Room at the Astor. So we told him he was a fine fellow to sell all of those magazines. He made us a pretty bow and said that we deserved the medal for finding stories and pictures and news that interested, not only the whole country, but the center of the movie industry, itself. So we gave him the whole sandwich.

Another thing that makes us feel fine is the way letters continue to come in about double features in theatres. In the August issue, we asked readers to let us know whether they preferred to see two pictures or one when they went to a show. Two days after the magazine was placed on sale, we began to get letters, and they have been coming in ever since! We have been busy sending thought-waves saying "Thank you!" to all of those fine letter writers who have helped us find out just how the paying customers would like to have their theatres run. So far, for every person who liked double bills, there have been four and three-fourths people who wanted single bills. And the letters still come. We'll give you another report on the voting next month.

The Goene W. Luff Company, 417 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Please rush "Miracle Make-Up Set," consisting of: Miracle Make-Up Powder, 1 ounce; Creme Rouge, 2 ounces; Face Powder, 1 ounce; Rouge Compact; 10‰. (Stamps on coin). (15¢ in Canada.)

Check Shade of [ ] Flesh [ ] Rachel [ ] Light [ ] Rachel

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Accept No Substitutes! Always Insist on the Advertised Brand!
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Based on the Pulitzer Prize Play by GEORGE S. KAUFMAN & MOSS HART

Screen play by Robert Riskin

Directed by FRANK CAPRA

A Columbia Picture

The Great Pulitzer Prize Play Becomes the Year's Outstanding Picture!

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TITO COMES TO TOWN

Tito Guizar's career has taken him half way around the world, but now he has arrived in Hollywood, and he expects to stay

By ELMER SUNFIELD

Every time Tito Guizar, Paramount's handsome, romantic baritone opens his mouth in song he opens up a new market in Mexico and South America for this studio's screen product. Which certainly doesn't hurt the handsome Tito any more than it does the studio.

Tito, you may recall, was added to the cast of The Big Broadcast of 1938 more or less as a Mexican-South American "feeler," so to speak, and his special musical number turned out to be the highlight of the picture. All of which made Tito feel pretty good about his initial success, made Paramount feel better because of the promise of bigger and better foreign sales, and best of all made movie fans feel very happy because of the studio's promise that they would soon have an opportunity to see their new favorite in bigger and better roles.

After having seen the rushes of his second picture, Tropic Holiday, in which he co-stars with Dorothy Lamour (the same picture, by the way, in which Martha Raye fights and throws ze boil like an old-time toreador) we can truthfully say that producer, director, and front-office, alike, have done more than their share to live up to their agreements. For Tito, with his guitar or without it, sings and acts in a fashion that will win him more raves than he used to get on his radio broadcasts. In other words, he's going to be a sensation.

Tito's early ambition in life was far removed from the realm of music. Above all else he wanted to follow in the footsteps of his illustrious grandfather, General Francisco Tolentino, who was once President of Mexico.

"The only music I enjoyed when I was a boy," says Tito, "was the roar of the cannon and I studied good so that when I became beeg I could be an artilleryman in the Mexican Army. A wagon soldier I theenk you call them in America. But my mother, who loved music and who once sang with Bouche, the famous..."
Come on, Ginger! Hurry, Fred!
Slap that floor and paint it red!
Sing it, swing it, make gloom scram—
Heat your feet and do THE YAM!

Here they come! . . . Dancing to your heart’s content! . . . Dashing, bubbling, floating on a cloud of rhythm through a romance that will make you sigh as much as you laugh, and thrill as much as you tap your toes! WELCOME, FRED AND GINGER, IN YOUR BIGGEST HIT OF ALL!

when answering advertisements please mention october hollywood
operatic tenor, she very soon says, No, Tito. You are to be a singer like me when you become a man—only much better.‘ Yes, she says that and so you see how it is. I studied music as she says. First in Mexico City when I was young, and then later in Milan, Italy, under Pasqual Amato, the great baritone. In 1931 I make my stage debut in the opera Manon played at the New York Hippodrome by the Chicago Opera Company. After that I sing in a number of others.’

After his Hippodrome introduction Tito did concert and vocal specialties at Central Park Casino, the Ritz-Carlton Hotel, and the Arcadia night club and, switching from classical to popular music he began to draw more than his share of raves from the boys and girls who write about sharp and flats for the New York newspapers. It wasn’t long before he was broadcasting on the NBC and Columbia networks being billed, now, as ‘Tito Guizar and his guitar.’

Tito was first introduced to American audiences as early as 1926, but it doesn’t count, according to Tito because, as he admits, he just didn’t seem to ‘take’ and this, he admits further, was probably due to the fact that he refused to sing anything but native songs.

‘My voice, it was very nice the critics said,’ Tito declares, ‘and the people in Mexico and South America liked to hear me, but the Americans—not so much. So my wife, who is a very smart woman as well as very a beautiful one, she say: “Tito, you learn to speak English good so you can sing English songs. It will put you over beeg, you wait and see.” That is what my wife, Nanette, she say to me and sure enough I learn English, sing in English and it’s like—what you call it—falling off the log. That was nine years ago and I theenk I speak good, don’t you theenk?’

We said we thought he spoke excellent English. Which he does. Save for a slight accent his speaking voice is like that of any American—his name, and in a crowd you’d mistake him for a triple-A Yankee. He’s that much Americanized.

We told Nanette, who was sitting beside us at a Brown Derby luncheon table, that it was very nice of her famous husband to give him the credit for making him learn our language. A lot of American husbands, we said, don’t like to give their wives credit for anything except at the stores.

“Yes,” she smiled, “Tito is very nice that way. I theenk he’s a very good husband. I theenk I speak very good English. I youk, don’t you theenk?”

Which she does, and we were going to say so when Tito interrupted.

“My wife she’s of the theatre, too,” he said. “For a long, long time she was a big favorite in Mexico City. Then she go to Europe with her own troupe and won what you call them—bouquets—of all the beeg cities and when she came back she invented the rhumba in New York City. No, I didn’t know her when I lived in Mexico City. You see, she went to Laredo, Texas, to school and when she come home I was in Milan studying for the opera. We meet when we are on the same bill at the Ritz-Carlington and just like that, we are married. Which was very lucky for me, too, don’t you theenk?”

We agreed and then asked her why she hadn’t appeared in pictures.

“Mexican husbands, like Tito, don’t want their wives to work,” she said. “So—I quit and be just a wife. But I fool him once.”

“She fool me this way,” Tito smiled. “When I was at the Ritz-Carlington, Winfield Sheehan he heard me and offered me a screen test. After it was okay I was signed for the lead in a musical picture called Argentina. So I come out to Hollywood and I sit around and sit around, drawing my salary every week but never once starting to make the picture, never once going on a sound stage. There was what you call it—a shake-up at the studio and the picture was never made. But Nanette. With her it was very different. She come out with me with no idea of ever being in the movies and she got in a picture quick! A Spanish picture. She sing and dance which makes me very angry. Here I was, the what you call it—the beeg shot—of the family, with a contract, a beeg salary and just like that my wife she, what you call it—beat me to it. That experience was enough for me so I say goodbye to Hollywood for good. Never again I say to myself. But—see, here I am.”

Tito fulfilled an engagement or two in New York after his “goodbye Hollywood forever” decision and then signed a contract to make a picture in Mexico City, an all-Spanish picture called Alfons of Rancho Grande and immediately the Mexico City newspapers began to take, what we call it—picks on him. In the first place, they said, a Spanish picture would never sell in the States much less in South America. In the second place, this Tito Guizar, while admittedly fairly good over the radio, wasn’t an actor. Furthermore, if the music critics were any judges at all, he wasn’t much of a singer, either. In the third place, this Tito Guizar wasn’t a native of Mexico. He was, if the truth were known, a poseur. That Tito was more or less hot under his Mexican collar when he read all this goes without saying. But being a stubborn young man, and a smart one, he made a lot of Mexican votes that before he was through with his critics he’d make them eat every line they’d written about him.

“It had been a long time since I had been on a ranch,” explains Tito, “and I had forgotten almost everything of ranch life, and I knew I never could start my picture until I was very sure I could make my character natural and true to life. So I went from my Mexican ranch and worked on his ranch. Soon everything came back to me. What clothes to wear, how to mount a horse, how to roll a cigarette—lots of little things like that. Then we
make the picture, *Alla en el Rancho Grande*. And then we try to sell it. It was no good, they say. One studio in Hollywood, through its New York distributing branch, it offered $6,000! South Americans, they say, wanted American pictures, the big pictures with the famous stars like Clark Gable, Spencer Tracy, Robert Taylor, Myrna Loy, Shirley Temple, Don Ameche, Loretta Young and so on. This Tito Guizar, he was an unknown in pictures and so he was poor competition against the Americans. $6,000 was a good price and we could take it or leave it. There were other offers, of course, but not much better. So you know what this re-good Tito does? We said no we didn’t and before we could add another word, Tito was at it again.

---

"So I say, what you call it—okay—Tito will take the picture down into South America himself and you see two, three months from now what a beeg mistake you make. First I take the picture to the beegest movie theatre in Buenos Aires in Argentina. But the manager he laugh when I—what you call it—proposition him. He say his theatre runs only beeg pictures like *San Francisco*, *Mr. Deeds Goes to Town*, *Anthony Adverse*—pictures like that. His theatre he says to me averages 40,000 pesos a week. *Alla en el Rancho Grande* would be lucky to take in 1,000 pesos a week. That was—what you call it—a sock in the puss, eh? Finally I say, after a week of talking, that I will guarantee one-half of his average weekly take—see, I know that one—or 20,000 pesos. That wasn’t enough so I get another man, a Paramount sales representative, to guarantee another 20,000 pesos and the next week *Alla en el Rancho Grande* was doing business in the beegest theatre in Buenos Aires. And you know how much business it did? No, I guess not! The first week it took in 40,000 pesos! And the second week 65,000 pesos! It was a smash, a wow—see, I know those words, too. When I lef’t Mexico City on this trip only sixty-five people see me off—everyone of them relatives of mine. But when I come back more than 20,000 people were at the station to greet me! Yes, indeed. This fellow Tito Guizar was—what you call it—some pumpkins, eh? That was in 1936. South America wanted more pictures with Tito in them. So did Mexico—American pictures. So I sign a contract with Paramount and already I have been in two and soon there is another coming. And more after that if Tito continues to be the beeg shot in South America and Mexico. But I am smart. I see them come and go in the movies, and I am prepared. I go into opera and on the radio in case I become a little shot quick."

We think we’re smart, too, especially after seeing the rushes of Tito’s recent picture, *Tropic Holiday*. He’s going to be here in Hollywood and in films for a long time to come. Paramount thinks it is smart, too, for the studio has signed him to a long term contract.

Well, what do you think?

---

**MY FIRST DATE WITH HIM TONIGHT!**

**SO I’M BATHING WITH FRAGRANT CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP... IT’S THE LOVELIEST WAY TO AVOID OFFENDING!**

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**I WANT TO MAKE A HIT TONIGHT! THAT’S WHY I WOULDN’T THINK OF GOING OUT UNTIL I’VE BATHED WITH CASHMERE BOUQUET... THE LOVELY PERFUMED SOAP THAT KEEPS A GIRL FRAGRANTLY DAINTY!**

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**THE LAST DANCE... AND SHE’S STILL ADORABLY DAINTY!**

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**AND THANKS FOR THE MEMORY OF A SIMPLY PERFECT EVENING! CAN’T WE HAVE ANOTHER... SOON?**

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**THERE’S NOTHING LIKE A GOOD FIRST IMPRESSION! AND NOTHING LIKE CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP TO HELP A GIRL MAKE ONE!**

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**MARVELOUS FOR COMPLEXIONS, TOO!**

You’lI want to use this pure, creamy-white soap for both face and bath.

Cashmere Bouquet’s lather is so gentle and caressing, Yel it removes dirt and cosmetics so thoroughly, leaving your skin softer, smoother... more radiant and alluring!

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**TO KEEP FRAGRANTLY DAINTY—BATHE WITH PERFUMED CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP**

---

**NOW ONLY 10¢ AT DRUG, DEPARTMENT, FIVE-CENT STORES**
TEST Thymold for 10 days... at our expense!

SLIMMER... at once!

WOULD you like to SLENDERIZE your SILHOUETTE... and wear dresses sizes smaller? That is just what the Thymold Perforated Rubber Girdle will do for you! But you won't believe it possible unless you actually try it yourself. That is why we will send you a beautiful THYMOLD Girdle and Brassiere to test for 10 days at our expense. If you cannot wear a dress smaller than you normally wear, it costs you nothing.

BULGES Smoothened Out Instantly!

- Make the simple silhouette test! Stand before a mirror in your ordinary foundation. Notice the bumps of fat... the thickness of waist... the width of hips. Now slip into the THYMOLD and see the amazing difference! Your new outline is not only smaller, but all bulges have been smoothened out instantly!

Test THYMOLD for 10 days at our expense!

- Make the silhouette test the minute you receive your THYMOLD. Then wear it 10 days and make the mirror test as directed. You will be amazed if you are not delighted... if THYMOLD does not correct your figure faults and do everything you expect, it will cost you nothing.

Made of the Famous PERFOLASTIC RUBBER

THYMOLD is the modern solution to the bulging waistline and broad hips. Its pure Para rubber is perforated to help body moisture evaporation... its soft inner lining is fused into the rubber for long wear and the special lace-back feature allows ample adjustment for change in size. The overlapping Brassiere gives a support and freedom of action impossible in a one-piece foundation.

Send for free illustrated folder

IMPORTANT PICTURES

By LLEWELLYN MILLER

MARIE ANTOINETTE (M-G-M)

The opening scene in this mammoth production establishes the scale for the entire picture. The camera is trained on a long, long, long, long, wide, handsome corridor. Far, far away at the end a door opens, and a little figure scurries with a girlish bounce and skips down its vast length. It is little Marie Antoinette of Austria, hurrying to her mother's apartment in the palace to hear that her marriage to the Dauphin of France has been arranged.

And for close to three hours, the picture continues on the same scale. Faithfully reproduced, we are told, was the great ball-room at Versailles, with the single exception that it was made almost twice as big. Gowns of truly breath-taking grandeur cover the screen and vie for attention with an equally magnificent cast.

The first part of the film deals with the pathetic attempt of Antoinette (Norma Shearer) to make a success of her life with the chol-like Dauphin (Robert Morley), and to win the loyalty of the court from Du Barry (Glady's George), the strong-willed mistress of the aging Louis XV (John Barrymore).

At no time in the first part of the film is the poverty and the misery of France mentioned, which is right, because such things were not a part of Antoinette's life, and so little known to her that, when someone told her that the people were without bread, she shrugged her soft shoulders and flipped the retort, "Then, let them eat cake!" That quotation is not heard in the film, incidentally, but in the interests of showing the warmer side of the ill-fated queen.

With the second part of the film, the threat of the growing resentment of the populace begins to show, and the theatrical contrast between the wretched, desperate mob and the extravagant, indifferent court makes for high drama.

Robert Morley gives one of the outstanding performances as the slow-witted, doomed Louis XVI in a cast packed with famous names: Henry Stephenson as the courteous old ambassador, Anna Louise as a lovely lady in waiting, Cora Witherspoon, Barnett Parker, Reginald Gardiner, Henry Daniell, Alma Kruger, Joseph Calleia, George Meeker, Scotty Beckett, Marilyn Knowlden.

Tyrone Power gives a serious, telling performance as the loyal Count De Fersen, and acknowledgment should be made to Adrian who designed the gowns as well as to the thousands of musicians, technicians, craftsmen and needlewomen whose work contributes so much to the magnificence of this film.

Perhaps the real star is Director W. S. Van Dyke whose skill is so great that the film, which is nearly three hours long does not seem to last for more than... well, a little over two.

LOVE FINDS ANDY HARDY (M-G-M)

This is one of the funniest, one of the most expert, one of the most admirable comedies you'll see in any year, and if you have a teen-age great lover among your friends, pick him up and join him in laughter at Mickey Rooney's troubled career as a social lion.

As the story starts, Andy Hardy is bountied by the gnawing necessity for a car of his own in which to take his girl (Ann Rutherford) to the big dance of the year. Stung to action by irresistible desire, he pays $12 down on a dazzling roadster, trusting to luck and various devices of his own to complete the rest of the twenty dollar down-payment before the big night.

And that started the troubles which incurred his tender sensibilities until the once light-hearted Andy was hardly recognizable as the gloom-laden, worry-weighted boy who had hardly enough fight left to continue his running guerrilla warfare with his sister. First he had a girl and then an infant, and before you know it he had two girls and no car. Then he had a car and no girl.

Judy Garland turns in a charming performance as the little girl who comes to visit next door. She is about a year younger than Andy's set, and so is distinctly a social blight. Andy is indeed hard-driven when he indulges the mad impulse to take her to the dance. Judy sings three delightful songs, the dialogue is a delight, and you will be very sorry if you let this one go without seeing it.

SKY GIANT (RKO-Radio)

Richard Dix is the dashing air pilot. Chester Morris is the dashing student pilot. So they play a lot of tricks on each other and fall in love with the same girl, Joan Fontaine.

The girl is an impulsive little lady, and because Morris will not promise to stop flying, she breaks her engagement with him and marries Dix. So right away after the wedding Morris and Dix have to take off together on an experimental flight over the frozen Alaskan wastes. Toward the end of the film you can see a smile covering a breaking heart almost anywhere you look. The whole thing is quite routine except for some of the shots of a big school for pilots.

PROFESSOR BEWARE (Paramount)

Faster and funnier than ever, the standard Harold Lloyd comedy in its new guise maintains a giddy speed from start to finish. Lloyd comedies always follow the same formula, and I, for one, would resent it mightily if the star should venture any basic change. Once more, he plays the innocent be-spectacled young man who
enters dramatized young A?

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

So many girls make Ann's mistake of thinking a bath keeps them fresh and charming all day long. Remember, no bath can! A bath removes only past perspiration, but Mum prevents odor to come! Girls who are really smart play safe with their jobs — and their friends. In one quick half minute they take an all-day-long precaution. They prevent odor — with Mum. They like Mum — it's so pleasant, so quick, so dependable.

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

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

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

IN BUSINESS OR IN LOVE — MUM GUARDS YOUR CHARMS

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

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

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

MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

ANN IS PRETTY — ANN'S EFFICIENT
WHY CAN'T SHE KEEP A JOB?

Alex and the young man having a thing. Joe.

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

SING YOU SINNERS (Paramount)

There was never a dull moment in the Beebe household, and nearly all of the distress and trouble could be traced to Joe. Joe (Bing Crosby) couldn't get anything but part-time work. In other words, Joe always got fired before he completed his first day's labor on a new job. As a result, Mrs. Beebe (Elizabeth Patterson) was jumpy, quarrelsome and fearful by turns, Dave (Fred MacMurray) had to turn all of the profits of his job into the family, and Fred's girl (Ellen Drew) was trying to be a good sport about their three-year engagement, with no hope in sight. The only member of the family who was having any fun at all was Mike (played by an exceptional young actor, Donald O'Connor) and he enjoyed playing coffee and doughnut dates with his brothers at small cafes.

When answering advertisements please mention October Hollywood 15
Joe is sure that his home town never will appreciate him when he is fired for starting a swap shop when he is left alone with his new boss' gasoline station. Vowing to become a success, he takes off for Los Angeles. After a few months, to everyone's surprise, he sends for his mother and small brother amid general rejoicing. It is a very different story when they arrive and discover that he has traded his good business for Uncle Gus, a race horse.

Besides being a very funny cross-section of family life, there is plenty of tension in the race scenes, a fine fight and plenty of comedy and songs.

**MOTHER CAREY'S CHICKENS**

(RKO-Radio)

- With the exception of the performance of Fay Bainter, who is so talented nothing can stop her, this film version of a famous story is a little on the sorry side.

- Reasons hard to follow, changes have been made in the story, which is known and loved by quite a number of people, and they are all for the worse.

- Of necessity, Captain Carey's family was always on the wing as it followed him from one army post to another. When he was killed in the Spanish-American war, they decided to settle down, once and for all, in a charming old place in a tiny town, and there live quietly until the four children are grown.

- A good many army officers, not to mention their wives, are going to be very much surprised to see how the film treats this situation, for, before Mother Carey decides to take boarders, she is driven to working in a factory. One can only suppose that her pension and the allowances for the children were lost in the mail every month.

- No one objects to changes in stories when emphasis of drama or of character is needed in transferring the written word to the moving picture. But such changes as this are irritating when they serve no good purpose.

- Anne Shirley, Ruby Keeler, James Ellison, Walter Brennan, Ralph Morgan, Frank Albertson, Alma Kruger, Jackie Moran, Margaret Hamilton, Virginia Weidler and the very attractive little Donnie Dunagan play leading roles.

**RACKET BUSTERS** (Warners)

- Those of us who think that it is a terrible waste of talent for Humphrey Bogart to play anything but those black-hearted bad-all-the-way-through villains which he does with such grace and finesse will be pleased over his performance as a racketeer in this new film. He is bad. He is mean. He is out to get pay-offs from the dealers of food-stuffs, and he doesn't stop at anything. Very satisfying.

- George Brent plays an Irish truck-driver who won't take orders from anyone. Allen Jenkins is seen as his somewhat less independent pal. Gloria Dickson and Penny Singleton play the women in
AN EXPERIENCED WOMAN
could have told her!

Big strong Leo Carrillo is a man to look to in
time of trouble, think Penny Singleton and
Helen Mack in one of those uncertain mo-
ments at the Rollerdom.

their lives. Walter Abel has an important
part as the special prosecutor who has
much trouble rounding up the racketeers
because the intimidated victims refuse to
talk. Lots of fighting in this one.

LETTER OF INTRODUCTION
(Universal)

Without any effort whatever, the re-
doubtable Charlie McCarthy wraps up
this film and walks away with it to the
immense delight of the audience.

 Plenty of footage has been allowed, and
plenty of bright dialogue has been sup-
pied for Bergen and McCarthy, so that
those who complain that there never is
enough of these two in a film will have no
protest to make over this one.

The success of McCarthy does not de-
tract from the effectiveness of the rest of
the film, which has a most interesting story
and which is excellently acted. Andrea
Leeds plays an ambitious young actress.
Her dearest possession is a letter of intro-
duction to the most famous matinee idol
of the day (Adolphe Menjou.) The letter
contains the astonishing news to him that
she is his daughter, and he is beset with
conflicting impulses. One emotion is
of pride in his charming girl but the other
is a shrinking reluctance to let the world
know that he is old enough to have a
grown daughter. So they keep the news
to themselves. Naturally the girl’s fiancé
(George Murphy) is concerned, sus-
picious, jealous when she spends hours on
end with the Great Lover. The ending is
unexpected. The cast is fine. You won’t
make a mistake in seeing this one.

Neglect of intimate cleanliness may rob the loveliest
woman of her charm...Use “Lysol” for feminine hygiene

ONE lesson life teaches a woman is
the need for complete intimate
daintiness.

A man wants to think of the woman
whose love and companionship he seeks
as his dream of feminine loveliness... fresh
and exquisite at all times. But, without
realizing it, there are times when even
perfumes, baths and beauty aids may fail
to make you attractive—
if you neglect the practice of feminine
hygiene. Many experienced family doc-
tors know that this neglect has wrecked
the happiness of countless marriages.

Don’t risk offending in this most
personal way. Be sure of complete
exquisiteness. Follow the “Lysol”
method of efficient feminine hygiene.

Ask your own doctor about “Lysol”
disinfectant. He will tell you “Lysol”
has been used in many hospitals and
clinics for years as an effective anti-
septic douche. Directions for use are
on each bottle.

Six reasons for using “Lysol” for
feminine hygiene—

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 destroy germs.

4—Economy... “Lysol” is concentrated, costs
only about one cent an application in the
proper dilution for feminine hygiene.

5—Odor... The cleanly odor of “Lysol”
disappears after use.

6—Stability... “Lysol” keeps its full strength
no matter how long it is kept, how often it is
uncorked.

Also, try Lysol Hygienic Soap for bath, hands
and complexion. It’s cleansing, deodorant.

What Every Woman Should Know
SEND THIS COUPON FOR “LYSOL” BOOKLET
LEHN & FINK Products Corp.
Dept. 10-H, Bloomfield, N.J., U.S.A.
Send me free booklet “Lysol vs. Germs” which tells the
many uses of “Lysol.”

Name ____________________________
Street ____________________________
City ____________________________ State ________

Copyright 1928 by Lehn & Fink Products Corp.
A modern girl having a modern good time...
Swank clothes, swell dates, sweet romance...
That's Sonja now, so dainty, so desirable, so incredible!

All dressed up, and plenty of places to go, as the queen of a co-ed campus! Laughs sail through the air like ski-jumpers! Love calls in the good young American way—forever and ever! And the sumptuous ice climax will bring you to your feet with shouts of wonder and delight!

Sonja Henie

and

Richard Greene

in

My Lucky Star

with

Joan Davis

Cesar Romero

Buddy Ebsen

Arthur Treacher • Billy Gilbert

George Barbier • Louise Hovick

Patricia Wilder • Paul Hurst

Directed by Roy Del Ruth

Associate Producer Harry Joe Brown

Screen Play by Harry Tugend and Jack Yellen • From an original story by Karl Tunberg and Don Ettlinger

A 20th Century-Fox Picture

Darryl F. Zanuck

in Charge of Production

Snow-deep in the rhythms of Gordon & Revel!

I've Got a Date with a Dream

Could You Pass In Love

The All American Swing

This May Be the Night

By a Wishing Well

Every woman in America will be crazy about Sonja's twenty-eight new fall costumes styled by Royer!
It was undoubtedly the incident of the sour-pickle crock which first impressed upon Tyrone Power the saving grace of meeting situations which promised to be embarrassing armed with a sense of humor.

He must have been all of seven when he was discovered mapping out a first-class tummyache by stuffing himself with the crunchy, dark-green, tempting but forbidden delicacy.

There was practically no pause between his mother's demand for an explanation and his glib reply.

"Teacher," he explained seriously, "called me sweet. It's sissy for boys to be sweet. So I'm eating pickles."

There was no answer to that alibi. Ever since then, Tyrone has been turning away wrath, extricating himself from delicate situations, getting at least a laugh a day by that quick wit and subtle sense of humor.

"It's a bit earlyish for philosophy," Tyrone observed, taking measure of the eleven o'clock sun, "but life is a roller-coaster, and the job is to keep your hat on your head when you make the dizzy drops and take the steep curves. You can't do it unless you get a lot of fun as you go along."

As a test of a man's innate sense of humor, nothing better has ever been devised than desert sequences. In Suez, Tyrone's latest production, much of the action is concerned with the building of the canal, uniting the Red Sea and the Mediterranean. Twentieth Century-Fox carted something like twelve hundred...
Dear Editor:

This may impress you as the ravings of a deranged mind, but believe me, if I had known as much then as I do now about the way editors in general—and you in particular—work their wonders to perform, I never in this world would have obeyed your request to get myself an "extra" job on The Valley of the Giants picture now being filmed out at Warner Brothers' Studio. Never. Not in this vale of tears and jeers! And I'll tell you why.

Well, you know me. I needed the money, I liked the actors in the film, and I thought it would be very pleasant, indeed, to put in a couple of days on the lot with them. Besides, I'd heard that this picture about the lumber camps was to be in Technicolor and I wanted to see how I'd look in the pretty reds, blues and browns.

It took me a couple of days to get the job, what with interviewing William Keighley, the director, Chuck Hanson, the 1st Assistant director, and Johnny Prettyman, the 2nd Assistant director, but I finally wrangled one and reported for work on a Monday all dressed up in long woolen underwear, heavy spiked boots, Mackinaw jacket and all the rest of the clothing a regular honest-to-goodness lumberjack wears. And lady, did I swear—I mean perspire, wrapped up as I was with all that clothing. About 200 other guys were dolled up like I was and one of them, a Richard Phillips who claimed to be 112 years old and the oldest living Welshman in the world, said we were to do a bar-room brawl.

This Richard Phillips, by the way, reported at eight o'clock and faced the camera twenty times that day. Years ago he did extra work in Call of the Wild and Ben Hur. He told me that he never figured there was much opportunity in Hollywood and so he gave it up. He had a job in a service station until last year. Now the government takes care of him. He was born April 18, 1826, in Cardiff, Wales. Said he had no idea why he has lived so long except maybe keeping away from wine and women has something to do with it. Richard went to work for the Hudson Bay company in the early fifties, prospected around Oroville, Calif., and was in Frisco when the earthquake wrecked the town. He fought in the Modoc war of 1873 and is now applying for a pension for that service. I hope he gets it. Says he doesn't plan on doing any more picture work and I can't say as I blame the old fellow. Well, so much for 112-year-old Phillips.

While I'm adjusting the pillows to ease my strained back and ankles, let me say that this bar-room should be one of the highlights of the picture. I ought to know since I was right in the

Above, Wayne Morris leads with his left in one of the opening scenes of the brawl that lasted five days during the filming of The Valley of the Giants. At the right, Alan Hale expresses a certain amount of disapproval in the bar room, scene of the fight.
middle of it trading punches with Wayne Morris. And let me say here that I'm a mighty poor trader when it comes to exchanging knuckles with a big guy like this fellow Morris. Lady, he sure lays 'em smack on the button!

Most likely you've never been in a real life bar-room brawl and if you have I'm mighty ashamed of you, but those I ever took part in never lasted more than ten minutes. By that time the fighters were usually *hors de combat*, to use my parlor French. Either that, or someone called the cops and we were hauled off to the houseow.

But this bar-room brawl was different.

The *Valley of the Giants* Donnybrook lasted five full days! Fact! Five full days with the air full of beer mugs, fists, chairs and axes! Lumber story or not, many a chip fell from the old blockhead. It's too bad Charley McCarthy wasn't in it! For four days Alan Hale battled single-handed with 30 or 40 of us synthetic lumberjacks, and on the fifth day Wayne Morris came to his rescue and he and Alan emerged victorious. And here's something funny. I saw the script and Seton Miller, the scenarist, devoted only one page to this scrap. He simply wrote that Hale, as Ox Smith, comes into the saloon looking for Charles Bickford as Fallon, the black-hearted villain, and when he can't find him, wrecks the joint. Finally Morris, as Curdigan, the hero, appears and helps Ox make his escape. That's all Miller wrote. But it was plenty. This fight won't be long on the screen—possibly five or six minutes—but to get that much Director Keighley shot 10,000 feet of film. And before a blow was struck, he mapped out every movement. As he explained to us before we started swinging, the tempo of the scene had to start slow and end with a bang. It certainly did!

The first day of the battle Hale swung a double-bitted hewing axe. And how he did swing! Along about five in the afternoon he sinks the head of it deep into the top of the bar and the handle breaks off which is okay by me since I'd gotten pretty tired of ducking.

The second day he used the handle, wielding it as though he thoroughly enjoyed the experience. Occasionally he would exchange the lethal weapon for one of balsa wood and would bring it down upon the pates of us lumberjacks. He seemed to enjoy that experience, too.

The third day of the brawl was given over to the smashing of a mirror behind the bar. Because flying glass is dangerous the mirror was made of plaster, but I couldn't tell the difference. I didn't have time. I was swinging a chair in a very manful attempt to crash it down over Mr. Hale's head. Mr. Hale finally gets really provoked, picked up a chair of his own and it goes over the bar and away goes the plaster mirror. Now Miss Editor, all this sounds simple maybe, but believe me it wasn't. The scene was first made in what we old-timers call a 'long shot' with two Technicolor cameras on it. Then it was made close-up by close-up as all fight scenes are put on celluloid. In the long shot I got a chair right in the middle of my back and was through for the day.

Director Keighley who got so excited he forgot he was directing and got a heavy sharp-edged piece of plaster on the side of the face when Hale broke the mirror—and he was out of the fun and frolic for more than an hour.

Then, thank heaven, Wayne Morris came along on the fifth day. By that time Hale was getting pretty much bunged up. Us lumberjacks and a few gamblers were closing in on him, smacking him with chairs and getting smacked in return. But this Morris guy! He was like an old fire horse who hears an alarm. He came charging in, taking picks with those big fists of his, and unfortunately for me, before the five o'clock whistle blew I had managed, with my usual finesse, to get my head right in the way of his hay-makers. As I said in the beginning, man and boy I've been in a few bar-room brawls and they were dandies, too, but nothing like this five-day Donnybrook! I managed to walk under my own power to Wayne's dressing room and while I was resting up and [Continued on page 37]
Study these pictures, and, by the time the new Astaire-Rogers film, *Carefree*, has reached your neighborhood you will be able to dazzle other dancers with one of their new dances. Ginger and Fred have quarrelled, at the beginning of the dance, and he resorts to hypnotism to give himself opportunity to explain everything.

Fred sways rhythmically from side to side. Ginger follows his movements ever so slightly in the first few measures of the dance.

Ginger fights against the hypnotic spell, but continues to sway back and forth.

Ah, the hypnotism is beginning to work! Ginger is almost entirely under the spell.

HOLLYWOOD
Fred extends his right arm, and Ginger joins him in the ballroom position, with a dip forward on her right foot.

Then she whisks back, they go into the open ballroom position and advance smoothly and easily in a gliding waltz.

Then Ginger places her left hand in Fred's left hand and they continue in that position for a circuit of the floor.

They move closer together, both left arms advanced, Fred's right arm guiding until she breaks away in a whirl.

The hypnotic spell is wearing thin! Fred follows her in an attempt to get her back under his "power" but...

She bends far to the right, still in a dream, so that Fred must move quickly in order to catch her before she falls.

Back to the open ballroom position, with the hypnotic spell working once again, they continue for a few bars.

Then Ginger turns and they find themselves once more in the straight ballroom position, waltzing happily.

Ginger decides that she may as well stop being angry, and the two stars of Carefree retreat to a graceful end.
Beat the drums and toot the flutes;
Let the news get 'round.
Oakie's not the man he was
Not by sixty pounds!

By KAY PROCTOR

And wait until you get a load of him! Seeing may be believing, but in Jack's case, you're not sure your eyes aren't playing tricks on you, and you should have known better than to take that last one. It's incredible, it's fantastic, and it's true. He has streamlined off so much weight, he's playing romantic leads again and what's more, he has the figure to get away with it.

You remember how it was, even so short a time ago as Radio City Revels, his last picture. As he himself described it, his midriff would come on a scene and the rest of him would follow ten seconds later. He carried three chins where one suffices for the average man, and his pug could double in brass from a full moon any day. He weighed 210 pounds in his bare tooties.

Now the scales say a flat 150. Tyrone Slats Oakie, they call him, The Heart Throb Boy.

How did it all happen? And why? The "why" is fairly simple. Jack just decided it was high time he and his middle got together in the business of making motion pictures. And he was tired of wide brimmed hats. They were the only style he could wear, you see, with his forehead, chins and cheeks forming a perfect circle the way they did.

The "how" is a little more complicated, involving diets, dogtrots, and a flock of "don'ts." Jack clowns a lot about it all now. He'd have you think it was no trick at all to shed sixty pounds in a couple of months. But anyone who has tried it knows better; it demands tremendous will power, sacrifice, and hard work. It's a tough row to hoe, particularly if you love food and fun as much as Jack did; and if you want to come out of the ordeal with firm, healthy flesh and no telltale sagging lines as he has.

It all started on March 29. Jack remembers the date very well. He and Venita had celebrated their second wedding. [Continued on page 46]

Just a few months ago, Jack Oakie weighed 210 pounds. His friends assured him so many times that you can't have too much of a good thing that he began to wonder if they meant exactly what they said, and put it to a test.

Result, Mr. Oakie streamlined down to a mere shadow of himself, now weighs in at 150, and, in case you think this is a trick of the camera, see for yourself in his next picture, The Affairs of Annabel.
Clark Gable sent her lovebirds. Robert Taylor sent her flowers. Jimmy Stewart sent her candy. Marlene Dietrich sent her a cable from halfway across the world.

To a little girl lying there in a white hospital bed, it was like some fantastic dream come true, a dream such as all little girls have now and then. But Judy Garland pinched herself and knew it was real. She tasted the candy and smelled the flowers, cooed at the lovebirds, baptized them Clark and Carole, and re-read the cable.

"But that isn't all," the doctor said. "More flowers have come. They're being arranged now. And Billie Burke sent you a bedspread."

Judy tried not to look too elated. She determined to put all these giddy gloating thoughts under her pillow along with the

**How late does a very young star stay out when she has a date with a boy? You'll find the answer in this story about the little girl who is to play the beloved Dorothy in The Wizard of Oz**

By **KATHARINE HARTLEY**

Cable, and looking up at the doctor, she seriously said: "Tell me, what was that medical term you taught me yesterday?"

The doctor smiled: "Polycythemia hypotonia. But I bet you don't remember what that means."

"Oh, yes, I do! Well, that is, I know how you cure it." Judy sat up straight—in spite of her three broken ribs and a punctured lung. "To cure it you perform a venous action!" she recited proudly.

"And what's that?"

Judy's brow wrinkled; she sank back into the whiteness again. "You got me there, pal, unless it's some kind of a blood transfusion."

"Well, that's close enough. Nurse Garland, you have passed the questions for today." He bowed formally and turned to go. "I'll be seeing you!"

All this sounds strange and perhaps a bit fanciful. But it happened, and not so long ago. Judy had been working late at the studio and [Continued on page 52]
How a Star Learned to Say:
“Ooooops, Sorry!”

Above, Fredric March having some difficulty saying “Ooooops, sorry!” during a scene with Virginia Bruce in There Goes My Heart. His next picture is Trade Winds with Joan Bennett playing opposite.

It took a good many hard knocks to shape Fredric March’s gay, gallant philosophy and you may learn some unsuspected things about the star by reading this story.

By JESSIE HENDERSON

[Continued on page 54]
High drama, rousing romance, colorful costumes and a big, handsome cast should make If I Were King one of the most tempting films of the fall season.
Table of Contents

Have readers any rights?

Ah, yes, we recognize the title, but we don’t quite place the plot. More than a few times, famous stories have been changed for the screen. Sometimes the public has approved and sometimes...well, read the story

By LLEWELLYN MILLER

The Name is Familiar...

It is much easier to cite examples of beloved stories brought to the screen with faithful care than it is to find examples of drastic meddling with classic tales. But, on quite a number of occasions, big changes have been made in famous stories. Each time such a change has been made there has...
You'll be seeing her in two pictures this fall. One, The Young in Heart is the screen version of the magazine story The Gay Banditti which deals with the escapades of an impoverished, impractical, but delightful family. The other is Three Loves Has Nancy, which sounds good, too.
Knitwear, courtesy of Friedman-Blau-Barber. Shirts, courtesy of Nestor-Johnson.

Sonja Henie demonstrates one of the dazzling bits of figure skating which she does in her next film, My Lucky Star.

Though Sonja Henie has worked... and worked hard... for every bit of her well-deserved success, she claims that luck has played its part in her brilliant career. She thinks she was lucky to have a family that appreciated her talent for skating when she was a youngster, and cheered her on her way as an Olympics star. She thinks she is lucky to be under contract to a big studio which has supplied her with clever stories and brilliant supporting casts. She thinks she is lucky to be right up among the headliners in popularity.

That makes the belief in luck unanimous. Her family feels lucky to have such a spectacular little relative. The studio feels lucky because her success has justified belief in her. And audiences feel lucky when a new Sonja Henie picture is under way.

And readers of HOLLYWOOD Magazine can feel lucky because the little star is giving such charming prizes in her "Lucky Star" contest.

The contest, itself, is fun. In addition, you may play an important part in Sonja Henie's career! So put on your thinking cap, and see if you can find just the right title for a picture for her.

A good title for a movie is very important, and conference after conference is held at the studio before one is chosen.

The winner of the Grand Prize in this contest will receive a pair of figure skating blades, attached to a pair of skating boots, just like those worn by the star as well as a complete outfit, including the garments shown in pictures 2, 5 and 6. The FIRST PRIZE is a pair of the skates, complete with the white boots especially when a star so important as Sonja Henie is concerned.

WHY DON'T YOU HELP TITLE A SONJA HENIE PICTURE?

It isn't easy, because a title that is ideal for a Sonja Henie picture should include several ideas.
Star Contest

61 Handsome Prizes!
How clever are you? If you think you are pretty good, enter Sonja Henie's Contest and make a try for some of the handsome prizes which the little skating star is giving to the clever winners. The rules are easy. Better have a try at it!

There should be something about the title to give the impression that the film is about skating, that the production is a big one, and that there is music and comedy featured. Miss Henie's first film was called One in a Million. It was followed by Thin Ice, Happy Landing and very soon you will see My Lucky Star. WHAT DO YOU THINK IS A GOOD TITLE FOR ONE OF HER NEXT FILMS?

Read the rules carefully, fill in the coupon, and see if you can't win one of the delightful prizes shown on this page.

RULES

1. Prizes will be awarded for the best titles indicating: (1) A skating picture, (2) Miss Henie's personality, (3) A big production, (4) Audience appeal. The title suggested should have one or more of the above qualifications. In case of ties duplicate prizes will be awarded.

2. All entries must be in the mails by October 10.

3. The contest is open to all with the exception of employees of Fawcett Publications and their families.

4. Sonja Henie and the editors of HOLLYWOOD Magazine will be sole judges. Entries will not be returned.

5. Neatness will be a consideration in judging.

6. All title suggestions become the property of Fawcett Publications to be given to the studio, and to be used or not as Twentieth Century-Fox Studios may decide.

PRIZES

There are sixty-one beautiful prizes, and they include the most attractive knitted garments you've ever seen. They should be, because Sonja Henie has given the manufacturer, Friedman-Blau-Farber, her personal endorsement for every garment. Her name appears on the woven band in each one, so you may be sure that you are dressed just exactly like the little star if you are one of the lucky winners.

GRAND PRIZE—One complete Sonja Henie outfit, including a green wool suit trimmed with rubby black wool, a dashing green turtle-neck wool sweater, a big thick white wool scarf embroidered with bunches of gay wool flowers, a white cap and a pair of fluffy white mittens to match. In addition, a pair of figure-skating blades, attached to a pair of white shoes just like Sonja wears in her new film. These are the skates endorsed by the star and manufactured by the Nestor-Johnson Manufacturing Company.

FIRST PRIZE—A pair of Nestor-Johnson figure-skating blades, attached to the white skating boots, will make the clever winner feel like an Olympic star!

SECOND PRIZES—One of the striking green and black wool suits will be sent to each of the four contestants who submit the next best suggestions for titles.

THIRD PRIZES—Ten of the enchanting red and white double sweaters go to the ten winners in this division.

FOURTH PRIZES—Ten red and white sweaters in the smart checkerboard design go to the clever ten whose titles are winners in this division.

FIFTH PRIZES—Fifteen white cap and scarf sets, gay and warm, are awaiting for the next fifteen winners.

SIXTH PRIZES—Even if you don't win one of the big prizes, you may consider yourself a lucky winner to get in on the consolation prizes: Twenty sets of fluffy white brushed wool caps and mittens.

Here you go, and good luck!
The Breakdown of a Cowboy

These pictures, made between scenes for The Cowboy and the Lady tell the touching tale of how Gary Cooper shot himself.

"Grrrr! Paint and powder!"

"Wonder what's in here?"

"Just a powder puff."

"Wonder if I could hit the director?"

"Or Merle Oberon, No! Missed."

"Maybe I can get the cameraman's range..."

or a bead on the prop boy. Missed again!"

"So I'll just have to shoot myself!"
Smart Girls cream EXTRA "SKIN-VITAMIN" INTO THEIR SKIN... FOR EXTRA BEAUTY CARE *

Smart Girls cream EXTRA "SKIN-VITAMIN" INTO THEIR SKIN... FOR EXTRA BEAUTY CARE *

When skin lacks Vitamin A, the vitamin essential to skin health, it gets harsh and dry. Now Pond's Cold Cream contains this necessary "skin-vitamin."

* Statements concerning the effects of the "skin-vitamin" applied to the skin are based upon medical literature and tests on the skin of animals following an accepted laboratory method.

If skin has enough "skin-vitamin," Pond's brings an Extra Supply against possible future need. Smart girls follow this new beauty care to help provide against loss of the "skin-vitamin."

Copyright, 1938, Pond's Extract Company
Her resemblance to several other actresses is striking, but she is very much a person in her own right

By ED JONESBOY

Strangely enough, this up-and-coming new-comer of the screen, Marcia Ralston, wasn’t lured away from the land of “down under” by the dulcet blare of a motion picture talent scout, nor was she the winner of a beauty contest offering as first prize a career in the films. Nothing like that. As a matter of plain and honest truth, she was going about her pleasant and fairly lucrative business as leading lady in the J. L. Williamson musical comedies in Sydney, and had it not been for the appearance of Phil Harris, the orchestra leader who was making a tour of the Antipodes with his band, she’d probably be there yet and, without doubt, knocking the Antipodians dead with her good looks, voice and acting.

But Phil, the “tall and handsome” maestro of the strings, woods and brasses, came along, met her, and almost before Dan Cupid could catch his breath and say “bless you, my children,” they fell in love and put a quick and happy beginning to their romance by becoming man and wife.

That was eleven years ago.

“For several years,” says Marcia, “I stayed in the background. And of my own free will and accord, too. Phil and I had agreed that one professional in the family was enough and that’s the way it was for a number of years. But finally I began to be bothered by an urge to go back to the stage and when I told Phil about it he surprised me by saying that he’d like nothing better than to have me dance and sing with his orchestra! And that’s what I did until a Warner talent scout saw me and later signed me to a long-term contract. I can’t recall how many pictures I’ve been in since then.”

But we can. Pretty close to fourteen during the eighteen months she’s been at the studio and in the list you’ll come across such outstanding screen fare as The Singing Marine, Fly Away Baby, Ever Since Eve, Men Are Such Fools, Gold Is Where You Find It and Fools for Scandal.

Not a bad score, seems like, for a girl who came from the land of the kangaroo, the duck-billed platypus and the bear that lunches on eucalyptus leaves!

“Phil is just as proud of my success as I am of his, but oddly enough, he appar-ently has a burning ambition NOT to see me on the screen. Maybe it’s because he sees so much of me during the day. Or maybe it’s because he doesn’t think I’m in his class. He likes to point out that his musical short, entitled So This Is Harris won an Academy award! At any rate, he’s seen me in only one picture and I can’t get him to say when he’ll ever see me in another.”

Marcia was educated in a convent.

Her father, John Ralston, was a musical comedy star with a fine flair for the Gilbert and Sullivan operas. Her mother was a famous dancer.

“Neither of my parents wanted me to become an actress,” she says, “hence the convent schooling. But as I grew older it became more difficult for me to keep my thoughts away from the footlights. The stage was in my blood and when I was fifteen years old I definitely decided that what had been good enough for father and mother should be good enough for their daughter. And so—when they left for China, I left the convent. My first theatrical job was in the chorus of the J. L. Williamson productions. After a while I moved up a notch to understudy to the leading lady, and later moved up a bit higher to become a leading lady, myself, in musical comedies produced by the same company. Then Phil came along—and here I am.”

Marcia’s real name is Mascotte, a slight contraction of La Mascotte, the French opera her father was playing in at the time of her birth.

“It’s a nice name and certainly an unusual one,” she agrees, “and I like it. But when I entered pictures they made me change it because there’s a film company called Mascot Productions. More than likely I would have changed it sooner or later because I was beginning to get a little tired of trying to explain how I came by it. Phil calls me ‘Scotty’ and I prefer that.

When “Scotty” isn’t playing in front of the cameras she’s a great hand at playing farmerette on the seven-acre ranch she and her husband bought a little more than a year ago from Adolphe Menjou.

“It’s roomy, rural, and restful,” is the way she puts it. We have the Al Jolsons, the Edward Everett Hortons, the Spencer Tracys, and the Don Amechehs for nearby neighbors and the location reminds me of my home in Sidney, and don’t think that Phil and I have gotten over the thrill of ownership. Believe me, after almost ten years of living in hotels from coast to coast, this little spot is really ‘home, sweet home’ in the fullest sense of the three words. It’s a dream come true despite occasional bit of family trouble that calls for diplomacy. For instance, after the house was built and we moved in, we decided that we could keep everything spick and span only by a division of labor. The flower and vegetable gardens were to be under my supervision, and to Phil went the care of the chickens, the horses, and the dogs. Well, it has worked
LET THIS NEW TYPE HEATER GIVE YOU A NEW IDEA OF COMFORT!

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Greater comfort than ever before! The revolutionary design of the new Duo-Therm "Imperial!"* keeps heat down where you need it—gives warmer floors—gives an entirely new idea of heating comfort!

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Mail the coupon now!—Get the facts on this new heater! Nine models, two beautiful finishes. Heats 1 to 6 rooms. See your Duo-Therm dealer or write us.

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Please send me information on the Duo-Therm Circulating Heaters.

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out beautifully until just the other day when Phil discovered that he'd placed a setting of duck eggs under his pet hen. Now he wants me to let him and his web-footed friends have the use of the swimming pool. He's probably correct when he says that his ducks need a daily ducking, but I'm correct, too, when I say that it's asking too much of a wife to compel her to swim in a pool full of little quackers. And I don't mean wise-quackers, either.

Asked if she ever thought of allowing marriage to interfere with her screen career she shook her head very emphatically.

"Maybe I'm a bit old-fashioned. Maybe I've been married too long to one man. Or maybe it's just because a quiet, restful place like this gives one a different slant on things; but whatever the reason, marriage comes first. Phil has been on the Jack Benny radio program two and one-half years and recently signed another contract to continue, and we both feel, now, that Hollywood is our last stopping place. We're here for good. But if it so happens that he has to take his orchestra on tour to make a living, I'll step out of movies and go with him. A motion picture career won't mean a thing to me. A career shouldn't mean anything to any girl faced with a decision like that. Well, as I say, I'm old-fashioned, more than slightly rural in my thoughts, and what's more, I don't care who knows it. On the screen I'm supposed to be glamorous and perhaps I am, but I'm certainly 'not the type' down on the farm."

Because she has been mistaken on several occasions for Fay Wray, Joan Crawford, Gloria Swanson, Eleanor Powell and Sylvia Sidney, Phil says she could be the "female Paul Muni of a thousand faces" and she wouldn't have to try very hard, either. Well, he's right. She showed us some photographic studies of herself and her resemblance to the above named stars is remarkable.

"I do a number of things, but none of them well," is her own frank description of herself and not quite a fair one even when she adds "that whenever worst comes to worst, I could get a job and do it well as a stand-in for a lot of famous feminine stars."

Marcia, being a smart little lady, keeps her eyes "on the trends" as we say in Hollywood.

"If I had my way about it," she says, "I wouldn't allow a player to sign a contract. I believe that all of us could do better for ourselves—artistically, at least—by free-lancing. The studio stock company casts, I'm happy to see, are gradually being laid on the shelf, and motion picture patrons are going to have an opportunity to look over new faces and figures. You're going to see more new supporting players than ever before and the time will come when you can go into a theatre and not see the same actors on the same double-bill. My, here I am talking like a front-office executive!"

Scotty's favorites on the screen include Clark Gable, Norma Shearer, Ian Hunter, Leslie Hunter, Paul Muni and Bette Davis. Her favorite food is Irish stew, and her favorite sport, as a looker-on, is boxing. She's a cross-word puzzle fan and she can sew a very fancy seam. Right now her particular hobby is amateur photography. She has a dark room in her ranch home where she develops and prints her own pictures. No candid camera stuff, however. When she gets tired of putting around the snap-drags, pannies, petunias and geraniums she hops in her high-powered car and roars through the quiet country-side until the Al Jolscons, the Spencer Tracys, the Edward Everett Hortons and the Don Ameches put in a call for a traffic cop to slow her down.

But as usual, the girl from "down under" comes out on top—even in a wordy battle with a policeman. "I've never got a ticket yet," she grins, "despite the complaints of my motion picture neighbors."

And this is Marcia of the films, Mascotte of Australia, and just plain "Scotty" to her adoring husband, Phil.

NEXT MONTH

Don't miss Loretta Young's amusing set of questions which she calls the "Regular Guy" test. She claims that you can get a good rating on any young man with the answers to her questionnaire, and you'll have fun trying it on your boy friends.
Five Day Brawl
[Continued from page 21]

counting the aches and pains that were announcing themselves from my ankles to my head, Claire Trever came in along with Jack LaRue and John Litel. This the Valley of the Giants film, by the way, has, for its main locale, the little lumbering town of San Hedrin, California. The time is away back in the year of 1902 and while we were sitting in Wayne’s dressing room I learned from my sympathizers that 1902 is memorably for:
The 1st Tournament of Roses game, Michigan 49, Stanford 0.
"Skidoo" was current slang for ‘nuts to you’.
More electric autos were sold than gasoline buggies.
The pianola was the latest passion of society.
Ice cream was being introduced in many cities.
Chewing gum and fountain pens were the latest things.
First motorcycle was put on the market.
The ukelele hadn’t been invented, but the mandolin caused just as much suffering.
Milk was five cents a quart and butter twenty cents a pound in New York City.
Emile Zola and Brete Harte died.
Daily papers, morning and evening were one cent a copy.
There were 45 stars in the American flag, Arizona, New Mexico and Oklahoma were territories.
King Edward was crowned.
There were no World Series Baseball games. The first one was in 1903.
World’s first radio broadcast was held in Fairmont Park, Philadelphia.
Marcioni was able to send and receive wireless messages 100 miles.
First ads for razor blades appeared.
Milady wore high top button shoes.
Sensation of the music world was the phonograph.
Best sellers were Raffles, Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch, and Teddy Roosevelt’s Strenuous Life.
Department stores, office buildings, and the finer homes used gas for illumination. Magazines carried oil lamp and chimney ads.
Norfolk suits were very snappy with the better tailors and stores quoting $20 for the best.
I never knew that I’d be writing about this in 1938!
You didn’t either!

It was John Litel who told Wayne, while we were sitting there, that he was flying into the face of superstition in playing the lead in the film Valley of the Giants.
In the first version, John, told us, Wally Reid was hurt in the runaway train sequence and never fully recovered from his injuries. This first version was filmed in 1919.
Milton Sills, who starred in the second

HED’ BE THE CUTEST BABY AT THE PARTY IF THAT SUIT WASN’T SO FULL OF TATTLE-TALE GRAY

HIS POOR MOTHER MUST BE USING LAZY SOAP. I WISH TO GOODNESS SHE’D SWITCH TO FELS-NAPTHA AND LET ITS RICHER GOLDEN SOAP AND LOTS OF GENTLE NAPTHA GET CLOTHES REALLY CLEAN AND WHITE!

EMBARRASSING? It certainly is — and then some — when people whisper about your clothes!
So why take chances with tattle-tale gray? Lazy soaps can’t wheedle out every last bit of dirt — no matter how hard you rub and rub. There’s one sure way to get all the dirt — use Fels-Naptha Soap!
Get whiter washes! Try it and see if you don’t get the snowiest, sweetest washes that ever danced on your line! See how much easier and quicker its richer golden soap and lots of naptha make your wash!
Change to Fels-Naptha! Get a few golden bars from your grocer on your next shopping trip. You’ll save money. And you’ll save your clothes from tattle-tale gray.

BANISH “TATTLE-TALE GRAY” WITH FELS-NAPTHA SOAP!

WHEN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION OCTOBER HOLLYWOOD

37
Don't Hesitate About Feminine Hygiene

Use a modern method

Why add to the problems of life by worrying about old-fashioned or embarrassing methods of feminine hygiene? If you doubt the effectiveness of your method, or if you consider it messy, gross, and hateful, here is news that you will welcome.

Thousands of busy, enlightened women now enjoy a method that is modern, effective—kills germs—and, equally important—dainty!

**ZONITORS ARE GREASELESS**

Zonitors offer a new kind of suppository that is small, snow-white and GREASELESS! While easy to apply and completely removable with water, Zonitors maintain long, effective antiseptic contact. No mixing. No clumsy apparatus. Odorless—and an ideal deodorant.

Zonitors make use of the world-famous Zonite antiseptic principle favored because of its antiseptic power and freedom from “burn” danger to delicate tissues.

Full instructions in package. $1 for box of 12—at all U.S. and Canadian druggists. Free booklet in plain envelope on request. Write Zonitors, 4003 Chrysler Bldg., N. Y. C.

SNOW WHITE Each in individual glass vial.

SNOW WHITE

Zonitors for Feminine Hygiene A Zonite Product

**AT LAST! A NEW SHAMPOO FOR ALL BLONDES!**


Here at last is a shampoo and a special rinse that brings out the lustrous beauty, the alluring shine and highlights that can make blonde hair so attractive. Whether you are light blonde, ash blonde, sandy or brown blonde, try this amazing Blonde Hair Shampoo and Special Rinse. Costs but a few pennies to use and is absolutely safe. Used regularly, it keeps hair lighter, lovelier, gleaming with fascinating lustre. Get New Blondex today. New combination package, shampoo with separate rinse—for sale at all stores.

silent version in 1927, fell from a tall redwood stump and was seriously injured.

Wayne scoffed at the idea that things happen in threes and that therefore he may be the third victim. But you can bet that the studio doesn't, for it gave the order that every possible precaution must be taken when its up-and-coming young star performs before the cameras. It seems a miracle to me that he wasn't crowned good and proper in that bar-room sequence.

So far as I could see it was every man for himself with precautions thrown to the high winds.

The Valley of the Giants is a Peter B. Kyne story and its plot is built around the scheming of Howard Fallon (Charles Bickford), an eastern millionaire lumber pirate who turns his attention westward and discovers that through a legal technicality he can steal thousands of acres of redwood timber from the homesteaders. Enlisting the aid of Lee Roberts (Claire Trevor), owner of a Milwaukee gambling palace, and his partner Ed Morrell (Jack LaRue), he sends them to San Hedrin, California, with seven hundred people. These seven hundred people are paid three hundred dollars apiece to sign land claims.

Lee and Morrell open up a gambling hall in the little town to win back this money. The land claims are turned over to Fallon.

Fallon wants, most of all, a valley of giant redwoods which is owned by Bill Cardigan (Wayne Morris), an independent millman. The wily crook gets Lee to make friends with Bill and help in the plot to rob the millman of all his holdings. Bill falls in love with the gal and admits to her that the bank holds his note for $50,000 and that the note will soon fall due. Lee wastes little time in relaying this information to Fallon. From then on the fun boils to a climax, when Ox Smith (Alan Hale), one of Fallon's assistants, rebels and joins forces with Bill. Bill is beaten up by Fallon and his men and when Ox hears of it he goes into Lee's gambling hall and wrecks the place. (I've told you about that.) Then he goes to the land office, breaks in, sets fire to the building and all the new filings made by the bogus homesteaders are burned.

Blocked in this direction, Fallon takes over Bill's note from Andy Stone (Donald Crisp), the banker, and demands that Bill pay up. By now Bill realizes he has been betrayed by Lee and calls on all his loggers to help him get his logs to market. Fallon, of course, sets out to prevent it and Lee goes to Bill's camp to warn him but he isn't there. Which makes it pretty tough on her since one of Bill's men lock her up in the caisson of a logging train.

One of Fallon's men releases the brakes and the long string of cars heads for destruction. But Bill is right on the job and the train is stopped. Well, things keep getting more mixed up all the time until Bill puts a happy ending to the story by beating the living daylights out of Fallon and taking Lee in his arms for the final fade-out.

It's an exciting story, Miss Editor, built along the lines of Gold Is Where You
Find It and Warners is spending a mint of money on it and you want to spend a little to see it on release date.

After the five-day bar-room scrap which laid me lower than a snake's tummy, I was called in to take part in the big fire sequence that was shot at two o’clock in the morning. I’ll say this for Director Keighley’s fire. It was a good one. So good, in fact, that it come nigh burning down the whole studio! Keighley had to call in the firemen right in the middle of it to rescue a dozen extras, a $16,000 Technicolor camera, and a mighty frightened cameraman by the name of Sol Polito!

Filming a fire scene isn’t an easy job I found out. For one thing you can’t take it over if anything slips. So Keighley rehearsed us for more than two hours before he applied the torch. He told us what to do and we did it again and again until he finally said he was satisfied. The action wasn’t so complicated, but what there was of it had to be just so. Alan Hale had to break into the land office in San Hedrin to steal the phony claims filed by the villain. Hale was supposed to kick over his lantern and thus start the fire, and then climb out of the window and stand across the street with Wayne Morris and Donald Crisp while all the residents of the town came a-running to see the fun. Keighley gave his instructions over a public address system and he must have seen me cavort-ing in the street because he shouted: “Hey, you with the blue pants! You’re all excited! Calm down a bit. All you’re supposed to do is to be tickled to death that the land office is burning. You stand on the sidewalk and watch her burn.”

So I stood there just as the director told me to and minded my own business. “Action!” Keighley shouts and the cameras begin to turn. I saw Hale pry up the window and crawl through, carrying his lantern. Pretty soon I saw the light moving inside. Then I saw a faint glow and Hale climbs out unhurriedly and saunters across the street. Then the flames begin to shoot up inside. Men and women began to pour out of the buildings yelling. A buggy suddenly went lickety-split around a corner. Two horsemen rode up shouting. But there I stood like the little boy on the burning deck who ate peanuts by the peck. So Polito’s camera began to smoke as the flames rose higher and higher and I began to burn with excitement. Suddenly I found myself in the street running with the rest of the extras and then I found myself flat on my stomach in the dusty street which would have been okay except that every time I tried to get up up some big lumberjack knocked me down. Not only that, but spikes from those heavy lumber shoes began to jab into my back. I don’t know what would have happened to me if Frank Mattison, the unit manager, hadn’t run up and shouted to Keighley that another set was on fire. Keighley took one look and put in a hurry-up call for the studio fire department and it was lucky for Warners that the fire laddies arrived when they did because, when I crawled back to the sidewalk where I belonged, three other sets were ablaze! Sol Polito was the only guy who seemed sore about the whole thing. “Another minute,” I heard him tell Keighley, “and the building would have caved in. It would have been a fine shot!” That from a guy who came pretty close to being burned to death!

Well, I was pretty sore about the whole thing, too, but not for the same reason. I’ve still got those spike marks on me. Not only that, but my jaw is still sore where Wayne Morris clouted me. But you know how we actors are—it all comes under the name of good, clean fun!

But for Pete’s sake, Miss Editor, the next time you want me to perform as an extra, can’t you be satisfied with a sort of society drama picture. After what I’ve been through I’d like to have a change. Something, say, where I could put on a dress suit and just take it easy. Either that or I’m going to be permanently disabled and I’ll be dog-goned if I want that even for the sake of my art!

DON'T MISS Sonja Henie's Contest on pages 30 and 31. Take a look at the charming prizes, read the easy rules, clip the coupon, and get your entry into the mall today!

Petal Smooth Skin MAKES A HIT EVERY TIME

EASY TO SMOOTH ROUGHNESSES AWAY.... FOR POWDER

IT ALWAYS WAS EASY TO SMOOTH AWAY LITTLE ROUGHNESSES—WITH ONE APPLICATION OF POND'S VANISHING CREAM

NOW SMOOTH IN EXTRA "SKIN-VITAMIN,” TOO!

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When Answering Advertisements Please Mention October Hollywood
Plans Are a Headache

Why one man adheres to the plan of not making any plans for the future

By SERENA BRADFORD

There happened to be on the table a dish of those little, hard, bright candies. Melvyn Douglas scooped up a handful and tossed them with a stewing gesture on the table top. They scattered and skidded across the polished surface in shiny pebbles of clear green, red, amber, like a thin drift of tiny hailstones, and just as hit-or-miss.

"See?" said Melvyn, "that's the way life ought to be. That's what I mean. I've no design for living, and, heaven helping me, I never will have! Anybody that has is a stick-in-the-mud.

"Plan your day? No, sir! Just let it happen. Design your life? Not me! Designs have a tendency to grow standardized. Why should I live Bill Brown's existence? Or he, mine? Let him live his own life, and let him let me live my own life, and probably mine wouldn't do for him at all but it suits me. It suits me swell. Cut your work and your fun to a pattern? What a horrible notion! I want a life that's different."

That's the kind he got, too. He got it because he wouldn't take anything else. He wouldn't live on schedule. "Life isn't a railroad train," he pointed out succinctly. So he doesn't make it a habit to rise at seven, take a brisk shower, eat breakfast and rush off like mad so that he won't be late for his game of tennis or whatever. When recently he worked at Columbia Studios with Joan Blondell in There's Always a Woman, he arrived on the sound stage promptly at nine a.m. They could have set their watches by him, for irresponsibility isn't part of his scheme of things; not, probably, that he'd admit to having a scheme of things in the first place. He and wife Helen Gahagan save their money, entertain their friends, run their delightful, tree-shaded Beverly home with efficiency and charm, but, they WILL NOT bow the knee to routine.

"To begin with, I hate an alarm clock," Douglas confessed, and scowled in a quite daunting manner, hazel eyes narrowed. His six feet, one and a half inches, of height, and his 180 pounds, grew tense and his light hair for a moment practically stood on end—that's how much he hates alarm clocks. Well, don't we all? "I may get up at five tomorrow morning to play golf, or at 11:45 to eat lunch in the garden, or at nine to read a book and not eat any lunch. I don't know; and I don't want to, till tomorrow.

"All I want is to do what I want when I want." He slanted his eyes belligerently. "That's reasonable enough, isn't it?"

Sure, sure, Mr. Douglas, you soothed him.

"But here's the point," he continued, "I'd rather do what I don't want than get into a rut. It's variety Douglas is one of the busiest players in town. Left, he is shown with Luise Rainer in The Toy Wife. He also is appearing currently in Post Company. Soon to be released is That Certain Age in which he appears with Deanna Durbin, and then he will make a sequel to There's Always a Woman under the title There's That Woman Again with Joan Blondell.
that keeps you on your toes. I'd rather wade through a snowbank now and then than always walk exactly the same way home. Not of course that we have snowbanks in Hollywood," he added patriotically with a twinkling glance at the acacias and calla lilies in full cry beyond the window sill.

Wading through snowbanks every day (speaking purely in metaphor), the Douglasses send their joyous way onward. Because, fortunately, wife Helen Gahagan when not on schedule for movie, concert, or radio jobs, concurs heartily in Melvyn's gone-with-the-wind pattern of life which isn't a pattern at all.

"We're filibbertigibbets," Melvyn announced very proudly. For example, it was a nice morning with warm scent drifting into the breakfast room from the corner of the patio where talisman roses are planted. Melvyn said: "Let's go for a little ride." Helen slung on a sweater, leaped into the car, and they started, for nowhere in particular. Maybe along the coast, up toward Santa Barbara for a few miles, huh? Okay. They rolled up toward Santa Barbara. Neither had any work to do that forenoon. Lunch, as usual, wouldn't be till they returned, no matter if the hash (they like hash) did get too brown.

But as they bowed on through Malibu a chilly breeze poured in from the Pacific. "Let's go inland," Melvyn suggested, and pointed the car up through the Malibu mountains looking for a hollow between peaks where the sun again would shine down glowing and friendly.

They left the crisp breeze behind and were ready to swing toward San Fernando Valley when Helen spied a tumbledown shack that looked as though it sheltered an old prospector. So, as they flashed by, the talk turned to gold nuggets and abandoned mines, and suddenly they both realized with a start that neither of them had ever seen a "ghost town." The idea! And ghost towns right within motoring distance of Hollywood. Well, it was perfectly disgraceful, the way they had neglected those ghost towns; the thing to do was to hunt a ghost town this instant and explore one of the few remaining items of romance left in the West...

Again Melvyn turned the car. This time he headed for the High Sierras that beckoned on the horizon. Bye and bye they began to climb among the pine trees. Plenty of altitude; and plenty cold again. Really cold, this time. Hollywood sweaters weren't enough. They stopped at a wayside store, a decidedly rural emporium, and bought lumberjack coats, brilliant in plaid of crimson and purple.

At the next stop, some thousand feet higher up the mountain, they bought red flannel underwear and flannelette pajamas and 'phoned home that they wouldn't be there for lunch, because by now it was getting dark and they were all set for supper and a night's lodging in a wayside boarding house. They were above the snowline then.

In short, they started for a little drive along the coast on Friday in thin slacks and openwork summer sweaters. And they got back on a broiling Monday afternoon with a full line of ladies' and gents' furnishings in winter weight, including wool socks, knitted stocking caps, and knee length calfskin boots. But they'd had fun. They had found a ghost town; explored it thoroughly; added another gem to their collection of oddments of experience.

"And one morning I look up from my omelet," Melvyn proceeded, "to see Helen in a tailored suit, with her hat on. She snatches a piece of toast and a swallow of coffee and says, 'Goodbye, dear, I'm catching a plane for New York. There's a play with a part in it I might do—agent wired me, but it's simpler to talk it over face to face'—So I say, 'Call me the minute you get there....' and she's gone. Well, it keeps things from growing monotonous, anyway."

But the pay-off was that time Helen went to Paris. She had a singing engagement over there and Melvyn, who loves Paris, was disconsolate because picture work kept him in Hollywood. He was finishing one picture and going immediately into another, and he and Helen

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spent some hours mourning over the places they could visit together in Paris if only they could both be there at the same time.

In due course, Helen departed, fully of excitement. Next afternoon, Melvyn, much fuller of excitement, hurled himself out of a taxi at the airport and hurled himself into a plane that was poised for the take-off, and started merrily for Paris, too.

One picture had finished ahead of schedule. The next picture had been postponed for a couple of weeks. Melvyn caught the boat by the skin of his teeth, sailed with Helen for France, spent four days in the French capital and darted home again. It stands as one of the speediest trans-continental trans-Atlantic round trips on record. A matter of 12,000 miles for 96 hours in Paris.

"And worth it," Douglas declared.

Must have been a gypsy somewhere on the family tree? But, no. Born in Macon, Georgia, he comes sedately of Scotch and English ancestry on his mother’s side and of (perhaps here we have it) Russian concert pianists and composers, internationally known, on his father’s. His father’s name was Eduard Hesselberg; Melvyn took Douglas for his stage name because he was so intrigued by the exciting stories his mother, a descendent of the Douglas clan, used to tell him about the Black Douglases of Scotland. From the start Melvyn set out to be different, to avoid bogging down in monotony and uniformity or having anybody cut out his life for him in a neat little shape. His father wanted Melvyn to become a concert pianist, his mother wanted him to become an attorney, so he decided to become a poet. But the varied and intensive education bestowed upon him, ranging from Germany to England and from Tennessee to Toronto, landed him temporarily in the Lincoln, Neb., high school where he played the role of a Hindu in the school theatricals and decided, heck with poetry, he’d go on the stage.

On the stage he accordingly went. But not so simply as that. He couldn’t be commonplace about it. The stage was in his mind, but first he tried to join the Scotch Highlanders in Toronto, lying about his age. His parents snaked him home again. Then, during the War, he
enlisted to drive an ambulance in France but found himself, for the duration, with a medical corps at Fort Lewis, Washington, and dunn near decided to be a doctor.

After the Armistice, though, he met an actor friend who gave him a part in a show and one thing led to another till Melvyn found himself in the anteroom of a New York producer’s office, hoping for a job however minor in some good offering on Broadway. He had letters of introduction to the producer but they made no difference; he couldn’t get past the girl at the desk.

“It proves what I’ve always said,” Douglas insisted, “that success is ninety percent luck. Every plan I made, according to the fine old advice about being systematic and so on, had gone blooey. Then luck stepped in.”

The girl at the desk in the anteroom was sending him away and he had turned to go out the door when the producer strode forth from his office. Naturally, Melvyn turned back from the door to look at him. “Are you an actor?” the producer snapped. Melvyn admitted it. “Precisely the type I’ve been hunting for,” the producer rejoined, and signed him up for three years.

Consistent in not cutting life to a pattern, he didn’t make elaborate plans for his marriage, either. The leading lady in the stage success, Tonight or Never (David Balasco’s final production) didn’t have to look at him twice before he knew that if he could manage it she was going to become Mrs. Melvyn Douglas. He met her and married her; just like that.

For nearly a year after the wedding they didn’t have time for a honeymoon. Then, suddenly—as things like to happen in the Douglas family—Melvyn, by then in Hollywood, made up his mind that nine pictures in nine months were too many. Besides, he didn’t care for some of the parts. Heck with pictures, how ‘bout a little trip around the world?

Fine! They set out in leisurely and practically unplanned fashion to see the fascinating countries and sights they’d always wanted to see. That Taj Mahal. Sunrise in Singapore, where the ripe pineapples out of the field are so sweet they don’t need sugar. The wild shores of Borneo and the crimson and gold temples at Nikko in Japan.

It took them months and months. They returned to Hollywood in the nick of time for Peter Gahagan Douglas to be born there.

Most people who work with him go around telling how he could be one of the best producer-actor-directors in town if he weren’t kept so busy just acting. He directed and produced stage plays in New York, and whenever a director on one of his pictures is stuck for a situation or a nuance of timing or a gag, it’s probably Melvyn who smooths it out. “And it isn’t guesswork, either,” his colleagues report, “he’s always right.”

It’s no wonder, therefore, that M-G-M lately persuaded him into a seven-year contract, which permits Columbia to have him for two pictures a year—already there are tentative plans at the latter studio to team him some more with Joan Blondell. “Persuaded” is the correct word in connection with that contract. Douglas felt complimented and pleased, but after he signed he rubbed his head thoughtfully.

“How does anyone know what he wants to do seven years from now?” he inquired with a touch of woe.

In spite of this departure from his general determination to have no design for living, he clings to the determination sternly in all other respects. It gets on toward dinnertime, say, and all of a sudden Melvyn remarks: “Why don’t we have company? Let’s call Ralph Bellamy...”

Before he’s through he has called the Browns and the Blacks and the Smiths and, quite without being planned for, there’s a gay and diversified crowd about the dinner table. A violinist, an attorney, a band leader, an author of wide fame, two or three actors. A crowd as diversified as Melvyn’s tastes, which include Eleanor Duse and W. C. Fields. Shakespeare and Tarzan, tennis and Shelley’s poems, symphony concerts and nut sundaes.

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When Answering Advertisements Please Mention October HOLLYWOOD 43
What happened when an admiring cast gave a beloved star a cake on his sixtieth birthday

By MARGE DECKER

They had just set before Lionel Barrymore a cake on which sixty tiny points of flame were flickering, and he was looking pleased. But he couldn't suppress bewilderment.

"For heaven's sake, don't tell me sixty is that many!" he exclaimed.

Frank Capra laughed like a small boy. He had called a halt for a few minutes of the filming of You Can't Take It With You so that the troupe of Columbia actors and workers could congratulate Barrymore on his birthday.

"I'll bet you could tell us a hair-raising yarn for every one of the sixty!" suggested the director.

Barrymore registered horror.

"I don't like this," mumbled Barrymore.

But the smiling faces of the company offered no compromise. So, deliberately tracing the circles of dancing flames, he blew a steady, long breath. Twisting strings of blue smoke sprang up from the circle where the flames had danced, but six tiny flames still flickered. Miss Arthur told them off rapidly—the 8th, the 12th, the 24th, the 31st, the 39th and the 53rd.

"That's nice," she remarked. "One for each decade. So give out, Mr. Barrymore!"

He turned to Capra. "How much time have I got for these true confessions?"

The director made quick appraisal of the many heads turned in anticipation towards the frosted wedges of pastry Miss Arthur was deftly cutting. He calculated rapidly.

"Well, there's about eight cake-man-hours work there. But there'll be 50 cake-consuming units operating simultaneously. I'll give you ten minutes."

"Six pages out of my life and ten minutes to think them up in!" said Barrymore. "That's worse than vaudeville!"

He glanced about for sympathy and found nothing but attentive eyes, so he pushed his fingers through his gray hair.

and his blue eyes looked out into space.

"The eighth candle—when I was eight we kids were living with our mother on 90th street, New York, waiting for father to get back from a tour. I don't remember much about the apartment, except that there were a lot of books. I think Ethel and I discovered 'Les Miserables' about that time. Father's homecomings were always triumphs—laughter and flowers and presents, and something special for dinner. This time he led in a funny little bear cub he had bought in Kansas City. We kids were delighted. But mother put her head down on the table and began to cry. We couldn't understand that. A little later we caught on. We didn't have anything special for dinner, because father had spent all his money! There wasn't any less gaiety for that, though. Mother laughed with the rest of us over father's adventures. But after that, when father toured, mother toured, too, while Ethel and John and I would stay with our grandmother in Philadelphia, where she managed the Arch Street theatre.

"Now for the 12th candle. That's easy. "I think I was 12 the year of the big cholera scare. We were spending the summer on Staten Island. We lived with Grandmother—Mrs. John Drew, Sr.—at the boarding home of Mme. Bourquin next door to the quarantine station. The harbor was crowded with ships that summer. There were hundreds of great vessels lying at anchor, waiting for cholera inspection. Dr. Jenkins was the doctor of the Port of New York. He had been working nights and day trying to clear those ships. Someone had given us a monkey for a pet. A dog chased the monkey into the water and it caught cold. A practical joker told us it might be serious and we ought to take it to Dr. Jenkins. We were just kids, and we believed everything that was told us in those days. We trooped over to Dr. Jenkins' house with our sick monkey. The doctor was just getting into bed for his first sleep in three weeks. He hit the ceiling when he saw that monkey. Then he laughed and gave the little animal some quinine and told us to fill him with whiskey and he would die happy. He did, all right.

"Say, couldn't I trade one of those other candles for another 12-year story? I ought to tell you how the Three Barrymores staged Camille and got their first dramatic criticism. We collected a cent apiece from our relatives and friends for admission. And afterwards Grandmother told us sternly we had charged entirely too much.

"No? Shucks! What's the next candle? The 24th. . . . Well, I had started my real stage career when I was 15 and had been trouping in small parts when I wasn't in school. At 24 I had plenty of experience—four seasons of Broadway and a couple of tours. I was starting my second Broadway season with Uncle John Drew and didn't amount to a darn, as near as I could see. Ethel had gone ahead like wildfire and was in her third season of stardom. And now Jack had grown tired of drawing weird beasts to illustrate Brisbane's..."
editorials in the Journal and was turning actor in Ethel’s road company of Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines. Competition in the family was getting terrific. Uncle John gave me the part of an Italian organ grinder in Thè Mummy and the Humming Bird and I decided to put everything I had into it. I loafed around where I could watch and listen to Italians and I acquired quite a few tricks of dialect and mannerisms. I put them all together and when the show opened I got a hand that was entirely unwarranted by the importance of the part. I was pleased with myself, but half expected some reproof from Uncle John. After all, he was the star. I did his generous soul an injustice. Uncle John seemed delighted at my success and took me around introducing—

“My nephew, in whose production I am playing a quite minor part.”

“I began to wonder if I hadn’t really overcome the thing, but it did get me better parts and, a couple of seasons later, a show of my own. By 1906 I had saved enough to quit the stage and study art in Paris for three years.

“That gets me up to that 31st candle. On my return to New York in 1909, I found an astonishing innovation in the theatrical business. Actors were working in the summer time! You went down to 14th street to an old mansion that had a sign reading ‘Biograph Studio,’ went in, and asked for Mr. Griffith. Acting engagements were for only a few days at a time, but there were no lines to learn, and there were no performances! You were paid for a series of scene rehearsals and an orgy of ad-libbing. Your audience was half a dozen workmen and a funny-looking camera. With the camera they made what they called a moving picture. Most of the Broadway actors would have nothing to do with such a ridiculous enterprise. No lines and no audience! What was the profession coming to? Where was the glory? There wasn’t any. But there was some money at a time of year when actors generally ate on the cuff. I found these moving pictures very interesting—and useful. And I made the acquaintance of charming people. I worked with Mary Pickford, the Gish girls, Blanche Sweet, Bobby Harron, Henry Walthall, and Mack Sennett. So you see, in pictures, I pre-date the custard pie.”

There was an interruption.

“Ten minutes!” said one of Capra’s assistants.

“Well, I guess we can skip those last two candles!” he exclaimed.

“Don’t do that, Mr. Barrymore,” said Capra. “I’ll extend your schedule two minutes.”

“Well, then, I’ll make these quickies,” said the veteran star. “I know what time means on a motion-picture set. I used to be a director myself. I was sort of figuring on telling how I directed my sister Ethel in a picture for the old Metro company in 1916, but I’d better get on to that 39th candle. It was the biggest year in my life up to that time. I went in on The Copperhead in New York and really won my star rating—after about a quarter century of hit-or-miss trouping, the following season, after I did The Jest with my brother John, Hollywood called in no uncertain terms. I came out here for the filming of The Copperhead and played in picture after picture for ten years. Then talkies came in. They called for somewhat more of the stage technique and I decided maybe I should be a director. So you see, Mr. Capra, I was one of your competitors.”

“What’s that last candle, the 33rd? That fits in just fine. That marked my return to the business end of the camera. I played a drunken old lawyer in A Free Soul. The Academy gave me a gold statuette for it—and here I am!”

“Well,” said Capra, “That’s a lot of mighty fine performances in between that you haven’t accounted for.”

He gave the high sign to the assistant director.

Barrymore, his eyes gleaming, looked at Capra.

“I wouldn’t be surprised if you hadn’t seen nothing yet,” he hinted. “You Can’t Take It With You may be worth the 60th candle.”

“More candlepower to you!” laughed Capra.

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anniversary in handsome fashion and on top of that, he just had returned from Dallas, Texas, where he had attended a big testimonial dinner for an RKO executive.

"I not only looked like a balloon but I felt like one," Jack told me. "When Pigeon (that’s Venita) made some crack about now having twice as much as she bargained for, I decided it was my cue to go into action. After all, I could keep away from mirrors but she had to look at me all day."

He consulted his doctor. The doctor put him in a local hospital for a thorough check-up. It’s a good idea to find out if you are organically sound, you know, before undertaking any strenuous reducing regime.

"Sort of a break-in date for my new act, 'Jack Oakie in How to Lose Weight When Your Wife Isn’t Looking,'" he laughed, because his campaign was started behind Venita’s back. Ironically enough, she was twenty pounds underweight at the time and was concerned about regaining weight. Obviously it would be silly to expect peace and quiet to reign at a single table where two diametrically opposed food battles were being fought. And so Venita went to Honolulu. After the hospital regime, Jack was scheduled to go to Del Monte.

"You’ve heard of the man who broke the bank at Monte Carlo?" Jack asked. "Well, I’d like to write a book some day about a guy at that hospital, the man who broke the Oakie yen for food. His system? He fed me a slug of castor oil three times a week for three weeks! I dare anyone to have an appetite after that. Imagine paying a gent to give you castor oil."

- Fifteen pounds of Oakie fat had melted into thin air by the time he left the hospital for Del Monte. From that point on he was on his own. Whether or not he followed the doctor’s prescription of no liquor, plenty of exercise, and a 1,000 calorie a day diet was strictly up to him. Nobody would be on hand to police him into it. It was fifteen down and forty-five to go.

- He hadn’t been in the lodge half an hour before everyone suspected something was up. He strolled up to the bar with two or three friends. The bartender nodded greetings.

"What’ll it be?" he perfunctorily asked, reaching for the Scotch.

"Tomato juice," Jack said. "And let me have it straight!"

The bartender is reported to have looked very pains but everyone else thought it was very funny and laughed merrily. That Oakie! Anything for a gag! Jack drank the juice, said good-night, and went to bed.

- The next morning he ordered breakfast. Orange juice, one boiled egg, a special kind of rye toast and black coffee. He asked the waiter to remove the butter from the table, then and for the remainder of his stay. He said he wouldn’t need the sugar either, since he carried his own with him in the form of pellets of saccharine. It wasn’t long before the manager came a-running.

"Look here, Jack," he chided. "Fun’s fun, but you’re giving the place a bad name. People are complaining they are seeing things."

"They didn’t see nothin’ yet," Jack promised.

Dropping the kidding, he explained the purpose of his visit and convinced the manager he was serious. When he ordered vegetables without butter, he wanted them without butter. Not a pat or a part of a pat. When he ordered a small portion of meat, he meant small. He didn’t want to see a potato the whole time he was there, and when he left a call for a 7 a.m., he expected to be called at seven.

"Hallelujah, brother, it’s a miracle," the manager exclaimed.

"Hallelujah, brother, it will be if I do it," Jack answered.

But he did.

A thousand-calorie diet isn’t much fun, however much you dress it up with fruits, vegetables and salads. It leaves you sort of hungry nine-tenths of the time, and I’ve never heard of anyone who enjoyed that feeling. But that’s the real point of it, Jack said. Any doctor will tell you the sensible, healthy thing to do is to get up from the table wanting more food whether you are on a diet or not.

- "Eating is nothing more than a habit anyway," Jack expounded. "Or rather, overeating is a habit. It’s too bad it’s such a pleasant one. By the same token, it is amazing how little food the human body requires to keep it in perfect running order."

How little? Getting down to concrete facts and figures, here are sample menus of what Jack ate every day.

For breakfast: 3/4 cup orange juice, one boiled egg, 3 pieces of rye toast, 1 cup of coffee with 1 level teaspoon of sugar and 1 tablespoon of top milk.

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

For dinner: 1 cup chicken broth (without fat), 1 piece (4x3x1 inches) broiled beef steak, 1/2 cup beets, 1/2 cup carrots, 3 pieces of rye toast, 1/2 cup unsweetened applesauce.

Basically, Jack’s diet was governed by two rules only. Number One said no starches (which meant no potatoes, bread, cake, pastries or starchy vegetables) and no fats (which included butter, cream, or fatty meats like bacon). Number Two said cut down radically on the portions of every food.

- So much for the diet part of his reducing regime. The second of the doctor’s orders concerned exercise to tighten up muscles and keep the skin from be-
coming flabby or lined as the flesh beneath it rolled away.

"Boy, did I exercise!" Jack said. "Well, get a load of this!"

"This," started with fifteen minutes of setting-up exercises at 7 a.m. Then came breakfast and then a round of golf. And what golf! It took the other lodgers a full week to convince themselves a lunatic was not loose in their midst. The first morning a solemn-faced old gent was standing on the second tee, preparing to drive, when Oake came running up. He glanced at Jack in mild surprise, drove his ball, and continued down the fairway. Surprise deepened to consternation when, after every stroke, he saw a heavily-sweatered, rotund figure chasing after him.

Again he was preparing to drive on the third tee when Jack came running up. He put his club down and turned.

"Young man," he said, "You seem to be in one helluva hurry. Perhaps you'd like to go through?"

"Who, me?" Jack beamed. "I'm in no hurry. I've got all morning to knock off these eighteen holes."

"Then perhaps, sir, you'd tell me why you're running like the devil was on your tail," the man requested.

"Oh, that's simple," Jack answered. "I was racing a butterfly. Beat him, too."

The old man shook his head slowly. "In that case, you had better go through," he advised. "I came out to play golf!"

The truth of the matter was, of course, that Jack simply had figured out for himself that he'd get a lot more exercise if he dogtrotted from lie to lie.

Nor was the daily game of golf the end of his exercising. Far from it. That just started the day off. After golf he played two sets of tennis, which brought the clock around to the luncheon hour. Next came an hour of fast swimming in the lodge pool. At four o'clock he went to the gym where he worked out on the rowing machine for an hour. He followed that with a session in the steam room and wound up the day on the masseur's table.

The third ingredient in the doctor's prescription, you remember was the "No liquor" edict. He's still on the wagon, and what's more, intends to stay there. He likes the driver's seat; it's a darned comfortable spot to be sitting, he says. And Hollywood just will have to get used to the sight of seeing him order a "Black Cow" (that's a remarkable concoction of cocoa cola and chocolate ice cream) instead of a gin sling.

When he returned from Del Monte, Jack had lost fifty pounds. A good ten years had rolled away with the excess weight from his appearance. By the time Venita returned from Honolulu he had lost another ten just to prove to himself that he could make his system work as well in Hollywood as in Del Monte. He was wearing a well cut gray suit which fitted him like the proverbial glove when he met Venita at the dock around the first of May. As soon as her natural amazement at the transformation had died down, Jack began to strut.

"Like my new suit, Pigeon?" he asked.

She assured him it was a pip, and said that buying a lot of new clothes to fit that grand new figure of his was a swell idea.

"New clothes, my eye!" he retorted.

"This, my little love mate, is one of those old suits you've been nagging me to get rid of for the past two years! As I recall it, you said I'd never have any use for them again. Yah, Smarty!"

He has given all his "new" clothes to Barnes Animal Circus, he said, because he noticed their tents were getting a bit shabby the last time they played in Los Angeles. Out of his entire wardrobe, only his socks and shoes still fit. He was telling an electrician on the Affairs of Annabel set about this sad state of affairs the other day.

"Jeepers, I'm wearing a suit I bought in 1931," he said.

"Yeah?" said the electrician. "Arent we all?"

NEXT MONTH

Young Mickey Rooney became very political-minded from playing in Boy's Town, and has outlined some of the reforms he would advocate if he were mayor of Hollywood.

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Everyone WINS A PRIZE!

Tell us how Kleenex serves your family and we'll send you a new purse-like Metal Case with Kleenex Lipstick Tissues inside (retail value $1.00). Mail your letter with name and address and the perforated strip from the box of Kleenex to KLEENEX, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago.

DAUGHTER SAYS:

"NEXT TO THE BOSS"

KLEENEX IS THE MOST IMPORTANT THING IN THE OFFICE!" (from a letter by C. O. P., Louisiana)

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"YUM YUM!"

"NOW MY LITTLE GIRL CAN EAT ICE CREAM CONES AND CHOCOLATE CANDY IN THE CAR—BECAUSE WITH KLEENEX HANDY, BOTH SHE AND THE CAR ARE KEPT CLEAN!" (from a letter by Mrs. E. S., Wisconsin)

AUNTY SAYS:

"GYPPED! AND WAS I MAD!"

"I ASKED FOR KLEENEX-BOXES BUT WHEN HOME FOUND IT HADN'T KLEENEX BUT ONE OF THOSE 'OFF-BRANDS'! WAS I MAD—I TOOK IT BACK AND DID I GIVE THAT CLERK AN EARFUL!" (from a letter by Mrs. B. F. D., Chicago)

**KLEENEX** DISPOSABLE TISSUES

*(Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Patent Office)*

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Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau. Get WINX mascara, eye shadow and eyebrow pencil...in the GREEN PACKAGES...at all drug, department and ten-cent stores.

Change to WINX
The Finer Quality MASCARA

Ken Murray tells of the feverish comedian who got his temperature and Crosley reports mixed and died of joy!

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Selling CHRISTMAS CARDS

No fender with present occupation housewife, office worker, saleswoman, teacher, or lady looking for something in between. No "Champagne" assortment of $1 mail order folder, including November Calendar.

COSTS YOU 80c. SELLS ON SIGHT FOR $1.00

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1939 Queen Quality Watch. Dial Small as a Dime, Jeweled, Accuracy Guaranteed enclosed.

WATCH included FREE of any extra charge with every ring ordered during SALE and paid for promptly on our easy two monthly $2 payment plan (total only $4). YOU PAY NOTHING EXTRA for the Watch! Wear 10 days ON APPROVAL! Send NO Money with order! We trust you. Mail coupon now. We pay postage. Your package comes once by return mail.


Rush order, Ladies' Model, Men's Model.

NAME

ADDRESS

Beauty Hand-Outs

Winter is on its way, and it is high time you took a tip from the stars and guarded against the results of rough weather

By ANN VERNON

Winter is on its way, and it is high time you took a tip from the stars and guarded against the results of rough weather

By ANN VERNON

The Vogue for longer nails is one that has my loud and hearty cheers. Not just because long nails flatter any hand—but because women always pay more attention to details of hand and nail grooming when they start to let their nails grow...And all that any pair of hands needs to be lovely is some daily attention. Even those slim white hands of Dorothy Lamour's wouldn't be included in practically every studio picture of her if she neglected them!

Hands and nails usually present their ugliest side in Fall and Winter. That's why this advice is apropos. Begin to follow it now and you can baffle cold weather, even if you live in Montana...Buy a sleek new manicure set to start you off with enthusiasm. And use it. Then keep your mind on your hands until you acquire the hand care habit so thoroughly that you can't break it.

For beauty's sake, WHY NOT...BABY your hands while doing housework by wearing chiffon rubber mittens? Frequent contact with grime, grease and hot water will make the smooth hands of a sixteen-year-old look like those of a pensioned scullery maid...But you needn't shirk the supper dishes or fail to dust the parlor when you have these handy mittens around. They fit snugly at the wrists but leave plenty of room for your fingers; and they come in pastel colors (blue, green, pink, maize) to match your dirndl house dresses. They're as light as a handful of soap bubbles, but sturdily constructed. The manufacturer makes all sorts of rubber garments so maybe that's why he can sell these for a dime a pair. Want the name? STRENGTHEN your nails and soothe your cuticle by applying a pink cream nail conditioner at least once a day? Used
faithfully, it is death on brittle nails and ragged cuticle—those two enemies of long, glamorous nails. Rub it well into the cuticle and around the base of the nail, leave it on all night to lubricate longer. It also does a grand job of softening crepy knuckles and eradicating the accumulated layers of tissue that form callouses, so if you have any of the pests after your summer golf and tennis, get after them with this cream. A half ounce jar costs 50 cents.

DISguise your stubby nails or complete lack of half moons by covering them all over with an opaque nail polish? A grand shade for Fall, with the new Fuchsia, purples and wines is one of a quartette of tropical tints. You can double the life of this polish (which is long lived anyway) by applying first a coat of colorless liquid that’s just fresh from lab tests. It dries quickly and has no effect on the color of your polish—but it does provide a protective film. Use another coat over your polish—for extra lustre and extra life. No more chipping at the edges with this nail sheath. A large bottle costs a quarter.

SOFTEN the skin on your hands and keep it soft, by using a creamy white lotion containing a new type of oil and a new solvent that prevents stickiness? This lotion lubricates the driest skin with speed and ease. It has enough body to cling closely and form an invisible film that protects the skin from cold winds and other roughening agents. Start using it regularly—I mean a drop or two after each hand washing—and your hands will match your new velvet dress in texture. A white bottle, easily gripped, has a slick push-in dispenser, a black label.

BURNISH your nails while you remove old polish? You can do same by using some glycerated polish remover pads. A tall jar containing 40 of these fat pink pads costs 50 cents—and lasts nearly a year. Even with two coats of polish or with two coats of base and one of polish, I’ve found that one of these pads does a thorough job on all ten fingers. No dry, greyish nail surface after these. The glycerin leaves the nails looking buffed.

DECORATE your nails with tiny blue butterflies—and acquire a reputation for being amusingly different? Or if you don’t like the idea of decalcomania butterflies fluttering at your fingertips, you can substitute minute gardenias or pink rose designs. I’ve had lots of fun stamping these little decorations over my nail polish. You can wear one on each finger or two or three on each hand. They won’t come off until your nail polish does, if you put them on carefully and then brush a coat of clear lacquer over top of them. Thirty for ten cents. Want the name?

SCRUB your hands two or three times a day with a mild soap, warm water, and an amusing turtle-shaped brush? The bristles are stiff enough to remove the most stubborn dirt, without in any way scratching the tender skin of the hands. The tiny tail of the turtle, you’ll discover, is perfect for cleaning under the nails. The turtle’s “shell” comes in a wide range of colors, as well as black and white, is of plastic that sheds water quickly. A dollar brings you this clever hand accessory—want the name?

**Proud of Your Hands?**

Or do you always try to hide them because they’re red and sand papery, with broken nails and rough cuticle? If so write to Ann Vernon. She will be glad to tell you the correct shades of nail polish to wear with your favorite colors, and give you help with any other beauty problem. The only fee for this service is a stamped (3 cents U. S. postage) self-addressed envelope sent with your letter. The address:

Ann Vernon
c/o HOLLYWOOD Magazine
1501 Broadway
New York City

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**Freshness**

is the secret of Charm...in a Movie Star or a Cigarette

**Fear** that freshness may some day fade is a Hollywood headache to every star. For even the greatest talent loses much of its appeal when freshness “goes stale”.

But freshness can be protected—and Hollywood spends fabulous sums to hold its priceless charm.

Likewise with cigarettes... Even the finest tobaccos lose their appeal when dampness, dryness or dust is permitted to rob them of freshness. But tobacco freshness can be protected—and Old Gold spends a fortune to give you the rich, full flavor and smoothness of prize crop tobaccos at the peak of perfect smoking condition; sealed-in with an extra jacket of moisture-proof Cellophane.

Try a pack, and see what that means—in richer flavor, smoother throat-ease!

---

Grace Bradley’s charm of natural freshness is guarded by the sensible attention she gives to proper diet, exercise, and beauty care. (She is currently featured in Republic’s “Romance On The Run”.)

Every pack wrapped in 2 jackets of Cellophane; the OUTER jacket opens from the BOTTOM.
Nearlly Two Million jars of this New all-purpose cream already have been sold thru Department, Drug, Ten Cent Stores, and Beauty Shops.


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CREME OF MILK CREME
CONTAINS MILK-OILS BLENDED WITH OTHER OILS

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Now it's easy to make sure underarms are daintily dry and sweet. Simply whisk a 5 DAY pad over both underarms and you go to office, parties or anywhere on hottest days without offensive underarm perspiration odor, wet armpits, or stained dress sleeves. Often effective 5 days or more, depending upon the individual. Easy on clothes too. You see that for yourself... the saturated cloth pads are not harmed by the mild, gentle lotion. Large jar, 55c. Toilet goods counters or direct postpaid. Associated Distributors, Inc. 11 Federal Street, Dept. F.3, Chicago, Illinois.

5 DAY UNDERARM PADS

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Sell NEW RUBY Christmas Cards

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In Four easy steps, sell sensational new RRB Christmas folder: Ansleytown, Friends, which: 50c, everywhere! Open an account for $1 and make $6. 1.; or make any amount you like profitable with exquisite Personal Christmas Cards. Lowest prices. No experience needed. Free sample cards—write:

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Asthmas often find—
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Asthmatic audiences write enthusiastically about the ready relief from symptoms obtained by using the asthma cures of Dr. R. Schiffmann's ASTHMADOR. Specially improved through 5 generations, this famous compound is preserved under strict supervision in a modern scientific laboratory. At your druggist to provide, cigarettes and pipe mixture form. Or send for free trial supply of all three. R. SCHIFFMANN CO., Los Angeles, California, Dept. B.

He was brought to Hollywood because he looked like Errol Flynn, but he has made a place for himself

By RUTH RANKIN

Patric Knowles has this in common with politics and the war in Spain: his friends cannot discuss him without being emotional.

When a juicy role is handed to someone else which his friends feel should be played by Pat, they take umbrage as if they had received an insult direct. They discuss it feelingly, with bitterness and rancor—and usually it is Pat himself who ends the discussion by telling some outrageously funny story—perhaps an experience when he was touring Ireland with a Shakespearean troupe and the entire company got fleas. You can imagine Hamlet with a flea in his tights... Pat has a delicious (but not always delicate) sense of humor.

Pat was born in Horsfort, Yorkshire, and grew up in the town of Oxford. He bicycled over every millimetre of it, was exposed to culture in every pore—but he never attended any of Oxford University's thirty-odd Colleges, of which the oddest is named Magdalen and pronounced "Mauldin." One can understand a frivolous youth resisting Colleges called Trinity, New, Queens or Wadham—but how any young man with his career to carve in a disorganized world could resist getting a head start in a College called "Mauldin" is utterly beyond me. Maybe Pat just figured he'd come to Hollywood instead.

However, one cannot—or can one?—be immune to the proximity of erudition, which is like the preponerity that begets love. Pat must have absorbed intelligence and culture by the simple process of osmosis. (What a pleasure to aim these two-bit words at all you bright and beautiful readers of HOLLYWOOD, who can be depended upon to know what they mean. I wish I did.)

Of course Pat went to school—there can be absolutely no doubt of it from the way he tosses the King's English for a touch-down every time, and keeps his checkbook balanced. But he did not make a fetish of it. He saved some time for bicycling around delivering parcels (an Englishman can get anywhere on a bicycle) and soliciting advertisements for his father's local publication, up until the age of seventeen. He learned to be a good salesman; not the fast-talking resistance-breaker-downer, but the quiet forceful type, infinitely more deadly. He experi-
Pat’s major passion is motors—even over flying, fencing and archery. He is an ardent trader and during his two years in Hollywood, has had every known kind of motor-driven vehicle.

Every now and then he gets fed up with being an actor—the way you get fed up with being a lawyer or a school-teacher or a Fuller Brush Man—and threatens to quit and be a “motor mechanician.” They will live on Enid’s income until he gets good and started, and none of his finagling around and stewing which attends a career in pictures. Yes, sir; the only happy men are men working with their hands, building things, putting motors together, getting inky dirty, living the simple life; this limelight stuff is highly overrated. Enid (Mrs. K.) merely remarks, “When do we start?” So Pat takes the Countess (Doberman) for a run over the hills back of the house, and returns temporarily cured of his divine discontent.

He is mad about aviation, is a licensed pilot with more than a hundred solo hours, and awards for spot-landings and things in competitions. But soft-pedal on this—the studio frowns, and Mr. Knowles has lately been pulled out of the air, so to speak.

Early after his arrival here, Pat ran true to type and went Western. He loomed three inches taller in cowboy boots, making a grand total of six feet four, and quite a spectacle. Indulged in a belt designed with fancy scrolls in gold and silver, rolled his own cigarettes, shot at targets, and went riding every day. This was before the battle sequence in the Charge of the Light Brigade which was filmed during a delirium of heat seldom if ever before experienced in our beneficial climate. Pat rode through the Charge fully dressed in ten pounds of cutlery and apparel—yet seldom in his right mind. The experience sort of took the edge off horses. He started flying.

Pat’s resemblance to Errol Flynn has been both boon and handicap. Because of it, he was brought to Hollywood, and that far it stood him in good stead. But there is a limited number of roles in every studio for each type—and when you have two of the same type, it adds up obstacles for the last fellow in. Pat figures he has to work that much harder. This lament is not his. Things are as they are, and Pat does not waste his substance in vain repining.

He can play an adventurous swashbuckling fellow with plenty of fire and he has something more—something women value even above adventure: a dependable quality. The love—em—and-leave—em endearing rogue is all very interesting, but women in audiences are increasingly wise and practical as well as romantic, and their heroes must have some of the good old reliable bring-home-the-bacon quality.

Nothing about Pat is artificially cultivated. That slight stoop forward, the little attentive listening smile—all attention—is all a part of his bringing-up and his naturally beautiful manners. He was listening that way to his nurse, in his cradle—a tender, detached admiration in his eyes which said, “You’re a damned charming woman, Nannie, and nobody really understands you as I do”... It doesn’t mean a thing, but it has lots of bump. When a lad happens to have the gift of it together with personal charm and good looks, plus talent, he is apt to go rather far in the picture business.

You may be wondering, but be too polite to mention it, how an interviewer could happen upon this variety of information in one sitting. So there is nothing to do but reveal ourselves in our true colors—as the Knowles’ former landlady.

One infallible way to become quickly acquainted with people and know them very well indeed by the first of the month, is to rent them your house. The

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**What a Marvelous Difference Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids Do Make!**


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**Why Let Pale Lashes and Brows Spoil Your Charm?**

Do you carefully powder and rouge, and then allow pale, scanty lashes and graying brows to mar what should be your most expressive feature—your eyes? You will be amazed at the added loveliness that can be yours, so easily, with Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids.

A few simple brush strokes of Maybelline Mascara, either Solid or Cream form, will make your eyelashes appear naturally dark, long and luxuriant—see how your eyes appear instantly larger and more expressive. Absolutely harmless, non-smarting and tear-proof. Keeps your lashes soft and a skin-tight woolen uniform—but seldom in his right mind. The experience sort of took the edge off horses. He started flying.

Now a bit of Maybelline Eye Shadow blended softly on your eyelids, and notice how your eyes seem to take on brilliance and color, adding depth and beauty to your expression!

Form graceful, expressive eyebrows with the smooth-marking, easy-to-use Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil. A perfect pencil that you will adore.

The name Maybelline is your absolute assurance of purity and effectiveness. These famous products in purse sizes are now within the reach of every girl and woman—at all 10 stores. Try them today and see what an amazing difference Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids can make in your appearance.

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SEE your dentist at first sign of soft, tender, bleeding gums. He can give you expert advice to help keep teeth brilliant. Use Forhan's Toothpaste and massage twice every day. Forhan's is different. It contains a special ingredient for the gums.

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Of Tired Kidneys—How To Get Happy Relief

If backache and leg pains are making you miserable, don't just complain and do nothing about them. Your doctor will be warning you that your kidneys need attention.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of ridding the body of excess acids and poisonous waste out of the blood. Many people pass about 3 pints a day or about 3 pounds of waste. If the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters don't work well, poisonous waste matter stays in the blood. These poisonous substances (such as uric acid) may start nagging kidneys, rheumatism, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up night, insomnia, dullness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

Don't wait. Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from the blood. Get Doan's Pills.

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BABY TOUCH Hair Remover is the new, amazing way to remove hair anywhere, fast and forever—safely and easily. Used like a powder puff, odorless, noiseless, better than a razor. Baby Touch gives the skin that soft, white appearance of youth and beauty, Satisfaction guaranteed. At drug and department stores or from manufacturer for use of 18c.
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Dr. Scholl's KUROTEX, the new velvet-soft, soothing, cushioning foot plaster, instantly relieves pain, pressure, swelling, blisters, Corns, Callosities, Bunions and Tender Spots on the soles and the backs of the feet. Fast, effective, soothing, no uncomfortable color. Cuts to any size or shape. Drug, Shoe and 10c Stores.

DI Scholl's KUROTEX

Judy Keeps a Date

[Continued from page 25]

when she left she asked for a studio car to drive her home. Mama Garland usually drives her to and fro, but Mama herself had been in the hospital and had just let it at four that afternoon.

Another car, speeding through a red light, caught Judy's car in the side. It was a bad accident, a crowd gathered quickly, and when they searched for Judy in the wreckage she wasn't there. They found her a few minutes later in a drug store three blocks away. She was telephoning: "Mom, I just called you to tell you I'd be a little bit late, but not to worry." It was good that they arrived there at that moment, because as Judy hung up the phone she fainted dead away. At six she had been laid on the same bed, in the same room, which her mother had vacated two hours before. At six-five the doctor who examined her said that she didn't believe that a little girl could walk three blocks in such a broken, shaken condition. But there were witnesses to prove that she had.

So Judy nothing lives in a wonderland, but she is a bit of a wonder child herself.

Knowleses emerged from this acid test covered with glory. They took tender care of ridiculous personal treasures; they are conscientious book-guarders in a town which borrows books as casually as a cup of sugar, and returns them maybe. They gave no wild parties. They held up even during the awful din of building on additional rooms, with carpenters carpen- tering from seven a.m. in short, they were the champion tenants for all time.

In a world where people are always suing people for breaking the china and bringing up puppies on the rugs, this seems an incomprehensible thing which should be gravened on the stone tablets of history.

When the Knowleses and this family have an evening together, the men go in for protracted sessions of chess, during which not a word is spoken for an hour. Endi and I toast before the hearth and sew baby-clothes for the Knowles's youngest. This is known in the vernacular as a "wild night in Hollywood." Similar orgies go on in more local homes than you would ever suspect, my friends, and something should be done about it.

It leaves the burden of upholding Hollywood's reputation squarely upon the shoulders of a rough dozen or so who are even now forming a Union with the battle-cry: "Happy marriages are unfair to columnists"—an army terrible with banners bearing their emblem of a Winchell-Sullivan rampant in a field of key-holes.

■ The young Knowleses are, without fear of challenge, among the most beautiful persons in Hollywood. Both exceptionally tall, slender, with superb carriage, keen as sword-blades—they seem to be fore-runners of a super-race. They have the look of race and breeding that cannot be forged or imitated. There are no rough edges or sharp surfaces on them, and they are perfectly complementary to each other. Cruising down Hollywood Boulevard in the most inconspicuous manner possible, people always turn to look. They believe it is bad form and bad luck unduly to publicize the fact that they are conspicuous by their happiness, so we shall not be guilty of exploiting any such rare reticence. Too much publicity on the subject has driven many a local happy marriage in desperation to the divorce court—with the result that some of the most serene alliances in town are between divorced couples no longer under obligation to live up to their publicity.

■ Ever since Judy was high enough to reach up into the linen closet (in her own room, of course) and to sneak out sheets and towels and anything out of which she could make bandages for her dolls, she has been a little Florence Nightingale, bent on nursing and doctoring the world. Her first words to us, when she left the hospital were: "I'm the luckiest girl in the world." No, I don't know what I was promised to take me with him on his settlement calls and he also said I could come and assist him any time I want. Dangerous?"

Judy scoffed. "Say, don't you think we in the profession know how to protect ourselves against contagion?" and she made a gesture across her mouth, indicating that she'd go mouth-masked in white gauze.

Under her arm, at that time, she was carrying a copy of the novel about an English doctor, "The Citadel." She heartily repeated our inference that that must be a "prop." "No, sir! I've read every word of it. I'm just taking it back to the library now, and I'm exchanging it for—" "Fight For Life," said Judy. "Say, did you read "Men Against Death"?" No? I think it's wonderful. Gee, I'd like to find somebody who's read it so I can talk to them about it. Don't you like to talk over books?"
Her genuine, very simple enthusiasm precludes any possible thought that Judy might be a little precarious about all this. Precocious is the one thing which Judy just isn’t. In fact it’s the one thing she hates, above everything else and for several years now she has tried to wash herself clean of the very first line which she had to deliver on the Metro lot. She had been at Metro for a year without doing anything, and then came her first break in *Broadway Melody*. In her first scene, she had to look at Sophie Tucker, playing the part of Mrs. Clayton, her mother, and say, “Aw, the Clays are all a bunch of hams!” Judy rebelled; she felt it was too fresh, and she begged and begged to have the line omitted or at least changed. Being a very great respecter of her own mother and her father (he died two and a half years ago), Judy couldn’t understand how any child could make such a bold remark.

But she was forced to go through with the line, and after that all through the picture she was a very unhappy child. She is never happy with such lines and parts, and not until *Love Finds Andy Hardy*, the latest Judge Hardy picture, did she have a part which she really liked. Then there is the Wizard of Oz, which she is looking forward to. Mervyn Le Roy selected her for the prize-plum part of Dorothy, and Judy is beaming, not only because the part is wonderful, but because the picture is to be in Technicolor, and she is going to wear a light wig with long golden curls.

“Of course I want to be beautiful!” she said, “And Adrian—he’s doing my costumes—says I am going to be beautiful in this one! And I want to grow up to be very beautiful too.” Then her cute little face with its up-at-the-end nose suddenly looked sad. “Only I probably won’t. But I do try. I take awfully good care of myself. I won’t ever smoke or drink—I hate anything that has even the littlest fizz to it, even cocoa-cola. And I pay a lot of attention to my hands and even to my—” Then she stopped and looked embarrassed. But her eyes gave her away. They went quickly to her feet, to the low-heeled, open-toed sandals, out of which dainty pink and white toes peeked. “Isn’t that silly?” she laughed. “I cold cream my feet every night, just like I do my hands and face!”

Far from silly, it’s a sane tip that every young girl should incorporate in her beauty ritual. Naturally, being in the midst of the world’s most famous glamour spot, Judy is more conscious of the search for beauty than most little girls. She also has quite a bit more experience with other things—dates, boys, clothes and social life, and all those things which fill the dreams of every fifteen-year-old.

Judy, for one thing, has not been spared the beautiful misery of having a crush on a movie star. One afternoon not so long ago she went to a picture with a little friend, Betty Jane Graham, and they both sat enraptured as Tyrone Power moved before them there on the screen. Afterwards, in the glaring sunlight, they both looked at each other, blinked and each saw the story written on the other’s face. They had both fallen madly in love with Mr. Power. “That’s bad,” Judy reasoned honestly, as they moved on down the street, toward the nearest drug store. “You know how it’s been, when we’ve both been in love with the same boy before?”

“Yes, I know, we were almost not friends,” Betty remembered sadly.

“All right,” said Judy, suddenly inspired, as they reached the soda fountain. “Two chocolate cones, double,” she told the boy behind the counter. When they each had their cones in hand, Judy raised hers aloft and made a toast: “Here’s to never allowing the name of Tyrene Power to cross our lips. We will never speak of him again.” Betty nodded in solemn agreement, and with an elaborate lick against the chocolate cream they sealed the bargain and drank (or shall we say dissolved) the toast down.

Among her real life beau’s are Jackie Cooper, Leonard Sues, Billy Halop, one of the Dead End boys, and occasionally Mickey Rooney. But they do not call Judy for a date. As any well-mannered young man should do (also a diplomatic one), they get mama on the phone first. Mama usually says, “Yes, Judy would like to go.” (Judy at her side, all whispers and grins, has already told her so.) Then the young man asks what time Mrs. Garland will want Judy to be home. If there is just a movie and a bite to eat afterward on the schedule, Mrs. Garland usually sets eleven as the time and that does not mean one minute after. Or if there is a party and it’s a Saturday night one, she allows a little longer. On a Saturday or so ago, when there were two parties, Mrs. Garland gave them until twelve o’clock. At twelve promptly Mrs. Garland was aroused from her slumber to hear young Master Jackie Cooper’s voice on the phone. “Oh, Mrs. Garland, let me tell you what happened. We went to the first party and it wasn’t very good so we went to a movie, and there were two features and three shorts and we only arrived here at the second party just a little while ago, and there’s no sign of them bringing out food yet, and I just wondered . . .”

“All right, Jackie, make it twelve-thirty, then.”

A half hour passed and Mrs. Garland had just dropped off to sleep when the phone rang again. “They never did bring out the food, Mrs. Garland! So, if it’s all right with you we thought we’d stop at a drive-in. We’re going there now, and you needn’t worry because you know I drive carefully.”

“That’s all right, Jackie, I understand. You just get something to eat and then get here as quickly as you can.”

She was only allowed a fifteen minute interval of peace this next time. “Well, I asked for it,” Mrs. Garland said to herself as she fumbled again for the light. “Mrs. Garland, I’m sorry, but it’s so crowded here at the drive-in and the service is so slow . . .”

Judy’s mother had a bright idea. “Jackie, why don’t you all come here? There’s 

---

When answering advertisements please mention October Hollywood 53
Do This If You’re NERVOUS
Help Calm Jumpy Nerves Without Harmful Opiates

I f you fly off the handle at little things and at times feel so nervous, cross and jumpy you want to scream—if you have spells of “the blues” and restless nights—

Don’t take chances on harmful opiates and products you know nothing about. Use common sense. And more fresh air, more sleep and in case you need a good general system tonic take a TIME-PROVEN medicine like famous Lydia E. Pinkham’s Vegetable Compound—made especially for women from wholesome herbs and roots. Let it help Nature tone up your system—build up your physical resistance and thus help calm jangly nerves, lessen distress from female functional disorders and make life worth living. Give it a chance to help YOU.

Tune in Voice of Experience Mutual Broadcasting System: Mon., Wed., and Fri. See your local newspaper for time. WLB Mondays through Fridays.

Lydia E. Pinkham’s VEGETABLE COMPOUND

How a Star Learned to Say: “Oooops, Sorry!”

[Continued from page 26]

the cast of There Goes My Heart, Fredric’s new Hal Roach picture, for the words were not in the script. Yet they were magically written by Jack and Fredric March. Those words, or the mood behind them, are characteristic of March whenever a real crisis arises in his existence or his career. To him the exclamation has come to mean the summing-up of his philosophy of life. More, this jazzy lament over bad luck has often in March’s experience been the prelude to luck far better than he had dreamed. Even in the picture, when the newspaperman adorns an “Oops” attitude toward the yacht incident, he wins not only the interview but also the heroine.

The March philosophy, a subject on which Fredric never talked before, has occasionally started into delighted laughter a bigger audience than that which saw the actor tossed off the yacht. Once it convulsed New York.

On the day after Fredric’s stage play, Yr. Obedient Husband, closed on Broadway last season (for various reasons it flopped with a dull clunk within one week), March and his associates ran an ad in the paper. Never has there been an ad to top it, an ad so regretful and gay.

It was a reprint of a sketch from The New Yorker, showing two trapeze performers in mid air. One, whose heels are securely hooked over a bar, has failed to catch the hands of his fellow performer, who consequently is hurtling downward. That one on the bar says politely: “Oooops! Sorry!”

March had missed. He knew it. He was sorry—yet he was not in despair. Matter of fact, he means to go back to Broadway some time and try it again, but that’s another story.

Do you fly off the handle at little things and at times feel so nervous, cross and jumpy you want to scream—if you have spells of “the blues” and restless nights—

Don’t take chances on harmful opiates and products you know nothing about. Use common sense. And more fresh air, more sleep and in case you need a good general system tonic take a TIME-PROVEN medicine like famous Lydia E. Pinkham’s Vegetable Compound—made especially for women from wholesome herbs and roots. Let it help Nature tone up your system—build up your physical resistance and thus help calm jangly nerves, lessen distress from female functional disorders and make life worth living. Give it a chance to help YOU.

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It wasn’t easily, but by a devious and painful route, that March arrived at the philosophic attitude which today enables him to say, “Oooops!” instead of other assorted words when things go wrong. His father and the Orientals were the early influence.

“Everything works out for the best,” how often my Dad told me that,” March said when, in dry clothes again, he was back in his trailer-dressing room on the Hal Roach lot. His keen, dark face grew quizzical as he reflected on the words of St. Francis of Assisi, “Try and understand.” By and by, March knew, the patience to wait, those words are likely to come true. Things work around, fall into place. There’s a bit of Oriental wisdom, also—Confucius, isn’t it?—that’s helped me over many a hard spot. This, too, will pass.”

“I’ve discovered a peculiar thing about that saying. Not only does this ‘too’ pass (whatever rotten luck it may be), but generally you find yourself the better off for having gone through it. If it’s grief, you come out with greater sympathy for the grief of others. If it’s poverty, you come out with greater sympathy for those who have it. Keep that ancient four-word promise in mind and nothing can get you really down.”

The first time Fredric said, “Oooops!” to a sharp emergency, was in his home town of Racine, Wisconsin. One day Fredric came home from high school one noon, swinging his senior Latin and Algebra books on a strap, to find his father, white-faced, in the hall. “The bank has failed,” his father said.

He didn’t need to say more. It meant, as Fredric knew, that his father’s money—he

accept no substitutes! always insist on the advertised brands!
was head of a manufacturing concern—
was also gone. It meant that Fredric must
quit high school and go to work. The eager
dreams of college were over.

"We worry too much," March observed,
"Somebody says half our lives are spent
worrying about things that never happen.
I thought my schooldays had gone ka-
fooey, my career, too; at this time I wanted
to be a lawyer.

March kept saying, "Ooops!" or its
equivalent for two years before he
earned enough money to enter (goal of
his hopes?) the University of Wisconsin.
His zest for college life lost nothing from
the delay and he threw himself into half
a dozen activities: football, fraternities,
track, and, very conscientiously, his stud-
ies. He joined the college dramatic so-
 ciety and did pretty well in undergraduate
performances.

But he still wanted to be a lawyer. He
was all set to enter law school when, again
in his senior year, came interruption. The
newsboys were yelling something. March
bought a paper. Standing on the campus,
he read that the United States had entered
the World War. Well, the immediate need
seemed to be for soldiers, not attorneys;
March volunteered for the artillery. Time
out—for another year.

"When the War ended, I'd picked up a
terrible yen to see far countries," March
resumed, humor glinting in his eyes, "and
I decided the best method would be
through the National City Bank of New
York, because Frank Vanderlip was taking
college men there and training them for
work in foreign branches. They went to
Spain, South America, France. It sounded
fine."

And it was fine, for eight months. Then
two things happened. The bank installed
a new president, who changed its policy.
And March came down with a brisk attack
of appendicitis.

Ooops, indeed! Double Ooops!
"But, wait," March admonished. He
gazed around the trim little dressing room
with its mirror outlined in lights, its com-
fortable brown couch, its couple of sturdy
chairs (he’s six feet tall and weighs 170),
as if he saw instead a Brooklyn Heights
lodging house and himself in a knot on the
bed, listening for the ambulance.

"Wait," he repeated, "till you hear. The
landlady, a former actress, began to tell me
stories of the theatre, to while away the
time. I had enjoyed those parts in school
plays, and as they made me ready for the
operating room, I kept remembering the
landlady’s anecdotes. It appeared that the
banking business wasn’t turning out to be
as romantic as I’d expected. I came out
of the ether with my mind made up to go
on the stage."

He laughed. "Took an operation to get
me there!"

Yet his first professional performance, as
it happened, was as a member of the
crowd in a picture. It was made in New
York; called Paying The Piper. Soon
afterward, March found a footlight job,
because he had taken the earnings from
the picture and spent them for intensive
dramatic coaching, and following a season
of summer stock in Denver he married
his leading lady, Florence Eldridge.

Naturally, they wanted to be together.
Therefore they both signed, gleefully, for
a road tour with the Theatre Guild
Repertory Company.

The ink had hardly dried before their
telephone rang. "March," said an au-
 thoritative voice, "how would you like to
play the leading male role with the New
York company of The Royal Family?"

March nearly dropped the receiver. "It
was a swell opportunity," he explained
the other day, "one for which I’d have given
my right arm. It meant Broadway, a
future . . . But I had to say, ‘Sorry, I’m
all signed up to go touring.’ No, I didn’t
regret getting married; but, boy, how I
wanted to play that role. Ooops, Ooops,
and Ooops. Difficult to be philosophical
that time, all right.

"But—and here’s the uncanny thing
about it—that apparent stroke of mis-
fortune was one of the best things that
ever happened to me. It brought about my
first real chance at pictures. In the first
place, if I’d been with The Royal Family
in New York, I should have been tied up
there for the long run the play had; and
in the second place I shouldn’t have been

IN HOLLYWOOD
FATigue IS TABOO!

BECAUSE ACTING CALLS FOR
ENERGY!

Life is strenuous for movie stars. After
hours “on the set”, they must still be
alert, energetic. That’s why, of all people,
they must eat foods which fight fatigue,
foods which fortify them with energy.
Baby Ruth Candy is a concentrated
energy food. It is rich in pure Dextrose,
the sugar your body uses
for energy. To avoid fatigue,
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You will enjoy its energizing
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5c
IT'S
HOLLYWOOD'S
FAVORITE
CANDY

WHEN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION OCTOBER HOLLYWOOD 55
playing The Royal Family with a road company in Los Angeles.

"I never thought, when in New York, that I'd be playing it on the screen."

For it was in Los Angeles that the movie talent scouts nailed him. After a few preliminary films, his appearance in The Royal Family of Broadway (the name of the celluloid version) brought him stardom. And yet he did not progress without the need of an occasional "Ooops!" when the going grew tough.

"I was dying to play in The Lost God," he confessed, "but they gave me the role to Dick Arlen. It was a blow. Then I had my heart set on Farewell to Armes. I even argued with 'em about it, but they gave it to Gary Cooper and tried to soothe me by saying they needed me for Sig of the Cross, nobody else could do it, and so on."

"And one of the biggest Ooops! happened in the middle of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde."

"That picture! I made tests for weeks and weeks. I did enough feet of make-up tests to fill out a full length feature. Before the film actually began, I was fed up till I didn't know whether I could go on with the darned thing.

"But that phase wore itself out, and we all grew enthusiastic and everything was going fine, when we began staying late at night. Now, I had to get to the studio before six in the morning to have that doggone make-up put on. By nine at night, after a day's shooting, I'd be all in.

"One evening I'd done the rain scene over and over. In fact, I'd been doing it the whole afternoon. The last straw was the information that we'd have to work most of the night. I was worn out, and soaking wet, and mad.

"So I left the stage and rushed over to B. P. Schulberg's office, determined to take my troubles right to the producer himself. 'You weren't here at any six in the morning,' I said, 'you haven't been working since the break of day. You don't have to hang around till midnight... There was lots more of it. I didn't care at the moment whether I kept on being an actor at that studio or not."

"Mr. Schulberg kept his face straight--March threw himself back on the couch in the trailer-dressing room and burst into hearty laughter. 'Mr. Schulberg kept his face straight,' he repeated, 'but it's more that I did when I visualize how I must have looked.

"Can you imagine a producer glancing up from his desk to see 'Mr. Hyde' on the office threshold? That horrifying make-up, and mad as fury, and dripping the last sound stage rainstorm all over the rug? Besides, over my own I had false teeth for the 'Mr. Hyde' effect, and if I didn't watch out they get in the way... Can you imagine those teeth, grinning? I must have been a sight, no mistake!"

"Mr. Schulberg, however, was courteous, and serious. He didn't hint it at the time but he told me afterward that he had all he could do not to roar, he'd never seen anything so funny in his life.

Well, we went home early that night, anyway."

Incidently, it was for his Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde that March won the Academy Award in 1932.

Of course the impulsive dash to the Schulberg office was not strictly in accordance with the "Ooops!" idea. When he stops to reflect, March is of the opinion that few untoward events short of tragedy rate more than an "Ooops!" in passing. What seems like the blow of misfortune "may be a wallop wheeling you round in the right direction."

But never was the March philosophy more taxed than during that brief run on Broadway of Yr. Obedient Husband. "Everything happened," March reflected, "except anything good." His smile was candid for he isn't one to dodge facts: "The critics were right, I wasn't up to snuff. But, while I hate albirs, there's something to be said... It was 'Ooops!' all over the place, from start to finish."

First, a delay in opening because March suffered a leg injury that took him to the hospital; the leg still bothered him on the stage. Next, a boy actor developing a cold that turned out to be smallpox. Next, Kay Johnson doubling for the lad and innocently wearing his clothes. Next, the illness of a woman actor, and Kay also doubling for her. Next, learning about the boy and watching Kay to see if she intended to break out into spots--"She didn't, thank heaven. It was the only break, if you get me, that we got!"

Then, Fredric's leg growing worse... March heaved a gusty breath. "I certainly was glad that show didn't last more than a week!" he sighed.

Again, as the ad pointed out, it was a clear case of "Ooops! Sorry!" And Fredric March, returning to the Coast, stepped right into the type of role, speedy and funny--that for a long time he's been anxious to play. Seems to be sort of a fatality about it, eh?"
ACROSS
1. Hastie in Speed To Bora.
2. Star of Professor Barents.
3. Mary —— Lemler.
4. Initials of Mr. Stone, but not Lewis.
5. First name of tiny Miss Brandon appearing in Little Miss Broadway.
6. Last name of 4 Acors.
7. Miss Arden's first name.
9. Last name of 8 Down.
10. Who is Where You Plead.
11. Rabbit in The Amazing Dr. Clitterhouse.
13. When Were You?
15. Parallels —— There.
16. Beginners of one who had title role in Shopworn Angel.
17. Remember —— Negri.
18. He co-starred with Hepburn in two recent films.
20. Measure of film.
21. First name of Director Walsh who made College Swing.
22. The girl in Tarzan's Revenge.
23. Initiarts of one who portrayed Nurse from Brooklyn.
24. Home of Hollywood stars (abbr.).
25. The Adventures of Robin ——.
26. What Tracy sailed in Captain Courageous.
27. I —— My Love Again.
28. Room in prison sequences.
29. Nickname of Miss Ellis.
30. Love —— a Headache.
31. The Beloved.
32. Dolly in King of the Newsboys.
33. Stood on which film is wound.
34. His last name is O'Donnell.
35. A star of Always Goodbye.
36. Short film of current events.

DOWN
1. Harvey in Speed To Bora.
2. Star of Professor Barents.
3. Mary —— Lemler.
4. Initiarts of Mr. Stone, but not Lewis.
5. First name of tiny Miss Brandon appearing in Little Miss Broadway.
6. Last name of 4 Acors.
7. Miss Arden's first name.
9. Last name of 8 Down.
10. Who is Where You Plead.
11. Rabbit in The Amazing Dr. Clitterhouse.
13. When Were You?
15. Parallels —— There.
16. Beginners of one who had title role in Shopworn Angel.
17. Remember —— Negri.
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34. His last name is O'Donnell.
35. A star of Always Goodbye.
36. Short film of current events.

(Solution on page 65)

EX-LAX
THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

Earn $25 a week AS A TRAINED PRACTICAL NURSE!

Practical nurses are always needed! Learn at home by your own time or the recommend of men and women —18 to 58 years of age—have done through Citizens School of Nursing, trained by physicians. One must have charge of transferred hospital, one year's training, at least 2 years fluency in your home nursing, others prefer to earn $100 to $200 a day the better pay.

YOU CAN EARN WHILE YOU LEARN!
Mrs. E. C., of Texas, earned $45.50 while taking course. Mrs. C. E. P. started on her first case after her 7th lesson; in 14 months she earned $1500! You too, can earn good money, make new friends, a high school not necessary. Equipment included.

EASY PAYMENTS $500, $500, and 15 months.

CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING
Dept. 310, 100 East Ohio Street, Chicago, Ill.

Name_________Age_________
City_________State_________
... and Then He Learned They Cost

Millions fast learning only 15¢ ea.
CLOPAYS cost only 15c, including the exclusive Linotone texture that doesn't crack, curl or pinhole, hangs straight, rolls evenly, wears two years and more. Ready to attach to rollers, 15c (no tacks or tools needed). On rollers 25c. And, only 10c more buys the NEW CLOPAY WASHABLE Shade. Oil paint finish both sides. Wash clean time and again, leaving no streaks or watermarks. Sold at 5c and 10c and neighborhood stores everywhere. Want sample switches? Send a 3c stamp to CLOPAY CORP., 1324 Exeter St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

CLOPAY WINDOW SHADES

BOOKKEEPERS!
BECOME EXPERT ACCOUNTANTS!

Every day bookkeepers just like you are learning a new profession-stepping out of bookkeeping drudgery into executive accounting jobs at $2,000-$5,000 a year as Accountants, Auditors, Comptrollers, C. P. A.'s. LaSalle's home training in spare time fit you for such promotions—brings them now instead of years from now. Instruction to suit individual needs—from Elements of Accounting to C. P. A. Coaching. 30 years' success assures results. Thorough but inexpensive. Liberal terms, if you wish. Don't watch others get ahead. Go out and succeed yourself! Write for FREE book, "Accountancy, The Profession That Pays!"

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PORTABLE SALE!
Brand NEW!

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30-Day Trial—Easy Terms
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FLASH!
EXTRA CASH
Quick FREE SAMPLE

WALTMAN PUBLISHERS, Dept. 175
150 W. Washington Street
Boston, Mass.

THAT EXTRA-SPECIAL DINNER

Billie Burke loves to change the appearance of her table with gay combinations of glass ornaments and colorful service plates.

A famous hostess discusses foods for a formal dinner and tells you how to make some of them

By BETTY CROCKER

Once in a blue moon we all have to do something extra special in the way of a dinner party, so this month let's go formal! We'll take for our guide the lovely Billie Burke, who is considered an authority on the art of entertaining.

I'm going to tell you about a conversation that was overheard during the production of the David O. Selznick picture The Young Heart in which Billie Burke is playing. This picture stars Janet Gaynor, by the way, with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Paulette Godard.

Billie Burke had just been telling a friend who was visiting with her that she'd had to cancel a dinner party that day in order to work. She and her companion then fell to amusing themselves by imagining a "perfect" meal, one that could be served with pride and distinction.

"First we must consider the guests," said Miss Burke. "The secret of the perfect hostess is knowledge of individual tastes—which ones take half coffee, half hot water, for example.

"Men prefer roasts to chicken, and so if the dinner is especially for men, a roast can be chosen, or for variety, if game is available, serve roast duck.

Here is the menu, which after some debate they decided on for the dinner:

Chicken Bouillon
Fillet of Sole
Tartar Sauce
Roast Lamb
Browned Potatoes
Peas
Cauliflower au Gratin
Cloverleaf Rolls

Tangerine Glace or Peach Melba
Coffee

"Before dinner, of course, we must consider the hors d'oeuvres," Miss Burke continued. "Let us say fresh crabmeat balls..."
on sticks. Or it is also a growing custom merely to serve a large jar of imported caviar, set in a dish of chopped ice, with a platter of crackers and slices of lemon. This goes well with a glass of vodka and has novelty. The caviar, of course, must be the best. Some also add appetizers such as chopped egg and onions. The bouillon should be well flavored with bits of parsley and a dash of whipped cream to float on top.

"Coming to the fish course, fillet of sole can be relied on as tasty, and an excellent prelude to the roast.

"I like a special course of a vegetable. It should be an unusual dish to qualify as a separate course. Let's say cauliflower au gratin. The cauliflower must be cooked while the meat is being served. If you choose asparagus, all of which have Hollandaise sauce to go with it. But if you do not have facilities for cooking the vegetable while the meat course is being served, abandon it completely, and substitute a salad. And by all means a salad if you do not serve a fish course. I like to serve cheese with a salad.

"For dessert, something colorful is in order, a happy climax. It should be light.

"Finally, the coffee. This is served in the sitting room, unless—and this is an important decision for the hostess—unless the guests are involved in a most interesting conversation and it would break up the party to interrupt.

Miss Burke's Favorite Recipes

CLOVERLEAF ROLLS

2 cakes compressed yeast
2 cups milk (scalded and cooled to 80° F.) or lukewarm water (80° F.).
1/2 cup sugar
2 tsp. salt
2 eggs (or 4 egg yolks plus 2 tsp. water)
7 cups all-purpose flour
1/2 cup shortening (part butter for flavor)

Crumble yeast into bowl. Add lukewarm milk (80° F.). (If room and flour are cooler than 80° F., use milk a trifle warmer than 80° F.) If room and flour are warmer, as in hot weather, use milk cooler than 80° F.). Add sugar, salt, and stir to dissolve completely. Add the well-beaten eggs (or egg yolks and water). Sift flour once before measuring. Spoon lightly into cup to measure. Add all the flour to the liquid at once, working it in thoroughly with the hands. Work in the soft shortening. When dough is well mixed, knead gently in a bowl or on a lightly floured board until smooth and elastic. Round up and set to rise in a well greased board. Cover with a damp cloth. Keep dough at 80 to 85° F. until double in bulk (about 2 hours). (Dough should feel neither warm nor cool to the touch just "in-between." Place it out of draft. If kitchen is cold, put dough in a closed cupboard with a pan of hot water beside it.) Punch down, and let rise again until almost double in bulk (about 45 minutes). Remove from bowl. Knead lightly to round up on lightly floured board. Cover with a damp cloth, and let stand 15 minutes (to loosen up) before shaping into Cloverleaf Rolls... by forming dough into balls the size of large marbles. Place 5 balls in each well greased muffin cup. Bake 12 to 15 minutes (depending on size of rolls), in a hot oven, 425° F.

LIMA BEANS AU GOURMET

1/2 lb. small dried lima beans
2 slices bacon, diced
1/2 cup mushrooms, sliced
3 tbsp. butter
3 tbsp. all-purpose flour
1 can pepper pot soup (plus sufficient water to make 2 cups)
2 tbsp. Worcestershire sauce
2 tsp. curry powder
1 drop Tabasco sauce
1 blade mace
8 whole cloves

Wash lima beans, and soak in water over night. The next day, cook them until tender (about 1 1/2 hours) in a large amount of salted water. Cook bacon in frying pan until crisp. Remove from pan. Sauté mushrooms in same pan. (If mushrooms are not available, they may be omitted.) Melt butter in saucepan. Blend in flour. Slowly stir in pepper pot soup and water. Cook until thickened, stirring constantly to prevent lumping. Blend in cooked lima beans (drained), crisp bacon sautéed mushrooms, and seasonings. Pour into a well-greased baking dish, 10 inches in diameter and bake for 10 minutes in a moderate oven, 350° F. This will make 6 servings.

SUNSHINE PEACH MELBA

For each individual serving, place a mound of ice cream on a slice of Sunshine Cake. Lay a peach, curved side upward, on the ice cream. (The peach should be first cooked in a thin syrup just until very tender and then chilled.) After each serving pour a thick sauce made by smashing fresh red raspberries with sugar and allowing them to stand in the refrigerator until cold.

SEND FOR BETTY CROCKER RECIPES

HOLLYWOOD Magazine now brings you the expert services of Betty Crocker, whose recipes are known and depended upon by women in all corners of the world. A million letters a year from housewives attest the popularity of her "kitchen clinic." A letter from you, enclosing a three-cent stamp, will bring you exactly the recipe you have been looking for, no matter what the dish you have in mind.

Betty Crocker, HOLLYWOOD Magazine, 1501 Broadway, N. Y. C.

Please send me recipe for...........................................

Name...............................................................

Address..........................................................

ELOQUENT EYES...

Kurlash makes eyes speak volumes...frames them in new, starry beauty! In 30 seconds, this wonderful implement gives you naturally curly lashes...longer, darker looking...expressing your personality. Try it—$1 at all leading stores.

Learn what shades of eye makeup are becoming to you—how to apply them! Send your name, address and coloring to Jane Heath, Dept. B-19; receive—a personal color-chart and full instructions in eye makeup!

THE KURLASH COMPANY, Inc.
Rochester, New York
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Lustrous Color for FADED HAIR

Test Bottle (FREE)

Have ever-youthful looking hair this SAFE way. Clear liquid is combed through hair. Gray goes—streaks disappear. Color wanted comes: black, brown, auburn, blonde. Nothing to wash or rub off on clothing. Hair stays fluffy—takes wave or curl. Get full-sized bottle from druggist on money-back guarantee. Or mail coupon for Free Test.

FREE TEST—We send complete Test Package Free. Snip off a lock of hair. Test it first this safe way. No risk. No expense. 4,000,000 women have received this test. Mail coupon.

—MARY T. GOLDMAN—
3022 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

Name..........................................................

Street..........................................................

City..........................................................

State..........................................................

Color of your hair?...........................................

When Answering Advertisements Please Mention October HOLLYWOOD 59
A clever beauty trick
FOR YOU!

Haven't you often wished for some quick way to remove old make-up before applying fresh powder? Here's the answer! A clever little cause-saver of the Sem-pray Jo-ve-nay container of Sem-pray Jo-ve-nay with a push-up bottom! Use it just as you do your lipstick!

I offer you this clever little purse-size container for only a dime because I want you to see with your own eyes what my cream will do for your lips.

Cleans out dirt that causes black heads—smoothes away lines caused by dryness. Leaves you soft, fresh, young! Purse-size at 10¢ counters or mail coupon. Large 60¢ size at all drug and department stores.

Elizabeth Hasted, Sem-pray Jo-ve-nay Company
Dept. U-P, Grand Rapids, Michigan

Please send me your purse-size container of Sem-pray Jo-ve-nay. Enclosed you will find ten cents to cover cost of handling.

Name

Address

City

State

Mary Pickford started something at the annual election of officers of the Motion Picture Relief Fund that we hope others will follow. She asked that all members of her profession give $1 a week, in their wills setting aside funds to build a permanent home for indigent members of the motion picture industry.

Free for Asthma

If you suffer with attacks of Asthma so terrible you choke and gasp for breath, if restful sleep is impossible because of the struggle to breathe, if you feel the disease is slowly wearing your life away, don't fail to send at once to the Frontier Asthma Co. for a free trial of a remarkable method.

No matter where you live or whether you have any faith in any remedy under the Sun, send for this free trial. If you have suffered for a lifetime and tried everything you could learn of without relief; even if you are utterly discouraged, do not abandon hope but send today for this free trial. It will cost you nothing.

Address

Frontier Asthma Co.

462 Niagara St.

10-D Frontier Bldg., Buffalo, N. Y.

World's Smallest Real Performing Radio

A WIRELESS PORTABLE BATTERYLESS RADIO

Million radio acts free... no cost or charge! Perfect in every way! No battery to recharge. No power to install. No wires! Smaller than cigarette packet! Never left home without mine. At home, or on the go, from the kitchen to garden... NO A TOY... NOT A SUPERFLUOUS NOVELTY... NEVER TO BE SET DOWN! The personal, pocket-size radio! That you can carry in your pocket, handbag, purse or valise! For indoor or outdoor use... indoors, outdoors, at home, or in car or train... anywhere! No power to install, no wires, no electric current, no cost or charge... sends your own message over the airwaves to remote places in the world! The world's smallest real performing wireless radio on the market.

SEND NOW FOR YOUR FREE TRIAL! For only one cent postpaid, I will send you radio, all complete, with free instruction. No obligation, no purchase necessary. CASH REMITTED AT ONCE.

TINTONE RADIO CORP., Dept. F-30, Kearney, Nebr.

Back Pain and Kidney Strain

Wrong foods and drinks, worry, overwork and colds often put a strain on the kidneys and functional kidney disorders may be the true cause of Excess Appetite, Getting Up Nights, Burning Passages, Leg Pains, Nervousness, Dizziness, Swollen Ankles, Rheumatism, Puffy Eyes, and feeling old before your time. Help your kidneys purify your blood with Cystex. The very first dose starts helping your kidneys clean out excess acids and soon may easily make you feel years younger. Under medical money-back guarantee. Cystex must satisfy completely or cost nothing. Get Cystex (size text) today. It costs only 1c a dose at druggists and the guarantee protects you.

carloads of sand from the Santa Monica Beach to the studio, and created a tidy little desert on its own, complete even to the oasis and palm trees in the distance.

For weeks everyone in the Suez company ate and breathed sand. When the wind machines were set in motion for the typhoon scenes, everyone took on that misty pallor which a nice coating of sand gives.

Tyrone spent an hour after his daily stunt was done, digging sand out of his hair, his eyes, his nostrils and his ears.

You would think that under those conditions Tyrone's ability to get fun out of any situation would temporarily go into mothballs. On the contrary it seemed to thrive. Perhaps, because it challenged his funny-bone.

The matter of the donkey was definitely a challenge. Now the animal—actor was made in the scene where Tyrone meets Annabella, who plays the part of Toni, the impish girl who loves Ferdinand de Leseps, (Tyrone Power), the builder of the Suez.

The donkey hired was of a tractable and gentle temperament. It obeyed its trainer's commands perfectly. It made friends with everyone on the set.

With everyone except Tyrone. No matter how many juicy apples and succulent carrots he offered, no matter the pleading tones in his voice, the donkey would look at him arrogantly, swish its ears, and trot off disdainfully. The company made clucking noises of sympathy at Tyrone's bewilderment.

Tyrone didn't see the trainer making signs behind his back. But he knew that all wasn't on, the up-and-up. No one suspected that his deepening gloom was the fore-runner of planned mischief.

This made an excursion to Daisy's stall. With him was a man who had been training animals for the movies for years. He was leading Bessie, who might have been Daisy's twin sister. Daisy was gently led away. Bessie took her place—a tutored Bessie, who in an hour of intensive study learned to take the cards only from Tyrone, to follow him at a movement of the hand, to nudge him affectionately.

The following morning, the scenes of the day before which included the donkey, were continued. But with what a difference! No one could do a thing with that blamed donkey. In addition, Daisy's trainer had been called away by a seemingly urgent message, and he had been told not to hurry back because no trouble with Daisy was anticipated.

And here were scenes to be done. The sun was hot and getting hotter. The sand was scorching. And tempers were getting short. Who would have thought that nice, amiable and obliging donkey would hold up production?

"Suppose you let me see what I can do?" Tyrone suggested mildly.

"You?" everyone chorused. "That donkey won't have anything to do with you."

Or did you forget about yesterday?"

But condescendingly, Tyrone was permitted to try anyway.

And wonder of wonders! That donkey did everything but turn somersaults when Tyrone spoke to her. The scenes went through without a hitch. In fact, at amazing speed.

No one could figure it out. There was a mystery in this! For a week the puzzle of the donkey haunted those who had tried to fix Tyrone's production. They were losing sleep over it. And finally they asked Tyrone for the answer.

"So you want to know, do you?" Tyrone asked. "Well, Daisy wasn't Daisy. She was Bessie!"

Tyrone hadn't had so much fun in a week of Sundays as he did watching the crestfallen faces of the conspirators. Definitely, but definitely, the joke was on them.

Even the law has come off second-best in a bout with Tyrone's wit.

When he was serving his acting apprenticeship in London, he shared a wall-up apartment with a friend. Both boys were a bit on the loud side when they came in from their theatre chums at one or two o'clock in the morning.

The tenant below had no appreciation for the artistic temperament and he would howl loud and long over their disturbance of his sleep.

His special manner of retaliation was to stick a wad of gum against their bell at five o'clock in the morning, the hour they went to work. The bell would continue sounding its alarm until one of the disgusted boys would come down to pry out the gum.

It went on for days—this noisy feud. And so the boys thought it might be a good idea to give the gentleman a taste of his own medicine. Every night when they came in, they rang their neighbor's bell persistently. The clatter would have waked the devil.

One night the shopkeeper was in a special fury. He'd fix 'em. He'd fix those two good-for-nothings. Actors, humph! He called the police. And a couple of uniforms suddenly materialized at Tyrone's side, while he was taking his turn at bell-ringing.

"Want somebody?" they asked.

"Yes, yes indeed," Tyrone came back quick as a flash. "There's an early rehearsal and I am trying to wake up Tyrone Power. That guy sleeps like a log."

The officers were perplexed. "We got a complaint somebody was creating a disturbance. But you gotta a right to ring the doorbell of somebody you know. Let's go up and pound on your friend's door." One old wife's accusatory characters.

Up went Tyrone flanked by the law. For an instant he lagged behind as the door opened. Just long enough to signal his buddy to keep quiet.

"Oh, there you are, Mr. Power," Tyrone didn't give anybody a chance to say a word. "Say, you certainly sleep hard.
"I've been ringing your bell for twenty minutes. Rehearsal tomorrow, early. We've been trying to get word to you for hours."

The officers scratched their heads in perplexity. They were murmuring—"People are crazy," as they clattered down the stairs. "Hew, that was a close one," Tyrone sighed in relief. Jali just wasn't on his program.

Their neighbor moved from there!

The most amusing story Tyrone tells points his special and distinct sense of humor.

He was appearing in the New York production of Romeo and Juliet, and for the purposes of his part, he had to wear his hair long. "Almost a Garbo bob, if it was!" Even today he recalls that embarrassing haircut with resentment.

"It was late December but the Christmas Spirit had passed me up. I wasn't going to expose myself to the stares of shoppers. As it was, I was skulking between the theatre and my room, taking the alleys to do it. I did shave my head under my hat, but I looked sort of peculiar with my hat perched precariously on the very top of my head."

"But the last day before Christmas, I decided people would be too busy to look at me closely, even with my hat sticking on so queerly. So I went shopping, with my hair carefully tucked up under my biggest, tightest hat.

"All was well. No one had given me a second glance. I was returning home with parcels dangling by their strings from every one of my fingers. And a long roll of Christmas tissue under my arm.

"I had fished out a nickel to pay my bus fare before getting on, but in the rush for the doors my coin slipped and dropped to the floor. The conductor wasn't obliging. He wouldn't pick it up. So somehow, I scrooched down to the floor, and by luck retrieved it. But my hat had remained in the air, resting peacefully on the shoulders of two or three other passengers."

"I stood up, wormed into my hat. But my hair had dropped down. Instead of a passable-looking boy, I suddenly emerged under the gaze of the horrified passengers, as some strange creature with dangling locks.

"The bus slogged and I hit with a thud a passenger's midriff. I turned around to apologize and the roll of tissue swatted the gentleman behind me smack in the face. I was becoming a menace. Everyone was growling and growling at me.

"But we were packed so tight that for ten blocks, I am certain, my feet didn't even touch the floor, and no one could move away from my immediate and dangerous vicinity. My Christmas Spirit was rapidly ebbing out."

"When my stop came, everybody was eager to pull the bell for me. I was a good riddance of a person who looked like a fugitive from a psychopathic ward."

But Tyrone's troubles weren't over. The driver was in a hurry to get going. The bus started before Tyrone, packed down like a truck horse, had completely left the step. He went sprawling in the icy slush, his packages scattered over the immediate landscape.

Suddenly Tyrone threw back his head and laughed until the tears came. It had been a nightmare ride—but, gosh, it was funny! And the passengers had looked so satisfied when he had growled himself. He waved his hand at the general direction of the disappearing bus. "Merry Christmas, everybody!" he called after it. To this day he believes the passengers thought he was crazy!

But laughs aren't so easy to get now that Tyrone is a star. He is so quickly recognized—automatic deference smooths the road for him.

When they do come, he treasures them. For example, not long ago, he was working on the old Fox lot, and the custodian of the gate had never seen him.

Tyrone drove in. He was stopped.

"Where do you think you're going?" the voice of authority stopped him. Tyrone was properly meek. "I'm to report on Stage two."

"What's your name?"

Tyrone murmured—"Power."

"Howard? Never heard o' you. Gotta pass?"

Well, it was an old situation which the public didn't believe any more. But at least, this would brighten up his day for him. Tyrone thought.

So he made profuse apologies for not having a pass. He didn't correct the gentleman on the name. This could go on for minutes on end.

But his fun was cut short. A breathless gateman who knew Tyrone rushed up. "They're waiting for you, Mr. Power. Stage two."

He waved him on.

In the rear vision mirror he saw Gateman No. 1 shaking his head in consternation. And Gateman No. 2 was gesticulating wildly, probably advising his brother-worker to get up on his movies.

When he was working on Alexander's Daytime Band, and war sequence, as well as the extras were in khaki uniform. Tyrone had crawled up to the cut-walk which the electricians use, to get some candid camera shots.

"Hey, buddy," an electrician reminded him, "they're calling all you guys down there.

"I don't think they mean me," Tyrone replied.

"Boy, you extra sure try to get out of all the work you can. Well, it's O.K. with me, buddy, but you better not let 'em catch you with that camera."

The electrician stood guard while he took his pictures, and waved him down the ladder with the hope that the director wouldn't find out he hadn't been among those present when the extras lined up.

Tyrone thanked him. But not for the world would he let him know his identity. After all, the man was doing his good deed for the day!

And so life to Tyrone is an arena for laughs. He gets them where he can.

Laughing your way through life is a fine formula for living. Tyrone has found.

"And boy, does it get you out of jams!" he adds.
The Name is Familiar
[Continued from page 28]

been a subdued matter of annoyance or of ridicule from the more widely read of the great movie audience. But, until recently, no action has been taken. Now the spotlight of publicity is focused on such changes by a complaint, filed by Mr. Irving Schneider, New York attorney, representing a group of independent exhibitors.

These certain exhibitors feel very strongly about the film Kidnapped, based on the book of the same name by Robert Louis Stevenson. They claim, in dignified language, of course, that not only was some of the original plot kidnapped, but that some of their potential audiences were kidnapped as well. They claim that, because the film was advertised as “Robert Louis Stevenson’s Kidnapped” patronage was diverted from their theaters to those theaters playing Kidnapped, because advertising conveyed the impression that it was a faithful reproduction of Stevenson’s story. They further add that these theater owners who did contract for the film, under the impression that it was a faithful screen version of the book, ran the film to their detriment and financial injury as well as to the detriment and financial injury of other motion picture film producers who truthfully advertise and represent their productions.

Mr. Schneider’s clients feel strongly about the matter because they claim that they have been injured in their pocketbooks. There is no telling how the individual theatre-goer feels about changes in famous stories, because the theatre-goer is not informed. He buys his entertainment short-sightedly, without a sample. If he doesn’t like the picture, he shrugs his shoulders, and goes away from there.

While Stevenson’s story, Kidnapped, is one of his famous works, comparatively few people have read it. Great number of the audience have heard read, and for that reason quite a lot of people are going to wonder what all of the shouting is about. Those who are not familiar with the story will see a rather exceptionally well photographed film that seems to be trying to tell two stories at one time. The first story deals with the adventures of young David Balfour, an orphan whose rascally uncle first attempts to kill him and then has him kidnapped by an equally rascally sea captain. So far, the film follows the book faithfully. The drastic change is the introduction of a love affair for Alan Breck, and this is a switch, because there was such a thing in Stevenson’s tale, and has proved to be quite irritating to those who love the Stevenson book. They claim that this studio-manufactured love interest changes the entire character of fiery, impulsive, belligerent little saved-off Alan who was risking his adventurous little neck every time he set foot in the land in the service of his exiled sovereign. They claim that it isn’t so bad to see clever young Freddie Bartholomew, who is in his early teens, playing Balfour, who was in his late teens, but they get fierce and...

Peter Lorre’s fondness for black cats is well-known in Hollywood so when a hand-run driver killed his pet, “Blackie,” Peter was inconsolable—but not for long. He had a surprise waiting for him from his pocket at left and night left 57 black cats as gifts!

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—Without Calomel—And You’ll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Marlin ‘go To

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels every day. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn’t digest. It just decays in the bowels, causes bloating in your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel soggery and poorly and books puke. A mere bowel movement doesn’t get rid of a liver bogs. It takes those good old Carter’s Little Liver Pills to get those two pounds of flowing freely and make you feel “up and up.” Harmless, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter’s Little Liver Pills by name. 25c at all drug stores. Stubbornly refuse anything else. ©1930. C. P., INC.
angry at the idea of Alan Breck, whose great devotion was to the Scottish rebel party, taking any time off for the murmuring of soft nothings to any heroine whatever.

The third side of the matter is the studio's, producers gamble hundreds of thousands of dollars on productions such as Kidnapped. Experience has taught that a film without a love story is, all too frequently, a film without an audience. Undoubtedly the producers reasoned that Alan Breck probably did have a sweetheart, so when the Stevensons have a story, just as a sort of bonus, thus harming no one, and making everyone happy. That is what the producers thought.

So far as the lovers of Robert Louis Stevenson's writings go, it hasn't worked out that way. What will be the final outcome is in the hands of the Federal Trade Commission, and upon its decision rests the future of many beloved tales which have not been brought to the screen as yet.

It should be remembered that the Federal Trade Commission was set up to prohibit trade practices, false and misleading advertising and general fraudulent and misleading representations in connection with interstate commerce. In other words, it can control any commodity, manufactured in one state and shipped, for sale, to another by issuing what is called a "cease and desist" order, if the Commission finds that such product has been falsely advertised and misrepresented after thorough investigation.

The Federal Trade Commission does not award damages. Following a "cease and desist" order, legal action may be taken in the courts, and they award damages or not as the judges see fit.

The Federal Trade Commission deals with any commodity that crosses state boundaries for sale. One week it may be considering the claims of a manufacturer of rubber tires for his product. The next week it may be dealing with electric light globes, or watches, or shoes, so the public may feel confident that national advertisers are making true statements about the products.

So far, the question of changes in famous plots for the screen or the use of well-known titles on new material has not come before the Federal Trade Commission, to my best knowledge, except in the instance of a film called In His Steps. The book of that title was written by Dr. Charles M. Sheldon, and was a work of profound religious concept. As such, it had immense appeal, and is said to be the greatest selling novel published in this country. We do know positively that many thousands of copies were printed and sold, and that the title as well as the story is familiar to an enormous number of people. The film story is not the same as that in the book. That matter still is pending, and the Federal Trade Commission has planned further hearings this fall.

But there have been some amusing and some amazing instances of startling alli-

ances between title and story, quite unrelated until the films brought them together.

Remember Dante's Inferno and how it reached the screen as a pretty elaborate thriller, all about a fine tough guy who ran a beach concession that was a fire trap and his own dear ones were threatened when his own dear ones were threatened?

The case of The Dance of Life is a funny one, though it really does not add anything to this particular discussion. One of Havelock Ellis' better known and most distinguished essays is a work of essays on the arts. It was published under the title The Dance of Life. One calm morning, so the story goes, Dr. Ellis was called to the telephone by Hollywood. Hollywood wanted to know how much he wanted for the copyrighted title. They say that Dr. Ellis was surprised but he quickly pulled himself together, and set a good high price on it. So the title of the book of essays was bought, and served very nicely indeed as the name of the screen version of the play Burlesque, a rousing back-stage melodrama. And that was fair enough. Certainly it would have been confusing to advertise a film called Burlesque. Some of the customers would be bitter if they did not see a burlesque show. And a lot of people might miss away, thinking that the film was a farcical stage show usually associated with that title. No one was deceived by such a usage of a title.

But do you remember I Cover the Waterfront? That collection of reminiscences by the San Diego reporter, Max Miller, was exceedingly popular when it first was printed. Of course, anyone who had read the book was well warned, because it had no central plot, and it was obvious that the studio had run one of its own under the widely advertised title. But how about these people who saw a water-front melodrama, and went away from the theatre convinced that they had caught up with their reading by seeing the film?

And how about The Call of the Wild, one of the greatest of all stories by Jack London? It is the story of Buck, who was stolen from his serene life in a California valley, shipped to Alaska during the gold rush, and sold as a sled dog. After his beloved master was killed, Buck found himself free to answer the wolf pack which had been singing with primitive appeal in his ears ever since he had reached the Yukon. Many grace notes were added to the film, the most outstanding being the love interest supplied by Miss Loretta Young who looked very fetching in lovely furs and charming make-up. This film was an immense success. Audiences loved it. It was an outstanding financial success, but I wonder what happened when people bought the book, after seeing the film, and discovered that most of the plot was missing?

In Hollywood they love to tell the story of the producer and the tactful scenario editor.

It happened shortly after Oswald Spengler's long exhaustive treatise on the state of western civilization was published.
Considering that "The Decline of the West" was not fiction, it was definitely heavy reading and was filled with gloomy conclusions as to the fate of the western world. It has an immense popularity. For weeks after week, it had a place on the list of best sellers, and the producer noticed that fact.

He called in the man who was in charge of buying stories for his studio.

"This Decline of the West," said the producer, "it's selling big?"

"Indeed it is."

"Then buy it," said the producer. "We haven't done a western in a long time."

The scenario editor was in somewhat of a spot. He cringed from the thought of telling the producer that the book had not even the hint of a plot, that it had nothing whatever to do with cowboys and cattle thieves, that it was strictly non-fiction. That would be unnecessarily embarrassing for the great man. He searched his alarmed mind for the tactful way out, and chose the evasive answer.

"Well, sir, in my opinion it is hardly material for a feature film. So terribly long, you know. After all, two big thick volumes..."

The producer waved a languidly, and smiled the patient tolerant smile of one who is accustomed to solving difficult problems easily.

"It's a good title, isn't it? And it's selling, isn't it? So buy it. If it's too long for a feature, we'll make a serial out of it."

Whether this tale is true, or whether it is the product of the poisoned imagination of one of the embittered young men who have seen great literary properties treated with something less than entire respect on the screen, I don't know.

But it does illustrate, to a rather comic and exaggerated extreme, the way some studios have handled some famous titles.

By and large, children of this generation are fortunate beyond the wildest imaginations of their parents and grandparents. Even so short a time as twenty years ago, comparatively few youngsters owned libraries that contained all of the great stories written for children. And, even when the books were available in public libraries, not all parents read extensively to the little ones, or saw that the bigger ones were provided with the best of stories.

Today, there are very few families indeed who cannot dig up a dime for the Saturday matinee where the youngsters may see such finely filmed, brilliantly acted, charmingly produced films such as Little Women, David Copperfield, Little Lord Fauntleroy, Robin Hood to mention only a very few among the splendidly produced stories which have been known and loved in book form for many years.

But there have been exceptions, and strangely enough two of the most drastic changes have been made in films starring Shirley Temple, adored by the whole nation, and for that reason capable of confusing more people with one film than any other star. There was some astonishment, but no public outcry when her studio changed the sex of Kipling's Wee Willie Winkie and made him a little American girl instead of a little British boy. Though

Does a woman have any right to a husband and child when she neglects them both, and is concerned only with her own selfish comfort? What if the child is desperately in need of care, and another woman is willing to give it? Suppose that woman, against her will, falls in love with the baby's father? These are the problems, Laura Steadman, the "other woman," faces in I Begged For His Love. Read the absorbing confession in the October ROMANTIC STORY.

Also in this issue:

WHY I DECEIVED HER

TOO MANY SWEETHEARTS
SHOULD I FORGIVE HIS PAST?

WE WERE TOO YOUNG TO KNOW
OUT OF MY CLASS

—and others

NOW ON SALE

10c

Romantic Story
Hollywood Newsreel

[Continued from page 6]

hangar. Wife Lili, mad as a hatter because of this very unhusbandly treatment, burst through the gate and scouted down the runway, clothes flapping in the propeller breeze and back of her trolled an airport guard. Back of him came an airport car and back of them all the loud laughter of onlookers. The airport car finally caught up with Lili and carried her out the gates. A studio car took Errol home. The studio where Errol works explained the fun as a "slight misunderstanding." According to our Operative No. 11000, the couple indulged in another slight misunderstanding at the House of Murphy the other evening—only more so.

Whether she's married to Charlie Chaplin or not, Paulette Goddard signed her name on a Del Monte hotel register as "Mrs. Charles Chaplin" and the socialites of the summer resort accepted this pen-and-ink exhibit as a confirmation of the long-standing rumors of her marriage. After a ten-day visit Paulette departed for Cape Cod, Mass., where she plays roles in summer stock with a Little Theatre group. In the meantime Charlie is reading up a script for a picture that may go into production this fall.

Buddy Rogers didn't mind, he says, when someone tossed an orange at him while he was directing his orchestra during an engagement at San Luis Obispo but it was fruit of a different color when a smart-aleck, out for a laugh, squirted a siphon bottle in his face while he was signing autographs during an intermission. Buddy dropped his pencil, doodled up his right fist and smacked the heckler so hard that it was five minutes before he quit hearing the birdies sing. After finally getting to his feet, the victim begged off from further combat, and to escape further knuckle massaging from the belligerent Buddy, scurried out of the hall. This Buddy guy, by the way, is an expert duke swinger and we're passing the information along just in case.

Mike Whalen, the 20th Century-Foxer, has taken up a new hobby that's as dizzy a one as could be imagined. When he isn't working in front of the cameras these days he's down at the Gilmore Stadium where the midget car races are staged. Saw him last week buzzing around the quarter-mile saucer in Mel Hansen's gasoline bug and taking the turns at fifty miles per hour. Mel claims that Mike could be an ace midget driver if he'd quit the movies.

Crossword Puzzle Solution

BILL  FLORENCE  LOIS LIV ED  COY  OOVE BOY  KID  DFNE  FOR  MS  POLA GRANT  E  GAAL  FOOT H  RAUL  HOLM SE  CAL  HOOD  SEA  MET  CELL  PAT  IS  BRAT  WHITE  S  REEL  SPECR  STANWYCK  NEWS

when answering advertisements please mention october hollywood 65
Harpo is so sensitive, so emotional, so talented that he seemed the perfect person to conduct this month’s etiquette department. He took time out from his work in Room Service, to show how to behave at the races.

An ugly thought creeps in

Forgot to place the bet!

Count ten! Count it again!

I won’t stand it!

Why does this have to happen to ME?

What’s the use?
WHY ADVERTISING?

FEW persons are aware that most magazines cost the publisher more to produce than he receives for their sale.

Who, then, pays the publisher's loss?
The answer is: THE ADVERTISER.

Advertisers last year spent $1,659,195.55 for advertising in this magazine and others owned or controlled by Fawcett Publications.

Look through the advertising columns and see which advertisers help pay for your magazine.

To co-operate in supplying you with reading entertainment is only one service conducted by advertising.

A long time ago there was no advertising. Every man with something to sell had to tell people about it personally and individually. This was not a great handicap in those days, for no one had very much to sell.

But as soon as large-scale manufacturing was begun, it was necessary to find a way to tell many people about products, and to tell them quickly and all at one time. To fill this need, advertising naturally developed as a universal business process. Without it we could not operate large factories, making goods for millions of consumers, paying salaries to millions of workers.

You might argue that in the end, because you buy advertised products you pay more, inasmuch as the purchase price must pay for the advertising and, indirectly, some of the cost of the magazine that publishes the advertisement.

Quite the contrary. Advertised goods cost less.

A good example of how advertising results in lower prices to the consumer is in the records of a camera company. Ten years ago a certain camera sold for $30. It was advertised extensively, sales increased and overhead costs were reduced because of the increased volume of business. Now, with larger production, the manufacturer is able to operate more economically, and to sell a better camera for only $15. The advertising cost amounts to 45 cents per camera. The saving to the customer on each machine is $14.55.

In a similar way, advertising has helped lower the price of goods you buy in every store, the very goods advertised in this magazine. Advertising, then, is a force working for you. Advertising is responsible for some of your wages, no matter what business you are in. Advertising makes it possible for you to buy cheaper, whether it is magazines or the advertised products.

KNOW YOUR ADVERTISERS AND BE LOYAL TO THEM
The Order of the Day ... Chesterfields for MORE PLEASURE

This new uniform is now the order of the day for dress in the U. S. Army.

... and everywhere every day, the order of the day among smokers is that up-to-the-minute pack of Chesterfields.

Chesterfield's refreshing mildness, better taste and more pleasing aroma give more pleasure to more smokers every day.

They Satisfy ... millions
TRY THE
LORETTA YOUNG
"REGULAR GUY"
TEST ON YOUR
BOY FRIEND

SEE PAGE 25
Karo is the only syrup served to the Dionne quintuplets. Its maltose and dextrose are ideal carbohydrates for growing children.

Allan Roy Dafve, M.D.
"MODERNIZE YOUR TABLE with the Hollywood Ensemble"

$250,000 MOVIE QUIZ CONTEST NOW AT YOUR LOCAL THEATRE

Make yours a “table of today”... with the beauty that Hollywood Stars choose for their party tables. A new 59-piece Silverware Service! The Hollywood Cloth of stunning Lace (72 in. x 90 in.) You’d expect to pay a star’s price for this Hollywood Ensemble, but, with the Special SAVINGS of $4.00, the price is only $29.95 for the Silverware. The Cloth and tear-resistant Check are yours without additional cost — our Gifts to you. See your dealer for this Hollywood Beauty Dividend. See... choose your design from the four the stars prefer.

For her own table, ANITA LOUISE — now appearing in “IN EVERY WOMAN’S LIFE”, a Warner Bros. Picture — has chosen this lovely silverware “Service of the Stars.”

1881 Rĕ ROGERS Rĕ
Made by ONEIDA LTD.

Copyright 1938 Oneida Ltd.
METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PROUDLY PRESENTS THE SEASON'S GALA HIT!
EVERYBODY'S RAVING! EVERYBODY'S SINGING! EVERYBODY'S CHEERING!

Jeanette MacDonald Nelson Eddy
SWEETHEARTS

IT'S ENTIRELY IN BEAUTIFUL TECHNICOLOR!

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

A CAST OF FUNSTERS!

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

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

Produced by Hunt Stromberg...Directed by W. S. Van Dyke II. They're still taking bows for "Marie Antoinette"—and who can forget their "Naughty Marietta" and all their other great hits!
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DREAMERS WHO DARE TO MAKE THEIR

PAT (Fred MacMurray)
When the motor is making him deaf again . . . and the propeller is blowing the hair off his head . . . and he can smell the funny stink of burning castor oil . . . and see some blue mountains to climb over . . . then he's happy . . . happier even than when he's in Peggy's arms . . . but Pat's a flyin' fool, a lovable, heroic flyin' fool.

PEGGY (Louise Campbell)
She's been looking at the sky so long her eyes have stars in them . . . this girl who's had the luck, call it good, call it bad, to love a lad with flying blood in his veins and no use for the good earth at all except to leave it . . . and yet she wouldn't have him different, not with the love of it winging through her own heart.

SCOTTY (Ray Milland)
It's out of the dreams and the sweat and the heart-break of earnest, serious-minded men like Scotty that aviation was born, yes, and lives, and grows greater and greater, year by year, day by day, moment by moment . . . and what is Scotty's reward for all of this, not even the love of the girl whom he adores . . .

"MEN WITH WINGS"
PARAMOUNT'S ALL TECHNICOLOR CAVALCADE OF AVIATION
A MOVIE QUIZ $250,000.00 CONTEST PICTURE
FOR the first time on any screen and in the glorious, heart-throbbing power of Technicolor, Paramount tells the mighty story of America's favorite heroes, "Men With Wings." Before your eyes, in flaming sequence after flaming sequence, moves that thrilling cavalcade of courage, the march of American aviation, told in the living, human story of two boys and a girl whose romance is the romance of aviation itself, with all its heart-leaping excitement, its clutch of fear at the throat, its soul-rending disappointments, its hysterical, all-conquering triumphs.

DREAMS COME TRUE . . .

Produced and Directed by William A. Wellman

Screen Play by Robert Carson

LOUDISE CAMPBELL

Andy Devine • Lynne Overman • Porter Hall • Walter Abel

Kitty Kelly • Virginia Weidler • Donald O'Connor

with

FRED MacMURRAY • RAY MILLAND

RONALD COLMAN

FRANCES DEE

ELLEN DREW

ASK—

YOUR THEATRE

WHEN THESE

PARAMOUNT

HITS PLAY...
Motion Pictures Are Your Best Entertainment

There is a most amusing story behind the slogan, above, which is being used in thousands of theatres and by hundreds of thousands of eager contest entrants in the big "Movie Quiz" now under way.

At first the slogan read:

MOVIES ARE YOUR BEST ENTERTAINMENT, and a very good slogan it seemed, too, until a studio official, reducing the slogan to initials in the manner so popular at the moment, made the shocking discovery that the initials spelled MAYBE!

Never was there a quicker re-writing of pamphlets and posters, because there is no MAYBE about the matter. Eighty-five million people a week can't be wrong, and eighty-five million people go to the movies in this country every week. It is a staggering figure, but that is the average weekly attendance for last year.

And this year that figure probably will be much bigger because an added entertainment is on the bill until December 31. And what added entertainment ... a chance to win prizes totaling a quarter of a million dollars!

It seems unlikely that you haven't already heard of the MOVIE QUIZ, but if you haven't your nearest theatre has full details of the contest without charge.

All you have to do is to ask for the booklet which lists about a hundred pictures, get a pencil and start to work on that first prize of $50,000.00.

Some of the pictures you have seen already, and under no circumstances will you be required to see all of those listed. If you answer questions about thirty pictures on the list, you stand as good a chance as anyone to win that fortune.

And what will you do with the money when you win it? Why go to the movies, of course. They are your best entertainment, aren't they?

Corrigan Takes A Flier In The Movies

A few days after his return from Ireland, Douglas Corrigan was beginning to think that a movie and $50,000.00 was pretty good entertainment, too. He was considering the movie from the star's standpoint, and not as a spectator, however. Offer after offer had come to him from producers who felt that there was a great screen story in the boy whose "wrong way" flight had enchanted the entire globe.

And young Mr. Corrigan was beginning to find out what happens when stardom arrives.

The lobby of the Hotel McAlpin was a scene of fans who had learned that he was returning from a visit to Mayor LaGuardia's country home, so I knew that I was early for my appointment. Bell captains were on guard in the hallway, but the door of the big suite was open, and the living room was packed with people. Ed Bern was speaking on the telephone. He waved a signal for me to enter a small room, empty of people at the moment, but a scene of wild confusion.

A great drift of newspapers covered one corner of the floor. Luggage was piled everywhere, spilling shirts and ties and pictures and papers. There were three boxes of boxed flowers. There was a bundle of telegrams and a carton of mail.

On the desk was "A History of the Irish People" in a brand new wrapper, and hooked to the mantel piece by a wire hanger was a pair of little grey flannel pants, small, neat, pressed, and evidently just back from the cleaner.

"Somebody's little boy must be staying here, too," I thought, and it seemed to me that it was a fine, thoughtful father who had brought his little boy along to meet Douglas Corrigan.

After all, any little boy who met Douglas Corrigan was a little boy touched with greatness. The little boy who had a chance to stay in the same suite as Corrigan was a lucky boy beyond imagining. I estimated that the owner of the little grey pants was about fourteen-year-old size, and was thinking how his report of the visit would dazzle his schoolmates when Ed Bern came in. He followed my eyes and grinned.

"Those are his other pants," he said. "He's wearing his work pants. He really has only two. And only three shirts. He ..."

The telephone rang, and a loud inharmonious wail from voices in the next room started to chant, "Hey, Bern, hey, Bern, hey, Bern."

"I'll fix them," said the gentleman in question. "Want to tell you a few things about Corrigan before you see him. He's the swellest ... I'll be right back."

The telephone rang.

Off into the inner reaches of the big suite went Bern to reassure the eight newspaper men, the eight photographers, the man from the San Francisco World's Fair, the man ... [Continued on page 11]
The Man Who Made The Picture
Talks to the people who are going to see it!

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

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

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

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

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

JACK L. WARNER, Vice-President
In Charge of Production,
Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc.
ONE KISS ISN'T ENOUGH when lips are rosy, soft and tempting! Men love natural looking lips. But they hate the "painted" kind—glaring red and "hard as nails." Ask the man you love. See if he doesn't prefer this lipstick on you.

TANGEE—FOR TEMPTING LIPS... It's orange in the stick, but on your lips Tangee changes to the shade of blush-rose that best suits you! Blondes, brunettes and redheads...all use it perfectly. And its special cream base keeps lips soft, smooth.

HERE'S ROUGE TO MATCH!... Tangee Rouge, in Creme or Compact form, blends perfectly with your individual complexion—gives your cheeks lovely, natural color. It's one rouge that suits everyone—from blue-eyed blonde to deep brunette. Try Tangee Rouge and Lipstick tonight!

BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTES! There is only one Tangee—don't let anyone switch you.

TANGEE ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

4-PIECE MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET

THREE KISS ISN'T ENOUGH when lips are rosy, soft and tempting! Men love natural looking lips. But they hate the "painted" kind—glaring red and "hard as nails." Ask the man you love. See if he doesn't prefer this lipstick on you.

TANGEE—FOR TEMPTING LIPS... It's orange in the stick, but on your lips Tangee changes to the shade of blush-rose that best suits you! Blondes, brunettes and redheads...all use it perfectly. And its special cream base keeps lips soft, smooth.

HERE'S ROUGE TO MATCH!... Tangee Rouge, in Creme or Compact form, blends perfectly with your individual complexion—gives your cheeks lovely, natural color. It's one rouge that suits everyone—from blue-eyed blonde to deep brunette. Try Tangee Rouge and Lipstick tonight!

BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTES! There is only one Tangee—don't let anyone switch you.

TANGEE ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

4-PIECE MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET

The death ray is, unfortunately, not perfected yet. Mr. Benchley, with that wonderful will power for which he is justly noted, remembers that members may be expelled for popping fellow members in the eye, and elevates the book, rapidly, to a level more convenient for his fellow literary light.
Girls who guard against COSMETIC SKIN the Hollywood way win out...

Irene Dunne

POROS CHOKED WITH DUST, DIRT AND STALE COSMETICS MAY MEAN COSMETIC SKIN. REMOVE COSMETICS THOROUGHLY WITH LUX TOILET SOAP

I USE COSMETICS, OF COURSE, BUT I NEVER HAVE COSMETIC SKIN. I USE LUX TOILET SOAP REGULARLY!

9 out of 10 Hollywood Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap

$250,000 MOVIE QUIZ CONTEST NOW AT YOUR LOCAL THEATRE
WHY DOES THE BRIDE WEAR A VEIL?

• In olden days the bridal veil was supposed to protect the bride from the "evil eye" of some invisible "evil spirit."

Today, women know that they don't need protection from unseen "evil spirits"—but they do need protection for their skin.

Did you know that more women in America use Italian Balm, the famous Skin Softener, than any other preparation of its kind?

This famous skin protector—for warding off chapping, dryness, and work-or-weather skin coarseness—contains the costliest ingredients of any of the largest-selling brands. Yet it costs far less than a small fraction of a cent to use liberally each day. It "goes so far." Test it on your skin. Try it before you buy—at Campana's expense. Use FREE coupon below.

Campana's Italian Balm

"America's Most Economical Skin Protector"

FREE

CAMPANA SALES COMPANY
579 Lincolnway, Batavia, Illinois

Gentlemen: I have never tried Italian Balm. Please send me VANITY Bottle FREE and postpaid.

Name:

Address:

City ____________________ State ________

In Canada, Campana, Ltd., F 200 Colborne Road, Toronto

IMPORTANT PICTURES

BY LLEWELLYN MILLER

MY LUCKY STAR (Twentieth Century-Fox)

This picture is probably one of the most impressive fashion shows of winter and sports clothes ever to reach the screen, and by the time you leave the theatre you'll have trouble resisting the impulse to dash out for a new wardrobe...complete with skates.

The film starts with the troubles of the heir to a department store (Cesar Romero). In an absent-minded moment he has married a determined young lady (Louise Hovick) and is bitterly disillusioned when he discovers that she expects a large piece of the year's profits for divorcing him. Undiscouraged by this experience, he tricks a package girl (Sonja Henie) into his apartment. His temporary wife sees them, and ups her price. Later on in the film, that leads to much distress for the little package wrapper, who, after much excitement is sent to college. Unknown to the student body, she is in college, not for learning, but to change her clothes as often as possible, and so promote sales for the department store.

You'll like Richard Greene as the leading light of the college, Buddy Ebsen and Joan Davis as the campus sweethearts. Honey Chile Wilder as the suspicious under-graduate, George Barbier as the cholic department store owner, and of course Sonja Henie as the star of the Campus Ice Follies.

SPAWN OF THE NORTH (Paramount)

Strange it is, indeed, to see Dorothy Lamour all done up in skirt, shirt and high-water boots. We knew that it was a wild idea, but we kept expecting to see her run into the dance hall in the frozen north in a sarong with her hair down. It just goes to show how quickly players can be typed.

She plays the hard-boiled owner of a dance hall where Tyler (George Raft) and Jim (Henry Fonda) hang out when they are not off catching seals and salmon. Tyler is the bad one, and he steals seals and salmon. Jim is the good one, and he believes in working and winning. But they have been friends since childhood, and each just hates to have to shoot the other.

The arrival of Diane (Louise Platt) from school in the States confuses matters a little because she, too, is a childhood friend, and you know what that means.

There is some magnificent photography of great icebergs wallowing in the freezing water, of night shots on the fish traps and of great seines spilling magnificent catches into the fish-boats. John Barrymore shines as bright as the aurora borealis over the whole scene as a windy, bibliophilous newspaper editor. Akim Tamiroff leers and grins in a fine menace part, and there is a fine big cast, including an extremely talented trained seal.

RICH MAN, POOR GIRL (M-G-M)

He was a rich young man, and he fell in love with his secretary. That happens every day, but the thing that makes this story slightly different is that the poor honest secretary (Ruth Hussey) hesitated to marry the rich young man (Robert Young) because she was afraid that his money would estrange her family. It's a new thought.

The comedy rests on the efforts of the millionaire to adjust himself to the quite uncomfortable background provided by the slim income of his beloved's family. Finally, wearying of the whole squabble, he forces a showdown by making a gesture at giving away his fortune and so removing the cause of dissention. The ending is what you might expect. Lew Ayres, Guy Kibbee, Lena Turner, Sarah Padden, Don Castle, Gordon Jones, Virginia Grey and Rita Johnson are in the cast.

VALLEY OF THE GIANTS (Warners)

This picture, in all previously made versions, has gained well deserved fame for the number of male actors it sent to the hospital with various breaks, bruises, contusions and abrasions after the big fight scene.

The current version need not shrink from comparison. There is a knock-down and drag-out fight that has the audience

Notice for Contest Winners!

The judges are busily sorting and counting the thousands of answers in Sonja Henie's Lucky Star Contest, so watch next month's Hollywood Magazine for the names of the clever winners who receive the stunning Sonja Henie knitted garments and the figure skating blades which the little star endorses. Above you see her in the spectacular ice ballet number from *My Lucky Star*, her newest film, reviewed above
suffering from semi-suffocating before it has raged half the length of the bar-room.

For the rest, the film is the same handsome drama of villainy defeated by right thinking and a judicious number of rights to the jaw, too.

Wayne Morris plays the upstanding owner of the logging company which the lumber pirate (Charles Bickford) tries to steal with the aid of a pair of unprincipled gamblers (Claire Trevor and Jack La Rue). Alan Hale does a rousing job as the belligerent "Ox," and prominent in the cast are Frank McHugh, and El Brendel.

Technicolor scenes of the giant forests of the Northwest and of Charles Bickford's red hair are stunning.

BREAKING THE ICE (Radio)

Certainly this is the day of the younger generation. Now it is a five-year-old skater, Irene Dare, who gives a truly incredible exhibition. Turn to page 30 for a feature story on this amazing youngster.

About Bobby Breen's astonishing voice, you already know. The rest of the cast, though grown-up, turn in fine performances, and you'll like Charles Ruggles as the unreliable antique dealer, Dolores Costello, Robert Barrat and Dorothy Peterson as members of the sternly religious Mennonite family. You'll also enjoy the glimpse into the beliefs and manners of this little known sect.

FOUR DAUGHTERS (Warner)

Out of the story of four musical sisters, their temperament, indulgent father and their sweetly acid aunt, emerge three performances of brilliant promise for big careers, as well as a charming film.

Priscilla Lane plays the youngest of the sisters with a verve and zest that guarantees a large following for her in starring roles. A newcomer, John Garfield, brings, in sharp contrast, a powerful, telling under-playing that will take him far. You'll find the story of his life, which is as interesting and as colorful as a movie, on the next page, and don't miss it because you may hear a great deal about this young man.

The film is a swiftly moving, quite absorbing tale of how the four sisters fall in love with the same man (Jeffrey Lynn, who emerges as a most engaging leading man) and how their love for each other complicated the situation.

Claude Rains turns in his expected brilliant performance as the father. May Robson is seen as the aunt. Lola Lane, as the calculating daughter accepts the proposal of a stodgy business-man (Frank McHugh), Gale Page, as the practical sister, finds her problems solved in marriage to a funny but faithful swain (Dick Foran). Rosemary Lane, as the most talented sister, is the only one who follows her career, though you will be glad that all of the sisters stay with their music through most of the film. Better see this one.

TOM IS TAKING ME OUT!

SO I'M BATHING WITH FRAGRANT CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP... IT'S THE LOVELIER WAY TO AVOID OFFENDING!

I'M KEEN ABOUT TOM!

THAT'S WHY I BATH WITH THIS LOVELY PERFUMED SOAP THAT GUARDS MY DAINTINESS SO SOLEMNLY.

IT'S THE LOVELIER FRAGRANT!

HERE'S HOW CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP WORKS - ITS RICH, DEEP-CLEANSING LATHER REMOVES EVERY TRACE OF BODY ODOR.

AND THEN, LONG AFTER YOUR BATH, ITS LINGERING PERFUME CLINGS...

SURROUNDS YOU LIGHTLY WITH ITS FLOWER-LIKE FRAGRANCE!

HOURS LATER—STILL FRAGRANTLY DAINTY!

GOOD NIGHT, SWEET! AND THAT'S JUST WHAT YOU ARE...THE SWEETEST GIRL I EVER KNEW!

THANK GOODNESS FOR CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP! IT CERTAINLY IS THE LOVELIER WAY TO AVOID OFFENDING!

MARVELOUS FOR COMPLEXIONS, TOO!

You'll want to use this pure, creamy-white soap for both face and bath.

Cashmere Bouquet's lather is so gentle and caressing. Yet it removes dirt and cosmetics so thoroughly, leaving your skin softer, smoother... more radiant and alluring!

NOW ONLY 10¢

AT drug, department, ten-cent stores

TO KEEP Fragrantly Dainty—BATHE WITH PERFUMED CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP

$250,000 MOVIE QUIZ CONTEST NOW AT YOUR LOCAL THEATRE
TO MAN or woman wants to have a finger poked at them or receive sympathy because of an unhealthy skin appearance.

Some skin troubles are tough to correct, but we do know this—skin tissues like the body itself must be fed from within.

To make the food we eat available for strength and energy, there must be an abundance of red-blood-cells.

Worry, overwork, undue strain, unbalanced diet, a cold, perhaps, as well as other causes, “burn-up” your red-blood-cells faster than the body requires.

S.S.S. Tonic builds these precious red cells. It is a simple, internal remedy, tested for generations and also proven by scientific research.

It is worthy of a thorough trial by taking a course of several bottles ... the first bottle usually demonstrates a marked improvement.

Moreover, S.S.S. Tonic whets the appetite and improve digestion ... a very important step back to health.

You, too, will want to take S.S.S. Tonic to regain and to maintain your red-blood-cells ... to restore lost weight ... to regain energy ... to strengthen nerves ... and to give to your skin that natural health glow.

Take the S.S.S. Tonic treatment and shortly you should be delighted with the way you feel ... and have your friends compliment you on the way you look.

At all drug stores in two convenient sizes. The larger size represents a price saving. There is no substitute for this time-tested remedy. No ethical druggist will suggest something “just as good.” © The S.S.S. Co.

S.S.S. Tonic stimulates the appetite and helps change weak blood cells to strong ones—

---

The life story of the boy who carved his own career is one of the most remarkable stories you are apt to find in this season’s magazines

By ED JONESBOY

He’s an intense individualist, and a mighty rugged one, this dark-eyed, serious-minded young John Garfield who rough-shouldered his way out of the toughest, hardest-boiled birthplace in this or any other country—the lower East Side of Manhattan Island—to become, at the age of twenty-six years, one of the most promising, most talked-of actors on the legitimate stage and on the screen.

His childhood was spent in a grim area that has nurtured some of the most notorious criminals the world has ever known. By all the laws of all the averages he should be, right now, a gangster, a second-rate pug, or just a plain mugg practicing the dubious art of penny-ante begging. And he would be, too, save for the fact that he squared away to launch a two-fisted attack on his childhood environment and so changed the pattern of his life.

“I was a bad boy,” he says, unsmiling, “and I lived in a bad neighborhood. I knew so many things a boy shouldn’t know. I did so many things a boy shouldn’t do. I’m not fooling myself—I’d be there yet—or in jail—but I was lucky enough to meet a man.” Young John Garfield’s dark eyes begin to glow with a deeper flame.

“I’d be there yet—or in jail—but for him,” he repeats in a low and serious voice.

The man he met was Angelo Patri, famous throughout the world as a child
psychologist and head of the renowned New York school for underprivileged and problem children which bears his name, Patric, who has long and successfully held to the theory that one shouldn’t believe in fate and that any distorted youthful character can be remodelled by proper guidance, took young John Garfield in hand and did so well that today there’s no trace left in his brilliant pupil of those early and dreadful years.

Talking with the young man, as we did a few days ago, you’d think his background was far removed from the lower East Side. You’d picture him as a young fellow whose education had been well planned in advance by doting parents. You’d imagine him to have had the best things in life as a child and that he’d been traveling the long, straight road to success without so much as a single detour. You couldn’t possibly visualize him as a gutter-snipe at the age of five; a thieving, cop-hating “dead-end” kid at the age of twelve.

But that’s exactly what he was—and a very tough “dead-end” kid at that.

“I was a bad boy,” he says—and means it. “Father worked in a garment factory making army uniforms. Long hours and poor pay. Just enough to keep us from starving, to give us a roof over our heads. He was always too busy battling the wolf at the door to devote much time to us. As a result my brother, Max, and I spent our childhood on the sidewalks and in the gutters. We picked up a lot of meaness—saw a lot of the seamy side of life during those years—much more than we should have. My mother died when I was seven and Max went to live with an uncle in Jersey and father and I moved into a somewhat less disreputable neighborhood in the Bronx."

In no time the new boy proved to be such a hellion that the mothers of the neighborhood kids forbade their youngsters to associate with him. The pugnacious little toughie was expelled from so many schools because of poor deportment and poor grades that he finally lost count of them.

“I was headed for the reform school,” he admits, “and it’s a miracle that I didn’t go there, what with the school and police authorities after me all the time. After I had lived in the neighborhood for a while I homesteaded a street corner and sold the Bronx Home News—that is, I sold the paper when I wasn’t fighting other young punks who tried to bully and beat me out of the location. They found out, though, that they couldn’t push me around.”

He says that with a touch of pride.

John Garfield isn’t the one to spare himself when he goes back to those dreadful days of his childhood. Being a stickler for the truth about himself—even when it hurts—he tells about it because he feels that you can’t understand and know him unless he gives you a picture of his background. That’s why he goes on to tell you that when he was thirteen he found himself mixed up with a couple of kid criminal gangs!

“I was ripe [Continued on page 64]

"There’s One Girl I’ll Never Dance with Again!"

But there’s plenty of dates and partners for the girl who uses MUM

“NEVER” again for me, Tom! Janet’s a peach of a girl and a swell dancer, but some things get a man down. Too bad somebody doesn’t tip her off. Other girls know how to avoid underarm odor.”

Other girls! Janet thinks about them, too. Wonders why other girls have partners dance after dance—why men so often dance with her just once. But no— or girl—likes to come straight out and say, “Janet, you need Mum!”

It’s so easy to offend—and never know it! That’s why, nowadays, no wise girl trusts a bath alone to keep her fresh all evening long. Baths remove perspiration, but Mum prevents odor to come. Mum is the quick, pleasant, unfailing way to safeguard your charm for men!

MUM SAVES TIME! A pat under this arm, under that—in 30 seconds you’re done!

MUM IS SAFE! Even underarm shaving, Mum is soothing to your skin. Mum is harmless to fabrics—convenient to use after you’re dressed!

MUM IS SURE! Without stopping perspiration, Mum stops odor for a full day or evening. Remember, men avoid girls who offend! Get Mum at your druggist’s today—be sure you’re always sweet!

“Mother never again?”

"Mum leads all deodorants for use on napkins, too. Women know it’s safe, sure. Use Mum this way.

AFTER-BATH FRESHNESS SOON FADES WITHOUT MUM

FOR SANITARY NAPKINS—Mum leads all Deodorants for use on napkins, too. Women know it’s safe, sure. Use Mum this way.

MUM takes the odor out of perspiration.

$250,000 MOVIE QUIZ CONTEST NOW AT YOUR LOCAL THEATRE

15
AT LAST! The famous Remington Noiseless Portable that speaks in a whisper is available for as little as 10¢ a day. Here is your opportunity to get a real Remington Noiseless Portable. For a limited time only, we will guarantee the factory line as new as the day it left the factory. Equipped with all attachments that make for complete writing equipment. Standard keyboard, Autowriter, Rite ribbon, Variabase, Centerline, Line guide, and all the conveniences of the finest portable ever built. PLUS the NOISELESS feature. Act now while this special opportunity holds good. Send coupon TODAY for details.

YOU DON'T RISK A PENNY
We send the Remington Noiseless Portable direct to you with 10 days' FREE trial. If you are not satisfied, send it back. WE PAY ALL SHIPPING CHARGES.

GREATEST TYPEWRITER BARGAIN IN 10 YEARS
Imagine a machine that speaks in a whisper...that can hardly be heard ten feet away. You can write in a library, a sick room, a Pullman berth without disturbing others. And in addition to enabling you to type superbly and rapidly, you will be able to type words as clear and legible as from the machine.

FREE-TYPING COURSE
With your new Remington Noiseless Portable we will send you absolutely FREE a 24-page typing instruction book featuring the Touch System, used by all expert typists. It is simply written and completely illustrated. Instructions are as simple as A, B, C. Follow these instructions during the 10-Day Trial Period we give you with your typewriter and you will wonder why you ever thought the trouble to write letters by hand! You will be surprised how easy it is to learn to type on the fast Remington Noiseless Portable.

SPECIAL-CARRYING CASE
Also under this new Purchase Plan we will send you with your Remington Noiseless Portable a real carrying case sturdy built of felt and wood. This handsome case is covered with heavy Du Pont fabric. The top is removed by a singe motion, leaving the machine firmly attached to the base. This makes it easy to use your Remington anywhere—on trains, in cars, on buses, or in your handbag. Don't delay, send in the coupon for complete details.

SEND COUPOI WHILE LOW PRICES HOLD

Remington Rand Inc., Dept. 223-11
463 Washington St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Tell me, without obligation, how to get a Free Trial of a new Remington Noiseless Portable, including Carrying Case and Free Typing Booklet for as little as 10¢ a day. Send Catalogue.

Name.
Address.
City... State.

- Now that Maxie Rosenbloom has given up fighting for his nightclub and films he says he'll have to learn the picture business from A to Zanuck. Maxie, by the way, just signed a seven-year contract with Warner Bros. and has already gone into training so that he can help the studio when the time comes to pick up his option.
- Nice to know that we're going to see a lot of that very fine actor, Lew Ayres, from now on. He recently signed a long-term contract with M-G-M after his successful role in Rich Man, Poor Girl.
- Just learned the other day that Judy Parks has been writing music since she was eleven. Judy, as you may know, was instrumental in getting Marjorie Weaver, the Fox star, into motion pictures. The two girls have been like sisters ever since their university days. As just one gesture out of many to show her appreciation of the help Judy has given her, Marjorie stole one of Judy's songs, "Sailor Boy," and took it to Tommy Dorsey, the big-name bandleader. Tommy played it over a couple of times and three nights later introduced it at the Palmolive and the song became a hit! Right now it's being played by orchestras on both coasts. As for Judy, you can expect her to go into the song business in earnest.
- The Chick Chandlers have a maid who comes in by the day. The other night, while dressing for a dinner party, he discovered that the studs to her shirt were missing and thinking that the maid had misplaced them he attempted to call her on the telephone. Couldn't get her because she has an unlisted phone number! Chick, however, is in the phone book.
- Mrs. Jock (Liz, to her close friends) Whitney, decided last May that if she was going into the movies she'd get in the hard way under her own power. For six months she's been studying dramatics on the 20th Century-Fox lot, and starts her first picture, Kentucky, in September.
- Jean Arthur and Cecil de Mille are trading in a friendly, but very smart manner over what Jean wants to play in Union Pacific and Cecil want to pay. Jean is holding out for $150,000 for the picture which is exactly $25,000 more than Cecil says he'll give her. According to Paramount they'll come to an early agreement on a "split-the-difference" basis.
- Anita Louise is proudly displaying a doll which wears exact copies of her costumes in Marie Antoinette. The sender, a young girl of French extraction, writes that she saw the film seven times in order to make drawings of the costume. The white wig is made from the hair of her Spitz dog, the brocaded gown is a piece of her mother's wedding dress.
had to give her the "go" sign when he discovered that the bottle contained suntan oil.

- Keep your eyes open for George Raft's cigarette case, a gift from the Prince of Wales. Some slick-fingered gent swiped it the other day and George is offering $250 for its return.

- Money doesn't mean a thing in this town. For instance—if Claire Trevor had delayed her honeymoon with her husband, Clark Andrews, she would have had $25,000 extra in the bank. Warner Brothers offered her that much the day she left if she would stay and do a picture.

- We were on the Too Hot to Handle set out at M-G-M the other day chilling with Clark Gable when Director Conway came along. Clark, who had been treating the company to soft drinks all week thought it was about time that Conway dug into his jeans for a few bottles of pop. Conway took a gander around the set and then produced the wherewithal for four cases of soft drinks. The entire company unwittingly thanked Gable instead of the director and the gesture provided Gable a nice chance to throw a verbal harpoon at Conway.

"I might as well take credit for it," he grinned, "you're taking credit for all my acting!"

Conway apologized profusely and so well that he obtained Gable's promise to buy drinks on the following day. Which wasn't as innocent as it sounded because Conway had ordered five hundred extras for the next day's shooting! Clark bought the drinks as agreed and with a smile, but if the gleam in his eyes means anything Mr. Director Jack Conway is due shortly to be on the very short end of a practical joke that will practically set him back on his heels.

- Basil Rathbone recently had what he claims to be the most unusual, unnerving experience in his life when he had to play a scene in Dawn Patrol opposite his son Rodion who was cast as a recruit. Basil became so confused that he blew up in his lines. Rodion is employed at Warners as a film cutter but gave up his work to try his skill at acting. Dawn Patrol is his first picture, but not his last according to the talent experts who have watched him perform.

- Ain't the movies wonderful? During a golf game Franchot Tone accidentally poked his divot-digging partner, Bob Montgomery, in the eye. Bob came to work at M-G-M with a first-prize shiner and it looked as though his added scenes in Three Loves Has Nancy would have to be delayed. But instead the script was rewritten so that the black optic was included!

- Maybe they don't know it, but Carole Lombard, Irene Dunne, Katy Hefburn and perhaps a half dozen other top-flight actresses [Continued on page 60]
Youth...EAGER, VITAL...OFFERS ITS LIFE...GLORIFIES ITS ARDENT LOVE...IN THE GREATEST ADVENTURE OF THE GREAT WAR!

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

SUBMARINE PATROL
A 20th Century-Fox Picture with

RICHARD GREENE • NANCY KELLY
PRESTON FOSTER • GEORGE BANCROFT
SLIM SUMMERSVILLE • JOHN CARRADINE
JOAN VALERIE • HENRY ARMETTA
DOUGLAS FOWLEY • WARREN HYMER
MAXIE ROSENBOOM • ELISHA COOK, JR.
J. FARRELL MACDONALD • ROBERT LOWERY

Directed by John Ford

Associate Producer Gene Markey • Screen Play by Rian James, Darrell Ware and Jack Yellen • From a story by Ray Milholland and Charles B. Milholland
Darryl F. Zanuck in Charge of Production
"Granny’s" house always meant good eats, good fun, good stories, and an understanding shoulder on which to lean when boydom difficulties arose. She was a salve in any storm and she is still one today. He still runs to her with his problems, he still drops in with his “girl friend” seeking approval—and he gets it too, since one Barbara Stanwyck rates almost as high around that house as he does—and he still brings her little presents, just as he used to bring her fish he had caught, field flowers he had picked in the old days. Between these two, there is a delightful companionship and a Mutual Admiration Society which throws an entirely new light on this particular dark-and-handsome of the screen.

We know him as “Bob Taylor,” but Mrs. Stanhope shudders when she hears that name, and still insists on calling him by his real name, “Arlington.” This very definite preference of hers gave rise to a rather delicate situation several years ago when Mrs. Stanhope and her daughter, Bob’s mother, first settled down in Holly-

Irene Hervey used to be the girl Taylor took to Granny’s, (a nice compliment to any young lady, we’d say) but that was some years ago, before she married Allan Jones

wood. It was after Bob had made The Magnificent Obsession and the fan mail began pouring in at such a rate that it was more than Bob and his secretary could handle alone. As Bob tells the story: “Grandmother insisted that she should be allowed to help answer the mail. She suggested I go over the mail once each week, tell her the general drift of what I wanted to say in each letter, and then she would do the actual dictating. She was so anxious to do something to help and she seemed to think it would be such fun, that of course I agreed.

“Well, I guess Grandmother did have fun in her way, but it was kind of hard on the secretary. Grandmother just couldn’t help letting her personal opinions creep in. The letters would start out all right, but along about the second paragraph she would always forget that the letter was from me, and she would begin telling some of her own personal recollections: what I used to do as a little boy; what a good little boy I had always been; how I used to take... [Continued on page 49]
We don't care if it does sound like a paradox—but when all is said and done there still remains a lot to say about Hope Hampton who recently made her second screen debut in Universal's The Road to Reno.

There's a lot to be said about her yet; not because she's the only girl ever in pictures to step out of the screen and onto a grand opera stage, and not because she stepped off the grand opera stage back into celluloid to begin another career, but because, without being the least bit ambitious in the strict Hollywood sense, she's beyond doubt the most indefatigable little lady worker who ever sang a note or made a gesture.

"I'm not ambitious," she says, "and I don't care much for people who are because I find them too self-centered, too selfish, and too boring. I like people who work hard just because, like myself, they have a horror of being lazy."

Well, perhaps she has the right philosophy. At any rate Hope has worked like a little... [Continued on page 40]
Gentleman Monster

Just a gentleman-farmer plotting a little quiet murder... for the snails and the cut-worms.

During the filming of Devil's Island little Janet Chapman decided to try her skill, and here she is doing a successful job of frightening Karloff!

On the screen he is busily at work manufacturing shivers and chills in Devil's Island and Mr. Wong—Detective, but off-screen he is a quiet-loving homebody as you can see by the pictures.

Yes, they're called desert swords, but no duelling goes on in Karloff's serene garden.

They say dogs never make a mistake, and the Scottie, "Whiskey," is a devoted companion.

Polishing up on poisons and lethal high-balls? No, just going over a picture script.

And the menacing Mr. Karloff likes nothing better than the long hours he spends in his music room.

23
Loretta Young started the whole thing on the set of her next picture, Suez, when she was describing one of her personal friends. "You like him because he is a regular guy," she said.

"Just what do you mean when you say 'Regular Guy'?” we asked her, and that started a discussion that eventually resulted in this questionnaire.

According to this star’s way of thinking, a "regular guy" may be tall or short, fat or lean, and his age has nothing to do with his rating. BUT he has a definite policy towards clothes and sports and punctures and conversation and drinks and dish-washing, about money and manners, and the housekeeping paper.

How do your friends rate according to Miss Young’s standards?

In the first place no "Regular Guy" will refuse to answer these questions, so get a pencil, settle the young man in a comfortable chair, and let him have it!

ON A DATE
1. If you are delayed, do you telephone, telling your "date" when to expect you?_____
2. Do you start an evening by saying "What do you want to do?" or do you suggest something definite? (Answer first part.)_____
3. Do you notice when your "date" is wearing a new dress?_____
4. Think back...do girls always seem to be asking for cigarettes, or do you remember to wave the package at them once in a while? (Answer first part of question only.)_____
5. Is your evening spoiled if your girl is not the most sensationally dressed in the party?_____
6. Do you insist upon staying through the second feature, if your favorite star is on the screen and your companion doesn’t want to remain?_____
7. Do you think it flatters your girl to comment disparagingly on other women?_____
8. Are you annoyed if the girl seems to be enjoying the conversation of other men in the party?_____
9. Do you think every girl expects to be kissed goodnight?_____

IN MOMENTS OF STRESS
1. Do you scold out loud at your hard luck when you pick up a puncture?_____
2. Do you speak sharply to a waiter who is giving poor service?_____
3. Do you moan about having to go to the dentist, and discuss the details?_____
4. Do you lend money...and then broadcast your generosity? Think hard, now...do you tell even a few people?_____
5. Do you usually stop when you see a stalled car, and offer aid?_____
6. Do you bring it to your hostess’ attention when you burn a hole in the rug or furniture, or do you let it pass as though nothing had happened? (Answer first part of question only.)_____
7. Supposing you ran out of gas late at night...would you try to send the girl friend home in a taxi, rather than let her wait until you’ve walked several miles to a gas station and returned, so that you could deliver her home yourself?_____
8. Do you ever admit it was your fault when your car collides with another?_____
9. Are you always talking about how broke you are?_____
10. Do you ever hang up on someone who has called you on the telephone?_____

AT HOME
1. Do you occasionally compliment the cook?_____
2. Do you think helping around the house is unmanly?_____
3. Do you try to beat everyone to the morning paper?_____
4. Do you leave the paper pulled apart so that the next person has to spend minutes finding the continued line on that front page story?_____
5. Do you think that messy clothes are all right, so long as only the family sees you?_____
6. Do you fight with your neighbors?_____
7. Do you pitch in, if need be, with the dish-washing without being asked?_____
8. Do you play your radio after midnight?_____
9. If you make a last minute dinner date, do you telephone home and tell the family when to expect you?_____
10. Do you discuss a guest while he is under your roof with another guest?_____

AT THE OFFICE
1. Do you think it sends up your stock to complain about your present job if you have had better ones in the past?_____
2. Do you open or close windows without consulting the wishes of others in the office?_____
3. Along about 4:30 in the afternoon, do you get all set to beat everybody else out the door the moment it is closing time?_____
4. Do you think clothes important?_____
5. Do you think cracking wise about the boss will win you popularity with your fellow-workers?_____
6. Are you a late riser, so that you put in an appearance unshaven, with the intention of sprucing up at lunch?_____
7. Do you ALWAYS have to borrow money the day before payday?_____
8. Do you enjoy telling stories about your friends that begin..."You should have seen good old Butch the other night—he was falling-down pie-eyed and was he funny!"?_____
9. Do you use a nail file in public?_____
10. Do you let everyone know when you are not feeling up to par?_____

AS A MAN AMONG MEN
1. Do you enjoy meeting new people?_____
2. Do you read only the sports page?_____
3. Do you boast of your amours?_____
4. Do you play any outdoor games?_____
5. Do your friends believe everything you say?_____
6. Are you jealous—even in your own mind—of the success of others?_____
7. Do you think you’re a "born leader," and insist upon directing the activities of your associates?_____

Here’s a Hollywood "Quiz"—and It’s Lots of Fun
8. Do you think that you have a fatal attraction for most women?
9. Can you let someone else tell a story all the way through without stealing a laugh or two?
10. Are you unhappy unless conversation concerns your business?

AT A PARTY

1. Are you outwardly reluctant when your hostess asks you to go far out of your way home to drop someone without a car... and it is dreadfully late?
2. Do you believe that the best parties are the loudest?
3. Are you unhappy if someone else is the center of attention?

Loretta Young, shown in one of the graceful costumes which she wears in her next film, Suez, in which she appears opposite Tyrone Power.

4. Do you circulate, rather than confine yourself to a few intimate friends?
5. Do you hold to the theory that the more drinks you consume the better time you'll have?
6. Do you believe that off-color stories add to the gaiety of the occasion?
7. Presuming you know the subject under argument or discussion rather intimately, does it give you satisfaction to correct others?

[Continued on page 38]
How to Carve a Turkey

Sometimes the festive bird fights back, and when that happens primitive instincts bounce to the surface and a man's true nature frequently is revealed in the ensuing struggle. Fearless Bob Hope took time out from Thanks for the Memory to demonstrate the special holds which have won him fame at countless dinner tables.

"Don't forget to be the first to smile," warns our Spirit of Thanksgiving as he moves into position.

The Party spirit

Blind faith

Twinge of doubt
Determination  The Hypnotic eye  Brute strength  Unshakeable poise

Surprise attack  Where's the referee?  Calculating hatred  Touch of madness

Desperation  Frenzy  Gloating triumph  The winnah!

NOVEMBER, 1938
In which our favorite extra gets himself thrown into jail, but in such charming company that we fear he has developed a permanent homesickness for the hoosegow

By E. J. (ailbird) SMITHSON

Dear Editor:

Well, it finally happened here! A coupla cops picked me up last week and tossed me in the pokey for a three-day stretch and if you've never been in the clunk you don't know what you've been missing. Honest, I never had so much fun in all my life. Of course the company had something to do with it. Jimmy Stewart was there and so was Lionel Barrymore, Donald Meek, Edward Arnold, Mischa Auer, Dub Taylor, Halliwell Hobbes, Sam Hinds, and Eddie Anderson along with twenty-five or thirty dirty, bewhiskered bums—including myself. Now that it's all over I wish I were back because I found out that, contrary to all reports, crime certainly does pay!

Now all this may sound as radical as a Communist pamphlet and as confusing as a Chinese puzzle, so maybe I'd better start from scratch and tell you the whole story.

After prowling up and down the studio alleys looking for an extra job that would bring me in enough folding money so I could celebrate Thanksgiving in the manner in which I have been accustomed, I met up with Art Black down at Columbia where Frank Capra was shooting You Can't Take It With You and Art, who happens to be Capra's assistant and a mighty good one at that, says "Sure, report to me Monday morning and I'll see what I can do."

So I report Monday morning bright and early and very happy, indeed, to be earning money again and Art says, after taking a long gander at me, that I didn't have to bother about make-up or costume since I look, as is, like a very fine specimen of the genus jailbird, and added that if it was all the same to me he'd see to it that I spent at least three

Left, the jail scene which our favorite extra tells about so feelingly in this story. See if you can find, left to right, Donald Meek, Halliwell Hobbes, James Stewart, Edward Arnold, Lionel Barrymore, Sam S. Hinds and Mischa Auer.
days in the pokey. Or words to that effect.

Now I don’t know this Art very well, and, when he says that, I decide I don’t care to know him any better. I didn’t like the look in his eye, either, so I said “Art, what with Thanksgiving coming on, and me being hungry and broke, this is time to be practicing the well-known Hollywood rib and I’m in no mood to be singing the hoozgow blues so early in the morning and if it’s all the same to you, Art,” I said, “I’ll be moving along right now!”

Well, things happened very fast, indeed, after that. Art said it was the pokey or nothing, then he whistled for a couple cops, then the cops came running, and before I could say ‘Good morning, Judge,’ there I was on the inside looking out and there, as I told you in the beginning, I stayed for three days.

This jail, so another bum told me a few minutes later while Director Capra was getting ready to shoot, is the exact replica of the Lincoln Heights city jail, which I assume you’ve never seen. Lionel Banks, Columbia art director, had visited the jail several weeks before to snap several dozen pictures from which to reproduce the jail and court sets for the big comedy, but he had run up against the ‘no photo’ regulation. Stymied on that he asked if he might draw pictures and the police officers, knowing of no rule against sketches, allowed the artist to make pencil drawings. Banks spent a week there, made a hundred or so drawings. From these he was able, later, to build the huge set and build it so well that the bum who told me about it was fooled at first.

“I’ve been hearing a lot about this here Capra realism,” he said, taking a sniff that could have been heard clear down to Santa Monica beach if the wind was blowing right, “but this set is the topper. Honest, pal, I’d have sworn for an instant that I smelled disinfectant!” The guy looked like he was an expert on jail smells anyway—and who am I to question the word of a stranger?

While the bums, the down-and-outers, and the derelicts, were coming into the tank one by one, the technicians were setting up the cameras, testing the lights, the microphones, and all the rest of the picture paraphernalia. Pretty soon Director Capra, who had been moving around as quiet as a mouse, gave a quick little nod to Art Black, his assistant, and Art, after looking us all over, shouted, “Quiet!” at the top of his voice.

I don’t know yet what he meant by it because a second later a veritable pandemonium, not to say bedlam, broke loose. If you’ve never seen an actual police tank full of vags break loose you haven’t seen anything yet—and you won’t until you sit in your special preview seat and see this sequence in You Can’t Take It With You.

We rattled and shook the cell bars, beat on tin cups and tin plates, shouted, whistled, and yelled until the sound man at the mixer begged for mercy, and while we were doing all this several burly cops were pushing and shoving Edward Arnold along the corridor outside the cell, and Edward, forgetting his usual dignity and aplomb, was shouting and stamping his protestations fit to kill.

But it didn’t do him a bit of good. The cops unlocked the door and in he came, red-faced and as mad as a pair of hornets. And did we give him a welcome!

We gave Jimmy Stewart a royal welcome, too, when the cops shoved him in and when a couple flitties wheeled Lionel Barrymore in, the pokeyman went absolutely mad! Lionel had a harmonica and it wasn’t long before he began to blow sweet tunes on it and pretty soon we all began to sing. None of this modern swing stuff, mind you, but those good, old barrelhouse songs that go so well with beer and pretzels. Once in a while Arnold would yell loud enough to be heard above the din and then we’d skip the music to chorus a “Pipe down, Big-shot!” or a “Shut up!” at him. Eddie Anderson, the colored actor who plays ‘Rochester’ on the [Continued on page 52]
You Can't Take It With You

In which our favorite extra gets himself thrown into jail, but in such charming company that we fear he has developed a permanent homesickness for the housegow

By E. A. (allbird) SMITHSON

Dear Editor:

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Left, the jail scene which our favorite extra tells about so feelingly in this story, see if you can find, left to right, Diah Taylor, Halliwell Hobbes, James Stewart, Edward Arnold, Lionel Barrymore, Sam S. Hinds and Mircha Auer.

Above, James Stewart and Jean Arthur in one of the romantic moments of the gay comedy, You Can't Take It With You.

Right, Halliwell Hobbes, Donald Meek and Sam Hinds with the for- mer, which explode with such startling effect upon the plot of You Can't Take It With You.
She's only five years old, but already can wear a twinkling star in her crown for her skating and acting abilities

By ELMER SUNFIELD

If Donald Duck is to water as a five-year-old girl is to ice what does X equal?

Don't tell us the answer to this little problem in Hollywood mathematics. We discovered it the other morning when we journeyed down to the Polar Ice Palace a couple of blocks off Hollywood Boulevard and watched a tiny tot no higher than our left kneecap do splits, spirals, fans, spins, elbow bends, Charlotte Stops, salutes with all the grace and agility of a girl four times her age.

So far as we are concerned, X is not an unknown quantity any more; it's five-year-old Irene Dare, a coming champion in figure and acrobatic skating if there ever was one.

After watching this feminine half-pint practice for more than two hours in preparation for her ice ballet sequences in Sol Lesser's picture, Breaking the Ice starring Bobby Breen, we are inclined, now, to dip into a press agent's dictionary and employ such words as colossal, stupendous, and terrific in writing about her, and maybe we will before we finish the story because little Irene, our ice-skating queen, is really something to write about in the Hollywood fashion. In other words she's a wow. She's a miniature Sonja Henie and a midget Evalyn Chandler all in one.

Irene, so her mother told us as we watched, wasn't going to go through her routine as well as she should. She was breaking

[Continued on page 44]
Cream EXTRA “SKIN-VITAMIN” into your skin — Get Wise to TODAY'S EXTRA BEAUTY CARE*

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

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

All Normal Skin contains Vitamin A—the “skin-vitamin.” Without this vitamin, skin becomes rough and dry. When “skin-vitamin” is restored to the skin, it becomes smooth and healthy again.

• In hospitals, doctors found this vitamin, applied to wounds and burns, healed skin quicker.

• Use Pond’s as always, night and morning and before make-up. If skin has enough “skin-vitamin,” Pond’s brings an extra supply against possible future need. Same jars, same labels, same prices.

Amazing Pond’s Offer

With purchase of large jar of Pond’s Cold Cream, get generous box of Pond’s “Glare-Proof!” Powder... BOTH for the price of the Cold Cream.

For limited time only—get your package today!

Charming Mrs. Thomas M. Carnegie, Jr., popular in New York, Southampton and Florida

‘It’s so easy now to get extra ‘skin-vitamin’ for my skin by using Pond’s Cold Cream. I’ve always loved Pond’s. Its use helps give skin a soft glow, makes make-up thrilling.’

Statements concerning the effects of the “skin-vitamin” applied to the skin are based upon medical literature and tests on the skin of animals following an accepted laboratory method.

Tune in “Those We Love,” Pond’s Program, Mondays, 8:30 P.M., N. Y. Time, N. B. C.

Copyright, 1938, Pond’s Extract Company

$250,000 Movie Quiz Contest Now at Your Local Theatre 31
The takeoff, after Mr. Blue had waited for five days on top of Paramount Studios for favorable weather reports

A little hat trouble over Cincinnati but intrepid Blue mushes on!

The Blue Streak whizzes over the towers of Manhattan.

Non-Stop Flight

Ben Blue feels that he has been up in the air for a long time, and so deserves a part in Paramount's Technicolor film, Men With Wings. Inspired by Douglas Corrigan, he took off in a plane of his own design, including counter-balanced shoes and here is the record of his aerial achievement... makes a perfect three-point landing on nose, left ear and right elbow. Bravo, oh, fearless Benny!

And maneuvers for a choice landing field

Right, the brilliant airman goes into his spectacular nose dive, shaking hands with himself as he...
HEATING TROUBLES
WITH THIS AMAZING NEW TYPE HEATER!

D O N'T go through another winter with old-fashioned heating! Burn cheap fuel oil in a Duo-Therm heater—and enjoy an entirely new kind of heating comfort!

An amazing new heater! The new Duo-Therm "Imperial" has a revolutionary design that keeps heat lower—gives warmer floors—keeps heat down where you need it most—gives more even, uniform heat throughout the whole house. It is easily installed in any fireplace, and its lower, more modern, more compact design—its handsome new finish—make it a beautiful piece of furniture you'll be proud to own!

Always just the right amount of heat! You can regulate the heat in your home by turning the dial! Get a flood of moist, healthful heat for zero weather—or throttle your Duo-Therm down to a "candle flame" for mild days! You don't burn lots of oil when a little will do!

Most efficient burner made! Duo-Therm's patented Dual-Chamber burner gives you more heat per gallon—because it always burns cleanly, silently, from pilot light to full flame! And Duo-Therm's Co-ordinated Controls give you correct draft settings at every stage—insure perfect combustion!

Keeps more heat in your home! Duo-Therm's "Floating Flame" doesn't rush up the chimney! It "floats" against the sides of the heater. Like Duo-Therm's special "Waste-Stopper," it forces more heat out into the room—saves you oil.

Safe! Listed as standard by the Underwriters' Laboratories.

Mail the coupon today! Get all the helpful and money-saving facts about this new type of heat! The Duo-Therm comes in nine models, two beautiful finishes. Designed to heat from one to six rooms. See your Duo-Therm dealer or write us.

Easy payments—ask your dealer!

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!

DUO-THERM DIVISION
Dept. H-811, Motor Wheel Corp., Lansing, Michigan

Please send me information on the Duo-Therm Circulating Heaters.

Name___________________________________________________
Address_________________________________________________________________
City______County______State______

I would also like to know about:
□ Duo-Therm Oil-burning Ranges  □ Trailer Heaters
□ Water Heaters  □ Radiant Heaters

DUO-THERM FUEL OIL CIRCULATING HEATERS
The heater with the famous Dual Chamber burner

$250,000 MOVIE QUIZ CONTEST NOW AT YOUR LOCAL THEATRE
Girl Crazy

When six junior Romeos fall in love with one lovely lady, there is plenty of excitement

By KAY PROCTOR

Left, Ann Sheridan who refused to be intimidated or very much impressed by the young men shown below: Gabriel Dell, Bernard Punsley, Huntz Hall, Bobby Jordan, Leo Gorcey and Billy Halop

They can dish it out—but can they take it?

This is the story six very tough young gentlemen would rather hear no more about.

The gentlemen—and I use that word with quite a few reservations—are Billy Halop, Leo Gorcey, Huntz Hall, Bobby Jordan, Gabriel Dell, and Bernard Punsley. They range in age from 15 to 21 years.

For quite a time they were called “The Dead End Kids” because they were featured in both stage and screen version of the famous play by that name. Of late they have been known as “The Crime School Kids” (from the reformatory picture by that name.) For the next few months they probably will be tagged as “The Angels With Dirty Faces” since they just have completed their new Warner Brothers picture which is so titled. In it they are featured with Jimmy Cagney and Pat O’Brien.

So far as I’m concerned, I think it would simplify matters to call them “The Brats”—and let it go at that.

That, however, has nothing to do with this story which reveals how, for the first and only time, all six of them got their “comeuppance” in Hollywood.

A red headed gal dished it out. And how! Her name is Ann Sheridan.

“She’s a swell dish but she oughtta get a new car. That crate she drives is a bunion!” said Billy.

“She’s an animated angel,” said Leo.

“She’s a great babe! If only she wasn’t married to that character!” said Gabriel.

“She’s okay, even if she does throw me out every time,” said Bernz.

“She’s the best looking dame on the screen,” said Huntz. “But regular!”

“As soon as I can knock off that palooka husband of hers . . .” said Bobby.

Tough as they seem to be, they’re all girl crazy, and they’re all crazy about the same girl. Red-headed Ann with the stream-lined figure, the hazel eyes and the sense of humor which enables her to cope with them single handed. She is, in fact, pretty crazy about the brats herself.

The seven-sided grand passion of Hollywood started as a gag during the making of Angels With Dirty Faces, in which Ann played the feminine lead. “Here’s a dame,” they figured. “Let’s give her the works!”

Before I get into that, however, let me set up the characters in the comedy.

First Ann.

As I said, she’s beautiful in the exciting way that only redheads seem to manage. She’s doubly blessed with the pep and personality and [Continued on page 54]
You made doubly lovely by healthful, delicious

Double Mint gum

Masculine hearts skip a beat when a lovely woman flashes an enchanting smile. And, refreshing Double Mint gum does wonders for your smile. Enjoy this popular, double-lasting, delicious tasting gum. This Daily chewing helps beautify by waking up sleepy face muscles, stimulating beneficial circulation in your gums and brightening your teeth nature's way. So you have double loveliness, admired by everyone.

Since smart clothes as well as an attractive face mean charm, Double Mint gum had Hollywood's fashion-creator Travis Banton design this very flattering, slim hipped looking Suit Dress for you, which Hollywood's beautiful star Claudette Colbert models, left. You can make this becoming dress for yourself by purchasing Simplicity Pattern 2902.

All women want to dress smartly and know this helps set off loveliness of face. Millions agree refreshing, delicious Double Mint gum helps add extra charm to your smile, making your face doubly lovely. Try it. Begin to enjoy Double Mint gum today.

Healthful, delicious Double Mint gum is satisfying. It aids digestion, relaxes tense nerves, helps give you a pleasant breath. Sold everywhere. Buy some today.

$250,000 MOVIE QUIZ CONTEST NOW AT YOUR LOCAL THEATRE
You don't have to pile up the bills when you pile up your hair, because here are some inside facts about keeping unruly tresses in place

By ANN VERNON


That's a word picture of the fashionable woman of Fall, 1938. But it could just as well be a description of an elegant aristocrat of the time of Louis XV—or a belle of 1900. That's the point! This season's fashions are modern adaptations of those two fascinating eras in history when elegance and femininity reigned supreme. So make the most of your opportunity while it lasts—and look as fatal as a Madame DuBarry or a Lillian Russell, two girls who mowed men down like dandelions.

Coiffures were of first importance in both these periods. DuBarry's hair was powdered and raised to dizzying heights, then decorated with plumes, bouquets, even bird cages. Lillian Russell's was a magnificent mass of curls, puffs and waves, built on an invisible foundation of wire. Miss 1938's coiffure is curled and piled high on top of her head (like Frances Dee's), but it has the basic simplicity and contoured effect we moderns insist on. To be worn successfully it must shriek "grooming." No muss, fuzzy or lank effects. If you want to groom your hair to achieve this glamorous new hairdo, WHY NOT?

TAKE OUT health insurance on your hair by having a branded permanent wave instead of accepting anything your hairdresser wants to give you! The newest machines are far superior to the older types used in some shops. They have automatic temperature and time control attachments that prevent your hair from being heated too long or at too high a degree. Besides, each manufacturer has worked out a careful correlation between his supplies and his machine. That means that the pads and solution used on your hair should be compounded by the maker of the electrical equipment. Provided your operator is skilled and your hair in proper condition, you can't go wrong with this combination! Out Hollywood way, where the success of permanents is as important as the choice of directors, they use a certain nationally known equipment and supplies that you, too, can have. I'll be glad to send you the name so you can inquire for this wave at your local beauty shops. Be sure to recognize the manufacturer's name and trademark on the bottles of solution and the sachets. That's the password to "permanent happiness!"

WAKE UP your lazy scalp by using a stiff-bristled brush night and morning! Besides polishing off the hair so it gleams like brasswork, correct brushing exerts a pull on the scalp that stimulates glands to normal action. Result: faster hair growth, correction of such ailments as oiliness, dryness or falling hair. The method of brushing the hair up and up, to bring fresh, nourishing blood to the scalp, is very much in order now with the hair piled high on the head anyway. It will burnish the curls and help to train the fine, fly-away hair near the ears and nape of the neck to hug the head.

Don't let anyone tell you that brushing ruins a wave. If it's a poor permanent and a poor finger wave, then yes. But you might as well start all over again anyway, if you're the victim of such chicanery. I have a favorite hair brush that has done right by my hair for more than two years. It's traveled thousands of miles, tucked in a corner of my bag, and never once has it let me down. Tiny enough for easy handling, very light in weight, it has extra-stiff back bristles with an irregular trim. The dollar I spent for that brush was one of the best investments I ever made. Want the name?

SAVE your manicure by using a rubber scalp massage brush for shampooing and save your scalp and hair by using the liquid shampoo put out by the same manufacturer! The shampoo itself is not new but it does just as thorough a job of removing dandruff and dirt as ever. The stimulating effect of the rubber brush and the tremendous lather of the shampoo conspire to give your hair a delightful reconditioning and cleansing treatment. There are 87 flexible "fingers" on the brush that reach the scalp through the thickest mop of hair. The handy knob provides a good grip for slippery hands. At present you can get the brush with a bottle of shampoo. Let me know if you want more details.

GLORIFY the natural color of your hair instead of wishing it were a different shade? You can do this harmlessly and quickly by using a vegetable rinse that comes in twelve tints. It's made from certified food colors, and washed off in one shampoo. Grand for toning down conspicuous white hairs that often plague even eighteen-year-olds. Besides adding flattering color, this powder acts as a super-super rinse, removes every vestige of soap washing off the hairso it shines.

COMPLEMENT your carefully groomed coiffure with a new Fall Face? Renew your efforts with soap and water and creams. Select smart shades of cosmetics to harmonize with your Autumn frocks. If you're in the mood to try something new in toilettries (and what woman isn't) then consider the line being marketed by a world-famous screen star. She has been through the ringer and sap her own skin for years and years—and with enormous success. When I talked to her recently I was amazed at the firm, fresh texture of her skin, the delicate softness of...
her make-up. Three of her items that are especially noteworthy are the pale pink cleansing cream, the rich, penetrating tissue cream, and a face powder in six shades. If you'll write me, I'll tell you more about them, explain the star's personal method of using them. They're priced for the working gal (around 60 cents) and are packaged beautifully in wedgewood blue and white.

Write me before November 15th if you'd like the names of any of the products described in this article. Just send a self-addressed, stamped envelope (3 cents U.S. postage) to me at the address given below.

ANY QUESTIONS?
Our beauty editor will be glad to help you solve your knottiest beauty problems. Just tell her what's wrong, and she will write you a personal letter of advice. Send a stamped, addressed envelope (3 cents in U.S. postage) to Ann Vernon, HOLLYWOOD Magazine, 1501 Broadway, New York.

1. I said somethin' a couple of weeks ago that made Mom so hopping mad, I almost caught a licking.

2. We were at Aunt Lola's and I piped up: "Gee, Mom, look at how white this napkin is! Our things must have tattle-tale gray or somethin' 'cause they never shine like this." . . . Zowie! Mom flew for the hairbrush.

3. But lucky for me, Aunt Lola stopped her. "It's the truth, so why get angry?" she told Mom. "Your lazy soap leaves dirt behind. If you'd switch to Fels-Naptha Soap as I did, your clothes wouldn't have tattle-tale gray."

4. So Mom forgot to spank me and went to the grocer's for some Fels-Naptha. This morning, she was raving about how its richer golden soap and lots of gentle naptha wash clothes so white and nice. And, golly, if she didn't give me a quarter for a pony ride!

BANISH "TATTLE-TALE GRAY" WITH FELS-NAPTHA SOAP!

$250,000 MOVIE QUIZ CONTEST NOW AT YOUR LOCAL THEATRE
Try Loretta Young's "Regular Guy" Test

(Continued from page 25)

8. Do you ask for drinks (or wait until they are offered)?
9. Do you call your hostess shortly after a party and thank her for the evening?
10. Are you always the last to leave?

AT PLAY

1. Do you give in without argument when the majority prefers some other pastime than that which you particularly had your heart set upon doing?
2. Are you prone to take yourself seriously if you hurt yourself—broken bones excepted on the field of sport?
3. Do you object to taking as your partner one far your inferior in any competitive game?
4. Do you like competitive sport?
5. Do you hate to lose, even if you don't show it?
6. Do you offer to concede a point that's doubtful, if it affects the score of whatever game you may be playing?
7. Do you get an inner kick seeing some poor dope flinch when you slap his sunburned back?
8. Do you ease up on your game just because your opponent is not near your equal?

9. Do you like startling sports clothes?
10. Do you discuss the other fellow's game as well as your own?

IN YOUR OWN SWEET WAY

1. To put over a laugh, do you take a crack at another's expense?
2. Are you strict about keeping appointments on the minute?
3. Are you way behind in the payment of your social obligations?
4. Would you heed a hard-luck tale on the street, rather than take the chance of passing up someone really in need of aid?
5. Are you an I-told-you-so, by actions if not by actual words?
6. Can you change your mind?
7. Is it hard for you to make up your mind?
8. Is it hard for you to change a plan?
9. Do you like dogs?
10. Do you hate to be pinned down by questions such as these?

Now add up the score!
Give the young man ONE for each answer that corresponds to those listed below.
He is absolutely perfect, a jewel among males, the final flower of civilization, if his answers add up to 80.
But that is too much, almost, to expect, and if his score is 70 or better, he is a fine fellow, and deserves an admiring pat on the head.
If his score is between 60 and 70, he will have to do a lot of work before he can win a popularity contest.
If he doesn't rate better than 40, he's kidding you! Make him take the test again.

HERE ARE A REGULAR GUY'S CORRECT ANSWERS

ON A DATE
1. Yes 6. No
2. No 7. No
3. Yes 8. No
4. No 9. No
5. No 10. Yes

IN MOMENTS OF STRESS
1. No 6. Yes
2. No 7. Yes
3. No 8. Yes
4. No 9. No
5. Yes 10. No

AT HOME
1. Yes 4. No
2. No 5. No
3. Yes (everyone) 6. No
4. Yes (everyone) 7. Yes
5. Yes (on honesty) 8. No
6. Yes (on honesty) 9. Yes
7. Yes (on honesty) 10. No

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(Continued from page 25)

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5. Yes (on honesty) 8. No
6. Yes (on honesty) 9. Yes
7. Yes (on honesty) 10. No

I Give Up! ...She's Let Herself Get "Middle-Age" Skin!

ALL RIGHT, I'LL GIVE YOU ONE MORE CHANCE! GET RID OF THAT DRY, LIFELESS, COARSE-LOOKING SKIN! STOP USING JUST ANY SOAP—CHANGE TO PALMOLIVE RIGHT AWAY!

PALMOLIVE SOAP? WHY DOES IT MAKE COMPLEXIONS LOVELIER?

BECAUSE PALMOLIVE IS MADE WITH OLIVE OIL—a special blend of olive and palm oils, nature's finest beauty aids. THAT'S WHY IT'S SO GOOD FOR DRY, LIFELESS SKIN. IT SOFTENS AND REFINES SKIN TEXTURE! CLEANSES SO THOROUGHLY, TOO — LEAVES COMPLEXIONS RADIANT!

A FEW WEEKS LATER:

SO YOU'RE OFF TO ANOTHER DANCE! TOM CERTAINLY IS RUSHING YOU SINCE PALMOLIVE HELPED YOU GET RID OF THAT "MIDDLE-AGE"SKIN!

NO WONDER POPULAR GIRLS EVERYWHERE USE ONLY PALMOLIVE, THE SOAP MADE WITH OLIVE OIL TO KEEP SKIN SOFT, SMOOTH, YOUNG!

Because PALMOLIVE is made with olive oil—a special blend of olive and palm oils, nature's finest beauty aids. That's why it's so good for dry, lifeless skin. It softens and refines skin texture! Cleanses so thoroughly, too — leaves complexions radiant!
She succeeded in Business

...but Failed as a Wife!

Pretty smart . . . But she didn’t know how important “Lysol” is in Feminine Hygiene

She thought it was jealousy of her success in business that had made her husband more and more indifferent. She didn’t realize that she herself had been at fault . . . in a matter of feminine hygiene. “Lysol” would have helped save the happiness of her marriage.

If you are in doubt regarding a wholesome method of feminine hygiene, ask your doctor about “Lysol” disinfectant. It is recommended by many doctors and nurses, used in many hospitals and clinics.

Some of the more important reasons why “Lysol” is especially valuable in feminine hygiene 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 uncoiled.

What Every Woman Should Know

SEND THIS COUPON FOR “LYSOL” BOOKLET
LEHN & FINK PRODUCTS CORP.
Dept. 11-11, Bloomfield, N. J., U. S. A.
Send me free booklet, “Lysol vs. Germs” which tells the many uses of “Lysol”.

Name
Street
City
State

Copyright 1928 by Lehn & Fink Products Corp.

$250,000 MOVIE QUIZ CONTEST NOW AT YOUR LOCAL THEATRE
How BLONDIES hold their sweethearts

MEN have in love with the blonde who makes the most of her hair. She does it with Blondex, the powdery shampoo that sets light hair aglow with new lustrous beauty—keeps it golden—bright and radiantly gleaming. Brings back real blonde gleam to stringy, faded light hair—without injurious chemicals. Blondex bubbles into a foam that-route every bit of scalp dust—leaves hair soft and silky, taking fine permanent wave. Let Blondex make your hair unforgettable alluring. Try it today and see the difference. At all good stores.

Three Career Girl

[Continued from page 22]

Trojan ever since she was declared the winner of a Texas beauty contest years ago. She worked hard at her training, prize award—a six-months' course in an eastern dramatic school. From the school she went right into silent pictures where she kept on working so hard that shortly she became a ranking star and as such twinkled with the best of them until she retired to lay the foundation of a new career: grand opera.

Hope doesn't speak of her artistic triumphs on the operatic stage of this country and Europe. She could, if she'd lay aside her modesty for an hour or so, tell about the time all France did her honor following her appearance with the Opera Comique in Paris. If she displayed any of the tendencies of the typical Hollywood show-off she'd let you gaze upon the medal the French government bestowed upon her as its award for artistic merit. And a similar medal that the Italian government pinned upon her as its award for artistic services. And if she were still unconvinced about her reception in foreign countries, she could describe the high honors she received from the Belgian government. But about all these awards and triumphs and honors showered upon her both here and abroad she's as voluble as the Sphinx.

But get her to go back to the very beginning of her operatic career and she's off in a cloud of verbal dust! "If anyone had come to me," she says, "when I was starring in the silents and prophesied that some day I would be singing grand opera I would have thought that he was a mental case and yelled for the police! I was doing well in pictures and as time went on I hoped to do better. The pay was good, the hours satisfactory, and better yet, I was learning how to be temperamental! You may not know it but you weren't classified as a good actress in the silent days unless you threw a temperamental fit at least once a day. Well, after a few lessons I was getting so I could throw bigger and better ones and so crowd myself into the select group of the Triple-A classification. But as for my voice—well, if I sang loud enough I was fairly certain that I could be heard in every corner of a moderately-sized parlor providing the neighbors kept quiet. But as for ever attempting grand opera—why, the idea wasn't even good enough to win a polite laugh."

Now that's the way Hope starts out as she describes the first halting steps that eventually led her to the operatic stage, and far be it from us to doubt this famous little lady's word. "I would never have forsaken the screen but for one thing," she says. "Personal appearances!"

It took us a full five minutes to recover from that one because a movie star these days must be all over the place and if she takes that arm rather than go on those personal appearance tours. For the simple reason that the word has gotten around that a tour of this sort usually means to those on the inside that you're definitely on the 'way out.' "But in the good old days," Hope reveals, "it was the exact opposite. You simply didn't rate unless you toured the sticks and it finally got so that I was making more personal appearances than pictures. And thoroughly enjoying it."

Hope's first hint that she might have something better than a parlor singing voice came during a tour of the Loew circuit with one of her pictures. "I've forgotten the title but it was either Lawful Larceny or Love's Penalty," she says. "In any event the title was just as bad as the picture, but we were sent on tour with it. After it was shown, the usual routine was to come out on the stage and smile our prettiest at the audience..."
and then wait for the applause. During this particular tour I was quick to notice that when the leading lady and leading man came out to take their bows that the hand-clapping was terrific but that when I appeared it died away to something less than a mere echo and so, being as I said before, well versed in the art of throwing temperamental fits even when the occasion didn’t demand them, I decided then and there that something had to be done about it. Little 16-year-old Hope Hampton was going to get her share of applause if she had to eat up the footlights. She was through with her tripping onto the stage and tripping back after a bow and a smile. She was going to do something.

Well, she did, sure enough.

The next night when it came her turn to trip out, take her bow, and then trip back into the wings she changed her routine. Once in front of the footlights she leamed over to the orchestra leader and told him to sound his “A” because she was all ready to sing Rose, Fairest Rose, one of the popular songs of the day! And after a few preliminary fiddle-scrapings by the orchestra that’s exactly what she did. She sang Rose, Fairest Rose and brought down the house! And she kept on bringing down the house in every city she appeared in after that.

“It was the approval of these audiences that finally led me to cultivate my voice,” Hope smiles. “From then on I devoted all my time to singing and studied under the best teachers of voice both here and abroad. It was quite a gamble,” she ends with a sigh as though to this very day she isn’t quite sure whether or not she has won top ranking as an operatic singer.

Hope made her operatic debut with the Philadelphia Grand Opera Company in Manon and later she sang Mimi in La Boheme with the same company, scoring, according to the musical critics, an instant hit. And then, to prove that she was no flash in the musical pan she was engaged by the Opera Comique of Paris, the Vichy Opera Company, and later by the Aix-les-Bains opera company and before she was through she had the French government bestowing medals and honors upon her. Italy and Belgium acclaimed her in turn. Then back to America where she sang opposite Gigli in Faust with the San Francisco Grand Opera Company. Los Angeles, Montreal and Chicago followed with the six-silent picture star adding more and more singing laurels to her already heavy crown.

While Grace Moore, Lily Pons, Gladys Swarthout and Helen Jepson have the distinction of graduating from grand opera to the screen, Hope Hampton is the only girl who ever reversed this procedure and left the screen to sing in opera. We have mentioned this before, but we think it’s worth repeating.

Personal appearances, a singing voice—and grand opera. That’s the astounding record of the Texas girl who didn’t know she had a voice until she told the orchestra leader to sound his “A”!

During a trip to Hollywood, where she has many friends, Hope made a test for Universal which is still the talk of the film colony. It wasn’t one of these ordinary run-of-the-mine tests where you speak a line or two and make a few gestures, although, so say the Universal executives, a test of this sort would have proven satisfactory so far as Hope was concerned.

But this test was different.

It lasted fifteen days.

And it lasted that long, not because the officials weren’t satisfied after the first day, but because the party of the first part, Hope Hampton, herself, just wanted to be sure that no one was going to be gyped when the actual shooting began on the picture.

“I wanted to be sure of myself,” she tells you frankly, “and I wanted to be sure that the studio was sure of me. The Road to Reno might well turn out to be The Road to Ruin so far as my second screen debut was concerned. Or so I thought. And so the test kept going on day after day. With an addition here and there it could serve as a good short subject—The Road to Reno turned out so well that its grand opera star has been placed under a seven-year contract that calls for a picture schedule of two a year.

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Tune in on “THOSE WE LOVE,” Pond’s Program, Mondays, 8:30 P.M., N.Y. Time, N.B.C.
Sometimes the best stories on Hollywood are to be found in the editor's personal mail. This letter was so interesting that we asked permission to print it just as it came in from

**KATHERINE ALBERT**

Dear Llewellyn:

I really can't blame it on the vacation I'd planned to take for so long, for, when I got your note asking me to do a Gary Cooper story I still had two more working weeks. I called the studio right away to arrange an appointment. I really did that at once. But they told me Gary was busy working his fingers to the bone for the sake of his art and a paltry fortune. However, he would be through the big emotional scenes in *The Cowboy and the Lady* very soon and I would be called in a day or so.

For the next couple days I forgot about Gary Cooper. I realize that that must seem fantastic to those hundreds of thousands of she-folk who palpitate when Gary so much as flickers an eyebrow in their direction. But other things were happening in my life. Things like Robert Taylor.

I hadn't seen Bob Taylor for a couple of years and I wanted to. Sure, I realize that it isn't exactly big news when a member of the feminine sex wants to see Taylor. You remember that I interviewed him shortly after he made his first spectacular success and I was curious to know what had happened to him since, in spite of what you had told me.

At dinner that night (it's okay, Barbara was there, too) I found out, and I'll have to acknowledge that the years and the success haven't changed him at all.

I half expected him to be an objectionable show-off—a kid like that yanked straight out of college to become public glamour boy number one. He isn't. He's simply grateful and humble and says he doesn't know a darn thing about this acting business. He remains one of those quiet lads.

Gary Cooper's next film, *The Cowboy and the Lady*, co-stars him with Merle Oberon
and I actually forgot that he was in the room for minutes at a time. That's partly because of Barbara. I didn't forget for a minute that she was in the room. She's still just the ten funniest women—that's who she is. When she tells a story people never let her get to the point because they're laughing too much at all the side remarks she's making.

Barbara told about a waggish friend of hers who asked what her name would be if she married Bob. "Why, Mrs. Robert Taylor, of course!"

"No," said the wag, "You're wrong. Your name would be Ruby Brugh." (Figured it out? I had to think a couple of minutes before I remembered that Barbara's real name was Ruby Stevens and Taylor was christened Arlington Brugh.) Barbara said right then and there it was all off. Ruby "Brew" just ain't no name for a great big glamorous movie star.

I really think they'll marry eventually in spite of it. Bob is devoted to her and why shouldn't he be. She's one of the swellest gals in the world and he seems to enjoy being treated as she treats everybody, in that sort of breezy, casual, off-hand manner. But she thinks he's a thoroughly regular, grand kid.

Forgive me for rambling on like this. You know how things go in Hollywood so it seems silly to explain, but I want to be sure you understand just what happened about Gary Cooper's story.

I started worrying about it in the middle of that perfectly grand evening and on the way home I began thinking of things I remembered about Gary that I wanted to work in as background for my story.

I met him first when he was engaged to Lupe Velez. Ah, those incredible evenings at Lupe's house with Gary as out of place in that wild menage as Dietrich's eyelashes on Joe E. Brown.

He would sit around strumming a guitar and singing mournful cowboy songs while Lupe was welcoming eight accordion players, a couple of organ-grinder monkeys and an English butler all of whom were playing or chattering or bowing at once without Gary's paying the least attention to them.

Lupe would be screaming and everyone dancing and I swear we wouldn't have had a single drink. Lupe's presence was stimulant enough. And there would be Gary seated near the fireplace with his long legs stretched out across the floor singing those cowboy tunes.

One night Lupe stumbled over his legs and fell flat on her face. "Darn your legs," she shouted. "I guess I well bite one of your legs." This she proceeded to do.

Gary kept right on playing and singing. Then Lupe said to me, "Bite Gary's leg." At first I said politely, "No, thank you, dear," and then I thought maybe I should because it might be something to tell my grandchildren so I did—but not very hard. I haven't any grandchildren but if I ever do I'll tell them.

It was all wrong—Gary's and Lupe's engagement—except as some fantastic show to watch, yet in his strange Western way Gary was fond of her and their parting hit him rather hard.

He went to Africa or somewhere to shoot big game and forgot. He stopped on the way home in England and bought himself some Bond Street clothes. Before that Gary had never cared about clothes, was old pair of slacks and a sweat shirt was good enough for him. But he liked his new clothes now and, rather on the defensive, he asked, "Don't you see a difference in me?"

Although he was trying to be very sophisticated and man of the world (and not making too good a job of it), I could see that Gary had grown up. He wasn't that slow kid aimlessly kicking around Hollywood any longer.

Well, planning on using this stuff somewhere in my story called Gary's studio bright and gay the next morning. He was on location and I admit I felt relieved because that was the day Joan Crawford was having an all day swimming and badminton party and I did want to go.

I don't need to tell you the party was wonderful. Beautiful movie stars beautifully draped. [Continued on page 87]
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BABY QUEEN

(Continued from page 30)

in a new pair of skates (the blades alone cost $47.50) and she was apt to be con-
scious of her feet which is the last thing a figure skater should be aware of. She’d be off balance, she’d probably fall down and “boom” more than once; she wouldn’t be able to keep time to the music. And more than all this, she’d more than likely blister her little heels. Her mother was pretty gloomy about the whole practice session that morning, but it turned out she needn’t have been. Because during the 120 minutes we watched, Irene, clad in woolen ski pants, white sweater, and a kerchief around her head, performed like an old-timer. All the difficult steps of an ice-skater’s rou-
tine were repeated over and over again without a mis-step. She did triple over-
volve fins and a sit spin but that didn’t count because she was up on her feet so fast we thought it was part of the routine. And once during the last ten feet of a Charlotte Stop she almost had her pretty little nose rubbing a mark on the ice, but that didn’t count, either, because the ice was soft, and new, and other members of the ballet came swooping past her just close enough to cause her to look up at the wrong time.

Now it seemed to us that two hours of steady practice was more than enough for a five-year-old girl, but apparently not for Irene. She kept on going at her Time’s up Irene came skating over and registered a very decided complaint. “I’m just begin-
ning to have fun,” she said, “and here I have to quit.” Marny George, a Seattle professional girl skater, and Walter Ridge, a Los Angeles figure skater, who had been out on the ice teaching her the Flashing ice ballet steps came up, sided in with Irene who finally won another fifteen minutes of practice that certainly was worth paying good money to see.

Irene is the youngest figure skater in the world, a fact that may or may not interest you. To us, this is a fact, and whenever she’ll be seen skating two months! And if you don’t think that’s an ice-skating achievement ask your nearest professional figure skater.

“Irene,” so her mother told us, “so far as we knew, never showed any inclination to skate. Most of her spare time has been devoted to her lessons in acrobatic dancing and dancing of which she was very fond. Then along came Orin Markus, the famous figure-skating teacher of St. Paul, who suggested, after watching her dance, that he be allowed to teach her to skate. Orin happens to be a friend of the family and when they asked he thought that they’d be-and that our daughter would develop into a future champion we just thought he was trying to be pleasant. But finally we agreed to get her a pair of skates and let her see what he could do with her. And here she is, in Hollywood, in pictures—all within one and one half years of skating! It certainly seems like a dream.

Markus didn’t teach Irene how to skate the first time he put on her skates for her. That first lesson, which lasted less than half an hour, was devoted to just one thing —learning how to fall! Learn that, Markus told Irene, and then, when the actual spills came during the practice of a difficult maneuver, “you’ll have learned how to rise.” So Irene went to it, took her initial bumps and booms according to her teacher’s expert directions, and got onto them so quickly that the second lesson was a thrilling excursion into the highly spe-
cialized art of cutting rhythmic half-
circles as figure passing in reverse across his desk and he looks into the future with a very practical pair of eyes. Being a newspaperman doesn’t offer a very quick chance to lay aside a nest-egg. And here was one—a motion picture contract which, if fulfilled, would release us from one greater worry. But still we didn’t sign. There was this side of the story that needed study. We wanted Irene to have her chance at becoming a champion. You know—proud and doting parents. Orin Markus had told us many, many times that in all of his long professional career, both here and abroad, he’d never come across such a likely prospect and we hated to deny her her chance when it came. Signing a contract would bar her forever, we thought, from ever attaining a championship in the amateur field. There was the Olympics to think of. Some day she might become an Olympic cham-
pion. Well, as it turned out a month ago, you know how proud and doting parents sometimes are. It was Mr. Lesser who finally solved our problem by obtaining rulings from the National Amateur Ice Skating Association. He learned that our daughter, if she turned professional, now, with a new, big contract, would be re-
ileged to her amateur ranking. Irene, he told us, was too young to bother her curly head with thoughts of Olympic medals. That could come ten years from
now. Let her become a professional and earn enough money so that her future would be amply provided for. In other words make hay while the sun was shinning. Well, with this ruling known and added to Mr. Lesser’s sensible advice, we signed the contract. Now all we are worrying about is whether or not Irene is going to make good in her ice-skating screen debut. Funny thing about that. Mr. Lesser doesn’t appear to worry about that at all. He’s not only given Irene four beautiful ballet sequences but has written a good speaking part into the script for her. But it still seems a dream to us just the same.”

Lesser, who has the reputation of being Hollywood’s No. 1 success when it comes to finding and developing child stars and recognizing talent in screen mopps, almost missed out on Irene. He’d heard a lot about her from friends in St. Paul and Minneapolis, and last winter, when he learned that she was to appear in an ice show in the Hotel New Yorker, he flew East just to give the youngster the Hollywood “once-over.” When he arrived and registered at the hotel he discovered that she had been barred from the show on two counts. First, because of her age which conflicted with the child labor laws of New York State, and second, because of the fact that the New Yorker sold liquor.

Naturally there was a great how-de-do about it. Officials, clear up to the Mayor, were appealed to—but in vain. Little Irene might be an ice-skating queen, but by golly she wasn’t going to be allowed to prove it in good Old New York, not by any thousand miles of red-tape that might be unwound. Yes, she could give a performance for the benefit of the newspapermen, but that was all. Well, so far as Sol Lesser was concerned, that was enough. He horned in on a press pass, gave Irene the Hollywood “once-over” and went away shouting her praises like the rest of the hard-boiled spectators. Since then, the rest of his time has been spent trying to get her signed to a Sol Lesser motion picture contract, and now that that has been accomplished, most of his time is spent down at the Polar Ice Palace where his tiny protege and star does her cartwheels, fans, elbow-drops, Charlotte Stops, spins, spirals, and salute. It wouldn’t surprise us in the least if he buys himself a pair of skates and takes a few lessons himself.

Irene is in the first grade at school and although she gets a report card full of A’s and loves her school work she loves skating better and if she were permitted to, would stay on the ice all day long.

Funny thing about that, too. Neither her father nor her mother can skate a stroke and probably never will despite her promise to teach them all about it in one easy lesson. “It’s just like dancing,” Irene claims, “only it’s more fun.” Well, Pop and Mom are pretty caggy. It may be true—fun is where you find it, but so far as they are concerned not on a big flat sheet of frozen water and if any didos are to be cut they think Irene should do ‘em!

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ventional question as to "who giveth this woman in marriage?" instead of stepping back with the others assembled, as he was supposed to do, he just kept on standing there at the altar with the bride and groom... "So close to us," Virginia told me, "that Sonny could hardly put the ring on my finger. We whispered to him to get back but he didn't hear us and just kept standing there, knowing something was wrong, but not knowing exactly what to do about it. Of course, it didn't matter, but it was hard on him and it all happened because I couldn't find time to rehearse. I guess it was a sort of omen," Virginia said, ruefully. "Because, while 'career' certainly hasn't interfered with the course of true love in our case, it hasn't exactly made the course of true marriage run very smoothly."

Take, for instance, the matter of the "thank you" notes. Virginia had some seventy-five to write and with her own little white hand, too. Moreover, she takes pains with such things. She always wants everyone to know she is really grateful for kindnesses.

She was starting on the list one morning shortly after the wedding, safe—she thought—in the promise from the studio that she wouldn't have to work that day. She had everything spread out on beds and tables—each gift with its donor's card carefully adjacent so there would be no mistakes or confusions.

Then the phone rang. She was wanted at the studio right away. Well, a call from the studio is a call from the studio. She left the gifts and cards where they were, spread out all over everywhere, and dashed off.

She was gone several hours but not so long there wouldn't have been time to work some more on the "thank you" notes. "I'll pick up right where I left off," she said to herself.

But those were idle, mistaken words. When she got home she found that her new housekeeper, a Filipino woman trained to be orderly and to keep "things nice, pliss," had carefully stowed the gifts away in a closet and as carefully had stacked the cards up in a pile and tied them together with a ribbon!

"I felt like putting an ad in the paper," Virginia said. "Will the friends of Mr. and Mrs. J. Walter Ruben who so kindly remembered them with wedding gifts, please overlook it if they are thanked for a salad bowl when they gave a luncheon set?"

"Of course Sonny and I sorted things out as best we could before I wrote out more notes, but we didn't do too well. I thanked Norma Shearer for salad plates when it should have been dessert plates. I thanked some other friends for a cocktail set when they had given us linen and vice versa. And worse than that, I thanked a business acquaintance of Sonny's for some prints only to find out later he never gave us anything while, on the other hand, to this day I have not been able to find out who gave us those lovely prints."

"And that," she finished ruefully, "is an example of the trials and tribulations of a married woman who is also a movie actress!"

There was also at that time the servant problem to solve which, as it happened, was something of an international problem, too, on account of Mac. Not that Mac is his name. Mac is a Filipino and his real name is something long and unpronounceable. Sonny Ruben has had him for ages. He is a wonderful cook and "Sonny" wouldn't lose him for anything. But when it came to enlarging the Ruben establishment to accommodate a wife, with the attendant need for more servants, Mac, something of a despot, insisted the new ones be Filipino, too.

"We getting along more better," he suggested.

But to find the right ones was not so easy. The Rubens wanted a married couple trained to carry on in a home whose mistress was likely as not to be absent most of the time. Virginia interviewed a dozen or so pairs of candidates without success. Whereupon Mac volunteered to help her.

"Finding extreme good man and wife," he announced.

Well, he "finding" them all right, and they knew how to do the things they were supposed to do... Except that the wife couldn't understand English. She would hold and small things very regretful, but, likely as not, if Virginia told her of a morning she would wear the grey suit today, Clemencia would get out a chiffon afternoon frock. If Virginia asked her for a glass of hot milk, ginger ale or maybe orange juice would be forthcoming. It got to be pretty disconcerting, and when, one night, rushing home late to keep a dinner engagement, Virginia found a complete beach ensemble laid out neatly for her to wear, she gave up. Clemencia and her husband had to go and Robert and Grace, also Filipino, shamelessly bribed away from the Robert Youngs (Virginia admits it) took their places.

Being well versed in both housekeeping and English, Robert and Grace did very well—so well, in fact, that Virginia felt justified in installing an extra bit of domestic efficiency and thrift—a household budget. So much for this. So much for that. So much for the other thing. Robert, Grace and Mac were to carry it out. She explained to them carefully. Each Monday morning Mr. Ruben would give them a certain amount of money to cover the week's expenses and this money was to be spent. They did. They bowed deeply and importantly. They understood perfectly.

Well, it worked at first. Things went along fine. Virginia, deep in the process of making Yellow Jack came home from work every night to a beautifully run house. And on Saturday night when she and "Sonny" had planned to have a quiet dinner alone and an evening of chess.
It was a good thing they were alone, Virginia says, because the quiet dinner had its peculiarities. There was no butter. Rolls, yes, hot from the oven. Other well-cooked delicacies. But no butter.

Virginia rang the bell. "Please bring some butter," she said to Grace who waits on the table as well as being Virginia's personal maid.

But Grace shook her head. "We having no butter," she said.

"Having" no butter? How is that?" Virginia and "Sunny" spoke in unison.

Grace looked virtuous. "Refrigerator break. We get man fixing it. Nine dollah, seventy-fif sen. Budget money running out but more coming Monday. No having butter between times."

Virginia kept a straight face. After all, she had given orders to make the budget do. But—

"Couldn't you have stretched a point and charged it?" she inquired, tentatively.

Grace was determination personified. "Missus not here. Missus at studio. Not stretching point if not asking permission." Obviously that was that.

"Yes, Missus at studio," Virginia observed to me, reminiscently. "Missus usually at studio. I find. But what can you expect of a movie actress? So Sonny and I just 'smuck' out after dinner and bought a pound of butter and put it in the refrigerator. Our budgeteers didn't approve but we had butter over the weekend and that was something."

There was also that memorable night when career was responsible for a near calamity in the matter of Virginia's new gold dress. The occasion was a very elegant one. Virginia and "Sonny" were to be guests of honor at a dinner dance.

"Tell me the color of your gown and I'll arrange the table decorations to match," the hostess suggested.

"Gold," Virginia said. There was that cloth of gold gown which she had meant to have finished at the time she was married but hadn't had time for a final fitting. Well, she'd just pop around on her way home from the studio that afternoon and see about it.

But the best laid plans of mice and men and movie actresses "gang aft agley," indeed! It was eight o'clock before Virginia finished work that night.

"I'll go tomorrow," she promised herself. But it was seven o'clock that night. And seven the next night.

Finally, in desperation, she phoned the dressmaker. "Finish it up and send it to me," she instructed. "I shall have to take a chance on its fitting."

Came the night of the festivities. Virginia actually got home around six-thirty, in good time to get ready. The dress was there before her, very luscious looking with its wide girdle and soft, full skirt. She rested a little while, took a leisurely tub. Her hair went well. She felt fresh and lively. The world looked rosy.

And then she put on the gold gown. The neck was right. The bodice was right. The skirt was right. But the girdle—that beautiful, wide girdle—wouldn't go around her.

No one, by the wildest stretch of imagination, could call Virginia even the least bit plump. Her slenderness and the way she can still eat everything she wants to are the envy of Hollywood. But that girdle apparently had been made for the original bean pole. Virginia held her breath and Grace pulled but it was no good.

They got one hook in place only to have it pop like a small firecracker when, inevitably, it became necessary for Virginia to breathe.

"What shall I do?" she wailed to "Sonny" who appeared on the scene just then.

"Didn't it fit you when you tried it on at the dressmaker's?" he inquired.

"I didn't have time to try it on at the dressmaker's, " Virginia informed him half in tears. "I never have time to try on anything. I never have time—"

He interrupted her. "Well, you haven't time to monkey with it now, either. We're late. Why don't you wear that pink dress? It's pretty. You look lovely in—"

"But the decorations?" It was Virginia's turn to interrupt. "I am supposed to match them!"

Whereupon Grace came to the rescue. Scissors in hand, she unripped the girdle; removed the hooks and eyes. "Plenty tucking in behind," she told Virginia, beaming "I fixing soon."

Deftly she let out the material. Deftly

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she replaced the hooks and eyes. One, two, three, four... It wasn't so long—not too long, anyway—before Virginia was comfortably hooked up in the gold gown and she and "Sonny" were dashing off to the party.

"Gosh," she thought to herself as they bowed along, "what a life!"

And "what a life!" she said again to me in her lovely rose and doublet dressing room at M-G-M the other day as she was telling me about all of this... About the time she and "Sonny," enjoying a honeymoon visit with Mrs. John Hay Whitney in Virginia, had to return to Hollywood without even going to New York as they had planned because she was wanted for some added scenes for Arsene Lupin. And then found out she wasn't needed for a single one... About how she was late for her own party—the first she had given since she was married—and had to sneak in the back way so as not to arrive with the guests. Yes, working as usual...

About how she never has time to watch the building of their new home at Pacific Palisades which is going up right this minute, and about how she is certain all kinds of dire things are happening in her absence... And about how she had to work nights for almost a week, recently, and with "Sonny" working days, they scarcely ever saw each other and took to leaving notes around the house: "Hello, darling. How are you? Remember me? I'm the guy you married." And: "Yes, I seem to remember you. How about a date next month?"

"Still, it's fun," Virginia said. "It's hectic and it's mad and it takes a lot out of you, sometimes, but I love it! I wouldn't be out of it for anything! I am completely happy the way things are. You see, for one thing, Sonny being in pictures, too—being right in the middle of the business and knowing exactly how things are—helps a lot. I suppose some husbands couldn't understand the demands that life makes upon a woman. But he—well, he knew how it would be when he married me. He knew I was an actress and he said: 'So what?' And that makes all the difference in the world. We do our work and like it. We see as much of each other as we can and we like that, too..."

At which moment I had a chance to observe just how well they like it. The door opened and in bounced the very attractive Mr. J. Walter Ruben. He swept Mrs. Ruben into an embrace worthy of Clark Gable.

"Hello," he said, exuberantly. "Almost finished?"

"Almost," Virginia told him. "But it will be late when I get home tonight. I hope you won't mind."

It was not a question. It was a statement. She knew he wouldn't mind. She knew he would understand. He did.

"Okay, darling," he said.

Another kiss and he was gone, as busy in his way as Virginia is in hers. And as she turned back to me, I realized that though she has many problems to contend with in this business of being at once a bride and a screen star, Friend Husband is not one of them.
Meet The Woman Who Bosses Bob

[Continued from page 21]

her to baseball games, and football games and church; and how she always had ginger cookies for me in a jar whenever I came to see her. Things like that, until the secretary would call her off that track and put her on the right one.

"We got her straightened out on that after a while, but we never could cure her of sticking one idea into those letters. It was almost like a form paragraph and it always crept in. It read like this: 'No, Bob Taylor is not my real name. It is Spangler Arlington Brugh, and I was born in Nebraska. As a matter of fact, my grandmother does not like the name of Bob Taylor at all, and cannot understand why they ever wanted me to change it, since the name Arlington is so much more beautiful, and that is what I have always been called. It's a family name, handed down from generations, and Bob is so ordinary by comparison.' I remember once I caught her right in the act of dictating that. She was sitting there with a big knitting bag by her side—filled with letters, not knitting; she carried it everywhere—and she looked so cute and guilty I had to laugh."

Then a few months later, when the mail began arriving in such piles that Grandmother was all but buried alive under it, Bob knew that it was time he got her out from under it entirely. But he knew better than to come out with it bluntly. He tried tact, with a little quilling information thrown in—and here's the way it worked, at the dinner table, one Sunday noon, when Bob had stopped in for lunch with the family:

Bob: (after having downed a mouthful of mashed potatoes) "Say, 'Granny', how much did you get for those quilts you used to make at the church back home?"

"Oh, I don't know, Arlington... it depended on the size. Sometimes fifteen dollars, sometimes twenty. I know we used to figure we could keep a whole family for a month on the proceeds. It was all for charity. Why?"

"Because somebody was telling me they raffled off a quilt at a church bazaar, on Highland somewhere, and one quilt brought sixty-five dollars!"

"Sixty-five dollars! Why, what our club could have done with that!"

"This club has plenty to do with it, too. They're getting ready for their Thanksgiving baskets."

For a moment Grandmother still mused over the amazing information her grand- son had just divulged. "I can't believe it—church socials in Hollywood... quilting bees! Funny, I just didn't think they'd exist out here."

"Oh, they exist all right. Jeanette MacDonald's mother goes to some quilting club that meets every Tuesday and Thursday."

Out of the corner of his eye Bob could see that his grandmother's interest had been trapped. From that day on Grandmother relieved herself of the mail work for the enterprise of quilting for charity.

"'Granny' has many fine stories to tell about Bob. When he was eleven or so, he had his first pony, a temperamentally young rascal named Gyp. Gyp was a birthday present, and immediately Bob wanted to ride her over to Grandmother's to show her off. That was a distance of fourteen miles, and before leaving he phoned her that he was coming. Grandmother also interpreted that call as a warning to have something good to eat ready and waiting when he arrived. She waited quite a while and then came another call. It was Bob again. "I'm sorry, Grandmother, but I'm not even half way yet. Gyp keeps turning around and wanting to go home and we only go three yards ahead and then two back, and I don't think I'll ever get there. What'll I do?"

"That's up to you," Grandmother said sternly, though there was a smile in her voice that she was trying to hide. "But you'd better make up your mind right now, young man, who's to be master—you or the horse?" And she hung up.

Three hours later he arrived. It had been no small battle, but he had won. Now
A moodless South Sea night... black as a pocket... a Voodoo fire... it's the night of the Levee Dance, during which charmwise maidens conjure the hearts of their mates-to-be. Black Magic! And now... for YOU... all the witches of this intense South Sea moment... in the new BLACK MAGIC shade of TATTOO. Black as night in the stick (yes, actually!)... but the instant it touches your lips it magically changes to the exact shade of teasing, pagan RED that your own natural coloring requires. It's your own personal lipstick that will not give the same color to anyone but you. Black magic in red! You'll find it all of that... and more too... in the way it lasts on your lips, hours longer than you'll ever need it! Today... regardless of what shade of lipstick you've always used... try BLACK MAGIC. You'll find it oh so much better for your charm than any you've ever used before. Five utterly thrilling TATTOO shades too:

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finds much to praise. She has not let his new success in the world affect her opinions, not one whit.

One of the things that most upsets her about Bob Taylor of today is that rugged, sun-tan color he has acquired during the last few years. Invariably as he steps in the door, she says, "Oh, Arlington, I had hoped that you would give up this tanning business. Your nose is peeling and you look like a young Indian! Please!" And then Bob explains all over again for the forty-eleventh time that a fellow can't have a ranch and ride horses and raise alfalfa and play tennis in the California sun without getting burned and peeling now and then. And besides he likes it that way. So in the end the discussion never arrives anywhere: Grandmother still sticks to her ideas, and Bob still peels.

Another opinion that Grandmother has is that Bob should get more fun out of life. She is inclined to believe that he lets fame rob him of too much. "Now for example," she said, "Arlington gave me a beautiful white fur jacket last Christmas to wear with my formals—" Oh, yes, Grandmother is very modern in the clothes-respect— "and then he invited me out for an evening, so I could wear it, I guess. Barbara went along too, and we all went dancing some place. To one of those night clubs. But everybody stared and looked at us so that it got uncomfortable after a while and we decided to move on somewhere else. We went to the Palomar next, and we were just beginning to have a wonderful time there when the same thing started all over again. People asking him for autographs; strangers dancing right up to him on the floor, saying, 'Hi there, Bob Taylor' — dreadful name! — and everybody watching and listening to everything he said. So we had to leave there, too. Things like that happened so often that after a while Arlington just didn't want to go out any more at all. But finally I had a good talk with him about it, and scolded him a little. Barbara and I together did. Because Arlington is a boy who likes gaiety and dancing, and if he's going to stop those things, just because of being stared at, then he'll grow old in no time. I tell him he just can't be so sensitive. A man in this business just can't be sensitive about what people say or do or write about him—or he won't have any youth. And youth is the most important thing in the world.

"Then after youth, the most important thing in the world is a happy home life. I tell him, and Arlington knows it too, that all the money and all the fame in the world doesn't mean anything, if you're not happy in your home. So pretty soon, I guess, Arlington will settle down to that, too.

"Of course he's got a cute little home now, but it's a bachelor's home, and no bachelor's home is complete. But he does have a few little things around to remind him of his old home and of us, his mother and me and to make him look forward to another, more real, home when he's married someday. He's got a silver napkin ring I gave him twenty years ago, with his name on it, and he uses it even now. And he's got the same old cookie jar I used to keep full of ginger cookies, and every now and then I send him over a batch so he can keep it full now. Things like that keep a man remembering what a home life can really be like even if he is a movie star.

Grandmother suddenly looked at the clock and jumped. "Oh, I'm sorry, but you'll have to excuse me now. Arlington and Barbara are coming for supper and I want to get everything ready for them. There are a couple of little things I bought for them today—sort of as a little joke. Would you like to look at them? See, it's the maid's night out and Barbara and Arlington are going to get the dinner themselves."

There on the dining room table reposéd an apron for Barbara, of blue, yellow and red printed calico, and beside it was a white chef's cap for Bob.

"What am I going to do?" Granny laughed, and a twinkle came into her eyes.

"Why, while they work I'm just going to sit around and tell them what to do!"

So in a way it's still much as it used to be, Grandmother still rules the roost. The roost has moved from Nebraska to Hollywood, and the trimmings are a little different, but Bob still likes to go there just the same!
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Ouch—

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REMOVE CORNS ROOT AND ALL

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You Can't Take It With You

(Continued from page 29)

Jack Benny air show, was having the time of his life truckin' to the music of Lionel's harmonica and Donald Meek, who was also in the cooler by this time, got all hot and bothered and after pushing us bums around, cleared a little space and tried to show Eddie a few jigs steps of his own. I'll say this for a little guy who is getting somewhat stiffer in the joints (and I don't mean nighttime club for the show Eddie a few jigs steps of his own. I'll say this for a little guy who is getting somewhat stiffer in the joints (and I don't mean nighttime club for the show)

All this time I was wondering what had become of Director Capra. Once in a while I'd steal a glance toward the cameras to see how he was taking it, but he was nowhere in sight. It was only when somebody rang the bell and the cameras stopped grinding that I managed to get a peek at him. He'd come onto the set, then, and in his soft, quiet voice explain what he wanted done on the next 'take.' Not a sign, though, of the bullying, excited, loud-mouthed and nervous directions uttered by so many other big-time directors when the shooting went off on the bias. He was always patient, always kind and gentle—but don't think for one single minute that he didn't know what was going on, what he wanted done, and that we didn't try to do what he asked. And the great Edward Arnold, Jimmy Stewart, Lionel Barrymore, Donald Meek and the rest of the high-priced cast—all of whom seemed to be mighty well pleased to be working for him. I even heard them say 'yes sir' to him—and that's something an actor rarely says to a director.

Well, as I say, the bell kept ringing, Art Black kept shouting "quiet," and we kept on doing this sequence over and over with Capra never once flicking an eyelash in exasperation, never once speaking sharply; and the funny thing about it all was that nobody seemed to get tired. Not even Lionel Barrymore who was a pretty sick man in real life as this reel was being shot. Lionel had the misery in his right leg and he was suffering ninety-nine per cent of the so-called torures of the damned, but the old trouper found plenty of time between takes to spring his favorite jokes.

It was Barrymore who sprung the surprise birthday party in honor of Director Capra during the luncheon hour that day. When the director came back on the set to resume the shooting he was greeted by a chorus of "Happy Birthday to You" and leading the chorus was none other than Lionel. It was Lionel, too, who led Capra to a table in the center of the set and uncovered a monster birthday cake, decorated with one lone candle and an inscription "Happy Birthday from the Capra Troupe."

It was Lionel, too, who made the speech of the occasion. "We weren't sure, Frank, about the candles," he grinned broadly, "except that you rated a lot less than my cake held when you gave me my birthday party last week. So we only used one."

That was the only time I saw the director flustered. But flustered or not, he authored a neat little impromptu speech in return when he said: "Let's cut the cake, Lionel, because You Can't Take It With You."

After we'd had our cake—and eaten it, too—Jean Arthur, who plays the feminine lead in the picture, introduced her new game of "couplets." Here's the way it goes just in case you want a good substitute for charades, quizzers, and anagrams.

First Jean wrote various words or phrases on several slips of paper. These referred in each case, to some phase of the picture. The slips were then tossed into a hat and everybody on the set came up and drew out one. Each of us was then required to write a couplet in which the word or phrase was rhymed.

Jimmy Stewart, in the opening clash, drew a slip bearing the words "Academy Award" and was declared the inter-cast winner with the following championship verse:

Frankly, Mr. Capra, ain't you getting kind of bored,
Always winning, or presenting, the Academy Award?
Halliwell, whose role in the picture caused her to be on her toes eight hours a day in ballet slippers, drew the word "Capra" and Jean awarded her second money with this couplet:

Working for Capra
Is not any snapra!

The name "Robert Riskin," author of the screen play, appeared on the slip drawn by Spring Byington. Spring, who plays the playwriting part of Penny, leaped to her property typewriter and in less time than Lionel Barrymore could play Turkey in the Straw on his harmonica she had pounded out the following couplet to win third place:

Through these funny scenes we're friskin',
Thanks to Mister Robert Riskin.
Other verses, mine included which ran its ragged meter something like this:
Unextras can't act like Auer, Mischa and Hobbes.
But we sure can eat cake—just gobs and gobs!
were listed among the "also rans" in the jingling handicap and maybe the less said about them from now on the better.

Away from a set, and at a home party, Miss Arthur explained, her new game of "couplets" should prove fun. Where there is a guest of honor, for example, all the
words or phrases to be rhymed should concern some humorous reference to that person.

I met up with a very interesting guy that last day in the hoosegow. Johnnie Tyrrell. Maybe you remember him. He used to be a comedian in big-time vaudeville. Since coming to Hollywood he and his ex-wife have been typed as a gangster and in this picture he takes the part of "Brany" who is hired to drive Lionel Barrymore and his eccentric family out of the neighborhood. He, along with Dick Curtis, who goes by the name of "Dopey" in the picture, are to be paid $100 for the job.

"But when we get to the house," Johnnie said, "fireworks explode and blow us smackdab into jail."

It was Johnnie, sitting beside me, puffing on one of my home-made cigarettes, who explained the plot of the picture and if it's as good as he claims Columbia Studio has really got something there.

"Grandpa Vanderhof, played by Lionel Barrymore," he said, "has been a money-grabbing financier in earlier years. But thirty-five years before the story opens he has decided that excess wealth was worthless. Imagine that! In these days! You can't take it with you," Grandpa says, and so he quit business and started the fun-filled career of rearing a family imbued with his own care-free theories. So," went on Johnnie, "living under the tolerant Vanderhof roof we find these members of Grandpa's family:

"Penny Sycamore (Spring Byington), who writes and paints; her husband, Paul (Samuel S. Hinds), who makes fireworks; their married daughter, Essie Carmichael (Ann Miller), ballet dancer and candy-maker; Essie's husband, Ed (Dub Taylor), who sells Essie's candy, prints, and plays the xylophone; and Alice Sycamore (Jean Arthur), sanest of the family and a secretary in a New York banking firm. In the household, along with the above-mentioned scoundrels are Mr. Poppins (Donald Meek), Mr. De Pinna (Halliwell Hobbes), who helps make the fireworks; Boris Kolenkho (Mischa Auer), Russian dancing master, and two colored servants, Donald (Eddie Anderson), and Rhea (Lillian Yarbo). What a family!

"Now," went on Johnnie talking fast, "Alice loves Tony Kirby (James Stewart) whose private secretary she is. Tony is son and heir of Anthony J. Kirby, multimillionaire, and Mrs. Kirby (Mary Forbes), snobbish dowager. Tony loves Alice and believes his pop and mom are genuine enough to like the Vanderhof outfit. Alice decides to invite Tony's family to dinner, but Tony across her up and brings them one night when the screwballs are their screwiest and believe me, pal, things begin to happen. The police arrive, the fireworks start to explode in the basement, and the whole kit and kaboodle start to explode in the city jail."

In court, Alice angrily repudiates the smug Kirbys—Tony included—and when they are released on bail she takes it on the lam for a good long rest. Tony resigns from the bank, Papa Kirby gets converted to Grandpa's philosophy, and in the final fadeout everything ends happily with the united families gathered for a dinner of celebration.

That's the story; just the way Johnnie told it to me as I sat there in the nice, cool pokey waiting for Director Capra to give the "go" sign to his cameramen.

Well, as I said in the beginning, it finally happened here!

I got tossed into jail for three days—and got paid for it. And since I couldn't take it with me I took my folding money and went out and had a lot of good, old-fashioned fun, and, while it isn't for publication, I can still hear fire-crackers, pinwheels, and bombs going off inside my noggin!
Girl Crazy

[Continued from page 34]

comes from Texas. She arrived in Hollywood via the beauty contest route but refused to accept the fate of the usual contest winner. She would not quit and go home when success was slow in coming but plugged along five years to get a real break. After that, her first small part, she sailed right into leading roles and has played them ever since. She has been married for two years to Edward Norris, who is famous for his comic rôle in stories of gangland. Plenty of commendation is due in Hollywood as an actor. Photogenically, she is Warner's best bet.

Contrary to the general impression, the Kids are not the product of New York's slums. It is a sincere tribute to their respective talents that the illusion they created on stage and screen has become endued with life. Neither has any of them ever known real want. Respectable, middle class parents are behind all of them.

Four of them were trained in the Children's Professional School in New York from whence they were photographed for the original "Dead End" cast on Broadway. Bernard had an uncle who was a theatrical agent, and Leo's father is a well known comedian, which accounts for them.

Leo is the eldest, being 21. He'd like you to think he's the toughest, the way he glowers and swaggers around. Actually he has a soft and sensitive streak in him that expresses itself in his writing of sentimental stories and poetry. (But never make the mistake of confronting him with it!) He's mad about speed. So much so that the doctor found it necessary to install a throttle governor on his car which sets his limit at 40 m. p. h. It would be 90 if he had his way about it. Physically he is the smallest, standing only 5 feet 6 and weighing 125 pounds. He has a swarthy skin, dark hair and blue eyes, and has played in more pictures than the rest.

Gabriel is 19, the son of an Italian doctor and mother. He wants to be a writer or a motion picture director. He'll fight for his convictions but he won't do it via a loud argument. The other boys respect his abilities with his fists, despite the fact there appears to be little of the rowdy, genuine or faked, in his make-up. His first interest in the theatre was aroused in high school where he played an unique interpretation of Hamlet in a farce, of all things. He was born in Brooklyn, has blue eyes and brown hair, is 5 feet 10 and weighs 143 pounds.

Huntz Hall is next in age. He's 18 and reminds one of a playful puppy. He is Irish, and was christened Henry but looked so much like a little German baby he was nicknamed Hans, from which the screen name was derived. He is quite the "ladies man" of the bunch, likes to gamble, and wants to be a movie producer so he can order 40 elephants at a crack. Born in New York, he is 5 feet
8½, blue-eyed, and weighs around 140. He has five brothers and two sisters.

Although only 16, Billy Halop gives the impression of being top guy of the bunch, probably because of the quiet way in which he seems to assume authority. He, too, was born in Brooklyn, the son of an attorney. He made his professional debut in radio when he was 6 and has had more experience than the others. He has a fine analytical mind and expresses himself well, a trait undoubtedly inherited from his lawyer father. He is 5 feet 7, has brown hair and blue eyes and weighs 142.

Both Bobby and Bernard were born in New York 15 years ago although Bobby has a four months’ edge on Bernie. His father owned a garage. Bernie’s dad ran a cheese plant. Like Billy, Bobby made his debut in radio when he was 6 in a radio serial that ran 3 years. In pictures he has played a number of roles apart from the group, and was a member of the original “Street Scene” cast on Broadway. Bobby is the least handsome and has the most charm of the six, a double-edged fact which seems to annoy him. He has brown hair, blue eyes, is slightly taller than Leo and weighs a couple of pounds more.

Bernie is the student of the six, preferring a good book or a good play to batting around with the other kids. When he is with them, however, he plays the noisy roughneck role to the hilt. He wants to be a bacteriologist and sincerely is convinced that scientists contribute more to humanity than actors. Until “Dead End” opened, he never had set foot on a stage. He is top man in weight with 170 pounds, stands 5 ft. 11, and has dark brown hair and brown eyes.

There, then, are the six girl-crazy young guys and the girl they all are crazy about. As I said, the affair started as a gag. To give “Toots” the works. They failed to reckon however (as many men before them have done) on the staying power of red-heads and the particular brand of dynamite they pack. Especiallly Ann’s brand.

At first it was good, clean fun. They dogged her footsteps. They romped all over her. They chased her to her dressing room and pounded wildly on the door for admission. They lampooned her quiet husband and made noisy and passionate avowals of their love. They moved heaven and earth to get her goat. No matter where she turned she found at least one, and usually six, obstreperous young hooligans ready to bedevil her with some new nonsense.

"Scram, you bums," she would say in their own language, and they’d scram—closer! It reduced Director Mike Curtiz to tears of rage. Ann, however, continued to smile and it baffled them completely. If just once she had broken under the Siege, the thing would have ended then and there.

"There’s something sour here," Leo muttered. "The dame’s not human."

"Yeah," the others agreed. "It’s the nuts."

Something was bound to happen. It did. Ann entered her dressing room one morning to find a lovely box of dark red roses awaiting her. Inside was a card with a name scrawled on it. For the first time one of the brats had brought tears to her eyes.

"Thank you, Bobby," she said later. "It was dear of you to send me those roses."

Bobby blushed violently and squirmed under the accusing looks of the others. So! There was a traitor in their midst! Defiantly he squared his shoulders, met their eyes straight on. "It’s okay, Toots," he said. "Glad you liked them." He turned to the others. "Any of you guys got anything to say about it?" he demanded. "If so, step outside."

No one had anything to say. But there was a lot of good, hard thinking being done.

The next morning Ann found a small bottle of fine perfume. With it was Gabriel’s message. Billy’s tempting box of candy arrived next, and after it, a soft lacy scarf from Huntz. By now the kids frantically were trying to top each other and make no bones about it. It was every man for himself and the devil take the hindmost. Bernie scored heavily with a book of poetry but it remained for Leo to walk off with top honors. He wrote a poem, and dedicated it to her.

"Now what?" Ann wondered. The thing was getting a little out of hand.

It was distinct relief she noted the return to normality a few days later. The noisy, embarrassing adulation began all over again with Eddie, her husband, coming in for a fine rousing around. They threw the book at him as far as uncomplimentary names were concerned. Long and loudly they advised her to get rid of "that character," "that comic cartoon," "that specimen," "that mouse of a man."

"The Character can take care of himself," she would answer. "You guys aren’t so tough!"

I have my suspicions it was The Character who framed the deal. Certainly it was he who planted the seed of the idea for the seven-way date.

"You punks are always talking!" he said. "Why don’t you do something. You’ve been yapping about dates. Why not take her on?"

The kids went into a huddle. Out of it emerged The Plan. All six of them would take her on a date at one and the same time!

A Friday night was set. After considerable bickering among themselves, the Palomar, a public dance hall, won out over the Rollerdrone, a skating rink. All six sent corsages which Ann meticulously wore. A fragrant but slightly confusing mixture of orchids, gardenias, roses, camellias, violets and snap dragons. All six arrived at Ann’s home in their own cars, too, not having been able to settle that argument among themselves. A battle royal was averted when Ann suggested they draw straws to decide in whose ear...
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around Joan’s beautiful pool. Trays of food being served hourly. The garden stretching far back. A couple more beautiful movie stars playing badminton and Cesar Romero (have you ever been able to figure out why they call him “Butch?”) trying to make up his mind whether he would feel better or worse for going into the pool. Ray Milland sitting in the shade reading magazines.

But Ray Niven was there so I didn’t care what else happened. I owe him a debt of gratitude for a valuable lesson he taught me. I’m the sort of person who prefaced every story with, “Just listen to this. It’s the funniest thing you’ve ever heard. You’ll simply die over it.” After such a build-up I’m lucky if I get even a polite snicker.

Niven has a different technique. In that quiet way he begins, “I shall tell you a story. I’m sure it won’t make you laugh.” And he tells you something so screamingly funny you’re rolling on the floor.

Ray Milland and George Murphy had to go home sometime during the afternoon to finish their respective dogs. What with Sunday traffic we were already seated at the dinner table when they returned since Joan was running a movie that night which had to be out of her house by nine o’clock for someone else to run.

Poor Ray, excited by holding things up like that turned over a glass on Joan’s best linen. Niven turned to Mrs. Milland and said, “So! He’s not only late but dirty.”

It was Mrs. Milland who reminded me about my undone story—and I’d been trying to push it back into a dusty mental pigeon hole. She confided that for years Gary Cooper had been her favorite screen star. At last she met him and was putting her best foot forward when Ray, who, like most husbands can be such a big help at a time like that, came up and said, “Mal’s a pretty nice girl, Gary.”

Gary said he had found that out and Mal felt wonderful.

“Except for one thing,” Ray went on. “She’s crazy about you!”

Mal said she felt simply terrible but that Gary was still her favorite and she told me she had heard from people who had been on the set that The Cowboy and the Lady was the best film Gary has made since Mr. Deeds and she was mad to see it.

So that night I was still thinking about Gary and I knew that I simply had to see him the next day because time was flying as time does. I wondered if maybe Gary was getting temperamental. Could it be that he was going ritty about interviews?

I thought about how amazed everyone was when Gary married a social register girl. Folks said they couldn’t imagine that long tall cowboy keeping pace with a society girl like Sandra Shaw. Yet once Gary’s father had told me, “All this stuff about Gary’s being a cowboy is a laugh. Why, the boy was educated in England. If you want to know about Gary you should interview me not him.”

Was he reverting to type, maybe? Had the critics’ raves he’s gotten gone to his head? I’m not asking you I’m just telling you what was going through my mind that night on the way home from the party. But I answered those questions myself by

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Don Ameche, a little thinner after his appendicitis operation but in fine spirits, snapped on board ship with Mrs. Ameche on their return from Europe. After a short rest, he starts in The Life of Alexander Graham Bell. You remember! The man who invented the telephone

---

Roping Gary

[Continued from page 43]
recalling something that had happened a couple years ago. I had wanted a specially posed picture of Gary and had talked to his press agent about it. "Gary's being difficult," the PA said. "I can tell you right now he won't do that picture. No use even asking him." I left the PA's office, I saw Gary coming in. Just on the chance that the press agent might be wrong I asked Gary to do the picture.

He smiled that slow smile. "Sure," he said, before I even told him what it was about. "If you've got the time I'll do it right now." And we went to the photographs and the picture was taken.

I thanked Gary, "Don't mention it. Any time. You know that." Gary smiled again—that slow warm smile coming up like the dawn across his face. And I knew then that anybody with that kind of smile just doesn't go temperamental.

So I got the studio on the telephone and explained that I was leaving town next day and I received their promise that I would be called back in the course of an hour. But the awful thing is that I wasn't there when the call came! Ten minutes after I had spoken to Gary's studio, Joan Crawford called and asked me to come out for luncheon. I told myself it was my professional duty to do it because that would be a big smash story for you if she talked about her separation from Franchot, and naturally I hadn't brought up that at her big party.

Joan was having a singing lesson when I arrived, so I listened to that voice that's so strong, then I had to be sure of the notes right up from her painted toes.

Luncheon was announced just as the last low G was rumbling around in the music room and you can't get intimate when a butler is hovering near. And by the time we had recovered from luncheon there was horseback riding to be done.

But on the way to the stables I honestly asked Joan when she intended saying about the separation for publication. And she said she didn't intend to say anything, that there wasn't any big inside story, and that she didn't know what more to say. Honesty made me agree that she was quite right and that anybody with a lick of sense could see that the whole trouble was that Franchot wanted one kind of life and she another.

So that was that and I felt guilty because I had enjoyed myself so much with the singing lesson, the luncheon and the horses and didn't have any big smash story for you. When I got back home the studio called to say that Joan had seen Gary that afternoon but it was too late.

Gary had left the studio, and I had to leave Hollywood, and I didn't have the story from Joan, and I didn't have the story from Gary, and I feel terrible about the whole thing.

Your apologiously, KATHERINE ALBERT.
Say, who said the boss wasn’t human? Right in the middle of a Board meeting he wanted a stick of Beeman’s. And with every Director casting hopeful glances in my direction I opened an extra pack in my purse and passed it around.

"Have a treat on Miss Street," said the boss. "You never tasted a tangier flavor. Relax and rejoice with Beeman’s. Even our new budget will be easier to take. You will find that flavor as fresh as an ocean breeze."

(Solution on page 60)

(Solution on page 60)

$250,000 MOVIE QUIZ CONTEST NOW AT YOUR LOCAL THEATRE!
Hollywood Newsreel

[Continued from page 17]

combined to give Virginia Bruce her biggest break in years, the role opposite Freddy March in There Goes My Heart at the Roach Studios.

The gals mentioned above turned down the part because they felt that they'd been mixed up in enough comedy. As a result, Virginia gets her first starring part in a million-dollar production, her first comedy role, and her first appearance opposite March.

*** No more of this kicking the pigs around for Mickey Rooney. Both his mother and M-G-M have mixed the idea that when he enters UCLA this fall he can play football. Not even on the scrub team. For one thing, Mickey is too small (four feet, eleven inches) and for another he's too light (he weighs 128 pounds in his birthday suit) and for another the little guy is too important in M-G-M pictures to have him risking his neck on the gridiron.

An agent was complaining about the slowness of his business because of the slowing down of production at the studios. He said to Carey Wilson, "Last year things were so good that I was even getting servants' jobs as actors. But now things are so bad the actors are considering jobs as servants." Wilson was immediately interested. "Could you get me a cook who looks like Alice Faye?" he wanted to know.

What with one judge deciding that a Mexican marriage isn't legal in California, while another judge may say it is, Gloria Stuart and scenarist Arthur Sheekman didn't know whether they were married or not—even though they did elope to Agua Caliente four years ago. But they agreed that if they weren't married, they'd like to be. So they eloped all over again, this time north to Carmel, and had a justice of the peace make it official. This has given ideas to other married-in-Mexico couples, like Myrna Loy and Arthur Hornblow, Jr., and Gail Patrick and Robert Cobb. Watch for more "second elopements" out of Hollywood.

Crossword Puzzle Solution

SKEETS  MCHUGH
ALAWS  BOOPO
IMSOIWLFIR
LAST DAW MARS
ONE COMIC LEE
REAGAN GABLES
USMA
PRAYER SPRING
OUR SUKLS TOO
STEN BOY ROAR
THOH Y LA HC
EIVAN BOYDE
ROIALD HUSSEY

Nervous, Weak, Ankles Swollen?

Many nervousness is caused by an excess of acids and poisons due to functional kidney and bladder disorders which may also come Getting Up Nights, Running Passes, smoking, drinking, sexual excesses, unstable nerves, Excessive Acidity, Leg Pains and Distress. Help your kidneys purify your blood with the first dose. An easy method starts helping your kidneys clean out excess acids and soon may enable you to feel years younger. Under the money-back guarantee you must send postage or cost nothing. Get Cyclax (size today) It costs only 25c at drugstores and the guarantee protects you.

Rheumatism

Relieve Pain in Few Minutes

To relieve the torturing pain of Neuritis, Rheumatism, Neuralgia or Lumbago in few minutes, get NURITO, the Doctor's formula. No opiates, no narcotics. Does the work quickly and most reliably. Will relieve the worst pain to your satisfaction in few minutes or money back at Drugstore. Don't suffer. Get trustworthy NURITO today at this price.

How to SECURE and how to KEEP...

A BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION

EVERY woman wants to have a flawless complexion. All women, lovely skin, are satisfied, and be attractive. Beauty makes you more popular, brings more dates, invites romance. Beauty gives you poise, self-confidence, sex appeal. Do you want to be beautiful? The makers of STUART'S LAXATIVE COMPOUND TABLETS will send you entirely FREE and without obligation, their fascinating booklet by a well-known beauty authority, entitled "Aids to Beauty"—what every woman should do. For FREE SAMPLE STUART'S LAXATIVE COMPOUND TABLETS and a FREE copy of "AIDS To BEAUTY" send to F. A. STUART COMPANY Dept. A-118, Marshall, Mich.

MOTION PICTURES ARE YOUR BEST ENTERTAINMENT
from Bulova watches, the man from the airport and the three representatives from movie studios.

The telephone rang and a bell boy came in with a fist full of telegrams.

I looked back at the little gray pants in disbelief, and noticed a great big suit hanging on the other end of the mantel. One of the pockets was torn, two buttons were ripped off and something seemed very wrong with one lapel.

The telephone rang and Bern came back to answer it, pointing at the suit as he passed. "Crowds wrecked three of them," he said. "Maybe the boy's smart to stick to his lederhosen jacket."

Bern is a big man. A very big man. He must stand over six feet tall, and he looks as if he played football in college. The suit looked as if he had been playing football in the streets of New York.

This is supposed to be a story about Douglas Corrigan, and should know all about Ed Bern, too, because he is as much a part of modern aviation as the air, itself. He is also an important part of the story of Corrigan.

Corrigan is one of the great public relations counselors. He has been at various times in his career, a flyer, head of an air transport company in the early days of commercial aviation, and of later years representative of American Airlines. And during Corrigan's stay in New York, he found himself acting as involuntary bodyguard more than once.

He has that hard-bitten mouth, that soft voice, that eagle look, that sense of humor that is typical of so many fliers. And he has been in constant touch with Corrigan since that incredible boy set his high-powered crate down in Mitchell Field after his transcendental flight.

The story begins uneventfully, saying he had just flown in from Long Beach. At first airport officials took it for granted that he meant the Long Beach on the eastern coast. Then, bitten with a sudden suspicion, they said, "Long Beach, where?" "California," said Corrigan. "Yes."

He said that Corrigan had asked the officials, eying the "crate" in disbelief. "By the southern route," said Corrigan, and went on to explain why, in his opinion, that was the best way across.

"Where's my razor?" said Corrigan running an embarrassed hand over the light stubble on his chin. He was assured that his 15-year-old razor was waiting in the bathroom, but he could attend to that after he had told readers of Hollywood Magazine about his picture career.

"I know one thing," said Corrigan, and his small face broke into a little mischievous smile which has become so familiar. "No love scenes. Nope. I should say not!"

"Have you ever seen a movie without a love scene?"

"I'm going to make them put it in the contract!" said this most amazing of all untalented actors. "Now I'm going to write the story myself with Marcella Burke and they aren't going to get me to write in any of that love stuff in my part."

At that time there was talk of Corrigan's playing in a film, but evidently the idea of a movie clinic and all the other things expected of an actor made him think again. Around about he turned to all the acting contracts, off he went in the other direction, and the last news is that he has gotten his own price for releasing the story of his life to Radio Pictures, but that he will not appear in the film, and so has kept his promise not to engage in a movie clinic.

And that was the way it stood.

"He's never broken his word about the smallest thing since I've known him," said Bern. "His word is a contract to him."

The telephone rang, there was a wild flurry at the door and in stepped Corrigan, followed by the Mayor's personal representative, two members of the Chamber of Commerce, the police chief, a newspaper reporter, and a chauffeur.

Then the storm broke. Flash bulbs flared. "Yes, No. Yes. Fine. Yes. No. Maybe," said Corrigan to the reporters. The telephone rang. Corrigan held his left hand out so the Bulova watch man could try on his new wrist watch. With his right hand he shook some kind of a paper needing immediate attention. The telephone rang. The strap on the watch was too big for his sinewy narrow wrist, and a messenger was dispatched to get a new one after a barrage of questions as to when he was leaving for the field. The telephone rang. "No, I won't sign," said Corrigan to one of the men with contracts. "Have to think it over." A waiter brought in a table with coffee and orange juice. The telephone rang. Bern handed Corrigan the newest batch of telegrams. "Have I got time for a sandwich?" said the chauffeur. The telephone rang. "Then you will have an appointment for Monday?" said one of the men with contracts. "Then will you give us an answer at the field this afternoon?" said another of the men with contracts.

"If you want to see me, you promise to see us before you leave."

Suddenly there was peace.

The reporters had finished and were gone, and Bern skillfully cleared the room.

"Where's my razor?" said Corrigan running an embarrassed hand over the light stubble on his chin. He was assured that his 15-year-old razor was waiting in the bathroom, but he could attend to that after he had told readers of Hollywood Magazine about his picture career.

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HAVE YOU
DRY, SENSITIVE, TENDER SKIN?

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If the toilet soap you are now using seems to irritate your skin, it may be because your skin is allergic to the fats and greases used in ordinary soaps. Laco Castile is radically different from ordinary soaps, because it's made with 100% pure olive oil; no other oils, fats or greases of any kind are used. Laco is so gentle and delicate that it's recommended for babies and also for grown-ups who have delicate, sensitive skins.

To get you to try Laco Castile, we make this unusual "get acquainted" offer. At a special rate of only 6¢ (in coins or stamps) we'll mail you a full-sized cake of Laco Castile. The mildness and thoroughness of its fine-bubble lather, the real economy of the longer-lasting cake will make you a Laco user for life! No matter what soaps you've been using, take advantage of this special offer. Fill in coupon below.

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MEN: Not a cream. Won't mat underarm hair. Quick, easy to use.

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ASK YOUR DOCTOR

The Cookie Jar

No home is complete without a well-filled cookie jar, and here are some of the favorite recipes of a favorite movie star.

By BETTY CROCKER

Everyone, I suspect, has a hankering to know how they make those exciting "westerns" in Hollywood, so I looked forward eagerly to a visit with the company shooting Rawhide, way up the San Fernando Valley near an old stage-coach stopping point. Smith Ballew was a gay and dashing cowboy hero, and one of my favorite actresses, Evalyn Knapp, was the feminine star. Scenes were made swiftly, for here is what we want in movies—fast action. Following the troupe around gave us all prodigious appetites, and about four in the afternoon Evalyn rode over to us, reached into her saddle bags, and drew out a bag of cookies. Ginger snaps!

"Made 'em myself," she smiled. Smith Ballew already had popped one into his mouth but he managed to say, "Oh, yeah?"

Well, Miss Knapp did make those cookies, because a few days later she made some for me in her home, and also gave me her cherished recipes for "Knapp's Nacks," a baked dish of meat balls that is not only tops in taste, but tops in economy, too.

Fond as she is of outdoor life—she is Hollywood's most accomplished sailor and makes frequent trips with her husband in their yacht, Cielito Linda—Evalyn also is strongly domestic in her inclinations. She treasures the recipes which, in some cases, have been collected in her family for several generations. She is certain that hers have a different taste from other ginger snaps. Why not try them out and see for yourself?

GINGER CAKES

1 cup shortening
1 cup sugar
1 egg
1 cup molasses
4 cups all-purpose flour
1 tsp. soda
1 tsp. ginger

62 MOTION PICTURES ARE YOUR BEST ENTERTAINMENT
Cream shortening, add sugar gradually, and cream thoroughly. Add well-beaten egg and molasses. Sift flour once before measuring. Sift flour, soda and ginger together and blend into cream mixture. Chill 1 hour or more. Roll out very thin on cloth-covered board (with flour rubbed into cloth to keep dough from sticking). Cut with cooky cutter (2 inches in diameter). Place on well-greased cooky sheet. Bake 6 to 7 minutes in a quick moderate oven, 375° F. Amount: 12 dozen cookies.

**SUGAR CAKES**

1 cup shortening  
1½ cups sugar  
2 eggs  
3 cups all-purpose flour  
1 tsp. baking powder  
1 tsp. salt  
½ cup milk  
1½ tsp. vanilla or lemon extract

Cream the shortening and add the sugar gradually. Add the well-beaten eggs. Sift flour once before measuring. Sift together flour, baking powder and salt. Add to the creamed mixture alternately with the milk. Add the flavoring. Roll out dough as thin as possible. Cut with 2-inch cooky cutter, sprinkle with sugar and bake 8 to 12 minutes, depending on thickness of cookies, in a moderately hot oven, 400° F. Amount: 6 dozen thin cookies. NOTE: Chilling dough a few hours will make it possible to roll cookies very thin. Dough will be easier to handle with a cloth in the mixing board and a cover on the rolling pin.

**KNAPP’S NACKS**

For four persons allow a pound of ground round steak or first-class (not too fat) hamburger. Season the meat very well with salt, and ground pepper, cayenne. Make into balls about the size of small walnuts.

Cover the bottom of a deep baking dish with sliced raw potatoes. Put another layer of sliced raw potatoes on top of the potatoes. Then put a layer of meat balls—not too close together. Cover the meat with another layer of sliced onions, followed by a second layer of sliced potatoes. Carry on in this order, being careful to always have the meat sandwiched between the two layers of onions. When the meat balls are entirely used up, finish the top with onions and potatoes.

Take a can of tomato soup or puree of tomatoes. Season with salt, a little lemon juice and either hot chili peppers ground fine or genuine cayenne (not paprika). Pour this over the meat, potatoes and onions in the baking dish. Place in a moderate oven and bake slowly. When the potatoes are thoroughly cooked (it will require from forty-five minutes to an hour) the dish is ready to serve. This makes an excellent dinner when served with a green salad.

----

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MAKE THE ONE
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Don’t mistake eczema for the stubborn, very embarrassing, red skin disease Psoriasis. Apply to one spot only the Dermolaid ointment. Besides being

send for generous trial size FREE

Send for Generous Trial Size FREE

I'LL BE BLIND WITHOUT
HIS CALL.

Gentleman—On the 22nd of May, 1860, in the old city of New York, I was accidentally blinded by the explosion of a Dahlgren shell. The doctors pronounced the

IGNITION FELL FROM HAIR

Treasure Box—Tumbled from a wall the same night a treasure box was stolen. Police promised reward, but if the box is recovered, the two men found a second time

GIVE YOUR LAZY LIVER
THIS GENTLE “NUDGE”

FEEL “TIP-TOP” IN MORNING!

material for the jails,” he says in that quiet, subdued voice of his, “but fortunately for me the juvenile authorities got busy and packed me off to Angelo Patri’s school. And that,” he smiles proudly, “was the greatest break I’ve ever had in my life!”

Since Patri’s school is one for problem children most alumni might hesitate to admit that they had ever been students there—but not John Garfield.

“Angelo Patri is one of the greatest men in the country,” he tells you. “He’s making useful citizens out of countless hundreds of underprivileged children. He’s had many opportunities to head bigger institutions at a much bigger salary, but he prefers the one that bears his name. It would be a calamity if he ever left. He certainly changed the course of my life.”

Patri had a hard time doing it, though. Garfield, at the end of his first week in the school, decided that he’d had enough. He figured out what he thought was an excellent scheme for an escape and put it into practice—only to be caught before he had gotten as far as the boundary fence.

“My captors brought me into Mr. Patri’s office and I prepared myself for the worst. When he started to talk it wasn’t about my escape at all, but about the heartless way I had stamped down his flower garden. He talked about other things, too, and all I could do was sit there before him listening and thinking that pretty soon, now, he would begin to scold me. So I sat there, getting ready to jump when he got ready to beat me. I had always got a whipping before when I had broken a rule and there was no reason to believe that I wouldn’t get one, now. But he kept on talking quietly and kindly. I believe that right now I could repeat every word he said! And there was no whipping when he was through! Think of that!”

Garfield spent many hours in Patri’s office after that initial meeting, and one day the latter astounded him by saying that he thought Garfield might make a good actor.

“He told me later,” the ex-toughie says, “that he had been trying to find some interest that would appeal to my imagination, and he had decided upon dramatics. Well, the moment he mentioned that art I decided upon it, too, and for the next three years that’s practically all I thought and dreamed about.”

Spurred by his new incentive, young Garfield thought, and dreamed, and studied so much and so hard that during his first year at school he entered a national oratorio contest and reached the semi-finals before being eliminated! Not bad for a cop-baiting, dead-end kid in his first trial at public speaking! The contest had another far-reaching effect upon him outside of the great thrill of competition in that it immediately won for him the respect and admiration of the Bronx neighborhood in which he lived. Those who had avoided him like the plague now sought his friendship and looked upon him as a hero—which he was, everything considered.

“I was dumfounded,” he admits. “Here I’d been trying in vain to point respect into the kids with my fists and now I’d won it by words. That was quite a lesson to me.”

After he had graduated from Patri’s school he was pretty much stymied on the course to pursue to further his dramatic studies. He finally hit upon the brilliant idea of writing a letter to Jacob Ben-Ami, the great Russian actor then appearing at the Guild theatre. He explained his circumstances, dwelt upon his burning desire to go on the professional stage and ended up his letter by asking a question. “But how shall I proceed?”

“Much to my surprise I received a reply from Ben-Ami who suggested that I enroll in the Heckscher Foundation. The idea was a grand one and I was all for it, but it took money and all that I was earning at the time was about $6 a week selling newspapers. Desperate, finally, I went to the Foundation and explained my circumstances. Toward the end of the interview I once again learned the value of words. When I said that I was recommended to the school by none other than Jacob Ben-Ami the whole complexion of the interview changed. It was a white lie, my saying that, but it worked. I got the promise of an immediate scholarship. I told Mr. Patri about it and what do you suppose he did? Nothing but add another five dollars a week to my paper sales earnings! Don’t think I’ll ever forget that kindness!”

Young Garfield stayed with the Foundation seven months. When he left he got a job as an apprentice with the Eva Le
Christmas Seals help to protect your home and family from tuberculosis
BUY and USE them on your Holiday mail
The National, State and Local Tuberculosis Associations in the United States

GIRLS AND BOYS! SEND NO MONEY!

GIVEN GIRLS! AND BOYS! SEND NAME AND ADDRESS
MICKY MOUSE WRIST WATCH FREE

CLOVERINE SALVE used for burns, chaps, and hay fever, etc., easily sold by friends at 5¢ a box (with picture FREE) and remitting per order.

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HE NEEDED MY KISSES
Sometimes compassion leads a woman into strange, uncharted paths. That happened to Judy—and in one short week she lived a lifetime of remorse and ecstasy. Read her thrilling confession in the November ROMANTIC STORY, now on sale.

Romantic Story

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Danish Princess

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Go today, to your dealer for the special introductory offer—a jobber server in this new North Countries' design. It's good for everything from cucumbers to canapes.

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1938

Doctor's C.

terrific woman

never

play

That's with

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That's about all except that from then on he was the fair-haired boy of Broadway. Such notable Big Stem successes as Johnny Johnson, Waiting for Lefty, Awake and Sing, Weep for the Virgin, Peace on Earth, Golden Boy, and Having Wonderful Time make up the list of plays in which he was either featured or starred.

As far back as 1928 Hollywood began to send him offers, but he rejected them as fast as they arrived. He wasn't ready for the screen, he said.

That's the way things stood until February, 1937, when he relented enough to make a test for Warner Bros., at their New York studio. The test was satisfactory but the contract wasn't and he refused to sign. A year and a half later the persevering young man from the Bronx got what he wanted—a Warner contract (long-term, too) containing a clause that stipulated that he might return to the legitimate stage once each year.

"Two days after my arrival in Hollywood I was playing the role of Mickey Borden in Four Daughters. When that picture was finished I began work in They Made Me a Criminal and now I'm scheduled to appear in Dust Be My Destiny. It begins to look as though I'm never going to get a chance to visit California outside of the studios. But I don't mind—just so long as I get good parts."

Well, he certainly can't complain about his Mickey Borden role in Four Daughters. It is a grand role. And movie audiences aren't going to complain about the way he played it, either. He does about the finest job of acting seen in these here parts in quite some time. Don't stop us if you've heard this before. Go to your nearest theatre and see for yourselves.
FOOTBALL FEVER

Hollywood reacts in its own individual way when the sound of the punted pigskin is heard on every back lot.

No doubt Gracie Allen and George Burns picked up some of this idea from College Swing, but most of it is their own.

And betting Joe E. Brown gets ready to smash that line in The Gladiator.

Joe Pennor took time out from the filming of Roaming Around to show how well he can look as an All American half wit.

John Barrymore in a college daze thinking over some action for Hold That Co-Ed.

Joan Davis, also in Hold That Co-Ed, demonstrates the new offensive technique for the fall of '38.
every day is miracle day

once upon a time there were ugly ducklings . . . .

and once upon a time it was a wonderfully kind fairy godmother, waving her magic wand, who bestowed the rich gift of beauty on fortunate girl babies.

and at that time there were lots of ugly ducklings because only lucky little princesses had such lavish fairy godmothers. all the others were left out in the bitter cold of ugliness or just plain-jane lines.

the fairy godmother still exists, but she's changed her instruments of witchery. and because she's changed, there are no more ugly ducklings. the fairy godmother's garb is now streamlined, her generosity far flung. she is, if you please, the modern beauty shop, dispensing the rich gift of beauty to princess and poor alike.

the standards of beauty are higher in america than anywhere else in the world. income level doesn't matter. a woman's natural heritage of beauty—or the lack of it—doesn't matter. beauty is every american woman's for the asking, thanks to the beauty shop, the twentieth century fairy godmother!

the deft hand of the well trained beauty operator waves as a magic wand over the plainest of plain janes, the ugliest of ugly ducklings, erasing mediocrity, replacing it with individualized beauty. no woman in the world has such weapons against lack of good looks as the typical beauty shop offers the american woman.

that benevolent fairy godmother, the beauty shop, indulges in no ring-rubbing or crystal gazing today. she practices her wondrous art with scientific knowledge, a fine skill and superlative mechanical equipment. she has potions that give the sheen of starlight to the hair and myriad other preparations that in themselves are pleasant sorcery captured in jars and bottles.

beauty problems? there are none any more. that fairy godmother knows all the answers. new found glamor is the reward of the ugly duckling who would be a swan, the middling-fair who would be a beauty and the beauty who would be glorified, if she but join the great american trek to the beauty shop. every day is miracle day in the modern beauty shop.

offered by drene shampoo in recognition of the magic services of the beauty shops of america
OTIS RUCKER, Independent Expert Since 1909, says:  
"I Smoke Luckies Because They Buy the Finest Tobacco"  

"I've been an auctioneer and warehouseman ever since 1909," says this typical expert. "I started smoking Luckies in 1917. The finest tobacco sold at auction goes into them. Most of my friends in the business smoke Luckies, too."

Sworn records show, in fact, that among independent buyers, auctioneers and warehousemen, Luckies have twice as many exclusive smokers as have all other cigarettes combined.

Yes, Luckies give you the finest tobacco. And they are kind to your throat, too! Their exclusive "Toasting" process takes out certain harsh irritants found in all tobacco. So Luckies are a light smoke—easy on your throat. Try Luckies for a week, and see.

Sworn Records Show That—WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST—IT'S LUCKIES 2 TO
DRIVEN BY THE LOVE OF TWO WOMEN . . .
HE TORE CONTINENTS APART THAT SHIPS MIGHT SAIL THE DESERT!

De Lesseps—whose flaming genius built the Suez Canal...living again his blazing romance ... conquering the twisting, torturing, all-destroying black simoon! A climax of terrifying power! Spectacle and emotion the screen has never captured before!

A 20th Century-Fox Picture with
TYRONE POWER
LORETTA YOUNG
ANNA BOLLY
J. EDWARD BROMBERG
JOSEPH SCHILDKRAUT
HENRY STEPHENSON
SIDNEY BLACKMER
SIG RUMANN
MAURICE MOSCOVICH
NIGEL BRUCE
MILES MANDER
GEORGE ZUCCO

DARRYL F. ZANUCK
in Charge of Production

Directed by Allan Dwan • Associate Producer Gene Markey • Screen Play by Philip Dunne and Julian Josephson • Based on a story by Sam Duncan

Production miracles performed in the desert for this great picture...into which 20th Century-Fox poured all its vast resources . . . Darryl F. Zanuck all his skill!
Keep your smile lovelier with Ipana and massage!

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

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

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

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

TRY THE NEW D. D. DOUBLE DUTY TOOTH BRUSH
For more effective gum massage and cleaning, ask your druggist for the new D. D. Double Duty Tooth Brush.
Jimmu: Women will never let you starve, doctor—just cultivate a bedside manner!

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

ROBERT DONAT
Rosalind RUSSELL

THE CITADEL
A KING VIDOR PRODUCTION

Based on the novel by A. J. Cronin
with RALPH RICHARDSON
REX HARRISON-EMLYN WILLIAMS
Screen Play by Ian Dalrymple,
Frank Wead, Elizabeth Hill. Additional dialogue by Emlyn Williams.
Produced by Victor Saville

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

MOTION PICTURES ARE YOUR BEST ENTERTAINMENT!

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

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

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

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

"Sweethearts" is their first modern musical. Modern as the dialoguey Dorothy Parker (the "glad girl") and Alan Campbell.

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

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

Just call me Leo.
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DEANNA DURBIN now to be seen in That Certain Age

RALPH DAIGH, Managing Editor  
CHARLES RHODES, Staff Photographer

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Thank goodness, our favorite funnyman, W. C. (Bill) Fields is back in harness again with his You Can't Beat An Honest Man for Universal Studios. And harness it is, for Bill says he has never worked harder during his movie career.

Under the flat roof of a second-story office at the studio Bill personally has pounded out the story for his picture. "It's a story I've had in the back of my mind for years," Bill says. "I've always wanted to write it and to play it. It is founded on first-hand experiences and observations made during my 41 years in the entertainment business.

Bill, as you may recall, started amusing audiences with a medicine show. From that he progressed by hard stages to musical comedy and to pictures.

Talking of the tricks of the con man, the circus short-change artist, the phoney stock salesman and others of their ilk, Bill has this to say: "I've always noticed that it is impossible to cheat an honest man. An old trick of the old-time ticket seller at the circus was to seem to give the sucker too much change for a big bill. At the same time he'd yell: 'No mistakes rectified after leaving the window!' The chump, seeing that he's getting a dollar or so too much, folds up the change, jams it into his pocket and hurries away from the window, confident that he's gotten the better of the circus sharper. It isn't until he counts his change that he discovers that he's been a sucker for a short-change trick. Now, if he'd been entirely honest, he'd have called the ticket seller's attention to the apparent mistake—and then would have discovered the shortage. Being dishonest, he was cheated. The same applies to every other form of 'con' game—the sucker thinks he's on the inside, and is going to rook some one else—and he's the chump that pays off. The 'stolen fur' racket is another sample."

Fields decries the absence of good comedy writers in Hollywood.

"Hardest thing to find," he insists. "Any number of crack dramatic writers are around these parts, but there isn't but a mere handful of good comedy writers in Hollywood. That's why," he ended with his usual sly, modest smile, "I had to write most of this script."

What's in a name? Well, just this, for example. When Gene Autry was battling Republic Studios over salary, the men behind the cash box substituted a young fellow by the name of Dick Weston who had previously made horse operas for the studio. He had been a success on the radio, too. For some reason or another they slapped on a new moniker and he went under the name of Roy Rogers. Apparently Republic forgot all about the real Roy Rogers, who has been troup ing for years. Now this real Roy Rogers is suing both the real Roy Rogers and Republic Studios for the tidy sum of $150,000!

Big star, little Mickey Rooney has signed autographs until he's got writer's cramp and now, in payment for it, he's going to ask his fans to return the favors by sending in suggestions for a name to the new ranch he recently purchased out in the San Fernando Valley. Studio friends have offered such names as Mickeyville, Rooney's Roost, Rooney ranch, and Mickeymanor, but the young star has turned them down as not being quite dignified enough.

"I want a name," says Mickey, "that will include the feeling of the old West, motion pictures, and either my first or last name. That sounds like a tough assignment, but I hope my fans will help me out."

Hollywood is getting quite a chuckle over the "I'm glad to give all my salary to the Old Man With the Whiskers" speech credited to Carole Lombard. Not that Carole won't be glad to do it, for she's one of the most generous souls in this town, but Hollywood is laughing because the quotation just doesn't fit in with experience. It's a sad commentary on the gay, free, and big-money life in the motion picture capital that a lot of the top stars are tighter than a drum when it comes to providing even a five-spot for their local charities. And that they hate like sin to see the government take it all off their salaries is too well known to be news.

Robert Taylor waxed a little poetic the other day after an hour's inspection trip around his San Fernando Valley ranch de luxe and batted out the following livestock gem without once calling for help from his nearby ranch neighbors. Here's the way it goes:

We've bathed the Guiney's tootsies,
We've cleaned the rooster's earrings
We've trimmed the turkey's waltz lines
With antiseptic shears.

With talcum all the guinea hens
Are beautiful and bright,
And Dobbin's wreath of gleaming teeth
We've burnish'd snowy white.

With pungent sachet powder
We've glorified the dog
And when we have the leisure
We'll manicure the hog.

We've done all in our power
To have a ranch de luxe,
We've dipped the sheep in eau de rose,
We've bathed our little ducks.

The little chicks are daily fed
On sanitized worms,
The calves and colts are always boiled
To keep them free from germs.

And thoroughly to carry out
Our prophylactic plan,
Next week we think we shall begin
To wash the hired men.

The happiest man in motion pictures is Harry Langdon and you can comb Hollywood from stem to stern without finding a man or woman who isn't happy with and for him over his recent good luck. Hal Roach has planned a series of pictures for him, teamed with Oliver Hardy. The first will be Zorba's Infidelity, with Langdon playing the role of a small town justice of the peace and Hardy playing the role of a small town doctor.

Women, opines Jimmy Stewart, the M-G-M bachelor, are like automobiles. Some are chummy roadsters and others are merely runabouts.
These are the
"ANGELS WITH DIRTY FACES"

JAMES CAGNEY

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

PAT O'BRIEN

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

THE DEAD END KIDS

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

HUMPHREY BOGART

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

ANN SHERIDAN

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

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

with GEORGE BANCROFT

Screen Play by John Wexley and Warren Duff • From A First National Picture

Directed by Michael Curtiz

a Story by Rowland Brown • Music by Max Steiner

Presented by WARNER BROS.
Decidedly baffled was Basil Rathbone after he had been in New York for three days.

"Who do I look like to you?" he asked.

Beyond any argument, we thought he looked like Basil Rathbone, but evidently introduced to Rathbone in one of the night clubs, shook his hand with unsteady but deep affection, "Happiest day of my life to meet you," he said. "Didn't cash the name but know the face, an' I wanna tell you you're the bigges' fool on the screen. I'm crazier 'bout your comedies than about all other pictures put together . . ."

The next day, a new acquaintance congratulated Rathbone warmly for a performance given by Ian Keith! Then Philip Merrivale's friend had turned up! No wonder Rathbone was asking questions about his appearance.

We couldn't think of a bright quip, but we advanced the thought that many different people have many different ideas about Rathbone because he is a real actor. Even though he uses very little make-up, his appearance on the screen is so different from his appearance out of character that it is astonishing.

For instance, he does not bear more than a family resemblance to the bent, near-sighted, grinning Louis XI, his newest role which you will see in If I Were King. For that matter Basil Rathbone does not bear more than a superficial resemblance off the screen to any of his movie characters. He doesn't look like the cold, sardonic Mr. Murdock whose chill voice and fish eye terrified little David Copperfield. He does not look like the passionate Tybalt who engaged in all that smashing swordplay in Romeo and Juliet. He does not look like the powerful Russian minister whose brutality could be warmed by sarcastic gallantry when occasion demanded in Tovarich. He certainly does not look like the sneaky double-dealing Sir Guy of Gisbourne in Robin Hood, or the haughty, cruel Ahmed in Marco Polo, or the sybaritic Pontius Pilate in The Last Days of Pompeii.

Off the screen he is a tall, slender, extremely attractive young man . . . far too young in appearance to make it quite believable that his son, Rodion, is old enough to be married. He looks very much part of a big city and a big world. Quite effortlessly, quite unself-consciously, he gives an impression of great sophistication and great charm. His energy is enormous and so is his enthusiasm for new ideas. But perhaps his outstanding quality is that indefinable something that makes you think, in some surprise, "This man is first of all kindly. He wishes other people well. Without a spot of conceit, he is quite sure of himself and so he doesn't waste any time with hesitations or jealousies. This arch villain of the movies really feels friendly to all the world. This supermenace of the movies is really a very good, very nice person."

It will be interesting for you to keep in mind that dashing young man who descended so gaily on New York for the opening of If I Were King when you see that picture. On the screen Rathbone has created a living character, complete with one of the best cackles it has been our privilege to hear, a nervous grimace, a different way of walking, a voice unlike any he has used before. He has created a subtle, disillusioned, shrewd and shrewish old nobleman whose sarcastic wit is intrigued for a week in distracting his court and bewildering a beggar by giving him kingly power . . . and a death sentence.

We left Rathbone thinking pretty fine intellectual thoughts about how tragic it is that there is so little real acting in Hol-

One of the most striking characterizations currently on the screen is Basil Rathbone's performance as Louis XI in If I Were King.
GREAT PERSONALITIES

Selznick International presents

JANET GAYNOR
DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS JR.
PAULETTE GODDARD

in
THE YOUNG IN HEART

with ROLAND YOUNG
BILLIE BURKE

with Henry Stephenson
Directed by Richard Wallace
Produced by DAVID O. SELZNICK. Released thru United Artists

From the SATURDAY EVENING POST story, "THE GAY BANDITTI," by L. A. R. Wylie
Sabu, resplendent in a red turban, made a flying tour of the United States to celebrate the opening of his second picture, *Drums*. He was accompanied by two Sikh body-guards and his brother.

lywood and how exciting a thorough characterization is when it appears on the screen. We kept on thinking about type casting and how little chance many fine players have to show their talents. We were still thinking of it two days later when we saw a big crowd on Times Square. The autograph hunters were in full cry after Basil Rathbone, who was making his way to the Paramount theatre.

Then we thought . . . belatedly . . . of the bright quip that we should have used at luncheon and made ourselves very conspicuous by shouting, "Hello, Freddie Bartholomew! My! How you’ve grown!" “Hello, Mr. Beery,” we called. “When did you get into town?”

**SABU MARCHES ON**

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**Campana’s Italian Balm**

**FREE**

Campana Sales Company
219 Loomis Avenue, Batavia, Illinois

Gentlemen: I have never tried Italian Balm. Please send me VANITY Bottle FREE and postpaid.

Name:

Address:

City State:  

In Canada, Compana, Ltd., P. O. 777, Collingwood, Toronto

---

He saw the bustling, crowded coast cities of his own India. The vast liner which was to take him to England was a seven days wonder. Then, in quick succession, he saw London, Paris, Rome. He skied in the Swiss Alps. He went to a proper British boys’ school. He learned to wear European clothes and eat ice-cream. He picked up a very adequate English vocabulary, and, because of his devotion to American movies, a handsome variety of American slang. He played the Prince in the exciting adventure story of East Indian revolt, *Drums*. Then he sailed for America.

For the few days he was in New York, he was a picturesque addition to the color of the city. Two towering Sikh body-guards were eye-catchers in themselves. They were dressed in cream-colored thin cotton coats, tastefully piped in baby-blue. The coats reached to the knees. From there, tight cotton pants of the same color carried on down to the large polished black British brogues which protected their feet from the hard western pavements. Baby-blue turbans surrounded their dark faces, and one guard wore his short curly black beard in a form of string hammock, for reasons which never have been explained very clearly.

Sabu’s small, well-built figure looks very well in the neat double-breasted suits which are his usual attire. He never appears without a smoothly wrapped red turban.

His great passion is motor cars, and he longs for the day when he can have a license and will be free to venture on public highways. Because, even though he had more experience in the last two years than many people have in a lifetime, he is not yet fifteen, and the motor laws make no exceptions.

Although his enthusiasm for motor cars is unbounded, he still insists that driving...
She won College Honors

...but "Flunked" as a Wife!

One subject she hadn't learned was Feminine Hygiene—with "LYSOL"

Many family doctors—and husbands, too—have seen otherwise happy marriages fail, for lack of knowledge about proper feminine hygiene. A wife may not be conscious, herself, of any neglect on her part. That's the tragic thing about so many cases of "incompatibility". Wives don't realize... and husbands can seldom bring themselves to the point of mentioning it. If only there could be more frankness... but the subject of feminine hygiene is so delicate.

If there is any doubt in your mind about feminine hygiene, ask your doctor about "Lysol". For more than 50 years "Lysol" has earned the confidence of many doctors, nurses, hospitals, and thousands of women for the exacting needs of feminine hygiene.

Some of the important reasons why it is especially valuable in feminine hygiene 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 THIS COUPON FOR "LYSOL" BOOKLET
LEHN & FINK Products Corp.,
Dept. 15-B, Bloomfield, N. J., U. S. A.
Send me free booklet, "Lysol vs. Germs", which tells the many uses of "Lysol".

Name __________________________
Address ________________________
City ____________ State ____________

Lysol Disinfectant

FOR FEMININE HYGIENE

NATIONALLY ADVERTISED BRANDS WEEK At Your Favorite Chain Variety Store—November 5th-12th
She's

Is your girl a knockout, according to Hollywood standards? The best way to find out is to ask these eighty questions.

Robert Montgomery was reading studiously and making pencil notes as he went along when we saw him a few weeks ago at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios. "Ah, there's a conscientious young man," we thought. "Already hard at work on his part for The Earl of Chicago." But we were wrong. Mr. Montgomery raised a sunny face as we drew near and waved the November issue of Hollywood Magazine open at Loretta Young's questionnaire.

"I'm finding out whether I'm a 'Regular Guy,' or not," he said.

"How do you rate?"

"Haven't added it up yet," he said. "But I want to register a protest. I think it's an awful thing to let an actress ask all these probing questions about men. You ought to have another set of questions for girls to answer. It's not fair. It's a rank injustice. It is apt to lead to endless strife, not to mention jeers, arguments and unkind snickers. I protest."

"Mr. Montgomery," we said...

Robert Montgomery, in the classic pose of "The Thinker," is wondering if he left out any good questions in his Quiz. He is not so serious about it all in his new comedy, Three Loves Has Nancy.
a Knockout IF —

1. Do you like to cook? —
2. Do you discuss members of your family with guests? —
3. Do you ever ask a man to stop drinking when you think he has had enough? —
4. Do you ever take too much to drink? —
5. Do you like without raising your voice? —
6. When you are in the wrong can you say "That was my fault—I'm sorry" without trying to alibi? —
7. Do you make a dive for your favorite column before the rest of the family can glance at the paper? —

ON A DATE
1. Do you ever say, "I bet you say that to all the girls"? —
2. Do you use your powder puff in public? —
3. Do you start a sentence, "I know I look terrible, but—"? —
4. Do you straighten ties? —
5. When asked which of two entertainments you prefer, do you say, "Anything you like"? —
6. Do you expect to be kissed "good night" by every date? —
7. Do you get insulted if a date thinks you expect to be kissed "goodnight"? —
8. Do you dislike—be honest, now! — to introduce your boy friend to another girl, for fear she may try to take him away from you? —
9. Do you think the evening is wasted if you get home before 2 A.M. on a mid-week date? —
10. Do you tell about the fascinating qualities of Tom, Dick and Harry when you are out with Joe? —

IN MOMENTS OF STRESS
1. If your freshly-coiffured hair was blown to pieces in an open roadster, would it ruin your entire evening? —
2. Do electrical storms reduce you to a state of hysteria? —
3. Would the fact that you didn't have a dazzling new dress to wear to an important social function prevent you from going? —
4. Do you ever feel like a man out-dress a girl? —
5. Can you argue without raising your voice? —
6. When you make a dive for your favorite column before the rest of the family can glance at the paper? —

AT THE OFFICE
1. Do you wear ornaments that rattle? —
2. Do you try to carry on a number of flirtations over the office telephone? —
3. Are you a "nibbler" with a stock of candy bars always on hand in your desk? —
4. Do you wear frilly things to work? —
5. Do you hum at your work? —
6. If the office seems cold, do you close the window without checking on the wishes of others? —
7. Do you think being cute is better than being efficient? —
8. Have you designs on the boss? —
9. Have you so strong a dislike for one of your fellow workers that it interferes with your job? —
10. Do you complain about how your company treats its employees to outsiders? —

AS A WOMAN AMONG WOMEN
1. Have you as many friends among women as among men? Count them! —
2. When you say "I'll call you tomorrow," do you always do so? —
3. Do you give sincere, friendly advice to a girl who tells you her romantic problems? —
4. Do you enjoy gossiping about other women? —
5. Do you try to out-dress your friends? —
6. Have you  [Continued on page 56]
MICKEY ROONEY FOR MAYOR! His Platform: THE RETURN OF THE HORSE AND BUGGY!

All right, all right; granted that the sixteen-year-old snub-nosed dynamo appears more simpatico with a streak of lightning than with a horse, much less a buggy. The fact remains that when, after the shooting of Boys Town, somebody suggested Mickey for Mayor of Hollywood, Mickey announced this horse-and-buggy platform and stood firmly upon it.

Mickey himself has a streamlined car of the latest make. Mickey has an up-to-date football team of his own, he sometimes goes to the Cocoanut Grove for an evening of Big Apple, and he’s crazy about airplanes. Modern, that’s Mickey down to the last freckle and if modern Hollywood took a Mayor unto itself (being part of Los Angeles, it can’t), Mister Rooney might not be such a flop, at that. Just the same, he wants to make the Mayoralty race via horse and buggy.

“Gidlow us up? Sure!” he said with the Rooney chuckle, “that’s what I mean.”

To get what he means, though, you need to take a look at some scenes from Boys Town. Step over to Stage 10 on the M-G-M lot and into the yawning doorway where all those youngsters are jostling one another. Watch for a few minutes. Are you ready? Hold your hat!

Crash! Bang! Ya-ah! A couple of hundred boys smash the windows of the roadhouse and come boiling through the gaps, sticks in their fists, to surround Mickey (“Whitey Marsh”) who stands there, gun in hand, beside a wounded man.

“Try it again,” says Director Norman Taurog. They mount some new windows—not glass, but a sugar composition (you could eat ‘em if you felt hungry) and do it over, while Father E. J. Flanagan watches with his understanding smile.

From the beginning with five boys and $100 contributed by a Jewish pawnbroker friend of his, plus one barrel of sauerkraut as their only fare for the first Christmas, Father Flanagan kept a file and the Boys Town picture is based on actual case histories.

It was only when he reflected that he had to turn nearly a thousand boys away last year because of lack of funds that the priest allowed a film to be made around his trim town of brick and frame buildings.

Even after he gave his consent, and after he realized how much it might help if the screen told the public about his project, Father Flanagan had qualms till he found that the company sent to Omaha for many of the scenes would include Spencer Tracy in the role of “Father Flanagan.” He remembered Tracy’s fine impersonation of the priest in San Francisco, and felt that he could trust his own life story to that actor. Rooney was considered perfect from the start.

“I’m the lug of this piece,” Mickey confided exuberantly between scenes in the roadhouse as he twirled the revolver madly around a finger, “anyway, at first, I’m such a tough brat that you hate me—”

“You like people to hate you?” I asked in surprise at his pleased expression.

“No,” Mickey replied, his impish face suddenly sober, “I don’t believe anyone wants anyone to hate him . . . But in the picture I’m so fresh, I have to have my ears slapped down and you’re glad when it happened. Finally, in spite of how it looks as though I’d shot somebody and disgraced Boys Town, I turn out all right. I don’t see how any fellow at Boys Town could turn out anything except all right—I went there on location, you know. Yes, in the picture, I believe I’m finally elected the Boys Town Mayor.”

So what about [Continued on page 47]
Santa Sometimes Rings Twice

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The five little Dionnes celebrated Christmas early in the fall for the sake of the cameras in their new picture, *Five of a Kind*, but nobody complained! There'll be another party on December 25.

Jean Hersholt, honor guest at the first celebration, has a present, too.

Off for a spirited race on the five hobby-horses

Hersholt learns the newest fashion in wearing napkins

New dresses for a new dance to celebrate Noel

The end of a perfect party... Merry Christmas!
In every life one particular Christmas stands out as most memorable. Dozens of stars contributed tales of the day they'll never forget for this story.

By JESSIE HENDERSON

Xmas marks a spot! It marks the spot in which more than one film star has found himself on a Christmas, recent or in the past; which is forever memorable. Sometimes the day stands out because it was glad, or sad, or mad, or just plain haywire. Santa Claus, take it from Hollywood folks who have met him in various places in various ways, is a jitterbug, a dipsy doodle—or worse.

Clark Gable once celebrated Christmas in a snowdrift. Melvyn Douglas, trying to assemble a meal in Swedish. Andrea Leeds, on a desolate cliff waiting to be kidnaped. Merle Oberon, bawling in her handsome Hollywood kitchen. Errol Flynn, at a primitive feast in Ethiopia. James Garfield, in a box car with hoboes. Tyrone Power, walking down Fifth Avenue in his stocking feet. And Janet Gaynor—newly arrived in Hollywood after a job in a San Francisco shoe store—spent what she says was the most exciting Yuletide of her life pacing the parlor carpet and wondering if she'd ever get into the movies.

It was when Clark Gable had been an oil field worker
in Oklahoma and was on his way to a lumberjack job outside Seattle that the train stalled in a huge mountain snow-bank on Christmas morning. People got off—Clark among them—and floundered through the drifts, at some risk, to hack down a small fir tree which they set up in the dining car. They hung the branches with strings of notched lump sugar and, for gifts, exchanged things they had in their luggage or their pockets. Clark gave away a woolen scarf and received a really good hunting knife. Somebody had a box of candy. Somebody had a package of home-made gingerbread. Somebody knew how to do card tricks. All in all, though the train was not too warm and the silent snow held them prisoner, this is a holiday which for jolly companionship Clark counts among his best.

When Melvyn Douglas was a child he went with his parents to visit friends in the Swedish countryside for a Christmas filled with unforgettable joy and anxiety. The anxiety, as he explained in pauses between picture conferences on the Columbia lot, came from his fear that Santa wouldn't be able to locate Melvyn if Melvyn were in Sweden instead of at home in England; and from his own inability to say in Swedish what he wanted to eat. Both fears were groundless; especially about the

[Continued on page 49]
In every life one particular Christmas stands out as most memorable. Dozens of stars contributed tales of the day they'll never forget for this story.

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Christmas marks a spot! It marks the spot in which more than one film star has found himself on a Christmas, recent or in the past; which is forever memorable. Sometimes the day stands out because it was glad, or sad, or mad, or just plain haywire. Santa Claus, take it from Hollywood folks who have met him in various places in various ways, is a jitterbug, a daisy-doodle—or worse.

Clark Gable once celebrated Christmas in a snowdrift. Melvyn Douglas, trying to assemble a meal in Swedish. Andrea Leeds, on a desolate cliff willing to be kidnapped. Merle Oberon, bowling in her handsome Hollywood kitchen. Errol Flynn, at a primitive feast in Ethiopia. James Garfield, in a box car with hoboes. Tyrone Power, walking down Fifth Avenue in his stocking feet. And Janet Gaynor—not yet arrived in Hollywood after a job in a San Francisco shoe store—spent what she says was the most exciting Yuletide of her life piling the parlor carpet and wonderin' if she'd ever get into the movies.

It was when Clark Gable had been an oil-field woula...
DEAR EDITOR:

When you wrote me last week and said you'd like a story on the Gunga Din picture now being filmed by RKO, I grabbed at the chance like a Los Angeles playboy does the check in a nightclub. Then I grabbed for a phone and called up Perry Lieber, the Assistant Chief of Publicity of the studio, and put my trained index finger on him for a couple of days' work and in no time at all he called me back. Everything was okay, he says, and would I report at the studio the next afternoon at 4 o'clock ready for a trip to Mt. Whitney where the company was on location and I say sure—and I was. Mt. Whitney, I learned, was 220 miles away as a bottle of Old Crow flies and just to be sure I wouldn't have to hitch-hike I was in Perry's office at 12:30—just in time for lunch as it happened. Well, as I say, there I was at 12:30 with my "turkey" packed with long underwear and heavy sweaters and twenty minutes later my stomach was packed with RKO commissary food, and about four hours later I was in a RKO bus whizzing through the orange and lemon groves at sixty miles an hour. It was all very rural, idyllic, and peaceful and much like a trip through the Elysian... [Continued on page 44]
Make Your Own Cards

What is more natural in a picture-minded town than photographic Christmas cards? Here are some hints about how to make your greeting personal and different with your own camera.

The Paul Kelly's included fire, family and Scotties, in a charming greeting. Right, little Miss Robin, adds her greetings on a distinctive card.

Above, Joe E. Brown took this picture of Mary Elizabeth and Catherine Frances singing their Christmas greetings.

Chester Morris is using this snapshot of his children, Cynthia and Brooks, on cards for close friends of the family.

Young Richard Ralston Arlen, having hung up the stockings, poses for the card the Dick Arlen's will send out this year.
Being in love, Johnny Payne and Anne Shirley don’t like separations, as how many happily married couples do? But being also in the movies, with Johnny working in *Wings of the Navy* at Warner Brothers Studio and location points north, east, south and west, and Anne in *A Man to Remember* at RKO Studio and similarly scattered location points, there came a time when, although living in the same house, they played a hectic game of hide-and-seek... And thereby hangs this tale of marriage by remote control.

As you can see, the villains in the piece are various directors, production managers and other picture-making officials, and Johnny and Anne, assisted by their Filipino house boy, Toto, had quite a time thwarting them.

But just exactly what happened—and what did not happen—is contained in the following collection of documents which the young Paynes have carefully preserved, perhaps for the edification of their grandchildren... Who knows?
Six a.m. (horrible hour!) Monday
Johnny, darling:
The studio just phoned (I hope the bell didn’t disturb you) and wants me there early, so I’m off. ‘Bye, and I’ll see you around six tonight. Let me know if you are going to be late.

Your dutiful wife,
Anne.

Date: August 15, 1938
Subject: phone call
To: Miss Shirley, “Man to Remember” set
From: RKO Operator 7
Mr. Payne called at 4:36 p.m. Says he must work tonight and won’t be home until late. Says he knows you will be tired and not to wait up for him.

Ten-thirty Monday night
John dear:
I am taking you at your word and am going to bed, on account of I have to be up at the crack of dawn again tomorrow. Honey, will you leave Toto’s wages on the kitchen table for him, please? Tomorrow is his pay-day, you know.

Anne.

Ten o’clock Tuesday morning
Sugar Puss:
Sorry you had to leave so early, but that’s life in the city of Hollywood. Me—I’ve a late call for today, but will surely be home by eight tonight. Meanwhile, I miss you like the devil!

Johnny.

dere Mrs. Payne:
I reading note to mist Payne but he forgetting pay wages. Never mine you pay em tomoro?

Toto.

AUGUST 16 PM 6 11
MRS JOHN H PAYNE—FOUNTAIN AVENUE HOLLYWOOD CALIF
AWFULLY SORRY BUT AM ON LOCATION HERE FOR NIGHT SCENES WONT BE BACK UNTIL TOMORROW MORNING AROUND NINE OCLOCK STOP BY THE WAY WHERE IS MY LIGHT GRAY SUIT COULDN’T FIND IT WHAT KIND OF WIFE ARE YOU QUESTION MARK LOVE YOU ANYWAY

JOHN

Wednesday morning
Dear Marco Polo:
I waited for you as long as I could, but it is nine o’clock now and I have to go. Anyway, we’ll have dinner together tonight. By the way, what do you want for an anniversary present, it being a year ago, come Sunday, that I became your bride. Or are you a man to forget such occasions? Anyway, I intend to keep your memory jogged as the years go on. I’m that kind of a wife. Also, your light gray suit is at the cleaners where it belongs. I am also that kind of a wife!

A.

Date: August 17, 1938
Subject: Change in schedule
To: Miss Shirley (to be delivered immediately upon arrival at studio)
From: Production supt.
“Man to Remember” shooting schedule has been changed. Cast will leave studio for RKO ranch at 5 p.m. for night scenes.

Dearest:
We seem to be jinxed! I’m home for a mid-day rest, now, but tonight I have to work at the RKO ranch and won’t be home until very late, so don’t wait up.

Your beginning to feel forlorn wife,
Anne.

Dearest Toto:
Here are your wages. I’m sorry Mr. Payne forgot them.

A. S. P.

Six a.m. Thursday (You’re right, it IS a horrible hour!)
Dearest Sugar Puss:
I’m sorry! I did my darnest to stay awake until you got back last night, but couldn’t make the grade. I didn’t even hear you get in. Of course, this morning, I was mighty tempted to wake you up and say, “Hello, remember me? I’m the guy you married,” but hadn’t the heart. How about lunch? You won’t be working until afternoon, surely. Come on over to the studio, why don’t you?

Your lord and master.

J. H. P.

P. S. I had not forgotten our anniversary. I’m not that kind of a husband!

Date: August 18, 1938
Subject: Message
To: Miss Anne Shirley (to be delivered in Green Room, 1 p.m.)
From: Warners Operator 3
Mr. Payne says he has gone to Calabasas on location. Will return to studio at 4 p.m. and will be home for dinner.

Dearest:
Strange! My love remains unsullied, despite the fact that you’ve stood me up again. Thank heaven I’m in pictures, too, and know how it is. Otherwise, I might be in Reno. As it is, I’ll be expecting you for dinner.

Love,
Anne.

P. S. I’m leaving this note with the unit man. Hope you get it when you return. By the way, where is Calabasas? Do you need a passport to get there?

Date: August 18, 1938
Subject: Message
To: John Payne, “Wings” set
From: Warners Operator 9
Mrs. Payne phoned at 4:13 p.m., and says she’s sorry, but she has to go back to RKO ranch again, for more night shots. Says she may not return until morning.

Dearest Sugar Puss:
Leaving for work early this morning, and so have missed you again. In fact, I miss you like the devil, or have I mentioned that before? I may get off early this afternoon. How about driving down to Del Mar for the races?

J.

P. S. I have left Toto his wages. Calabasas is in California. Where is your education?

Dere Mrs. and mist Payne, you both love me wages so which do I keeping? I hones boy.
Toto.

AUGUST 19 9 PM 5 56
MRS JOHN H PAYNE—FOUNTAIN AVENUE HOLLYWOOD CALIF
BELIEVE IT OR NOT AM AGAIN ON LOCATION AT SAN PEDRO AND NEVER EVEN SAW RACES WONT RETURN UNTIL TOMORROW MORNING BUT THERE IS STILL DINNER TOMORROW NIGHT STOP HOW ABOUT THE TROC IN FESTIVE ANNUAL CELEBRATION OF OUR ANNIVERSARY LOVE
JOHN

Saturday morning, 10 o’clock
Darling:
I tried to wait for you to come home from San Pedro, but finally had to leave. I should be home fairly early today, but I have my fingers crossed. Anyway, there will be tonight. I have a new dress.

Love,
Anne.

dere Mrs. Payne, mist Payne tellfoned say he in town but deryed too late at stooldo. He say you ray ou his clos for tonit if possibil.

Toto.

Date: August 20, 1938
Subject: Message
To: John Payne, “Wings” set
From: Warners Operator 4
Mrs. Payne phoned at 4 p.m. Says she

[Continued on page 43]
Until you see these pictures from the album, you don’t realize how the first lady of the screen has grown. Her Christmas present to you this year is *Just Around The Corner*, her New Year’s gift is *The Little Princess*.
The Gracie Allen Murder Mystery, soon to be released, is no more thrilling than Gracie's private life, if you judge by her Christmas plans

By MARIAN RHEA

"George," said Gracie, sweetly serious, "would you like it if I gave you new dining room drapes for Christmas?"

We were having breakfast in said dining room (that is, Gracie and George were; I had just dropped in for coffee) and I suppose that's how Gracie happened to think of it just then.

"But we have some new dining room drapes," said George very, very quietly.

If his manner was perceptibly unenthusiastic, Gracie seemed unaware of it. "I know, George," she told him, brightly. "But maybe I haven't mentioned it—I want to be practical this Christmas. I want to give useful things, and so I thought—"

"So you thought you'd give me drapes for Christmas," George said.

"Yes, of course not only drapes," she hastened to add. "I shall give you other things, too."

"Other practical things?"

"Of course," she reassured him. "I told you I am going to make this a very practical Christmas."

That was around the latter part of September. Gracie, besides being practical, had decided to do her shopping early.

"Only sixty-four days before Christmas," she vouchedsafe in statistical manner the Los Angeles and Hollywood Retail Merchants' Associations would have adored. "I'm going to begin buying things tomorrow."

Very business-like (and also, very pretty in a luscious-looking green and orchid Japanese kimono recently purchased in Hawaii and tiny embroidered slippers; her hair up high much like Cho-Cho-San's) she got out pencil and paper and, George having left us for his morning swim, began her shopping list then and there.

"Let's see... For George: Drapes, shorts, shoes, shirts, socks, grass seed—"

"Of course," she confided, "with the children and my sisters and maybe some of the rest of the family, I shall probably have to break over a little, but at least with George I can stick to sensible things... tires, laundry soap, shoe polish, stamps—"

She was still at it when I left. Obviously, she meant business.

Not long after that George and Gracie went East on their personal appearance tour, and it was several weeks before I had a chance to check up on the progress of the latter's Practical Christmas. [Continued on page 52]
Dear Llewellyn:

I'm awfully sorry about that story. I tried to explain to the nice girl you sent to interview me. But I think I should write you, too. You see, darling, there just isn't an "untold story" in my life. I racked my little brain for all of half an hour (should I have gone on longer?) and couldn't think of a thing. In the first place everything that possibly could be written about me has been written. Maybe I should go out and "live" some more. I would, too, and love it if I weren't so durn busy making movies.

I thought for a while (about ten minutes, I guess) that I'd make up something to tell your interviewer, but decided that wouldn't be fair. I feel terrible about the whole thing. I'm sure I should have thought longer. And maybe I could have dug up something if it hadn't been this time of year.

It's Christmas and I can't think of tragedies. Wait a minute, darling. Don't get me wrong. It's not because I'm so merry and bright at this gladsome season that nothing but the happiest thoughts come to me.

Oh, no! Not that at all. It's because

I hate Christmas. Hate it! Hate it! Hate it.

That girl arrived just when I was making up my list. I thought for a moment I'd tell her my personal tragedy was Christmas but, I'm sure she would have called the wagon to come for me. (I sort of wish she had. You see, if I were in a lovely padded cell in a nice little Lanvin straight jacket I couldn't be writing down such things as, Norma Shearer—silver tea service. Merle Oberon—a pint of perfume. Carole Lombard—gold plated backgammon set.)

Yet I realized if I started expounding about the horrors of a Hollywood Christmas my house would be a fit target for a bomb. For it's perfectly dreadful that I, with this great big check coming in every week, that I, who have plenty of money to spend on gifts, should be complaining.

Why, when I was pounding my fingers to the bone on that awful typewriter in the office of a slave driver I used to think, "Oh, wouldn't it be wonderful if I could buy anything I wanted for people?"

I was making $22.50 a week then and I loved Christmas. My list was small and intimate—just the members of my own family and a few very dear friends. I knew them all. I knew what they wanted, too, and I wanted to give all of their out-of-reach dreams to them.

But of course, I had to make compromises. For instance, one year I overheard my mother telling my sister that her new print dress would look just right if she had a pair of nice earrings to wear with it. How I would have loved buying her diamond ones. Instead I had to compromise on imitation pearl. Yet when Christmas morning came and she, opening my gift, said, "Earrings—how sweet of you, darling. However, did you know I wanted them?" my heart almost burst with pride.

Then I became a movie star and they gave me a fortune and I could buy everybody on my Christmas list everything he wanted. Aha, I'm laughing with tears in my eyes. That's what I thought.

Just after I [Continued on page 39]
If you are thinking of Hollywood, think twice before you plan to arrive as anyone but your own sweet self. Many people have tried to put over exotic pasts and foreign accents, and paid heavily for it.

By SONIA LEE

Beware!

Don't Hollywood!

How much is Fame worth?
Is it worth constant Fear?

Is it the nerve-wracking expectation that tomorrow, or even today, the hoax by which you achieved Fame, would be blazoned across a hundred newspapers?

Is it worth chills and fever at the unexpected ringing of your doorbell? Or a flutter of guilt at a searching glance from a stranger? Is it worth denying old friends, or hesitation in making new ones?

Is it worth living in a shell of dread?
The hoax is an old method by which innumerable ambitious youngsters have sought to arrest the attention of Hollywood motion picture executives, producers and directors.

In singular instances it has succeeded.
First footholds in Hollywood have been gained in the past by whopping lies about family, background, experience or importance in Europe.

But is the fear of discovery, which goes hand in hand with a hoax, too great a price to pay for Fame?

"It's far too great a price," says Margaret Lindsay, "I got into pictures through a hoax, and I know! You pay in fear and in embarrassment and in limitation of your progress. I hoaxed Hollywood into believing I was an English actress. It got me a start. But I still am paying for it."

Six years ago, a girl introduced herself to the producer casting the historic Cavalcade as Margaret Lindsay, "the London actress, you know!"

Months later, when the picture was released, it was revealed that Miss Lindsay was a Dubuque, Iowa, girl who had deliberately acquired a British accent, changed her name, given herself a fictitious record of London stage experience, to expedite her career in the homeland.

It was a hoax well-planned, well-executed, and carried off to brilliant success. It gave Margaret her start in Hollywood. No hoax on Hollywood, before or since, has worked so well.

"Give her credit," many said. "She carried it off. She got somewhere. You have to admire someone as clever as that."

On the surface it would seem Margaret Lindsay benefited. She is now an established actress, sought after by many producers, entrenched in her profession. Yet, today, six years later, she ruefully insists that her hoax has exacted a peculiar toll from her career and from her happiness. That she paid for her Fame with months of fear.

She sat in the living-room of her apartment—a slim girl in white sharkskin slacks—a wholesome, sturdy, typically American girl, and discussed candidly the reasons she advises newcomers to tell Hollywood the truth about themselves.

To take chances on their own intrinsic merits, rather than to borrow fantasy as ammunition for their onslaughts on Fame.

"No one knows what fear is until there is something to hide," she declared.

"Then every whisper, every stranger at your door, every ring of the telephone, sends a quiver of fear through you. You feel like a criminal! Haunted and hunted!"

"I remember how desperately afraid I was when two immigration officials came on the set of Cavalcade. They had entry records of all the British players. But they could find none for Margaret Lindsay," I avoided questioning for days. But finally they caught up with me, and I had to tell them the truth.

"Little by little the circle of those I was forced to take into my confidence grew! In many instances, it was an embarrassing secret to keep. Many a lie must have been told for my sake.

"Friends back home recognized my picture in the [Continued on page 42]
Skeet shooting is Hollywood’s newest rage, and Carole Lombard is a consistent high scorer. Here she is in action, after a morning of work on the Made For Each Other set.
WOODEN ANNIVERSARY

More Like a Honeymoon!

Smart Wives use this extra beauty care...they cream EXTRA "SKIN-VITAMIN" into their skin*

Princess—H. R. H. Princess Maria Antonia de Bragança (Mrs. Ashley Chanler) is a great believer in creaming "skin-vitamin" into her skin. She says: "I'm glad to get this extra beauty care in Pond's—the cream I've always used."

Earl's Daughter—Lady Cynthia Williams, popular member of British aristocracy, has used Pond's since her deb days. "Now I'm more enthusiastic about Pond's than ever. Extra 'skin-vitamin' in Pond's Cold Cream helps provide against possible lack of it in my skin."

Vitamin A, the "skin-vitamin," is necessary to skin health. In hospitals, scientists found that this vitamin, applied to the skin, healed wounds and burns quicker.

- Now this "skin-vitamin" is in every jar of Pond's Cold Cream! Use Pond's night and morning and before make-up. Same jars, same labels, same prices.

"Any wife would be foolish not to take advantage of Pond's new 'skin-vitamin' beauty care! I've always used Pond's. It softens my skin...gives sparkle to my make-up."

Charming Hostess, MRS. CHARLES MORGAN, III (left) popular in New York's young married set

Amazing Pond's Offer

With purchase of large jar of Pond's Cold Cream, get a generous box of Pond's "Glow-Prent" Powder, worth 40% of the price of the Cold Cream. LIMITED SUPPLY...GET YOURS TODAY!

SOCIETY BEAUTIES USE POND'S

Statements concerning the effects of the "skin-vitamin" applied to the skin are based upon medical literature and tests on the skin of animals following an accepted laboratory method.

Tune in on "THOSE WE LOVE." Pond's Program, Mondays, 8:30 P.M., N. Y. Time, N.B.C.
JOYOUS NEWS

The girl who made a sensational success on the radio and the New York stage is repeating in Hollywood

By ED JONESBOY

If ever a girl thought she was sitting on top of the world it was Joy Hodges the day she won first place in a singing contest sponsored by Paul Ash and his orchestra during her stay in Des Moines, Iowa.

Here she was, scarcely in her 'teens and out of her pinafores, crowned as the A No. 1 warbler by the famous band leader, who had selected her out of a group of more than a hundred other girls from all parts of the "tall corn" state.

But that wasn't all. Not only was she considered the very best little canary of them all, but she was going to be something more than that. She was going to sing with the famous Paul Ash Orchestra. Paul Ash said so himself. He'd be in Chicago in a month or so, he said, and he'd wire or phone her from there. He made her promise that when he did she'd come a-running, and Joy, so excited that she was ready to go into a first-class nervous breakdown, promised she'd be there if she had to crawl on her hands and knees.

"Well," she remembers ruefully, "one month went by and no phone call and no wire. Then the second month. Then the third. And by that time I decided I'd better go down to Chicago and remind Paul of his promise. I had decided that if I were good enough to win a singing contest I was good enough to earn my living singing in a band and I wasn't going to let this opportunity slip by. So, with mother's consent I drew out enough money from my savings account to take care of carfare and hotel expenses and then I boarded the train for the City of Promise.

"But when I got there the cupboard was bare! I found Paul Ash easily enough—but I found no job waiting for me! When I said, 'Here's that Iowa girl again—what are you going to do about her?' he just looked sort of blank—and he kept on looking that way until I reminded him of his promise to the Des Moines song contest winner three months before. So I said again: 'Here I am ready to sing in your band,' and then waited for the good news.

Well, I'll say this for Paul, he was very nice about the whole thing, even when he got around to confessing that he and his band were out of a job. He just couldn't keep his promise to me if he wasn't working—and would I mind too much if I waited for another month or so until he got to swinging his baton again?

"Well, I think I was just as nice and polite as Paul was, everything considered. I said: 'No, I wouldn't mind at all,' but that was much..." [Continued on page 58]
ENJOY THE GREATER COMFORT
THIS NEW TYPE HEATER GIVES YOU!

NO NEED to put up with heat you can’t regulate this winter! And when you burn cheap fuel oil in the new Duo-Therm heater, you needn’t fuss with ashes, soot or dirt! An utterly new type of heater!
The new Duo-Therm “Imperial” is lower—keeps heat down where you need it—keeps floors warmer. Heats every room in the house more evenly, more uniformly than a heater ever could before!

Brilliant new beauty! The lower, more modern and compact design makes the new “Imperial” the handsomest heater ever created—and one that’s easily installed in any fireplace! The rounded corners and glossy new Golden Fleck enamel are easy to polish and keep clean!

Heat that’s always “just right”! When it’s bitter cold, turn the dial of your Duo-Therm and get plenty of moist, healthful heat! But on mild days, you can turn it down to a “candle flame”—get just enough heat to take the chill off!

More heat per gallon! Duo-Therm’s patented Dual Chamber burner gives you more heat per gallon. Always burns cleanly, silently, from pilot light to full flame. It saves oil! And Duo-Therm’s Co-ordinated Controls insure correct draft settings and perfect combustion!

Less chimney waste! Duo-Therm’s “Floating Flame” doesn’t rush up the chimney! It “floats” against the sides of the heater. Like Duo-Therm’s special “Waste-Stopper,” it forces more heat out into the room—saves you oil.

Safe! Listed as standard by the Underwriters’ Laboratories.

Mail the coupon now! Get all the amazing facts about this new heater! Nine models, two beautiful finishes, designed to heat from one to six rooms. See your Duo-Therm dealer—or write us.

Dealers: Ask us about the Duo-Therm franchise! *

Easy payments—ask your dealer!

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!

DUO-THERM DIVISION
Dept. H-812, Motor Wheel Corp., Lansing, Michigan
Please send me information on the Duo-Therm Circulating Heaters.

Name ____________________________
Address __________________________

City ___________________________________________County __________________________ State __________________________

I would also like to know about:

☐ Duo-Therm Oil-burning Ranges    ☐ Water Heaters
☐ Furnaces                      ☐ Trailer Heaters    ☐ Radiant Heaters

NATIONALLY ADVERTISED BRANDS WEEK At Your Favorite Chain Variety Store—November 5th-12th
Blondie
in the Movies

Blondie's famous child, Baby Dump-ling, is brought to the screen by Mr. Larry Simms who is doing his baby best to carry on the tradition of the widely syndicated comic strip.

With his own mother as valet
Putting the bite on Arthur Lake

A quick frisk
And the promise of reward

Arthur Lake and Penny Singleton play Blondie and Dagwood

For a perfect head-stand
The trick works

But Snooks won't learn, so one little actor is tired out
"Once I was a lady of leisure—with nothing to do but go to parties if I felt like it... take it easy if I didn’t. But those days are gone forever! It was in the cards, I guess. You know the saying—'Friday’s child is loving and giving... Saturday’s child works hard for a living.' That’s me!"

"Now I model clothes—at a shop where I used to buy them! And whee!—the weary miles we models trudge! Up and down... back and forth... shoulders back, ‘tummy’ in, head high!"

"Naturally ‘certain days’ are worse than others. But I soon learned from the other models how to make those days a lot easier! They introduced me to Modess—and, believe me, when you’re on your feet all day, a napkin that doesn’t chafe makes a world of difference!"

"If you’d like to know why Modess is so comfortable... just cut a pad in two. Feel that filler! It’s like the down on a duck! So soft and fluffy—entirely different from napkins made of close-packed layers."

"And—see how safe Modess is! Take the moisture-resistant backing from inside a Modess pad and drop water on it! That will show you why you need never worry again about ruining a dress... or being embarrassed."

"Then—if you’re earning your own living and have to count the pennies, as I do... here’s some more good news: Modess is easy on the pay envelope! Honestly—for all its comfort and security—Modess costs no more than any other nationally known napkin! So—take a tip from me and buy yourself a box of Modess today."

Get in the habit of saying "Modess"!

IF YOU PREFER A SMALLER, SLIGHTLY NARROWER PAD, SAY "JUNIOR MODESS"
NATIONALLY ADVERTISED BRANDS WEEK At Your Favorite Chain Variety Store—November 5th-12th
He Wanted
An Easy Job

Acting seemed like a nice easy life, but Henry Wilcoxon found that there is more than one hard way to make an easy living in movies

By EMILY NORRIS

"Sure, actors are softies," said Wilcoxon heartily.
He gave an unashamed chuckle as he okayed the accusation which through the ages has been tossed at the fellow with an artistic streak by the fellow without it. The fleer has been tossed at Hollywood recently, too.

If anybody should chuckle, it's Wilcoxon. He stood beside the hearth in his living room, six feet two inches of brawn and sinew, as the story-books say, with a curved Saracen sword in his right hand and a long, steel-tipped spear in his left. By the aid of these weapons he was explaining and illustrating a couple of scenes that had occurred in two of his pictures.

One ankle was a trifle stiff from a polo game out at his ranch and a shoulder was slightly wrenched from tent-pegging in which you ride a horse at full gallop and with a lance try to yank an iron tent-peg from the ground in passing. You have to swoosh low from the horse's back and sometimes the horse swooshes also and falls down on top of you but, as Wilcoxon was saying in his calm English voice, "It's heaps of fun, really."

There were sundry abrasions and contusions likewise, but all healing nicely, thank you. They were the result of furious scenes and mishaps during work in Mr. Moto, in the Jane Withers Keep on Smiling film, and, especially, in sequences of If I Were King when (as "Captain of the Guard") he chased Ronald Colman (as "François Villon") through the byways and alleys of Paris.

"I took up acting," Wilcoxon observed, not quite concealing an "ouch!" as he moved the knee where a guardsman had inadvertently kicked him, "because it's such easy work." Hefting the spear, he added that from childhood he had been the sheltered, pampered type which would naturally gravitate to the movies and he supposed now he would never be anything else.

"Just a softie!" he sighed, blinking his blue eyes and running a hand through his light brown hair so that it stood on end.

Wilcoxon, as a matter of fact, has been so sheltered and pampered in the movies and in real life, from his boyhood up, that it's a wonder he hasn't spent half his career in the hospital. His nickname among friends is "Biff," and he has a brother in England called "Bang." The names express the Wilcoxon temperament pretty well.

(Continued on page 37)
Be lovely and be happy with healthful, delicious Double Mint Gum

Lovely and happy . . . now this describes DEANNA DURBIN
Hollywood's attractive young star, above. And it is such light-heartedness that Double Mint gum helps bring you. This popular double-lasting gum is so delicious, it helps you forget minor cares and you become more at ease and people like you better. Besides, the relaxing chewing exercise helps relieve tenseness and nervousness so that you look more refreshed and lovely. Try some Double Mint gum today.

As a becoming dress sets off a happy face, DEANNA DURBIN, Universal Pictures' star, now playing in "That Certain Age"—permits Double Mint to show style-sketch of her new party dress by Vera West, Universal Pictures' fashion creator. In Simplicity Pattern 2951 at SIMPLICITY dealers or write Simplicity, 200 Madison, N. Y. City. But remember Double Mint gum helps you to be lovely and happy—first essentials to looks.

Healthful, delicious Double Mint Gum benefits your Digestion, Breath, Teeth. Sold everywhere. 5c. Get some today.

NATIONALLY ADVERTISED BRANDS WEEK At Your Favorite Chain Variety Store—November 5th-12th
You have heard of famous beauties bathing in milk to preserve and enhance their beauty. Now science knows why. Milk contains certain delicate oils that are similar to the natural oils found in the human skin itself.

Now these precious milk-oils are being extracted and combined with other oils to make a new type of face cream that is winning millions of users. If your skin is too sensitive for ordinary creams—try Duart Creme of Milk for cleansing and all skin care. This may be the one creme you have always hoped to find.

Ask for it by name at Drug, Department Store, 10c Store or Beauty Shop. Or write Duart, 984 Folsom St., San Francisco. Sizes 25c, 40c, 50c, 80c, $1.65.

**Hold that Man**

Here is some smart advice about the things men notice

By ANN VERNON

I've been listening to the men! To your boy friends, fiancés, husbands. And I've gotten a pretty good idea of what they do and don't like about you and me.

No, I'm not going to play the heavy parent and tell you that men like girls who are clean and sweet and pretty. That's an old story, and so is the fact that they like girls who look, act and are natural. Instead, here are some of their pet peeves. You young wives who want your husbands to stay in love with you, you gals who entertain high hopes of leading Jack to the altar, listen closely. If you want to hold your man—

**BURNISH** your hair. Number one "like" on all the lists was shining hair. They like hair that looks clean and brushed. They don't give a hoot, most of them, how many curls you pile on top of your head or at the nape of the neck, but they do want those curls to be im-maculate, and they do want the smooth part of your hair to be sleek and glossy.

If your hair is what experts call drab—a mousy brown or lack-lustre blonde—use a rinse that is especially prepared for your needs. I'll be glad to give you the name of one that removes soap film from the hair at the same time that it accents its golden highlights. The rinse is an old friend, brought up to date with a new formula and new dress. Whatever your hair color, you'll find a type of this rinse that will bring out all the radiant beauty of your hair, and give it a new warmth of color. The food colorings used in the formula are U. S. Government certified, and absolutely harmless. They'll wash out, but won't rub off. A dime buys the new gold package with its red and black accent—want the name?

**MAKE UP** once and for all at your dressing table in the privacy of your home. If there's anyone the man can't stand it's Powder-Puff Polly—the gal who can't enjoy a meal, a show or a dance.
because she's always dragging out her compact and re-doing her face. And Gooey Gertie, whose kisses leave a tell-tale lipstick smear, rates a close second.

For that flawlessness and lasting make-up I can recommend a special powder base. The wedge-shaped stick is easy to handle, and the creamy foundation spreads easily, evenly. Just touch the stick lightly to your nose, forehead, cheeks and chin—then spread it to an even film. My make-up lasts shinelessly through dinner and a long, long evening with this to keep it in place. The non-greasy foundation gives the skin a water-proof, velvety finish you'll love. Four skin flattering shades, in as many sizes priced from a dime to a dollar. Interested?

Your kisses won't give you away if you use a certain lipstick now out in a new type. The lipstick itself has always been famed for its indelible qualities. Apply it, let it set while you give your hair or eyes a finishing touch, then blot with a lipstick tissue. Your lips will be stained with a vibrant, glowing color that stays and stays. Of special interest right now is the new "black" lipstick from this manufacturer. It's magical the way the color changes from black in the case to red on your lips. You can lighten the color by moistening your lips—slightly for a medium shade, more for a light tone. The harmless ingredients of the lipstick can't irritate or dry the lips. A dollar buys a generous stick.

**BRIGHTEN** your smile. More men than I could count told me how attracted they were by a pretty smile. Each one went on to say that sparkling white teeth are more important than perfectly shaped ones. What's more, when men say "sweet smile" they mean just that, so look to your breath, lady!

You can polish your teeth and sweeten your breath at one and the same time with the aid of a certain dentifrice. Its special penetrating foam floats away food particles that might cause unpleasant breath and dull, dingy teeth. The foam, and the soft, safe polishing agent of this toothpaste clean your teeth gently but thoroughly. Want the name?

**SECURE** your daintiness with two baths a day, fresh undies, and the faithful use of a perspiration corrective. There's a new cream perspiration stop that does its job quickly and effectively. The cream vanishes completely into the skin, and is so soothing that you can use it immediately before or after shaving. It checks perspiration, locally, for a period of one to three days, depending on you. A generous jar costs 35 cents. Name?

**PRESCRIBE** the honeymoon whiteness of your hands by the frequent use of a hand lotion or cream. One man told me that he still gets a thrill out of holding hands with his wife—because her hands are as satiny smooth and immaculately groomed as the day they were married.

Even dishwashing hands will retain their softness if you treat them to a hand lotion several times a day. Smooth it over the entire hand, stroking it on as though it were a new glove, after every wash-up. A real bargain is the special good-will gift offer made by one of the oldest hand lotion manufacturers. With each of the fifty-cent bottles you'll receive a smaller bottle. Use the smaller, then if you're not satisfied, return the large bottle for a refund. I like the rapid-drying, non-sticky qualities of this milky lotion, and the way it soothes chapped raw skin. You will too.

Write me before December 15 if you like the names of any of these products. Enclose a stamped, return-addressed envelope with 73 cents in U. S. postage.

---

**GO AHEAD AND SULK, IT'S STILL TRUE!**

"Why shouldn't I sulk? You would, too—if somebody said you had bad breath!"

"I'm sorry I hurt your feelings, honey. But why don't you see your dentist about your breath?"

"Tests show that most bad breath comes from decaying food deposits in hidden crevices between 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 Dental Cream Combats Bad Breath**

"You see, Colgate's special penetrating foam gets into the hidden crevices between your teeth that ordinary cleansing methods fail to reach. It removes the decaying food deposits that cause most bad breath, dull, dingy teeth, and much tooth decay. Besides, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent gently yet thoroughly cleans the enamel—makes your teeth sparkle!"

---

**Later—Thanks to Colgate's...**

"I don't believe a word of your blarney, mister!"

"I believe it or not, honey—I mean every word of it!"

"...and no toothpaste ever made my teeth as bright and clean as Colgate's!"

---

NATIONALLY ADVERTISED BRANDS WEEK At Your Favorite Chain Variety Store—November 5th-12th
To Complete Your Loveliness

Care for
YOUR HANDS, too
THIS NEW, EASY WAY

Apply just a few golden drops of Chamberlain's Lotion. Notice how it soothes as it smooths away roughness and redness. There's an Important Ingredient in Chamberlain's not generally found in other lotions, to keep skin soft, smooth and young. There's never a trace of stickiness and you don't have to shake the bottle. That's why so many prefer Chamberlain's. Attractive hands are yours for the asking if you ask for

Chamberlain's Lotion

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Please send Free "CARRY-SIZE" Chamberlain's Lotion.

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GIVE AUTHENTIC HOLLYWOOD Autograph KERCHIEFS FOR XMAS!

HERE'S an unusual Christmas gift from Hollywood to thrill and delight your friends! Beautiful kerchief bearing autographs of top personalities of your favorite stars! Can be worn over the head as bandana, around the neck as scarf. Makes an ideal secret for men. Your friends will treasure it as a lasting souvenir of Hollywood. Approximately 21 in. square. Choice of brown, blue or white, combined with white in a hand-blocked print. Silk, with hand-rolled hem, $1.30. Cottons, $1.50. Postpaid, send gift cards and shipping instructions and we will mail them to your friends direct from Hollywood.

Cosmetic Corporation of Hollywood
Park Central Building, Los Angeles, Calif.

Gentlemen: Please send ____________ Authentic Hollywood Autograph Kerchiefs. [Specify]


Name__________________________

Street________________________

City__________________________

[In bracketed items, you may check the style to be sent.

Attn: gift cards and complete shipping instructions if you want them mailed direct from Hollywood to your friends.

MOYO CROSSWORD

1. Rogers-Astaire film.
2. Portrayer of Hopalong Cassidy.
3. First name of feminine lead of Gold Mine In The Sky.
5. Sarah Padden's initials.
6. First name of late Mr. Healy.
7. Deanna Durbin's birthplace.
8. Storm — A Tramp.
9. First name of one who was Garagin in Torchian Blane In Panama.
10. Initials of one who portrays Mr. Moto.
12. Billy Mahan is one.
15. Whose role was that of Emma in Four Daughters?
16. — Confession.
17. Initials of a star of Block-Heads.
18. First name of a character in Valley of the Giants.
20. Initials of one of the Lane sisters.
22. — Symphonies.
23. Feols — Scandal.
24. The girl in Sing You Sinners.
25. Joel McCrea's wife.
26. First name of one who was Inspector Glason in I Am The Law.
27. Initials of Terry Walker.
28. Harold Lloyd's native state (abbr.).
29. Edward Earle's initials.
30. His first name is Sam.
31. Small role in screenplay.
32. And — They Were Married.
33. You — Me.
34. Lawton in One Wild Night.
35. Stella in Rascals.
36. Star of I Am The Law.

ACROSS

1. To assign an actor for a part.
2. Mr. Coleman's initials.
3. She Had To —
5. His last name is LaRaque.
6. Comedian with Swedish dialect.
8. James Newill and Terry Walker were spurred in — The Great White Trail.
10. What Spring Byington is called in Jones Family Film.
11. First name of Miss Negri.
12. He had title role in Test Pilot.
13. Whose role was that of Phillip Marshall in Always Goodbye?
14. Eskimo actor in Call of the Yukon.
15. John Quinn in Garden of the Moon.
16. Edna Oliver's initials.
17. String in Little Tuffy Guy.
18. His last name is Alberni.
19. Mickey Borden in Four Daughters.
21. Remember — Markey?
22. Spain of the —
23. Celi in Clipped Wings.
24. — Finds Andy Hardy.
26. Director of Mother Carey's Chickens (pols.).
27. Mr. Arlen's initials.
29. Mrs. Errol Flynn.
30. When Were You —
31. Initials of 61 Across.
32. — Baker is a star of westerns.
33. Date in October on which Harry Richman celebrates birth.
34. He Loved — Actress.
35. — the Victor.
36. Initials of a star of The Texans.

DOWN

1. To assign an actor for a part.
2. Mr. Coleman's initials.
3. She Had To —
5. His last name is LaRaque.
6. Comedian with Swedish dialect.
8. James Newill and Terry Walker were spurred in — The Great White Trail.
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33. Date in October on which Harry Richman celebrates birth.
34. He Loved — Actress.
35. — the Victor.
36. Initials of a star of The Texans.

(Solution on page 51)

Nationally Advertised Brands Are Your Assurance Of Value And Protection
As a youngster, "Biff" was taken from England to the West Indies, where, with other youngsters, he was used to amuse himself by diving into deep water to explore certain ancient wrecks. There were sharks in the water, but the boys went diving nevertheless. One day Wilcoxon swam into a cabin on a wreck and the current closed the door after him; he had a heck of a time getting out and a heck of a tussle with his own psychology before he dove down into the cabin again to prove to himself that he wasn't scared!

In the midst of this sheltered existence, he discovered Shakespeare's plays and found that he liked to read the lines aloud. So, what with soccer, tennis, hunting, boxing and other sedentary pursuits, he found time to go upon the London stage and thence into American pictures.

His first American film was DeMille's The Crusader, in which he played "Richard, the Lionheart" with Loretta Young as his queen. His second was Antony and Cleopatra, in which he played "Antony" to the Claudette Colbert. Right away I realized that the movies were the spot for any fellow who wanted an easy job," he explained; "my first hour on the lot, I heard about an actor who leaped off a roof to catch a rope dangling from an airplane—a scene in an adventure film, with a real roof, real plane, and real rope, too. Then I got talking with a chap who had been chased through the jungle by a lion; a sound stage jungle, but positively a genuine lion.


In The Crusades, they threw him immediately into a spirited fist fight with a blacksmith. Nobody pulled punches. "Richard, the Lionheart" took it on the jaw, and the blacksmith got buffeted into a drinking-trough.

"Then came the battle scenes," Wilcoxon recalled, "marshmallow stuff where we clanked around in sixty pounds of steel mail and clunked one another over the head with iron battle-axes so sturdily that more than once we knocked one another out."

Yes, and the classic scene—remember?—when Wilcoxon, on a hillside full of milling warriors, snatched a Saracen from a horse, wheeled the horse about, and leaped into the saddle; all in practically one gesture. It had to be a darned quick gesture, too.

"I was new to the movies, and when they asked if I could do it, I said I'd try," Wilcoxon commented, "but if I'd known more, I wouldn't have attempted it."

Because of the physical danger?

"Because, without knowing it, I was depriving a stunt man of a job," Wilcoxon answered.

From this gentle introduction to the cinema, "Biff" progressed to adventures equally marshmallow in character. For Antony and Cleopatra he had a brisk fight with Roman broadswords; real swords, the short, broad blades with which Roman legions carved a way across Europe. The fight had to be a bona fide fight, except that Wilcoxon and his antagonists knew what the other fellow would do next—or thought they did.

Well, the fight went along beautifully. Wilcoxon fencing with four men at once, until one of his opponents unintentionally did the unexpected. According to the script, "Antony" smashed down on this fellow's sword and broke it. The soldier was supposed to fling the splintered blade at Wilcoxon's face, and Wilcoxon would fend it off with his shield.

But the soldier stumbled. Wilcoxon raised the shield and the broken blade went deep into his leg.

So much easier than working in an office. Sure.

But there came an occasion when Wilcoxon got back at a director; and without intending to do so. The thing was due to his days in the West Indies. They were filming Souls at Sea. What
the sheltered-life Wilcoxon had to do was stand by the rail of a ship and let Gary Cooper knock him backward over the rail into the ocean. At this point the ocean was dirty and murky and visibility into it from the deck was poor. "When Gary knocks you overboard," the director ordered, "just stay under water as long as you can, to give us time for a little more footage, and then we'll cut and you can come up."

"All right," Wilcoxon agreed. Gary struck him an awful wallop. Over the side he went and disappeared completely in the dark depths.

What the director didn't know, and what Wilcoxon didn't think to tell him, was that from his boyhood diving practice in the West Indies Wilcoxon had learned to hold his breath a lot longer than the average swimmer. This time he held it about a minute.

When he swam with leisurely strokes to the surface, the first thing to greet his eyes was a rim of white faces lined along the ship's rail, Gary's among them. The next was a confusion of men racing about the deck and yelling: "Throw down a life-belt!" "Launch a lifeboat!" And the next was two figures shooting up simultaneously from beneath the billows and shouting: "Can't find him!"

As he stared, it dawned upon "Biff" that these antics were on his behalf. The director, and the company, thought Wilcoxon had hit his head on the keel or that Gary had knocked him unconscious. Two men had dived to search the muddy deep, and altogether it was a fine hullabaloo and the only occasion upon which Wilcoxon has put over more on the director than the director has on him.

No doubt it was in pursuance of the life of ease that Wilcoxon bought his ranch out beyond the Malibu Lake district, a good thirty miles from Hollywood. Here's a spot where a pampered actor can relax. Wilcoxon's first relaxation was to clear, with his own hands plus the proper machinery, ten acres of ground and make it ready for farming. This of course was a job for his idle moments, since the rest of his time outside pictures was spent in building corrals for his horses, breaking the wild horses, and learning to rope cattle.

He didn't much like the cabin which stood on a corner of his acreage, so during a vacation he yanked it to pieces and personally put it together again. He added sleeping porches and built a great fireplace in the living room.

Between times, he took long hikes over his property. It includes a small mountain and, slaying a rattlesnake here and there, he explored this section also. It was on his mountain that he came upon the remains of a prospector's outfit and picked up a broken shovel and a ghost.

The shovel he uses for the ashes in the living room fireplace. The ghost, or whatever it may be, is something else again.

Here's the story. Wilcoxon vouches for the facts, and for the belief of others in the ghost. Himself, he isn't convinced, though he admits that the facts have no logical explanation.

"Near where I picked up the shovel, I found what I thought were human bones and buried them," he began. "The idea flashed into my mind that perhaps two prospectors had quarrelled and one had killed the other with that shovel. I don't know why the idea occurred to me, but it did."

"A few weeks after I'd taken the shovel down to my cabin and installed it by the fireplace, I had week-end guests, two married couples who for some reason began to talk about people who were psychic and about the supernatural. The ladies had gone into one of the bedrooms and, while they were talking, the men started to talk about the shovel."

"'You know,' said the other half of one of the pairs, 'I've been to that spot and I've talked to the man who was killed and he said that he had been there.'"

"'How's that possible?' asked one of the others, 'when he was killed?'"

"'Well, after I finished talking to him, there was a knock on the door,' said the other, 'and I stepped outside.'"

"'You knocked?' asked the first man, looking pained.

"'Yes,' he replied, 'and I opened the door and I saw a man standing there and he looked just like the man who was killed.'"

"'How did you know it was the same man?' I asked."

"'Because,' said the other, 'the shovel had come down the hall and into the room and was just leaning there against the wall.'"

"I was quite interested in the story but had no idea what to do about it."

"They had gone out for a few minutes, and when they got back they didn't have their tea because they had been told of a hobo who was lying in the dirt near the town out by the old road and it was the same day that I had picked up the shovel."

"'You know,' one of the ladies said, 'that shovel had to have been handled by that man, didn't it?'"

"I'm not sure,' I said, 'but the story is interesting.'"

"It is,' the woman said; 'but let's have a good drink of that.'"
became a star—getting pretty big money—I stopped by Joan Crawford's house one scouting October afternoon (and you know what scouts do October afternoons can be in California—in New York, everything is crisp and the air is wine-like). What I wanted was a nice dip in Joan's pool but I found la belle Crawford hip deep in red and green ribbons, little tinkling bells, Santa Claus faces. I thought she had gone crazy and started to back away, but she explained brightly, "Just wrapping up a few Christmas things. You see, my schedule is such that I'll be working from the middle of November right up until Christmas day. So I had to do my shopping and wrapping now. I'm tying up just a few things." I give you my word that an undersized fly couldn't have found breathing space in that room. Joan was muttering and wrapping and checking off from a list that looked like a ticket to Tibet with stopovers at principal cities.

Finally, I ventured a question. "How many people are you—er—remembering this year?"

She ran her eye down the list and did some lightning mathematics. "Five hundred and eighty-two," she said.

I was growing incoherent, "But who—what—I mean."

Joan disentangled herself from the tissue paper factory and proceeded to tell me the facts about Christmas in Hollywood. She couldn't make many gestures, as she talked, because her right arm was bound to her side by 1800 yards of ribbon.

"It's like this," she began. "First, besides your family, there are your friends at the other studios and all the people on your own lot—people who have been terribly nice to you all year, prop boys, electricians, wardrobe people, all have to have special presents. It's work, but it's fun. I love Christmas."

In my ignorance I said, "Well, take those people you work with—you can certainly buy in job lots for them. I mean you can give every electrician a couple of ties, can't you?"

The minute I had said it I saw the withering look Joan gave me that you couldn't. "But, darling," she explained, as one explains to a child who can't pass from the first to the second grade. "You can't possibly give duplicates because everybody in Hollywood knows everybody else and they all show each other their presents. It would hurt their feelings if they thought you just ordered in job lots and didn't give them any personal thought."

I left then and took a swim in the YWCA pool. It's not so pretty as Joan's, but I didn't get all tangled up in Santa Claus' beard.

It was then I decided I wasn't going to become involved in Hollywood's type of Christmas. No indeed, I would do as I had always done—give only to my intimate friends and family. Oh, sweet innocent girl that I was.

Next year I was working on a picture right up until Christmas Eve. (You're always doing that incidentally. They seem to plan it deliberately. An ordinary girl works until the last minute, too, but at least she can get a little shopping done during lunch hour. But not us. Studios are invariably far from the center of any town and besides we're usually done up in nine hundred beads and a G-string which is hardly a suitable shopping costume even in Hollywood.) So, thinking I was very cagey indeed, I asked one of those personal shoppers to come to my home in the evening.

As you know, that's one of the fine services Hollywood merchants render the busy movie star. Bright people come to your house with a line of merchandise and you can select what you want right there without the bother of going into the shop.

It seemed wonderful to me. But I didn't know. I just didn't know.

The shopper said, "Now just turn your Christmas problems over to me, dear."

---

Here is the New Linit Complexion Mask

IN FOUR QUICK STEPS

1st STEP
Mixing Takes a Minute

2nd STEP
Applying Takes a Minute

3rd STEP
Resting For 20 Minutes

4th STEP
Rinsing Off Completely

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

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Linit ALL-PURPOSE
POWDER

for every member of the family. Delightfully
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NATIONALLY ADVERTISED BRANDS WEEK At Your Favorite Chain Variety Store—November 5th-12th
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Then send 10¢ FOR POMPEIAN “GET ACQUAINTED” 7-ITEM BEAUTY KIT

There is a big difference in cosmetics. A difference that’s doubly important if you have a dry, sensitive skin. Send 10c for generous samples of 7 new Pompeian Creams and Powders. Then notice the difference. Pompeian Face Powder does not dry the skin as many powders do. Pompeian Creams contain no dangerous or irritating ingredients. Discover for yourself... mail coupon below.

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Baltimore, Md., Dept. FW-12
Enclosed is 10c. Please send me the Pompeian 7-Item "Get Acquainted" Beauty Kit.

Name ___________________________
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SEND 50c in Advance for PHOTO RING (Free Repaired Returned)
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One Ring Only
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EMBARRASSED BY HORRID PIMPLES?

Help protect your skin against intestinal waste poisons

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

Between 13 and 25, the skin is apt to be oversensitive. At the same time, poor digestion and elimination often throw waste poisons into the bloodstream... that may be carried to the skin and cause repulsive, ugly pimples to break out.

Many young people help solve this problem—simply by eating Fleischmann’s Yeast. Each cake of this famous fresh food helps eliminate intestinal waste poisons from your body; before they can get into the blood stream... and so gives your pimples a chance to clear up. Don’t run the risk of permanent scars from neglected pimples. Start eating Fleischmann’s Yeast now—3 cakes daily—one cake ½ hour before each meal. Begin now!

She sounded so cozy and helpful. “Let me see your list.”

I handed her the pitiful little thing—there were just twenty-two people on it—and saw right away she didn’t approve. She tossed it aside in disdain. I realized I was going to have to begin all over again.

“Now!” she said taking me firmly in hand. “What are we going to give Carole Lombard?”

I said she wasn’t on my list. I explained that I adored Carole, thought she was one of the swellest girls I knew, but I’d decided to keep my list down to family and very, very intimate friends.

“Oh, that will never do,” the shopper said briskly. “For I know but can’t tell—secret, secret—what Miss Lombard’s giving you and it’s something just too, too divine. You’d be just too embarrassed Christmas morning when you opened that present from her and thought about the card you’d sent her. Now let’s see... what will we give her? I know what so-and-so is giving her, so we won’t duplicate.”

Well, “we” gave Carole Lombard a stunning house coat in black velvet. “We” also jumped my Christmas list from twenty-two to 240. And “we” made a smiling exit, figuring up commissions while I fell in a heap on the floor.

Just a beautiful tool of a merchant—that’s what I am. And it didn’t occur to dumb me until much later that maybe Carole wasn’t going to give me a thing until “we” arrived and told her about the too, too, divine gift I’d picked out for her.

Although I hang my head in shame honesty forces me to tell you that sometimes a shopper can be very useful. Remember that wonderful emerald bracelet I love so much? I think you ran a picture of me recently with it on. Well, I got that through a shopper. I mean, sort of...

I espied it when I was discussing my Christmas jewelry problem with one of the many personal shoppers. The merchant saw my eyes light up. He said, slyly, “When Mr. So and So” (mentioning the name of the man I adore) “asks for suggestions about your Christmas gift should we suggest this?”

I’m only a woman after all—and weak. I didn’t exactly put the shopper up to it but I didn’t say, “Get out of my house you scheming rascal.” And, as you know, I have the bracelet.

The longer you stay in Hollywood the worse it gets. Every year you give hundreds and hundreds of gifts to the same people who already have hundreds and hundreds of things. See what I mean? It’s an endless vicious circle that goes round and round and round and... Oh, won’t somebody stop me.

There, I’m stopped. And I’ve been trying to think if anything has improved with the years. One thing has. Have you noticed the improvement in the card situation?

When I first came out here the greeting card competition was something to turn your hair grey. I thought, in my simple way, that a card was merely a gracious

In the new comedy, Topper Takes a Trip, Roland Young once more suffers numerous shocks from the whimsical ghost, played by Constance Bennett. In this scene she has materialized out of thin air to complicate Topper’s holiday at the beach.
way in which to wish an acquaintance a seasonal greeting. Not at all! The Hollywood angle was to get as far away from the idea of merely stating “Merry Christmas and Happy New Year,” get something big as a house in the line of cardboard.

If one star sent out cards so big that two men had to carry one in the house, the next year six young leading men who hoped to be stars would send cards that could only be brought by a truck.

It got so that, in order to be original and bizarre you started thinking about your 1933 Christmas cards on December 26, 1934 and these great monstrosities set you back to the tune of some five bucks apiece.

And then the only wonderful thing that's ever happened out here concerning Christmas—happened. (That's a mixed up sentence but so am I.) Some really bright person thought up the idea of having you give your card money to charity and only a penny postcard was sent out. Why don't they do something like that about gifts? But I'm afraid they never will. Hollywood is the big gift town. Leave a star alone with his thoughts for ten minutes—as long as he can stand it—and he'll think up something to give somebody.

The gents have long since worn out the idea of presenting their lady loves with such little baubles as diamonds and pearls and have gone in for the bigger things. You know, of course, what Bob Taylor gave Barbara Stanwyck for her birthday. A tennis court. Now doesn't that strike you as just slightly on the unwieldy side? I wonder if he said, "Shut your eyes and hold out your hand." Or maybe he put it behind his back and asked her to choose right or left. Or maybe I'm going crazy. Do you think so?

Another lad I know had given the light of his life every possible thing a young man could give the light of his life. Christmas came to add to his confusion. She had so many diamond bracelets that when she put them all on she couldn't bend her elbow. She had so many necklaces her masseuse had complained he couldn't get that kink out of her neck caused by carrying them around. And with her fur coats she could have financed an expedition to Alaska.

Then suddenly her boy friend remembered that she had wanted to remodel her house. So he gave her the extra bathroom she needed.

Now do you understand why I couldn't think up any tragedies but this when your interviewer called? What's going to happen?

A friend of mine who is an economics professor (goody! goody! he isn't in pictures and I don't have to give him a present!) tells me that it's all a very good thing, that the more people spend on anything, the more people are put to work and the more money circulates. Well, I can see the logic in that. If Hollywood stopped buying Christmas gifts nine million people would be out of jobs. But do you think it would throw the entire system off balance if one person stopped giving? I'm speaking, naturally, of myself.

Suppose I went berserk, hog wild, crazy and tore up my Christmas list. Suppose I said I won't be a pawn on this mad chess board. Whoops! What a wonderful idea! I'd be free! I could live my own life! I could call my soul my own! I'd be my own woman and not the slave of Santa Claus!

It's a grand idea. I'm going to do it. And yet and yet. . . . How would I feel Christmas morning when I opened the gifts sent to me and realized that nobody was receiving anything wrapped by my lily white hands . . . and then the electricians have been so very nice, and my hairdresser is a dear, and I am so grateful to so many people who had been darling all year long, and Christmas is such a good time to let them know I appreciate all they have done for me. . . .

Forgive me, I ramble and I really must stop now. You see, I just have to complete my Christmas list.

With all good wishes for the holiday season, though I wish you'd shoot Santa Claus on sight for me,

Yours devotedly, if grimly,

X. Y. Z.

---

A Volume of Cigarette Pleasure

...for his or her Old Gold-en Christmas

Here's one "volume" that will never get tucked away in the book shelves to gather dust! It's filled with 100 Old Golds, the cigarettes that are as double-mellow as Santa's smile. And it costs no more than two regular "Flat-Fifty" packages.

What a handsome gift it makes! Give him this "True Story of America's Double-Mellow Cigarette," and you'll give him a whole volume of smoking pleasure. Ladies will be thrilled with this Old Gold gift, too!

1 It looks like a rare edition, richly bound in maroon and gold.
2 Open it up and you find 2 regular "Flat-Fifties" of Old Golds (100 cigarettes).
3 Open one of the "Flat-Fifties" and enjoy America's double-mellow cigarette.

TUNE IN on Old Gold's "Melody and Madness" with Bob Benchley, every Sunday night starting November 20th, Columbia Network, Coast-to-Coast

NATIONALLY ADVERTISED BRANDS WEEK At Your Favorite Chain Variety Store—November 5th-12th
Beware! Don't Hoax Hollywood

[Continued from page 25]

newspapers. People I had known in New York; girls with whom I'd gone to school, saw through my masquerade.

"I never again want to live through those long weeks while I waited for the day of reckoning and exposure! While I waited for my well-planned hoax to explode in my face.

"It finally came through an article in my home-town paper. What a relief it was—nothing of the consequences—to be myself, to tell the truth, to be afraid of nothing!

"It was dreadful to meet people from back home, whom I knew well, and yet to be forced to deny my identity. To see the doubt and the bafflement in their eyes. It used to upset me dreadfully to be cornered into doing things like that.

"No—believe me—the hoax isn't worth the candle, from a personal standpoint.

"And it isn't worth the candle from the career angle.

"From the beginning I was tagged as an English girl—cool, aloof, reserved. I was labeled—and the label remained.

"Even when I admitted everything—brought my Iowa background and how typically American I really was—I couldn't make anyone believe that I had an emotion to my name.

"I had, you see, planted my hoax too well. I had been too successful in my campaign to be accepted as British in the beginning. Primitive roles—that is, roles of warm, human, electric women—were not given to me. I was supposed to be wholly without verve and flamboyance.

"Admittedly my break in Hollywood came through a hoax. But my career has suffered because I've never had a chance to be myself. Once tagged—you're 'it' permanently in Hollywood.

"From time to time I've thought of doing spectacular things, so that the public and the producers would realize that I was not inhibited, that I was not cold, that I was not a calm and collected person to match my accent. I think if I threw somersaults in someone's drawing-room I would still be considered the haughty and reserved Margaret Lindsay.

"On occasions I have said to myself—

"'Shall I roll a peanut down Hollywood Boulevard? Shall I affect bizarre clothes? Shall I suddenly immerse myself in scandal and headlines?' In my darkest moments I have had the notion to go out and borrow a peck of trouble in the hope that the fiction of my reserve would go up in smoke. Now if I hadn't pulled that hoax about being British, I wouldn't have had all those bothers.

"I believe that if a person is fated for a certain place in life, whether it be in the theatre or anywhere else, that achievement will come without the need of lies of subterfuge. It might be harder at first. It will be easier later. I didn't know this six years ago. I do now!

"And so to Hollywood newcomers I want to say—Beware! Don’t hoax Hollywood! Your hoax will bounce back some way. You'll get farther, in the long run, telling the truth.

"From now on, my life is an open book. I have no secrets. When I plan marriage (Hollywood believes that Margaret Lindsay's marriage to Bob Abbott, the business manager, is imminent) I shall announce it formally, get married in Los Angeles—do everything in accordance with time-tried formula.

"No more subterfuges—or hoaxes—for me! I'm eured!

■ There is a certain type of naive misrepresentation which Hollywood not only condones, but encourages. It's quite all right for a newcomer to acquire without benefit of fact, a finishing-school background and Mayflower forebears. It's even cricket for marriages, contracted before film fame, to be hidden. Frequently, they subtract from glamour and interest. But hoaxes about past importance, invariably pay slim dividends.

For months before Marco Polo was in production, the tale was going about the great actress, the rare personality of a girl called Sigrid Gurie, whom starmaker Samuel Goldwyn was grooming.

The impression was given that her appearance on the screen was delayed until her English was perfected, until she was the perfectly polished gem which would excite even Hollywood's jaded fancy.

There were few details available about her—only that she was a great Norwegian actress, miraculously found and persuaded to lend her luster to the American screen.

Her appearance as the Chinese Princess opposite Gary Cooper was awaited with considerable curiosity. Would this import deliver—or was it another case of a foreign actress being over-sold? Her origin went unquestioned.

She came up to the mark on preview night. She was exotic, she was deft, delicate, subtle. She had an exciting quality.

But on the heels of her debut came her husband's suit for divorce. Disclosures followed thick and fast. She was Norwegian, true enough. But born in New York, while her father, a construction engineer, was on a tunnel project in this country. She had lived most of her life in Oslo, Norway. But for the past four years she had been in Hollywood, making every effort to break into the movies.

Not a seasoned actress—but a novice! Not a lucky discovery, but a girl who had been brought to Goldwyn by her agent. Was Gurie's hoax helped her career? I doubt it.

The public dislikes to be disillusioned. When it is, the reaction may readily cause resentment or indifference.

It may well be argued that talent is talent—no matter where it is found. Or how! But the public hates to be taken for a ride in their introduction to the talent.

■ As a general rule, liars lose out in Hollywood, because their fictions are discovered before they have made their mark by merit.
Behind Hollywood's closed doors the story of the producer whose susceptibility to Russians is frequently told. Some years ago, he was taken in by a husky-voiced, sloe-eyed, young lady who claimed kinship to Russian royalty. The gentleman received her with open arms. He touted her as a great discovery. But when her bread-and-butter American background was disclosed, he dropped her like a hot potato. The lady disappeared from the Hollywood scene, before she was an integral part of it.

In more recent months, a wild-haired gentleman was introduced to him as the last word in Russian artistic achievement. The supposed director of the Russian Art Theatre was ensconced in a vast office with chromium trimmings and surrounded by a barrage of secretaries. His salary check delighted the income-tax collector.

I had occasion to meet this gentleman. Something about him was vaguely familiar. I scratched my memory—and then I recalled him. As a newspaper woman in Chicago I had run across him on a story. At that time he was a hard-working hardware salesman, with artistic yearnings. The nearest he'd ever come to Russia was watching a performance of the Chauve Souris. His little hoax caught up with him eventually. It was too bad—I was rootin' for him to get away with it.

When C. B. DeMille was casting This Day and Age, he set forth his specifications for the feminine lead in the production. Chief among them was that the girl must be unmarried and possess a "virginal beauty." With great fanfare Judith Allen was assigned the role. When it was disclosed that she was the wife of a wrestler, and had been for some time, the disclosure didn't help Miss Allen.

There are probably, at this very moment, half a dozen perfect pets in the shape of hoaxes being pulled in Hollywood. Some will continue hidden, and others will be safe!

Others will be revealed—and the hoaxes will either disappear from the business, or start paying off on their little jokes. Hoaxes are unreliable! They break up on such little reefs! Pouf! And they're exploded!

Which brings up the story of Eloise (which isn't her name) who was vanquished by a harmless little oyster!

In August, Eloise's accent was French and intact. People believed her story that she was "ze g-r-r-eat artiste!"

In September the first timid blue-point on the half-shell made its appearance to Eloise's undoing!

"Ah, splendidly!" cried Eloise. "All of my life in my beautiful France I hear in zis country you have in all ze world ze most wonderful oysters!"

Eloise doesn't live in Hollywood any more.

Marriage by Remote Control

[Continued from page 21]

has layed out your clothes for tonight but now has to return to her studio for retakes and will be late for dinner. Suggests she taxi to Trocadero when she is finished, meeting you there.

Date: August 20, 1938
Subject: To: George Brent, "Wings" set from Dan Mainwaring in publicity

Dear George:

Think John Payne is getting ready to celebrate this anniversary or something tonight. Thought perhaps you and the boys would like to think up a gag to delay him. Let me know if there is a story for the column.

To: Miss Anne Shirley
From: Trocadero Operator 3
Mr. Payne called at 7:58. Says he must work late but that he has phoned Mr. and Mrs. Jack Coogan to meet you here and keep you company.

To: Mr. John Payne
From: Trocadero Operator 4
Miss Shirley phoned at 8:14. Says she has been delayed but will arrive later.

To: Miss Anne Shirley
From: Trocadero Operator 6
Mr. Payne phoned at 10:05. Says he is through work, but believe it or not, has lost his car keys and his shoes.

To: Mr. John Payne
From: Trocadero operator 2
Miss Shirley called at 10:11. Says she is terribly sorry, but that she is still delayed. Hopes to be finished soon.

To: Miss Anne Shirley
From: Trocadero Operator 3
Mr. Payne called at 11:23. Says he has left for home, without shoes and in a taxi.

To: Mr. John Payne
From: Trocadero operator 3
Miss Shirley called at 11:26. Says she is through work, now, but is so tired she thinks she will just go home and wait for you there.

(Note on Johnny and Anne Payne's front door Sunday, August 21:)

"The doorbell won't work. The telephone is out of order. We have left for China."

NEXT MONTH

Don't miss HOLLYWOOD Magazine's annual Quiz on movie news. You'll have fun seeing just how much you remember of the year's big events to don't miss the newest questionnaire.

NATIONALLY ADVERTISED BRANDS WEEK AT Your Favorite Chain Variety Store—November 5th-12th

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Fields would be, and I sat there thinking nice thoughts and once in a while pitying the boys and girls who were in their stuffy rooms back in Hollywood nervously waiting a call for work from Central Casting.

And then the rude awakening! How was I to know, Miss Editor, that this journey to “location” would take me across the Mohave Desert? How was I to know that I wouldn’t be working high up on Mt. Whitney where it would be cold? How was I to know that I was to act (?) in a temperature that was above 120 degrees at ten o’clock in the morning? Just to give you a vague idea how hot the desert is in the summertime imagine yourself sitting on a redhot stove and multiplying it by ten! I lost 15 pounds by evaporation during that motor ride across the burning sands and another 15 after acting (?) for two days in the boiling sun of the Central Grant, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Victor McLaglen, Montague Love, Joan Fontaine, Robert Coote and the hundreds of others in the cast and on the staff stood the intense heat more than I can fathom—and as you know I’m undoubtedly the A-No. 1 fathomer in Hollywood! Nobody went “crazy” that action could see except myself and that was to be expected, everything considered pro and con, Terry Lieber said.

But it wasn’t the heat that finally got me down. It was the humidity! How would you like to stand on a revolving turn-table and stand there as bare as Sally Rand without her fans while a guy with an automatic flit gun sprayed you up and down and all around with black paint? You, along with six other extras? Well, that’s exactly what happened to me and I mortified! And humiliated! But I’ll go so far as to say this for the guys with the flit gun—they certainly gave all of us swell Duco jobs!

Remember that old, two-line jingle about the poor old heathen Hindu, for clothes he makes his skin? That was me!

Now the reason for all this shadiness was, because, when I reported the following morning to George Stevens, the director, he said if I wanted to work I’d have to “go native.” I said I’ve been known to go Hollywood, to go berserk, and to go crazy at various and odd moments but never native, and if it was all the same to him (which it probably was) I’d go home and I began to look around for the bus to take me back, but about that time along came Abdul Hassan who took me over to the turn-table and ordered the paint job.

This Abdul Hassan, by the way, proved to be a very interesting character. He claims to be the son of the mayor of Dakunu Kalatara, a province in southern India. He can trace his family tree clear back to King Wajji who lived 3,000 years ago. Abdul told me he had just finished writing Hell Beyond the Khyber, that he expects to produce the story in movie form in India, and will not only co-direct the picture but play the leading role as well. Abdul ran away from home as a boy and has traveled over all the world in a vagabond, hit-and-miss sort of way. He speaks five languages, including the Norwegian, and hopes to learn enough about our methods of film making so that he can make good pictures when he goes back to India. He has been in the United States about three years and speaks Hollywood English with scarcely a trace of accent. Director Stevens hired him as a technical advisor for all the Hindu sequences in Gange Din.

In the sequences we shot that first morning fifty genuine Hindus were employed (all that were registered at Central Casting) and the rest had to be recruited from the rootin’, tootin’, middle-class Hollywood horse operas. All of us, Hindus and cowpokes alike, had to take the flit gun treatment so that we’d all have the same shade of black. The guys with the flit gun sprayed about 500 of us that morning so you can see that the turn-table kept going ‘round and ‘round for quite some time.

The production took place covered more than a city block and was so authentic looking that the Hindus, themselves, were completely fooled when they first saw it. Part of it had been accidentally burned down three days before I got there, but you’d never know it. Al D’Agostino and Perry Ferguson, along with all other heads of the various production units put on an efficiency show that has never been equalled in any studio I ever heard of. Forty trucks were sent scurrying back to Los Angeles to collect 4,000 different pieces of props, lumber, and furniture to take the place of the material destroyed by the fire. Staged by a few hands behind the camera, location and whether you care to believe it or not, the village was practically reconstructed within three days from the day of its destruction! No wonder those hardworking boys were receiving orchids from the front-office! In less expert and efficient hands that fire easily could have added $300,000 to the $2,000,000 already budgeted for the picture. As it was, actual production was scarcely halted although Lloyds of London, insurers, characterized the fire as their biggest motion picture loss in 16 years.

Well, after all of us had our Duco finish, we hopped into busses that carried us up a steep hill that was about three miles from camp and hotter than the hinges of you know what. That little journey up the hill was so slow and so hot that after we arrived we were taken in hand by a dozen guys with brushes and paint pails and given another daubing over spots that had melted off! When I slid out of the bus the first three people I saw were Cary Grant, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Victor McLaglen, and all of
'em sitting in the shade of a tent and imbibing cool drinks that looked so delicious that my tongue stuck out a full foot. I asked Cary how come and he said something about sticking around and I'd get my share—and sure enough, I did. The drinks proved to be a concoction of lemon juice and salt that the medics attached to the company compelled everyone to drink. All who worked in the picture lost so much salt under the terrific heat of the desert that in order to compensate for the bodily loss they had to prime themselves with this lemon-and-salt solution. I drank so much of it during those two days that even now when I get a bit warm I begin to get covered with salt crystals! Cary, Doug, and Victor really took a lot of punishment that day as they had to wear the full dress khaki uniforms of the British foreign service and being clothed in yards of that canvas suit was must have been like being wrapped up in so many yards of redhot metal sheeting.

After receiving our second Duco paint job Edward Killy, one of the assistant directors, took us in hand and explained what we were to do. For some reason or other he selected me to be a Thug under the command of Chota who turned out to be Abner Biberman. According to the way Abner told it, these native fanatics were reviving the ancient practices of Thuggery, the murder-religion dedicated to the service of the four-armed goddess Kali, and the British authorities were sending out large bodies of Lancers and Highlanders to cover the district and round up the various Thug bands. A fight was going to take place in the village between the Thugs and the loyal native troops under the command of Sergeants Cutter (Cary Grant), Ballantine (Douglas Fairbanks), and MacChesney (Victor McLaglen), and, so Abner went on, it was going to be a very tough one, indeed.

- It's going to be hard, but try to imagine me, clad in a little more than a G-string, whooping it up and down that narrow, hell-hot Hindu street shoot-

ing blank cartridges at little black guys hiding on top of roofs! The noise of all those guns popping off, coupled to the shouts of the Thugs, the defending garri-

son and the cries of the director and his corp of assistants made that sequence mighty real to us all. That is, all of us except George Stevens, the director, who kept making us go through with the same "business" again and again. It wasn't until late that afternoon that we blood-thirsty Thugs finally drove the enemy out of the village. By then I had re-

ceived as many as ten more paint jobs, I had lost at least ten pounds in weight and in addition I had received a hellova sunburn that's still a hellova sunburn as I try to sit lightly at this typewriter and tell you about it ten days later!

- When the whistle blew for quitting time I was ready to quit for all time—but you know me—my art comes first! But to be honest, the only reason I didn't start back for dear old Hollywood was because there were no busses leaving. Joan Fontaine arrived just as we were having dinner and I'm going to credit her with the best "nifty" heard on the trip.

"Doctor Livingstone, I presume?" Doug Fairbanks greeted her as she stepped out of her car.

"No, sir," Joan smiled, "merely Joan of Ar-K-O."

Not bad, considering the heat and all.

Before hitting the hay that night I attended a movie show in what is undoubtedly the largest open air movie theatre in the world. The movie screen was set outdoors on the edge of the tent city, with the foot hills as logos and the slope of Mt. Whitney for a balcony. This movie show goes on nightly with a change of program and is just one of the thought-

ful acts of RKO's to keep from 600 to 1,500 exiles contented during their stay nearly three hundred miles from Hollywood.

- Came the dawn.

And with it, just about the most goshawful noise my shell-pink ears ever listened to. According to what I learned

reflects how we feel. In business and social contacts we like our friends to tell us how well we look.

The laity now recognizes—as physicians and scientists have for years—the vital importance of rich, red blood, as the founda-

tion of strength, energy, and a clear healthy skin.

for that tired let-down feeling.

It is well known how worry, overwork and undue strain take their toll of the precious red cells of the blood.

S.S.S. Tonic brings you new strength and vitality by restoring your blood to a healthy state, and its benefits are cumulative and end-

uring, in the absence of an organic trouble.

improves the appetite.

Further, S.S.S. Tonic whets the appetite . . . foods taste better . . . natural digestive juices are stimulated, and finally, the food you eat is of more value . . . a very important step back to health.

You, too, will want to take S.S.S. Tonic to help regain and maintain your red-blood cells . . . to restore lost weight . . . to regain energy . . . and to give back to your skin that much desired natural glow, reflecting good health and well being.

You should note an improvement at once, but may we suggest a course of several bot-

tles to insure more complete and lasting recovery.

Buy and use with complete confidence, and we believe you, like thousands of others, will be enthusiastic in your praise of S.S.S. Tonic for its part in making "you feel like yourself again."

At all drug stores in two sizes. You will find the larger size more economical.

S.S.S. Tonic stimulates the appetite and helps change weak blood cells to strong ones.
Hollywood and got long hairs. It's the famous ballad of the same name. The locale is on India's Northwest frontier. Its principal settings are the army cantonment and the town of Muri, the native village of Tantrapur, and a huge temple to the goddess Kali in the jungles. According to the screen story a sort of "Three Musketeers" friendship springs up between a trio of British army sergeants and to this is added the story of the devotion and loyalty of an elderly water carrier.

Cary Grant, Douglas Fairbanks, Victor McLaglen, Joan Fontaine, Sam Jaffe, Eduardo Ciannelli, Montague Love, Robert Coote, Abner Biberman, Cecil Kellaway, and Lumsden Hare are principals in the cast. I figured, maybe, they'd stick my name in the credits but for one reason and a dozen others I don't care to tell you about, they said no. Very emphatically. Which maybe is the best thing after all since I had only one sunburn to give to my picture career.

But when all is said and done—which seems to be plenty—one thing is sure. I'm never going to go "native" again. Not for all the spray guns in Hollywood. Not for all the editors in the United States. Just as soon as I can get out of my sunburn bandages which won't be until next week, my doctor says, I'm going to get a job working in a nice cool sewer! I'd rather do that than try to make an honest living running up and down in the desert sun clad in nothing but a coat of black paint and a G-string! Why, I won't even listen to the Desert Song again! And it's my favorite!

P.S. I understand a studio is going to shoot a picture soon with a North Pole locale. How about doing a story on it?

Yours sincerely,

E. (THUG) SMITHSON.

Later, a wisecrack by Cary Grant, overheard and taken seriously by an inventive sound man, resulted in the most novel—and certainly the loudest—alarm clock in the United States.

When Director Stevens worried aloud about his problem of rousing all of his different crews each morning, Grant said: "Why not hook up an alarm clock to the camp's public address system?" Whereupon sound man John Tribby did just that, wiring the gargantuan device so that the hands of the clock automatically turn on the electricity for the loud speaker at five each morning when the alarm goes off with the loudest roar ever heard in the Sierras.

Up at five, breakfast, another turn at the turntable for the flip-gun spray and then up the hill for another day in the burning sun. I got myself mixed up in a lot of hand-to-hand fighting and once almost got cracked down when a native fell off a roof and landed kerplunk right at my blistered tootsies. It was late in the afternoon before the Thugs were able to drive the enemy out of the village and into the river what with all the different angle shots Director Stevens took with his four or five different cameras spotted on roofs, the street, and in doorways.

I don't know what happened the next day except what I read in the script back in Hollywood. I left that night with my paycheck, my back covered with blisters, and my stomach full of that lemon-and-salt concoction, and my mind made up never to believe what Perry Lieber has to say about extra work. If I do believe him, I'll take it with a handful of the salt that oozed out of my Thuggish body up there on the desert.

Gunga Din is, by far, the most pretentious motion picture to emerge from RKO studios in a long time. It's going to cost in excess of $2,000,000 before the final sequence is shot. The screen play, written by Ben Hecht, Charles MacArthur, Joel Sayre and Fred Guiol, springs from Rudyard Kipling's famous ballad of the same name. The locale is on India's Northwest frontier. Its principal settings are the army cantonment and the town of Muri, the native village of Tantrapur, and a huge temple to the goddess Kali in the jungles. According to the screen story a sort of "Three Musketeers" friendship springs up between a trio of British army sergeants and to this is added the story of the devotion and loyalty of an elderly water carrier.

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Yours sincerely,

E. (THUG) SMITHSON.
Mickey Rooney for Mayor

[Continued from page 14]

this Mayor of Hollywood idea? And what about this horse-and-buggy complex? Mickey grinned. Then he began to talk. He’s the most surprising talker, because in spite of his slapdash roles, his gutter-snipe impersonations, he’s a hound for education, reads serious books, studies with a psychiatrist as well as his regular tutor, has a profound reverence for learning, and uses beautiful English—when he feels like it.

"Horse and buggy is grandpa stuff, isn’t it?" he asked. "And that’s what I mean; grandpa had a lot of ideas that’d go good right now. But I’ll come back to the horse and buggy later . . .

"First thing I’d do if I were Mayor of Hollywood, I’d throw out all the phonies. The people that have a knife in your back. I can spot ‘em a mile off. You know, the kind that start talking about you if they can’t think of anything else to occupy their time; just idle chatter, full of vitriol. You find them other places, and comparatively there may not be so many in this town, but those there are—out!

"Then I’d toss out all the grippers. Oh, boy, would I! The fellows that are always complaining, especially the ones that complain about the fact that time is passing. Sure it is! So what? Myself, I don’t want to play ‘Andy Hardy’ when I’m 53. What the heck, I’ll grow up and play somebody else. These folks that never smile because life’s so serious. Huh. You know me; I like laughs. I’d walk forty miles for a laugh.

"Then, the people that slop over each other—Darling’ and ‘Dearest’ and ‘Hon-ey-Boy’ and goo-goo! Out with them!"

Mickey spoke with some heat. "I mean, really sloppy. I hate to be embarrassed. When I go home, I want to kiss my mother, but I can’t. You know? It’s hard for me to show affection, and the more I feel it the less I show it, so out with these guys that are forever making a show of it but not meaning anything by it at all."

The metaphorical Mayor looked around his metaphorical office and made a sweeping gesture as if with it he cleaned his desk. Then he started in on really constructive stuff.

"Then I’d fix things so the studios would have Saturday off as well as Sunday—I’ve always thought," Mickey said with the authority of a mature man of affairs. "that actors should have two days’ rest a week. But, not to interrupt things too much, let’s make it Saturdays off during the football season.

"What’s more, the studios would work from 8 to 4 instead of 9 to 6. That way, you get your four-hour stretch in the morning when you’re full of pep, not in the afternoon when you’re logey. If you get home after 6, as we do, there’s no time to relax before dinner; and if you eat around eight, there’s no time to go to a show. Movies for movie actors! I don’t know when I’ve had a chance to see a picture."

They called him just then for a scene in the Boys Town dormitory. A pleasant place, with blue blankets on the beds. But at lunch time—we had a cold plate with hot asparagus and Thousand Islands dressing, which he selected from the buffet table—he returned to the business of being Mayor. With lots more ideas.

"Take Hollywood Boulevard," he observed breezily, "it needs trees. Maple sugar trees. In a double row down the middle. Of course, we may have to widen the street, pull down a few office buildings and stores, but—" with the magnificence of your true Mayor—"we can build others. What? A maple sugar tree won’t grow in a warm climate? But we can have each one sprayed all day with ice water and the sap will never know the difference." Mickey isn’t above a pun now and then.

"In the sugaring-off season, we will have truckloads of snow brought down from the Sierras, to cool the syrup, the way they do in Vermont. And of course

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48
eating. "The Swedes have the right idea," Melvyn said, "they celebrate Christmas for twelve days." He has a vague recollection of waking before daylight on Christmas morning, to see a group of Swedish grown-ups return from church and plant their flaming pine torches in the snow before the house. And just about then the eating began. There was lutefisk (a dried fish), ham and sausage, glogg (a kind of punch which Melvyn got only a sip), fattingmands (Christmas cookies that originated in Norway) and, best of all, Nisse and Nasse (special cakes in the form of the two brownies which bear those names). Melvyn ate Nisse and Nasse for twelve days and gained two pounds before his return to London. It was, in more senses than one, his "biggest" Christmas.

To Edgar Bergen (and to Charlie McCarthy, too), Christmas means turkey. But with, ah, ah, what a difference! Some years ago ventriloquism wasn't going over any too big, so Edgar (and Charlie) lived in a frowzy New York lodging house and it was Christmas Eve toward midnight and Edgar had only money enough for soup and crackers and there were five shows a day and—and Edgar was darned hungry. Came a cautious knock at his door, accompanied by subdued squawks and giggles. There stood two chorus girls, fellow lodgers, with a live turkey which they had won in a raffle. Did Mr. Bergen know how to kill a turkey? Mr. Bergen didn't, but he was willing to find out. He took the bird down to the tiny back yard and, in the zero weather, tied it to a clothesline and with one swift stroke cut its throat. He plucked it in the dark; not expertly.

With the girls, Bergen sneaked into the basement kitchen of the sleeping house, prepared the bird—not very expertly, either—and put it into the oven. It was a big turkey; they left it there till they couldn't wait any longer, about three hours. At four A.M., Bergen crept downstairs, wrapped the turkey, and put it, in a blanket, and took it up to the girls. The three sat around and ate and ate; they even knocked on doors, waking people up to partake of Christmas dinner at five on Christmas morning.

"In all my life," declared Bergen the other day, "I've never tasted anything so good as that half baked bird."

It was on Christmas a few years ago that the superintendent of the Leeds mining properties in Mexico discovered a plot to kidnap the owner's daughter, Andrea, that very day, and hold her for ransom. For hours when she should have been enjoying her presents and her Christmas tree, Andrea was breathlessly awaiting the airplane that was to carry her to safety. Though a radio SOS had been sent out, it was questionable whether the plane would arrive or, if it did, whether it might not be captured at the landing field. Six hours passed, hours of suspense and danger, before at last the plane swooped down, the Leeds family rushed to its cabin, and the pilot headed for the safety of the United States. It's the outstanding day, let alone the outstanding holiday, of Andrea's existence.

As for Merle Oberon, she remembers Christmas of four years ago because it was the most miserable day she's ever seen. A great hit in The Private Life of Henry the VIII, signed to a big salary, and at the moment one of the most talked of women in pictures, she spent Christmas alone in a rented house with no servants (she had given them the day off) and almost no food. Probably any girl anywhere would have jumped at the chance to exchange places with this exotic creature, with the world at her feet, surrounded by admirers. . . . Oh, yes! All afternoon and evening Merle sat in solitude, and cried. A telephone call to her mother in London (she told her mother she was having the gayest time!) only made her more unhappy.

Finally, in the evening, the doorbell rang. Merle answered it to discover Maurice Chevalier. He, too, had been spending the day alone and was so blue that he'd come to Merle to be cheered up.

The two strangers in a foreign land devoted most of the evening to rummaging for food in Merle's kitchen. They routed out a bit of cold chicken, some canned tomatoes, and some rather tired fruit—all that was left when the servants sallied forth to enjoy themselves—but it represented Christmas dinner, anyway.

Perhaps the strangest experience was Errol Flynn's when, long before he entered the movies, he landed in Ethiopia. With Dr. Harry Erben, a close friend, he was on route from Australia to England. Simultaneously with Christmas day, he arrived in what was then Haile Selassie's kingdom. Flynn didn't speak the native language, and there seemed to be no native very conversant with English. Much to the surprise of Flynn and Erben, the natives nevertheless escorted them to first class lodgings and proceeded to prepare one whole of a feast. What with banqueting and dancing and speechmaking, the affair to Flynn's growing mystification—lasted three days.

He was beginning to wonder whether this was a normal Yuletide revel in Ethiopia, when there arrived an English-speaking native who explained that the whole thing was a social error. The natives had mistaken Flynn and Erben for a pair of big game hunters, long awaited, who had promised to hire a good slice of the population for a trip South after lions. With mutual apologies, the festivities ended; but Santa Claus, anyhow, had had his fling.

James Garfield's Christmas was different, the time he spent it in a box car. The young man who made such an
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Women Can
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By Dorothy Blake

Being a woman myself, I know that many women, as well as men, find it extremely difficult to fall asleep for hours after they retire—that others become fully awake as if they have slept for just a short time, and that it almost impossible to go back to sleep. The next day they are nervous, unstrung, highly irritable. Before retiring I take one or two TREMS Tablets. That's all I do. In about 15 minutes, tense nerves are completely relaxed, that taut feeling goes and I get a good night's sleep. All ingredients in TREMS are U.S. P. tested. Why put up with another sleepless night or nerve-wracking day when you can enjoy glorious relaxation with TREMS! If your druggist doesn't have TREMS, send your name, address and 10c to TREMS, St. Louis, and 25c Introductory Package will be sent postpaid.

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How to Tyrone Power, during the holidays of 1934, New York was anything but beloved. Trying his luck on Broadway, he found himself decidedly out of funds at Christmas but—hurray, hurray—some friends invited him for dinner. Drew up in tails, he went to the party, spending his last cash for a taxi so that he could arrive in style. When the evening ended, he walked the forty blocks home. His shoes were tight, his feet blistered; he made the last few blocks (fortunately the night wasn't too cold) with his shoes in his hand; explaining to each cop on each corner that, no, he hadn't been im-

biding—his feet hurt.

Indeed, to several of those who have now become big stars, Santa has been pretty indifferent on occasion. Ginger Rogers, for example. Her "very particular Christmas"—this is how she refers to it—came right after she'd won the Charleston contest which had promised to launch her upon a dancing career. From Fort Worth she had gone to Chicago with her "Band of Redheads," expected of fame and fortune. But through this and that the girls deserted her. She and her mother were stranded a fortnight before Christmas. "Really broke," says Ginger.

They got a room for $2 a week. It was the expenditure of that final $2 which "really broke" them—and you can imagine what kind of a room...) and Ginger talked her way into a job at a horrible cabaret; her nose wrinkled even yet when she remembers the place. Well, at least it was a job. Ginger held it for two weeks, one until she had enough money to take her mother home, and then the pair of them walked to the railroad station, carrying their suitcases, and fell thankfully into the day coach. Their home in Fort Worth wasn't luxurious, but when they reached it late on Chris-

Shortly before the holidays in 1930, Bette Davis came to Hollywood and rented a house. The house, not yet fixed up, was rather gloomy; there wasn't enough money for any holiday celebration; and here Bette and her mother sat, "like a pair of Orphan Annies," with sister Barbara abed with a terrible case of grippe. They couldn't spend anything for presents, and didn't know anybody to whom to give 'em if they'd bought 'em, but mother did finally go out and buy back a skimpy little tree. Then she and Bette saw it and looked at it and tried not to cry.

Like Mrs. Davis, Anita Louise's mother got a tiny tree for that first Hollywood Christmas when Anita was only ten. On the tree hung a doll. To say that money was scarce is to put it mildly. Mother and daughter lived in a small, one-room apartment. For dinner they had canned salmon.

Ann Miller and her mother fared no better three years ago, when Ann was only fifteen. Their rent was paid on a nice apartment, but a check which her mother expected had been held up in the Christ-

The case of the Warren William, though, turned out to be too much food over too much territory. As a bride in a diminutive New York apartment, Mrs. Williams, who didn't know how to cook—decided to start leasing with a Christmas dinner for several of Warren's relatives. She spent all night stuffing the turkey, but didn't know that it had to be sewn up. In the oven, the overstuffed bird swelled and the stuffing came out and out. Frantically, the bride shoveled it back with a spoon; undis-

Spencer Tracy, on the other hand, remembers the Christmas when he and Pat O'Brien and Frank McHugh played in a stock company in a little town in Maryland. The stock company was dead as a duck, the players' resources were nil. They lived at a hotel which they nicknamed The Bear Pit. This joy-

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Joan Blondell remembers the Christmas when at the age of five, with her brother and parents she was aboard a boat bound for Australia where dad and mother joined the engagement. The only children on the boat, Joan and her brother received a gift from every passenger (notably a mother-of-pearl manicure set for Joan who thereafter drove everyone crazy with pleas to "do your nails"!), and the entire Yuletide party centered around the lucky two. Arthur Lake remembers the week, just before he made his success in Harold Teen (he's currently the hero of Blondie), when he played Santa Claus in a Los Angeles department store, and had fun.

And there are several stars who remember actually meeting Santa Claus. Jeanette MacDonald used to believe that if Santa found a little girl awake he wouldn't leave any presents. On a never-to-be-forgotten Christmas Eve she woke when the front doorbell rang and her heart began to thud as she heard somebody coming up the stairs. She closed her eyes very tightly so that Santa would think she was asleep; he was standing by her bed; he was gently pulling the covers up around her shoulders! Not till years later did she realize that the gentle hand had been her mother's. She still keeps, for demi-tasse service, the thin china doll's cups that she found beneath the tree next morning.

Romance, too, has struck the Cinema Sector at the season of mistletoe; and more than once. Claudette Colbert was married to Dr. Joel Pressman on December 24, three years ago, at Yuma, Ariz. The Yuletide that followed was a memorable one. All others were the one after her marriage when, driving back to Hollywood, she saw the Christmas dawn break over the desert. Gladys George, on holiday at a winter resort, went ahead first into a ten foot drift on Christmas morning, was hauled out by a responsible business man, inadvertently knocked him down on skates that afternoon, danced with him that evening, and married him (Leonard Penn) a few months later.

Virginia Bruce, though married to J. Walter Ruben a year ago November, had no time for a honeymoon till Christmas, and this current Christmas stands out for her because it will be her first in the new home which she and Ruben have built.

But the Christmas romance of Christmas romances was Billie Burke's. True, she didn't marry him. He was Caruso, and he tossed a great bouquet of red roses on the stage at her performance, in New York on Christmas night, and came to her dressing room to ask her out for dinner. She accepted, for she liked the famous Italian tenor, but she brought along two Harvard admirers who had made the trip from Boston on purpose to have Christmas dinner with her. Caruso didn't much approve the idea of these added guests, and who could blame him? Yes, he proposed.

And you know why she didn't accept? Because she wouldn't give up her career.

Sonja Henie says her very happiest Christmas was that on which, at the age of nine, she won the Junior Figure Skating Championship of the Oslo, Norway Skating Club; and even the later world championships could touch it for thrills. Joan Crawford's was the Christmas she walked her mother over to a Beverly Hills house, with a car in the driveway 'n' everything, and said: "Look, this is yours!"

Freddie Bartholomew's was when he rode down Hollywood Boulevard with Santa Claus in the parade; Loretta Young's when at 15 she got a somewhat rattier fur coat, the best the family could afford; Shirley Temple's, two years back, when she received the electric train with the crossing-tender who swings a red lantern; Joan Bennett's when, at the age of 8, in the Bennett home on Park Hill, New York City, she got "the most magnificent doll's house I've ever seen." And Jane Withers' when, in 1934, she signed her first studio contract, and—like Freddie Bartholomew—rode with Santa down the Boulevard.

The final touch which makes Christmas a red letter day for some of the Hollywood coterie is the fact that they were born on it. Caruso almost gets under the wire with a birthday on December 22; but those with birthdays right on the 25, include Lela Rogers (mother of Ginger) and born on Christmas; Humphrey Bogart; Barton MacLane, and Fernand Gravet.

Yes, sir, Santa Claus is a dipsydoodle. Fond of a joke, sometimes a very one. And because he's like that, there will be several stars who, when Meadows serves the Christmas caviar and turkey, will remember this year something similar to what Fred Allen said to me the other afternoon.

"My outstanding Christmas?" said Allen, "any time in the halycon era of vaudeville when I played six shows a day at Centralia, Ill., and managed to get fifteen minutes off to gulp an oyster stew at the nearest lunch cart!"

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Crossword Puzzle Solution

- **CAREFREE BOYD**
- **ACARDLOMANO**
- **SQUEDTCAIN**
- **TOMDPLDEAN**
- **LADGAALONE**
- **GALESTRUESL**
- **AALANKINCL**
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The Swiss Family Robinson

Then I ran into Gracie on the Boulevard one day. It was still not quite December, but so far as she was concerned, the holiday had arrived. Her arms were full of bundles and she wore a big poinsettia on her silver fox.

"Well, well," I said. "How is Mrs. Santa Claus?"

"Just fine!" she caroled. "Come on into the Derby for a cup of tea and I'll tell you about everything. I've just bought George the darlingest desk set."

"His dining room drapes?"

"Well, no—not yet, that is. Of course, I'm going to . . . ."

We settled ourselves and our bundles in one of those round Derby booths, and ordered tea and cinnamon toast. Then—I've just bought George the darlingest desk set."

"Of course," she explained, "George already has a desk set, but this one was so beautiful I couldn't resist it. And so——"

"—forestalling the remark I was about to make about her proposed holiday practicability—"I thought maybe George could give his old one to Ronnie (George and Gracie's adopted son, aged three) for Ronnie to have when he grows up. After all, desk sets do last a long time."

"Of course. A very practical idea," I murmured.

And—oh, yes," she rattled on, "I found something else in New York. Something I'd been wanting to give George for ages. I had quite a little getting it—a real little adventure, you might say. It was there in a store on Fifth Avenue—"

I interrupted her, on account of I thought I had better get things straight as we went along. You have to, with Gracie.

"Which was there?"

"Why, I thought I told you. A ski suit. I have been wanting to give George a ski suit for a long time."

"A ski suit? I didn't know George skied, I said."

"Oh, he doesn't. But this was such a fine, serviceable ski suit, and especially after I got locked in it and got a reduction, I thought—"

"What do you mean you got locked in it?" I'm afraid I rather shrieked. I think anyone would have. Locked in a ski suit!

"Why," Gracie said, innocently, "I tried it on. It was one of those one-piece things with a zipper up the front and it looked so wonderfully warm and nice, so I just put it on and zipped it up. But the zipper caught in a little piece of my blouse and I knew how zippers are when they're hooked in anything. They won't come loose and there I was, locked in.

"The clerks all scurried around and the manager came and apologized and wanted to cut the thing off. But I said to try a little longer because it was a shame to spoil that nice ski suit, especially when I kind of wanted it for George, because it

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Gracie, the Practical Giver

[Continued from page 23]
fit me perfectly. So we worked at the zipper some more and finally it tore a little piece out of my blouse, and I got the ski suit off. The manager insisted on giving me the ski suit at a great reduction so I bought it for George's Christmas!"

"But do you think a ski suit is a practical thing for a Southern Californian who doesn't ski?" I said, tentatively.

"Well," she began, doubtfully, "We are going to leave Los Angeles. We're going to the mountains."

"And anyway we can always wear it as a masquerade."

Gracie had picked up some other little things for George that day we met on the Boulevard. Blisthely she began unwrapping them to the interest of a good many other customers besides myself.

"Here's something I found at a little store on Vine," she thrilled. "Isn't it wonderful?"

It was a pound of wooden beads and an instruction book telling in detail how to make various articles out of them. "Then I should never ever get nervous. Then he can calm his nerves by making things," she explained. "Of course he is feeling fine now. But what I always say is 'You never can tell, don't you think so?"

She had also acquired for George a fine Mexican tassel, hand-woven in exquisite colors.

"I see you've been down on Olvera Street," I said. Olvera Street is Los Angeles' "Little Mexico."

"Yes, George loves those Mexican things they have down there. He says it is nice to have things like that because they are so typical of the history of Southern California..."

"And they are so practical, too," I murmured.

Gracie had the grace to blush... Just slightly.

"Aw," she said, "you're kidding me! You're thinking I won't get those drapes. Well, you'll see!"

Over on the Paramount lot a week or so later, I paid a visit to the Gracie Allen Murder Mystery set. Gracie was there, looking as pretty and smart as ever in a tailored suit with a fluffy blouse, hair curled to perfection, eyelashes an inch long. She'd just finished a big scene when she joined me, her mind wasn't on it. Instead—

"You can't laugh at me now!" she crowed. "Just look here!" With a flourish, she produced a big bundle and ripped it open, to disclose yards and yards of beautiful hand-blocked linens.

"George's drapes," she announced, complacently. "Aren't they grand? I'll have them made up later. Now I'm taking them home for the Christmas tree."

"I didn't think you had it in you, Gracie," I said mildly. "I apologize."

"Oh, that's all right," she told me. "In fact, stay around a little while and I'll drive you home."

I did and she did, but something happened in coming. Coming through the studio gate, we were stopped by three youngsters, two girls and a boy.

"May we have your autograph?" they begged Gracie.

Parked across the narrow street was an old ratty car with a lisenced license on it and a tired-faced woman in the driver's seat. Anxiously, she smiled.

"Please, Miss Allen. We're on our way to Frisco, but we've waited most all afternoon, so's the kids could see some real stars."

"An' so far you're the only one who has stopped," chimed in a little girl, about ten.

Gracie looked down at the clattering trio, and at the mother across the street.

"How do you happen to be going to San Francisco?" she asked, gently.

"Our pop, he died, and Mom's takin' us to Grandma's," the boy said.

"I see."

With a friendly smile Gracie wrote her name on the pieces of paper proffered. Then she dug into her purse and pulled out a bill. But the woman protested.

"No, Miss Allen. We ain't charity folks. We ain't lookin' for it. We aim to get along. We didn't take money...."

"I see." Slowly, Gracie put the money back in her purse. Thoughtfully, she watched the youngsters scamper back to the old car. The woman put her foot on the starter. It roared raucously. Then Gracie had her drapes.

"Wait!" she called. "Come back here a minute, Sonny-" this to the oldest boy. The youngsters did as he was told.

"What kind of a house does your grandma live in?" she inquired.

"Well, it's all right, I guess. I was there once.

"Could she use something to fix it up?"

Gracie persisted. "Could she use some new drapes, maybe?"

"Well, I dunno. I guess maybe she could."

Whereupon Gracie thrust George's practical Christmas into the child's arms. "Take this," she said, "It's a kind of funny Christmas present, but—well, Merry Christmas, anyway!"

Then we drove away fast, while Gracie said, a little defensively because I suppose she thought I'd laugh: "Well, it was all I had, and they wouldn't take money...."

But somehow I didn't feel like laughing. Instead, a lump came up into my throat as I thought what a really swell girl Gracie Allen is, and how I shouldn't have teased her about her "practical Christmas." Then—

"Anyway, I can get George something even more practical," she said.

I haven't seen Gracie since, but I talked to her on the phone last night. Yes, she had been shopping briefly since the drapes episode, but all she had bought for George was a life preserver.

"You know, for when George goes sailing," she said excitedly. "I always think every precaution should be taken to guard the life of a wonderful man like George. Tomorrow or next day, though, I am going to get him some more drapes."

But I am not going to bet on that. Would you?
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When you catch cold and your throat feels dry or clogged, the secretions from countless tiny glands in your throat and windpipe often turn into sticky, irritating phlegm. This makes you cough.

PERTUSSIN stimulates those glands to pour out their natural moisture so that the annoying phlegm is loosened and easily raised. Quickly your throat is soothed, your cough relieved!

Your cough may be a warning signal! Why neglect it? Do as millions have done! The Pertussin, a safe and pleasant herbal syrup for children and grownups. Many physicians have prescribed Pertussin for over 30 years. It’s safe and sets quickly. Sold at all druggists.

PERTUSSIN
The “Moist-Throat” Method of Cough Relief

She Got $400.00 for a Half Dollar
I will pay CASH for OLD COINS, BILLS and STAMPS

POST YOURSELF: I pay $100.00 to Mrs. Dorothy of Texas, former half-cutter, $200.00 for a single Copper Cent, $500.00 for rare Silver Dollar, Mrs. L. Adams, Ohio, received $17.00 for a few old coins. I will pay big prices for all kinds of old coins, medals, bills and stamps.

I WILL PAY $100.00 FOR A DIME!
If you know of any specimens of rare foreign or Confederate paper money, please write for a free list. We pay $50.00 or more for early small copper and other scarce medals.

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As soon as she finished work on her new picture, Annabel Takes a Tour, Lucille Ball began preparations for Christmas. Here she is in her own bright kitchen preparing ingredients for her fruitcake.

The Festive Fruitcake

No Christmas is complete without a fruitcake and now is the time to make them for your own use and for gifts

By BETTY CROCKER

Lucille was reared and went to school. Ambitious, she tried the New York stage, with about as much luck as the girls you saw in Stage Door. So she turned to dress modeling, and what with parading dresses from 9 to 6 and then posing for commercial photos from 7 to 2 A.M., Lucille was a somewhat busy girl.

She’s one of the few girls who got into movies without a producer’s permission, let alone a screen test. In fact, Sam Goldwyn was quite put out when he discovered her among a group of models he had imported for a picture some five years ago. One of the girls had dropped out, and Lucille calmly substituted, more for the trip than anything else. She’s the only one of the group to survive in

New Perfume!
SUBTLE, alluring, enticing. Self-repelling, sensory captivation, a delight from the essence of flowers. Exquisite!

A single drop lasts a week! It is
“Aristocrat”

To pay for postage and handling, enclose 12 cents. Return postage 14 cents. (Postage)

Free Trial Bottle
Paul Reger, 256 Art Center Bldg., San Francisco

Nationally Advertised Brands Are Your Assurance Of Value And Protection
OLD-FASHIONED SOUTHERN
FRUIT CAKE

1 lb. bunch raisins (which you seed yourself)
1 lb. seedless raisins
1 lb. currants
½ lb. citron (sliced)
1 ¼ lb. glace cherries (halved)
1 ¼ lb. glazed pineapple (sliced)
2 cups English walnuts (broken up)
1 lb. butter
4 cups flour
1 cup brown sugar
1 cup molasses
½ cup any sour jelly
1 cup sherry
6 eggs
1 tbsp. ground cinnamon
1 tbsp. ground nutmeg
1 pinch salt
½ tsp. soda dissolved in a little hot water

Boil sugar and water together until it makes soft ball in cold water. Cool. Add grated onion and garlic to vinegar and lemon juice. Strain, retaining only the seasoned liquid. To this liquid add all other ingredients and mix well. Add cooled sirup to this mixture, beating well with egg beater. Pour dressing into glass jar, cover tightly and store in refrigerator until needed.

For summer luncheons or Sunday night suppers, Lucille serves a favorite salad which is a complete meal. This salad is rich, one men are apt to like. You will need:

- 1 package Philadelphia Cream cheese
- 1 tbsp. sweet cream
- ½ cup ripe olives
- ½ cup green olives
- 1 cup pecans
- 1 very small green onion
- ½ pimento, chopped

Blend cream into cheese, add other ingredients which have been chopped fine (measure olives after chopping). Put ingredients into roll, place it in refrigerator to chill. When ready to serve, spread slices of head lettuce with your favorite salad dressing, or cut roll in layers, placing one slice on each piece of lettuce. Garnish with olives or pickles.

If the roll seems too rich, cut down amount of olives and nuts, add chopped raw carrots, chopped celery or any other light "greens."

HOLIDAY COOKIES THAT SPARKLE!

Crunchy cookies from the Old Country... cookies that glow with the Christmas spirit... animal cookies that smile at you and wink a cheerful greeting. It's fun to make these Holiday delights... and they're grand to eat. Betty Crocker will tell you how. Just fill out the coupon below.

Betty Crocker
c/o HOLLWOOD Magazine

Please send me recipes for Holiday and Christmas Cookies.

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NATIONALLY ADVERTISED BRANDS WEEK At Your Favorite Chain Variety Store—November 5th-12th
**“She’s a Knockout IF—”**

(Continued from page 13)

real friends among women older than yourself?
7. Do you avoid women who are prettier than you are?
8. Would you help a friend by going on a “blind date?”
9. Are you interested unless conversation concerns men?
10. Can you listen to a friend without saying, “That’s just like the time I—” Think back?

**AT A PARTY**

1. Do you think it’s funny when someone gets one cocktail too many?
2. If your pet “hate” is present, is it obvious from your actions that you have no use for her?
3. Are you the “organizer,” who is always the first to suggest playing games?
4. Were the boy friend to get swacked, would you bail him out before the assembled company?
5. Do you retire to a corner with one other guest for a long conversation?
6. Do you like to be the life-of-the-party?
7. If the boy friend must keep an early morning business engagement, do you plead, “Let’s stay just a little while longer?”
8. Do you skim through new fashion magazines of books, while joining in the conversation?
9. Do you enjoy meeting new people?
10. Are you frequently the last to leave?

**AT PLAY**

1. Do you join in with good grace, even though you do not care for a game others have chosen?
2. Are you willing to try a sport of which you have no particular knowledge?
3. Do you hate to lose?
4. Are you an “arm-holder” on an outing?
5. Do you like outdoor games?
6. Do you dress up, if you know the others will wear old clothes?
7. Do you allow a bad showing by telling what you scored last week?
8. Do you insist that others follow your rules, if there is a difference of opinion?
9. Do you excel in any one sport?
10. Do you ask the score at a football game more than four times a quarter?

**IN YOUR OWN SWEET WAY**

1. Do you kiss and tell?
2. Do you go in for risque stories?
3. Do you quote prices of your new purchases?

---

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To relieve the torturing pain of Neuritis, Rheumatism, Neuralgia or Lumbago in few minutes, get NURITO, the Doctor’s formula. No opiums, no narcotics. Does the work quietly—must relieve worst pain to your satisfaction in few minutes or money back. 25c. Don’t suffer. Get trustworthy NURITO today on this guarantee.

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Excess Acids and poisonous wastes in your blood are removed chiefly thru 9 million tiny delicate Kidney tubes or filters. And functional disorders of the Kidneys or Bladder may cause Getting Up Nights, Nervousness, Leu Pains, Circles Under Eyes, Dizziness, Backache, Swollen Ankle, or Burning Passages. Herd your kidneys purity bled with Cystex. Usually the very first dose starts helping. Kidneys clean out excess acids, and this soon may make you feel like new. Under the money-back guarantee Cystex must satisfy completely or cost nothing. Get Cystex (1oz-test) today. Only 3c a dose at druggists. The guarantee protects you.

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**ASTHMA**

"If you are sick and tired of gasping and struggling for breath—tired of sitting up all night after night losing much needed rest and sleep, write me at once for a FREE trial of the medicine that gave me relief after nearly six years. Now I have no more spells of choking, gasping and wheezing and sleep sound all night long. Write today for a FREE trial. Your name and address on a post card will bring it return mail. O. W. Dean, Dept. 205, Free Breath Products Company, Dept. 1243-F, Benton Harbor, Mich., or Toronto, Ont.

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Size 8 x 10 inches or smaller if desired. Size 11 x 14 inches or larger reproducible by process. Send free green copy for your personal examination. Money refunded if not completely satisfied. Send to STUART’S LAXATIVE COMPOUND TABLETS and a FREE copy of "AIDS TO BEAUTY"—

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**FOOTLOOSE WIFE**

Painless book-length true novel complete in December issue. Now on sale!
4. Do you really mean it when you say "I hope to see you again soon?"——
5. Despite all your good intentions, do you usually keep a man waiting for you?
Think back——
6. Do you ever talk "baby-talk?"——
7. Do you ever say, "I'm mad at you."
You haven't called me this week!——
8. Do you introduce people by their first names?
9. Do people have to ask you to take off your hat in the theater?——
10. Did you answer every one of these questions truthfully?——

NOW ADD UP THE SCORE!

Give your girl ONE for each of her answers that correspond with the one listed below.

She is Miss America, a perfect dazzling jewel among women and almost too good to be true if her score is 80.

If her score is over 70, she is far above average and you better be very nice to her, indeed.

If her score is between 60 and 70, she better not enter a popularity contest just yet.

If her score falls below 50, don't believe a word she says . . . she's kidding you. Make her take it again.

ON A DATE

1. No 6. No
2. No 7. No
3. No 8. No
4. No 9. No
5. No 10. No

AT HOME

1. No 6. Yes
2. No 7. No
3. Yes 8. Yes
4. Yes 9. No
5. No 10. Yes

AS A WOMAN AMONG WOMEN

1. Yes 6. Yes
2. Yes 7. No
3. Yes 8. Yes
4. No 9. No
5. No 10. Yes

AT A PARTY

1. No 6. No
2. No 7. No
3. No 8. No
4. No 9. Yes
5. No 10. No

AT PLAY

1. Yes 6. No
2. Yes 7. No
3. No 8. No
4. No 9. Yes
5. Yes 10. No

IN MOMENTS OF STRESS

1. No 6. No
2. No 7. No
3. No 8. Yes
4. No 9. Yes
5. No 10. No

IN YOUR OWN SWEET WAY

1. No 6. No
2. No 7. No
3. No 8. No
4. Yes 9. No
5. No 10. Yes

A moonless South Sea night...
black as a pocket . . . Voodoo fire . . . 'tis the night of the Love Dance, during which charm-wise maidens comit...
Joyous News
[Continued from page 28]

Joy Hodges takes the sun at the Ambassador Lido after finishing work on Service De Luxe

offering her work at fancy wages, but before she got around to make a selection she got what she claims was the greatest shock—and surprise—of her young and active life. Broadway wanted her as the singing star in the George M. Cohan smash hit, I'd Rather Be Right!

"I thought it was just another of those Hollywood practical jokes," Joy admits, "until I received two more wires and two long-distance telephone calls urging me to pack up and take the first plane out. I was too dazed to remember much of what happened after that. I have a vague and hazy picture of myself obeying instructions about packing, driving down to the airport and of boarding the plane and of being met in New York, but I can't swear to anything that happened until that never-to-be-forgotten night when I made my first appearance on a Broadway theatrical stage. If I live to be a million I'll never forget the tiniest detail of that memorable evening. Never! That was the supreme thrill of a lifetime!"

Well, consult the records if you want to. Little Joy Hodges, the canary from the tall corn state, knocked 'em cold! And, better yet, she kept knocking 'em cold for more than 200 evenings(!)

"I learned a lot during that time," she says, "especially from George Cohan. If I owe anyone a deep debt of gratitude, it's to him. He's all the nice things everybody says about him—only a thousand times more!"

Joy is back in Hollywood again and at Universal where she's finished the leading feminine role in The Comet, and by the time you read this she will likewise have finished a splendid role in Constance Bennett's starring picture, Service De Luxe.

Not bad for a little girl who started out as an entertainer when she was eleven by teaming up with another little eleven-year-old girl to appear over station WNO in her home town as The Bluebirds!

Three years before Joy was graduated from high school in Des Moines she won the Iowa State soprano contest and with it, as we may have said before, a chance to sing with Paul Ash and his orchestra.

During her high school days she was president of the dramatic society, leader in the French club, pianist for mixed choruses and soloist for the Girls' Glee Club. Between school terms she did two summers of Chautauqua work in all of the large mid-western cities. She sang for conventions in her home town and was a member of the promenade troupe which put on all shows for benefits and other worthy enterprises. This work made her self-supporting, built up her savings account, and gave her the idea that some day her voice would pay her way through life. When she wasn't singing she picked up a little pin money working in the millinery department of a five-and-ten store and when she wasn't doing that she was modeling for a clothes shop. "In my spare time," she says, "I taught dancing and gave piano lessons." In other words she has a mania for keeping busier than the proverbial bee. She hates people who are too friendly and doesn't think much of waitresses who call her 'dear' and 'darling'. She believes a woman can have a career and marriage at the same time and scratches off her visiting and talking list those women who profess they can't. "I think glamour is vastly over-rated and doubts if a girl can go far in pictures if she relies on it too much. She can shoot a gun like Dead- Eye Dick and is a member of the Des Moines Hunt Club. When she finishes pictures she will branch out as a talent scout. Declares she has already proven her ability in this direction since she is responsible for the discovery of her fellow townswoman, Donald Redman, for being in pictures. The chances are, however, that she's going to be kept so busy in front of the cameras out at Universal that about the only thing she's going to discover in the next few months is that there's a new star in the Hollywood sky—by the name of Joy Hodges.
MORE FLOWERS FOR THE LADY
WITH THE Beautiful Eyes

Maybelline

Solid-form
Mascara
in smart, non-breakable gold-colored vanity, 75c. Refills, 35c.

Cream-form
Mascara
in convenient zipper case, 75c. Shades — Black, Brown, Blue.

Smooth-marking
Eyebrow Pencil in Black, Brown (and Blue for eye-liner).

Creamy Eye
Shadow in Blue, Gray, Blue-Grey, Brown, Green or Violet.

Special Eye
Cream to keep the skin around your eyes soft and youthful.

THE GIFT OF Eye Beauty CAN BE YOURS INSTANTLY WITH Maybelline

Are you getting your share of popularity these days? Don't waste precious time just wishing and waiting. It's much more fun to step up your charm and you can do it so easily! After simple brush strokes of Maybelline Mascara, you'll discover a more fascinating you than you ever knew existed.

For this Mascara is different. It goes on delicately—makes your lashes look dark and long without any kind of heaviness so natural it just seems they grew that way! And it won't betray your beauty by smudging off on your skin. No parish "too-made-up" appearance—no embarrassment of blinking, streaming eyes. Both forms of Maybelline Mascara are harmless, cut-proof, non-smudging.

Brush your eye-brows into line smartly and easily with Maybelline's smooth-marking Eyebrow Pencil in a matching shade. Three eye-brow shades — Black, Brown, Blue — and you know, and grace and character to your appearance. And if you're extra-special and fancy a delicate shading of creamy Maybelline Eye Shadow over your upper eye lids, see how it gives your eyes exciting depth and brilliance! You can now get generous purse sizes of all Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids at life stores.

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