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CAROLE LOMBARD BETRAYS HERSELF
FACTORY TO YOU
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AT LAST! The famous Remington Noiseless Portable that speaks in a whisper is available for only 10¢ a day. Here is your opportunity to get a real Remington Noiseless Portable direct from the factory. Equipped with all attachments that make for complete writing equipment. Standard keyboard. Automatic ribbon reverse. Variable line space 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.

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With your New Remington Noiseless Portable we will send you—absolutely FREE—a 19-page course in typing. It teaches the Touch System used by all expert typists. It is simply written and completely illustrated. Instructions are as simple as A, B, C. Even a child can easily understand this method. A little study and the average person, child or adult, becomes fascinated. Follow this course during the 10-Day Trial Period, we give you with your typewriter and you will wonder why you ever took the trouble to write letters by hand.

MONEY-MAKING OPPORTUNITIES OPEN. Hundreds of jobs are waiting for people who can type. A typewriter helps you put your ideas on paper in logical, impressive form. Helps you write clear, understandable sales reports, letters, articles, stories. A Remington Portable has started many a young man and woman on the road to success.

FREE CARRYING CASE
Also under the new Purchase Plan we will send you FREE with every Remington Noiseless Portable a special carrying case. Sturdily built of heavy Du Pont fabric. The top is removed by one motion, leaving the machine firmly attached to the base. This makes it easy to use your Remington anywhere—on knees, in chairs, on trains. Don't delay . . . send in the coupon for complete details.

GREATEST TYPEWRITER BARGAIN IN 10 YEARS
The gem of all portables. Imagine a machine that speaks in a whisper . . . that removes all limitations of time or place. You can write in a library, a sick room, a Pullman berth without the slightest fear of disturbing others. And in addition to quiet is a superb performance that literally makes the words seem to flow from the machine. Equipped with all attachments that make for complete writing equipment, the Remington Noiseless Portable produces manifesting and stencilling of truly exceptional character. Furnished in black with shining chromium attachments. Mail coupon today!


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Remington Rand Inc., Dept. 235, 354 Fourth Ave., New York, N. Y.

Please tell me how I can get a new Remington Noiseless Portable typewriter, plus FREE Typing Course and Carrying Case, for only 10¢ a day. Also send me without obligation, new illustrated catalogue.

Name
Address
City State
If only this lovely girl could stand forever as you see her here—serene, beautiful, goddess-like! But when she smiles—when lovely lips part and reveal dull teeth and dingy gums—how quickly and tragically the spell of beauty is broken.

Never neglect "Pink Tooth Brush"

It may not seem dangerous—that first warning "tinge of pink" on your tooth brush. It may seem trivial, unimportant. But your dentist will tell you it can be and has been the prologue to many a dental tragedy. Remember—"pink tooth brush" is a distress signal, and only a distress signal. But when you see it, play safe—see your dentist. The chances are that it does not mean a serious gum disorder—but your dentist should make the decision. Usually, however, it only means gums that have grown tender and flabby under our modern soft food menus—gums that need more exercise, more stimulation—and as so many dentists will often advise—gums that need the help of Ipana and massage.

For Ipana, with massage, is designed to help benefit your gums as well as clean your teeth. Rub a little extra Ipana onto your gums every time you brush your teeth. Lazy gums awaken. Circulation stimulates gum tissues. You'll soon sense a new, healthy firmness in the gum walls themselves.

Ipana Tooth Paste and massage is approved by many modern dentists, taught by many modern teachers in classrooms all over the country. Don't take chances. Even before you see that "tinge of pink" on your own tooth brush, even before you have this first warning of danger—schedule yourself for this modern dental health routine with Ipana and massage. Don't risk being a "dental cripple." Change to Ipana and massage, and help keep your smile lovely, bright, sparkling—and safer.

IPANA plus massage is your dentist's able assistant in the home care of your teeth and gums.
You asked for it and you'll be delighted you did! They're together again! Joan and Clark taking their "Love On The Run"—kissing and kidding their way from Mayfair to the Mediterranean in a transcontinental caravan of jollity!
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Harry Hammond Beall, Managing Editor
**SYLVIA SIDNEY**
in her most dramatic role!

**The HIDDEN POWER**

... A great story by JOSEPH CONRAD ... masterly direction by ALFRED HITCHCOCK of "39 Steps" fame ... a brilliant cast with SYLVIA SIDNEY OSCAR HOMOLKA JOHN LODER and DESMOND TESTER

A REMARKABLE PICTURE THAT NO ONE CAN AFFORD TO MISS

Coming to your favorite theatre

A Production

---

**LeRoy Trademark Contest**

**Try for One of These Big Prizes!**

Mervyn LeRoy's latest picture for Warners, *Three Men on a Horse*, features these top notch players (from the left): Teddy Hart, Joan Blondell, Allen Jenkins, Carol Hughes, Director LeRoy, Frank McHugh, Edgar Kennedy, Guy Kibbee

---

**Want To Compete?**

For $500 in prizes? You still have an opportunity, provided midnight of December 20, 1936 hasn't passed by the time you read this offer. But to enter you must hurry!

The grand prize is $250. Hollywood's special prize is $50. You may win either one or both.

Hollywood Magazine, in cooperation with Mervyn LeRoy, ace director now turned producer, provides this opportunity for you to share in this valuable offer!

There is nothing difficult about the contest. All you have to do is submit an idea suitable for a trademark symbolical of Mervyn LeRoy's new production company!

It is not necessary for you to be an artist or a draftsman. You don't have to write anything other than a clear description of your idea. Of course, if you can illustrate it, you stand a better chance of not being misunderstood regarding the conception.

Read the contest rules printed below, then start picturing trademarks in your mind. Jot them all down, remembering, of course, that those you submit must be original. You cannot hope to win a prize by copying one already in use.

Here are the rules:

1. The contest closes December 20, 1936. All entries must be in the mail not later than midnight, December 20, 1936.
3. It is not necessary to submit a drawing of the trademark—you can outline your idea in words.
4. Do not submit decorated or fanciful entries.
7. In case of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded.
9. Prize winners agree to sign over all right and title to winning designs and to accept the prize money as full compensation for the same. No entries will be returned.

Now get out the pencil and begin jotting down your trademark ideas. Your entry may be the winning one.
Another GARY COOPER, JEAN ARTHUR Triumph

CECIL B. DE MILLE'S

"The PLAINSMAN"

Cecil B. DeMille brings you Gary and Jean in their grandest picture . . . the story of Wild Bill Hickok and Calamity Jane, the hardest boiled pair of lovers who ever rode the plains . . . a glorious romance set against the whole flaming pageant of the Old West . . .

"You've got courage enough to kill a dozen Indians . . . why haven't you courage enough to admit you love me?"

"Save your fire, boys, 'til they come close and then blast the varmints. There's got to be room for white men on these plains."

"Gentlemen, my name is Wild Bill Hickok and I think we can settle everything very . . . very peacefully . . . unless somebody wants to deal out of turn."

"Go ahead. Do your worst. We'll still be laughing at you. Laughing at a great chief so small he'd kill two helpless persons for spite."

When answering advertisements, please mention January Hollywood
Pickford-Rogers Betrothal

As you are reading this item Mary Pickford may be packing her bags for a tour of the Scandinavian countries, after which she will be married to Charles "Buddy" Rogers. The long suspected romance was revealed in Hollywood at an elaborate tea just before "Buddy" departed on a personal appearance tour. "Buddy" is due in England shortly for a command performance at the Annual King George V. Charity Ball. After that he will make a film called Radio Parade of 1937, for a British company. The wedding probably will not take place until this work is completed, sometime in the early spring. Their plans were kept under strictest secrecy until "Buddy" Rogers’ father slipped up and revealed the betrothal.

Two Favorites Pass

Out of the annals of age came Chic Sale, beginning his work on the screen years ago in the evening of life, invariably playing the rôle of an aged man although he himself was young in years. As time passed by he grew older in fact, younger in his rôles, steadily heading toward Youth on the screen.

Soon he was to throw aside all makeup, reveal himself as he really was, a well-preserved man just bordering on fifty but looking like forty. He had had a brief spell of "hard times," but was rejoicing recently in the signing of contracts that might quite easily have made him a star.

Pneumonia struck suddenly a fortnight ago, just as he was preparing to do a series of feature rôles. Before he could get before a camera he had fought—and lost—a battle with death.

The "grand old man" of the screen is gone without ever having been himself on the screen. Thousands of people will remember him through the years not as the young man he actually was, but as the quaint, querulous, quizzical old soul with a crick in his back and shaky legs.

Just as the death of Chic Sale shocked Hollywood so did the passing of Madame Schumann-Heink bring widespread mourning. She was rapidly becoming known as the "grand old lady" of the screen as well as the music world. Thousands will join us in saying, "Good-bye, to you both—God speed in the Adventure ahead."

The death of Charles (Chic) Sale ended one of the most unusual careers on the screen. Beginning his screen career in "old man" rôles, he was working back downward through the years and was about to become a "young man" on the screen when Death let down the curtain.

Hollywood’s New Heart Throb

About the most popular male in Hollywood in recent weeks is Jack O’Sullivan, handsome young soldier brother of Maureen O’Sullivan. Jack, a lieutenant in the King’s Guards in Dublin, came to Hollywood with his mother for a visit with his famous sister, the recent bride of John Farrow, a screen writer. No sooner had Lieutenant Jack set foot in the movie capital than the girls were speculating about him. However, he seemed happiest when he was out with Ginger Rogers.

Gary Plans a Safari

Gary Cooper, who, despite his years in Hollywood, is still a lover of the great open spaces, is planning on another big game hunt in Africa. It will take place some time next year and on his safari into the elephant and lion country he will be accompanied by his wife, the former Sandra Shaw, and by Madeleine Carroll and her husband, Captain Philip Astley.

Sullavan Fools Hollywood

Margaret Sullavan’s marriage to Leland Heyward constituted one of Hollywood’s biggest surprises of the month. Even close friends felt that Miss Sullavan, if she might be planning any alliance, would remarry Director William Wyler whom she divorced not so long ago. And on the other hand Heyward’s long devotion to Katharine Hepburn was always regarded in the light of a romance rather than a business association as her manager. Events such as these make Hollywood prophets a bit shaky.

Whither Norma Shearer?

Apparently authentic news reports indicate that Norma Shearer has disposed of the 35,000 shares of Lewis’ stock held by her husband, Irving Thalberg, before his death.

Grace Moore gives a party! Here she is shown telling Harry Cohn, Columbia studio president, how to play the hand properly!

Many guests gathered at Grace’s party, including these: Valentin Parara (her husband), Myrna Loy, Tai Lachman, Boris Lovet-Lorski, Daisy Lukas, Mrs. Adolphe Zukor, Cary Grant. Mary Pickford and Loretta Young were there, too!
Come On, Everyone
THE PARTY'S ON AGAIN!

RING out the old...SWING in the new! 1937 comes to town in a blaze of syncopated merriment as Warner Bros. go to town with a superlative new edition of "Gold Diggers". Mirth and maids and melody... lyrics and laughs and lovely ladies... packed with lavish profusion into a glorious show set to the split-second tempo of Warner Bros. musicals!

DICK POWELL
JOAN BLONDELL
in
"GOLD DIGGERS OF 1937"

VICTOR MOORE • GLENDA FARRELL • LEE DIXON • OSGOOD PERKINS • ROSALIND MARQUIS • Directed by LLOYD BACON... A First National Picture with songs by Harry Warren and Al Dubin, Harold Arlen and E. Y. Yarbug

Glenda coos the new Gold Digger's tuttly— "With Plenty of Money and You"— to those doiting heartbreakers and champion fun-makers—Vic Moore and Grapaud Perkins!

Take a bow, Lee Dixon, for stealing the show from Hollywood's fanciest steps with the dazzling dance stuff that made you the overnight sensation of Broadway's hot spots!

Busby Berkeley achieves a new pinnacle in rhythm as he introduces his 170 newest beauty discoveries in that stunning dance and dirty number—"All's Fair in Love and War"

And "Speaking of the Weather", it's fair and warmer for everyone concerned when Dick lets himself go with that grand new love song the tunamiths made to order for his lady love!
Conference time does not necessarily mean strict business on a studio set. Here's a pleasant session between Eddie Sutherland (director) in the foreground, and from the left: Bobbé Vernon, Gladys Swarthout, Frank Chapman (her husband), and Fred MacMurray.

These shares represented an important interest in the company that controls M-G-M studio and other enterprises. It is reported that Miss Shearer sold the stock to English interests for more than $2,000,000.

Two important questions arise: Does this mean that Norma Shearer is breaking all bonds with her past and will quit the screen? And, are English interests, too successful in attempting to gain a spotlight in the film world, seeking to get a foothold in American companies? Only time will answer either question.

Bob Burns Keeps His Head

An all time high in personality is being set by Bob Burns, the Bazooka lad from Arkansas. Bob went through plenty of down before he finally got up and now that he’s making about $400,000 a year he refuses to put on a high hat. He is the easiest of the biggies in Hollywood to sign for a benefit and he’s always on tap when some charity outfit needs a hand. Around Paramount studio workers started calling him Mr. Burns, but they had to change to Bob to get an answer.

Adolphe’s Pride and Joy

The elaborate nursery Adolphe Menjou and Verree Teasdale had built into their mansion in the Los Feliz hills a year and a half ago when the stork hovered above their chimney—and later flew off without paying them a visit—finally has an occupant, and the suave Adolphe is Hollywood’s proudest daddy.

Adolphe II, nine and a half months old, was found in the Evanston (Ill.) Cradle. His adoption by the Menjou was legalized by the Chicago courts.

Now Adolphe spends his studio luncheon periods on Hollywood Boulevard buying new toys.

Bob Taylor’s Privacy Gone!

A Son Comes Home might well be the title of a story about the rush trip Bob Taylor took to his old home town of Beatrice, Neb. He hoped to spend a few quiet days with the family after finishing his role opposite Greta Garbo in Camille. But when he landed, via plane, there was a turnout of 12,000 persons, all the stores, schools and public offices were closed for the occasion, the streets were decorated with banners bearing his name and he was escorted home by a parade two miles long.
We’re Saving a Chance

For You!

There’s still time to enter HOLD-BOB’S “Search for Talent” —Still a chance to win a FREE Screen test... $50.00 in cash and an opportunity for a motion picture contract.

THE popular “Search for Talent” sponsored by HOLD-BOBS, Walter Wanger Productions, Motion Picture and Screen Play Magazines, closes December 31, 1936. Don’t overlook this chance—you may be one of the lucky girls for whom Hollywood is searching.

It’s easy to enter. Just fill out the entry blank printed right on the back of the HOLD-BOB card, attach your photograph and mail to “Search for Talent” Headquarters. Your nearest HOLD-BOB dealer has full particulars...and HOLD-BOBS are sold everywhere. And remember, when you are buying your card of HOLD-BOBS you are getting the finest bob pins made—the favorites of Hollywood—with so many exclusive features such as: small, round, invisible heads; smooth, round, non-scratching points; flexible, tapered legs, one side crimped; and colors to match every shade of hair.

Don’t delay—get a card of HOLD-BOBS today.

THE HUMP HAIRPIN MANUFACTURING COMPANY
Sol N. Goldberg, President
1918-36 Prairie Ave., Dept. F-17, Chicago, Ill.
Straight Style HOLD-BOB

Search for Talent Headquarters

Enter my photograph in the “Search for Talent”

Name.
City. State
Age. Height. Weight.

When answering advertisements, please mention January Hollywood
Hollywood Merry-Go-Round

Ah, for a California winter! In Hollywood it's nice and warm—warm enough that Lily Pons, doing the "picture without a name" for RKO, seeks the shade of a tree to read a magazine.

Style? It doesn't mean a thing when lovely Margot Grahame goes a-yachting. The photographer snapped this one at Catalina Island aboard a nifty schooner.

What, shorts amid the mountain snows? Rosalind Keith, Columbia starlet, doesn't seem to mind it a bit! We wouldn't kid you—the deer is a fake, but Rosalind isn't!

Niftiest still of the month! Over on another mountain peak Mary Alice Rice posed for this swell photo before breezing down a slope. Her hair can't look this pretty very long.

Midnight in Palm Springs! With a bright moon shining overhead, your candid cameraman snapped this picture of Dick Powell and Joan Blondell still honeymooning at the romantic desert oasis!
Hollywood Merry-Go-Round

Too much Rocky Mountain hunting for Warner Baxter! So he's back from Colorado now, limping around with a broken heel!

Charlie Chaplin and Paulette Goddard were hurrying away from the preview of Garden of Allah when we snapped this photo.

Joe Penner ('he's on the left, no foolin') played circus one day recently with Walter Goodenough, world famous clown.

It isn't very often you can catch the stars cutting up—but they're just as human as we are! This photo shows Charles Lederer, Eddie Sutherland and Loretta Young at Irving Berlin's party.

Gary Cooper and his wife, the former Sandra Shaw, seemed taken aback when the photographer snapped this one!
She Wins Boyer's Phonograph

Dear Editor:

It just accelerates my pulse reading that fans are responsible for the recent damage to Margaret Sullavan's arm, when it was practically all healed. If this is adoration . . . give me complete obscurity! Poor Margaret is Europe-bound to rest and mend the arm that ardent fans damaged in their hectic desire to flaunt admiration.

Is this a civilized country? I think even cannibals leave the injured alone. I cannot understand how fans can enunciate admiration to the point of hysteria. Who has forgotten the black mark placed against movie fans at the late Rudolph Valentino's funeral? That was unforgivable behavior! Considering the popularity ramped recently by Robert Taylor, he had better look out for both his legs . . . and I'd suggest that they put Shirley Temple into a cage to protect her from the destructive and animalistic "adoration" of their fans.

Respectfully yours,

Annette Victorin,
2109 South 58th Avenue, Cicero, Ill.

Adjudged the best of many letters entered in the Charles Boyer contest, this indictment of "fan-mania" by Reader Annette Victorin brings her the star's own portable phonograph.—The Editor.

He-Men to Pennsylvania

Dear Editor:

I'm just about convinced that the movie producers are trying to glorify our heroes like Ziegfeld glorified the American girl! I really admire Franchot Tone and Robert Taylor very much, but like many others, I am becoming very disgusted with the way in which they were "made up" to look like boy dolls in motion pictures. Can't something be done to change all this? I'm making this plea in the hope that in the future we girls shall see real, masculine heroes in our pictures—and not contestants for the most beautiful and glamorous actor of 1936-1937.

Yours sincerely,

Kitty Archibald,
2008 State Street, Tarentum, Pa.

With a Zoom and a Thump

Dear Editor:

I think Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer made a serious mistake in billing Robert Taylor ahead of Melvyn Douglas in The Gorgeous Hussy. Just because he is a new and popular star, they plop him into every picture they produce—regardless of the fact that fans tire of seeing too much of any one player! There are too many Robert Taylor pictures all at once, and not enough Melvyn Douglas roles. Robert Taylor went to the top with a "zoom," and will go down to the bottom of the ladder with a "thump," while Melvyn Douglas' journey will be slow but sure!

Sincerely yours,

Sylvia Broda,
100 East Bixel Avenue, Oil City, Pa.

Does Billing Fool the Public?

Dear Editor:

Why, oh why must Hollywood's publicity department do it? Of course, I mean Fool The Public!

Douglas in The Gorgeous Hussy. Just because he is a new and popular star, they plop him into every picture they produce—regardless of the fact that fans tire of seeing too much of any one player! There are too many Robert Taylor pictures all at once, and not enough Melvyn Douglas roles. Robert Taylor went to the top with a "zoom," and will go down to the bottom of the ladder with a "thump," while Melvyn Douglas' journey will be slow but sure!

Sincerely yours,

Melville Drape,
4616 Painters Street, New Orleans, La.

Aren't they lovely, these comedy dancers? You'd hardly know that the gents are really gridiron stars! Coast conference rules won't let us identify them, except to say they are fighting Trojans of the University of Southern California, the Far West's outstanding football team. The girls are Katharine Snell, Larry Lane, Helene Mohler and Paula de Cardo. It's a scene for Paramount's Rose Bowl.

What stars do on a day off! Allan Jones (left) and Clark Gable take an outing aboard the former's schooner, the Arlene. Jones is planning a lengthy voyage across the Pacific when he can slip away for a vacation.
Joan Really Real!

Dear Editor:

Is there really such a person as Joan Crawford, or is she merely a gorgeous shadow of the silver screen, a figment of the imagination? Can anyone so lovely, so altogether beautiful and warmly alluring be real?

Miss Crawford has been my favorite actress for several years, and I have seen every one of her pictures possible. I have never been disappointed in her portrayals; her vivid characterizations stand forth as a monument to the little salesgirl, Lucille LaSueur, who has risen to fame and popularity in the past few years.

Now that the picture-going public has seen what an ideal team she and Robert Taylor make, I do sincerely hope we shall see them together in a major picture. They were excellently cast in The Gorgeous Hussy.

Sincerely yours,

Mrs. Melva Mossberg,

8 Glenwood Avenue, Cantonville, Md.

Getting Down to Business

Dear Editor:

You don't ask for it—merely chide, now you got to take it! I'm rarin' to go! It's the Matiné person's letter which upset me this way. I'm grateful for the opportunity to express my opinion—not only about Joan Crawford, but about all stars.

I think it is a fan's privilege to criticize the stars' performances on the screen, their clothes, the make-up they wear—but this privilege should exist only where it concerns screen appearances.

From the time a star goes home from the studio until the time when he reports to work again, I honestly believe he is none of the public's business what he does! If Joan Crawford wishes to pick raisins out of bread, that's her business. If Garbo wishes to be alone—that is certainly her own business!

As an afterthought—if Gene Raymond wishes to marry Jeanette MacDonald, that's his business, but gosh—I'm glad!

Sincerely,

Shirley Grossman,

1048 North Oakley Boulevard, Chicago, Ill.

Reader Shirley Grossman's last paragraph gives light to a universal fact: marriage plans of a star (and other matters) must be private, but they constitute news.

Properly handled, it is this magazine's purpose to disseminate such news.—The Editor.

Try Your Luck—and Be Lucky Ever After!

The Right Shade of Face Powder Will Add the Final Touch to Your Personality

By Lady Esther

All women and girls make up. But plenty of them need to be made over!

Yes, positively. They're hiding the liveliness Nature gave them and quenching the vital spark of personality with a drab, dull, dead shade of face powder.

What they need is a shade that flatters, that gives them the young, alive, vivid look that never fails to attract.

How sure are you that you're using the right shade of face powder? Even if you think you're satisfied—there may be another shade that would create a "you" no one has ever seen before!

You're An Individual, Not A Type!

Don't be old-fashioned and choose your shade by type or coloring. You aren't a type. You're yourself and nobody else. Choose your shade according to which is most becoming to you, before your own mirror. And the only way to do this intelligently is to try on all five Basic Shades, one after the other.

So new—so true is this new way of finding your true shade that I offer to prove every word at my expense. I will, therefore, send you all five shades of my Lady Esther Face Powder free of charge and obligation. When you get the five shades, try all five on. Don't think that your choice must be confined to any one or two shades. As I say, try on all five. Maybe the very shade you think least suited to you is really your most becoming, your most flattering.

Stays On For 4 Hours

When you make the shade test of Lady Esther Face Powder, I want you to notice, too, how smooth this face powder is—how evenly it goes on and how long it holds. By actual test, you will find this face powder adheres for four hours or more without getting shiny.

Write today for all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder which I offer free. With the five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder I will also send you a 7-days' tube of Lady Esther Face Cream. The coupon brings both the powder and cream.

When Answering Advertisements, Please Mention January Hollywood
they are. John Gilbert lost out when talkies came in, and he wasn't the only one. With each favorite who went with the silent pictures, a little extra enjoyment went also. We all know that and none of us wishes it to happen again.

So, HOLLYWOOD, remember the result of talkies and profit by it. Do not deprive us of excellent talent and our favorite stars simply because they do not film well in Technicolor. PLEASE!

Very truly yours,
Barbara D. Fuller, 1209 Sherwin Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Variety the Spice of Movies?

Dear Editor:

As a regular movie-goer, I like a surprise now and then. I find a new picquacy, a new delight in motion pictures when a star, firmly established in a certain type of role, scores in one totally different.

Recent months have brought striking instances of this. Norma Shearer, the screen's "sophisticated lady," gives a glorious Juliet; Maurice, courteously Ronald Colman presents the cynical, unkempt Sidney Corbin of A Tale of Two Cities; ultra-modern Joan Crawford becomes a gorgeous gal of Andrew Jackson's day. Most amazing of all to my mind, Spencer Tracy follows the dramatic intensity of Fury with the quiet restraint of his Father Tito in San Francisco.

It must have taken genuine courage for these players to attempt roles so radically different from their usual characterizations—and I say more power to them—and to others with similar breadth of vision. They've given us pleasure which would probably have been less keen had others, perhaps at first glance better suited to the part, been the ones to portray them.

Very truly yours,
Kathleen McKnight.
333 St. Clair Avenue, Grosse Pointe, Mich.

Every star hopes for a change in role occasionally, and in most cases fear what is known in Hollywood as "typing." Many fans learn to know certain stars in certain roles—and resent their being cast in anything else.—The Editor.

Second Fiddle to Shirley?

Dear Editor:

I have followed Rochelle Hudson's career for a number of years. About four years ago, everyone said "Watch Rochelle! She is really going places!" The same thing is still being said. She does have talent, ambition and everything required to be a motion picture star. Why don't the authorities give her a break? She receives only minor, secondary roles, usually playing second fiddle to Irving S. Cobb, W. C. Fields, even little Shirley Temple. Why hold a girl down who so obviously is capable of doing really great things?

Sincerely yours,
Jean Mohr,
P. O. Box 126, Appleton, Wis.

Backings the Background

Dear Editor:

Have you ever stopped to think what an important part the skillful musical interpretations and incidental music plays in the making of a successful picture?

Many a slow scene can be enlivened by a background of proper incidental music. Likewise, an exciting scene can be made more exciting by strains of appropriate music accompanying the dialogue and actions of the players. A picture without suitable background seems noticeably lacking.

 Hats off to Sid Silvers, Herbert Stothart and all those other men who add so capably to the success of a picture.

Yours truly,
Mrs. Thurlow T. Taft,
527 Fifteenth Street, Santa Monica, Calif.

Raising an Eyebrow!

Dear Editor:

I was indeed sorry to hear that Marlene Dietrich, instead of Merle Oberon, was to be starred in The Garden of Allah. Dietrich undoubtedly will give a splendid performance—critics credit her with such—but I'm not so anxious to see the picture as I should have been had Merle Oberon been chosen for the rôle. My reason? Probably the silliest, most unfounded one which you could imagine. It's all a matter of eyebrows!

Somewhere, a person having an exaggerated line instead of a natural eyebrow line always reminds me of a gum-cracking, frizzy-haired type. Demi, of the Garden of Allah, is decidedly not that type. Dietrich isn't really that type either and I feel sure she would appeal to many more of our movie-goers if her eyebrows were natural.

Sincerely,
Marie Thompson,
Finland Sanatorium, Washington, D. C.

Them's Fighting Words

Dear Editor:

In HOLLYWOOD Magazine I read an article on Gable as a prize-fighter. It stated that Mr. Gable learned much about the sport and had been offered $50,000.00 to go in the ring with Max Baer. How funny! The reason he didn't take the offer was that he didn't want that football moustache of his smashed all over his face. My advice to Mr. Gable is this: "Before you go to fighting with Baer or anybody else, see quite a bit more of Carole Lombard if you want to see her other than in a hospital!"

Harvey Palk, Meauro, Mo.

Muss 'Em Up, Clark

Dear Editor:

I know I am having the wrath of a million feminine fans when I write you that I believe Clark Gable is definitely miscast as a "straight" leading man. The natural charm of the boy from Cadiz, Ohio, who has become internationally famous, has
been gradually polished away in the effort to make him a mature idol. His talents are, in my opinion, confined to hard-boiled roles. Irrespective of how dapper and suave he attempts to be, he will always prove a poor substitute for Leslie Howard, Herbert Marshall or Fredric March.

We want plenty of Cable—but let’s have him in the rough?

With best wishes to HOLLYWOOD,
Jean Gove,
5230 Dupont Avenue, North,
Minneapolis, Minn.

* * *

Speaking in Superlatives

Dear Editor:

After seeing Romeo and Juliet last evening, I cannot but sit down and express to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer my deep appreciation. This masterpiece which has been thrilling the world for centuries—and will undoubtedly live for countless centuries to come—has been so superbly filmed, the charac-
ters so excellently portrayed, the action so real and its emotions so tender that one feels as though he was actually living in the time of these ageless lovers.

The splendid acting of Norma Shearer, Leslie Howard, John Barrymore and others must be seen to be appreciated, and once seen it cannot be forgotten!

Forgive me if I speak in superlatives, but one cannot speak otherwise of such a film!

Sincerely yours,
Katherine Michalovitch,
449 West 123rd Street, New York, N. Y.

* * *

Keeping One Jump Ahead

Dear Editor:

None of us enjoys being in a crowd which is "talking over his head." As the conversation at sometime during the day or evening usually turns to Hollywood, its stars, pictures and gossip, I make it a point to be the first one in my home town to read the new HOLLYWOOD Magazine. I feel that in keeping up with HOLLYWOOD, I am learning all the very latest movieland news.

Yours truly,
Adelle Malby,
Box 74, Desdemona, Texas.

* * *

Are Fans Match-Makers?

Dear Editor:

Wouldn’t it be nice if the fans could marry “off” their favorite film stars as they please? For exam-
ples: Jean Harlow to Clark Cable, William Powell to Myrna Loy or again to Carole Lombard, Ginger Rogers to Fred Astaire, Nelson Eddy to Jeanette MacDonald—and so on down the line. However, I distress such an arrangement would hardly appeal to the stars themselves. Jean Harlow has eyes only for William Powell, and Myrna Loy loves her husband, Arthur Hornblow, Jr. That’s the way it goes with all the stars! They never marry their fans’ idea of a perfect husband or wife. Too bad! Very truly yours,
Lena Mae Northam,
Gibson, N. C. (Route 1)

Miss Northam is undoubtedly right in assuming that film celebrities would prefer to choose their own mates. The majority of fans in all probability would rather see their favorites really happy domestically, made possible only by the culmination of an off-the-screen romance in marriage. Personal to Lena Mae Nor-
tham: How would you like to have a stranger write to you and choose Farmer Green’s son for your husband?—The Editor.

LETTER CONTEST WINNER

Winner of the Gene Raymond Letter Contest, William C. Parker, Jr., Mart Building, St. Louis, Mo., will shortly receive Mr. Raymond’s own wrist watch through the mails. Parker’s winning letter will be printed in the February issue of HOLLYWOOD Magazine. Many other contestants will receive dollar bills for letters printed on these pages.
LETTER CONTEST

Win Preston Foster's Tennis Racquets

Preston Foster, already a popular RKO star, adds much to his laurels in the new picture soon to be released, The Plough and the Stars

Here's a Prize worth trying for! Preston Foster, the RKO star who will soon appear in the classic picture, The Plough and the Stars, offers this month to some reader of Hollywood Magazine a set of tennis racquets, purchased by himself just for the lucky winner! The valuable prize will go to the person who writes the most interesting and provocative letter to this magazine. That's all there is to it—a letter and nothing more! And if you don't succeed in winning this particular prize, you still stand a good chance of being one of many readers who will be paid a dollar apiece for any letter printed in this magazine.

Hollywood Magazine wants stimulating, interesting letters for its Our Readers Write department. And to accomplish this purpose it lends zest to the competition by joining with the producers of The Plough and the Stars in offering prizes. You will enjoy Preston Foster in this amazing RKO picture just as much as you did in The Informer. As a matter of fact, Plough and the Stars is also a story of the Irish revolution, but it deals with the affair with an entirely different outlook, and is replete with excitement.

Write your letter about anything concerning the film world. Perhaps there is something—or someone—you would like particularly to see on the screen. Maybe you have an honest criticism—good or bad—of this magazine. Whatever it is that you want to say, the important thing is to sit down and write that letter now!

The rules are simple:
1. Write your letter either in pen and ink or on the typewriter. Legibility, neatness and conciseness count.
2. Make your letter brief. There is no set length to Hollywood's letters, but the editor reserves the right to strike out or edit portions deemed immaterial or unnecessary. Brief letters, well written, win more favorable consideration. You can say it on a penny post card if you wish.
3. Make your letter interesting. Will it lend itself to comments from the editor? Are there two sides to what you have to say? Is it really worth saying? These are tests that will improve your letter.
**Footprints for Time!**

Sid Grauman, center, is vexed! He asked Bill Powell and Myrna Loy to put their footprints in the cement forecourt of the Chinese Theater. They came wearing size 14 clown shoes.

After the laughing was over, and while hundreds of fans looked on, Myrna had her footprint imbedded in the concrete sidewalk. For a moment she thought she was stuck there.

Then Bill's turn came! Scoring dignity, he stretched down on the ground and wrote a note to Sid in the concrete before making impressions of his hands and his feet.

---

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**When Answering Advertisements, Please Mention January Hollywood**
Flood Tide For Spencer Tracy

HOLLYWOOD, forever whimsical in its “breaks,” is starring an actor who one year and a half ago was all set to take a train out of town and forget the screen!

Spencer Tracy had long been recognized as a good actor. But he had never been “box office.” Behind him were only mediocre pictures and flops. He was not a pretty boy. He was not a great lover. He was a man’s man and a character actor who had spent four years at the old Fox studios trying to carry on from The Last Mile, Broadway hit which landed him in Hollywood.

Now he has reached the top. He is so good his studio has just given him a new and more lucrative contract six months before expiration of his old one. But behind his climb to the top is a saga of tragedy and heartbreak, and of a stout heart which fought through trying times. Helping to put him over when the going was toughest was his wife, the former

Cocky Spencer Tracy! That’s the usual impression he gives you, but this startling insight into the star’s career will change that thought.

to Pittsburg to Milwaukee to New York. When the first baby was coming he did not have a steady job. Tracy’s spirit was almost broken when he learned for the first time that his little Johnny, now a brilliant lad of ten years, was deaf.

He lost his grip for a spell in Milwaukee when he deserted his calling to sell pianos. He was saved for the profession by an offer from his old stock company to return for a doubled figure.

His powerful portrayal of the Killer Meurs Fôme in The Last Mile on Broadway in 1930 attracted the attention of Hollywood. Fox signed him on six weeks leave from the Broadway producers to feature him in Up the River. This comedy riot won him a long-term contract with Fox.

He had hated Hollywood at first, until he saw it as the land of his opportunity. Now that things were coming his way he sincerely plunged himself into the business of becoming a good actor. Acting in itself, with the idea of wrapping up the character and presenting the character played rather than the ego of the man playing it, has always been Tracy’s goal.

Four Years to Nowhere

There followed a listless quadrennium. He appeared in big pictures, billed with such names as Joan Bennett, Jean Harlow, Sally Eilers, Sidney Fox and El Brendel. Yet his pictures were characterized as mediocrities or flops. Hollywood’s encyclopedic publicity machines passed him by with puny paragraphs. He was discouraged.

But he had made friends. His good nature, sincerity and reality had brought him close to Darryl Zanuck, Walter Wanger, Frank Borzage and others. He
had started Clark Gable on his career by introducing him to The Last Mile road company.

Gable’s Killer Mears portrayal on footboards in Los Angeles started him in pictures. Now Gable says he would “go to Hell for Tracy.”

And Tracy was a very close friend of Will Rogers. They worked at the same studio, lunched together daily, played polo together, Rogers had once said, “Tracy is the swellest fellow in Hollywood.” Tracy says today that the biggest thing he has taken from Hollywood was his friendship with Will Rogers.

Tempted to Leave

There was much to hold Tracy here, yet he was tempted to leave. “There must be some way to crash this town yet,” Tracy was muttering eighteen months ago. There was.

His brother, Carol, was Spence’s business manager. One evening they were having what Tracy expected to be a gloomy bull session. He felt more encouraged when he learned two other studios had made offers. The brothers decided that what was needed must be a change of location.

After talking it over they decided to approach Benny Thau, an M-G-M execu-

In Liebeled Lady Tracy proves a good comedian, despite his reputation for straight hard-boiled roles. You’ll pardon the informal attire—he was just one of the scenes in the picture that brought the audience close to hysterics.

In two hours a contract had been drawn up and signed.

Although the public had not yet paid to Spencer Tracy the tribute due him for his acting ability, the players associated with him in his work were awake to the potentialities in this man. Myrna Loy was delighted to have him play in her Whipsaw; Jean Harlow, who has often said, “I wish I could act as well as Tracy,” was overjoyed when she learned he was

[Continued on page 70]
THE HITS TO WATCH FOR FROM NOW TO NEW YEAR'S DAY

THE DIONNE QUINTUPLETS in REUNION
with the year's most important cast: JEAN HERSHOLT, ROCHELLE HUDSON, HELEN VINSON, SLIM SUMMERVILLE, ROBERT KENT, Dorothy Peterson, John Qualen. Directed by Norman Taurog

BARBARA STANWYCK and JOEL McCREA in BANJO ON MY KNEE

WARNER BAXTER and JUNE LANG in WHITE HUNTER
with Gail Patrick, Alison Skipworth, Wilfrid Lawson, George Hassell. Directed by Irving Cummings.

CRACK UP

LAUGHING AT TROUBLE
with JANE DARWELL, Delma Byron, Allan Lane, Sara Haden, Lois Wilson, Margaret Hamilton, Pert Kelton, John Carradine. Directed by Frank R. Strayer.

SHIRLEY TEMPLE in STOWAWAY
with ROBERT YOUNG - ALICE FAYE

ONE IN A MILLION
with SONJA HENIE, ADOLPHE MENJOU, JEAN HERSHOLT, NED SPARKS, DON AMECE, RITZ BROTHERS, Arline Judge, Borrah Minevitch and his Gang, Dixie Dunbar, Leah Ray, Montagu Love. Directed by Sidney Lanfield.

Darryl F. Zanuck in Charge of Production

Accept No Substitutes! Always Insist on the Advertised Brand!
Why Barrymore Married Elaine!

Hollywood Has Another Great Problem off Its Chest at Last.

It took a lot of publicity to do it, but Caliban finally got his Ariel—or vice versa.

Things looked pretty black indeed when Elaine Barrie, after following John Barrymore to California, finally packed her things again and returned East with a stock company intent upon presenting its special version of Petrified Forest to the drama-starved world.

On that dismal occasion Elaine, according to reporters, flung these words over her fast-disappearing shoulder:

"Phoebe on love, I figured it was either John or my career. I figured I was a young girl with a future ahead of me, I figured John was only a silvery sunset."

The "silvery sunset," however, was only a prelude to a golden dawn. For scarcely had Elaine presented her talents on the East coast when John, who had up to this moment remained discreetly silent, telephoned her and dictated a rush elopement.

Just to prove she had been kidding the reporters, Elaine bolted out of the theatre, gathered up her fond parents in a bundle, and hustled to a transcontinental airliner. Oh, rosy dawn of life! Oh, blessed Caliban!

Arriving in Hollywood, Elaine met genial John and brooked no delays. Climbing aboard another airplane they staged a midnight "elopement" with Papa and Momma (Louis Jacobs), with all the publicized secrecy a pliable press could give them on such short notice. To their everlasting credit, let it be said that the journalistic world arose to the demands of the occasion and opened up hundreds of front pages for a last minute bulletin.

The Ceremony Takes Place

Down in Yuma they were blinded by the town's "marrying justice," Judge Earl A. Freeman, who barked and beamed in the glory of the occasion. Then the couple climbed aboard a train for Hollywood, sat up all night because no sleeping accommodations were available.

Why did they get married, you ask? From Elaine's standpoint, a Hollywood wag offers a neat solution. It wasn't that Elaine liked Barrie less, but Barrymore!

But seriously, John Barrymore had plenty of reasons for marrying, even if he doesn't care to discuss them in detail. In the first place, for months he has been lonesome—lost without anyone else in his home. Not that he has remained in solitude since the failure of his last marriage—a Barrymore never sulks in a corner. John, as if denying his advancing age, mingled around with alacrity from coast to coast. But all the same, he was lonesome.

Secondly, a man of Barrymore's disposition—he is forever revolting against the established order of things—suggests the advisability of a balance wheel, which

Elaine has provided and probably will continue to provide.

Again, Barrymore is an incurable romanticist. If life should ever cease to be glamorous to him, his romantic eyes should ever stop admiring a beautiful woman, all would be lost. And Elaine quite apparently makes his gallant heart beat faster when she rests her provocative glance on him.

But back to the circumstances of their elopement. . . .

Their homecoming was not all it might have been.

Elaine was still a trifle airsick, but blushing happily beneath her make-up. The early morning dawn was far from rosy, and their reception committee was a throng of shivering, weary reporters and cameramen. The train harmoniously groaned to a stop at the Southern Pacific Station.

Elaine hopped off with a benevolent smile. Barrymore, forever the actor, seemed just a trifle uncertain what rôle he should assume. He solved it byassuming none. His classic nose twitched against the unromantic atmosphere permeating a railroad station. Establishing a formal note of glumness, he posed for pictures with the bride and then ran for the warmth of a spot indoors.

Still the press waited breathlessly for a great statement to give the world. It finally came thusly:

"Hah! I put over a fast one, didn't I?"

This was a question which no one cared to dispute. And then:

"This was all arranged by long distance telephone (Elaine speaking now) and we perfected our plans just as soon as John's divorce from Dolores Costello became final. When the ceremony finally took place, everything seemed enveloped in a rosy haze. My golden dream had come true! We were married at last!"

Mother Jacobs flashed a triumphant smile for the press.

"Aren't they darling!" she barely whispered, beams all the while. "Isn't it so wonderful they are happy!"

[Continued on page 55]
I'm A Fugitive From The Quints!

By
Norman Taurog

(The director of Skippy, Huckleberry Finn, Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch and other childhood epics, writes a humorous, colorful, interesting story of his experiences with the Dionne Quintuplets when he directed them recently in Reunion, a 20th Century-Fox picture.—The Editor.)

D'ABRYL ZANUCK said to me on the day
I was boarding a train in Hollywood
bound for the little town of Callendar,
Ontario, Canada, and the Dionne Quintuplets, "Norman, don't try to make them act. Just photograph what they can do. That's all I ask of you." And, to
today I'm not sure whether I detected a
trickle in his eye or not. At any rate,
he had no need to worry. From the day
I arrived in the little Canadian town, I
was a fugitive from the Quints.

Picture this scene:
Seventeen good men and true—husky,
healthy, two-fisted guys—hiding like
quail behind the bushes that dotted the
grounds of the location in a little Canadian
town.

We were sophisticated, hard-shelled
motion picture men from Hollywood,
acustomed to all sorts of unusual experi-
ences, and usually caring not a whoop
what happened, come hell and high
water.

But, I'll have to admit we hid behind
the bushes because we were scared!

Scared of what? Well, we were fright-
ened stiff of five little towering baby girls
who didn't give a whoop who we were nor
what we were there.

Suddenly came a loud "s-s-s-s-hh!" from
the farthest outpost.

"The Quints are coming!"

Behind our vantage point bushes the rest of
us shushed one another, and endeavored
for keep well hidden. (We were earnestly
trying to get some "shots" of the Dionne
Quintuplets at their natural play.)

"The Quints are coming!" (This call
from the second outpost.)

I crouched with the cameraman behind
the biggest bush from which we hoped to
get our scenes. We hoped and prayed, for
the little minxes had been hard to get.

"The Quints are coming!"

"THE QUINTS ARE COMING!"


This "shushed" call rising in inflection
until it seemed to roar in one's ears will
stay with me long after the Quints are
grown-up young ladies.

It means only one thing. When the
quints do appear, you've got to work fast
and use every fleeting moment. And you
mustn't upset them in any way.

So, as they came into view, we turned
the cameras loose and shot whatever hap-
pened. And we came back with some
rare stuff!

We have had some very funny experi-
ences making motion pictures, and I have
enjoyed more than my share in the
last decade, possibly because I have
directed more kid pictures than most
directors.

After carefully studying and directing
widely-contrasting childish temperaments
such as Jackie Cooper and Jackie Searle
in Skippy and Sooky, Junior Durkin in
Huckleberry Finn, and a raft of kids—
Edith Fellows, Virginia Weidler, Car-
menita Johnson, Jimmy Butler and George
Breakston, not to mention Bill Fields'
"mortal enemy," Baby LeRoy—I felt that
I could easily qualify as an expert in child
psychology.

"Live and learn" is a darned good old
adage.

To this day, now that the picture is com-
pleted, I'm not honestly sure whether
I directed the Dionne Quintuplets, or
whether they directed me.

We were hiding behind the bushes that
particular day because we knew that any
one of the five little Canadian princesses
royal might happen to change her mind
in the fraction of a second, disappear—
and then where would our scene be? We
knew, for example, that we only had one
hour a day to film the Quints, and I can
assure you that every fleeting second was
exceedingly precious to us.

[Continued on page 61]
DORIS NOLAN
THE SCREEN'S NEWEST & MOST GLAMOROUS STAR

Brilliant with Beauty! Dazzling with Dances!
Gorgeous with Girls! Loony with Laughter!
Sparkling with Splendor! Tingling with Tunes!

GIANT CAST OF 350!
LOOK WHO'S IN IT!

DORIS NOLAN
The new fan topic of the nation!

GEORGE MURPHY
Broadway's greatest dancing star!

HUGH HERBERT
GREGORY RATOFF
HENRY ARMETTA
Filmdom's top comics together for the first time in one picture!

GERTRUDE NIESEN
Radio's greatest songstress!

ELLA LOGAN
Internationally famous radio & night club star!

THE THREE SAILORS
They're nuts to everybody!

PEGGY RYAN
Eleanor Powell's protege and dancer supreme!

GERALD O. SMITH
Where fun is—where he is!

JACK SMART
Famous stage comedian & March of Time star!

MISCHA AUER
Remember the gorilla man of "My Man Godfrey"?

THE WHOLE WORLD WILL BE WHISTLING THESE SONGS
"I Feel That Foolish Feeling Coming On"
"There Are No Two Ways About It"
"Blame It On the Rhumba"
"Fireman Save My Child"
"I've Got To Be Kissed"
"Top Of The Town"
"Where are you?"

SONGS AND LYRICS
By Jimmy McHugh and Harold Adamson, the greatest song hit team in pictures!

STORY AND SCREENPLAY
By three writing Aces: Charles Grayson, Bob (Academy Prize Winner) Benchley and Brown Holmes!

DIRECTOR
Walter Lang who gave you "Love Before Breakfast!"

GOWNS AND SETS
By John Harkrider, illustrious Ziegfeld set and wardrobe creator!

DANCES
By Gene Snyder, famous director of the New York Music Hall Rockettes!

LOU BROCK, Associate Producer

THE NEW UNIVERSAL'S GREATEST MUSICAL TRIUMPH!

When Answering Advertisements, Please Mention January Hollywood
The Man Who Acts With His Voice!

Most Fascinating-To-Watch thing about Don Ameche is that amazing "slow-take" personality of his...

It's got Hollywood baffled, because this sort of personality isn't at all the thing that's supposed to go with movie stardom.

He's no Clark Gable, or Bob Taylor, this new screen sensation from the radio world. He doesn't kayak you with one of those reach-out-and-smack-you-down personalities. Roomfuls of people don't stop talking when he enters. Girls don't flock around him the moment he appears. "As a matter of fact," a friend of his says, "he's the kind of guy you don't remember meeting the first time..."

But then he sneaks up on you. Subtly, that "slow-take" personality goes to work and moves in on you. And before you know it, you're wondering how you ever got along at all before you'd met him. Suddenly, you find you like him better than a dozen or so of the fellows you thought you were crazy about. You've become a Don Ameche fan—and you begin to understand how and why this young son of an Italian saloonkeeper is going places in a big way in movies.

In his newest picture, One in a Million, Don Ameche plays the love interest with Sonja Henie, famous ice skater.

You know him now as the dark-haired young man in Ramona, or as the young doctor who nearly ran away with Ladies in Love, or as a couple of brothers (he played both roles) in Sin of Man. Or maybe you just know him as the new movie find who came out of Darryl Zanuck's radio loudspeaker one day when Darryl, that star-finding boss of 20th Century-Fox, was hard up for a leading man.

That is, Don's voice came out. But that was enough. It got him the break he needed. And now Don is headed for hug-things-to-the-screen. And because you'll soon be raving about him, if you aren't already, I'm going to tell you something about his life—and a lot of other things about him, that you won't read in any of those other biographies that'll soon be filling the newspapers and magazines about him.

As I mentioned, he's the son of a saloonkeeper. It's characteristic of Don that he doesn't try to hide the fact. He doesn't see why he should. "For 38 years, my dad was the best saloonkeeper in Kenosha, Wisconsin," says Don, "and no man ever left his saloon drunk, and that, I think, gives him one leg on fame."

From a Large Family

Papa and Mama Ameche had eight children. Don was one of them. He wasn't named Don—he was christened Dominick Felix Ameche. But all that was too much for his playmates. They cut it down to "Donald." "Don" was easier to say, so "Don" it became. Right now, the metamorphosis of the name's being carried to the end of the cycle by Director Sid Lanfield, who's bossing Ameche in One in a Million. Sid, who does nutty things for no reason at all, is calling him "Donald."

Ameche doesn't mind. As a matter of fact, he doesn't mind anything, very much. But that's getting ahead of the story...

Eight children, planning their future lives, are liable to get a bit confusing. Don, as a youngster, thought he'd like to become a lawyer. He studied law a bit, here and there, but never got very far at it. He got further in school dramatics, instead, and one day a player in a stock company in Madison, Wisconsin, got hurt and the head of the outfit had to go to the college drama club for help. He got Don, who learned the injured actor's rôle between lunch and matinee time and made a hit. That ended young Ameche's law career and started his professional career instead.

The Turn in the Road

He had the usual ups and downs of struggling actors. He did all the usual things—stuck cardboard soles in his shoes when the leather wore out, and ate beans at a nickel a plate for days on end, the while he aspired. But aspirations didn't get anywhere until Lady Luck led him into a place where they were giving radio auditions. That was the big turning point in his life.

For the past six years, as a result, you've been getting acquainted with Don, if you're any sort of dial-twiddler at all. You've heard that baritone of his on the Grand Hotel program, in Betty and Bob—and right now, you're hearing it in the First Nite-Riter broadcasts. Maybe you're one of the thousands of fans whose fan-mail has put Don Ameche's name at the head of the list of radio favorites.

All this time, things were getting tougher and tougher in Hollywood in the leading-man situation. Producers were tearing their hair, looking for new Gables and Taylors and Flynn's. Among them was Zanuck, who is a radio fan.

One night, Zanuck heard a voice in a radio program. He hit him hard. It was Don Ameche's voice. Don's voice has hit lots of people hard, but all it ever got him up to then was a lot of fan-letters and a good radio salary. This time, it got him to Hollywood.

"If he isn't too bad-looking, we can use him," said Zanuck. Now, Ameche is no collar-advertisement, but he's not bad-looking. Zanuck decided to use him. Well, you know the rest, already, if you're a movie fan—and if you're not, you won't be reading this story about Don any-way.

Now as for the man Ameche, himself—He's not spectacular. A lot of people are going to have trouble writing about him, because he isn't what they call "good copy." He doesn't raise snakes, or go bathing in neighbors' swimming pools, or get chased across the nation by an Ariel, or get divorces or scandals or things...
Never has Garbo appeared more lovely than she does in *Camille*, her first picture of 1937! Garbo smiles—and the world smiles with her!
Myrna Loy faces the New Year with every reason to be happy! Eminently successful in M-G-M's *Libeled Lady*, she is ready to shoot at new box office records.
And no wonder Binnie Barnes smiles! The year of 1936 did great things for her. Already she has made three pictures for the new Universal, and she's just getting started!
When Olivia de Havilland smiles, her eyes smile with her. Anthony Adverse and Charge of the Light Brigade are two of her latest triumphs, with more to come!
Why Errol Flynn is Fleeing Hollywood

To some mortal souls on this earth the call of the South Sea islands is greater than any other thing in the world. To them the Song of the Islands is more than a beautiful tune, a romantic interlude. It is a call to adventure in unknown places, an urge to move restless feet toward the mystery of antiquity, a willingness to dare uncharted reefs for the beckoning things beyond.

Errol Flynn is one of these souls, forever restless, forever in the pursuit of adventure. For him there is no glamour in the present, not even in glamorous Hollywood. The restless, haunting look you see in his eyes is not from clever acting. The Errol Flynn of the screen is Errol himself, a man of the far horizons who refuses to linger long in one place. And lately he has heard the call of distant lands.

Errol was just completing work on Another Dawn for Warner Brothers when we talked with him about the mysteries of Tahiti, and other islands so remote that they remain nameless to this day.

"I guess the South Seas would lure most anyone," he told us, pacing up and down the sound stage floor as the cameraman worked for new shooting angles. "I don't think I'm much different from anyone else. We'd all go down there if we could. I guess the only difference is that I am going just as soon as I wind up this picture."

And there the difference is, as plain a fact as you could ask for. The lure of big money as a dashing movie star, the adulation of fans all over the world, the peacefulness of serene security—these things mean nothing at all to Errol Flynn.

You doubt that? Then consider the facts. Errol has been in pictures only a brief year. He was "discovered" while the studio was testing for the lead in Captain Blood. It needed a dashing young man full of the spirit of adventure. Pate gave Errol that particular screen test, and overnight he became one of Warner's most triumphant personalities.

The studio knew its man all too well. It deciphered that faraway look in Flynn's eyes and sent out an order that might well have read like this: "Attention all producers: we have a marvelous hit in Errol Flynn. But he is a natural born adventurer who is hard to hold in one spot. Maybe we can keep him inside Hollywood for a year, but not much longer. Do things fast with him."

Of course they didn't send out that exact order. But it is a fact that Errol, in that brief year, completed not only his first picture, but leads in the following masterpieces: Charge of the Light Brigade, Another Dawn and Green Light.

All of these pictures are top notch productions. Most stars would consider it good fortune to do only one of these in a year. With the exception of Green Light, all of the films are costume pictures. And in Green Light Errol plays the rôle of a doctor who flees misfortune, battles spotted fever amid the backwoods roughness of Montana. So you see he is fundamentally the adventurous type of man in all three films.

Captain Blood made such a hit that they ran it many months longer than usual. Charge of the Light Brigade's release was held up for that reason. Last month we previewed the latter picture. It will make your masculine or feminine heart pound. Adventure is here in copious quantities, and romance too. It is another tremendous Errol Flynn hit. Soon you will be raving about the picture, and it seems destined for as long a run as Captain Blood.

That means only one thing: it will be many months before both Another Dawn and Green Light are released to the theaters, and it is during these months that Errol will venture into the South Seas to

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Irene Dunne: A “Lady” No Longer

**Hollywood Spotlights**

**Irene Dunne:** A “Lady” No Longer

**Saints and Sinners**

MILLENIUMS COME and go in Hollywood. Small millenniums, of course, but eminently important just the same. This month a shocking millennium has come for Irene Dunne. One that pleases her no end. She isn’t a lady anymore...

For years, ever since she made such a tremendous hit in *Cimarron*, Irene has had to endure the title of Hollywood’s Number One Lady. That is a pretty serious responsibility. Irene has borne it bravely enough, despite the fact that she obviously disliked such an all-inclusive label. But the producers, instead of helping her shed it, have continued the tradition on through the years, clear up to now.

*Showboat* started out to preserve her reputation, then faltered and gave Irene an opportunity to do a blackface number and a very unsophisticated galavantin’ dance. Partially by contrast to her usually serene self and partly by way of being different, lovely Miss Dunne put audiences the world over into hysterics with this cute number.

And that’s partly what brought about the millennium.

“After making *Showboat*, I ran off to Europe,” Irene explained one day while trying to give an interview and supervise decorating of her new Holmby Hills mansion. “I was a little afraid of that number — they had never let me do anything approaching it before in pictures. But just before I left, Columbia came to me with plans for producing a film that was sheer tradition. They called it *Theodora Goes Wild*. The thought of losing the reputation as The Perfect Lady tickled me, but I was just a little leery of straight comedy.”

Irene suddenly paused in her conversation to supervise installation of Venetian blinds in one of the attractive white-walled rooms of her home. But when she came back she plunged directly into the discussion.

“Then I learned that there was a better way to handle the situation. The threatening clouds of war on the Continent looked like nothing compared to what was in store for me.

“In Paris I visited with Madame Curie’s daughters, learned something of that great woman’s character by way of preparing myself for a picture I will do soon.* I stayed over there just as long as I could, hoping this comedy idea would blow over before my return.

“That was a very poor guess. Columbia was more than ever determined that I should do *Theodora Goes Wild* with Richard Boleslawski directing.”

The shuffle dance in *Showboat* indeed had proved a boomerang. It brought about Irene’s own personal millennium, and within a fortnight she was commencing her first assignment as a comedienne. It was her job to start out as a respectable small town girl (in a very narrow community!) and then turn loose with a spree in New York.

Irene was not too sure of herself when she started out. She was lucky in being given the joyous, round-faced Boleslawski as her director. Puffing on his underslung pipe, Boleslawski would sense a reluctance or timidity on the star’s part, reassure her she could handle the scene.

You can judge her success for yourself when you see her in the picture. “Sneak” preview audiences sent in more than double the usual number of comments by mail, left the theatre praising her work.

A Natural Cut-up

As a matter of fact, there is no good reason why Irene shouldn’t make a first-rate comedienne. In actual life her friends [Continued on page 67]
Florence Rice: Chip off the Old Block

Florence Rice, besides being beautiful, is an unusual girl. She is a swell athlete with a fine sense of sportsmanship, something she learned from her famous father, Grantland Rice. She is also—and now we're telling a secret—an ex-champion prize-fighter!

It was at the tender age of eight that Florence rolled up her sleeves and won the championship of her class in school. Let's listen to her own simple confession, made after due coaxing:

"The fight," smiled the M-G-M player, "was literally thrust upon me. I came on the school yard one morning to find a boy in my class twisting the arm of a little girl who sat in the same aisle with me. She was crying, he was scowling and acting the bully—and I was angry. So angry, I was challenging him to a fist fight. And then, before I knew it, some youngster had scampered across the street to his home to get his set of boxing gloves.

"From then on there was no chance to make a graceful exit and I was still furious enough to fight. The bully put on his gloves and so did I. Quite a crowd had gathered around by then, yelling their encouragement and begging that I step in and 'sock him one!' The next thing I knew I was flat on my back, madder than ever but wondering in a detached way how I ever would get up. But I kept on asking myself what Dad would say if he saw me trying to back out of a tight corner with fist fighting. His 'come back smiling' philosophy worked out then as well as it ever has since. I got up, swung a girlish fist that caught Mr. Youngbilly right on the nose.

"The blow was strong enough to bring tears, a trace of blood for him and the championship for me. The battle was over right then and there. I was king pin."

"The paternal influence is as strong as ever, then?" we ventured.

"Stronger." Florence declared emphatically. "If you can't come back smiling in this movie game where competition is so fierce, you might as well stay down once you're knocked down."

An Honor She Dodges

Referring to the paternal influence, Florence idolizes her famous Dad and scorns those who consider newspaper writing second rate.

She also hates to be known as "Grantland Rice's daughter."

"I've been strictly on my own ever since the night I made my first stage entrance," she said soberly. "I've never asked for help from Dad to further my career, and he's been kind enough and wise enough not to offer it; but I did learn the value of sportsmanship from him and for that I'm deeply grateful."

"In other words, you practice what he preaches. Is that it?"

"Precisely that. And it's been rather hard, too, for girls as a rule don't understand the term 'sportsmanship' in the same sense that a man does. Most of us like to purr like kittens and scratch like cats. Now I'm going to answer your next question before you have time to ask it—strange as it may seem, Dad never en-

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Carole Lombard Betrays

Carole Lombard never gave a better performance in her life than she did as Irene in My Man Godfrey. It was an acting job born of feeling, sincerity, and above all, naturalness. This latter quality is the most difficult of all to achieve in any screen performance. But Carole achieved it by allowing her own personality to come through, as she had never done before.

She didn't, literally, betray her real character to the public.

A close friend of Carole's was once asked, "What is she really like... her disposition, her character, I mean?"

"Well," answered that friend wryly, "that all depends on which picture she happens to be making at the moment."

Even Carole had to laugh when she heard it, for no one appreciates her own plasticity more than she does. Usually she is a different person, at least outwardly, with each part that comes along. No one at Paramount will forget that phoney accent she used off the screen as well as on, all during the making of The Princess Comes Across. Before that, during the production of Hands Across the Table, she was strictly the hard-boiled manicurist all over the lot, even to the simple little uniform-like dresses she seemed to get a yen for. And so on and on, back, back... back to Twentieth Century when Carole for a time (and for a laugh, if the truth must be known), was flouncing around just like that movie's version of a movie star. In fact it was such an old habit—and such an amusing one—that when My Man Godfrey rolled along, and Carole went back and forth, to and from the studio, without bringing home any new accents, mannerisms, or gags, her friends grew alarmed. "What's the matter? Don't you like your part? Isn't it a very strong one? You don't seem very much wrapped up in it!"

"Quite the contrary!" laughed Carole. "I'm so much wrapped up in it, that there's nothing left over to bring home!"

Similarity to Life

But still no one realized how much Carole was putting into that part, night and day, drawing on every clever mannerism, every intonation that she had ever seen and heard in girls of Irene's type—until the picture was thrown on the preview screen. Then they marveled and roared and critics applauded with the most complimentary adjectives.

But the amazing thing is that in certain parts of the picture many of Carole's friends chuckled at the similarity between the mad harum-scarum Irene and the equally mad harum-scarum Lombard. Of course Irene was also very naive, and in this respect no two girls could be more different—but in Irene's lighter, giddier moments, Carole's friends couldn't help saying, "If that isn't Carole all over!" (If that isn't Carole as only her friends know her, we might add.)

For example, when the theme of the story was made clear in the first reel—Irene was to adopt the Forgotten Man, Bill Powell, as her protege—Mitch Leison, a director whom Carole calls "Pops," leaned over to his companion, grinned and chortled, "Get that! Carole and her proteges... she's crawling with them!"

What Mr. Leison had presented rather facetiously and with some slight exaggeration is nevertheless the truth. Carole Lombard is always sponsoring somebody or something. Not so long ago there was Alex, the little colored boy who had hitch-hiked all the way from South Carolina to get a job in the movies, but who had wound up carrying George Raft's makeup tray instead.

Carole ran into him one day on the lot, took one look at his black shining face, his very toothsome white grin and started laughing. Then when she heard his high-cracked voice, his rich southern dialect, she took him, under sponsorship completely. She told everyone how funny he was, went around boosting him for a movie job, even sent him on dozens of fake errands to the front office, "So these movie moguls can see for themselves what a riot he is." Every morning little Alex would come to her dressing room door and always he asked the same thing, "Ya don't supposin' I could gitcha somethin' this mawnin', do ya, Miss Lombard?"

and then always when this Lady Bountiful would speak to him, the very sound of her voice sent him into the same jitters. He'd back into all the furniture, fall all over himself, generally make himself a nuisance. But Carole didn't care. She loved it, laughed at him, talked right back at him in his own high voice, imitating his dialect. And in the end she did get him several good jobs. Alex won the start of a motion picture career... George Raft lost a makeup boy.

Another Experience

After Alex there was a wardrobe girl whom Carole helped to open a dress shop of her own. After the wardrobe girl, there was her butler Phil, whom Carole urged out to try the world of the rich as a poor butler and she wanted to get rid of him. Quite the contrary, he was the best she ever had. But Phil had confided on one occasion that he wanted to see the world. It was the desire closest to his heart, his greatest ambition.

A few months after that Carole heard of a well-to-do family who wanted a servant to tour the world with them. She put the proposition up to Phil and arranged for him to go. It was a sad parting... Carole would never find another butler like Phil... but youth must be served.

Oh, there were dozens of cases like that. Carole is always organizing someone else's life and ambitions... seems to take just as much enthusiasm in the future of others as she does in her own. Her present pro-

Carole Lombard changes personalities with her screen roles. Here she is as she looked two years ago while making a picture for Howard Hawks—an entirely different personality.

Don't guess twice! This is the madcap Carole you saw in My Man Godfrey. In this she really gave herself away! Read this amazing story!
tegee is Margaret Tallichet, a very pretty girl from the south, who won a beauty contest and was brought to Hollywood to get into pictures. But, as is the fate of so many beauty winners, she soon found that the only job she could get was a secretarial one. She was lucky, though, in this respect . . . she got her job in the publicity department of Paramount. Carole saw her, thought she had great screen possibilities, and arranged for her to study with the Paramount dramatic coach. Another Lombard protegee on the way to fulfilling suppressed desires! IRENE and Carole are certainly alike on that score.

Again in the picture, if you will recall, IRENE caused no little disturbance by riding a cabby's horse into the library one night. This scene was not an actual part of the picture, but you heard about it the morning after. This is something which no one would ever put beyond Carole. There are no actual records in the police department to show that Carole ever did this identical trick, but her love for the "furred and feathered folk" did bring her in close proximity with the Bel Air City Fathers not so long ago.

Carole's Farming

Carole had just moved into her new Bel Air home which she decided to call THE FARM because there was an empty chicken coop out back, and nailed up a sign accordingly. Came her birthday and the colored help in the kitchen, Edmund, Ellie and Jessie decided, for a laugh, (anyone who even works for her gets that way too), that they would give her a rooster and two hens for a present, named after themselves. The fowls had big red ribbons tied about their necks, and were cooped up in a box under the breakfast table when Carole came down. The rooster crowed, the hens clucked, and at the same moment three black heads shouted "Happy Birthday" from the kitchen door. Carole screamed with laughter, told them it was the most wonderful present that anyone could have thought of, and that even though they had been intended as a gag, she was going to keep them. "I just love them!" she shouted, "And besides —" striking a typical IRENE pose number six-and-a-half— "Comes the revolution and I want to have eggs in my back yard!" And so three fowl in search of a coop found one!

It was then that the trouble began. Edmund, the rooster, began crowing early the next morning—at five-thirty. Carole knew it was against the law to keep chickens in swanky Bel Air, so she promptly got up and invited him in, hoping to calm him.

But Edmund had to have his crow anyway, so crowed even more loudly, it seemed, from the Lombard window sill. It became quite a problem.

As days went by Carole tried every which way to divert him. She even tried having all the other animals in to entertain him. First the two daschunds would file in sleepily, then the pekinese, then the cocker spaniel, then the chickens, then the cat. They all sat or lolled around looking very bored while Carole tried to talk them all into the most cozy quiet. But it was of no avail; Edmund got so he'd even crow from the middle of the living

[Continued on page 66]
Mirth pictures seemed to predominate as we made our usual swing about the studios this month to see in the making some of the pictures you shortly will be seeing at your favorite theatres.

Comedians, we found, were "strutting their wares" almost as much between scenes as they did for cameras and recording. For drama, Captains Courageous, held our interest, and the ice extravaganza that will bring Sonja Henie to the screen in One in A Million, was a distinct revelation.

Two of the outstanding comedies we looked in on are Top of the Town and College Holiday. Let's look them over:

Top Of The Town

If you can imagine making an important song and dance picture with nine comedians cavorting among the lights, microphone booms and cameras, you have an idea of conditions in the elaborate sets that housed the shooting of Universal's Top of the Town—and a hint of why the sets were closed against all comers.

It took an act of Providence, or something, to get us inside the famous Moonbeam Room set—which was about a block square in size, and, as you'll notice when you see the picture, is an artist's idea of what the world's most ambitious night club will be twenty-five years from now. Equipped with everything the most modern club of that date could have, including automatic dodads of all kinds, and an impressive television recording and transmitting set, this layout would have held anyone's undivided attention, if it hadn't been for the group of comedians engaged to keep the picture moving at high speed.

But this gang, led by such sure-fire rib splitters as Hugh Herbert, Gregory Ratoff, Henry Armetta and Mischa Auer, and augmented by the wild stunts of the famous stage slapstickers, The Three Sailors, would take one's eyes off any spectacle in the world. When they weren't gaggling before the camera, they were cutting up behind it—and their antics carried them in to other sound stages and all over the lot.

Production screwiness reached an all-time height on the Universal lot during the shooting of My Man Godfrey, but set workers who served on both pictures claim that Top of the Town topped even that hilarious opus when it came to out-and-out, knock-down and drag-out comedy, because the range of gags and horse-play lying between Ratoff's accent, Herbert's screwy ideas, Ella Logan's mimicking and the Three Sailors' clowning included everything from mirth to mayhem, and that one never knew whether to expect an artistic thrust of wit or a re- sounding wallop with a barrel stave.

To stand and admire sets, dance routines or lighting, without your back up against a wall was inviting disaster when those gentle wags were abroad.

In those sequences when Doris Nolan, as the somewhat balmy heiress Diana Borden, stages her "artistic" conception of what night club entertainment should be, even the wildest burlesque imaginable was unable to draw the spotlight from the ad libbing and ribbing of the picture's comedians.

During the first days of shooting, some fear was expressed that the natural rivalry between such outstanding comedians as Hugh Herbert and Gregory Ratoff might create jealousy and tension—but instead it expressed itself in merciless kidding of one another.

Hugh Herbert imitated Ratoff's accent and would steal Gregory's favorite adjectives and slip them into his own lines.

Comedians of all nationalities are featured in Universal's Top of the Town. Here is a quartet of nine who will make you laugh. Left to right—Hugh Herbert, Scotch; Gregory Ratoff, Russian; Henry Armetta, Italian, and Mischa Auer, Hungarian.

One in a Million is acclaimed as "hot stuff" despite the fact it is largely made on ice—a synthetic "lake" built on the 20th Century-Fox sound stage. Above are, four prominent in the cast—Artie Judge, Sonja Henie, ice skating star; Don Ameche and Adolphe Menjou.

Ratoff, not to be left holding the bag, adopted Hugh's mannerisms and peculiar little noises.

Soon everybody on the set was imitating every one else, with Ella Logan urging them on. Then came the battle of nationalities and dialects. Mischa Auer, on his first appearance on the set, before definitely being cast to the picture, picked on Henry Armetta, stealing his mannerisms and his dialect. Henry became an Italian version of his friend, Scotch Ella Logan. Soon so many were imitating one another that they began to add various foreign words to their accents until, finally, they formed what they called the Club of Babel, and each undertook to teach another his language.

Out of this came a language club in which all members gave and took lessons. Armetta taught Italian; Ratoff, Russian; Gertrude Niesen, Swedish. Hugh Herbert was planning to take Chinese from the Chink comedian of the picture—but finally gave it up and decided to teach English to the other members of the club. George Murphy and Doris Nolan, being Irish, said that they would be willing to [Continued on page 60]

College Holiday, Paramount's mirth film featuring Jack Benny, Mary Boland, George Burns, Gracie Allen, Marsha Hunt, Martha Raye, Eleonore Whitney and others, carries much eye appeal as this dancing pavilion scene indicates. Read about it in this article.
The Thin Man Returns

When the theater-going public showered its whole-hearted acclaim, plus its shekels, on Thin Man a year and a half ago, Metro's producer, Hunt Stromberg dusted off a chair for the brilliant Dashiell Hammett, and put him at work on a follow-up. The Return of the Thin Man, in its final stages of filming as this is written, is the result.

Sequels, Hollywood's wise ones will assure you, seldom, if ever, stack up with their predecessors, but this new Hammett opus promises to be the exception to the rule. Not only has the author topped his earlier effort, but W. S. Van Dyke, the director, and Myrna Loy and Bill Powell, the stars, have injected into it an enthusiasm that is probably without parallel in movie-making.

Picking up Powell as Nick Charles, super-sleuth, and Miss Loy as his screen wife, Nora, where they were dropped by the final fadeout of Thin Man—aboard a transcontinental train en route to their home in San Francisco—Hammett pilots them into the midst of a series of fast-moving events that result in two murders—mysteries to which Nick uncovers the key only a moment before he is forced to shoot down the killer in order to rescue Nora from death at the madman's hands.

Exteriors for Return of the Thin Man were actually shot in San Francisco, where Director "Woody" Van Dyke took his company of more than 60 principals and technicians, including the two stars, Bill and Myrna, Elissa Landi, James Stewart, Jessie Ralph, Alan Marshal, Dorothy McNulty and Sam Levine. There he gave the home-towners a break by engaging 200 of them as extras.

Embarrassing Moments

Outstanding portrayals by Powell and Myrna in the original Thin Man stamped them indelibly in the minds of celluloid patrons as the silversheet's ideally wedded.[Continued on page 36]
Strong Sea Drama Regenerates “Brat”

Metro budgeted a million dollars to complete Captains Courageous, Rudyard Kipling’s strong, salty tale of heroism among the cod fishermen off the New England coast. It is a masculine tale of a spoiled brat (Freddie Bartholomew) who falls off a transatlantic liner to be rescued by a Portuguese cod fisherman (Spencer Tracy). New dramatic possibilities are opened for these stars as the plot unwinds Bartholomew’s regeneration under the firm but loving hand of the simple Portuguese.

Nothing is spared to make this picture a masterpiece of physical realism. The studio purchased the Gloucester cod-fishing schooner Spinney and brought her with her crew through the Canal to California waters. Now she is the We’re Here of the original Kipling story. For the annual race between schooners to be the first in Gloucester with cargo the Mariner was chartered to be the Jenny Cushman in the picture.

On January 7, 1936, the We’re Here began accumulating background for this epic of the sea. Capt. J. M. Hersey and the original Cape Cod crew who brought her around last winter spent several months sailing her between Long Beach and Coos Bay, Oregon, seeking location spots for the racing sequence with the Jenny Cushman. It is hard to find a stretch of sea where neither pleasure craft, airplanes, battle cruisers, steamers or freighters will spoil the view and sound effects.

Realistic Storm

In Oregon backgrounds were shot of a brisk storm, so realistic that the company lost one man overboard. Background projection on the studio screen will superimpose Tracy and Bartholomew and the Captain (Lionel Barrymore) into the midst of the whistling gale. Director Victor Fleming, himself an adventurer who entered pictures only after being an Army Intelligence Officer during the war, is determined that realism down to the smallest item shall predominate in his picture.

Tremendous technical difficulties have made production of this sea picture very trying. Because shooting on the schooner’s interior is virtually impossible due to cramped space leaving no room for the camera, the interior of the We’re Here was exactly reproduced in two units on a studio stage. A railed platform often was used from which to shoot action on board while the company was at sea.

To insure realism in the studio sets Olaf Olsson, member of the original crew, was made technical adviser and told to insist on exactitude to the last detail. Now he likes Hollywood and motion pictures so well he’s importing his wife and three children from Gloucester and settling here.

Interior Replica Built

A complete foc’sle and galley replica was installed on the stage, precise down to the worn oil-cloth on the V-table where the crew ate. On the shelves above the double decker bunks, 12 on a side, were found everything from concertinas to shaving mugs. There were storage cupboards for food and crockery, copper pans hanging from hooks above the stove, soap, mops, brooms, and buckets in their places. The crew even cooked lunch over the stove on the set, rather than march down to the commissary for the noon-day bite.

Both parts of the interior set were balanced on an immense iron ball which swung within a girdered cup, on the gyroscopic principle. A system of levers soon made possible shifting the set in any direction. When the levers were released the set settled back on an even keel. The camera was on a stationary platform, alongside or above, enabling reproduction.

[Continued on page 64]
Another movie star who suffered by poor direction
Train Your Dog the Hollywood Way

H ave you ever sat back in the serene confines of a darkened movie palace and marveled at a dog as he went through his paces on the screen? Wondered just how the canine actor was trained to perform those extraordinary feats... and whether you could teach your own pet tricks such as you've seen on countless occasions in picture after picture? If you are one of this vast number, then this story is for you.

As in every other department relating to motion pictures, Hollywood has its own method of training dogs. This is a very specialized undertaking and requires a form of teaching unique in the animal training world. In picture work, dogs are not taught routines, as they are for the stage and circus... since every production is different they must know the meaning of innumerable words and phrases and understand general action at a single command.

Whenever you see a dog follow close at the heels of his picture-master... whenever he yawns or scratches or cocks up one ear in a cute and attentive attitude... you can know each act is the result of a definite cue which the animal understands. Even when he appears the most natural, such as jumping up to be petted, he is following his trainer’s signalled prompting. Every action has been carefully worked out beforehand by director and trainer and the dog responds accordingly.

How To Start In

To learn the secret of training dogs the Hollywood way we jogged out to the kennels of Henry East, best known, perhaps, of all the dog trainers in Hollywood. For fourteen years he has been making screen thespians out of his canine friends and many of the dogs you see daily on the screen—such as Laddie the Collie, Von the Great Dane, Skippy the Wire-hair and Corky the Cur—belong to him.

“Before any dog is ready for motion picture work he must be taught the fundamentals commonly known as parlor tricks.” East, a large, good-natured man with the patience of Job, declared. “Naturally, the same applies to the family pet, if you want him to acquire a wide repertoire of tricks. The first thing your dog must learn is to answer his master’s call. Then, he should be taught to stand patiently and indefinitely on a chair or box. Next, to obey the commands of ‘sit down,’ ‘lie down’ and ‘roll over.’ Almost every movement demanded thenceforth can be modified from these fundamentals.”

“That’s all very well,” you say... “but how can I teach my dog some of the more unusual tricks I’ve seen movie dogs do on the screen?” How can I train him to limp, yawn, stretch, scratch and the dozens of other rather amazing stunts these dumb actors regularly perform?”

We will tell you some of them, but first we want to issue a word of caution.

In these days of roaring motor traffic it is essential that your dog should learn the fundamental commands. Your only weapons in teaching him should be morsels of food and occasionally, when he is obviously bad, a very lightly rolled newspaper. The noise of a newspaper whacking lightly on a dog will bring him into line instantly where a beating will only break his spirit.

Never whip your dog. And never punish him at all unless he has committed a very grave sin. A dog cooperates only with his friend.

Be Sure He Learns These

To get your dog to come to you instantly, call him over and over again from a distance, feeding him a morsel each time. Whether it be this lesson or another, practice for only a few minutes at a time over a period of days.

Eventually he will understand you. But always use the same command word selected for each trick. If you want your dog to obey your “come” command exclusively, use an unusual word such as “Attend!” He will learn the association just as easily, and ignore words such as “here” or “come.”

Don’t raise your voice. Avoid making motions with your hands except at the [Continued on page 72]
They Who Lead Double Lives

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BEHIND THE SCENES

So amazingly alike in appearance that it's hard to tell who's which! Edward Arnold, on the left, looks over a script of his new film, John Meade's Woman, with stand-in William Hoover.

Mary Jane Irving, a young lady of twenty, has naturally blond hair, so when she stands in for Lily Pons and Janet Gaynor she has to wear a dark transformation.

"Baby" Marie Osborne, who was once a star in her own right, now poses for Ginger Rogers and when she is working has to cover her black hair with a red wig. And of course Harpo Marx's stand-in must wear a replica of his inimitable wig.

However, some of the stand-ins do bear a striking resemblance to their stars.

Sonia Day has James Dunn to thank for her job. He saw her in a drug store wearing dark glasses and went over and spoke to her, thinking she was Marlon Brando, with whom he was about to start work on a picture. Sonia took off her glasses and showed him his mistake, but instead of

[Continued on page 48]

Adalyn Doyle, above, previously was stand-in for Katharine Hepburn. She stuck the job out until she got a chance of her own to act!

Bob Whitaker (left) came to Hollywood and won a screen job on a street corner. A talent scout picked him up to become Gene Raymond's stand-in. This scene was taken during the filming of Lily Pons' new picture, as yet untitled.

Woolsey and Randy Scott, who are all different heights, but that doesn't worry Harry. A pair of trick shoes which he designed himself does the work. His height is regulated with a lever and can be raised or lowered for a range of several inches.

Victor Sabuni, who stands in for handsome Francis Lederer, is shorter than his star, so he has to have thick wooden soles and heels to make him taller. He hasn't fallen down in them yet but it wouldn't surprise him if he did. Sometimes the stand-ins are too tall and then they take off their shoes to make themselves shorter, because the difference of even an inch or so can completely throw off the lighting of a star. It isn't essential for a stand-in to have the same color or style of hair dress as the star, for it is simple enough to substitute a wig.

[Continued on page 48]
COMING AND GET IT—(Samuel Goldwyn)—Presenting his second American classic of the season, Samuel Goldwyn uses Edward Arnold, Frances Farmer and Joel McCrea as his nucleus in un-winding one of the most satisfying dramas it has been our privilege to witness. Like Dodsworth, this film earns superlative praise for itself, for the triumvirate we have already mentioned, and for others in the cast—Walter Brennan, Andrea Leeds, Mary Christians, Mary Nash.

Opening with an amazing sequence of gigantic lumber operations, the picture reveals the ruthless timber-grabbing tactics which de-forested the midwest at the turn of the century. But after showing this series of astonishing logging scenes which will give you the urge to applaud loudly, the story veers to the story of Barney Glasgow (Edward Arnold). Glasgow, in love with Lotta, a dance hall girl (played by Frances Farmer), nevertheless gives her up to marry his rich employer's daughter as a means of becoming Wisconsin's richest citizen. Thirty years of remorse tempers his greedy nature. Eventually he meets Lotta's daughter, at which time Frances Farmer enters the picture again in this rôle. Beyond this fateful occasion only the picture itself should take you.

Arnold himself, placed in a rôle tailored to his talents, rises to heights far exceeding even his Diamond Jim characterization. But like Walter Huston in Dodsworth, Arnold must share honors with 'others in the cast. Walter Brennan, as his faithful friend, handles a remarkable rôle with consistent finesse. Perhaps most astonishing is the work of Frances Farmer, a recent graduate of the University of Washington. Her dance hall girl characterization will make the women chatter, make wise men keep discreetly silent. After handling this with more punch than even Mr. Goldwyn himself could expect, she assumes the more demure rôle of Lotta's daughter, carries it through with equal conviction.

If you have never heard the principal song in Come and Get It, you will want to know more about the tune. Faced with the necessity of finding an old ditty familiar to veteran ears yet fitting the mood, the studio was stunned until an old Yale man sat down and played Aura Lee, a song he had learned back in the period depicted. Aura Lee was snatched up, and will you have humming it when you leave the theatre.

Most dynamic moment: the fadeout, with Edward Arnold hammering frenziedly on a dinner gong with tears in his eyes, shouting lustily, 'Come and Get It!'

REUNION—(20th Century-Fox)—Just as The Country Doctor made a tremendous hit as the first film presenting the Dionne quintuplets, so will Reunion click with the hearts of American people in its simplicity, its human qualities, and above all, its five famous little stars.

The cast of the first picture is again featured in Reunion. Jean Hersholt is again the country doctor. Dorothy Peterson the nurse, John Qualen the father of the quints, and Slim Summerville the constable. Rochelle Hudson, Robert Kent, Alan Dinehart, Esther Ralston, Montagu Love and Tom Moore are others in the cast. But top honors de-cidedly go to the quints, who have an intriguing bag of tricks to display for the camera.

GARDEN OF ALLAH—(Selznick)—With subtle, flattering Technicolor handy to carry the load until the story takes hold, Garden of Allah emerges as a beautiful film forcefully portraying the struggle of two lost souls seeking happiness. Slow to unfold its highly abstract story, the picture wins contentment from any audience with spectacular color views of the desert coupled with a moving musical score.

Once the familiar tale reaches the point of a safari into the desert, technical difficulties smooth out and the two principals, Marlene Dietrich and Charles Boyer, promptly win the utmost sympathy of the audience. Boyer is the monk who has abandoned his vows of isolation and silence, only to find happiness a fleeting thing never to be attained. Miss Dietrich's unhappiness is not so clearly motivated, but matters little when the two seek futilely to solve their problems by marriage.

Technicolor brings out all the gorgeous beauty of Miss Dietrich, makes her a vision of utter loveliness. Boyer, who looks natural enough in color, has greater opportunity for character delineation and succeeds in tugging at the emotional strings of his audience.

Go to the theatre prepared for a story that deals with mental conflicts rather than physical, and you will not be disappointed. Garden of Allah emerges largely as an intellectual challenge, amply fulfills its purpose at the climax.

Whether or not you will agree with the studio's neat adaptation of an old motto—"Allah, be praised!"—you will find the picture worth your time and money. You will enjoy Basil Rathbone in a rôle that is not villainous, and you will be thoroughly impressed with Joseph Schildkraut, playing the part of Marlene's amiable guide who occasionally likes to burst into fits of poetry.

TARZAN ESCAPES—(M-G-M)—If doctors, specializing in broken bones and banged heads, find a sudden upturn in business, they should suspect the presence of Tarzan in the neighborhood. For with the advent of this third jungle thriller featuring Johnny Weissmuller, there is every probability that young America will take to the trees with a spontaneous ee-yah or whatever it is Tarzan squawks when excited.

Tarzan Escapes attempts to illustrate the title, succeeds in doing that with the aid of elephants, monkeys and whatnots. The story opens with Tarzan and Jane happy in their jungle home. Come their wild friends in to help them out of a villain or two to complicate nature's already complicated situation. The miscellaneous items of excitement include Tarzan's capture and existence in an iron cage, his rescue, a creepy, thrilling escape
scene, gila monsters that live up to their name, etc.

Maureen O'Sullivan again handles the leading lady rôle with gusto. There is no doubt this picture will please all Tarzan enthusiasts, which if the truth were known, probably includes most of us everywhere. So get out the bandages and splints, because you won't be able to hold the youngsters down.

THEODORA GOES WILD—(Columbia)—Three major factors—Irène Dunne, Melvyn Douglas and Circumstance—stage a three-cornered battle in Theodora Goes Wild, a battle that introduces Miss Dunne as a thorough-going comédienne and allows Douglas ample opportunity as her foil. Let's get the situation first:

Miss Dunne is cast as the inexperienced young author who has never lived outside her staid New England home town, yet who writes sophisticated, worldly books of the jazz age type. Visiting New York, she meets Douglas, an illustrator, and "goes wild" for a few brief hours. The young artist, intrigued by her naïveté, follows her to Lynnville and proposes to free her from home town bondage.

Succeeding in this objective, Douglas suddenly finds the tables turned when Irene moves in on New York, seeks to free him from the domestic entanglements which have imprisoned him for several years.

All of this could have been done in a dramatic vein, but with Director Richard Boleslawski at the helm, Miss Dunne is converted into a first rate comedian fully capable of providing a distinguished performance. Humorous moments prevail throughout the picture, with events almost reaching a slapstick stage at times.

Outstanding in a minor rôle as Irene's disapproving aunt is Elisabeth Risdon. Following the flourishes of Circumstance, Miss Risdon changes to meet each new emergency, gradually becomes a defiant liberal ready to stare down the disapproval of her townsmen. Opposing her is Spring Byington, leader of the village gossip circle. It is a type of rôle always capably handled by the popular Miss Byington.

Thurston Hall as the book publisher, Leona Maricle as Douglas' wife, Frederick Burton as the governor and Thomas Mitchell as the home town editor all enhance the inherent comedy.

We recommend this picture because it reveals Miss Dunne as a more versatile artist than anyone suspected, because Melvyn Douglas likewise garners bushels of laughs, and—well, just because it's thoroughly and genuinely funny!

"Theodora Goes Wild" comes close to a "hats off" rating, certainly merits your attendance.

WINTERSET—(RKO)—While this Epic of the Slums may not enjoy the universal popularity of lighter first rank pictures, to more serious minds it will be a standout picture of the year.

Stark drama of unshorn life in the slum dominates this story of hatred. It tells the hatred of a son whose father was electrocuted for a murder of which he was innocent. The irony of the gods as they juggle the characters hopelessly caught in the rugged living down in the deep, obscure mire of New York's tenement hall is the powerful melody of this story.

Burges Meredith as the hating son is splendid. He is a high strung man gnawed by flaming, concentrated, determined bitterness. His rabbit-like eyes and ascetic face make so much more effective his portrayal.

Margo has that pretty face. She is a beautiful rag-doll, a pretty although bedraggled flower growing resplendently out of a cranny of New York's forgotten depths. From the eyes of the little Margo shine her glory, only live once. This strong story are rags and tragedy. Winterset seems less like motion picture entertainment than a slice of life in the raw served on a platter of deep thought and understanding.

A WOMAN REBELS—(RKO)—Faced with the necessity of triumphing over an extremely unsatisfactory story, Katharine Hepburn, Herbert Marshall, Donald Crisp and Director Mark Sandrich struggle with this film, exploited before release under the working title of A Portrait of a Rebel.

Hepburn's first trial comes as a budding debutante of Victorian days, during which period she achieves a feeling of immaturity largely by nostrilizing too much. Rebellion comes after too close supervision of her and her sister (Elizabeth Allen) by an unspeakably strict father (Donald Crisp.)

The film story proves quite inadequate. [Continued on page 57]
Still Hollywood's most famous pals! Jean Harlow and Bill Powell were having a confidential word or two when Charles Rhodes, our candid cameraman, snapped this picture.

At Margot Grahame's cocktail party Hollywood got acquainted with the Earl of Warwick. From the left: the Earl, Miss Grahame, Adrienne Ames and Bruce Cabot.

Really candid! Emerging for an evening's festivities were these personalities (from the left): an unidentified friend with Manuel Nile of Ensenada, Mex., Paulette Goddard, Sally Blane and Norman Foster.

In this scene we catch Simone Simon, Pat Patterson and Charles Boyer window shopping, of all things. We hope his reflection in the window shows up in print—it's in the photo!

Dinner for four at a gay night spot on Sunset Strip! Franchot Tone, Paul Muni, Mrs. Muni and Joan Crawford Tone are the guests. How's the coffee, Joan?

What an amazing expression! Jimmie Stewart posed not at all when we snapped him with Eleanor Powell.
And here's the rousing treatment that keeps it vigorous...

HORRID skin faults are usually under-skin faults. Blackheads come when tiny oil glands underneath are overworked, give off a thick, clogging oil.

Next thing you know, your pores are looking larger.

Lines around your eyes, mouth are just your outer skin crinkling, because your underskin is getting soft and flabby.

But you can stop those cloggings! Bring fresh life to that faulty underskin—

Twice a day invigorate your underskin with a rousing Pond's deep-skin treatment.

Pond's Cold Cream contains specially processed oils which go way down deep into your pores. Right away it softens dirt . . . Floats it out . . . and with it the clogging matter from the skin itself. You wipe it all off. Right away your skin feels fresher—looks brighter.

Now waken glands . . . cells

Now a second application of that same freshening cold cream! You pat it in smartly. Feel the circulation stir. This way little glands and cells awaken. Fibres are strengthened. Your underskin is toned, quickened.

In a short time, your skin is better every way! Color livelier. Pores smaller. Lines softened. And those mean little blackheads and blemishes begin to show up less and less.

Get a jar of Pond's Cold Cream today. Begin the simple treatments described below. In two weeks see your skin growing lovelier—end all that worrying about ugly little skin faults.

Remember this treatment

Every night, cleanse with Pond's Cold Cream. As it brings out the dirt, stale make-up, and skin secretions—wipe it all off. Now pat it in more cream—briskly. Rouse that failing underskin! Set it to work again—for that clear, smooth, line-free skin you want.

Every morning, and during the day, repeat this treatment with Pond's Cold Cream. Your skin comes softer every time. Feels better, looks better, and now your powder goes on beautifully.

Keep up these Pond's patting treatments faithfully. As blackheads soften, take a clean tissue and press them out. Now blemishes will stop coming. Soon you will find that the very places where pores showed largest will be finer textured.

SPECIAL 9-TREATMENT TUBE
and 3 other Pond's Beauty Aids

POND'S, Dept. 6-CA, Clinton, Conn. Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 3 treatments, with generous samples of 3 other Pond's Creams and 3 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 75¢ to cover postage and packing.
Hollywood Charm School—Fashions

It's The "Principal of The Thing"

by Sally Martin

Dresses—J. W. Robinson Co.
Shoes—Wetherby-Kayser

As So It Is in school as in dress—the principle of the thing. Fundamentally the principles or laws of dress are as basely sound as the foundation of learning. These simple rules have been handed down through the ages until today they are so much a part of our wardrobes that we never take time to analyze just what these basic dress principles consist of.

The principles are three in number—namely, that the current fashion should express the feeling and the need of the hour and activity; that it should never be conspicuous by its eccentricity, but always obvious by its discrimination; and that above all, it should be graceful, comfortable and practical. Naturally, the methods of adopting and adapting these basic laws of dress must vary with each season and each successive generation.

Returning to school after the holidays with trunks full of lovely presents and hearts full of good cheer, we solemnly vow to take our wardrobes to task and learn the first fashion lesson for the year 1937—the definition of the three following words—REACTION—FEMININITY—QUALITY.

[Continued on page 73]

Ready for a gala evening are Polly Rowles and Wister Clark, Universal player. Polly is charming in wine crepe travola from Louise Mulligan.
WE sing, we sing, we sing of Lydia Pinkham, so go the words of an old song known on every college campus.

Old grads sing it at their class reunions.

The young people sing it when they gather around the piano at home on their college vacations.

And mother, listening, puts her book aside and joins in the chorus. "How she saved, she saved, she saved the human race—" remember the words of the parody?

From laughing young lips that have never known the twist of pain it comes with gay abandon. Just a funny old school song everybody knows.

But to silver haired mothers who have run life’s gauntlet, to women who have lain on the rack in childbirth, known the fiery ordeal of the "change"—these words bring grateful memories. To them it is much more than just a funny song.

Lydia E. Pinkham was a real woman.

The song is a parody. But Lydia E. Pinkham was a very real person. In fact hers is one of the best known names in the history of American women.

She began her work in the light of little knowledge. Her laboratory was a kitchen. Her compounding vat an iron kettle on a New England kitchen stove.

But today her work is being carried on under the banner of modern science.

And now her product is made in a great plant occupying six modern factory buildings.

Not a Patent Medicine

You may be surprised to know that Lydia E. Pinkham’s Vegetable Compound is not a patent medicine.

On the contrary it is a standard proprietary compounded to aid women in facing the three major ordeals of their sex. It is to be found in every reputable drug store.

We who carry on the work of Lydia Pinkham do not offer this Vegetable Compound as a panacea or a cure-all.

We do know it has been tested and approved by women of three generations. We do know that a million women have written to tell us it has been helpful during the three most difficult ordeals of their sex: adolescence, motherhood and "middle age."

More than a Million Letters of Grateful Testimony

Lydia E. Pinkham’s Vegetable Compound has been advertised these many years. But no advertisement we have ever printed could compare with the word-of-mouth advertising from one grateful woman to another.

In our files are more than one million letters from women in every walk of life—letters on scented notepaper or on torn wrapping paper—letters from women who have known pain and have written to us without solicitation to tell us how helpful Lydia E. Pinkham’s Vegetable Compound has been to them.

If you are in need of help we can honestly advise you to give it a fair trial.

We know what it has done for others.

We have every reason to believe it will do the same for you. The Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Company, Lynn, Massachusetts, U. S. A.

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

Lydia E. Pinkham’s Vegetable Compound

WHEN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS, PLEASE MENTION JANUARY HOLLYWOOD 47
They Who Lead Double Lives

(Continued from page forty-one)

being embarrassed Mr. Dunn took her back to the studio, where she has a steady job as a stand-in for Miss Marsh.

William H. Hoover looks so much like his star, Edward Arnold, that they are mistaken for brothers. And just to make the resemblance complete, Arnold and Hoover are both left-handed.

Bob Whittaker, who came to Hollywood on a visit, was spotted by a talent scout while he was waiting at a street corner for the light to change, and now his visit has become permanent while he stands in for handsome Gene Raymond, who is engaged to Jeanette MacDonald.

Buddy Roosevelt is another stand-in who looks amazingly like his star, Ronald Colman. It is surprising, but none of the stand-ins feel that their resemblance to famous stars hinders their personal careers in any way. They logically think that clothes and make-up make the personality.

She Gets Advanced

One example of this is Mary Jo Ellis, who was Ann Shirley’s stand-in. Now, thanks to Miss Shirley who coached and helped her, Mary Jo is playing an important part in Make Way for a Lady, in which her former star is the leading lady. Seeing them on the screen together you would never suspect that Mary Jo was once Miss Shirley’s stand-in.

Adalyn Doyle is another stand-in on the road to fame unhandicapped by her likeness to a star. A talent scout discovered her while she was working for Katherine Hepburn and signed her up for a long-term contract. Adalyn is now in the East being groomed for her screen debut, while her sister Paity stands in for the brilliant Hepburn. Carmen La Roux, who comes from Durango, Mexico, the same town as Dolores Del Rio, and who has been working as the beautiful Dolores’ stand-in, has just signed a contract with Ramón Novarro to appear in several Mexican pictures which he will produce.

But not all the stand-ins are looking forward to a motion picture career.

Kasha, who is Joan Crawford’s substitute, spends her spare time writing lyrics and music and if her latest song, now being sung and played by Wayne King and his orchestra, is a success, she will leave Joan and the movies to devote her entire time to song-writing.

Slim Talbot who came down out of the Montana mountains with Gary Cooper to play cowboy parts in the movies, and ended up by being Gary’s stand-in, is perfectly happy in the background, just being with Gary and acting as official spokesman during interviews.

Rollo Dix is a matinee idol of the stage who works with Edmund Lowe in pictures while he recovers in the California sun from a serious illness. When fully recovered he hopes to go back to his first love, the stage.

Shirley’s Old Friend

Little Mary Lou Isleib has known Shirley Temple all her life—Shirley’s mother and Mary Lou’s mother are old friends—so

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Here’s Gary Grant with his stand-in, Bob Johnson. They scarcely look alike, but the resemblance is close enough to suffice.
when Shirley became a famous little star and needed a stand-in Mary Lou, who has the same features and coloring, was asked to be her stand-in. Now Shirley and Mary Lou can be together all day long.

Bing Crosby and his stand-in, Leo Lynn, went to college together. As time passed and Bing and his grooming became popular he sent for Leo to help him answer his fan mail. And when Bing went into the movies Leo naturally went with him. When the question of a stand-in arose Leo obliged by stepping into the part.

However, it isn't always so easy to get the role of a stand-in. Katherine Doyle (another one of the Doyle sisters) decided she wanted to be an actress like Barbara Stanwyck, and taking the advice of her two stand-in sisters, went to Miss Stanwyck and asked for the job. But charming Barbara had a stand-in of whom she was very fond, so she told Katherine she was sorry, but she would keep her in mind. Five months later Katherine was given the job.

And then there is the story of Kathryn Stanwyck. She was first brought to Hollywood by a talent scout, but for some reason didn't click, so she went back to the business world. One day she saw Irene Dunne on the screen and resolved to be Miss Dunne's stand-in, even if she couldn't be a star. So she came to Hollywood again but still her battle wasn't won. For three long years she worked as stand-ins for other stars before she finally was given the opportunity to work for La Dunne. She also substitutes for Jane Wyatt and taught her how to play the violin for a part in one of her recent pictures.

A Family Affair

There are two husband and wife teams among the stand-ins. "Cracker" Henderson works for Jack Oakie, and Helen, his wife, stands in for Mae West and occasionally for Madeleine Carroll. Marilyn Kingsley, who substitutes for Eleonor Powell, and Tom Sale for James Stewart, met while they were working on the Born to Dance set. They fell in love and were married just in time to work on the love scenes in the picture.

The stand-ins apparently come from everywhere and for a wide variety of reasons. Helen Parker of Chicago came to Hollywood after winning a beauty contest and now she is working with Ann Sothern, who recently married Roger Pryor, that popular orchestra leader from Chicago.

Shirley Temple and her stand-in, Mary Lou Isleib (right), are playmates during their spare moments. Each enjoys the work she has to do.

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**HAPPENED TO THE BOY FRIEND LATELY**

**LOOK—THERE'S DICK NOW!**
Maybe he's coming in! Hope--didn't even look this way! MARGE you ought to do something about this--

**GOSH MARGE—YOU SURE DO**
Look pretty—say how about making a date right now for the movies tomorrow?

**BUT, TRUDY—HOW CAN I? YOU KNOW HOW PRETTY LOUISE IS**
And just look at me with all these awful pimples

**MARGE—I BET THAT'S THE WHOLE TROUBLE.**
If you get rid of those pimples everything will be all right—listen, Fleischmann's Yeast is what you need—c'mon, let's get some now!

**DON'T LET ADOLESCENT PIMPLES**
Keep your boy friends from making dates

**PIMPLES** often call a halt to good times for many girls and boys after the start of adolescence.

At this time, between 13 to 25, important glands develop and final growth takes place. The entire body is disturbed. The skin gets oversensitive. Waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin. Pimples pop out.

If you are bothered by adolescent pimples, do as thousands of others—eat Fleischmann's fresh Yeast. It clears these skin irritants out of the blood. And then—pimples vanish!

Eat 3 cakes daily—one before each meal—plain, or in a little water—until your skin is entirely clear again. Start today!

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**WHEN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS, PLEASE MENTION JANUARY HOLLYWOOD**

49
FRED MACMURRAY cheered lustily when he was informed that he was selected to play opposite Claudette Colbert in Maid of Salem. Not so funny to Fred, however, was the necessity of doing the fancy gavotte dance in the woodlands with lovely Claudette. Fred does not love dancing.

They danced all morning long in a forest near Santa Cruz before Director Frank Lloyd decided he had recorded the scene perfectly. Said MacMurray, perspiration on his brow: "I felt so damned charming I couldn't swing my boots."

Replied coy Colbert: "Very true. They were on my feet most of the time. And I don't mean I was wearing your boots, either."

Hollywood's Stars are assured for the next two years at least of a plethora of plentitude of malt, vinous and spirituous liquors; in other words, there'll be no legal handicaps to their stocking their cellars with ale, champagne, whiskies and rare old cognacs.

Nor are the night clubs of the film capital apt to dim their lights and diminish crescendo of their crooners and arpeggios of their saxophone players.

The last general election which swept Franklin Delano Roosevelt back into the White House for another four years, also blasted the hopes of professional "proh"s attempting to foist on hospitable California a so-called local option law that was in reality the gateway to prohibition. A goodly majority thumbed it down with their little criss cross stamps on the November ballot.

The gay night spots shuddered and trembled at another menace that hovered over them at the same election. Buron Fitts, district attorney of Los Angeles County for eight years, was vigorously opposed by Judge Harlan G. Palmer, bar- rister and former justice of the peace, whose major industry for many years has been publishing the Hollywood Citizen- News. It must be said that Judge Palmer with an able crew headed by Harold G. Swisher, his managing editor, has been doing a top-hole job of getting out a well edited, readable interesting journal, the only metropolitan daily in cinema center.

Palmer has always campaigned against the insidious cocktail, the hilarious highball, the wine when it is red, and has conscientiously refused to accept liquor advertising in his paper, although he was big enough to open the display columns of his sheet to the Southern California Business Men's Association, which led the fight against the blue nose measure.

Had Palmer been elected district attorney, the liberal element feared his first job would have been to put his own house in order, namely clamp down with rigid enforcement of all liquor laws, closing hours, etc., on the gay white Sunset strip where stars of the silversheet dine, dance, sup and make whoopee.

Big shot gamblers who have operated surreptitiously in de luxe mansions of Hollywood for a period of years, moving from spot to spot before the mighty minions of Chief of Police James E. Davis and Sheriff Eugene W. Biscalluz could catch up with them, were particularly worried, for if Judge Palmer has one pet aversion it is the professional gambler.

Stars have wagered thousands on the roulette wheels and dice tables of these roving recondite rendezvous; some have...
won as high as $100,000 in a single night; others have dropped a like amount. Naturally old John Percentage has taken his toll of the gross wagers with the final results in favor of the operators.

One Hollywood gambling Baron, Robert Goldenburg, better known as Bob Goldie, tried to extend his activities to San Francisco, but the northern gambling czars repulsed this and he passed on to another world under most mysterious circumstances.

Note that Walt Disney has received a potato the exact image of Mickey Mouse. Hope it was a potato au gratin as that's Mickey's favorite spud.

If it isn't maybe Mickey will send it to Eddie Cantor to be used in making Saratoga Chips, his first starring vehicle for 20th Century-Fox.

Jack Oakie continues Hollywood's Public Frankenstein No. 1. Wonder what pandemonium would break loose with Vince Barnett, Hollywood's ace ribber, Sid Grauman, theatre magnate, who has for years been leading practical joker, and Doug Fairbanks Sr. all assembled on one picture set? I would not want to predict. It's Hollywood legend as to what happened to the senior Fairbanks when he attempted a jolly bit of a joke on Elinor Glynn.

Hollywood has its heartaches along with its hilarities.
Twenty years ago Jack Froelich came here to become chief portrait artist at Universal City.
He photographed with charm and artistry the favorites of that day, Dorothy Phillips, Carmel Myers, Priscilla Dean, Monroe Salisbury, Harry Carey, Hoot Gibson, Eric von Stroheim and other early Universal stars, and after advent of talking pictures many of the big names of today starring in Big U productions. Then came the sell-out to the new Universal, and quite logically there was a clean sweep in almost every department. Jack Froelich was among those swept out. But Jack, who had come to America as a

[Continued on page 69]
WHAT AN AWFUL HEADACHE!

- When old-style laxatives fail to bring relief from the headaches constipation causes—it's time to turn to FEEN-A-MINT. Because FEEN-A-MINT is different; it's the delicious chewing gum laxative, and what a difference that chewing makes! FEEN-A-MINT acts gently, yet thoroughly, in the lower bowel—not in the stomach.

- Your life can be so different when you're free from the chains of constipation! FEEN-A-MINT, the modern laxative brings relief so easily and pleasantly. No gripping or upset stomach. No weakening after-effects. No disturbance of sleep when taken at night. Forget old-fashioned methods and join the 16 million people who have changed to FEEN-A-MINT, the modern laxative. Write for a free sample to Dept. M-I, FEEN-A-MINT, Newark, N. J.

FEEN-A-MINT
THE CHEWING-GUM LAXATIVE
165 MINUTES OF CHEWING MAKE THE DIFFERENCE

BOYER
MYSTERY CLEANSING CREAM
- The basis of all beauty is a clean skin. Try this smoothen- er, softer, more penetrative cream, which removes all surface dirt and pore secretions. It's pink-tinted, alluringly scented, 50¢ at dealers or send for test jar. Enclose 10¢ for postage and packing.
BOYER, Society Parfumeur
2709 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

TYPEWRITER
PORTABLES 10¢ A DAY
15¢ PER WEEK
BRAND NEW
Special Low Prices
Send now—no deposit—only 10¢ trial.

OLD FACES MADE YOUNG
15 Minutes a Day Keeps Slim as a Silk, 5 Minutes a Day Keeps Wrinkles Away and strains away. Test your own face today with our new revolutionary home method Sent on Trial—You Keep Nothing. Lifts sagging muscles, fills up hollows. No Chemist.
Pauline Palmer, 1214 Armour Blvd., Kansas City, Mo.

Hollywood Youngsters

By Phyllis Fraser
(A screen actress gone literary)

Barbara Pepper, siren of the screen, has turned authoress, and joined the rapidly growing list of young star writers, which now includes Ginger Rogers, Eric Linden, Gene Raymond, and Tom Brown. Barbara has just completed a novel entitled Gabby the Gamin. It's taken her two years and a half to write and edit it.

The characters of her book motivate in an atmosphere not unlike the one that Barbara herself has lived in. Gabby, a little waif, the heroine, works in a hotel (Barbara's father was manager of a hotel in Albany for many years), and then eventually, after many experiences, tries the show business, just as Barbara did. Barbara tells me that the heroine is an Anne Shirley character and she got her inspiration for the book when she saw Anne's performance in Anne of Green Gables.

Mrs. Pepper has saved Barbara's writing from the waste paper basket many times, when it wasn't going smoothly, by encouraging her and suggesting little changes—so when Gabby the Gamin by Barbara Pepper reaches the book stands, you'll find these words on the fly leaf: "Dedicated to my beloved mother, without her aid this would not have been a book."

Meet the Starlets, selected at the Hollywood Photographers' Frolic. From the left: Helen Burgess, Rosina Lawrence, Mary Frances Gifford, Kay Hughes (on the floor), Barbara Pepper, Pete Smith (an honored guest), Helen Wood, Joan Perry, June Travis (on the floor) and Cecilia Parker.

Even as You and I . . . Screen stars have favorite old clothes they hate to discard. Owen Davis, Jr., has an old Panama hat that is shapeless, but still he keeps it, and to justify himself he wears it every once in a while—and needless to say takes a "ribbing" every time he does . . . Lew Ayres has a grey bath robe and slippers that he bought during the filming of All Quiet on the Western Front some ten years ago. He keeps them for sentimental reasons and even though he
has many fine robes which he has bought since, he still wears the grey... Anne Shirley has a sweater her mother bought her on "Dollar Day" almost five years ago. She says she doesn't hang on to it for any reason except that she still likes it and wants it to wear... Dick Cromwell has an old bathing suit he bought with his first pay check. He never wears it himself but loans it to his friends who have forgotten to bring a suit when they come to his home for swimming... Grace Durkin still has her first party dress. Its slightly antiquated style keeps her from wearing it, so she preserves it in moth balls.

Pick Ups... Warner Brothers is soon to make another version of Penrod and Sam... to my knowledge this is the third time this has been made in the last ten or twelve years. The first Ben Alexander starred in, the next Leon Janney, and now Billy Mauch is to play the leading role... Before Alice Faye came to Hollywood, and was just a singer with Rudy Vallee's orchestra, she was often told by her friends that she resembled that little dancing starlet, Betty Grable, but now that Alice has been given better breaks and larger roles than Betty in pictures, people say that Betty looks like Alice!... Movie mothers have had as many jokes made up about them as have traveling salesmen, but they still hold their own in their daughters' and sons' hearts. Last week at the Cocovan Drive, Jean Harlow and her mother were dining with William Powell, and at another table was June Travis with Dick Purcell and his mother, while still at another table was Mrs. Jewell, Isabel and Owen Crump... When Ginger Rogers learned that she was to have her first seri- out role in Mother Carey's Chickens she promptly dyed her hair brown, but the picture has been postponed and her next is Stepping Toes... which means she might have to go back to her natural "red"... Marge's favorite pastime is work. She hasn't had a week off in three years. If she isn't making a picture, she's in a play, or studying dancing or music... she loves it and says the more work the better she likes it. (Marge, if you run out of things to do speak to my boss, he's a cinch at finding work for people--especially me!...) (Aside to ye, boss--"Honest, I'm only kidding!)...
Weep No More, My Lady!

The minute you feel a weepy, sneezy cold coming on, reach for your Mentholatum jar or tube. It brings such quick and delightful relief from the distressing symptoms of head colds. A little Mentholatum applied in each nostril soothes the irritated mucous membranes, as well as helping to open the stopped-up nostrils and check the sneezing.

As an extra precaution also rub Mentholatum vigorously on the chest and on the back between the shoulders at night to stimulate sluggish circulation, and so you can breathe its soothing vapors while you sleep. You will be delighted with the comfort that Mentholatum gives.

For HEAD COLDS
MENTHOLATUM

Learn Profitable Profession in 90 days at Home

Bouquet of Men and Women in the fascinating new-look field of Massage. Free to any Mente. You may write for full free information. Mentholatum Masonic Store, 2nd Ave. and 12th St., N.Y. C. Many cooks and private patients come to Masonic Store for Mentholatum. Free catalog offers this training for professional masseuse. Assignees start on their own accounts. Write for details.

PHOTO Enlargements

Clear enlargement, 8.5 x 11 inches, all pictures, $1.00. Free catalog. Price includes 8 x 10 inch photo, send 25c for catalog.

For Your Entertainment

by Patricia Carter

This photograph shows a group of younger stars playing CROSS THE SCISSORS, which is described for you in this department. It looks as though Paul Stone and Tom Brown (an either extreme of photo) know all about it, while Henry Willson, Jacqueline Wells and Inez Courtney are probably wondering how the scissors could be anything BUT crossed! Try it!

LAST MONTH's appeal for contributions to this department has not gone unheeded. Stacks of enthusiastic letters have poured in from those of you who are "old-enough-to-be-young-enough" to thoroughly enjoy spending an occasional evening giving way to the urges of your fun-loving hearts in the playing of parlor games. Suggestions for the improvement of these pages of fun have been plentiful and are sincerely appreciated.

Tickle Your Memory

Have you a good memory? Of course you have—but have you ever actually tested it? Invite your friends to participate. You will need as material for this game a large cardboard box with a cover and twenty-five or thirty articles found in almost every home. These include a small tin can opener, milk bottle cap, car-pet tack, coin, flashlight battery, large cork, small glass, empty spool, pencil, thimble, teaspoon, large button, key ring, book of matches, comb, small pocket mirror, door key, eraser, salt shaker—or anything small enough to fit into the box.

Arrange this assortment of doo-dads in the box and pass around the room from one guest to another. Each person is allowed two minutes in which to inspect the contents of the box, to note mentally each article displayed therein. The box is then covered and placed on a nearby table. Five minutes is the customary length of time allowed for the guests to jot down the memory-elders.

After the box has been opened and lists checked, many of those present will be amazed to learn they remembered perhaps only one-half of the items contained in the box. By all means award a prize to the person with the longest correct list—he will deserve it!

Admission—One Game

"You have to bring a game—or you can't get in!" Ginger Rogers warned several of her friends over the telephone when she invited them to her Malibu home for a regular Sunday night get-together. They evidently believed her, because they showed up with some very clever games and tricks. Johnny Green tried to prove, with Ginger's assistance, that he was a magician. His most renowned trick, he insisted, was his ability to leave the room while we chose an object, return in a given length of time and tell us what it was we chose. We were gullible, had to be shown! Upon his return, Ginger pointed out objects to him, "Is it that book?" A definitely negative shake of his head from Johnny. "Is it that chair?" "No," said Johnny. "Is it this desk?" Johnny beamed. "Yes!" he declared.

Andy Devine disillusioned us by pointing out that Johnny wasn't really psychic, because Ginger asked "Is it that?" until she came to the correct object—and then she asked "Is it this?" The idea is to be able to "get away" with your this and that!

The game Tom Brown suggested was I'M GOING TO EUROPE AND I'M GOING TO TAKE... if you've never played it, try it now.

In this game, one must be careful to choose something which begins with his or her initials, otherwise he or she cannot go. Only a few of us had played it before, and those who insisted they were taking the same things we were, couldn't understand why they couldn't go also. Andy Devine told us he would go to Europe... and he would take an apple and a box of dominoes. Johnny Green thought that surely if Andy could go, so could he, if only he took along some dominoes. But for
Johnny to go there would have to take, for example, a jellé and a garage. Those in the “know” continue to name different objects until everyone catches on.

Hang Nail Descriptions

Despite their well-filled days, Holly-
wood’s humorists have found time to think
of a new pastime. They have laughingly
dubbed it, “Hang Nail Descriptions.”

Here are several examples of these new
funbits:

Fred Stone—Skippy at sixty; Tom
Brown—A discord in an Irish lullaby;
Paula Stone—Sparkling burgundy in a
blue glass; Toby Wing—Lemon jello with
whip cream; Henry Willison is—A green
bean in a fruit salad; Glenda Farrell—
Fresh peaches with a crust; Anita Louise
—A lalique vase figure; Frankie Darro—
Salt water taffy from Brooklyn; Katharine
Hepburn—A floating cloud with a voice;
George Burns and Gracie Allen—A parrot
with a straight man.

The game has many possibilities because
one, or any number of persons can play it.

Cross The Scissors

One of Paula Stone’s favorite games is
Cross the Scissors. She started the game
recently at one of her filmland parties.
The idea of this game is to keep in the
dark as long as possible those who have
never played it before. Seat your guests
in a circle or semi-circle. Then you, as
hostess, pass a pair of scissors to the per-
sion to your right; as you pass them, re-
mind, “I am passing these scissors to you
crossed.” Hold them very delicately, very
carefully. Be sure that when you pass the

scissors you have your legs crossed. If
you happen to be acrobatically inclined,
you might cross your legs the second time
and say, “I pass these scissors to you
double-crossed.” You can also say, “I
pass these scissors to you uncrossed.” If
you say this, be sure your legs are not
crossed.

Those in the know will repeat this pro-
cedure until everyone has solved the ques-
tion of just how they are passed.

Sneaking In A Statement

While two persons are out of the room,
the others in the group concoct two rather
abrupt statements and write them out on
separate pieces of paper. The two “actors”
in this little “fun-drummer” are recalled
and placed facing each other in the center
of the room. Each is given the piece of
paper with his statement, which he must
not show the other. The two must begin
conversation with the idea of eventually
working up to the absurd statements
handed them, of introducing them into
their chatter without detection.

An example of two ridiculous state-
ments given each person might be:
(1) “Oregon will have a big crop of flax
this year”; (2) “Limburger cheese grows
well on corn stalks.” Each contestant is faced
with the necessity of being funny enough
in his conversation to work in his absurd
sentence without his opponent knowing it.
In order to win, the sentence must be
brought into prominence three separate
times without detection, or to recognize
his opponent’s sentence within three
guesses. If one contestant misses on his
third attempt at guessing, the other wins
without further effort.

---

Play safe...take the
doctor’s judgment about laxatives

You choose your family doctor
because you have confidence in
him. He will never take chances where
your welfare is concerned. Even with a
little thing like a laxative, doctors
have a definite set of standards which
guide them in their choice. Before they
will give a laxative their approval, it
must meet their requirements on these
specific points:

The doctor says that a laxative
should be: Dependable... Mild... Thorough... Time-tested.

The doctor says that a laxative
should not: Over-act... Form a
habit... Cause stomach pains...
Nauseate, or upset the digestion.

Now, here’s a fact that’s significant
—Ex-Lax checks on each of these
specifications. Not merely on two or
three. But on all these points.

No wonder so many physicians use
Ex-Lax in their own families. No
wonder millions of careful mothers
give it to their children with perfect
confidence. No wonder that Ex-Lax is
used by more people than any other
laxative in the world.

Your first trial of Ex-Lax will be a
pleasant experience. For Ex-Lax is
mild and gentle. It is thoroughly
effective. It does not over-act. It does not
disturb the digestion.

Everyone likes Ex-Lax — par-
cularly the youngsters. It tastes just like
delicious chocolate. At all drug stores
in 10c and 25c sizes. Or write for free
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When Nature forgets—remember

EX-LAX
THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

When Answering Advertisements, Please Mention January HOLLYWOOD
couple—branded them so deeply, in fact, that half of America's populace today gazes at them as both real and real-life's No. 1 matrimonially-blessed pair, existence of one Arthur (recent bridegroom) Hornblow, notwithstanding. Take that incident in the St. Francis Hotel in Frisco as an example.

The Return of the Thin Man unit is lined up before the hotel desk, registering and drawing their room assignments. The clerk hands Powell the pen, watches him sign, then laps it up in his chair. When he awoke he found hanging about his neck and draped across his dress-shirt front a fifteen-inch sign, inscribed: "PLEASE DO NOT DISMISS."

With the coast football season at its height and Van Dyke a rabid fan, gridiron chatter occupied many of the players' leisure moments. Finally, Levine, who had never witnessed a gridiron contest, became intrigued.

"What's the biggest game of the year out here?" he wanted to know.

"The Aquila Caliente and Tijuana Tech battle," replied Van Dyke, launching into a "build-up."

"Well, I'd sure like to see that one," enthused Levine.

"Let's go, Sam," shot back Woody, "the tickets are pretty scarce for that one, but if you can dig up a pair, I'll pay for them and take you along. Incidentally, I won't need you tomorrow, so you'll have all day to line them up!"

It wasn't until after Levine had put in seven hours canvassing the ticket agencies of Los Angeles, Hollywood and Beverly Hills that he discovered the Aquila Caliente and Tijuana teams were merely the brain-children of Van Dyke.

Sam Gets Even

But that old saw about the worm turning holds as true on the ticker lots as anywhere else.

Shortly after Van Dyke so graciously presented Levine with a dog-house for a dressing-room, Bill and Myrna primed him for a bit of maneuver, the latter laying the foundation when he complained to them of the high cost of eating in the studio commissary.

"Don't tell me you've been paying for your meals in the commissary," said Myrna, registering great surprise, "Didn't you know that the stars and featured players dine there free of charge?"

"No one told me!" moaned Sam.

"That's a shame," cut in Bill, "All you have to do is sign your director's name to the check for anything you want, either in the commissary or the studio barber shop."

"Yes," added Myrna, "and just have your tips included on the checks, too!"

For the ensuing week, Sam breakfasted, lunched and dined daily—and he's no light eater, either—and Van Dyke's expense before the bills were presented to the chagrined Woody. Meanwhile, Sam had been having the barbers give him the works, "at Woody's expense!"

Harry Albiez, for twelve years Van Dyke's prop man, is hailed in and about Cinematown as the world's champion coffee brewer, so the morning cup on the set is a busy scene, as the well-known "van-Dyke's expense" is an established rite. And Bill Powell, it be known, truly enjoys an after-breakfast sip.
Prevising the Pictures
(Continued from page forty-three)

unless you are a thorough-going Hepburn fan. Nevertheless there are spots in the picture which grip the audience, especially when they're seeing Hepburn, c. on the verge of becoming a sombre tragedy through circumstance, rales to avoid such a pitfall in a picture that is already too darb.

GO WEST, YOUNG MAN—(Major-Paramount)—It is grossly unfair to the producers to talk too much about any Mae West picture, for the essence of her productions is a series of typical wisecracks that either are or aren't funny. In Go West, Young Man the Westian per-silage clicks off at a merry rate, garners a fair share of chuckles from the audience.

Warren William, acting as Mae's press agent in the film story, faces the arduous job of keeping her away from the men. Inevitably William himself falls for the buxom actress. In the preview version, the film ends with a clinch between the two.

Latest reports are that the picture has been pulled back in the studio for a more typical ending—with Mae swinging a fast pinch to the jaw in the closing scene. You won't know the final decision until you see the picture. Randolph Scott, Alice Brady and Lyle Talbot are among those forming a high caliber supporting cast.

ROSE BOWL — (Paramount) — This one can be classed neither as a football or college picture. There is a smattering of both. However there is a little romance, football and Benny Baker's comedy. The story is about two small town boys who make good playing football in college. Larry Crabbe goes to a large school on the west coast and Tom Brown goes to a small school in the east. Both teams go through their respective seasons without a defeat and eventually meet in the New Year's Day game at the Rose Bowl.

During the course of the picture there is love interest through rivalry between Tom and Larry over Eleanor Whitney.

NIGHT WAITRESS—(RKO) — Months ago young Golda Draper came to Los Angeles from Idaho in search of a job as a waitress. Not, she explained, because she wanted that sort of a career, but because she wanted to write a book called Night Waitress. She found a job awaiting her at a popular cafe near the stately University of Southern California. Among her regular customers were Trojan students and a few business men, one lawyer in particular.

The attorney became a disturbing influence. One night the cafe proprietor ordered Waitress Draper to refuse the man further service. Next night the attorney returned with a gun, shot the waitress in the back. Faced with a legal convalescence in the hospital after a period of critical illness, Miss Draper began writing her book, soon sold for [Continued on page 64]

<table>
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<tr>
<th>Proved By WIVES AND MOTHERS</th>
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<td>This All-Vegetable Relief for Constipation</td>
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<td>By ELIZABETH MCKENNA</td>
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I HAVE just discovered a really wonderful constipation relief . . . but I must admit that my new discovery has been a household word to hundreds of thousands of women for many, many years.

When bowels are sluggish, clogged and unable to dispose normally of food waste . . . poisons invariably spread throughout the system, and lead to nervousness, listlessness, headaches, bad complexion and so many other troubles.

Of course, most of us realize that modern conditions are to blame for this trouble, that outside assistance in eliminating waste is frequently necessary. But we must be so very careful about the kind of help we give.

Now, NR Tablets (Nature's Remedy) have certainly proved to be a good, safe, sensible way to relieve constipation. NR tablets are entirely different from other kinds of laxative. You'll notice the amazing difference in action in the first time you try them. So gentle and easy . . . yet so very thorough. This is because Nature's NR Tablet is made up of a perfect blend of the most effective vegetable laxative elements. NR's are not harsh or habit-forming. They are not artificial . . . they're natural and give gentle stimulation to the bowels so that you get an easy, refreshing, natural movement.

The morning after you take your first NR tablet . . . you'll wake up feeling more refreshed and rested and vigorous than you have in a long while. And you'll find that continued occasional use of Nature's Remedy will tone up the intestinal tract . . . to normal, regular functioning.

You'll be glad to know that this marvelous Nature's Remedy, the standby of millions, is not expensive! You can buy it at any drug store for only 25c.

LEARN TO PLAY PIANO BY EAR

Do you know any music? Do you know how to read music? No problem! Our new method was discovered by a noted music teacher who spent two years developing it. It's so easy and effective that you'll be playing popular hits after your first lesson.

You'll learn note reading, scales, chords, progressions, and much more. The result of this revolutionary method is that you'll be able to play popular hits after your first lesson. It's so easy and effective that you'll be playing popular hits after your first lesson.

The method is based on the principle that music is a form of memory and that it can be learned without the use of scales, chords, or progressions. It's a simple, easy-to-learn method that anyone can use to learn to play the piano.

The method is based on the principle that music is a form of memory and that it can be learned without the use of scales, chords, or progressions. It's a simple, easy-to-learn method that anyone can use to learn to play the piano.

New Kind of CLOTHES BRUSH

Dry—Cleans! Sells Itself!

The new kind of clothes brush is revolutionizing the laundry business. It's a clothes brush that can be used to clean clothes without any soap. The brush is made of soft, flexible bristles that can be used to clean clothes without any soap. It's a clothes brush that can be used to clean clothes without any soap. The brush is made of soft, flexible bristles that can be used to clean clothes without any soap. The brush is made of soft, flexible bristles that can be used to clean clothes without any soap. The brush is made of soft, flexible bristles that can be used to clean clothes without any soap.
**Hollywood Charm School**

**Karen Morley's Quest for Curves**

Weight gaining was Karen Morley's greatest problem—until she reversed the rules and made a startling discovery which has brought her new health and beauty. _Beloved Enemy_ is Karen's latest picture for Samuel Goldwyn.

**by Ann Vernon**

I... My Notebook I had jotted down such words as "streamlined" and "ultra sophisticated"—words to be used in describing Karen Morley whom I had come to interview on the set of _Beloved Enemy_ at the Samuel Goldwyn Studio. But the words simply didn't fit the smiling girl who emerged from Miss Morley's dressing room.

Karen herself supplied a new description. "Yes," she said with humorous pride. "I have gained fifteen pounds and am now fat and jolly and full of jokes.” Fat she was not—unless those lithesome curves could be called fat. But jolly she surely was—and certainly she had never looked lovelier. Her eyes sparkled with health and her skin glowed with rosy color.

“All my life I have been called 'skinny,'” Karen said. „The kind of girl people are always stuffing with food or bundling up in wraps and mufflers.”

“I discovered,” she went on, “that hundreds of other girls are worrying about being too thin—really an amazing number. So much attention is given to reducing, that the plight of the too-thin girl is overlooked.”

“Naturally I tried all kinds of diets and..."
every idea for weight gaining that anyone would suggest. I even tried the banana diet that worked wonders for Gary Cooper. I stuffed down bananas morning, night and noon—and nothing happened except that I soon came to loathe the sight of them.” Karen smiled with amusement at this recollection.

“Because I was afraid exercise would make me even thinner,” she continued, "I shunned tennis and golf and everything else outside of my studio work that would cost me an ounce of energy.

“Then some months ago I moved to Palos Verdes and, tempted by the lovely stretch of beach which was my front yard, I decided to forget all about diets and afternoon naps. No matter how thin I got, for once in my life I would swim and play tennis, eat what I wanted to and when I wanted to!

“After a few weeks of this hedonistic existence, people began telling me I had never looked better, and I finally mustered enough courage to step on the scales. For the first time in years, I had gained!

“I did make certain discoveries aside from the fact that exercise and fresh air will do more for the thin girl than all the pampering in the world,” Karen said.

“I had always been encouraged to take naps during the day with the result that I wasn’t sleepy when I went to bed. When I stopped napping, I started sleeping at night, from eight to nine hours, and felt much more rested in the morning.

“I found, too, that I can eat a great deal more food if it is served in small, dainty portions with a note of color. I love what men call ‘tea-room food’—a little dab of this and a little dab of that.”

**But Thin On Courageous, Karen Morley understands the secret of attraction.**

All of us have seen the theory work out in practice, but never had I heard it voiced more concisely than by Miss Morley.

Said Karen, "If a woman isn’t pretty, being attractive will fool people into thinking she is. Unrelenting attention to detail, perfect grooming and perfect make-up will pass for beauty ninety-nine times out of a hundred.

"Changing one’s appearance is most easily accomplished by changing the style of hair dress. Because my face is long and thin, I wear my hair fluffy to give my face width. And to keep it fluffy, my hair must be washed twice a week.

"The proper application of powder, rouge and lipstick can work marvelous transformations. No longer is the art of make-up a secret hocus-pocus of the actress. Any girl who will take the trouble to experiment in the placement of rouge and lipstick can minimize her facial defects.”

Karen’s first rôle in pictures was that of [Continued on page 63]
What They’re Shooting

(Continued from page thirty-six)

give the comedians lessons in wit and humor.

We’d like to tell something of the really
amazing sets used in this picture, such as
the Coral Cove night club which is com-
pletely surrounded by tanks of swimming
fish—and of the amazing, original orches-
tras and dances created by the brain
children of Lou Brock, the same
producer who put on Flying Down To
Rio and made Ginger Rogers and Fred
Astaire the talk of the country over night.

But we will do our best to have some
time to see— as the company’s playful com-
dians were in full bloom the day we
managed to get in, and we didn’t dare turn
our backs on the skating canals in order to—
which we did not. So, if you want to
know what really went on in front of the
camera, you’ll just naturally have to pay
the price of admission to do it, as all our
time was spent watching what was going
on stage.

One In A Million

A million-dollar ice-skating extravag-
anza produced in a land where it never
snows and where zero weather is some-
thing that seems unreal when read about
in newspaper headlines!

That is the story of a picture in which Twen-
tieth Century-Fox debuts the ice-skating
queen and winter Olympics champion,
Sonja Henie, in her own element.

To do it the studio had to build a rink
of 1200 square feet on a sound stage.
Under it ten and a half miles of one and
a quarter inch pipe has been laid to freeze
and keep frozen the tons of water on the
lake-like base. It took three days to
freeze the rink.

With this rink and Sonja Henie, Darryl
Zanuck, dynamic and irresistible vice-
president in charge of all Twentieth Cen-
tury-Fox production, is able to accom-
plish the ultimate in creative ballet art
... to transfer rhythmical dance steps to
the one perfect medium, ice.

The skating is an inevitable jerky
interludes of the dance while changing
steps is eliminated. Ice-dancing gives the
perfect illusion of flow and rhythm. And
Sonja, figure-skating champion of the
world, and gold medal-winning under the
famous Russian, Madame Karsavin.

She was acclaimed by critics for
translating the Dying Swan dance into a
dance on ice-skates.

But it was not as easy as that. Sonja
had to train her own chorus. Enough
heat-pampered Southern Californians
know how to skate, all right, but only a
dozen of the hundreds of skaters turning
out for chorus parts could keep in time
with the music.

Feeling that rhythm is inherent in a
person who has spent a lifetime in dance
Sonja and Jack Haskell, noted dance di-
rector, turned to regular film chorus
dancers. Sonja became her own ballet
master for the nonce and spent two hours
daily training her eighty chorus girls to
skate. In five weeks they became experts.

It is 94 deg, hot outside. We are on
the set, in the air-conditioned sound stage,
green and quiet area. It is filled
with the skaters only competing with 32
deg. Sonja is doing “The Moonlight
Waltz” with a chorus of 42 beauties in
pink costumes trimmed with ermine, and
42 boys. The costumes cost $425 each,
while Henie enters with a beautiful cape
which it took ten hand-beadlers a week to
make. The ten-yards-long robe made of
iris and sequins and bordered with ermine
is carried in train by six pageboy skaters.
The cape is lined.

They do the long, graceful sweeps of
the Waltz to the perfect tuning by Lew
Pollack and Sidney D. Mitchell. It is the
first time we have ever seen such a thing
on skates—a very original idea executed
in a manner which is fitting tribute to
the venturesomeness of Zanuck. After
the dancing, with no a scuffle to invade
the music, a cultist plays some of those thrilling
speed-tricks of hers.

No woman skater is skillful enough, so
she has to have a male stand-in for the
skating. Sonja has her skating instructor and
ice-skating champion of Canada. He is Miss Henie’s height 5’2”
and at 117 pounds outweighs her only by seven. He is capable of
stunning speeds at times and stops suddenly at definite points
to enable cameramen to focus.

The ice rink is respectively made of the
center of an idyllic lake in a small Swiss
village; of a fashionable St. Moritz resort;
of the ice stadium where the 1936 Winter
Olympics were held at Garmisch-Parten-
kirchen; and of Madison Square Garden,
New York. The carpenters are kept busy
changing the looks of the skating rink in
definitely the action center of the pic-

But the skating is surrounded with comedy furnished by Adolph Menjou as
head of a troupe of entertainers including
Arline Judge, Dixie Dunbar, Leah Ray,
and the sensational three Ritch Brothers.
Don Ameche, the newspaper reporter,

College Holiday

On location with Paramount’s College
Holiday troupe we found that comedians
sometimes be even funnier off stage when
than when before the camera. And plenty
of fireworks is kept exploding by the
combination of Martha Raye, Jack Benny,
and the popular skaters, Alla Nazimova and
Mary Boland all cooperating to make the

It is a Paramount musical comedy ex-
travaganza, probably the best yet with
from the movies. The story seems to me
as if meant to be a bigger picture than Big
Broadcast of 1933. Although it is the
fourth of Paramount’s annual collegiate
comedies, it is unique among college sto-
ries. Only the first scenes have to do with
education, and for probably the first time
in such a yarn there is no football.

But there is plenty of rah-rah. It starts
with Marsha Hunt, one of Paramount’s
younger honeys, dancing with Leif Erik-
son at the college ball before learning her
father is about to lose his Southern Cali-
ifornia hotel. After a visit for Marsha to
slap Leif’s face when he steals a kiss.
She did, alright, whopping him so
hard he had to retire from the shooting
for a couple of days until his face resumed
its normal color. Then it was time for Leif
gets under way when Mary Boland, cuckoo
faddist who is backing the efforts of a
health cultist, encounters Jack Benny,
who is repeating the leitmotif of the
woods after dispossession as manager of
the hotel. She, of course, thinks he
also is a cultist so enlists his aid in a fan-
tastic scheme to attempt eugenic mating,
using college boys and girls as guinea pigs
in the experiment. But we won’t tell
you the details of the resulting mixup here.

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The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid
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You get constipated. Your whole system is
poisoned and you feel sour, sick, and the world
looks punk.

Laxatives are only make-shifts. A mere bowel
movements doesn’t get at the cause. It takes those
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two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you
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Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything
else. 3¢ at all drug stores. © 1933. C. M. Co.
I'm A Fugitive From The Quints
(Continued from page twenty-four)

Why didn't I take them sternly in hand, you ask, as I would be wont to do with some of my Hollywood children when they wouldn't do what they were told?

For the simple reason that the Dionne Quintuplets are not as other children. They are the "sweethearts of the world."

Marie, Annette, Cecile, Yvonne and Emeline are far too precious in value to the world to be "bossed" at this time by anyone individual.

But, from the viewpoint of a motion picture director, this "set-up" is one tough job. As an average man and father, as well as a motion picture director, I looked forward with the keenest anticipation to actually seeing and knowing the Dionne Quintuplets—in person. (I look upon them as the Eighth Wonder of the world.)

And, now that it is all over, I can truthfully say that it was an even more remarkable experience than I had dreamed.

But, my friends, as a job it was full of headaches.

I thought I knew almost everything there was to know about kids.

I knew all the answers!

Directing children humanly, anticipating their every whim, expectation of problem, sympathizing and understanding them—it was duck-soup to me.

In short, I was ready for the Dionne Quintuplets.

Or, at least, I thought I was ready for them.

In a way, one might say that they took me in charge the very moment I arrived on the scene at the hospital where they reside on the outskirts of the little town of Callander, Ontario, Canada.

The Dionne Quintuplets have been looked at, and they have looked at hundreds of thousands of people in their short lives. Not only are they better known to the world than any children that have ever lived, but they have been seen by more human beings. Curious, intensely interested tourists come from all over the civilized world, just to see the Quints. Think of it!

Yet they have more privacy than Greta Garbo, or, the Rajah of a fabulously wealthy Indian prince.

Limited to an hour a day, I must admit that we were terrifically handicapped in "shooting" scenes with the Quints. Never having been disciplined, it was only natural that the little mixes did exactly as they pleased. If I particularly wanted the entire group in a scene, invariably one would have nothing to do with the idea, and by the time I might get the recalcitrant one persuaded, Doctor Dafoe would walk in, pull out his watch and say, "That's all for today, boys."

My oral persuasion powers were limited, too, as I speedily discovered that the Quints didn't care much for my alleged French, nor for my hollies.

Finally, I gave up directing them. One day my plan departed, like Baby LeRoy, they liked to pull off my glasses and throw them on the floor.

"Oh, my watch did just as well. And, they put on my Hersholt's mustache. Immediately I acquired all sorts of "prop" glasses and watches, but poor Jean had to wear his own mustache.

Even though I couldn't appeal to their sense of discipline et cetera, the fact that they reacted to the normal mischievous kid spirit saved the day.

From the time I discovered this, I let the Dionne Quints "direct" me. They had their own way, we got the picture and we all had a lot of fun.

Usually the joke was on me, but in the end, it was worth it.

Getting Them to Bed

Only once did I out-smart them. It was necessary to get a scene of them all going to bed together. The Quints have a very amusing habit of all racing for their beds simultaneously and plunging into them hit or miss.

But, when they were supposed to quiet down and go to sleep, up they jumped, and away. I tore my hair franticly over this scene. It seemed impossible to get until I suddenly remembered that we were trying to film this scene in the late morning, after they had enjoyed a full night's sleep. They were wide awake, full of fire, and they didn't want to even pretend to go to sleep. So, I simply waited until the hour for their nap for my hour of "shooting"—and that was that.

However, they got me in the end. Doctor Dafoe permitted the installation of a new wading pool for the Quints. A scene of them all wading would be cute. I should have known better. While trying to lure them all in at the same time, Marie, the clown of the troupe, decided that she wanted me to get in, too.

Off came the Taurog shoes and stockings, to the amusement of the crew and the nurses. But, that was only the start. The rest of the Quints caught on immediately.

HAD TO SIT DOWN IN THE POOL!

Picture the scene of a rotund, erstwhile dignified director sitting in a wading pool while five delicate little girls glibly poured water down his back!

We couldn't "shoot" with me in the scene.

At the moment I had the Quints persuaded to play in the pool by themselves, while I made movies, Doctor Dafoe popped in to announce:

"Sorry, boys, time's up. No more pictures."

The next day the weather turned cold, and we never did get the scene.

This is one of the many reasons why I am a fugitive from the Quints!
Karen Morley's Beauty Quest

(Continued from page fifty-nine)

Lilane in Garbo's Inspiration and it was from Greta Garbo herself that Karen learned an eye make-up trick which she still uses. This is how it's done:

With an eyebrow pencil draw a fine line the full length of the upper lid as close as possible to the upper lashes. Extend this line down at the outer corner of the lid about an eighth of an inch — and not more than a quarter of an inch. Then starting from the center of the lower lashes draw a line to meet the line drawn down from the upper lid. This forms a tiny triangle at the outer corner of the eye and makes the eye itself appear much larger and longer. The penciled lines should be softly blended with the fingertips to avoid any suggestion of cream. Mascara is then applied to the upper lashes.

Hollywood Is Fast gaining a reputation of authority on cosmetics as well as on fashion. And from the many letters I receive asking for the names of preparations used by motion picture players, it would seem that the name now to look to for current beauty tips is that of Garbo. She uses a variety of creams and lotions, and has won a following among younger women as well as new. Counting this year and the years before, she has used and recommended many famous creams.

Duart's Creme of Milk answers the three-way demands of an all-purpose face cream.

Creme of Milk is one of the recently offered beauty aids to merit the stamp of star approval. This all-purpose cream manufactured by Duart brings us in delightful modern guise one of the oldest known skin beautifiers — the oil present in milk or cream. These rich oils serve as a lubricant to the skin and make Creme of Milk effective as a night cream and powder base as well as an excellent cleanser. A two-ounce jar costs 30 cents and the five-ounce jar, one dollar.

Combining the natural color tones of their dry type rouge with the permanency of their cream type, the Hudnut Company are now offering the new Gemey Moist Rouge. It is blended on the cheeks with the cushion tip of the finger and there it stays until removed with cold cream or soap and water. A companion to the Gemey Moist Rouge is the Gemey Nu-Slide Lipstick, a new formula in a new container. Both rouge and lipstick come in a galaxy of enticing shades and the price is 75 cents each.

Everyone loves a bargain — and a bargain in eye beauty is that tricky little gadget called Eyelash Comb and Mascara Applicator. It accomplishes four distinct operations with one fell swoop — and what more could one ask of any gadget priced at only 10 cents? The comb applicator is curved to the shape of the eyelid and is used by spreading a thin line of Winkx Creamy Mascara along the center of the tiny tube and pushing upward through the lashes. The mascara is evenly applied, the lashes curled upward, with each lash separated and all excess mascara removed. As if that weren't enough, the comb actually helps to stimulate the growth of the lashes. Winkx Creamy Mascara comes in four shades — black, blue, brown and green — and the price is 10 cents for the small size or 50 cents for large size tube.

Do you perspire in the wintertime? That question probably sounds pretty silly to those of you hugging the radiator these cold nights. But that's just the trouble — you do hug the radiator and you do perspire even though it may be imperceptible to you, storing up offensive odors and underarm stains in woolen dresses and proudly knit sweaters. So if you don't want to be unknowingly cheated of your right to daintiness, use a non-perspirant as regularly as you would in the balmy days of summer.

Taboo (and isn't that a descriptive name?) is a new cream non-perspirant put up in a white jar with rose cap and label. It will give you the necessary year-round protection and is simplicity itself to use. Just apply it with the fingertips and rub in gently until it disappears, the amount depending on the effect desired. Like any other non-perspirant it should not, of course, be used for twenty-four hours following the use of a depilatory.

Last Minute Christmas Note! If you happen to be scurrying about for that one more Christmas gift, don't overlook Wrisley's Bath Superbe Set. This is a grand value at $1 to delight a girl or woman of any age. There are two huge bars of soap and large bar of powder dusting with its own downy puff, attractively packed in pink and gold gift carton. Available in Jasmine, Gardenia and Rose.

Gifts of beauty are the answer to all sorts of Christmas problems. You can find at the cosmetic counter gifts for mother, sister, girl friend or sweetheart, all smartly packaged in gay holiday boxes. Best of all, the price range is so great that you may select a remembrance to fit the fattest or the slimmest purse. Perfumes, powder, creams, manicure kits are just a few of the items which will prove infallible gift choices.
of turbulent sea effects on a studio stage. The bunks were in twelve six-foot sections, any of which could be removed so the camera could shoot in front of that angle. Captains Cudahy built the ship—a ten-episode masterpiece, with Olaf Olsson supervising to assure authenticity in the last detail. And even the sharpest eye cannot differentiate between the M-G-M set of We're Here vacationing five miles off the coast of California. M-G-M tried shipping codfish across America in refrigerated freight cars but they died in the temperature-regulated salt water. When brought down from the North Pacific they died entering the warm zone. The problem of getting live codfish to southern waters could not be solved, so rubber ones were made. Looking as real as life, they even gave the proper sound effect when pitch-forked on to the deck. At the expense of $500 the property department produced one with a winding spring which would flop around on deck.

Brief Film Guide

TO THESE, TOPPER WAVES HIS HAT:

Charge of the Light Brigade—(Warners)—Errol Flynn, Olivia de Havilland, Patric Knowles, C. Henry Gordon. Rousing and adventurous.

Liberated Lady—(M-G-M)—Four stars: Jean Harlow, William Powell, Spencer Tracy, Myrna Loy. It is high class, rough and tumble comedy.

Gay Desperado—(Pickford-Lasky)—Something entirely different in the musical line. Features Nino Martini, Leo Carillo, Gena Rowlands, Powell.

Romeo and Juliet—(M-G-M)—Shakespeare's most famous bit of hack writing, superbly improved by the presence of Norma Shearer and great cast.

Dowdow—(Goldwyn)—You'll rave about this one. Walter Huston grabs top honors, closely followed by Mary Astor, Ruth Chatterton.

GOOD ENTERTAINMENT:

Give Me Your Heart—(Warners)—A Kay Francis picture to make the women sob. And how the ladies will snivel!

My Man Godfrey—(Universal)—Just about tops in comedy, with Carole Lombard and William Powell. With phrenological feet can tap an average audience into a trance without the slightest effort.

Swing Time—(RKO)—Fred Astaro and Ginger Rogers continue along the melody lanes with a vengeance.

Big Bertha—(Paramount)—Not quite up to its predecessors, but satisfactory in most respects. Jack Benny.

Ramona—(20th Century)—Can be recommended for its beautiful color treatment and the restrained Technicolor treatment as it should be.

Sing, Baby, Sing—(20th Century)—If you haven't seen Adolph Menjou and gang in this comedy, look it up at the nearest neighborhood theatre.

Cain and Mabel—(Warners)—If you like Marlon Davies or Clark Gable, this picture might prove entertaining.

Previewing the Pictures

(Continued from page thirty-eight)

original story to RKO. Now she is busy writing another book based on the trial of the attorney who was convicted.

Night Watch—comes to the screen as a moderate enterprise. Arthur Graeme is cast as the watchman at a waterfont cafe on probation after previous trouble. She is drawn into a gold theft by circumstance, and knows the location of the hidden treasure. Fleeting aboard a boat with Gordon Jones, they attempt to straighten out their affairs.

Both Miss Grahame and Mr. Jones handle satisfactorily enough whatever the picture demands of them.

WE WHO ARE ABOUT TO DIE—(RKO)—This picture deserves merit for the realism and authenticity which is its keynote throughout. Written by David Lamson while he awaited execution, it depicts the horrors and extreme suspense endured by those in the condemned row.

We Who Are About to Die is obviously greatly factionized, but brings to the screen very impressively the physical as well as the mental cruelty of prison life. John Beal, Preston Foster, Ann Dvorak are starred.

LOVE ON THE RUN—(M-G-M)—Metro's "storm troops" move into the scene again, and as in Liberated Lady, they take full control of the situation with a barrage of laughs. Picture Franchot Tone and Clark Gable as rival European correspondents for American newspapers, and Joan Crawford as the million-heiress who hates all reporters. With this premise you have a good start on a rollicking yarn, bound to click regardless of illogical situations. When Gable, suppressing his own identity, flees from the rival reporter, an obvious day of reckoning is in the offing. The adventures that follow are funny and fully satisfying.

Joan Crawford is given an excellent opportunity to reveal her loveliness as well as have a strong hand in the comedy. Gable's antics are screwing funny, yet he is hard pressed by Tone throughout the picture.

BORN TO DANCE—(M-G-M)—One of the several wonders of the screen is Eleanor Powell, whose scintillating feet can tap an average audience into a trance without the slightest effort. Miss Powell succeeds in doing just exactly that in Born to Dance, Metro's latest and musical show.

Besides Miss Powell's dancing, there is a host of entertainment—gorgeous stage settings that will make you fairly gasp with astonishment, a very acceptable story and a fine supporting cast. Never mind that M-G-M brings such personalities into the picture as James Stewart, Una Merkel, Frances Langford, Alan Dinehart, Virginia Bruce, Raymond Walburn, Buddy Ebsen.
**BEHIND THE SCENES**

**Six Steps to a Film Contract!**

Mary Blake, who has just received a coveted contract from Columbia, shows step by step what she went through! Begin with the photo at the right

**George Light, assistant casting director, shows interest in her application**

**Nothing ventured, nothing gained! So Mary Blake tries the casting office**

**Casting Chief Bobby Mayo phones for a screen test, and Mary's on her way!**

**Signed to a contract, Mary is sent to Publicist Hank Arnold. He'll tell the world about her!**

**Now it's up to John Wallace to give Mary her best screen appearance. On goes the make-up**

**In front of the portrait camera, Mary gets advice from Whitby Schefer on posing. And she's ready for her career!**

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Carole Lombard Betrays Herself

(Continued from page thirty-five)

room rug. It was really very discourag-

ing. Then came a note from the City Fathers saying that she’d have to get rid of Ed- mund and his chickens . . . the neighbors were complaining. Carole cried a little about it, but civilization is civilization, and the three of them set out to. She gave them to a friend in the country, but came back with two baby ducks in their place.

The ducks don’t quack yet so they’re safe for a little while. But don’t think that they’ll be plucking up the lawn and taking it to the seaside. "So I can have my friends, my real friends with me!" Yep, a little animal-goofy, just like IRENE.

Gifts for No Reason at All

The end of the picture, however, in which IRENE carries coals to Newcastle—in the IRENE of large baskets of food to GODFREY who runs a night club and whose larder is very well stocked, thank you—really bore the greatest resemblance of all to CAROLE's style. In fact people who know her and to whom she has brought gifts—and that includes practically everyone in Hollywood—will not be surprised to see the familiar feeling that scene gave them. As though it were actually one from Carole's life . . .

for to put it simply, Carole is this kind of girl: if you have, or want to get, anything you like gardenias, Carole will send you some—not two, but dozens and dozens! She is also the kind of girl, who, upon going to the mountains for a week's rest and relaxation, will go out and buy a basketful of pine cones for everybody. Such is her natural generosity. She loves pine cones to burn in her fireplace, but wouldn't think of having pine cones for her fireplace without also supplying pine cones for her mother's fireplace, for her friends' fireplace, for her cameraman's fireplace, for her child's playroom, and so on and down the list. For days after a Lombard trip to the mountains the air over Holly-

wood is filled with the fragrance of the pine prairie, the murmuring pines and the honey-sweet pines. And so it goes . . . bundles and baskets and gifts . . . they are as much a part of her as her grand laugh and her scintillating manner. To her, holidays have no sig-

nificance except as gift-giving days, and with this thought in view she insists on celebrating all of them . . . even Washington's Day, Columbus Day, and down to even the state holidays. Whoever is lucky enough to be dining at THE FARM on one of these evenings always gets a present.

Nor does Carole ever go shopping for herself without bringing something home for someone. Just recently she told Fieldsie, her friend and secretary, that she thought Mrs. Day was going to buy a hat. She was gone three hours and came back loaded with packages. "What kind of a hat did you get?" Fieldsie wanted to know. "It doesn't matter," Carole said, "I got it. But look, Fieldsie, I got a cute blue mirror for your room . . . thought it would look nice with your blue curtains. Oh! end wait until you see what I bought for the man in the store. Perfumed flea powder! Isn't that marvelous! "And, look, the cutest sleeping baskets for each of them. Come on! Let's see how they like them. And, oh, wait till you see what I brought Ellie. She'll die when she's just look! I mean she was so sweet about baking all those cakes I took on the set last week!"

Never a thought for the hat she didn't buy—which is typical of Carole.

The Loves to Pretend

Another very real Carole trick which Carole betrayed in her portrayal of Irene is her very keen delight in pretending. Irene only played possum on the couch in one scene when she was hysterical and had to be entertained by the monkey-shines of Mischa Auer, but the real life Carole is always thus fooling her friends, and just to make monkeys of them too. Particularly on the telephone.

Ting Carole's and what would seem to be a Filipino houseboy answers. "Missie Lombard no home. Missie Lombard go kill somebody today. Mebbe you give me message. Well, I don't know, she say she have to shoot today. Oh, pictures? Well, I don't know, mebbe, yes, mebbe she mebbe there. Well, you give me message . . . I tell him. Ha! I fooled you, didn't I?" The Lombard voice comes down an octave or two and her wild laugh ripples over the wire at you.

Or maybe another time it's the voice of a Swedish cook. Or sometimes it's a very lifelike imitation of Ellie, who usually answers the phone, and sometimes it is Ellie and you think it's only Carole kid-
ding and then it's all very confusing, and you don't know who you're talking to and finally you give up and hang the receiver down. And a minute later Carole is on the phone: "Ha! we fooled you, didn't we?" and you don't know whether she did, or Ellie did, and it's still very confus-
ing. Mad, in fact, very mad . . . much like the household of which IRENE was a member.

Lovable madcap clown . . . enthusiastic about everybody, everything . . . as vola-
tile and changeable as the elements . . .

not the worldly sophisticate that we have sometimes been apt to think of in some of her pictures. She doesn't even talk like a high-fallutin' movie star with the usual "Oh, dears!" and "You don't say so!" With little-girl grimmaces Carole goes around Hollywood saying, "Yah, yah, yah!" and "'ello, naow!" This is Carc's as we have seldom seen her.
Irene Dunne: A “Lady” No Longer
(Continued from page thirty-two)

know her as something of a cut-up. Although she seldom attends parties or gives them, she has many an informal evening in her home, and when among her intimates inside or out, the somewhat austere lady title that has been foisted upon her. Her panoply is best when she turns to comedy. It has been a parlor tradition for years around the homes of Hollywood.

Irene is a living comedy herself when you get her to talking about this new dwelling of hers on the hills overlooking the sea. Having harbored a desire for years to furnish her own home, Irene set about it a few weeks ago and now wishes she had never considered the matter.

A Hectic Existence

Her existence for days and weeks was a maze of carpenter’s tools, decorator’s paits and houseman’s hammers. She has looked at pictures on the walls to the point that she sees them in the night. Carpets and tapestries have resolved themselves into an indiscriminate splash of blues, rusts and whatnots.

While we were visiting her she took us into the dining room, showed two portraits made for the studio on rush orders by Miss Jerry Mulligan, a young Los Angeles artist. Both of them were adequate studio poster jobs, not intended for much more. Irene was tempted to hang one of them, but she wasn’t sure. We advised her to do it, then told her to ask an expert. (And haven’t heard the outcome of the matter yet.)

An “Ancient” Garden

She took us into the garden. It looked like it had been there not less than a year. We said so.

The grass was green and thick. The shrubbery was a mass of flowers. The hedge was six feet high and perfect—except in one spot. Irene arched her delicate brows, waved at the hedge.

“That hedge is a problem,” she said. “It has been there as long as the garden and grass. About three months, I’d say. But we can’t make it grow in that one spot. Everything else puts up sort of—all-regie—to the soil. The hedge, in its own way, swells and wheezes, then gives up the struggle. I don’t know what to do about it. Why, even a mathematician would be at sixes and sevens.”

The doghouse is on the patio. For Irene, when Dr. Griffin, her husband, is away, feels a measure of reassurance with the dog close by. He is a bounding police dog who treats guests cordially enough, but stares insolently if not malevolently at utter strangers. His allegiance is totally to Miss Dunne and her personal maid. All others are courteously endured or forcibly rejected. The dog is all right.

Among Famous Neighbors

This is the home of a beautiful star, amid other homes equally inviting despite a comparative solitude. Her next door neighbor is Raquel Torres, and next to her is the magnificent home built by Claudette Colbert just before her marriage to Dr. Pressman. Here, in Holmby Hills, they dwell in the rather vain hope of attaining obscurity, a star’s most precious possession.

Irene hopes, as autumn slips away into a California winter, to have her home completely decorated. Sometimes she thinks this hope is doomed to be never totally fulfilled. So many things have been delayed or done wrong.

But you can be sure that when the job is finally finished, it will have been a good one, done in utterly fine taste. It will be a home friends will love to visit, to sit beside the fireplace and reminisce while the flames flicker shadows into the room and lend little crackles to the conversation.

When that moment is attained, Irene Dunne will be a happy woman.

What Do You Do with Your Little Finger?

—when you pick up a glass or cup—You know from watching others that charm and poise can be destroyed instantly by the misuse of hands. And by the same token, the correct use of your hands can become a tremendous social and business asset. Great accents accomplish much of their power by proper hand action.

The makers of Frostilla—the famous skin lotion that keeps hands, face and body smooth and lovely—asked Margery Wilson, the international authority on charm and poise, to tell 

• how to hold a cigarette

• how to hold cards

• how to shake hands

and how to make hands behave to the best advantage on all occasions

Margery Wilson gives the authoritative answers to these and other questions in an illustrated booklet on How to Use Your Hands Correctly. Although this booklet is priced at 30c., we have arranged to present it without charge to Frostilla users in the United States and Canada until May 30th, 1937.

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... startled the film and society worlds. We’ll guarantee you never in your life read about a courtship like this! January SCREEN BOOK tells you all about it

Blonde Dynamite—that’s Jean Arthur, who’s as hard to handle as T. N. T. This story is an exciting and amazing revelation

Adventure in an Insane Asylum tells of a famous girl star’s night of horror

These are but a few of the inside stories and gossip that crams the pages of January

SCREEN BOOK NOW ON SALE

HOLLYWOOD

When Answering Advertisements, Please Mention January Hollywood
He's a quiet, serious lad, who has inherited a lot of Italian characteristics from his dad. He likes to work, and does, and get into some comfortable things and go sit on the porch. He'd rather get some pals and play ten-cent limit poker than drop in under tents and knock the femmes at the Tropicadero for a row of heartbeats. As a matter of fact, he isn't at all interested in girls—he's got the greatest one in the world all to himself. Anyway, he says so, and that's all that matters to Don.

Her name is Honore. It used to be Honore Prendergast, but it's now Ameche, now. He first met her in Du- buque, when Father Sheehy, pastor of the Church of the Nativity there, introduced them. Don was living there then, working at one of those early odd-jobs of his—he doesn't quite remember whether it was the time he was cement-bag-lifter-on-trucks, or on the city gang that was rounding street square corners, or a paddler in a road gang, or when he was working in a mattress factory—he's held all those jobs, among others. But he does remember that that was where he first met Honore. They liked each other, but that was all that came of it, then.

Six years later he was on his in Chicago, where Don had become a radio star, introduced him to a girl, who was making a name for herself as a dietician. It was Honore Prendergast, Junior, who's three years older than Me, but that's not a year old, yet, maybe. Among the traits he inherited from his dad is that fierce, all-consuming family pride that is a marked characteristic of the Italian people.

Migration to the Valley

For his dad and mother—they're both still alive—Don has purchased a place out in San Fernando Valley, a score of miles from Hollywood, where they can live in peace and comfort and even luxury. Don was living with his dad and mom and, according to Mr. Ameche, he'd heard that where movie stars are supposed to live.

But he liked San Fernando Valley so much after he'd established his parents there that he bought a nine-acre place of his own. It's got a nice house, some orange trees, and a tennis court. It gives lots of room for the two kids, for Honore, and for Don, of course. I've never met one of the things. He loves to do most—sleep in the sun. He does it out there, whenever the studio lets him have the time.

Got excited. Never! That is one Italian characteristic. Don Ameche never did inherit. He takes life as it comes, is happy over his good fortune, and plans to make the most of it. Temperament is a word that doesn't even mean anything to him. He's the easiest-to-handle new star they've ever known in Hollywood, say those who have to work with him. No matter what he's told to do, he does it with a smile.

That smile, by the way, is one of his two greatest assets. The other is his voice. The voice is the greater of the two. It is that voice that makes Don Ameche.

You see, it's his voice that he acts with. And there, by the way, is the first manifestation of a new trend in movies. The talkies have learned that an actor can act almost entirely with his voice, if he knows how—and so they're just beginning to import from the radio dramatic actors, instead of singers, crooners. Don Ameche, you know, is no radio crooner—he is one of radio's foremost dramatic stars.

A Versatile Voice

To achieve that, he had to learn to do voice work for every emotion, every effect he wanted to put over. And it was that voice-expertness that challenged Zanuck that day, from the radio, and today, when you next see Don Ameche in a screen-feature, try this trick—

Close your eyes. Stop looking at him, and just listen to him for awhile. And you'll find out that you can follow the action of the scenario just as perfectly, through Don Ameche's vocal wizardry, as though you were watching with both eyes! That is a new kind of acting for Hollywood—and it's a gift from radio to movies, since movies have learned not to battle against radio, but to play ball with it.

Incidentally, I may tell you, here, that one of Hollywood's veteran sound-mixers, who has heard most of the stars of the screen and radio, said the other night, after sitting at the dials through an Ameche broadcast, that Don's voice is the
most perfect microphone voice he has ever heard, in or out of Hollywood.

But I shan't fail to tell you about Don's smile, didn't I? That smile is a magic thing. In repose, Don's face is just a face—not strikingly good-looking, not out of the ordinary enough to make you turn for a second look. But when he smiles—!

Then an amazing change comes over that face. No longer is it ordinary. It becomes a reflection of warmth, of a happiness, of a human love, of an inner fire that is unquenchable. It is then that you see, visually, the Ameche that is destined to become famous. It is in that smile, as in the voice, that the "slow-take" Ameche personality is most manifest. It is when he smiles and speaks to you that Ameche begins to capture you.

They All Like Him

It's not a "prop smile," this one of Ameche's. It isn't a thing learned from standing before a mirror and trying out this kind of smile or that—as other actors have to do. It isn't a studied smile at all—it's just Don Ameche's smile. Behind it lies that which makes Don Ameche want to know, when he meets a person, how he gets along, along about how the world is treating him. Here again is no forced, affected heartiness. It's just natural. The gang on the studio stages like Ameche, and they, with other things, make him smile, or others, people, at the hour—about ordinary things like their babies, their wives, their automobiles, their little problems and worries, their little happinesses and hopes.

"I don't know why or how it is, but I get talking with Ameche," a set worker told me the other day, "and before I know it, I'm telling him my heart's secrets to him. The other guys around here tell me the same thing."

I've yet to hear anyone say an unkind word about Don. That's strange, in Hollywood, where the Hammers ring louder, too often, than praise. Maybe, as Don becomes more famous, the anvil chorus will begin to pound on scores of men and women who have met him, and who work with him day in and day out, I've heard nothing but admiration, praise, liking for this young Italian lad.

Yet, he doesn't go around asking their friendship. He's no party-bound; you won't see him at the night clubs, and the hoop-towners of Hollywood. His intimates are, for the most part, the radio crowd. Don is still too new in movies, and too much of a veteran of the Broadcasting studios, to change his crowd so easily.

Perpetual Open House

At home, and Heone Don't throw big parties. But you can always find open house there, if you've met Don. He likes to have acquainted people, and he likes to talk with them. And there's always a glass of wine, or some cold beer.

Hobbies, he has none—unless it's his family. Of them, he'll talk by the hour.

Strange as it may seem after six years in that radio field where music dominates in all its forms, Don Ameche can't play a single musical instrument. He has no suggestion, and it doesn't think of any pet aversions or likes—except, maybe, Lily of the Valley perfume!

He has no aspirations for great wealth, merely as such. What he wants it for well, the answer came when they gave him a dozen of the publicity questionnaires to fill out, when he first went to work at 20th-Fox. He came to the question: What is your greatest ambition? Unhesitatingly, he wrote: "To take care of my family."

"He's doing it."

There was one other question on that questionnaire that drew an answer that's indicative of Don Ameche. The question is: "What is your favorite type of girl?"

"Don wrote: "My wife.""

Hitting Hollywood on High

(Continued from page fifty-one)

Russian immigrant boy after service in the Czar's army, couldn't understand methods of American business, and brooded himself into the mood that ended in a suicide's passport to the great unknown.

Eugene Stark a few years ago was manager of the Hillcrest Country Club where major picture producers played their eighteen holes and threw their parties. He was so popular and efficient that Joseph M. Schenck, then head of United Artists, suggested he get over the post of managing director of the Roosevelt, leading hotel of the fiviker village.

Happily he did so, made it almost overnight the rendezvous of the stars, brought in name bands like George Olsen, Irving Aaronson, and others, and built the Roosevelt Blossom Room into an outstanding success.

Chief of police, fire chiefs, district attorneys, sheriffs and even the lieutenant governor of California made the Roosevelt their playground and Hollywood hotel headquarters because they loved little Gene.

At this writing he is in the San Diego county jail, convicted of arson, a crime of which all except the San Diego jury that convicted him, believe him innocent.

Famous folks in Hollywood rallied to his support, wrote scores of character letters, and even traveled the 250 miles to and from San Diego to testify for him.

In his possession were honorary badges from the Los Angeles bar and the police department, indicating the esteem in which he was held by Angeleno guards of public safety.

But since he came from Hollywood, supposed sin center of the universe, and was not 100 per cent Aryan, and had the temerity to invade a sector other than his own to open a restaurant world's, fair, a jury of his peers, all San Diegans of course, convicted him of setting fire to the little cafe which was to have been his sole means of livelihood.

But in 1927:

Errol Flynn for the popularity strides he will make as result of The Charge of the Light Brigade.

Frances Farmer for her dual role in Come and Get It.

Martha Raye, who looks to me like the possible logical successor to the late Mabel Normand. And there's a touch of Marie Dressler in her antics as well.

Best bets for 1927:

When answering advertisements, please mention January Hollywood.
Florence Rice, Chip Off the Old Block
(Continued from page thirty-three)

couraged me to play games when I was young; but he did insist that whatever game I did play, to play it fairly and with good sportsmanship. I used to sit beside him while he talked by the hour on this theme and it gradually became a part of my life...I can take it.

“Now’s the time to hit, Florence?” Jimmy Stewart, the up-and-coming M-G-M star, asked the question as he passed by.

“Well,” we said, “how is the missed putt?”

Jimmy Stewart Tattles

Jimmy must have heard us, for he stopped and came back.

“Like the good sport she is,” Jimmy explained, “Florence wouldn’t tell me about it — and if she did, she would tell it right. She came up to the eighteenth hole a few days ago, got on the green in two and her first putt stopped not more than six inches from the flag. When she made the two-putt, the gallery applauded. But Florence didn’t pick up her ball. Instead, she elbowed Jimmy and said, ‘I never did another divot if she didn’t miss! And I didn’t see her break her putter in two or how to high heavens about her bad luck like most men would do.’—she just took it in stride, smiled and said ‘You win.’

“You said you could take it,” we went on after Jimmy left. “As a matter of cold fact, you don’t look as though you’ve been knocked down many times since you won the grade school boxing championship. And even if you have, the road ahead looks pretty smooth, what with M-G-M getting ready to boost you still higher up the screen ladder.

“I’ve had my share of black eyes,” she smiled. “And I expect many more. Not in the literal sense of the word, but they hurt just as bad.”

“A girl with good looks...”

Florence cut the inference right in two.

“T’ve had a long way to go,” she finished.

This is a continuing theme for Florence. She said, “There’s too much clamor about glamour these days,” she retorted. “If you don’t believe it, how about Fontaine, Garbo, Cornell, Hayes—they’ve never worn any boys’ clothes, but we know where they are.”

What Florence was trying to tell us in her own charming and modest way was that, despite her beauty, her stage background, her talents, she was climbing the ladder the hard way—by study, work, and a willingness to take the bumps and the knocks and come back smiling for more.

The old paternal influence again.

Getting back to sports, the young M-G-M star plays a driving game of tennis, likes golf, enjoys contract bridge, dancing, and lately has gone in for Knock-knock, Hollywood’s latest funny brain-teaser.

She governs herself according to the rule of the three “B’s”—-Be fair, Be natural and Behave yourself. She has a consuming curiosity about everything. Not the snoopy, peek-in-the-corner variety, but the reportorial curiosity inherited from her father.

“Here is something! Her private hobby, of which she is very proud, but inordinately modest, is poetry. So far as our survey has taken us, she is the only girl in pictures who writes verse. And by verse we mean lines that are accepted by literary critics as being very first-class indeed. Her favorite stage play is Cyrano de Bergerac. Among the best screen actresses she includes Margaret Sullivan and Norma Shearer. Paul Muni and Walter Huston rank high on her list of actors.

To Grantland Rice: Your lovely, talented daughter, Florence, has just finished Sworn Enemy for M-G-M and is doing very well in pictures, thank you. She now plans on doing you in golf when you come out here next December. That terrible trimming you gave her two years ago still rankles in her mind. While it’s practically none of our business, right now she is shooting that old golf ball in the low eighties—and on a standard course and from the back tees.

You know the old saying—a tip in time may save the first nine.

Flood Tide for Tracy
(Continued from page twenty-one)

to be in Riff Raff with her. She then stated she could think of no one else whom she would rather play.

Then it happened. The studio had cast opposite Riff Raff, a new comer in one of those Class B pictures all studios pass around to fill in the double billings. Not costly and not elaborate, the picture was one from which no one took much notice.

But in Fury Spencer Tracy blossomed forth in all his glory. His stunning, powerful portrayal of a man victimized by mob rule made this picture a smash hit. No question about it; Spencer Tracy was made.

It was clinched with San Francisco. In this box office record-breaker he was co-starred with Clark Gable and Jeanette MacDonald. As ruffian, comedian and strong man he had battled his way to the top. Now in a sanctified role he almost stole a major picture from two stars. In the future he was to reach stardom in his own right.

Next he appeared in Libeled Lady, the sophisticated comedy hit. Now he is starring in Captains Courageous, Rudyard Kipling story of Gloucester fishermen, and classed as one of the biggest pictures of the year. His first picture on the new contract which Metro gave him six months ahead of time will be They Gave Him a Gun. In this he will, for the first time, star in his own right.

The story, adversity-lined road to stardom has been traversed. With his new hobby of yachting, the new ranch he is farming with Mrs. Tracy, and the delight he gets out of his two growing children, Spencer Tracy opens his era as a top-rank star. Yet he almost left Hollywood, a failure, eighteen months ago!
Why Errol Flynn is Fleeing

(Continued from page thirty-one)

get some of that restlessness out of his system.

Something to Think About

Warner Brothers might well worry about this trip. Why? Because, Errol Flynn being what he is, might decide never to return to Hollywood and motion picture fame. Just like that—with a cool snap of his fingers. But he will come back. Warners are sure of that. They gave him a good reason for returning from the land of beyond.

Several months ago Errol joined Fawcett Writer William Ulman, Jr., in writing a story on some of the actor’s personal adventures before he became a star. The title of that picture is The White Rajah. The idea came about during a lazy weekend in Palm Springs when Ulman was visiting Flynn, gathering material for a series of stories for Movie Classic.

Out there in the desert the two rekindled together. Errol talked about a picture he would like to do, a picture full of the nostalgia of the South Seas, of thrilling incidents from his own life.

"Why don’t we get together and turn that story into a scenario?” Ulman asked Errol after several hours discussion. It was a deal. They worked it out, and sold the opus to Warners for a princely sum. And that’s why the studio is sure that Flynn will come back!

Flynn’s itinerary is the kind you love to speculate about. He will take the last scheduled steamer run to Tahiti and embark from there. (After this trip all regular ships will disperse with making Tahiti a port of call, there not being enough business to make it worth while.)

What he will do in Tahiti is still as much a mystery to Errol as to anyone else. How he will leave Tahiti for other islands is a matter for fate and time to decide.

But by and by a tramp steamer, a fishing schooner, or some wandering ship will drop anchor off the dreamy shores of Tahiti, and Flynn will find his time to move has come.

While restlessness is perhaps a prime factor in luring Errol away, he has a couple of real objectives in his Odyssey. Among the countless islands of the South Seas mandated to Japan is one particular lump of land that catches his fancy. He calls it The Lost Island, although of course it technically is nothing of the sort.

On this strange Lost Island, Japan is said to have secret fortifications. And Nippon is usually extremely reluctant to allow visitors within the sacred precincts. Nevertheless the intrepid Flynn will visit that island shortly, with the official permission of high Japanese dignitaries. And all because Errol, in one of his previous adventures, developed a close friendship with a son of one of these influential officials.

A Lost World

What Errol wants to see is not any secret military outpost, but to delve into the mysteries of a lost civilization which once flourished on the isle. Here, under the perpetual shade of dense palm groves, are the ruins of another era, said to rival even the mystical Mayan ruins of Central America.

That spells adventure to Errol. He is taking with him a 16 mm. camera with a supply of natural color film. When he returns he hopes to have adequate proof of another Yesterday in human existence.

From the Lost Island the actor will swing down to the East Indies, a familiar sight to him, for it was here that he had some of his most exciting adventures before he climbed the heights of Hollywood.

This country is the background of his White Rajah story. So somewhere along the line he will pick up a professional cameraman likewise afflicted with wanderlust, and film familiar scenes as a basis for the actual production. Didn’t we tell you there was a good reason for Errol to come back to Hollywood?

Yes, Errol will come back, even if it wouldn’t surprise anyone that he didn’t. He will make White Rajah and perhaps by then he will be willing to settle down for awhile. One cannot make any accurate predictions regarding his future. Errol is forever independent. And he loves the region “down under,” where he had his first mad adventures with life.
Training Your Dog the Hollywood Way

Continued from page forty

start. Then you will never need to in the future.

When you see a dog running into the street, your pet-loving heart flops and you wish you could shout "stop!" and have him obey. It's easy, once your dog has learned to rush to your side on command.

Stake your dog out on a 20 foot rope. Stand 30 feet away and call him. Just as he reaches the end of the rope, tell him "stop." If he doesn't, the rope will halt his progress. In a few lessons the rope can be eliminated and he will freeze in his tracks when you say "stop" and save your dog's life to know this order.

One other command is essential for his safety. "Heel." Upon this order he walks on your left side, his nose close to your hand. This trick may be taught by a little patient practice, telling him to "heel" each time he is close to the proper spot. Hold your index finger down at his head until he has learned, by your movement, to know his balance. The command itself will suffice. Vary it with an occasional "all right" which releases him to gallop off by himself.

Limitation of space, of course, prohibits our explaining the method behind all the complicated movie tricks, but some of the most interesting we'll let Mr. East discuss in detail.

Let's start off with stretching.

"This lesson is taught by observing the dog's natural action, and then giving him the cue for it. When your dog stretches after a nap, say 'Stretch!' as he performs this action. Give him the cue-a bit of food and say, 'That's right . . . Stretch!' He will probably look at you in a bewildered way, not knowing what he has done to warrant such consideration.

"Continue to watch closely for another stretch. He stretches again, repeat 'Stretch!' Feed, pet and show him that you're pleased. Don't reprimand him if he fails.

"After giving him this cue for a few days, say 'Stretch!' when he is not inclined to stretch naturally. If he stretches, re-

ward him. If not, you will have to continue to catch him in a few more natural stretches. He will learn soon what you want him to do.

"Yawning can be taught in the same manner. When your pet yawns naturally, give him the cue, 'Yawn!' Feed and encourage him by petting until he yawns on command."

"If he doesn't get your meaning in this way, you can aid him by pressing on each side of the mouth until it opens. Then, cue him, 'Yawn! Should it be necessary to press his mouth to teach him this lesson, you'll find that very little pressure is needed.

"He will instinctively open it if you press lightly and very shortly will be yawning upon command.

Do you remember William Powell's Wire Fox Terrier in The Thin Man? That was Skippy, as shamesome a young gentleman as ever poked his nose into anybody's business, but in the picture he was called upon to come and "Stretch!" and he very reverse. His hang-dog expression was one of the most humorous touches in the entire film.

Now, how could he be ordered to look that? Easy. And you can teach your dog to assume the same shamed appearance, just as Mr. East trained Skippy.

" Calling your dog to you, stop a few feet away and be willing to 'Put your head down.' A little tap over his nose is sufficient to convey your meaning. Of course, the tap will be eliminated as soon as he learns to lower his head when told to do so.

"After he knows this lesson thoroughly, you can combine 'Shame!' with 'Put your head down!' You can then say, 'Put your head down! Shaming!', and will slowly reduce the order merely to 'fmt."

"It's truly amazing how pathetic your dog will look as he maintains this pose, and, of course, his feelings won't be hurt because the word Shame! is never used but simply to in-

icate putting down his head. But be sure you never say it as an honest criticism or he might forever have a guilty conscience.

Teaching Him To Stretch

Would you like to be able to order your dog to chase a flea when no flea is present? In other words, stretch himself without your command? Here's how you do it.

"Put a snap-

style clothes-pin on your dog just behind the shoul-

der. It isn't neces-

sary to clip it onto the flesh, so that the dog will be un-

comfortable. Catch only a few hairs of his fur, and no more than a little. Now give him the command, 'Keep it up!'"

"Closely allied to this trick is a dog raising his paw and holding it in his mouth. And your dog can "Keep it up" and extract a laugh if he knows how to do this.

"Place one of his paws in his mouth and say, 'Hold your paw!' If the position is evidently given for him—his dog doesn't for this feat and if the position is un-

comfortable or awkward let the lesson be abandoned immediately-teach him then to put his paw on his nose. Ask him to do this by saying, 'Pick up your paw!' and showing him what you mean. Combine the two movements and add, 'Hold it!' after he has the paw in his mouth.

"Of course, in all probability your dog will never be called upon to do more than perform for you and your friends . . . but what may be taught a canine actor has never been more strikingly presented than in the portrayal of Lightning in the title role of White Fang.

Lightning had to approach the prostrated form of Michael Whalen as he lay upon the snow. Cautionously, he advanced, stiff legged, and sniffed gingerly, hastily re-
treated a dozen paces, halted and slowly returned to the actor. Bending over him, he licked his face, and with the conscious man's mouth to keep kindled the spark of life and finally lay down by his side, as though to protect him from the arctic cold. What was so wonderful about this feat was the fact that the action was continuous and the dog acted solely upon the signalled directions of his trainer . . . yet he followed through without a hitch and required only a few rehearsals.

If you would have your dog well-

trained, train your dog the Hollywood way. Forget trick-routine and concen-

trate upon your dog obeying your cues in-

stantly and completely, regardless of order or sequence. Then you'll have a dog that you'll be more than ever proud of and that might go on the screen.

Some Movie Dogs

Mutt, who appeared with Marlon Davies throughout Peg o' My Heart, was especi-

ally adept in this trick. It is amusingly recalled that the star learned of Mutt's ability along this line early in the filming of the production and fendiulously would cue the dog to yaw in front of her leading man right in the midst of an emocio-

nal scene. Yawns being the contagious quantity that they invariably are, the actor would ruin the scene by submitting to the urge."

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First REACTION—the desire to make our classmates sit up and take notice. What fun it is to walk into the classroom and find all eyes turned our way! How to achieve this type reaction you ask? It is very simple. Reaction is, as the dictionary puts it, an action induced by vital resistance to some other action. Therefore, if fashion decrees puffed sleeves, try wearing sleeves of a more simple nature or if a dress is all black use a vivid touch of color as trimming or accessory. Reaction then may be explained as something unexpected and out of the ordinary—a surprise.

FEMININITY—we all know. Particularly in a school where students of both sexes work and play together the feminine quality is called for. Why dress in mannish attire to emulate the male species, when this year above all others offers girls a chance to display their feminine charms? Fashion has reverted to the puffed sleeve, tight waisted, full skirted era of our grandmothers affording us the same weapons of quaintness and femininity of dress as when grandma flitted through the rosy hue of school, parties and puppy love.

QUALITY—last but not least. This word stands for excellence of character and individuality, two most important attributes and ones that will take you far in work, play or fashion. Quality in dress is essential. If you can only have a few gowns pay more and buy good ones. An expensive frock will last longer, hold up under the strain of wearing and do more for you from a fashion angle.

For the classroom Polly chooses a green wool with contrasting trim while Judith dresses in grey with heart shaped buttons. Reproductions of Lanz of Salzburg

Studying in the library is just a part of the daily routine. Polly is proud of her navy blue velvet two piece dress. Judith wears wine crepe with applique of beige and blue. Louise Mulligan dresses. The girls wear smart Laird-Schober kidskin shoes

It's Love Again is a good name for this dinner gown designed by Louise Mulligan and worn by Polly Rowles for her date with Wister Clark.

Out watching Universal’s “Top of the Town” in production a fortnight ago, I saw more bad “breaks” on that one set than I have come across in many a moon. Scene after scene was spoiled.

Two Chinese swordsmen were battling furiously when one of their swords broke in two. The scene was re-shot. A short time later Hugh Herbert tried to eat a fried egg in front of the camera, discovered in the middle of the scene that the egg was stuck to the plate. Another “take” was required.

Other small disasters: doors wouldn’t open, self-starters wouldn’t start. But for all their trouble, Universal officials have reason to believe that “Top of the Town” will be one of their best films of the year.

—Ted Magee, Editor.
Beautiful Eyes for You easily with
Maybelline

The romantic charm of beautiful eyes can be yours instantly—with a few simple brush strokes of Maybelline. Darken your lashes into long, luxuriant fringe with harmless, tear-proof, non-smarting Maybelline. Not beady, waxy or gummy. Applies smoothly, gives a soft, silky, natural appearance, and tends to make the lashes curl.

Use the smooth Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil and the creamy Eye Shadow—in shades to harmonize with your Maybelline Mascara.

Maybelline Solid or Cream Mascara, 75c everywhere. Generous introductory sizes of all Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids, obtainable at all 10c stores.

10,000,000 discriminating women now use Maybelline. Discover for yourself—TODAY—this simple way to more enchanting beauty!
A GIFT OF PLEASURE

My spirit—the spirit of Christmas-giving—is abroad in the land. A gift that expresses that spirit, and brings pleasure to every home, both great and small, is rare indeed. Such a gift, my friends, is LUCKY STRIKE.

Santa Claus

Luckies—a light smoke

OF RICH, RIPE-BODIED TOBACCO—“IT’S TOASTED”
Win Fred MacMurray’s Candid Camera
DARING THE GODS OF DEATH
The New TATTOO gives them exciting South Sea red that's transparent, pasteless, highly indelible . . . yet keeps lips moist, shimmering, smooth . . . actually softens them!

* * *

Stolen from the bewitching little South Seas maiden was the idea of permanent, pasteless, transparent lip color; lasting, loyal stain for lips instead of temporary, "pasty," fickle coating! Now this same enchantress has revealed her way of keeping lips soft, smooth, luscious and moistly shimmering too. * We offer it to you as the New TATTOO . . . an entirely new kind of indelible lipstick . . . the only lipstick that can give your lips the irresistible witchery of transparent, pasteless, South Sea color . . . the only lipstick containing the magic ingredient that will make your lips sparkle like the moon-path o'er an iridescent tropical sea . . . at the same time keeping your lips youthfully smooth, wrinkle-free . . . caressingly soft. TATTOO your lips . . . with the New TATTOO! One dollar everywhere.
How often such neglect leads to real dental tragedies... help keep your gums healthy with Ipana and Massage.

She'll sit by the hour for the latest finger wave, spend dollar after dollar on beauty aids, and fret and worry over the first sign of a skin blemish. But her friends and even strangers seldom notice these things. They only see her smile—a disappointing smile—a smile that is dull, dingy and unsightly—a smile that shocks instead of thrills!

Yet her smile still could be attractive—with teeth sparkling, white and brilliant. But not until she does something about her tender, ailing gums—not until she knows the meaning of that warning tinge of "pink" on her tooth brush.

Heed that Tinge of "Pink"

When you see that tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush—go to your dentist. You may not be in for serious trouble—but let him decide. More than likely, however, he will lay the blame to our modern menus—to the soft foods that rob our gums of necessary work. And usually he will suggest more work for those lazy, tender gums and the healthy stimulation of Ipana and massage.

If he does, start with Ipana and massage today. Use it faithfully. Massage a little Ipana onto your gums every time you brush your teeth. Gradually you'll notice a new life and firmness as circulation quickens in the gums.

Then with whiter teeth, healthier gums, how appealing your smile will be; how brilliant, sparkling. Start with Ipana Tooth Paste and massage today, and help make your smile the lovely, attractive thing it ought to be.

Remember

a good tooth paste, like a good dentist, is never a luxury.
The fragrance of her camellias intoxicated his senses...

"Crush me in your arms until the breath is gone from my body!"

She had known many kinds of love, but his kisses filled her with longings she had never felt before... The glamorous Garbo—handsome Robert Taylor— together in a love story that will awaken your innermost emotions with its soul-stabbing drama!

Greta Garbo Loves Robert Taylor

Camille

with LIONEL BARRYMORE
ELIZABETH ALLAN • JESSIE RALPH
HENRY DANIELL • LENORE ULRIC
LAURA HOPE CREWS

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture, based on play and novel "La Dame aux Camelias" (Lady of the Camellias) by Alexandre Dumas. Directed by George Cukor

Accept No Substitutes! Always Insist on the Advertised Brand!
Lovely Irene Dunne is adding new effulgence to her stardom by what critics hail as a capital performance in Theodora Goes Wild. She proves her versatility by "no lady" role
WHAT AN
AWFUL
HEADACHE!

- Splitting headaches made me feel miserable. I can't tell you how I was suffering! I knew the trouble all too well—constipation, a clogged-up condition. I'd heard FEEN-A-MINT well spoken of. So I stopped at the drug store on the way home, got a box of FEEN-A-MINT, and chewed a tablet before going to bed.

- FEEN-A-MINT is the modern laxative that comes in delicious mint-flavored chewing gum. Chew a tablet for 3 minutes, or longer, for its pleasant taste. The chewing, according to scientific research, helps make FEEN-A-MINT more thorough—more dependable and reliable.

- Next morning—headache gone—full of life and pep again! All accomplished so easily too. No gripping or nausea. Try FEEN-A-MINT the next time you have a headache caused by constipation. Learn why this laxative is a favorite with 16 million people—young and old.

Hollywood Newsreel

Of course, it may have been a funny story that stirred the smiles of Gloria Swanson, Fredric March and John Barrymore during a dance at the Cocoanut Grove. Then again, perhaps Gloria and Fredric are just congratulating Coliban

Lottie Pickford Passes

Into the Mint Or joyful preparation by Mary Pickford and Buddy Rogers for their forthcoming marriage a pall of sadness fell shortly before the Yuletide, when Lottie Pickford was stricken with a heart attack. With the passing of the erstwhile screen celebrity, "America's Sweetheart" is the only member of her immediate family still living. Mary's mother and brother, Jack, both died in recent years.

- -

Irene Dunne a Mother!

Irene Dunne is starring in a new real life drama! She hopes her newest role—that of a mother—will continue until she is as old as some of the parts she has played in pictures. Christmas was especially happy for Miss Dunne and her dentist husband, Dr. Francis Griffin, because of the arrival in Hollywood of an 11-months-old daughter, adopted through the aid of a baby specialist in New York. Thus, Irene's new daughter differs somewhat from many other babies adopted by film celebrities in that she did not come from Evanston's famous Cradle.

- -

Flaming Dentist Put Out

Craig Reynolds, Warner Brothers actor, and one of Hollywood's favorite boyfriends, saved his dentist from severe burns this month—which might have been a "turning the other cheek" policy! At any rate, the doc was hurting him considerably when a gas burner caught the M.D.'s apron on fire and Craig promptly threw him to the floor smothering the flames.

"It was a pleasure," Reynolds laughed when the Doc thanked him. "A lot of people would enjoy a chance at knocking their dentist down about that stage of dentistry!"

- -

And Now Dolores Sings

The Month's All-time high for noise goes to Dolores Del Rio, who as honor guest at the Cocoanut Grove on Old Mexico Night, was called upon to say a few words. Exquisite in a white evening gown, Dolores arose and asked the or-[Continued on page 8]
The Screen Brings America's INVISIBLE TERROR Right Out Into the Open!

"BLACK LEGION"

DEATH TO SQUEALERS!
That's the law of this devil cult—the body and soul pledge made by every man who for thirty pieces of silver buys the privilege of killing his neighbor! Leave it to Warner Bros. to be the first to bring to the screen the whole savage, terrible behind-the-scenes story of these Midnight Marauders of the Midwest! All of it—every bullet-riddled paragraph—hurled across the screen with the dramatic fury of another "G-Men" or "I Am A Fugitive".
To producers, to director and to a great cast—brilliantly headed by Humphrey Bogart in a role even more intensely dynamic than his "Killer" of "Petri
cified Forest"—all are due the plaudits of a million fans for making this thrilling indictment of the world below the underworld this month's tops in cinema excitement!

THE PICTURE OF THE MONTH

Humphrey Bogart
Dick Foran - Erin O'Brien-Moore
Ann Sheridan - Helen Flint - Joseph Sawyer - Addison Richards - Eddie Acuff
Directed by Archie Mayo

Black Legion Oath
In the name of heaven and hell, by the powers of light and darkness. I pledge my heart, my brain, my body and my limbs to executing the orders of my superiors. I will show no mercy and will submit to all the tortures man can inflict and suffer the most horrible death rather than reveal a single word of this, my oath...

When Answering Advertisements, Please Mention February Hollywood
Our Readers Write
But Right or Wrong—Our Readers!

Don't Be a Droop!

**Says**

Jane Heath

- Do you know the difference between a "Droop" and a glamour girl? Nine times out of ten it's her eyes! And glamorous eyes are easy to have...just slip your lashes into Kurlash, and in 30 seconds they'll be curled back in an entrancing sweep. Kurlash is that handy little beauty necessity that curls your lashes without heat, cosmetics, or practice. $1 at all good stores.

- The worst kind of "Droop" is the one who is a "Beetling Droop," with heavy, sinister eyebrows, or a fringe of unwanted hair ruining her hairline. But you don't have to be one! Use Tweezette, that clever little automatic gadget for painlessly removing unwanted eyebrow and face hairs. $1 everywhere.

- But curling and grooming aren't enough. You must color those sweeping lashes. Last-Pac is your purse-size mascara in a neat lipstick shape, with a tiny brush, all ready to use, popping out of the other end. Comes in brown, blue, green and black. Only $1.

Kurlash

MAIL THIS TODAY

To: Jane Heath, Dept. F-2,
The Kurlash Company, Rochester, N.Y.
The Kurlash Company of Canada, at Toronto, S.
Please send me, free, your booklet on eye beauty, and a personal coloring plan for my complexion.

Eye Color
Hair Color
Completion
Address
City
State

(please print plainly)

You'll hear this music from coast to coast before long! Gene Raymond, Lily Pons, and Mischa Auer do a scene for RKO's That Girl from Paris. Doesn't Mischa look exceptionally soulful?

He Wins a Watch!

Dear Editor:
The most interesting thing about Hollywood, to me, is the lives of the stars—the real life of those who portray the lasting sweetness of love and romance, bringing the blessedness of hearts attained to love and happiness to us; yet in their own life is so much of unhappiness, undeserved. It must be poignantly bitter, indeed, to play such roles, and in the ending find only shattered romance in their own hearts.

So many of them do that—they reach the heights...then plunge down to the bottom. I've thought of Mary and Doug...the Lammisters...Gables...Mary Astor...Bushman—and hundreds of others. Certainly they have suffered the most poignant bitterness a human knows, yet they have brought happiness and joy to us so often!

If they are indirect—if they get talked about—if they lose out like humans often do—let's not be quick to quitters on them! To me they are still the same, We have no right to say what they shall do in their private life. If they fail—try to come back—let's give them a hand, a big one! If they err, let's still love them—and be right in there cheering when they do try to make the climb again!

And Gene—don't dodge love—or put it off! If the right one comes along—why, go to town! And—when you do—here's hoping you a million years of happiness.

What do you say, fellows and girls? Can't we be big enough to stick to them when they're fading?—and if some day Clark, Joan, Gene or Jean—or any of them—are pictured in their attempt to come back—well, aren't we still going to mob that box office for a very good reason—doesn't it want to see them do it? Y—es! That's the stuff!

With very best wishes to the Stars' best Magazine, Hollywood, and for the happiness and success of each of them, I am, Sincerely,

William C. Parker, Jr., 207 Mart Building, St. Louis, Mo.

As announced in last month's Hollywood, William Parker, Jr., will receive Gene Raymond's own wrist watch for this prize-winning letter of the month. Many other contestants in the Gene Raymond contest will receive checks of $1.00 apiece for letters suggested in these columns—The Editor.

Better Breaks for Bette

Dear Editor: I'm good and angry, and I believe I have every right to be! One would think that after an actress has been honored with the Academy Award, her studio would try to use her most to see that she be given only the most carefully chosen stories in which she would be starred. Of course, I refer to Bette Davis.

Her most brilliant performance in Dangerous, it is unfair that her ability be absolutely wasted in such inferior pictures as The Golden Arrow and, more recently, Saloon Met a Lady! Pictures of that caliber should be used as tests for up-and-coming young stars, but certainly not for ACADEMY AWARD WINNERS!

Leslie Ruth Hirschfeld,
10828 Hampden Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.

With Bette's return from England, her studio will in all probability accede to the many requests of the blonde actresses' fans that she be given more advantageous roles.—The Editor.

Claudette Preferred Sans Bangs

Dear Editor:
Yes, I have a pet peeve—who hasn't? I have been waiting and hoping to see Claudette Colbert's forehead. I admire this actress tremendously and shall continue to see her pictures even though she continues wearing these atrocious bangs. Is there a reason? Will she ever make a picture without them?

Mrs. Rose Hurchell,
P.O. Box 844, El Reno, Okla.

Claudette's fans will be interested to learn that she is now making Maid of Salem, in which will appear minus her famous bangs. This decision was made because foreheads were not covered in this manner in the seventeenth century, the period portrayed in the picture. Directors attach a great deal of importance to even so unimportant an issue.—The Editor.

Fans are Growing Up!

Dear Editor:
How soon will screen magazines in general come to the realization that the public is all fed up on the life and loves of the stars—what they eat and what they wear? Features which are sensible and which smack of truth rather than the overdose and outmoded interviews (which the stars usually censor) are what the

(Continued on page 69)
There she sat . . .

TENSE...SILENT...WATCHING!

The most vividly emotional role in the entire career of this great dramatic star you love! . . . Not even in "The Dark Angel" nor in "These Three" did she approach the excitement and power of this never-to-be-forgotten role . . .

SAMUEL GOLDFYN presents
MERLE OBERON
BRIAN AHERNE
in
Beloved Enemy

with
HENRY STEPHENSON • JEROME COWAN
DAVID NIVEN • KAREN MORLEY

Directed by H. C. POTTER

RELEASED THRU UNITED ARTISTS

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HOLDBOBS have won for themselves highest favor among thousands of lovely girls who realize how important a beautifully-arranged coiffure is to their personality and appearance. HOLDBOBS are not only the favorites of Hollywood—they’re tops among bob pins, everywhere!

As attractive, young women discover what HOLDBOBS will do to improve their appearance, they are insisting upon HOLDBOBS, the only bob pin with the patented, exclusive features: small, round, invisible heads; smooth, round, points; flexible, tapered legs, one side crimped; and colors to match all shades of hair... Use HOLDBOBS once and you’ll use them always.

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S. H. Goldberg, President
1918-36 Prairie Ave., Dept. F-27, Chicago, Ill.

HOLDBOB

The perfect bob pin for the modern hairdress!

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Hollywood Productions

Corralling the World Indoors!

Henry Fonda and Sylvia Sidney at their honeymoon supper in You Only Live Once, would seem to be giving deep consideration to what the future holds for their romantic associations.

That amazing Hollywood custom of bringing the mountain to Mahomet seems to be gaining in popularity. Most of the new studios create natural settings within the huge buildings called sound stages instead of traveling to location sites far and near.

A notable recent example of this practice, which enables producers to formulate a definite schedule and stick to it through their ability to control sound, lighting and weather in out-of-door sequences filmed indoors, was You Only Live Once, a Walter Wanger production starring Sylvia Sidney and Henry Fonda.

Although probably 50 per cent of the action takes place out of doors, the unit left the United Artists studio for only a few short scenes, and spent most of its seven weeks’ actual camera work on sound stages. Forests, mountains, deserts came into being through the miracle of Alexander Toluboff’s modern set construction. Rain, wind, fog, sunshine were on tap at a moment’s notice. Nature’s whins, the old bugaboo of location scenes, could be laughed at.

Particular importance attaches to You Only Live Once, in the Hollywood scheme of things, not only because it is conceived on a grand scale, but because it is Walter Wanger’s first production under his new long-term releasing arrangement with United Artists. As the curtain-raiser on a series of big pictures for the season’s program, the creator of Trail of the Lonesome Pine, Private Worlds, The Moon’s Our Home and other hits, in the language of Hollywood, “shot the works” in making You Only Live Once.

An original story by Gene Towne and Graham Baker, the direction was intrusted to Fritz Lang, whose Fury introduced him to Hollywood. A Viennese, and probably the most colorful megaphonist to arrive from Europe in the last fifteen years, he won world fame with M, Metropolis and other continental hits before transferring his talents to America.

Miss Sidney, who co-starred in Fury and who more than any other Hollywood personality appreciated the brilliant, driving force of Lang, tipped off Fonda, Barton MacLane, William Gargan, Jean Dixon and other principals at the start of the picture, when the director called them all together, read the script and acted out each part himself, that they “hadn’t seen anything yet.”

They hadn’t. Miss Sidney wasn’t surprised when Lang persuaded her to run up and down a flight of stairs several times so she would be naturally out of breath.

[Continued on page 52]
Capra Captures Top Screen Honors With "LOST HORIZON"

By RUSSELL PATTERSON

THAT man Capra has done it again! And when I say "again" I don't mean that his new Columbia picture is just as good as "Mr Deeds", "It Happened One Night", etc. I mean it's better! "Lost Horizon" is so magnificent artistically and so gripping dramatically that it stands practically alone on my private and unofficial recommended list for the month. I know you've heard about this famous James Hilton best-seller and its unique story of a secret romantic paradise on the roof of the world. So I don't have to tell you what a stupendous job it was to reproduce this fabulous Oriental "hideout" on the screen, and to portray the amazing romance that takes place within its walls. But Columbia, Capra and Colman have done it—done it so superbly that for my money "Lost Horizon" is going to be one of those talked-about pictures that everybody just has to see. The star rôle is the best thing I've seen Ronald Colman do, and the supporting efforts of Edward Everett Horton, Margo, H. B Warner, Jane Wyatt and thousands of others, plus Robert Riskin's exciting adaptation, all go to make "Lost Horizon" a big picture in every sense of the word. I'm telling you—don't miss it!

FASCINATING FACTS ABOUT "LOST HORIZON"
- It was two years in the making
- The cost was $2,000,000
- Two complete towns were erected for the production
- One set alone took 150 men two months

DEATH waits outside the mystery plane grounded in a secret corner of the earth from which no man has ever escaped.

KIDNAPPING an unknown lover (Ronald Colman) from the other side of the earth, Sondra (Jane Wyatt) imprisons him in her fabulous Oriental "hideout" on the roof of the world.

PRISONER in a barbaric paradise, Conway is torn between the bonds of civilization and the needs of the strange oriental land.
LETTER CONTEST

Win Fred MacMurray’s Candid Camera!

Fred MacMurray, whose latest film is Champagne Waltz, offers his candid camera to the writer of the best letter on anything related to motion pictures and sent to HOLLYWOOD Magazine before February 10. Better write today while there’s still time!

Would you like to make pictures with Fred MacMurray’s own candid camera? That’s the prize that awaits some alert letter writer who submits the best letter to the editor of Hollywood Magazine this month. Read the rules carefully and then join in the contest. Even should you not win the main prize, there is the incentive of gaining a crisp dollar bill if your letter is deemed worthy of being published in Hollywood Magazine.

This magazine is offering the candid camera to inspire its readers to write stimulating and concise letters about anything related to motion pictures and their making. Is there something you would like to see on the screen, or in this magazine, that has not been suggested before? Perhaps you may have some comment to make about your favorite star—or an actor or actress you don’t like. Whatever it is, put it on paper and send it in. Hollywood is anxious to know what is in the minds of its readers.

Remember, the best letter received will win Fred MacMurray’s candid camera, and all other letters published will bring dollar bills to writers. Fred MacMurray, Paramount Studio and the editor join in offering this month’s prize as a means of improving the general quality of letters submitted.

Here are the rules:
1. Write your letter either with pen and ink, or on the typewriter. Legibility, neatness and conciseness count.
2. Make your letter brief. There is no set limit to the length of Hollywood’s letters, but the editor reserves the right to strike out portions deemed unnecessary. Brief letters win more favorable consideration.
3. Your letter must be interesting. Will it lend itself to comment from the editor? Are there two sides to what you have to say? Is it really worth saying? These are tests that will improve your letter.
4. The editorial staff of this magazine will act as judges and its decision will be final.
5. In case of ties duplicate prizes will be awarded.
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We Pay The World's Highest Prices

up to $5000.00 each

Amazing Profits
For Those Who Know
OLD MONEY!

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Founder of
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Big Cash Premiums
For Hundreds of Coins
Now Circulating

There are literally thousands of old coins and bills that we want at once and for which we will pay big cash premiums. Don't sell your coins, encased postage stamps, or paper money to any other dealer until you have first seen the prices that we will pay for them.

WE WILL PAY FOR 1909 CENTS UP TO $10.00 EACH
1860 Cents $50.00—Cents of 1861, 1864, 1865, 1869, 1870, 1881, 1890 $20.00 each—Half Cents $250.00—Large Copper Cents $2000.00—Flying Eagle Cents $20.00—Half Dimes $15.00—20c pieces $100.00—2c before 1873; $300.00—3c before 1879; $750.00—Silver Dollars before 1874, $2500.00—Trade Dollars $250.00—Gold Dollars $2000.00—$2.50 Gold Pieces before 1876, $600.00—$3.00 Gold Pieces $1000.00—$5 Gold Pieces before 1888; $5000.00—$10 Gold Pieces before 1908, $150.00—Commemorative Half Dollars $60.00—Commemorative Gold Coins $125.00.

PAPER MONEY—Fractional Currency $26.00—Confederate Bills $15.00—Encased Postage Stamps $12.00.

FOREIGN COINS—Certain Copper or Silver Coins $15.00—Gold Coins, $150.00, etc.

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CUT FILL OUT AND MAIL TODAY!

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Gentlemen: Please send me your large illustrated complete catalog for which I enclose 10c in cash carefully wrapped.

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When answering advertisements, please mention February Hollywood 15
Eleanore Whitney:
She’s On Her Toes

By
Richard Murray

In the best Hollywood tradition, Eleanore Whitney’s story should be
that of the poor but beautiful young
girl who, overnight, soared from rags to
riches, from obscurity to adulation. Then
the film colony could properly label her
as Cinderella, 1937 edition, and promptly
dismiss her from its mind. The cinema
citadel can never rest easily, you know,
until each newcomer has been properly
tagged and classified and filed away for
future reference. But Miss Whitney is
not the one to be dismissed lightly, if at
all. She definitely refuses to fit into a
groove. In fact, she is in a very fair way
of becoming a ninety-seven pound menace
to Hollywood’s peace of mind.
She is both young enough and pretty
enough to carry on the time hallowed
Cinderella motif. But behind her are too
many years of struggle, too many aching
hours of rehearsal, for her to qualify as a
sister in the Order of the Glass Slipper.
Eleanore won’t even compromise to the
extent of becoming a “glamour girl.” And
—here, my friends, is hereye—not once
has she even admitted to those familiar
yearnings to get away from it all! To
Hollywood. Eleanore is its youngest
enigma. And by far its cutest one.
You’ll pardon me while I take a sweep-
ing bow. To me, at least, the unpredic-
table Whitney is no unformidable mystery.
You see, I happened to know her before
she came to the celluloid coast. And I can
tell you sincerely that this young lady,
whom critics have described as Eleanor
Powell’s only competition, is strictly the
McCoy! The circumstances of our meeting
may bear repeating.
I’d just arrived in Chicago for a business
conference with Rudy Vallee who was
playing a theatre engagement there. It
was as hot as only Chicago can be hot in
mid-August. Even in Rudy’s air-condi-
tioned dressing room, the atmosphere was
stifling. I tried to catch a nap as Rudy
shaved before the dressing room mirror.
Suddenly there was a staccato burst of
tapping from across the hall. It sounded
like some dancer warming up with a time-
step. I decided gloomily. The tapping per-
sisted. After a full ten minutes, such
energy was, to say the least, definitely
annoying. I got up and opened the door
and looked out. I looked again, then
closed the door softly. “You’ve been
holding out on me,” I said. “Since when
have you carried a tap dancer in the
show?”
Vallee glanced at me in the mirror.
“Her? That’s Eleanore Whitney. She’s
pretty good.” He wiped the lather from
his face and started to slide into a shirt.
I looked at him. Rudy Vallee was never
a soft touch for tap dancers as a part of
his stage unit. He didn’t have to tell me
that she must be better than “pretty
good.”
I caught her act at the next performance.
She did two routines and took three cur-
tain calls. She looked very cute as she
twirled and tapped her way across the
stage. In her tiny, white skirt and sweater
she looked about fourteen. After the show
Rudy introduced me to Eleanore and her
mother. I took another good look at her
and said, “You know, you really ought to
be in pictures! And no sales talk!”
She grinned as she started to remove her
“I’m going to be—I hope. I’m on my way
to the coast now for a Paramount picture.”
And she was. So when the Whitney’s
arrived in Hollywood, I was their self-
appointed guide.
I took Eleanore to her first dance here,
his first picture, the first stage show. I
saw the rushes of her first picture with
her. Helped them find an apartment.
Eleanore wasn’t interested in going out a
great deal nor in meeting “the right
people.” Not that she didn’t have plenty
of chances. All she wanted to do was con-
centrate on her screen debut. I lived only
a few blocks away and almost every night

[Continued on page 48]
Thousands of attractive women owe lovely, slender figures to Perfolastic!

Because we receive enthusiastic letters from women all over the country in every mail... because we find that most Perfolastic wearers reduce their waist and hips more than 3 inches in ten days... we know we are justified in making YOU this amazing offer. We are upheld by the experience of not one but thousands of women. The letters below are but a few examples chosen at random.

Massage-like action reduces quickly!
You need not diet or deny yourself the good things of life. You need take no dangerous drugs or tiring exercises. You appear inches smaller the minute you step into your Perfolastic, and then comfortably, quickly... without effort on your part... the massage-like action actually reduces you at just those spots where excess fat first accumulates.

Read these amazing unsolicited letters!

"Lost 60 Pounds"
"I have reduced my waist 9 inches, my hips 8 inches and lost 60 pounds! I can't thank Perfolastic enough."  
Mrs. W.P. Dorr, Omaha, Neb.

"A Girdle I Like"
"I never owned a girdle before and I liked it so much. And I reduced 26 pounds!"  
Miss Edith Marshall, Valley Café

"6 Inches from Hips"
"I lost 6 inches from my hips, 4 inches from my waist and 20 lbs."  
Mrs. J.J. Thomas, New Castle, Pa.

"Hips 12 Inches Smaller"
"I just can't praise your girdle enough. My hips are 12 inches smaller."  
Miss Zella Richardson, Scotdale, Pa.

"Lost 49 Pounds"
"Since wearing my Perfolastic I have lost 49 pounds. I wore a size 40 dress and now wear size 36."  
Miss Mildred DeBak, Newcrl, N.J.

"Reduced from Size 42 to Size 16"
"I used to wear a size 42 dress and now I wear an 18! I eat everything."  
Miss Ester Faye, Muncie, Ind.

"Reduced 6"Inches"
"Lost 20 pounds, reduced hips 6 1/2 inches and waist 5 inches. I should be lost without Perfolastic!"  
Mrs. I.C. Thompson, Dover, Del.

"Smaller at Once"
"I immediately became 3 inches smaller in the hips when first fitted."
Miss Odilla Bower, Briarcliff Manor, N.Y.

"Reduced My Hips 9 Inches" Says Miss Healy
"I am so enthusiastic about the wonderful results from my Perfolastic Girdle. It seems almost impossible that my hips have been reduced 9 inches without the slightest diet!"  
Miss Jean Healy, 299 Park Ave., New York.

"Reduced from 43 to 34 1/2 Inches!"
"My hips measured 43 inches. I was advised to wear Perfolastic after a serious operation and now my hips are only 34 1/2 inches!"
Miss Belle Bryan, La Grange, Ky.

"Lost 47 Pounds"
"When I first got your girdle, my hips measured 51 inches and I weighed 215 pounds. Now I measure 42 inches and weigh 180 pounds."  
Mrs. E.M. Riggins, Nashville, Tenn.

Surely you would like to test the PERFOLASTIC GIRLDE and BRASIERE... for 10 days without cost!

You cannot afford to miss this chance to prove to yourself the quick reducing qualities of Perfolastic! Because we are so sure you will be thrilled with the results, we want you to test it for 10 days at our expense. Note how delightful the soft, silky lining feels next to the body... hear the admiring comments of friends.

SEND FOR FREE BOOKLET!
Let us send you a sample of material and FREE illustrated booklet, giving description of garments, details of our 10-day trial offer and many amazing letters from Perfolastic wearers. Mail coupon today!

PERFOLASTIC, INC.
Dept. 72, 41 E 42nd St., New York City
Please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Uplift Brassiere, also sample of perforated material and particulars of your 10 DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

Name...
Address...
City...
State...

WHEN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS, PLEASE MENTION FEBRUARY HOLLYWOOD
TO regain lost weight is a simple matter when certain bodily functions are restored to normal.

Of foremost importance is the stimulation of digestive juices in the stomach to make better use of the food you eat... and restoration of lowered red-blood-cells to turn the digested food into firm flesh. S.S.S. Tonic does just this.

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 body value. A very important step back to health.

Forget about underweight worries if you are deficient in stomach digestive juices and red-blood-cells... just take S.S.S. Tonic immediately before each meal. Shortly you will be delighted with the way you will feel... your friends will compliment you on the way you will look.

S.S.S. Tonic is especially designed to build sturdy health... it's remarkable value is time tried and scientifically proven... that's why it makes you feel like yourself again.

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."
NATURE IS STINGY WITH TOOTH ENAMEL

THIS BEAUTIFUL ENAMEL...ONCE WORN AWAY...
NEVER GROWS BACK—NEVER!

Protect precious enamel. Once lost, it's gone forever. Be safe and win flashing new luster with absolute security!

Nature restores skin, hair, nails—but never tooth enamel. Those precious surfaces, once worn away, are gone forever. Beauty goes with them... decay attacks teeth... the days of enchanting young teeth are over.

Guard those precious surfaces! Now science brings you the utterly safe tooth paste. One that cleans by an entirely new principle. That uses no chalk or grit or harsh abrasive.

Pepsodent alone contains IRIUM

Pepsodent containing IRIUM brings flashing luster to teeth—cleans them immaculately—freshens mouth—stimulates gums and free flowing saliva—but does so with the safest action ever known in tooth pastes.

BECAUSE OF IRIUM...
Pepsodent contains NO GRIT NO PUMICE—Utterly Safe!

BECAUSE OF IRIUM...
Pepsodent contains NO SOAP, NO CHALK. Gently floats film away, instead of scrubbing it off. —Utterly Thorough!

BECAUSE OF IRIUM...
Pepsodent tones up gums and promotes free-flowing saliva. —Utterly Refreshing!

Pepsodent alone among Tooth Pastes contains IRIUM

It's an amazing advance in tooth beauty and safety. In just a few days your teeth sparkle with alluring brilliance that everyone notices. Buy a tube of Pepsodent containing IRIUM. Begin now to use this new method that brings flashing luster to your teeth with absolute safety.
A coiffure with a purpose—

worn by Joan Perry in Columbia's Counterfeit Lady, and designed by Helen Hunt, who is a member of the Motion Picture Hairstylists Guild.

E VERY CURL Has a meaning all its own when arranged by Helen Hunt, the alert young woman in charge of Columbia's hairdressing department. Into her slim hands falls the responsibility of creating hairdresses—dozens of them—for such famous stars as Grace Moore, Dolores Del Rio and Jean Arthur.

And these hairdresses must express not only the mode of the moment but must meet every facial requirement of the individual. Long faces are made round, plump cheeks made slender, high foreheads shortened—all without sacrificing an iota of chic.

The attractive new "coiffure" which Helen designed for Joan Perry, appearing in Counterfeit Lady, is an excellent example of the manner in which she adroitly adapts the current style to personal needs. Chatting with Helen in her immaculate domain of glistening basins and electric dryers, we discussed the tricks of her trade.

"Miss Perry has a slim face with narrow, rounded brow," Helen said, "so no matter what type of hairdress is designed for her we try to give additional width at the temples with loose waves and curls."

"For this coil, Miss Perry's hair is cut shoulder length across the back and in tiers at the sides of her face. When dressed, the tiers form a circle of curls around the head which gives the necessary width to the face. The long bob also fills in the space from shoulder to jawline and is most flattering to a girl of Miss Perry's slender type."

"The curls at the sides and top of the head," Helen explained, "are made on..." [Continued on page 67]
YOUNG THINGS have a way of knowing what’s what in beauty care. Thousands of them everywhere are keeping skin exquisite—guarding against Cosmetic Skin—with Lux Toilet Soap.

The ACTIVE lather of this fine soap sinks deep, carries away from the pores every trace of dust, dirt, stale cosmetics. No dangerous pore choking—no risk of the tiny blemishes and enlarged pores that mean Cosmetic Skin!

You can use all the cosmetics you wish! But before you put on fresh make-up—ALWAYS before you go to bed, use Lux Toilet Soap. Keep your skin clear—smooth—young. You’ll find it pays!

 Pretty, popular—on top of the world—the girls who guard against Cosmetic Skin

I USE ROUGE AND POWDER, BUT I NEVER LET THEM CHoke MY PORES. I REMOVE THEM THROUGHLY WITH LUX TOILET SOAP

DON‘T RISK COSMETIC SKIN—DULLNESS, TINY BLEMISHES, ENLARGED PORES!

LORETTA YOUNG...

Star of the 20th Century—Fox Production "Love Is News"

When Answering Advertisements, Please Mention February HOLLYWOOD
"Friends Comment on the Loveliness of My Appearance," says Miss Olga Lofgren, College Park, Maryland.

ATTRACTIVE Miss Lofgren, chosen MARCHAND BLONDE-OF-THE-MONTH for JANUARY, is typical of the many young women who daily become more attractive and popular with soft, lustrous sunny hair. Whether blonde or brunette, you, too, can win the admiring compliments of your friends. How? Develop fully your own natural charm. Have bright lustrous hair!

BLONDES—To have your hair truly golden, soft and evenly brighter, rinse with Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. Restores sunny lustre to dull, faded or streaked hair. Keeps your hair soft and golden.

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See details inside your package of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash at your druggist's. Or use coupon Now!

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Please let me try for myself the SUNNY, GOLDEN EFFECT of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. Enclosed 50 cents (use stamps, coin or money order as convenient) for a full-sized bottle.

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Hollywood
(Continued from page eight)

During the swank premiere of Lloyds of London at the Carthay Circle, Charles Rhodes caught Gene Markey and Joan Bennett walking down the poinsettia-lined "pathway of the stars" protegee of Paul Powell who, as an outstanding director in the silent days, discovered Colleen Moore. For his farewell to his foresworn the megaphone in favor of his first love, journalism, and at present is managing editor of a Pasadena newspaper. However, he was on hand in his quiet and unobtrusive way at the Troc to introduce Nadja Ostrovsky to a host of old cinema friends. He met her in England several years ago and coaxed her into pictures, featuring her in several of his British productions.

That Dudley Menagerie

Dust Off Ye olde silver lovin' cup for Doris Dudley. Hollywood's newest talent is an oddity in actresses and swell "copy" girls. Everything Doris does is news. At this moment she wins the cup for her miscellaneous pets—a pair of Chihuahuas named Yes and No, a house-broken goat, named The Jeep, a mountain lion, two cats and five dogs. The menagerie lives in harmony in the Dudley's backyard in Santa Monica—but she's hunting a better home for them in the country. At this writing, she's expecting a kangaroo to join the "family." A friend's sending it from Australia. That's the trouble, she says, every time a friend goes traveling they remember her with gift pets.

Kids Eat on La Rue

On Thanksgiving Day, Jack La Rue, who runs a restaurant when he isn't busy filming, was out and about with his protegee and got a flock of poor kids and saw to it that they ate heartily.
Dixon Steps Out!

Lee Dixon is the latest lad to have Hollywood agog. He was with Rudy Vallee for a long time and tried his best to get into pictures, but he was always turned down cold. Then Warner Bros. put him into Gold Diggers of 1937, and he did such a sensational job of dancing that they are touting as Fred Astaire's rival.

Chaplin, Goddard Burn

When Randolph Churchill, son of Winston Churchill, British diplomat, came to Hollywood recently, he said he knew that Charles Chaplin and Paulette Goddard were married. Chaplin and the girl friend did a terrific burn up and issued a flock of denials. The fact is, however, that all of Hollywood agrees with Churchill and any announcement that the pair is married would now be like a new issue of an old book.

Harrow Insures Harp

Harp Marx Has a $12,000 Harp. Some bad boys heard of its value and conspired to steal it. However, the word was passed along to Harpo by some underworld admirers and now the $12,000 harp is in a vault and anybody who steals the harp will have a hard time selling it for more than fifty dollars.

Even Mae's Feet Praised

Whom Would You say has the most perfect feet in Hollywood? Well, nine chances out of ten, you are wrong. That honor goes to Mae West and the authority for the statement is Emille Rigadoux, sculptor, who made a cast of Mae's feet. They are size 4-B!

Garbo a Slacker?

Great Garbo, who has never been known to attend a Hollywood party, gave the folks a start when she showed up at an affair held by Virginia Faulkner, the novelist. And the funny thing about it was that Garbo came in slacks!

Coast Guard Calls Foster

Preston Foster has been playing in Coast Patrol at RKO-Radio and has made a hit with Coast Guard Commander Rosenthal, who has been acting as technical advisor. As a result, Foster has been invited by the Coast Guard to cruise into the Arctic aboard the cutter Tahoe next summer. He is now busy arranging his shooting schedule at the studio so that he can leave on June 1.
THE GIRL IN A MILLION GLORIFYING THE SHOW IN A MILLION! . . . . .

A revelation in entertainment!
Scene upon scene of beauty
and splendor!
Glittering with luminaries from five
show-worlds!
Romance and fun! Melody and
drama!

AND SOMETHING EXHILARATINGLY NEW AND EXCITING
TO THRILL YOU...

100 glamorous girls dancing on skates
in dazzling ice-revels of breath-taking
beauty!

introducing the screen
the lovely queen of the silvery skates!

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with

ADOLPHE MENJOU
JEAN HERSHOLT
NED SPARKS
DON AMECHE

RITZ BROTHERS

ARLINE JUDGE
BORRAH MINEVITCH
and his gang
DIXIE DUNBAR
LEAH RAY
SHIRLEY DEANE

Directed by Sidney Lanfield
Associate Producer Raymond Griffith

You've never seen anything like it before! And if you live to
be a million . . . you'll never see anything like it again!
The Truth About Rudy and Fay!

Fay Webb Vallee lay dying in a Santa Monica hospital. Three thousand miles away, one of the country's greatest radio programs was in rehearsal. Its conductor, a brisk, efficient young dynamo, was making his final time check when reporters entered the studio. Then, for the first time, Rudy Vallee was told of the real condition of his estranged wife. He dropped his baton and walked away from the stand, his face pale and shaken.

A newshawk halted him at the door. Did Rudy have anything he wanted to say? Rudy looked past him, nodded slowly. "I've always loved her," he said simply. "I always will."

Behind those simple words rests a story that is without parallel. A story that fiction editors would say was impossible; a story that ended unhappily—something no good story should do. I happen to know the circumstances; know that once again, life has proven itself more fantastic, more tragic, than the wildest fiction. You see, Rudy Vallee happens to be my best friend.

Fay Webb Vallee, whose love of excitement, lights and gaiety found no solace in the type of life "the Vagabond Lover" had to lead

The next evening Rudy was told of Fay's death. At that moment he was at the French Casino, New York's gayest night club, preparing to go on with the stage show. Only a few days before he had contracted to appear there. It was because of that obligation that Rudy was not already en route to California when Fay passed into the land from which there can be no return. Newspapers told you how he turned away and, sobbing, thrust his way past the autograph seekers. Alone he went to his bachelor apartment overlooking the East River.

What he was to sit there alone in those long hours before the dawn is something that will never be known. Rudy's New England heritage prevents his displaying his deepest emotions even to his most intimate friends. You'll know him a long, long time before you understand the true depths of his nature. Only one person who has been close to him could even faintly realize what he must have felt that night.

Rudy Vallee's heart is heavy since the curtain was drawn on the romance that friends say should never have brought matrimony to his work gives him little time for friends or pleasure. Now happiness is complete. He had someone to share the fruits of his success. He said then, "A man doesn't seek fame nor money nor success for himself. That would be selfish. You want someone to give it to; someone to be proud and happy over your good fortune."

But Rudy Vallee was news! And anything his young wife said, or did, or wore was news too. There was no chance for the privacies that are so cherished by young lovers. It was like a never-ending dress parade. Eventually Fay became ill and went to the coast to recuperate. Immediately there were rumors of divorce; rumors that crept into print. That would have been a great story, you see—"Vagabond Lover Loses Dream Girl." His own success was proving one of the major handicaps to Fay's and Rudy's marriage.

Even Fay's return to New York and their lovely apartment in Central Park West, could not halt those flying tongues. Again she suffered a relapse and was forced to return to Santa Monica. That too was promptly recorded in the press. Rudy's absence from her bedside was commented upon, the inference left to the reader.

No man that I have ever known—bar none—works half as hard as Rudy Vallee. I know, too. As his western representative, I've lived with him while he made two pictures. Seventeen-hour work days are the rule rather than the exception. Not fifteen minutes of his day does he have that may go unaccounted for. His work, his career, the very living of half a hundred people were his every being. Rudy Webb and New York. Fay understood that. Didn't she return to her husband as soon as she could?

A word about Fay's recurrent illness. Even as a high school girl she had been subject to nervous ailments. She had much of the same fatal, exotic charm, as Barbara La Marr; was victim to the same neurotic ills. She was young, loved life.

[Continued on page 61]
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Myrna Loy's Hand Carved Career!

Myrna Loy is a sculptress. She is also a painter. And she can play the piano. As a dancer she has few equals and still fewer superiors in all Hollywood. Which gives you a few ideas of her talents outside the field of acting, where any comment would be superfluous.

But Myrna's greatest piece of sculpturing has not been in the field of marble or plaster. It has been in the shaping of her own life and career to the point where she stands out as the envy of other women the world over. The Loy she has moulded in the flesh will remain a monument to the determination of a little girl, from the cattle plains of Montana, who early in life promised herself to make good in Hollywood and who fulfilled that promise to the very letter.

When you see her in After the Thin Man or in Parnell, her two latest films for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, you will not be viewing a child of destiny. You will be seeing a great actress created through her own efforts and spirit.

Let's look back over the years and see how all this has happened. It is interesting and not a little bit inspiring. Perhaps there is a formula which will help others mould their own careers and then fight through the maze of entanglements which seem to be a necessary part in any battle for success.

The record shows that a Myrna Williams came into the world at Helena, Montana, about 31 years ago. "Myrna Williams?" you ask. Yes, Myrna Williams. Her family was a typical American one, with the tang of Scotland's heather fields in its ancestry. Down the street, a few doors, lived another family, named Cooper. A son, Gary, was destined to achieve great fame in the cinema, but in those days he was just a little shaver playing tag with the other kids in the same block.

The fact that Gary Cooper lived in the same block has absolutely nothing to do with this story. It is merely an interesting commentary. It is doubtful if either Gary or Myrna can remember the other and in Hollywood they have had nothing more than a nodding friendship. All of which helps to prove that the world is a strange place, after all.

Modeling Came First

When the mother was widowed, she decided that she would go to California with her two children, Myrna and David. That was how Myrna Williams happened to become a model. All by accident, but undoubtedly it had much to do with her future.

Venice is a beach suburb of Los Angeles. [Continued on page 70]
Daring the Gods

Flores, Fires, Strikes, Lynchings, war—-all news! And at every turn of the camera's crank a life is risked to bring you that news in pictures. Newsreel men brave untold hazards, day in and day out, in order to put Mr. and Mrs. Public on the scene of action.

Newsreel cameramen have always been colorful, romantic figures and everyone knows that their lives are full of thrills, but not everyone realizes the actual dangers these "Gods of Death" encounter. When we sit back in our comfortable seats in first-class, air-conditioned theatres and thrill to the latest news of the world as it unfolds before our very eyes, little do we realize the terrific dangers that the newsreel men frequently face while obtaining those 'shots.' What is a little danger in comparison to all the grandeur, the pomp and ceremony, and the real drama that these men see, you say? Why, the very earth has no bounds for them.

Marked By Anxiety

Still, the cameramen will tell you a different story. They will tell you that their lives contain much anxiety, uncertainty, and no end of tragedy. The men never know where their next assignment is going to be and, having sent one in, wonder if it will make the next issue and if editors will put their seal of approval on it as being of real value. This is a game where one gets assignments tough or pleasant, with only one thought—to get the picture. Tragedy often enters, and it is a newsreel cameraman's job to risk his life, if necessary, to cover his assignment.

Can you recall how a few months ago a colored man in Owensboro, Ky., accused and convicted of attacking and murdering a white woman, was hanged. The public hanging, a social event such as had never been experienced in that vicinity before, brought out a mob of twenty thousand persons who swarmed around and over the gallows, and, in spite of the police, stripped the clothing from the prisoner while his body was still suspended through the trap? A score of cameramen had arrived early and had set up their equipment for shooting. Many were grinding away at their cameras when suddenly a violent mob leader screamed out against the newsreelers. Then like an avenging fury the mob turned on them, bellowing blasphemy and grasping at the men's clothing and cameras. Had not a large number of policemen been on the scene to protect the cameramen stark tragedy might have been enacted. As it was the men were lucky to escape with only torn clothing, minor injuries and smashed equipment.

Two Lose Lives

Ever see pictures of the annual caribou migration way up in the Yukon country? Recently such pictures cost the lives of two young cameramen. Such was the result of a horde of maddened bulls as they came rushing onto the men. It was a miracle that, of the quintet of newsreel men on hand, three escaped with their cameras and enough film to bring the news flash to every theatregoer in the land.

A short time ago the picture snatchers got a real thrill at Catalina Island, off the Southern California coast, as a construction crew was blasting a ledge in the mountain side high above the Pacific in order to run the highway along the ocean instead of winding for a distance around a precipice. Their cameras were set to catch the movement and dislodgement of the mountain. About three hundred feet out in the water adjacent to the site of the blast a large rock lifted itself fifteen feet out of the water. It was an ideal set-up to shoot from; so a couple of cameramen selected it while another journeyed up the coast to get a side angle. A fourth man was anchored in a skiff in the ocean directly in front of the blast. When the dynamite was touched off after a warning, the cameras began to click. The earth shook, and the mountain side lifted and slid into the ocean. Tons upon tons of rock went down, causing huge waves. The four cameramen were caught in a tidal wave and it looked like they had shot their last picture as they struggled frantically in the heaving waters. By a miracle, however, they all came through and the cameras, too, were salvaged. The exposed film in the perfectly airtight and light-proof magazines, which proved to be water-tight also, was developed, and the audiences that wit-
Feature for February

Camel Goes Berserk

"But the narrowest escape I ever had was right in Los Angeles County at Ken Maynard's ranch, last August, when a camel which was attached to a plow took a violent exception to being portrayed in such an uncamel-like and undignified task. The camel, on seeing my camera, rushed at me with all the berserk violence of his species. The result was a twenty-two day rest—if you can call it a rest—for yours truly in a hospital.

"Another occasion I'll not forget was back in 1934, in San Francisco, when I was covering the longshoreman's strike. This time I was working with the police under the protection of the national guardsmen. We were wearing bullet proof vests and gas masks and were routing strikers from behind box cars. The strikers began throwing bricks at us. Then the fun was

The newsreel cameraman keeps cranking in face of disaster—in this case a camel goes berserk sending Mervyn Freeman to the hospital.

Dye-Squirting Guns

Captain Herford Tynes Cowling of the National Archives, Washington, D.C., tells an interesting story of his filming the Maharajah of Kashmir at a celebration. The Maharajah had invited only his best friends, and everyone was dressed in white. The guests spent the afternoon in horse-play, throwing vari-colored dyes on each other with squirt guns, but when the camera began to record their actions the Maharajah and a few of his guests decided to turn their squirt guns in the direction of the camera. Maybe that was fun but Captain Cowling wasn't so sure about it.

For months newsreel cameramen found death close to them in bringing you close-ups of gripping encounters among the Loyals and rebels in recent war-torn areas. It never is a question of whether they will come through alive, but to get out and film whatever rival armies put on in the way of plain and fancy fighting. They get scenes that chill the blood and tear the soul, and bring them to you in picture news—if they get out alive.

The same was true of the conflict in Ethiopia when Il Duce and Hailie Selassie pitted their respective armies in desperate conflict. The newsreel cameraman never knows when a bullet may find its resting place in his body while he cranks his camera to record martian struggles. Withal, they come through most times as if by charm rules the war-torn areas.

And, mind you, adventures like these are not unusual in the hectic lives of the cameramen. No question, they are the unsung heroes of movieland, and though their days may be filled with zip, dash and go, they are likewise filled with heart thobs and chaos. With them each day is a day of wonderment; wonderment as to where they will go next, wonderment as to what they may encounter and wonderment as to whether they will return to their loved ones. You may gamble that newsreel cameramen tackle every job with real enthusiasm—not because it's all in a day's work—but because, well, it's part of the make-up of these fellows to get the most out of the old box no matter what's in front of it.
Five "Ounces of Prevention" exercises are illustrated here by Anne Shirley, RKO-Radio star. Eighteen-year-old Anne (who weighs all of 105 pounds) operates on the wise principle that staying slim is easier than reducing.

Therefore she has adopted a short gymnastic routine, exercises designed with an eye to developing poise, erect posture, a supple, graceful body, as well as a slim one.

But—if you find yourself sharing Ann's enthusiasm observe carefully the following "do's" and "don't's":

1. This routine is a strenuous one and should be "worked into" gradually. Otherwise you will achieve a stiff body instead of a supple one. Never exercise for an extended period the first day—or even the first week. Begin with five minutes for the whole routine and work up to fifteen.

2. Perform the exercises with precision. Make each movement clear cut. When it says "return to original position" do so—snappily. Don't slide limply from one position to the next.

3. Exercise in a cool room. Unless it is winter and blowing a gale, open a window. Don't expose yourself and catch cold.

4. Don't forget that strenuous exercise under improper conditions does more harm than good.

Retaining svelte lines is a much sought goal by many of your favorite film actresses. Letting poundage pile up while enjoying weight-producing foods, or by inactivity, often demands very rigorous means to return to normalcy. Hence, moderate exercise, habitually taken becomes an easier means of keeping the weight at any desired figure than the strenuous regimen demanded when one must lose excess avoirdupois quickly to meet the requirements of a role before an all-seeing camera.

Stand erect, arms at sides and feet together. At count of 1 raise arms from sides to shoulder level. At same time, raise right leg, toe pointed, as high as possible to the side. At count of 2 return to original position. At count of 3 raise arms to shoulder level and bring left leg to side as high as possible. At count of 4 bring legs back to original position.

Kneel on left knee, right leg extended forward resting on heel, body erect. Raise arms from sides to shoulder level. At count of 1 turn body at waist, touching right hand to right toe. At count of 2 return to original position. At count of 3 turn body at waist, touching left hand to right toe. At count of 4 return to original position. Repeat several times. Repeat exercise, kneeling on right knee, left leg extended.

Facing down, raise body from mat by both arms and legs, arms slightly forward, feet back. At count of 1 raise right leg from floor, up and back. Point toe and do not bend knee. At count of 2 return to original position. At count of 3 raise left leg from floor, up and back. At count of 4 return to position.

Lie face down on mat, feet together. Place hands under chest and raise upper part of body from mat the extent of the arms. At count of 1—using the feet as a pivot—raise right arm up and out, turning the body. At count of 2 return to original position. At count of 3 repeat with left arm, turning body opposite. At count of 4 return to position.

Lie on back on mat, feet together on floor, toes pointed, arms close at sides. At count of 1 raise the right leg to vertical position, at same time swinging right arm up and over head. At count of 2 return to original position. At count of 3 repeat with left leg and arm. At count of 4 return to original position.
GRACE MOORE'S Voice wings a melody through the sound stage.

"Even the heavens applaud you!"
The "skies"—somewhere in the top of a Columbia sound stage—open to deluge Miss Moore as she sings a love song to Cary Grant and the birds in a secluded wooded nook. Thus Cary praises Miss Moore after exhibiting contempt for her in the early reels of Interlude.

It was a brilliant, hot afternoon as we walked through the sound stage door and into dripping woods to see Robert Riskin filming one of the more interesting scenes of his first directorial assignment—Grace Moore's new vehicle—for which he also wrote the screen play.

To those who are confident that all opera stars are temperamental, let it be said that Grace Moore proved in the rain sequence that she "can take it" without complaint, and be assured that when in the rain scene you see her rise quickly from a roadster seat and quaver "o-o-h, it's wet," there was no make believe about it. Temperament is said to be the one thing with which Riskin has not had to deal in making his initial flight as a director, ably abetted by Henry Lachman.

Miss Moore has been given excellent vocal material that promises to thrill her fans. Jerome Kern and Dorothy Fields have given her a grand array of modern musical numbers, while the more classical portions of the picture music came from the pens of Schubert and Puccini.

Miss Moore is cast as an Australian opera star in America under a limited passport. She battles in the false attentions of a trio of sycophants. Her only honest emotion is her affection for the old maestro responsible for her success. His ambition to stage a magnificent song festival with her as the star is perilled by the fact that her passport is to expire. She goes to Mexico to re-enter under a quota, but this promises delay beyond the time for the festival.

Marriage to an American would solve the problem, and Cary Grant, who has no use for false human qualities such as he sees embodied in the diva, finally, for a consideration, offers to take part in a marriage of convenience.

Grant's resolve weakens, they meet again, he severely criticizes the type of persons who worship at her shrine and then takes her into the woods where she can sing to a real audience—the birds.

Here it must be admitted Riskin found the birds much more temperamental than his diva-star. Lack of word from Grant on the night of the festival nearly wrecks the performance because the opera star has come to believe that one man's love eclipses that of an army of sycophants.

Every effort has been made to insure this Grace Moore vehicle of surpassing any of her previous screen offerings. Grant is a type of leading man new to Moore pictures. As a two-fisted, hard-drinking

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Feature for February

She Takes The Rap For Thrills!

By William K. Gibbs

Do you see Barbara Stanwyck hurl over a cliff in Lost Lady? Did you see Ruth Chatterton throw herself in front of a truck in Journal of a Crime, or dodge falling walls in Frisco Jenny?

Did you see Sally Eilers make a daring parachute jump in Central Airport? Did you see Josephine Hutchinson take a terrific beating with a whip in Mountain Justice?

You did? No, you—you saw Mary Wiggins, a Dixie girl who is Hollywood’s most famous double.

Mary Wiggins is just the type of girl you, and you, and you would look at and say: “you ought to be in pictures.” She is, but she is unsung. All those big words that go with making big stars bigger rightfully belong to the little southern girl who has been defying death for ten years without a scratch—almost.

She didn’t start out to be a double for fair favorites of filmdom. One W. H. “Bill” Rice, who has given the carnival world many spectacular acts, found Mary in her home town of Tampa, Fla., in 1936, when she was a high school student, with a flair for diving.

Dives Way to Top

Her first work was diving off a 35-foot platform at a St. Louis exposition. Gradually she worked her way upward, adding 10 feet to her dives until she got to the top—about 70 feet.

When there seemed no further heights to scale in diving, Mary Wiggins added thrills by setting herself afire at the top of a 70-foot ladder, and diving into a 6-foot tank with flaming gasoline on its surface.

The only thing that bothers Mary in the fire dive is the itch. She wears long woolen underwear under the mechanics’ overalls which are soaked with gasoline and then ignited just before the dive. The heat from the fire makes the woolen undies itch her skin.

Like most girls, when she first reached the film capital she began casting about for work in front of the camera and although she has found much of it, she never is in the billing.

Mary will swim the deepest ocean or scale the highest mountain for any feminine star—if the paycheck is sufficient. Since her debut as a stunt girl, she has perfected and expanded her repertoire until now she lists as successful endeavors such things as wing walking, parachute jumping, changing from auto to plane or speedboat to plane; balloon ascensions, escaping from locked mail sack under water, playing water polo in speed boat, driving motocycle through walls or burning buildings, 600-foot slide-for-life while

[Continued on page 63]
Making Love By The Stars!

There are twelve types of husbands, roughly speaking, corresponding to the twelve signs of the zodiac. And since each has his own special characteristics he has to be treated in a special way. To hold her mate a woman cannot fight the stars that influence him. Once she knows what they signify, it's as if she held the key to marital happiness in her hand.

By judging your husband from the types of Hollywood celebrities revealed in this article you may be able to possess that key...

Supposing you were married to a man born under the sign of Capricorn (Dec. 23 to Jan. 20), like CARY GRANT. The first thing is to make sure he has some place in the house that belongs to him alone—because he has tremendous need of solitude occasionally. He's apt to live in a world apart and sometimes, of course, it becomes necessary to make these Capricorns face reality. Unless they're handled intelligently they crawl into a shell and stay there! But set a goal in front of them and they'll come out of it. Show them how valuable you are and they'll tear up the earth to make you happy. I've known many a Capricorn man who had to be jogged awake before he realized he was in love—but once awakened he makes a tender, considerate and reliable husband.

Intense Love Nature

Aquarius men are those born between Jan. 31 and Feb. 19. CLARK GABLE and RONALD COLMAN are two exceptionally good examples of this type. Coyness and little feminine tricks have no appeal for them whatever. They see through them too quickly. Wonderful sense of perception these fellows have. They succeed in life where others fail because of it. They have the most intense and fixed love nature of any of the signs but it's best to appeal to them as a friend, not emotionally. They make dependable mates if you do that. Don't expect a man like Gable or Colman to react to sentiment or a romantic setting, because he won't do it. That's why sentimental women frequently find an Aquarius husband a little unsatisfactory. Stand by him. Know how to be his pal and make your role of sweet-heart secondary... and you won't have any trouble keeping him.

"My husband is a darling," a young married woman said recently, "but I'm losing him. I don't know why. I have plenty of money for the two of us and I've been trying to make him give up his work."... She was almost in tears...

"Does he belong to the Pisces House—that is, does his birthday come between February 20 and March 21?" I questioned. She admitted that it did. "That's the answer," I explained. "No man likes to feel he is dependent on a woman, naturally, but with a Pisces man it's almost an obsession. He can't bear to feel he's taking anything from anyone. Even though he does lack self-confidence and there are plenty of times when his ambition needs stimulating, it has to be done in a subtle way. Don't let him be aware you're doing it. Go home and make him feel he's the rock of Gibraltar and that you are depending on him. Whenever he begins feeling that people and fate are against him—and he feels that way often—jerk him out of the mood.

Scorpio men, like Dick Powell, have the grit to climb the heights—if they have the right incentive! And incentive depends on the women they love! They are rulers of the earth, buoying them up; that is the most important duty of a Pisces man's wife!

The last I heard of my young friend, she and her husband were on a second honeymoon...

GEORGE BRENT belongs to this House of Pisces. Oddly enough, as George himself has confessed, it was only when he mastered that feeling of people and fate being against him that he reached his real success. Actually they have it in them to be the most popular people alive, the men of this House. But they are terribly in need of a woman's faith in them.

In World of Ideas

A very nice person who's something of a Galahad... chivalrous, easily charmed by the little things his wife does... that is the Aries husband (March 22 to April 20). And WARNER BAXTER is one of the outstanding prototypes of his sign. You'll find him always looking forward, never backward. He's impulsive, full of new changes and plans. He lives in a world of ideas. His mission in life, like that of all Aries gentlemen, is to inspire and lead. They have tremendous insight, particularly with those in whom they're most interested. So don't try to conceal anything from them! Deceit is the surest way of killing their love. But the surest way of retaining it is to make your Aries husband proud of you. Make yourself popular with his friends, especially his men friends. See that you're up to the last word in dress and manner and topics of the day. And don't argue. An opinionated wife who likes eternally to dispute a question quenches the flame in him very fast indeed! Another item to remember—he likes to have his family up and doing so don't enjoy poor health.

Unlike Mr. Aries, Mr. Taurus (April 21 to May 21) is not so keen about showing off his wife. He believes very strongly that the woman's place is in the home and in family life. You'll do well not to let his friends like you too much because he's jealous. Just enough to thrill a girl's

[Continued on page 54]
Laughter, Romance And music make Mexico what it is, a country vibrant with warmth and color. And because of this, the small city of Ensenada with its quaint old country atmosphere and its modern, comfortable hotel, situated on the water's edge, has become the playground for Hollywood stars who seek relaxation far away from the grinding of cameras and hurry and bustle of studio activities.

What is worn at this Mexican coast resort is the question uppermost in feminine minds. It is expertly answered by two charming Universal stars, Binnie Barnes who just completed work on Three Smart Girls, and Gloria Stuart whose latest opus for Universal was Girl on the Front Page. Binnie and Gloria along with other Hollywood luminaries were found vacationing by a prying cameraman whose duty is to bring readers the latest news from screenland's fashion center.

At present it might be hard to realize the sun will be shining soon again but we have a hunch that winter will end in the near future, so it is safe to proceed with plans, at least, for printed silks, billowing chiffons and bathing suits. These last items, by the way, are getting gayer and gayer, and cleverer and cleverer. So many different things accompany them, such as shorts and jackets like those worn by Mary Astor; trousers and capes as preferred by Madge Evans; wrap-around beach shawls, and whatnots, to say nothing of

Binnie Barnes is ready for a swim in a pareo made from an imported Oriental cotton print. She wears a short oil silk coat in a delightful shade of orange. Her bamboo matting hat is appliqued with matching flowers. Outfit shown came from Kahala Importing Co.

Gloria Stuart spends a leisurely day attired in a sports outfit of Mexican inspiration. A backless dress of sage green novelty cotton is covered by a short bolero jacket. Skirt and jacket are deeply fringed. A large Mexican sombrero adds atmosphere. This stunning outfit designed by Marjorie Montgomery

Peake cloth straight from Hawaii make these twin beach coats with amusing bamboo pockets worn over neat Catalina swim suits. Hats of bamboo matting are trimmed in the blue and white checked material from the Kahala Importing Co.
a bathing suit being an integral part of any number of evening gowns! Of course! And why not? You get hot and tired dancing, so at intermission you nonchalantly fling yourself out of wisps of tulle and chiffon, spangles and satin and dive off the deep end into phosphorescent waters that wipe worry and weariness from body and mind.

The choicest materials for these evening-gown-bathing-suits are water-proof satin, cellophane and the sheerest silk wool. After drying arms and legs, slip on a pair of cobwebby stockings and slide into the chiffons and sequins and lo, you are ready for the next dance, rejuvenated and bright as a pre-Depression dollar.

Whether you visit Mexico, Florida or points south, why don't you follow the styles set by Hollywood screen stars and wear: A gay colored ban-dana or large Mexican sombrero? Mexican sandals? Printed percale for evening? Fresh flowers in your hair with a pareo? A satin bathing suit printed with the alphabet? Checked Palaka cloth (from Hawaii) beach coats with amusing straw pockets? Woven raffia belts and headbands? A polka dot sunbonnet to match your playsuit? The new short beach dress or long beach coat? A sunsuit made from Celanese’s new mask fabric with a short black taffeta beach coat? Oil silk beach coats in a delightful orange shade? The men? They’ll love it!
YOU'RE TWENTY...you're twenty-five...you're thirty or more!

The years slip by quietly enough. The things that tell it to the world are—little lines, and—a gradual coarsening of the skin's very texture.

Coarse pores and ugly, deepening lines do more to add years to your face than any other skin fault. What causes them? How can you ward them off?

A Faulty Underskin—

Both come from a faulty underskin.

Pores grow larger when tiny oil glands underneath get clogged...Lines form when fibers underneath sag, lose their tone.

To keep these little glands and fibers functioning properly, you must invigorate that underskin. You can—with regular Pond's deep-skin treatments.

Pond's Cold Cream contains specially processed oils. It goes deep into the pores, clears them of make-up, dirt, clogging oils. Then you pat more cold cream in briskly. You feel the circulation waken. Your skin tingles with new vigor.

Day and night—this thorough cleansing and rousing with Pond's Cold Cream. Soon cloggings cease. Pores actually reduce. Under tissues are toned, and lines smooth out. You look years younger!

THE Lady Morris

modern young aristocrat, says it's easy to have a lovely skin in spite of sports and a whirl- ing London season. "I have learned that Pond's is the best way to avoid lines, roughness, or coarse pores."

Day and night—this simple care

Here's the simple treatment that hundreds of women follow, because it does more than cleanse their skin:

Every night, pat on Pond's Cold Cream to soften and release deep-lodged dirt and make-up. Wipe it all off. At once your skin looks clearer! Now rouse your underskin. Pat in more cream—briskly. The circulation stirs. Glands waken. Tissues are invigorated.

Every morning (and before make-up) repeat...Your skin is smooth for powder—fresh, vital looking. Your whole face is brighter, younger!

Start in at once to give your skin this invigorating daily care. Get a jar today. Or, send the coupon below. It brings you a special 9-treatment tube of Pond's Cold Cream.

SPECIAL 9-TREATMENT TUBE

and 3 other Pond's Beauty AIDS

POND'S, Dept. 6-CB, Clinton, Conn.

Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

Name ____________________________

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City ____________________________ State ____________________________

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WHEN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS, PLEASE MENTION FEBRUARY HOLLYWOOD
AFTER THE THIN MAN— (M-G-M) —
With William Powell and Myrna both
at their suave best, plus an
entire cast that troupes to the
hilt. After the Thin Man
carries on where The Thin Man
left off, and does it in a way
that will make you more than
ever sold on the Powell-Loy
team, even though you gasp
at the surprise twist at the fadeout. Given
a scintillating story, plus superb direction
by Woody Van Dyke, killings, blackmail,
new world against high society and a
better cloaking of the killer’s identity than
in any previous film of this kind, the world
and his wife promise to wear well-beaten
paths to cinema box-offices to see this
one.
Powell and Myrna Loy return from a
honey moon to their San Francisco home
and are immediately faced with solving
the mysterious death of a cousin’s philan-
dering and generally obnoxious husband,
who proposed to give up his young wife
to a former suitor for $25,000. Suspicion
is directed at almost everyone in the cast
except Powell and Miss Loy. Elissa Landi,
the neglected wife, and that troupes to
the hilt. After the Thin Man
carries on where The Thin Man
left off, and does it in a way
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one.
million, then sets out to keep Moore alive so his income from premiums may last and make it possible for him to marry Miss Blondell, now an insurance firm secretary. Miss Farrell, as the tool of Perkins and Osgood, proceeds to set a fast pace for the insured Moore, who, under the watchful eye of Powell, seems likely to live longer than his two associates plan, and their exposure is imminent.

How Powell, Miss Blondell and Miss Farrell, who finds she’s falling in love with the man she set out to speed toward death, bring about exposure of the crooked producing duo excites interest.

SHE BEAT US TO IT!

Topping Tupper, Miss Elce Lawton, of San Francisco, caught a sneak preview of The Last Horizon, but wouldn’t let Tupper get scooped. She says:

“I’ve just seen the screen version of James Hilton’s grand novel, The Last Horizon and I pronounce it a genuine masterpiece. In direct contrast with the usual per-

version made by the cinema super-nouns when transcribing a great book for the pic-

tures, this time the boys have really cap-

tured all the amazing suspense and emotion that one felt on reading the book itself. Moreover, although I have never been one to go into a theater over any movie hero, however good, I am forced to concede that Ronald Colman is at once a handsome brute and a splendid actor.”

LOYDS OF LONDON—(20th Century-Fox)—One of the foremost dramatic pictures of the year, its merit will stand sturdily among the tops in a season of outstanding productions. Having the sub-

stance and quality to exude strong word-of-mouth com-

ment, plus a generous share of inviting names, it is richly

romantic and powerfully emotional. One suspects that the writers and producers took some liberties with actual history in creating the story of Lloyds of London, but none will mind that.

There is sweep and magnitude in this historic romance, but magnitude is not permitted to overshadow the intimate, warmly-projected human affairs of lovers and schemers, patriots and poitroons, whose interwoven dramas shape the main

narrative. The picture is off to an imme-
diate heart appeal in the boyish adventure of Freddie Bartholomew and Douglas Scott, the latter as the Nelson boy destined to be the hero of Trafalgar.

Tyrone Power, the grown-up counter-

cut of Bartholomew, becomes the domi-

nating factor in Lloyds. He gives a mag-

ificent performance, displaying every-

thing essential to gain screen idolatry. The

beautiful Madeleine Carroll scores in a vital impersonation of an English aristo-
crat.

Sir Guy Standing is stalwart in the role of Lloyds’ founder. Virginia Field does creditable work as the waitress.

---

TO COME—if he saw me NOW...

**Say that's funny** — She was keen about going. I know — wonder what happened?

Tina’s acting awfully queer lately. She’s just dropped out of everything.

Day evening: It’s Stan’s mother, Tina— he’s coming home this week-end. She wants you for supper Saturday.

Oh mother, I can’t go— not possibly— tell her I’m sorry.

B— but—

Don’t let adolescent pimplies wreck your big “dates”

Pimplies cause countless girls and boys to miss out on good times. They are very common after the start of adolescence, from about 13 to 25. At this time, important glands develop and final growth takes place. Disturbances occur in the body. The skin gets oversensitive. Waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin—pimplies appear.

Fleischman's Yeast clears these skin irritants out of the blood. Pimplies go! Eat 3 cakes daily, one about ½ hour before meals—plain, or in a little water—until skin is entirely clear. Start now!

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When Answering Advertisements, Please Mention February Hollywood
Carry TUMS—Get Relief
5 to 30 Minutes QUICKER

HERE'S real scientific acid indigestion relief done up in a 10c, "vest-pocket" roll of tasty little mints. No wonder millions have adopted the sensible carry TUMS idea, to be sure of getting thorough, quick relief from today's unexpected attacks of heartburn, sour stomach or gas. TUMS are pleasant-tasting...just like candy...so handy to carry in pocket or purse. And contain no harsh alkalies. No chance for dangerous overalkalization of your stomach. Just enough of TUMS' antacid compound is released to correct your stomach acidity...the remainder passing un-released from your system. Only 10c a roll—even cheaper in the 25c, three-roll ECONOMY PACK. At all drug stores. Carry TUMS.

**Champagne Waltz, Paramount's silver jubilee picture,** brings you Gladys Swarthout in a lilting song and Fred MacMurray as a jazz band leader.

**Champagne Waltz**—(Paramount)—Hailed as Adolph Zukor's Silver Jubilee picture, Champagne Waltz is about as sparkling as a schooner of yesterday's beer. One might expect much of such a title; more of advance notices, but the finished effort is disappointing. Gladys Swarthout again proves her singing ability, Fred MacMurray plays a jazz band leader convincingly, Jack Oakie, as MacMurray's manager, and Herman Bing as a Vienna dance hall owner, provide the comedy moments, and Velos and Yolanda offer two smart terpsichorean numbers.

**The Plainsman**—(Paramount)—The dramatic highlights of Western American history are presented on a monumental scale in this picture of strong men who battle overwhelming odds to win a wild country from wild men. Against the stirring background of Indian massacres is woven an intimate tale of human love. Gary Cooper as the lanky, hardy, dead-eye Wild Bill Hickok, attains a height it will be hard for him to reach again. Jean Arthur as that rootin', tootin', cussin' female, Calamity Jane, deserves tremendous acclaim.

**Rainbow on the River**—(Principal Productions)—You'll cry, you'll laugh, and you'll like Bobby Breen as he sings his way into your heart while portraying the heartache of a Confederate orphan lad trying to win the love of Yankee forebears. Bobby's gestures sometimes get a bit tiring but his luscious voice is inspiring. He has a good vehicle that offers him fine opportunities to show his histrionic ability. You may rest assured that there will be tears in every audience, particularly in sequences where his Southern mammy, ably portrayed by Louise Beavers of Imitation of Life fame, it torn between love of the orphan lad she loves so dearly and the decision to let the boy go to his "quality folks" in New York.
GREAT GUY—(Grand National)—Those who have been waiting to see how Jimmy Cagney's comeback picture will measure up to past screen efforts of the fiery Irishman will not be disappointed, for he's surely a "great guy" in Great Guy. Tongue-in-the-cheek critics have been rather sure that after his court battle over contracts he would emerge without some setback.

The picture is a meaty one in which Cagney, pinch-hitting for a super-honest city weights and measures department head, who has been purposely injured in a framed auto crash, carries on in such legitimate fashion that he has the mayor, ward-heelers and big politicians on a limb. Then comes the boomerang that brings Jimmy out on top and the men who would besmirch him are punished. His romance with Mae Clarke is of the on-again-off-again-Finnegan variety, mostly because his work strikes at the reputation of her boss, whom she thinks a model of virtue in the business world. When Cagney proves the contrary, Mae clinches with Jimmy and happiness rules.

WITH LOVE AND KISSES—(Melody)—A light story of an Arkansas country boy, who has a flair for writing popular songs, meets city gal, goes to big city and gets into trouble with gangsters. Pinky Tomlin and Toby Wing carry the leads. Tomlin takes his cow to New York.

The highlights of the picture come when the cow makes a New York apartment her home and when Tomlin meets Toby's drunk brother, Arthur Houseman. Houseman and the cow steal the picture as far as performance goes. Pinky makes a convincing country boy. Others in the cast are Kane Richman, Russell Hopton, Jerry Bergen and others.

THREE SMART GIRLS—(Universal)—This is one you should not miss, if only to see Deanna Durbin, 13-year-old singing prodigy, as good as advance notices. With a ready-made radio following gained by appearances on the Cantor alights, this girl clicks well in her first picture in which she shares the feminine lead with two other girls—Nan Grey and Barbara Read. Apparently Universal has made a smart move in recognizing the limitations of early teen age, and thus gained a high-class film that might not have been so good had they focused the entire feminine attention on little Deanna. Binnie Barnes, Charles Winninger, Alice Brady and Ray Milland have important adult roles.

THRILLS FOR YOU

Add to your own enjoyment of new movies by knowing the complete fiction story of each film before it is shown in any theatre. It's easy, just discover for yourself the magazine Romantic Movie Stories. This magazine prints the complete and exclusive fiction stories of new movies (illustrated with actual scenes from the productions) before the films are shown anywhere.

In the February issue now on sale you will find: Interlude, starring Grace Moore and Cary Grant; After the Thin Man, with William Powell and Myrna Loy; Love is News, with Loretta Young and Tyrone Power. Ten complete movie stories and you'll shell to them all. Get your copy of Romantic Movie Stories today.

"DIRT POCKETS" IN YOUR SKIN!

When Pores Become Clogged They Become Little "Dirt Pockets" and Produce Blackheads, Enlarged Pores, Muddy Skin and Other Blemishes!

By Lady Esther

When you do not cleanse your skin properly, every pore becomes a tiny "dirt pocket." The dirt keeps on accumulating and the pore becomes larger and larger and blackheads and muddy skin and other blemishes follow.

"But," you say, "it is impossible for "dirt pockets" to form in my skin. I clean my skin every morning and every night." But, are you sure you really cleanse your skin, or do you only go through the motions?

Surface Cleansing Not Enough

Some methods, as much faith as you have in them, only give your skin a "lick-and-a-promiss." They don't "houseclean" your skin, which is what is necessary.

What you want is deep cleansing! Many methods only "clean off" the skin. They do not clean it out! Any good housekeeper knows the difference.

What you want is a cream that does more than "grease" the surface of your skin. You want a cream that penetrates the pores! Such a cream, distinctly, is Lady Esther Face Cream. It is a cream that gets below the surface—into the pores.

Dissolves the Waxy Dirt

Gently and soothingly, it penetrates the tiny openings. There, it goes to work on the accumulated waxy dirt. It breaks up this griny dirt—dissolves it—and makes it easily removable. All the dirt comes out, not just part of it!

As Lady Esther Face Cream cleanses the skin, it also lubricates it. It resupplies the skin with a fine oil that overcomes dryness and scaly patches and keeps the skin soft and smooth. So smooth, in fact, does it make the skin, that the skin takes powder perfectly without any preliminary "greasing."

Definite Results!

Lady Esther Face Cream will be found to be definitely efficient in the care of your skin. It will solve many of the complexion problems you now have.

But let a free trial prove this to you. Just send me your name and address and by return mail I'll send you a 7-days' tube. Then, see for yourself the difference it makes in your skin.

With the tube of cream, I'll also send you all five shades of my Lady Esther Face Powder. Clip the coupon now.

When answering advertisements, please mention February Hollywood.
KILL KIDNEY ACIDS

Win Back Pep, Clear Your Skin, Look Younger.

Women Need Help More Often Than Men

When acids and poisons accumulate in your blood you lose your vitality and your skin becomes coarse and chapped — you actually feel and look older than you are.

And what is worse, functional kidney disorders may cause more serious ailments such as Getting Up Nights, Nervousness, Leg Pains, Lumbago, Swollen Joints, In¬herent Pain, Discourage back, Chills Under Ryes, Kid¬necks, Frequent Colds, Burning, smarting, itching, and Malaise.

The only way your body can clean out the Acids, poisons, and toxins from your blood is through the function of a million tiny, delicate tubes or filters in your Kidneys. When your Kidneys get tired or slow down because of functional disorders, the Acids and poisons accumulate and thus cause much trouble. Fortunately, it is now easy to help stimulate the delicate action of the Kidneys with a Doctor's prescription. Cystex (pronounced Cys-Tex), which is available at all drug stores.

Doctors Praise Cystex

Dr. Geo. B. Knight, of Comed, New Jersey, recently wrote us:

"When Kidneys don't function properly and fail to properly drain off the waste matter strained from the blood, acids develop in the system and joints. The patient suffers, sleep is disturbed, and the patient is generally run-down and suffers with lowered vitality. Cystex is an excellent prescription to help overcome this condition. It starts its beneficial action almost immediately, yet contains no harmful or injurious ingredients. I consider this a precaution which men and women in all walks of life should find beneficial in the treatment of functional kidney disorders." And Dr. T. J. Reilly, famous Boston, Sur¬geon, and Medicare, of London, says, "Cystex is one of the most efficacious and in accordance with the strict requirements of the United States Pharmacopoeia, and because it is intended essentially for functional kidney and Blisther disorders, it is safe and harmless." World-Wide Success

Cystex is not an experiment, but a proven success in 31 different countries throughout the world. It is prepared with scientific accuracy and in accordance with the strict requirements of the United States Pharmacopoeia and the United States Pharmacopoeia, and because it is intended essentially for functional kidney and Blisther disorders, it is safe and harmless.

Guaranteed To Work

Cystex is offered to all sufferers from functional kidney and Ulisther disorders, under an unlimited guarantee. Put it to the test — see what it can do in your own particular case. It must bring you a new feeling of energy and vitality in 24 hours — it must make you look and feel younger and work to your entire satisfaction in 10 days or you receive the money refunded in full. You are the sole and final judge of your own satisfaction. Cystex costs only 3¢ a dose at all druggists, and at the guarantee protects you fully, you should not take chances with cheap, inferior, or irritating drugs or with a danger drug for guaranteed Cystex (pronounced Cys-Tex) today.

Brief Film Guide

TO THESE, TOPPER WAVES
HIS HAT:

Charge of the Light Brigade—(Warners)—Errol Flynn, Olivia de Havilland, Patric Knowles, C. H. Henry Gordon, Rousign and adventurous.

Liede Lady—(M-G-M)—Four stars: Jean Harlow, William Powell, Spencer Tracy, Myrna Loy. It is high class, rough and tumble comedy.


Romeo and Juliet—(M-G-M)—Shakespeare's most famous bit of hack writing, superbly improved by the presence of Norma Shearer and great cast.

Dodsworth—(Goldwyn)—You'll rave about this one. Walter Huston grabs top honors, closely followed by Mary Astor, Ruth Chatterton.

Come and Get It—(Goldwyn)—Edward Arnold, Frances Farmer, Joel McCrea and Walter Brennan. Dynamic, satisfying drama.

Winterfest—(RKO)—Burgess Meredith, Eduadro Giannelli, Edward Ellis, Paul Guilfoyle, Maurice Moscovitch and Marlo. Gripping drama exceptionally done.

GOOD ENTERTAINMENT:

My Man Godfrey—(Universal)—Just about tops in comedy, with Carole Lombard and William Powell.

Big Broadcast of 1937—(Paramount)—Not quite up to its predecessors, but satisfactory in most respects. Jack Benny.

Ramona—(20th Century)—Can be recommended for its colorful treatment and a model of Technicolor treatment as it should be.

Sing, Baby, Sing—(20th Century)—If you haven't seen Adolphe Menjou and gang in this comedy, look it up at the nearest neighborhood theatre.

Reunion—(20th Century-Fox)—The Dionne quintuplets score again with Jean Hersholt, Dorothy Peterson, Slim Summerville, Alan Dinehart and Rochelle Hudson. Human story that clicks.

Garden of Allah—(Selznick)—Spectacular color and moving musical score lend appeal to story having Marlene Dietrich, Charles Boyer and Basil Rathbone in stellar roles.

Tarzan Escapes—(M-G-M)—Johnny Weismuller and Maureen O'Sullivan score again in jungle thriller.

Theodora Goes Wild—(Columbia)—Irene Dunne turns comedienne with a capital C. Melvyn Douglas in telling portrayal. By all means see it.

Love on the Run—(M-G-M)—Clark Gable, Franchot Tone and Joan Crawford. Rollicking yarn that holds interest.

Born to Dance—(M-G-M)—Eleanor Powell will tap you into a trance while James Stewart, Una Merkel, Frances Langford, Alan Dinehart, Virginia Bruce and Buddy Ebsen keep you amused in a nautical romance.
American artist, he scoffs at flatterers, and gives the songbird an analysis of herself that is the direct antithesis of what all others voice.

Aline MacMahon, Henry Stephenson, Catherine Doucet, Edgar Kennedy and Luis Alberni lend much to the qualities of Interlude as entertaining screen fare.

The Mexican sequences of Interlude give Miss Moore opportunity for several songs during a Latin festival, in the course of which Grant stages a realistic fight with two hecklers of the diva. Grant’s actions show him a paradox, insulting the singing artist one moment by drawing her picture without a face—saying he draws only that which he sees and hers is a complete blank—then going into fisticuffs when unappreciative listeners to her songs interrupted her singing.

The road to romance in Interlude is a rough one from the start, but the vehicle gives Grace Moore and Cary Grant fine opportunity to express their respective abilities—advantages they never for a moment overlook.

MOVIELAND TOUR
A 1937 Movieland Tour more glorious and more thrilling than the splendid movieland tours of 1935 and 1936! That is the answer of Fawcett Publications to repeated demands from hundreds of enthusiastic readers, who took advantage of the successful Movieland tours of the two preceding summers.

Take this chance to visit Hollywood! See the stars you read about. Talk to the famed personalities you see in pictures. Go through their splendid homes.

Among preparations to make 1937 the banner year of movie tours, there will be two tours this summer. Watch for full details in next month’s issue of this magazine.
Fear has no place in
FEMININE HYGIENE
if your method is modern

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 harmful, here is news that you will welcome.

Thousands of happy, enlightened women now enjoy a method that is modern, safe, effective, and equally important—dainty!

Zonitors offer a new kind of suppository that is small, snowy-white and GREASELESS! While easy to apply and completely removable with water, Zonitors maintain the long effective antiseptic contact physicians recommend. No mixing. No clumsy apparatus. Odorless—and an ideal deodorant.

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Personal to Fat Girls!—Now you can slim down your face and figure without strict dieting or back-breaking exercises. Just eat sensibly and take Marmola Prescription Tablets a day until you have lost enough fat—then stop. Marmola Prescription Tablets contain the same element prescribed by most doctors in treating their fat patients. Millions of people are using them with success. Don’t let others think you have no spunk and that your will-power is as flabby as your flesh. Start with Marmola today and win the slender lovely figure rightfully yours.

BEHIND THE SCENES
Taking Risks in Hollywood!

Lloyds of London was born in a coffee shop! This scene from the 20th Century-Fox film of that title shows bell in upper left corner, which was rung once when an insured ship met disaster; twice for favorable news reports.

With Lloyds of London reaching the screen to tell how this most unusual of insurance firms came into being interest is stimulated in the strange guarantees written by Lloyds and others on film productions and those who work in pictures. Lloyds takes almost any gamble—against your money. They’ll “bet” almost any money a thing will, or will NOT happen—if you pay the premium, which sometimes is too high to make insuring practical.

Lloyds will insure a film producer against a possible “flop,” but the cost makes cinema makers rely mostly on their own judgment as to what material will be box office.

The average premium charged by Lloyds to the studios, in insuring stars against injury or death during the production of a motion picture, is 50 cents per $100 worth of insurance per person. A star’s value is assessed by Lloyds by taking the entire estimated cost of the finished picture. For example, in insuring Ruth Chatterton during the making of Dodsworth, Samuel Goldwyn took out a million-dollar policy. Walter Huston, Mary Astor, Paul Lukas, William Wyler, the director, and Odette Myrtil has equal protection,” which meant $5,000 premiums on each.

The stars have to undergo rigid physical examination before Lloyds write a policy covering a picture role. This makes it essential that stars keep fit, else a coveted role might be denied them. Lloyds will insure a rather bad risk, but the premium would make a producer shy.

Lloyds’ insurance covers film productions in two ways—partial loss or total loss. This means that if a star becomes ill and the company cannot “shoot around” him or her, Lloyds stand the cost of the delay, which might run $15,000 to $20,000 or more per day. In case of death of a star and the entire picture so far made had to be junked, Lloyds would assume the loss. Easily replaceable persons in a cast cannot be insured.

Lloyds’ estimators are picture wise. They must see the budget and make sure a million-dollar picture is a million-dollar picture. Preparation for the insurance examinations are often as rigorous as training for a boxing match. It took Edward Arnold six weeks to get in trim for his million-dollar examination for Come and Get It. Six weeks of arduous boxing, riding, golfing, walking, running and swimming—plus foregoing of rich
THE RIGHT AND WRONG ABOUT Colds!

Facts It Will Pay You to Know!

The "Common Cold" is the scourge of our civilization.
Every year it takes more in lives and health and expense than any other ailment to which we're subject.
The sad part of it is that much of the misery caused by colds is due to carelessness or ignorance in treating colds.
A cold, as your doctor will tell you, is an internal infection caused by a virus or germ. In other words, regardless of the locality of the symptoms, a cold is something lodged within the system.

Everything but the Right Thing!
The failure of many people to recognize the true nature of a cold results in much mistreatment of colds. More often than not, people do everything but the right thing in the treatment of a cold.
They employ externals of all kinds when it's obvious that you've got to get at a cold from the inside. They swallow all kinds of preparations which, for seven months of the year, are good for everything but colds and which suddenly become "also good for colds" when the cold weather sets in.
Many of these methods are good as far as they go—but they don't go far enough! They don't treat a cold internally and thereby get at the infection in the system. The result often is that a cold progresses to the point where "complications" set in and it becomes a serious matter.

What a Cold Calls for
It's obvious that a cold calls, first of all, for a cold treatment? A preparation that's good for all kinds of different ailments can't be equally good for colds.
A cold, furthermore, calls for internal treatment. An infection within the system must be got at from the inside.
Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine tablets supply reliable treatment.
First of all, Bromo Quinine tablets are cold tablets! They are made for colds and only colds. They are not a "cure-all" or a preparation only incidentally good for colds.
Secondly, Bromo Quinine tablets are internal treatment. They work within you and they do four important things.

Four Important Effects
They open the bowels, an acknowledged wise step in treating a cold.
They combat the infection in the system.
They relieve the headache and fever. They tone the system and help fortify against further attack.
This is the fourfold effect you want for the treatment of a cold and in Bromo Quinine you get it in the form of a single tablet.

Safe as Well as Effective
Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine tablets impose no penalty for their use. They contain nothing harmful and are safe to take. Their dependability is proven by over 40 years of use.
Bromo Quinine tablets now come sugar-coated as well as plain. The sugar-coated tablets are exactly the same as the regular except that they are coated with sugar for palatability.
Every drug store in America sells Grove's Bromo Quinine tablets. Let them be your first thought in case of a cold.
Ask for, and demand, Grove's Bromo Quinine tablets! The few pennies' cost may save you a lot in worry, suspense and expense.

Before Edward Arnold could be insured for his role in Come and Get It, he had to train off some twenty pounds within a few weeks.
She's On Her Toes

(Continued from page sixteen)

the phone would ring with an invitation to come over and lose some more pennies playing rummy. With her mother and sister, Ruth, we played four handed rummy until I never wanted to look another deck of cards in the face.

Twelve Months: Six Pictures

Now, talking to her in the living room of her lovely new apartment with its modern furniture and its white walls, it seems a long time ago. But her twelve months and six pictures in Hollywood haven't changed Eleanor's original outlook on this business of being famous.

"This is treason!" I said. "You've been here a year now and you haven't even been linked in a front page romance. You're a great disappointment to me, Eleanor!"

She grinned at this ribbing. The Whitney has a sense of humor that is as modern as tomorrow's styles. She looked beyond me, wistfully, a far-away look in her eye. "In fact," she admitted thoughtfully, "the first seven months I was here I didn't even have a date!"

I sat bolt upright. "What?" I demanded furiously. "What was I doing? Serving as a stand-in for the younger generation?"

Eleanor looked at me doubtfully. "That's right," she conceded grudgingly. "If we count you . . ."

Mrs. Whitney looked up wearily from her magazine. "If you two are going to start that again—"

I pointed an accusing finger at her daughter who, attired in blue chenille lounging pajamas, was lounging most effectually against the divan. "I'll leave it to you, Mrs. Whitney! Who showed Eleanor the town? Who warned her against these fiends in producers' clothing? Who bought her melted milks in Hollywood and chocolate sodas in Chicago?"

Eleanor shook her aurora head. "It's all right, dear," she assured her mother. "He's always that way when it rains."

I lit my pipe and withdrew into a mantle of wounded dignity. I withdrew, that is, until Eleanor said in a loud stage whisper, "Don't look now, folks, but he's being masterful!"

"Listen, Whitney," I said coldly. "I come out here in a pouring rain. I expose myself to a cold, maybe even pneumonia! And what happens? You're late! And when you do come in you haven't any make-up on and your hair's all stringy!"

"It was not stringy!" she said indignantly. "And what's more, since when have you had the right to consider yourself company?"

I glowered at her. "Do we get along with this interview or don't we? What would your public say to this flippancy?"

"Ah! My Public!"

She rolled her eyes in mock tragedy. "Ah, my public!" Suddenly she leaned back against the divan, curling her legs in a turk fashion, beneath her. Her tiny face was suddenly as serious as a moment before it had been mischievous. "Kidding aside, Dick, what is there to tell you that you don't already know? You were the first person I knew in Hollywood. You know who and what I . . ."


She picked up the bouillon cup from the tray beside her and sipped it thoughtfully. While Eleanor is very frank—almost too much so—she isn't given to committing herself until she's sure just what she wants to say. Once said, she'll stick to it through thick and thin.

Her forte is a determination that, at first, seems incongruous with her tiny
features and twinkling feet. But when you know her background, how she earned her screen success the hard way, you're not so surprised at the level head on this nineteen-year-old. I remember when she was making her first picture, *Millions in the Air*. She'd sprained her ankle so badly while practicing a new dance routine that I'd had to take her to the Hollywood Hospital that night to have her foot taped and bandaged. She could hardly walk when she left the emergency dressing room.

Yet the next day she did that difficult routine three times before the cameras. I know, you see. I was on the sidelines with her mother, wondering as she was, just how long Eleanore could hold up.

Eleanore glanced up from her cup; looked out at the driving rain that beat against the French windows on this quiet Sunday afternoon. "I don't know just how I do feel about Hollywood," she admitted finally.

Grateful for Good Fortune

"I've had a lot of good fortune here. I'm grateful for that. But you never seem to get to really know anyone. Know what they're like underneath, I mean. One thing I have gained here. That's a feeling of security. To be able to save my money, to put it into annuities, to look out for the future." She grinned suddenly. "I don't mind! I was eighty! But after tramping in vaudeville, trying to get a start—it's mighty nice to have a little sense of security!"

I nodded. Eleanore made her stage debut when she was eight. At ten she was a familiar attraction in the theatres of Cleveland, her home town. When she was eleven, a local stage manager, impressed with her ability, asked Bill Robinson, the greatest tap dancer of them all, to watch the little girl's routines. That ebony gentleman was so impressed that he agreed to coach Eleanore personally. Whenever Bill Robinson played Cleveland, you could find Eleanore and her mother backstage, waiting for the precious moments he could spare to rehearse his protege.

Two years later she was on the road with Rae Samuels, the Blue Streak of Vaudeville. For three years she toured the country, playing every city on the Orpheum circuit as a member of Miss Samuels' act. Eleanore's mother, with her husband and younger daughter to care for, couldn't accompany her on the road. Many nights the kid cried herself to sleep because of homesickness and loneliness for those she loved best.

So now you'll understand why security and a home seem so good to this little girl of the dancing feet and the large, luminous eyes. She hasn't always had them. I said to her then, "If you feel that way—the desire to be safe and secure—maybe that's why you've never fallen in love."

Security in Romance

She nodded a little. "I'd want security in romance like anything else. It isn't too much to ask, is it? One marriage is enough! When I do get married, it'll be to a man older than myself. At least I hope it will! I don't think I've ever really cared for any boy who was just about my age. Not even school girl crushes! That's one thing I've never liked very much out here. Reading in the papers all about who has a 'crush' on whom! Why, they keep linking your name with fellows you don't even know, let alone go out with!"

She wrinkled her nose with distaste as she mentioned that. Since she's been in Hollywood her dates have been almost
entirely confined to Robert Taylor, Johnny Downs and Bob Howard, son of a west coast auto magnate. Not one has been a romance in the accepted sense of the word. She's liked them but never been in their company—and that's that.

If I know Eleanor, she'll never really fall for any man until she meets some fellow who is hard to get. She's had to work too hard to achieve what she's wanted. And, following her psychology, what isn't hard to earn isn't much fun having to this young lady. She hopes to marry before she's twenty-four. And when she does... goodbye to the career and the silver screen.

"Not that I'm looking for romance," she added hastily. "You'd never find it that way. I'm just like every other girl, I imagine. We all think about getting married some time. And when the real thing comes along, I'll know it."

Real Benefactor

There is one dramatic story behind Eleanor Whitney's success that has never been told. I'm privileged to tell it here on the condition that the man's name isn't used. "You know why?" she said. "After Walter Winchell mentioned his helping me, the poor man was overrun with other people. I owe so very much to him that the very least I can do is to follow his wishes and keep his name a secret.

There is, in Cleveland, a middle-aged gentleman whose kindly benevolences have helped more than one boy and girl on the high road to success. The owner of a large department store, his greatest interest has always been in aiding youngsters, giving them advantages that he never enjoyed. Eleanor Whitney's career can be said to have started the day that this man first saw her dance.

You may remember Benny Friedman, the University of Michigan All-American quarterback. He was sent to college by this quiet benefactor. There are any number of crippled children who are walking today because of operations for which this gentleman paid. His charities are as widespread as they are little known. He met Eleanor and her mother soon after she made her first bow from the stage.

He was impressed with the tiny girl's ability and said so. More important, he wanted to do something about it. He insisted on seeing that Eleanor had the finest professional teachers that Cleveland and New York could provide. Her schooling was largely paid for by this man. To this day, his kind, wise counsel has guided almost every step of Eleanor's career.

Prince Behind Scene

Only recently she wrote him, asking how she might repay his generosity. His reply was indicative of the man. He would, he said, repay all the repayment he wanted by watching Eleanor's success and happiness; by the fine things she could do now for her own family. When Hollywood learned of this background to her career, the cinema citadel will be more certain than ever that she should be labeled as Hollywood's latest Cinderella! Treatment improves her work in pictures, I know. Currently she is playing with Jack Benny in College Holiday and it seems like old home week to her. For years in the army, she traveled with Jack and Mary Livingstone as one of their stage unit. That was just prior to her being signed by Rudy Vallee and screen tested for the part that was to bring her to Hollywood.
Doggone Clever!

Retrieving arrows is the bane of every archer's aim-perfecting activity, but Evalyn Knapp has solved the problem when she sets up a target on the beach. The dog exhibits interest in the task.

West Basin, Evalyn's sea-going pointer, so named because of the yacht anchorage where the actress moors her cutter, alertly watches as she aims at an invisible surfside target.

The retriever brings back the arrow, having been trained to be as careful of the shafts as he would in bringing back a quail with feathers unruffled. Remarkable fellows, these pointers!

All Day long

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Brownatone is only 50c at drug or toilet counters everywhere—always on a money-back guarantee. If you haven't got a send for test bottle.

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Hollywood Young Stars

By Phyllis Fraser (Our Star Society Editor)

Last Minute News: Pinky Tomlin and Toby Wing's engagement has been announced, but when I asked Pinky about it at Ida Lupino's cocktail party, he said that they weren't in any rush and probably wouldn't get married for a year or more... Dick Foran and Claudia Morgan, Ralph's daughter, are planning a merger... The newlyweds, Anne Nagel and Ross Alexander, take their dachshund with them to night clubs and let it run around the floor... Anita Colby, told me when I questioned her, that she and Walter Kane would not marry... but they are still being seen in all the late spots together... Anne Shirley and Owen Davis, Jr., have called off their romance.

It's a toss up whether the Hollywood younger set is getting Scottish, or if their lust for a new game has caused them to find a use for their ancient phonograph records. Whatever the case may be, Anne Shirley at a recent Capelight party passed paper and pencils out to her guests and told them to number the records, one, two, etc., as she played them and to guess what they were. Betty Grable won the prize for knowing the most old timers and when Anne served an ice cream cake that was decorated with a chocolate record, for refreshments, Diana Gibson asked Betty if she knew the name of that one, too, and Betty told her, "Yes, that was commonly known as 'Foot.'"

Success Stories... Phyllis Dobson, who recently won the title of Miss California, has just been signed to a long-term contract by the New Universal... I wonder if they remember that she was under contract to that studio two years ago under the name of Phyllis Ludwig and at a considerably lower salary, and that they let her go?

Anne Sheridan, who gave such a grand performance in Fighting Youth and then for some unknown reason went without work for more than a year and a half, is making up for lost time now by working in two pictures at once, with another waiting for her at Warner Brothers.

The saying goes that everyone during their life time writes either a poem, a story—or a song. Snoop on this theory we found that any number of our younger set had written poems, so from time to time—if you enjoy them, we're going to publish some on these pages. The first is by Anne Shirley. She wrote it while working in Make Way for a Lady, her latest starring vehicle. In many scenes of the picture it shows her writing in a diary and during the filming rather than just scribbling something—she made up the following:

I live in the movie town, Where directors and stars reside, Where flowers never turn brown, And there's a roaring ocean tide.

Maureen O'Sullivan's mother, who came from Ireland to visit Maureen and her husband, John Farrow, proved to the satisfaction of all Maureen's dinner guests at a recent gathering that she had psychic powers. Mrs. O'Sullivan told everyone things about themselves that they declared no one else knew... which made Alan Mowbray ask Maureen how she got away with things when she was a child... and Maureen's answer was—that she didn't...
Pick Up... When Vinton Haworth was a boy he learned how to make miniature boats at the Smithsonian Institution where he worked after school... it's now his hobby and he's made two small ships complete in every detail... Colleen Moore saw the one he gave to Ginger Rogers and asked him to build one for the nautical library of her famous Doll House... Vin says when he finishes it—it will be only one inch wide, but that it will be an authentic copy of a large boat. Olivia De Havilland gets a kick out of telling people, when they exclaim about the loveliness of her hair in pictures, that she wears a wig... The house that Lela and Ginger Rogers are building is on top of one of Hollywood's highest hills, and when it's finished they're going to hold open house for a week... Rochelle Hudson is now smoking her cigarettes through a long, ivory holder... Anita Louise proved herself the good sport that she is, at a party when someone spilled a cup of coffee on her drapery she was wearing. For the first time, she immediately spilled some more to show them that it didn't matter... Paula and Carol Stone are going to have their own private wings in the house Fred is building for his family—each wing will have its own kitchen, breakfast nook, reception room and bedroom... Johnny Downs' favorite pastime is making candid camera shots of all his friends and then pasting them in a large album and having each one write something under his or her picture...

Curved Darts... When Sue Carol and Howard Wilson took the wedding vows only two other people witnessed the ceremony and they were Henry Wilson—who introduced them, and Dixie Crosby, Sue's best friend... later however at Era Gregory's reception for them all the well-wishers were present to throw rice... one chap took his shoes off to throw but decided against it when he realized he might have to go home in his stocking feet... Alan Lane wants to make Betty Furness his Mrs., but Betty can't make up her mind.

Thousands of Naturally Skinny Weak, Rundown, Nervous Folks Have Made This Amazing Discovery!

How Amazing New Sea Plant Concentrate from Pacific Ocean, by Feeding IODINE-Starved Glans, has Quickly Renewed Energy, Built Glorious New Strength for Thousands. Gains of 5 to 25 Lbs. Reported Regularly!

Here's new hope and encouragement for thousands of thin, tired, weak, worn-out human beings who are living in areas where iodine and strength have been sapped by overwork and stress. For the sea plants of the Pacific Ocean have been halfried and allowed to harden; blood has been drained from them in what I often call one of the most natural rejuvenation tonics—a substance—IODINE-Starved Glands. When these glands don't work properly, the blood in the body can't help you. It just sits in the blood vessels. The result is you are weak, rundown, anemic. One of the best ways that actually promotes body weight and strength-building—tends a definite action of iodine all the time—NATURAL FOODS—Kelpamalt. It is fed, not fed, not fed to be used with chemical bodies which often proves toxic. Only when the system gets a good supply of iodine can you regular metabolism—tie the blood process of renewing charged food into the body and new strength and energy. To test this vital substance to everyone, I have concentrated and available forms, take Sevadol Kelpamalt—new recognized as the world's richest source of this mineral substance.

Make This Test! Make this test with Sevadol Kelpamalt. First wash yourself and see how long you can work or rub your face without fainting. Then take a Sevadol Kelpamalt Tablet each meal for 1 week and again, wash yourself and see how long you can work or rub your face without fainting, how much farther you can walk. Now, how much better you feel, sleep and eat. Wash flattening extra pounds appear in place of vacancy before.

Money-Back Guarantee If you are not absolutely satisfied with the results of even the first week, the total is free and your money will be refunded. Sevadol Kelpamalt costs but little, but little... You can't afford it! You can't afford it without buying a Sevadol Kelpamalt tablet at a bargain price of $3.00 for 65 tablets. A Sevadol Kelpamalt Tablet costs only $0.06. Only one of these tablets will make a noticeable difference in the diet—yet a few cents a day to use. Get Sevadol Kelpamalt Tablet, Kelpamalt Tablet, is at all good drug stores. If you can't find one, send your name, $3.00 for special introduction and the bottle of 65 tablets to the address below.

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Write today for fascinating instructive service book on How to Add Weight Quickly, Build Strength, Energy, Weight. Sevadol Tablets and S.R.D's. Send me your money order for only $3.00 and I will forward you a book on how to build weight, muscles, strength and energy. This offer is good in the United States and Canada only. (Money must go in advance.)

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There is a Thousand Dolls Coming!

Here's a chance for you to win a big cash prize in the easiest contest ever offered. Watch for complete details of this amazing offer in March Hollywood Magazine.

When Answering Advertisements, Please Mention February Hollywood
The World Indoors!
(Continued from page twelve)

when she dashed into a room for an emotional close-up scene. Fonda was surprised, however, when the be-monocled stickler for realism drenched a pail of ice water over him to make him go into a bona fide shiver in a rainstorm sequence. "Hank" started to protest, but the cameras started rolling and, like a real trouper, he played through the scene.

Nothing is real if it isn't natural, insisted Lang—and how could Fonda appear baredrench and battling his way through the wet and cold unless he felt that way? Likewise, when Fonda and Guinn "Big Boy" Williams were supposed to engage in a ferocious fight in a hospital ward, it was rumored Lang told Fonda that Williams said he didn't believe Fonda "could take it." Anyway, the scrap was a pip while it lasted. Screen fans will remember the battle Fonda and Fred MacMurray staged in The Trail of the Lonesome Pine, in which Miss Sidney also appeared.

Despite this hard work of being realistic, the whole troupe managed to have a pretty good time during the shooting of the picture. One day, Fonda decided to give a laugh at Lang's expense. So he walked on the set with his pockets laden with corn cob pipes, which he passed around to the entire crew. When the director arrived, all were puffing merrily on their pipes—which smelled so badly Lang offered to buy each of them one if they only would quit smoking the corn cob.

Another day Sylvia nearly drove Henry frantic by telling him her maid had heard a radio broadcast on which the announcer had stated Fonda was the star of a certain picture, which was so bad all Hollywood has been talking about it.

And the entire troupe almost forgot about work the day Doris Dudley appeared on the set with a five-weeks-old lion cub, which she presented to Lang. Doris, incidentally, visited the set fre-
Miss Sidney and Fonda climbed mountains, waded swamps and battled desert sand without leaving the studio. From the stars’ and technicians’ standpoint, working under hundreds of blazing lights, it was more arduous than the real thing. Toward the end of the picture Miss Sidney stumbled down a mountain side on stage 6 and tore a ligament in her right knee.

Among the hundreds of atmospheric players engaged for You Only Live Once were several old-time silent picture favorites, including Harry Myers and Florence Turner. Both were stars in their day, but the whirligig of Hollywood has forced them into the extra ranks. Ironically, Myers was one of Henry Fonda’s boyhood screen idols.

The youngest member of the cast gave the director a taste of real temperamental Maurice Black, Jr., aged twenty-three days, yelled at Lang. Miss Sidney and Fonda, ruined several scenes, and had the whole studio catering to him. Like other actors of his age, he boasted a nurse, welfare worker and private car that delivered him right to the door of the nursery which California law says must be provided on the set. Maurice could be in the studio only two hours a day, on the set under the lights only a total of twenty minutes, and only thirty seconds at a time.

Charles “Chic” Sale did his final role in You Only Live Once. A few days after the noted comedian had completed a characterization in which he played himself, minus the chin whiskers and make-up of his usual hick portrayal, and before the picture was completed, he was stricken with the illness that caused his death.

Comfort between scenes? Sylvia Sidney and Barton MacLane seem satisfied with a high stool and a box on which to take relaxation.

WHAT A LUCKY BREAK THAT TOOTHACHE WAS!

When answering advertisements, please mention February Hollywood
heart! The natural conquerors, persons of the strongest will power, are born in this Taurus sign. Which is why such famous young men as GARY COOPER, BING CROSBY and HENRY FONDA have swept everything before them and gone straight to the top. They have more vitality than any other type so keep them busy and interested.

As husbands these chaps are solid, practical and substantial but never expect much in the way of compliments from them; they are not given to such things. They have an innate desire for children to carry on their name, for a homestead in which they can take root. Bing Crosby built a twenty-three room Colonial home- stead out in the North Hollywood district and he asserted, "I hope Dixie and I never have to move from here. I'd like to hang up my coat and stay awhile!" That's typical of the Taurian husband. Some wives resent their reserve, their complete matter-of-factness. But a wise one doesn't rely on it too much because sometimes a Taurian swings into exciting action—and then look out!

Gemini Men Twins

If you want lots of excitement, however, if you want to be kept on the 'qui vive' -night and day, marrying a Gemini man (May 22 to June 21)! Because you'll be married to twins, you see— Versatile, brilliant, changing from one mood to another so quickly that you'll begin to wonder...

A New Skin
In 3 Days!

Read Free Offer!

Visible Pimples and Blackheads, Freckles, Ugly Large Pores and Surface Wrinkles Disappear!

It is all explained in a new free treatise called "HEALTHY, SWIFT SKIN IN 3 DAYS" which is being mailed absolutely free to readers of this magazine. So hurry over your homely, unhealthy skin and complexion or signs of aging if your outer skin looks soiled and worn. Write to MARVO BEAUTY LABORATORIES, Dept. WS27, No. 1159 Broadway, New York, N. Y., and you will receive this new treatise by return mail in plain wrapper postpaid and absolutely free. If pleased tell friends.

Love by the Stars
(Continued from page thirty-three)

DEAF?
AMAZING NEWS!

You may hear like normal persons!

A marvelous new instrument releases deaf men and women from misery and embarrassment.

The Godsend, new scientific, Electrical Hearing Aid, is guaranteed to give you same amazing power to hear 95% of all instruments selling for $50, $75, $100, and more. PRICES AT ONLY $79.75. complete! Backed by $100.00 Money Back Guarantee. Now you may enjoy symphonies from back of church, lectures, conversations, radio, records, complete with Microphone Batteries and TWO Appliance for BONE OR AIR CONDUCTION, both for less than the usual price of only ONE. Music and words heard distinctly from all directions, at close range or from distances. No distortion—no head noises. Instrument is lightweight, easily concealed in clothing, no more noticeable than pair of glasses. Write today for FREE DETAILS, sent in plain envelope.

THEO. NOEL COMPANY
320 So. Franklin St., Chicago, U. S. A.

Wou'd You Like to be Happily Married

Would you like to be happily married? If so, read this book! It's written by a master of marital harmony — the late Dr. George A. McLucas, noted marital psychologist. A proven plan for happy marriage. 400 pages. 50,000 copies distributed. A recent study of 75,000 marriages showed that the all-time record number of successful marriages was 94%. Absolutely the biggest success story in history! Write for your copy today.

MARVO BEAUTY LABORATORIES
Dept. WS27
3715 Beechnut St.
CINCINNATI, OHIO

Like men, like Gene Raymond, silently try to make ideals become realities. Love, peace and harmony. They're safe on a pedestal.
Impulsive, loving in the world of ideas, that's the Aries man of which Warner Baxter is a good example. They resent those who argue which is your husband? ROBERT MONTGOMERY is a member of this House and he has all the amazing genius and adaptability of the sign. It's quite natural that Robert has a dozen hobbies to indulge in besides his profession—for he loves diversity. All Geminis do. They're one of the most delightful types of people to live with but a wife must understand their unexpectedness and sudden digressions. She has to fit in with their changing moods, to be soothing. You cannot always understand a Gemini husband and don't try to. Leave him to work things out in his own way and avoid worrying him with petty anxieties if you want to keep him well and happy. A Gemini man seldom grows up and while he has the appeal of a young boy he must be treated with the same understanding and tolerance.

The House of Cancer (June 22 to July 23) rules family life to a great degree. So you can depend upon it that with a husband such as NELSON EDDY would be, your domestic circle would be wonderfully safe. Make it as attractive as you can. Fill in the "homey touches." When Nelson does fall in love it will be enduring and remarkably self-sacrificing. All he needs is to be surrounded by loving sympathy and approval. And since all persons of this House are hyper-sensitive, don't try to direct them or dictate to them. A girl would find Nelson a fanciful, romantic and imaginative mate with a craving for change and adventure. She'd do well to cater to it—and not to worry about that craving. Because underneath the apparent restlessness is great perseverance.

If you long for little attentions and the sweet nothings that mean so much in many a woman's life, marry a Leo gentleman...

THE COST: Lowest of all!
THE REWARD: A grand trip, scenic enjoyment, glowing health!

- Make this winter stand out from the cheerless, chilly ones of other years. Acquire a radiant sun tan on the warm sands of Florida, the Gulf Coast or California. Do it on the most modest income, at little more cost than staying home!

The trip, in a smooth-rolling, cheerfully-warmed Greyhound coach will cost about one-third as much as driving a small private auto—far less than any other type of transportation. It will take you over glorious highways, south into the sunshine zone—allow up to six months at your destination—bring you back over a different scenic route, at a saving of 25% on the return trip. Can you match this value anywhere else? For fares, pictorial folder, all information, see the Greyhound agent in your city—or mail the coupon today.

**PRINCIPAL GREYHOUND INFORMATION OFFICES**


Washington, D. C., 1403 New York Ave. N. W. Cincinnati, O., 630 Walnut St. Lexington, Ky., 801 N. Limestone
San Francisco, Calif., 1300 5th & Battery Sts.

**SEND FOR PICTORIAL FOLDER, FACTS ON WINTER VACATIONS**

Mail this coupon to nearest information office, listed above, for attractive pictorial folder, rates, route information on trips to FLORIDA, GULF COAST, NEW ORLEANS, SOUTHWEST, CALIFORNIA. (Please check which one.)

Name________________________ Address________________________

When answering advertisements, please mention February Hollywood.
Feminine Wiles Taboo

The gentlemen of Virgo (August 24 to September 23) are not so romantic as the Cancers and Leos. They are more intellectual than emotional, and if their wives are not too temperamentally, they're very excellent husbands. Feminine wiles do not interest them; genuine feminine sweetness does—as FREDRICK MARCH and FRED MACMURRAY could vouch for. They’re very constructive, they make the most of any condition they are placed in. But don’t try to get them to change or discard, for they’re deeply fixed in the family. Take a Virgo as you find him, send him out on a hunting or fishing trip every now and then, and see that such things as his pipes and ties remain as he left them; he will put them up, and the trouble of your married life will be practically nil.

Now with a member of the Libra Household (September 24 to October 23)—Pisces—is the main commodity of the world. It contains no thyroid or dirnithropeph, and if you do it once, you'll never stop. The shore is a good one, and it is very easy to get rid of leg or arm hair, without danger of faster, caractère or stubbier new growth.

No. 111.—De Miracle has made a lifetime hair and De Miracle and then rinses hair away with water. It leaves the hair as smooth, soft and hair-free as a baby’s. Leave it on for ten minutes. This removes hair growth, coarser, or stubbier. Try it today.

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Zukor’s Silver Jubilee!

PARAMOUNT’S SILVER JUBILEE in honor of Adolph Zukor this month is being celebrated ’round the world. The celebration marks twenty-five years of growth of the motion picture industry from a Penny Arcade in Fourteenth Street, New York, to the present mammoth organization of Paramount Pictures, Inc.

It was in 1912 that Mr. Zukor brought the first feature length film to America—Sarah Bernhardt’s Queen Elizabeth—and the showing of this picture in the old Powers Theatre in Chicago paved the way for subsequent films to be accepted as dignified entertainment. Up to this time the motion picture was held in contempt and was looked down upon by actors, by the public at large and particularly by stage producers.

Following the success of Queen Elizabeth, Famous Players Film Company was founded in 1913 and production started in a studio at 213 West 26th Street, New York. The first two years its outstanding successes were The Prisoner of Zenda with James K. Hackett, and Mary Pickford’s first picture, The Good Little Devil. Mary had worked in films prior to that time but she personally was unknown to the public, being referred to in billing as the Biograph girl. Famous Players was the first company to recognize the value of the star system.

September 11, 1915 Adolph Zukor received a blow from fate that began as a tragedy and ended perhaps as a comedy. The old studio was burned to the ground and in the ruins was a safe in which reposed the assets of Famous Players—film. In those days the insurance companies looked upon film with great suspicion, therefore the film was not insured. Mr. Zukor and his aides waited at the scene of the fire all night. With daylight they were able to penetrate the ruins and search for the safe. When it was opened it was found that none of the film had been searched.

Immediately the company leased Durand’s abandoned riding academy in Fifty-sixth Street. It remained in this eastern location until 1920 when the Astoria, Long Island Studios were built, but in the meantime Mr. Zukor came to Hollywood and in 1916 rented the Fiction Studios in Hollywood and signed Mary Pickford to the first spectacular million-dollar-a-year motion picture contract.

Present-day film notables gather to honor Adolph Zukor on his 25th anniversary in pictures. Left to right in photo are—Gary Grant, Mitchell Leisen, Mrs. Barney Balaban, Lloyd Nolan, Stanton Griffis, Fred MacMurray, Martha Hunt, Mr. Zukor, Bob Burns and Randolph Scott.

“**A COLD**

Be **doubly careful** about the laxative you take!

ONE of the first questions the doctor asks when you have a cold is—“Are your bowels regular?” Doctors know how important a laxative is in the treatment of colds. They know also the importance of choosing the right laxative at this time.

Before they will give any laxative their approval, doctors make **doubly sure** that it measures up to their own specifications. Read these specifications. They are important—not only during the “cold season,” but all the year round.

The doctor says that a laxative should be: Dependable. . . Mild. . . Thorough . . . Time-tested.

The doctor says that a laxative should not: Over-act . . . Form a habit . . . Cause stomach pains . . . Nauseate, or upset the digestion.

Ex-Lax meets every one of these demands so fairly that many doctors use it for their own families. And millions of other families, too, trust it so completely that they have made Ex-Lax the most widely used laxative in the whole wide world.

One trial of Ex-Lax will tell you why its use is so universal. . . . It is thorough. But it is gentle. . . . It is effective. But it is mild. . . . It brings welcome relief—without stomach pains or nausea. That’s why it’s such a favorite, not only of the grown-ups but of the youngsters, too. And, just to make it even more pleasant, Ex-Lax tastes exactly like delicious chocolate. . . . At all drug stores in 10c and 25c sizes.

When Nature forgets—**remember**

**EX-LAX**

THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

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**Advertisements**, Please Mention February **HOLLYWOOD**
Taking Risks

(Continued from page forty-five)

been reimbursed for advance expenses.

Rated as one of the largest insurance policies ever written is that covering the San Francisco-Oakland Bay Bridge. This $35,000,000 policy exhausted the insurance resources of American companies and part of the risk had to be underwritten in Europe. On the other hand, Boulder Dam was not insured. This was because it was a governmental project.

In 1935 public attention was focused on the $5,000,000 glass casting, carried across the continent by special train and eventually to become a 200-inch telescope mirror for use in a Southern California observatory. You may rest assured it was handled with the utmost care, but should anything happen to it during the life of the policy, the underwriters will have to write a check for $5,000,000.

Parachutes often are insured—against fire and theft but not against failure to open. It is said the parachute manufacturers will give a new chute for any that fail to open, if the user should need it.

Bodies of dead Chinese, outward bound from Los Angeles harbor to their native land, usually are insured. It seems that the relatives of a deceased Chinese do not get a single yen of his estate unless the dead man's body is buried in the land of his birth. To obviate any slip-up in the inheritance proceedings the corpse is insured against the hazards of an ocean voyage.

When a Los Angeles scientist, who has been making a collection of human embryos over a long period, took his exhibit

Freddie Bartholomew and Douglas Scott, who play important roles in Lloyds of London, 20th Century-Fox production showing how famous British insurance firm had its origin

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**NEW Pocket Radio**

Operates Without Batteries, Batteries or Electric Connections. 

Pocket Radio for Sale at $17.50, Made in U.S.A. 

**LEARN TO PLAY PIANO BY EAR**

The natural eyesight system gives your eyes a new deal.

---

**Sensational BARGAINS**

**TYPEWRITER ½ Price**

Yours for 10c a Day

No Money Down

Sent on 10 Day Free Trial

Immediately the greatest bargain ever offered. 4 times as good as any other typewriter. Save 50c a day. Satisfaction guaranteed. Money back guarantee. WRITE TODAY.

---

**PORTABLES**

Brand New $5.00 Feathersweight model at special low price and over terms—10 day trial. 

INTERNATIONAL TYPEWRITER EXCHANGE

231 W. Olive St., Chicago, Ill., Dept. 214.
to the San Diego fair, he insured the lot of twenty-six for $10,000. They were insured separately, one pair of twins being valued at $1,100 and the others ranging from $100 to $300.

One Southern California duck fancier took out insurance against his ducks laying eggs that would produce ducklings of an inferior quality. Almost every corner druggist has a policy tucked away that protects them in case a prescription is faultily compounded. The drug clerk may be an expert, but he's human, and humans err at times, so the druggist has an error eraser in the form of an insurance policy.

**Pachyderm Policy**

A Los Angeles collector of miniature elephants carries a big policy on the tiny pachyderms. A Beverly Hills collector of ink wells is similarly insured. Policies for large amounts almost always cover famed collections of paintings and other art. Colleen Moore's $435,000 doll house that took nine years to make, is protected by a policy.

Wild animals in the California Zoological Gardens, of Los Angeles, are insured. Policies cover damage to the animals themselves from fire, flood and disease, and, if they get playful and start dining on or shredding the person of a tourist or resident, those things are covered, too.

Barber poles have been insured against removal by pranksters who have a yen for them as frat house decorations. College rowing shells are insured against breakage. The University of California at Los Angeles not long ago collected $500 when a woman driver rammed a shell as it was being carried on a trailer.

A considerable number of "play insurance" policies are written in Hollywood. These policies protect the holder from injury while playing golf, hunting, sailing or fishing. One of the rare kinds of policies written in Los Angeles covered injury to a coupe-chasing dog. Most cars could pass the pup and be totally ignored, but let a coupe sink over the horizon and he would be off in a flash. The owner thought that dangerous, so he took out insurance to make sure no coupe "bit" his dog.

Occasional kidnapping policies are written but the rates are high for those who really might be victims. Others seldom need such protection. It is difficult for a race driver to get insurance for himself, but he can insure his speed chariot. Underwriters figure it is relatively easy to replace an accordion-planted auto, but not a mangled driver.

**Radium Covered Too**

All radium in most localities is insured. Being extremely valuable, it comes in small quantities, so small in fact, that sometimes a patient inadvertently walks away with the tiny tube container, or it is thrown out with a cast-off bandage. When such things occur, the insurance underwriter swings into action, the California Institute of Technology electroscope that "finds" lost radium is put into use and the bit of valuable metal almost always is recovered.

This special radium-finding "eye" pokes into wastebaskets; even has been known to have been taken to the city dump heap in searching for this most valuable of metals. In that instance the lost radium was recovered after having gone through the intense heat of the incinerator. Good thing radium is indestructible!

From the foregoing you may imagine—and not be far wrong—that when bigger, better, and more novel insurance policies are written, Hollywood will have a hand in them.

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**Skin Flaky?**

HAVEN'T you come in often from the crisp, cold air and felt your skin all dry and flaky? Impossible to put powder on. Those little flaky bits catch your powder in boorid little clumps.

You can change all that—in no time at all. Change that flaky "feel" of your skin to a slipping touch under your fingers—with just one application! See your skin so smooth you can put make-up on with joy! How can this be?

**A dermatologist explains**

It's a special kind of cream that works this quick transformation. A keratolytic cream (Vanishing Cream). This is how a distinguished dermatologist explains it:

"A keratolytic cream has the ability to melt away dry, dead cells clinging to the surface of the skin. It does this the instant it touches the skin. This brings the new, young cells into view at once—smooth and soft."

That's how Pond's Vanishing Cream can smooth away skin roughnesses so quickly. Use it two ways:

- **For powder base**—
  Right after cleansing, put on a film of Pond's Vanishing Cream. It gives your skin a wonderful smoothness. Powder and rouge go on softly. Stay for hours.

- **For overnight**—To give your skin lasting softness, apply Pond's Vanishing Cream after your nightly cleansing. Leave it on. It won't smear. As you sleep, your skin gets softer.

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**WON'T TAKE MAKE-UP?**

---

**Melt it Smooth ... Instantly!**

How skin roughens. Dead, dried-out particles on top scuff loose, catch powder. You can melt them off!

**8-Piece Package**

Pond's, Dept. 6-VB, Clinton, Conn.

8-Piece package containing special tube of Pond's Vanishing Cream, generous sample of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose $1.00 for postage and packing.

Name

Address

City...State...

Copyright, 1935, Pond's Extract Company

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WHEN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS, PLEASE MENTION FEBRUARY

HOLLYWOOD
Our Readers Write
(Continued from page ten)

public want. Fast are not so simple as they used to be and do not fall for press-agented biographies any longer.

Paul Perkins,
273 Genesee Park Drive, Syracuse, N. Y.

Her Question, Our Answer

Dear Editor:
Is your magazine dedicated to the continuation of Hollywood hollows, or is it your job to give us the truth about filmland?

I have not found a reader long enough to decide for myself, but at present I doubt whether a single magazine in America tells the whole truth about film favorites.

I'm hating at hokey—and hope it won't be at you.

Madeleine Johnson,
New York City.

Hollywood Magazine makes every attempt to separate publicity matter and exaggerated untruths from the real facts of filmland. The editor, however, does not consider this license to print destructive detriments in an alluring back-fence gossip or worse. Hollywood's glamour we hope to pass on to you correctly, yet colorfully.—The Editor.

Pretty Please, Mr. Editor

Dear Editor:

I am a constant reader of your magazine and I think it's every bit of perfect! However, one little thing I would like to suggest. Please give us Jack Oakie, Fred MacMurray, and Anna Sten more space on the Hollywood cover occasionally instead of feminine flavor. We girls would like to cut out these covers and save them.

I sincerely hope you will get enough demands for these covers so that we girls can have pictures of our "heart throbs." It would be charming!

Zelma White,
Wichita, Kans.

Hollywood's editor, heeding the scores of requests from readers for men on its covers, probably will make this experiment as quickly as a popular subject can be photographed in natural color. By the circulation reports of the issue carrying this, the editor judged the success of the venture. Hence, news stand buyers will determine future policies.—The Editor.

Stars in Person for a Nickel?

Dear Editor:

In my opinion, HOLLYWOOD Magazine, with absolutely no exception, is TOPS! I challenge any of those who have sent in raps about this magazine to name any other film magazine which gives us for much as one little five-cent piece! HOLLYWOOD is different. There is such a wealth of material, such a variety, that I even give reading. The crossword puzzles and Lamp Post Portraits are delightful!

Those who give HOLLYWOOD moneys undoubtedly expect to get the stars in person—for a nickel!

Myrna Blakeney,
284 North 2nd Street, Provo, Utah.

Send for Free Book—
"Accountancy, the Profession that Pays!"

Why let others walk away with the better jobs when in your home and at your own time you can study yourself for a splendid future in this profitable profession? Our free book fully explains how you can train from the ground up to a responsible individual. No course, either complete or partial, is more practical.

LaSalle Extension University
Dept. 230-HR
Chicago, Ill.

I would welcome details of your salary increasing plan, together with copy of "Accountancy, the Profession that Pays," all without obligation.

[List of possibilities]

Name
Present Position
Address

Relieves TEETHING PAINS within 1 MINUTE

WHEN your baby suffers from teething pains, just rub a few drops of Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion on the sore, tender, little gums and the pain will be relieved in one minute.

Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion is the prescription of a famous baby specialist, contains no narcotics and has been used by mothers for over fifty years. One bottle is usually enough for one baby for the entire teething period.

JUST RUB IT ON THE GUMS

DR. HAND'S
Teething Lotion

Buy Dr. Hand's, from your druggist today
The Truth About Rudy And Fay!

(Continued from page twenty-five)

it was already taking a toll of her none-too-strong constitution. Rest she must have. And where better than her own home in California could she have found it?

There was but one flaw in their happiness. And that was rapidly becoming a large one—compatibility. Their backgrounds were too dissimilar to make for lasting happiness. Rudy has always remained, at heart, the small town boy who came and conquered the nation's greatest city. His idea of marriage was a quiet home, a wife, children. Fay, on the other hand, had grown up in Hollywood, was one of the cinema colony's favored daughters.

She liked excitement, lights, never ending gaiety. To Rudy those same bright lights were but part of his business—the business of being a radio, stage and screen star. That was why he'd built that lovely lodge in Maine. It was a retreat, a haven of refuge from the constant excitement of New York.

In the early summer of 1933 they quietly separated and Fay returned once more to her home. This I know—as Rudy said at the time of her death—he asked her not once, but several times, to return to him.

But by now Fay was certain that they could never enjoy a happy marital life. Two young people, vitally alive, they had found that their own strong wills pulled them in divergent directions, to different destinies. And already Fay was becoming more and more subject to the attacks that were ultimately to cause her death.

Back in New York Rudy plunged harder than ever into his work. He employed more than fifty people, the depression was at its height and he felt that only his best efforts would enable him to maintain his staff, those people who were and still are, entirely dependent upon his remaining at the top. How lonely he was only his friends know. His loneliness was shrouded in the steady upgrade of his career; the extra hours that he concentrated on his program, his recordings. It was his only solace; the only one that he knew.

Eventually divorce papers were filed and the air was soon filled with recriminations, charges and counter charges. Both were bitter, hurt that the love by which they had set such store, had failed them. Even so, their intimates would not have been surprised at a reconciliation. Almost all of the sensational, unpleasant elements had been a product of too much publicity, of bickerings between rival attorneys. Many of us thought then—if Rudy and Fay were ever to meet each other alone—just for a few minutes... But they were never to meet again.

When Rudy came to Hollywood for his last picture, Sweet Music, we went one day to the honeymoon house he had bought for his bride. Located in the exclusive Bel-Air section and built at a cost...
of almost a hundred thousand dollars, it has never been occupied. We went into the slick modern, padded, ceiling room that was to have been the ballroom. Three little balconies overlooked the room. It was the sort of a room, the kind of a home that Fay would love.

We walked through each of the fourteen rooms, rooms that had never been furnished and could have been lived in. As left Rudy lifted his hat. "That," he said, "is for Vallee's folly." I looked at him. "The house?" I asked questioningly.

"It's a little, his face suddenly tired. "Not just the house, Dick. Everything."

I think that then, more than ever before, did I realize just how much Fay Webb had meant to Rudy Vallee.

From time to time you read that Rudy was seen here and there with dark, exotic women—all of whom, if reports could be believed, looked like his estranged wife. They did. To Rudy, Fay's type of beauty was the ideal. But never did you hear of either Rudy or Fay considering another marriage.

Father Underwood

As Fay's father heard of Rudy's remark when wandering around the elegant druggists, he bought a bottle of dandruff oil. "It's simple," he said. "I've always loved her!" Chief Webb nodded slowly. The past was forgotten now between these two men, drawn together by the hope of one thing—their own love. Their contracts had prevented Rudy's coming to the coast for the services.

There is bitter irony in this love story of Rudy Vallee. A man whose fan mail from feminine admirers has totalled millions of letters; one whose voice has been called "the most romantic of our times," he could find only tragedy when he sought love himself. There have been women whose love for women has been known. Yet not one of them could ever stir his devotion. And when he did fall in love . . .

"Waun't in Carde"

"I guess it just wasn't in the carde," he once said. "None of us can ever have everything he wants. But it's tough to lose the one thing you wanted most!"

The day after Fay's death Rudy's air show was on, but for the second time in six years, Rudy was absent.

To one who has known them both, the story of Fay's and Rudy's love has always been a story that could not be completely analyzed. They were as dissimilar as night and day. They had few mutual interests or friends. There were no common ties. But they were devoted to each other and to each other's love. But they were meant for that alone and not for marriage. Yet even the incompatibility that shatters their married love could not completely quench their love.

I think that the one thing that made Fay happiest in her final dark hour was when that young man three thousand miles away said simply, "I've always loved Fay. I always will."
She Takes The Rap For Thrills!

(Continued from page thirty-two)

hanging by teeth, piloting plane or car blind-folded. In fact, no stunt is too complicated for Mary if she has time to take the precautions she thinks necessary.

Perhaps one of the most thrilling episodes in her spectacular career was driving one of the locomotives that were put into a head-on crash for the Brockton, Mass., fair in the fall of 1923. The sponsors insisted that Mary have a regular engineer aboard for the start. The plans were rehearsed. The throttle was to be opened wide and the engine to be held by the air brake until the signal was given for the start. The engineer given her was so fearful he would not get off the locomotive in time he forgot his cues. He held the engine with the brake but forgot to open the throttle. At the signal he released the air and jumped, but the engine did not start. Mary had to start it herself, and she stayed aboard until less than an engine length separated the on-rushing locomotives. Then she jumped, but not until the sponsors added a few gray hairs to their heads.

For eight years Mary did whatever studios asked her to do for such feminine film folk as Mareline Day, Madge Bellamy, Mary Duncan, Mildred Harris, Dorothy Revere, Clara Bow, Lois Moran, Katherine Crawford, Bebe Daniels, Norma Shearer, Marlene Dietrich, Eleanor Boardman, Lupe Velez, Barbara Stanwyck, Ruth Chatterton, Sally Eilers, and others; then in 1934 she broke her back.

A Brush with Death

Just what a stunter might expect, you say? Well, it so happens that Mary was not stunting when that happened. Back home in Tampa, after eight years of defying death, Mary was vacationing and went swimming in a river where she learned to swim as a kid. She forgot how deep the water was and proceeded to do a half-Gainer and hit bottom. At first, she did not know her back was broken. In fact, she drove from Tampa to Hollywood while in that condition and the pain became so intense she was given an X-ray here and it was found the vertebrae cracked in the Tampa dive had been so aggravated by the cross-country drive that she had to be put in a cast and quit work for a year.

While Mary Wiggins has been hiding her abilities under the names of various big picture names, she has seen numerous girls forge from the extra ranks to top billing in pictures, yet she never has felt the urge for such prosaic professions as film acting. When she first did a stunt for Sennett, Sally Eilers and Carole Lombard were in the same picture as bathing beauties in a river where she had pleasure in doing the things others cannot do, or because their necks are too valuable, are not permitted to do. She'll scale and leap from crag to crag, or do an esthetic dance on any mountain

Another of Mary Wiggins' light occupations is crashing a motorcycle through board walls. Sometimes the walls are ablaze, too! Occasionally Mary has to pick out a few slivers after such stunts, but that's all.
you mention (if you pay the carfare). She has averaged 100 pictures a year since she hit Hollywood, and while some of the demands made called for spending considerable time, others have been over in a jiffy, with a fat check as payment.

A Busman's Holiday

When picture producers can’t find tough enough jobs for the comedy beauty of the stunning world, she takes a holiday and goes out to fairs and carnivals, doing her fire dives and crashing motorcycles through burning barriers by way of a vacation.

Mary says that for those who want to do something there is nothing quite like a high rating as a stunt artist in Hollywood. While there are several hundred girls who do one kind or another of screen stunt work, only a very few now rise to meet any emergency, and Mary Wiggins is one of those eight. She’s too modest to say if she heads that eight, but when one looks at her record and finds the wide range of thrills in which she has taken part—unsought—it isn’t hard to vision her at the top of the trade.

In one of Norma Shearer’s pictures she was asked to do a 45-foot dive. Mary wanted $50. The director—maybe he was Scotch and thrifty—offered her a dollar a foot. Mary made the dive six times and collected about $300. It would be a loss of a quarter for each of the production heads no end. They could have had her for $50.

Beautiful of face and perfect of figure, Mary Wiggins is no stranger to the scene, often described as “athletic.” She has none of the supposed brawn and over-developed muscular appearance. She is dainty, intelligent, well educated, pleasing of voice and eloquent in conversation except when she tries to tell one about the chances she has taken. To adopt a political phrase: Let’s take a look at the record...I would seem there is nothing of which Tampa’s Mary Wiggins is afraid, and yet there is just one thing—A MOUSE!

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If you suffer with those horrible attacks of Asthma when it is cold and damp; if you are Chu Chin Chow as if each gasp for breath was the very last; if restful sleep is impossible because of the struggle to breathe; if you are the dastardly 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., 1-B Frontier Bldg., 462 Niagara St., Buffalo, N. Y.
Hitting Hollywood On High with Hamm Beall

You can hurt the words Ananias or Sapphira at those who still continue to refer to minorities as being in their infancy. Choose the former or latter Biblical term according to the sex of the moron who makes such servile utterance.

Whoever heard of a twenty-five year old infant?
Have you ever seen one of so many summers riding a kiddie car, gurgling over a bottle of lacteal fluid, or writing letters to Santa Claus in late December?
Adolph Zukor was honored by all Hollywood recently with a banquet at the Trocadero, celebrating the silver anniversary of the founding of Paramount Pictures.

Even Marguerite Clark, outstanding Famous Players star of the silent days, who long since abandoned her career for a happy marriage, came to Hollywood from New Orleans to honor Mr. Zukor. At a view to emphasize the fact, the assembled 600 Hollywood notables what the little Napoleon of the movies had meant by his steadfast perseverance to the ideals with which he started on the

Hamm Beall, Gertrude Neisen, and Craig Reynolds, snapped at the Adolph Zukor Silver Jubilee dinner at the Trocadero.

Sicker industry were Joseph M. Schenck, Louis B. Mayer, Darryl F. Zanuck, Jesse L. Lasky, Frank Lloyd, veteran director, Georgie Jessel, toastmaster, and others. Such stars as Bob Burns, Martha Raye, Jack Benny, Burns and Allen, the Ritz brothers, Gertrude Neisen, Irving Berlin, Tony Martin and others contributed the greatest show ever staged.

Every notable star from Harold Lloyd to the newest European importation was there, along with scores of directors, writers, executive producers and technicians assembled by the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences. Christopher Dunphy, Paramount publicity chief, and Donald Gledhill, of the academy, may well take bows for success of the arrangements.

Do you know that Robert Taylor has a confidante whom he seeks out any time he feels his fan mail and press notices may make him swell-headed? It's Ida Koverman, Louis B. Mayer's confidential secretary and one of the most brainy and popular women in Hollywood. She told me about it at the big party Gene Ray mond threw not long ago in his Bel-Air home, a simple little intimate dinner with only about 300 of the best of us there. It was my good fortune to sit at the same table with Ida, and she told me that entirely of his own seeking Bob Taylor has

6 WEEKS AGO HE SAID—"SHE'S TOO SKINNY!"

NEW DISCOVERY GIVES THOUSANDS 10 to 25 LBS.—in a few weeks!

If you seem "born to be skinny"—if you've tried everything to gain weight but with no success—here's a new scientific discovery that has given thousands of happy people just the pounds and rounded curves they wanted—and so quickly they were amazed.

Not only has this new easy treatment brought solid, naturally attractive flesh, but also normally lively color, new pep and charm, looks of friends and popularity.

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Scientists recently discovered that thousands of people are thin and run down for the same reason that they do not get enough Vitamin B and calcium. Of these vital elements you may lack one or both, and not get the most body-building good out of what you eat.

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  L E S L I E  B R O N A L D
  O N E R A  E B R E S
  S H O W E V A N S  Y A R N
  T I D A  F R E D E R I C K
  K A R S O N  H E R T T I
  A B R O W T I N
  A M S T R A C Y  F A Y E

T R U D E M E N T  D E N K E R
T H O E R  F A L O R N
T O R E  A R D S T R E N
L O W  N A R D Y  S L I T

HEATHER ANGEL

```

Hamm Boll listens intently while Harold Lloyd tells one of his newest gags to the trickytagged telephone tempest at the Trocadero, for her to serve as his personal conceit mentor, and tell him whenever she noticed his cranium was beginning to expand.

Things I'm looking forward to during 1937:

A lot of swell musicals done in ultra-modern style.
Revival of some of the great old dramas of yesteryear.
Re-make of more of the successful epics of the silent days.

 Plenty of fast moving sophisticated comedies with daring dialogue yet with good old belly laughs that are really funny in anybody's language.

Walter Disney's first full length feature "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs"

Things I'm positively dreading for 1937:

Continuance of the double bill menace.
Newsreels with the same old unevolving pictures of towpumps, daisy chains at Vassar or wherever the female chain gang operates, politicians being made Indians, princesses and princes and what have you?
Importation of more foreign stars who will flop badly after a tremendous American build up.
Comedies that are not to be laughed at. Bigger and better income taxes.

Enchanting...Hair

The fascinating allure of blemish-covered hair has long been recognized by stars of screen and stage.

To be absolutely safe and to obtain just the desired shade, always insist upon genuine Hopkins Rajah Brand Egyptian Henna.

round curlers so that they will stand away from the face. Across the back the hair is rolled around the finger and pinned flat to the head.

For hair beauty try Accent Castile Shampoo which has a base of pure olive oil.

with bobby pins. These flat curls lie close to the neck and help to preserve the contour.

If you do your own hair, flat pin curls may be a bit difficult to achieve on the back of your head. Practically the same effect can be had with your favorite curlers if you will take care to wrap the hair a little more loosely in the back than at the sides.

"For Picture Work," Helen continued, "it is necessary for the players to have long bobs so that their hair can be arranged in a variety of styles. Occasionally one of the stars vacationing abroad will have her hair cut short because it happens to be the vogue in Paris or London. But she pays the penalty when she gets back to Hollywood by having to wear false hair pieces for picture work. Extremely short hair is seldom attractive either on the screen or off unless the features are of the fine, chiseled type, or unless worn by an older woman who looks smart with severe hair lines.

Helen pointed out that the neck can also be made to appear shorter or longer by the cut of one's dress. For this object lesson, Miss Perry obligingly posed in two gowns of contrasting necklines while wearing the same coiffure. The horizontal neckline of the dinner dress with high cowl front, shown in the smaller photo, shortens the neck; while the drop shoulder decolletage of the evening gown appears to lengthen the neck. Because her throat is naturally slender, Miss Perry breaks

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this long line with a shoulder strap of gardens. Any upright ornament worn at the shoulder will do the same trick for you.

The next time you complain about the necessity of having your hair washed once a week, remember that the stars submit to a shampoo every morning!

Irene Dunne was one player who re- naged on this routine but only for a while. Once Helen had ceased to try the daily sudsy before her hair was dressed, Miss Dunne was delighted with the new beauty of her hair and its screened effect.

In Brushing The hair of her famous charge Helen Moore, like all fine hairdressers, isn't deterred by a fresh wave. She brushes the hair just as vig- orously after the shampoo and wave as before.

"In fact," Helen said, "I brush out everything I have put in and then re-do the waves and curls with a tail comb. This brushing leaves the hair soft and lustrous and removes entirely the 'set' look of a new wave."

And it is true that you are not familiar with the name, is the comb with long, pointed handle at one end used by professional hairdressers in making finger curls. The hair is swirled around the finger with the handle or "tail" of the comb and then slipped intact from the finger.

So great is the interest in hair ornaments that no girl dares show her head in the evening any more without a flower or clip decorating her topknot. And now, if you follow the style introduced by Grace Moore, you'll soon be wearing a bird in your hair!

Miss Moore, who recently returned from Europe to resume work at Columbia Studios, brought back to us a collection of tiny, feathered birds of various hues. They are worn singly, perched in her hair, and selected to match her gown of the evening.

Marian Marsh favors the new flower ornaments made of bright colored cello- phone. They have a fragile, crystal-like appearance but Marian says they are amazingly durable.

TYING YOUR HAIR TO the current pom-pom dress trend will be ever so much simpler if you have a head permanent wave to start with. Even hair that has a natural tendency to curl perks up in appearance with a permanent in the ends. The increased strength is needed for the new upsweeping headlines.

Unfortunately, many girls have little knowledge about the various types of per- manent waving methods. Too often they fail to specify a brand name and simply trust to luck that the one selected by the operator will result in lustrous waves— minus the harsh, brittle ends caused by inferior waving solutions. When you get your next permanent, be sure to ask for a nationally known system as a guarantee of dependable results.
To protect their patrons against substitution, the Duart Manufacturing Company packages its permanent wave pads in individually sealed cartons. And when you ask for a Duart, you know that's what you're getting when you see the operator break the red-starred seal of the package. The Duart Permanent Wave, you'll be interested to know, is endorsed by the Motion Picture Hairstylists Guild.

The new Accent Castle Shampoo put out by the Huntington Laboratories is a fine idea. It appreciates the benefits of pure olive oil to hair and scalp. Accent has an unusually high percentage volume of this cherished content to make your hair shimmer with new life and health. Dry hair especially will respond gratefully to its beneficial oils. A four ounce bottle, enough for six or eight shampoos, costs 50 cents.

I f You Hesitate to wash your own hair because you don't have sufficient strength in your fingers to massage your scalp thoroughly, then you'll be pleased to know about the Kent Massage-Shampoo Brush, designed for just such limping-galed as yourself. This little brush has a slightly domed back with knob on the top to fit securely in your palm and provide a good grip even when your hands are covered with suds. The resilient bristles exercise and stimulate the scalp while loosening dust particles and dead cuticle—and are equally effective for a dry massage as for a shampoo. The brush is a gem of competency at $2. Just when it seemed that every method of manufacturing ringlets had been thought of, along comes a clever new device for making the hair go 'round and 'round and come out a curl. It's called the Pro-Curler and looks like a toy shotgun—with every shot a curl! There is a clamp on the side of the curler which holds the end of the hair while it is rolled up to the head and secured by a bobby pin, previously inserted at one end. The curler is then withdrawn and you go on to the next strand of hair. So here the bobby pin is invisible when the curl is pinned to the head, you will be presentable enough while the curls are dries, to meet your best friend. With two packs of bob pins the Pro-Curler is priced at $1.

Ruling the waves is an easy matter if you put your hair to bed in a Dona-Cap. You may toss and turn but your wave will lie docilely undisturbed in its snugly fitting protector. There are ever so many style Dona-Caps from which to choose—chin bands with snaps, chin ties and turban models—that you are sure to find one entirely comfortable. And then you can go to sleep with the blissful thought that in the morning your center part will still be a center part and that your hair wave will still be a bias wave! Dona-Caps, which are made of net, are priced at 25 cents and 50 cents.

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Myrna Loy’s Career
(Continued from page twenty-seven)

Like all other small communities, it is very proud of its high school. Out in front of the school there is a statue which represents the Mermaid and the Spiritual. The sculptor had an easy time finding an athlete to pose for the Physical. He found someone who could pose for the model, but finding a model for the Spiritual was a task. Myrna Williams, for the first time in her life, stopped out to help herself. She readily understood the honor and distinction of being chosen as the ideal Spiritual type. And when this demure little high school girl stood before him, the great man who was shaping the model knew that here was his ideal.

But Myrna imposed one condition. And a strange one it was, considering that she was the honor of his selection. She demanded that if she posed, her true identity be kept secret!

That was the beginning of a strange policy which Myrna has always pursued. She doesn’t mind being talked about, professionally, that is, but she is loath to talk about herself. Quite a contrast from many other actresses as she is.

In high school, the little girl from Montana was principally interested in the arts. Somewhere, among the old class files, there can still be found those early drawings, those early headdresses. And the music rooms must still echo the tunes of the piano as she diligently practiced.

After Venice High School, there were the days in the Westlake School for Girls, a fashionable institution patronized largely by society families. Then Myrna Williams stepped out to face the world. Always adept at personal triumph, she was, and so, the first time, that mere wish would not break down the walls between desire and accomplishment. If Myrna were to be a great actress, she wanted to be a great one. So she sought out Ruth St. Denis, one of the great dancers of the times and who was then conducting classes in Los Angeles. The price came high, but the results were what Myrna wanted. After an hour’s lesson, she would practice by the day to get full value out of it.

Dances in Prologue

In those days, Hollywood was just becoming the city of glamour that it is now. Sid Grauman, the great showman, had only recently left the downtown area of Los Angeles and opened Grauman’s Egyptian Theatre in Hollywood. Now a second run house, it is only a reminder of the days when it was the best, and because of its exotic Egyptian setting, something of a sensation and a mecca for tourists. It was really the beginning of the glamorous Hollywood which is now known around the world.

Sid Grauman had at that time introduced the prologue, something entirely new in the motion picture theatre. It consisted of an elaborately staged show that tied into the theme of the picture being shown. Dancers were used in liberal numbers.

When she considered herself sufficiently trained, Myrna Williams went to the theatre, rapped on the stage door and handed jobs to her. It was a tough job as jobs go. Grauman is a severe task master. When a chorus dances for Grauman, it dances to perfection. That is

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Myrna Loy's transition from a dancing girl in a Sid Grauman prologue to the feminine star of *After the Thin Man* is a gap such as very few of her sex ever have bridged.

How she became the Ziegfeld of the west—Myrna's particular type of beauty had attracted the attention of Henry Waxman, a famed photographer. He photographed her many times and then introduced her to Natacha Rambova, the wife of Rudolph Valentino. Myrna Williams knew this was the opportunity she had long awaited. And Natacha Rambova saw in the little dancing girl from Grauman's Egyptian theatre chorus that spark of greatness that would later flower into stardom and intrigue audiences the world over.

If Myrna Williams was anxious for a chance at the movies, Natacha Rambova was more anxious to help her get that chance. She saw to it that Myrna was given a big part in *What Price Beauty?*. That picture, as many will remember, was a great failure, so pronounced that it is still talked about within the studios. But it was Myrna Williams' long-awaited, long-planned start. And she made the best of it. If the picture was a failure, Myrna wasn't. Other studios heard about her and her exotic charm. They wanted her for their pictures. Almost over night, she was in demand.

In Exotic Roles

She was always given an oriental, or exotic part. She was Chinese, Javanese, Japanese, Hindu, Gypsy and Egyptian in one picture after the other. That was all right at the start. She changed her name from Williams to Loy and affected long lashes, slanting eyebrows. Every movement of her body had that sensitive swing. Her clothes had a touch of the mysterious Far East. It was rumored that she was a

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She likes to read fan letters! Olivia de Havilland never fails to see what her countless friends have to suggest through the mails!

She was tutored by seasoned experts in the line of publicity, she said nothing. And the less she said, the more the wags believed the concoctions of their own minds.

Success, like the distances between planets, is all a matter of relativity. When she was kicking and skipping in Grauman's Egyptian Theatre chorus, she would have thought her success as an exotic portrayal of oriental roles the very top in accomplishment. Now it was different. It seemed so easy and so natural. She looked to the even higher stratos of film recognition. She was now only a featured player. She wanted star billing and made up her mind she would get it.

Myrna argued with producers, directors, casting directors and other executives. She tried to tell them she had dramatic talents. But no, she was too valuable as the half-caste. They kept putting her off, dodging the issue. Myrna Loy wouldn't let them dodge it. She was determined.

Concentrated on Career

And what about her private life? Early in the struggle, Myrna Loy realized that it would be a hard enough struggle if she concentrated on her career. She realized that love affairs would be an encumbrance. Being more of an artistically minded person, she didn't mind missing the night life of Hollywood. In books, at the movies, or at the stuffy little paths, she found her relaxation. Once, early in her career, her name was linked with that of Barry Norton. Pursuing her tight-lipped policy, she didn't bother making denials. The rumors died a natural death. Then, when she made The Barbarian, it was reported she might marry Ramon Novarro, who shared star honors with her.

Then when she reached the top, right after her success in The Thin Man, she met the man she could love. And, having attained her professional goal, having made her mark in life, she let loose the emotional strings. The marriage was something of an elopement, but it wasn't a surprise to Hollywood. She had known Arthur Hornblow, Jr., for three years and for a year before that eventful trip to Ensenada, Mexico, their friends had known of their deep interest in one another.

It would seem that just as she carved and moulded her highly successful professional career, Myrna Loy has also guided her private life to the ultimately happy and lasting goal—that of contained home and family life.
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HO is the most glamorous woman in Hollywood? I have had some letters recently asking me that question—not who is the most glamorous woman on the screen—but in real life, before the camera.

That's asking a lot. Glamour is not a static quality. A woman's personality changes with her roles if she is a good actress. Take Barbara Stanwyck, for instance. I have seen her at times before the camera when she seemed the most glamorous thing on earth. Then again, I have seen her when glamour is not supposed to be in her make-up. She fills the bill admirably in either case.

At M-G-M the other day Joan Crawford was doing a scene for "The Last of Mrs. Cheney." As usual she had her phonograph pouring forth music to create a mood. Joan was dressed in fluffy black formal. A fashion expert wouldn't describe it that way, but it doesn't matter. She had a half hour of rest before the cameras would be ready. So Joan strolled among the people on the set with a friendly smile, and displayed sheer glamour if I ever saw it radiating from a woman! Just then I would probably have nominated her. But glamour is such a changing thing....

Jean Harlow has plenty of it. So does Claudette Colbert, yet of a different sort. Katharine Hepburn has never seemed glamorous to me. She strikes me more as a capable actress who doesn't want to project glamour or anything else to the public. And as an actress she qualifies for her place in the sun.

Over at 20th Century-Fox I caught wind of an amusing situation. They were getting ready for the world premiere of "Lloyd's of London." Nearly every one of importance in Hollywood was invited to be present.

Someone thought it would be a good idea for Freddie Bartholomew to escort a certain young actress (not Shirley Temple) to the affair. From a publicity point of view this would have been excellent promotion material. The rumor is that Freddie's aunt approved the stunt and so did the little girl's adult guardians. The newspapermen were about to announce triumphantly this little stunt just as Freddie was finally consulted.

"What, go with her?" he exclaimed suddenly. "I am dreadfully sorry, but I am afraid it can't be arranged. You see, I wouldn't think of going anywhere with her. And that is final."

This, from a precocious young actor who leans to the gentlemanly side under most circumstances, constituted an overwhelming defeat for the proponents of the idea.

Freddie showed up at the premiere (Carthay Circle theatre) with his aunt and other oldsters. He sat in the first row balcony, and was a little gentleman as usual. He seemed totally uninterested in his own role, but exclaimed over the remainder of the picture.

Outside the theatre more than thirty huge spotlights flared across the night skies, luring thousands of curious people to the scene. The streets looked like a football field with bleachers lining the curbs. "It was quite something...."

---

Our next scene is the Cocoanut Grove, where genial Jan Garber is presiding with his swell dance band. A bunch of football players from Texas A. & M. were having the time of their lives taking in the sights.

Over at one table was Anne Shirley and Hollywood's actress columnist, Phyllis Fraser, with their escorts. The gridiron heroes asked the girls to dance. When they complied, the Lone Star state boys were thrilled no end.

Several times they approached Anna Sten's table and asked for dances, but she refused them graciously. Still they persisted, undaunted by the fact that she was dancing not at all during the evening. Finally, toward midnight, she gave in.

"All right," she replied, "I'll dance with you. But wait until I put on my shoes."

This may be Hollywood, but dogs will bark here just as well as in your home town!

---

I suspect that Ginger Rogers was just a little rueful over those romance rumors linking her with Bob Taylor. You needn't believe them, for here is what happened.

One Sunday afternoon Ginger was invited to be an extra guest at a night club that evening with a party of six couples. Taylor was invited quite without premeditation, and he came alone because Barbara Stanwyck was out of town.

Ginger and Bob met for the first time at the Troc, visited casually and danced during the evening. Came the dawn and the columnists had them romancing together!

Of course Ginger must have been embarrassed. She and Barbara work at the same studio and are good friends. But what could she do about it? Not a thing, except to find consolation in a clear conscience.

—Ted Magee, Editor.
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TRY THESE new recipes. They're typical
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Try Hormel Vegetable-Beef Soup in this
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Soup in an Asparagus Mushroom Rabbit.
Use soup to stretch the leftovers, to make
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And don't miss this big chance to win one
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READ HOW EASILY YOU CAN WIN

Enter this big new contest. The winner gets:
A free trip and vacation in glorious Hollywood
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5 Second Prizes—beautiful Benrus Weist
Watches for men or women, worth $45. each.

5 Third Prizes—new de luxe Toastmaster
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Hormel & Co., Austin, Minn. All entries must
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That's all you have to do. The 1,011 best
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cisions will be final. In case of tie, duplicate
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Enjoy this original dinner that popular Miriam Hopkins suggests.

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Quickly made with
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Scald 1 tbsp. flour, add 1 can Hormel Vegetable-
Beef Soup. If you have a capital of
leftovers (diced meat, carrots, peas or potatoes), pop them in, too. Cook
and stir until slightly thick. Pour in
a pie plate and cover with a crust of
Bisquick dough, cut in rounds or triangles. Bake in hot oven (45°) 15
minutes until brown.

There you are—a richly flavored meat pie! It’s a
triumph for that new art—SPEED COOKING!

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Quickly made with
Hormel Cream of Mushroom Soup
Make a sauce with 3 tbsp. melted
butter, 5 tbsp. flour, 1/4 cup Hormel
Cream of Mushroom Soup. When
thick and smooth, add 1 package
Creamed Old English Cheese,
shredded, and stir until blended.
Season and serve on hot, buttered
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Be safe every day of your life! Get results always hoped for but never experienced with a dentifrice—and get them with safety! Change to Pepsodent Tooth Paste containing irium.
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CLARK GABLE • MYRNA LOY

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Filmland has a new rendezvous—the Cinnabar—which made its debut at the Hollywood Plaza Hotel early in December. Here is a group of Hardy Boys, starred in the opening, left to right, Betty Furness, Lee Tracy, Florence Lake and Ted Magee, new editor of Screen Book.

Peeking At Picture Folk

ONE MIGHT CONCLUDE that the Caliban-Ariel romance is true love, measured by that "never-runs-smoothly" yardstick. John Barrymore and Elaine divide headlines between heart throbs and discord... Carole Lombard, rated Hollywood's best-dressed, no more than had that title than she was cast as a second-rate cabaret entertainer by Paramount in Swing High, Swing Low... Bette Davis finds her return to the Warner fold fraught with several exciting "low-lady" roles that promise to make her Female Menace No. 1... Martha Raye says things are happening too fast for her in 1937. First she lost sixteen pounds, then she announced her engagement to Jerry Hopper, Paramount music department worker, thirdly she became an aunt when the wife of her eighteen-year-old brother, Buddy, gave birth to a baby... Oh boy!... RKO is angling to bring real romance into reel prominence when Barbara Stanwyck starts making A Love Like That. Yes, you're right, Robert Taylor is sought to play opposite Barbara... The young sailor who tried to extort $5,000 from Ginger Rogers under threat of death, drew a five-year sentence in San Quentin... Some folks in the little Northern California town of Shasta City seem to remember a girl who once lived in their midst as "the spittin' image" of Simone Simon. Of course, the girl they knew didn't have a French accent. Most of them would be willing to bet a few shekels the girl they knew and Simone are in the same cause.

Filipinos Favor Blondes

BLONDE FILM ACTRESSES are favored in the Philippines. Such is the word brought to Hollywood by Dr. Hilario Camino Morella, who, during the crusade for Philippine independence, spent many years in America. He says Jean Harlow, Ginger Rogers and Carole Lombard are tops with cinema fans in the inalterable commonwealth. Hollywood studios feted the gentleman from Cebu, P. L. during his visit. The Tagalogs, Visayans and Ilo-ceanos rate Dick Powell, William Powell and Clark Gable very high, the visitor said.

Early Studios Relive

ONCE AGAIN THE studios where D. W. Griffith made his first great picture, The Birth of a Nation, is to take a commanding position in Hollywood's picture activities. The old Majestic-Reliance plant, also known as the Fine Arts Studios, and more lately as the Talisman Studios, now has come under the control of Maurice Gebber, financed by English capital. He is reconstructing the plant into an ultra-modern production center for rental film producers. The Gish sisters, Mae Marsh, Bessie Love and a host of others climbed to fame at the old Sunset and Virgil location. Gebber was the originator of Screen Snapshots and was Valentino's first manager.

Good Dialectician

FAY WRET is a dialectician par excellence. She has the voices and manner of speech of each one in her household down so that when folks phone she may answer in the voice of the maid, secretary, or baby's nurse. When Fay's sense of humor gets the better of her, the little knack can become most confusing to callers. She confides, however, that it's a "defense" accomplishment for her own inability to recognize voices over the phone.

"Uncle Carl" Vies

THAT GRAND OLD MAN of the independents, Carl Laemmle, Sr., has decided not to let Adolph Zukor take all the spotlight with his Silver Jubilee. "Uncle Carl," as [Continued on page 8]
THE INSIDE STORY OF
"MAID OF SALEM"

By FRANK LLOYD

(Director of "Cavalcade", "The Sea Hawk", "Mutiny on the Bounty")

Naturally, ever since "Mutiny on the Bounty" swept the country, I've been on the lookout for another yarn with the same sweep and power to bring to the screen. I wanted a story with plenty of drama and with plenty of chance for me to direct big out of doors scenes, the kind I get the most kick out of.

Well, to make a long story short, I found just such a yarn. . .."Maid of Salem". Here is the story of a young girl and a young lad who have the nerve to fight off a whole town of fanatics who try to break up their love . . . a story with the same drive and surge of "Mutiny". For here love and courage face the fanatic venom of a whole mob of Captain Blighs.

But finding a story is only half a director's battle. The next thing was to find stars able to play the parts. I had recently directed Claudette Colbert in "Under Two Flags" and knew what she could do in a highly emotional part. Fortunately, I was able to cast her as the stout-hearted little "Maid of Salem". A hero? I needed a swashbuckling, hard-boiled lad who could carve his way with a cutlass through an armed mob, with a grin on his face . . . I found him. Fred MacMurray, I honestly believe, does as fine a job in this picture as any of the heroes of my big adventure pictures. The girls are going to say it's Fred's swellest part.

Last but not least a producer-director has got to have freedom to make a picture his own way. I, personally, want my pictures absolutely authentic. If it's an historical picture, I want my history correct. Well, let me say, right here and now, Paramount has made this, my first picture for their company, the easiest I have ever worked on. For they have told me to spare no expense to make "Maid of Salem" the most authentic, the most powerful of my productions. So I think when you see "Maid of Salem" you will agree with me that it tops them all for sheer entertainment.

A typical Lloyd action scene, a bunch of hard-boiled vagabonds pitting their strength against the courage of one tough lad and his stout sword arm.

Frank Lloyd looking for a new screen yarn.

Frank Lloyd on the set with Claudette Colbert as the cameras start cranking for "Maid of Salem"

Fred MacMurray in his first big historical role since "The Texas Rangers", as a swashbuckling Southern gentleman who can carve his way through any mob with his good sword.

Claudette Colbert in her greatest part, as the young New England girl who dares the wrath of a whole countryside for the love of her dashi Southern hero.

When Answering Advertisements, Please Mention March HOLLYWOOD 7
we go to press, is planning to celebrate his seventieth birthday with an "open house" at his Benedict Canyon estate in Beverly Hills.

La Bennett’s Plans

CONSTANCE BENNETT closed her beautiful white Holmby Hills house and flew to New York for an indefinite stay. Whispers say when she returns to Hollywood, her plans to step into the exclusive ranks as a woman motion picture producer, will have been completed.

Nervy Hitch-Hiker

BRIAN DONLEVY reports the nerviest hitch-hiker on record. Donlevy picked the lad up on Beverly Boulevard and immediately was asked if he had time to turn around and take him three miles in the opposite direction. When Brian asked, "If that's the idea, why weren't you standing on the other side of the street?" the kid piped, "Cause there weren't so many cars going in that direction, mister."

Another Shows Nerve

DONALD WOODS deserves our sympathy for the month's nerviest "caller." A lad arrived at his house late on an afternoon, knocked at the back door, told the cook he was Don's cousin from Wisconsin, and with neither Mrs. Woods or Don at home to verify it, the cook asked him in. No sooner had she done so than the front doorbell rang and she left the kitchen to answer it. When she returned a few moments later, the caller had packed a lunch and "vamoosed"—notably with a chicken from the refrigerator, a loaf of bread and pie from the pantry and, to top it all, three pairs of Don's socks from the clothesline!

Mae’s High Salary

SOMETHING OF A HIGH in the matter of wages was recorded recently by none other than Mae West. Miss West received $300,000 flat for her starring role in Go West, Young Man, and the picture was in production exactly 42 days. That means well over $7,000 per day and you can figure out, on an eight-hour day basis, what it netted per hour, per minute, per second.

A generous slice of that money will go to Uncle Sam.

Now Marlene Dietrich is demanding $300,000 a picture, but Mae got hers. No decision on Dietrich.

"Doug" vs. Marlene

LONDON CINEMA WRITERS indulge in a jolly bit of chatter once in a while and latterly they have been cooking up a romance between Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Marlene Dietrich, solely, it seems, because Doug, Jr., has been siring her to first nights and clubs.

What they forgot to mention was that Rudolph Sieber, Marlene's husband, was always a third in the party.

However, Marlene is returning to this country to do her chores at Paramount, and simultaneously, it was printed that Doug, Jr., was coming back to America.

Obviously the press assumed that he was following Marlene.

Truth is that Doug, Jr., has intended, for a long time, to make a picture or two in Hollywood. Further, and for the last time, let it be written that Marlene... [Continued on page 18]
Salute a stunning new musical joyride produced with all the smartness and variety and zest Warner Bros. are famed for! ...A grand all-round show...new dances...new song hits...and girls galore! A side-splitting story as new as the New Year!...with a star cast of favorites willing and able to either sing it or swing it! This riot of rhythm and fun easily takes the screen honors of the month.

"READY, WILLING and ABLE"

Ray Enright directed...Bobby Connolly arranged the dance ensembles...And Johnny Mercer and Richard Whiting wrote the 3 song hits — "Too Marvelous for Words", "Sentimental and Melancholy", and "Just a Quiet Evening"
There's no preserving in practicing the smart beauty of the new hairdresses—not if HOLD-BOBS are used! For HOLD-BOBS really do more than ordinary bob pins can do. That's why Hollywood has named HOLD-BOBS its favorite bob pin and that's why beautiful women everywhere refuse to dress their hair without HOLD-BOBS. Only HOLD-BOBS have these exclusive features: small, invisible heads; smooth, round, non-scratching points; flexible, tapered legs, one side crimped; and colors to match all shades of hair.

Ask for a card of HOLD-BOBS today... and swing compliments your way by keeping your coiffure always neat and beautiful.

The new, fashionable hairdresses need HOLD-BOBS

Charming Louise Kaye Karchmer of Chicago was the October winner in the nation-wide "Search for Talent" sponsored by HOLD-BOBS. She receives a free screen test, $50.00 in cash, and an opportunity to make her screen debut in a Walter Hanger Production at United Artists Studio.

The perfect bob pin for the modern hairdresser

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HOLD-BOB

The perfect bob pin for the modern hairdresser

Our Readers Write

But Right or Wrong—Our Readers!

Tying up the song with the feet! Here is something you will see in Ready, Willing and Able, Warner Bros.'s big musical. Ruby Keeler and Lee Dixon dance on the keys of a huge typewriter, while the upraised le—lms of chorus girls respond and there flows forth a typed tune that promises to be on millions of tongues during 1937.

She Wins Taylor Prize

Dear Editor:

Things that are beginning to bore me in pictures:

1. A Rogers-Astaire picture with the same identical plot, and almost the same cast. Their first pictures were delightful, and I saw some of them the second time, but after all, one likes to see a different story occasionally, even if their dancing is marvelous. Frankly, their last picture was quite disappointing.

2. Why can't some of our stars leave off this "awk" and "cawn't" business? For instance, Bonnie Barnes doesn't seem quite the type to broaden her A's so promiscuously.

3. Rochester Hudson is very sweet and lovely, but must she speak her mouth in that twisted way she has, to express deep emotion?

4. Valiant is the Word for Carlin was superb! If only Wesley Ruggles had endeavored to put a little feeling into the acting of his attractive young(?) girl. Even in the most emotional scene, she portrayed no more feeling than I would have in selecting a pair of hose.

5. Stuart Erwin was perfect in his role in Pigskin Parade. Incidentally, I enjoyed that honestly small town picture, more than any I have seen lately, and I see plenty of them, but there is no reason for putting him in anything quite so stupid and handsome as All American Champ. That name would be much more fitting to some of the Hollywood executives, who persist in putting out such shomyumable pictures. Surely, they can find better stories than that.

6. Another thing that continues to be a source of excitement to me is why these same producers insist on putting a young, attractive lady like Robert Taylor, opposite a leading lady who is from five to fifteen years older than he. Robert Taylor personifies our clean, attractive American youth. Why then should he be given a role that is years too mature, and one which only an experienced, seasoned actor could put over? If he can hold his own opposite Garbo, who is much older, and who has been years in the business of acting, he can play any part.

7. What I should like to see, is Robert Taylor teamed with lovely Virginia Bruce in a real love story. Not one of these light, frothy, million-dollar comedies, but depicting the troubles and happiness of a married or single couple.

Personally, I'm all for the happy endings for pictures. Yes, I know—I'll probably be deluged with protests and arguments in re: Art, realism, et cetera—but when I (and a couple of million others) go to the movies, I go for relaxation and enjoyment. And I can't say that I get either when I leave the theatre feeling sorry for the hero or heroine, or suspended in mid-air when the story suddenly ends, and all you can do is wonder if it will turn out all right. There seems to be a tendency toward the latter recently, as witness Imitation of Life, Anthony Adverse, Craig's Wife and dozens of others.

For this reason, I enjoy pictures like Theodora Goes Wild, Libeled Lady, and the like. Who cares if they're not artistic masterpieces? They amate us have, but I'll take happiness every time!

M. H. McCudden

110 Cornell, Altoquaque, N. Mex.

Just what fans in general think about unhappy endings should find expression during the coming year because several major productions will show film favorites cut down by the Grim Reaper.—The Editor.

Battered Bugle Appeals

Dear Editor:

Fade-out shots have long followed conventional lines, and a lot of good movies have failed to leave a favorable impression due to the last few sequences. I, for one, will never forget the last shot in The Road to Glory. Just a battered bugle lying in the mud, but it was so very effective and touching, that it stole the show from three great stars—Lloyd Byers, Columbia Hotel, Moorhead, Minn.

What Price Beauty?

Dear Editor:

Each time I go near a beauty parlor and see the many young women engaged in making Mrs. Jones more attractive to her husband, and Miss Brown more appealing to her fiancé, I wonder if these busy young ladies ever stop to think that they are giving their jobs to the Joan Crawford, Jean Harlow and Norma Shearer of the screen. How many women do not come out from a Crawford picture conscious that they need a new perm or a mantique?

[Continued on page 59]
The same mad-cap, riotous spirit that set "My Man Godfrey" apart from any other picture makes this spectacular musical DIFFERENT from anything you've ever seen! It tops them all!

Giant cast!... Sparkling personalities!... Seven songs by that never-miss hit team, McHugh and Adamson!... Breath-catching gowns!... Fun, frivolity, frenzy!... Music, mad-waggery, mirth and magnificence!

THE NEW UNIVERSAL PRESENTS

TOP OF THE TOWN

With a glittering galaxy of stage, screen and radio favorites including:

Doris Nolan • George Murphy • Hugh Herbert • Gregory Ratoff • Gertrude Niesen • Ella Logan • Henry Armetta • Ray Mayer • Mischa Auér • The Three Sailors • Peggy Ryan
Gerald Oliver Smith • Jack Smart • Claude Gillingwater • Ernest Cassart

Directed by Ralph Murphy • Associate Producer Lou Brock
CHARLES R. ROGERS, Executive Producer

THE SCREEN HAS NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE IT!
Hollywood's Charm School

Hollywood Beauty Briefs
by Ann Vernon

OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND is the first of the younger stars to adopt the Joan of Arc look, which is the newest trend predicted by Hollywood hairstylists. The hair is worn in a long bob, either straight or in loose waves, and turned under at the ends in a single smooth roll. The hairdress is equally good with or without bangs, depending on the shape of the face.

- Irene Dunne, when she takes her end-of-the-day tub, covers her face with cream because she finds the steam opens the pores and permits the cream to penetrate. There is a supply of tissues handy to remove excess cream while bathing. Irene is also enthusiastic about the wash cloths made like mitts which French women use. A supply to fit your own hands can easily be made of soft terry-cloth.

- Constance Bennett says her tapering fingertips are the result of a daily massage in warm oil. The oil softens the cuticle, and while in this pliable state, the fingertips can be coaxed into slenderness by stroking lengthwise at the sides of the nails.

- Presto change! From coral to rust and then to vermilion and wine reds is the morning-to-dusk color scheme for fingernails of the cinema stars who cleverly tint their nails to complement their costumes. These lighting changes of nail polish require a safe and reliable polish remover to keep the nails in perfect condition (it's not polish but harsh acetone removers that cause dry, brittle nails). A non-drying polish remover containing beneficial oils is now offered as a companion to the oily cuticle remover of a famous manufacturer. The oils of these mild-mannered preparations nourish the cuticle and nails and keep them smooth and healthy no matter how frequently the nails are redone. The price is 35 cents each. Want the name?

- Joan Crawford has discarded all her pumps and slippers and now wears only open-toed sandals, ranging from flat heels to very high. Joan favors rust toned polish for her pedicure, or matches toenails to fingernails in a vivid hue for evening.

- Ann Dvorak believes any girl can brush her way to beauty and uses a dozen brushes daily to prove it. There is a hairbrush for those flabby valuable strokes night and morning. A tiny stiff brush for brushing the lashes up and down for a minute or two before applying make-up, to keep them smooth and glossy. A com-

Margot Grahame, glamorous Britisher under contract to RKO Studios, is one of screenland's true beauties, off-screen or on. You'll see her soon in Michael Strohoff.

Women
HERE'S SPECIAL WORK OFFERING YOU...
UP TO $23 IN A WEEK and all of your own Dresses FREE of a penny cost

No Experience or Investment Needed
This offer is open to all unmarried—single or married—who need money and are ambitious enough to accept this easy way to get it. Represent the world's leading dress-makers by Fashion Frocks—wear the gorgeous new 1137 and look the gorgeous now! And there's no working! It is interesting, peaceful, and a hundred per cent to look after. You will be paid to give you results. This is a dress-making opportunity whether you have been real money, or can earn it $2.50 a week and never fail. Every woman who can get your own dresses without a penny of cost, to wear and display will always want more, money. Remit coupon for amazing free offers.

Send for Style Portfolio
126 LOVELIEST Spring DRESSES many as $2.98 low as $1.98

Fashion Frocks styles this new Spring Season are more attractive than ever. They are the last minute styles direct from fashion headquarters in Paris and Hollywood, and are worn and approved by many of the big women's magazines and are endorsed by leading Fashion Editors. They are never said in stores, but by authorized representatives only.

No House-to-House Canvassing Necessary
Get details of our Special Plan that enables you to get started easily and quickly, without canvassing house-to-house. We will help you build up a successful, permanent dress business—nothing full or part time that pays you a good regular income.

Send Free Coupon
Mail coupon at once for this marvelous free offer today. Get the whole story how you can make up to $5.00 a week or more in a week and get your own dresses free of charge at any cost. No obligation and no money necessary. Free coupon today.

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Tell me how I can represent Fashion Frocks—make up to $5.00 in a week and get sample dresses free in year. I wear Size...

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Accept No Substitutes! Always Insist on the Advertised Brand!
GRACE MOORE
Heads Hit List in New Song-Filled Triumph,
"When You're In Love"

Two thousand dollars for a husband! That's the fee Louise Fuller, famed opera star, paid a total stranger to marry her. And that's the start of one of the most scintillating, side-splitting romances I've ever laughed through—Grace Moore's stunning new hit, "When You're In Love", with Cary Grant.

Of course, any film of Grace's is aces with me. But "When You're In Love" is even several notches better, to my way of thinking, than "One Night of Love" or "The King Steps Out".

The star who started a new style in song-films hits some new vocal highs in music numbers by Jerome Kern and Dorothy Fields, which include the soon-to-be-famous "Our Song".

The cast is loaded for comedy with such notables as Cary Grant, Aline MacMahon, Luis Alberni, Henry Stephenson, Catherine Doucel, and Thomas Mitchell.

Robert Riskin, as I've already hinted, delivered a fun-packed, fast-moving screen play, and followed it up with the smartest kind of direction, in collaboration with Harry Lachman. And Columbia Pictures have treated their talented star to an elaborate production that hits scenic highspots from New York to Mexico.

You can say I said that Grace Moore in "When You're In Love" is my favorite amusement of the month. It's way out in front of the February hit parade.

By RUSSELL PATTERSON
They're Off at Santa Anita!

They're off at Santa Anita! And filmmom's race horse owners and those who only try to pick winners are flocking to the million-dollar plant a few miles from Hollywood. Just how popular racing is in California is attested by the great banks of motor cars parked beyond the paddock where enthusiasts get close-ups of fine horseflesh.

Helen Vinson and her husband, Fred Perry, check over the program to see which horses they like for the next race. Fred thinks it's a "racquet" and no doubt Helen agrees with him.

Al Jolson seems highly pleased as he watches his choice round the track, but wifey, Ruby Keeler, looks a bit puzzled. Evidently she didn't rely on Al's ability as a picker.

Honeymooners at a horse race. Gail Patrick and her new husband, Bob Cobb, of Brown Derby fame, are watching 'em run at Santa Anita. Happy? You guess.

Accept No Substitutes! Always Insist on the Advertised Brand!
THROUGH THE DAY USE TANGEE...WATCH THE BLUSH-ROSE SHADE OF YOUTH APPEAR

- Tangee's magic Color Change Principle gives your lips the soft, natural glow of youth. Orange in the stick, Tangee changes on your lips to the one shade of blush-rose most becoming to you. Paris says, "A painted look is not in keeping with fashions of today." Tangee isn't paint and cannot give you a "painted look".

Use Tangee Rouge, too, for it also contains the magic Color Change Principle...gives you natural beauty. It brings youthful color to your cheeks.

THROUGH THE NIGHT...TANGEE LIPSTICK'S SPECIAL CREAM BASE SOFTENS AND PROTECTS YOUR LIPS

- Tangee your lips before you go to bed. Tangee Natural Lipstick's special cream base protects and soothes, keeps lips from chapping, drying. Doesn't come off on bed linens. Awake with smooth, softly tinted lips instead of a faded "morning look". Do not confuse Tangee with ordinary cosmetics you must remove at bedtime.

Try Tangee. Two sizes, 39¢ and $1.10. Or send the coupon below for Tangee's 24-Hour Miracle Make-Up Set.

World's Most Famous Lipstick

TANGEE

ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTES! 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.

"24-HOUR MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET"
THE GEORGE W. LUFT COMPANY
417 Fifth Avenue, New York City
Rush "24-Hour Miracle Make-Up Set" of miniature Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge, Face Powder, enclosed 10¢ (postage or coin). (15¢ in Canada)

Check Shade of Powder Desired

☐ Flesh ☐ Rachel ☐ Light Rachel

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ADDRESS ____________________________________________
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When Answering Advertisements, Please Mention March HOLLYWOOD
Home Made Ice Cream!

Just mention HOME-MADE Ice Cream—and see young eyes sparkle and chubby mouths water! There's nothing youngsters love so much as the wholesome nourishing ice cream that's made right at home... that they themselves can help to make!

Give your children the same delicious treat you enjoyed as a little girl. Today it's so easy! You'll be amazed when you see how fast the new 1937 Freezers freeze. These modern freezers take only ten minutes to freeze enough delicious ice cream for the whole family!

"Have a party" for the children—they enjoy it. Pure, wholesome home-made ice cream builds growing bodies. Your hardware dealer will show you the latest freezers. Both hand and electric style are very inexpensive.

Let's Have a Valentine Party!

BUY A FREEZER at your
HARDWARE OR DEPARTMENT STORE

Movie Crossword Puzzle!

Test Your Film Knowledge!

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ACROSS

1. Mary Pickford's fiancé.
2. He has lead in The Play boys and the Stars.
3. Movie trailers, etc. (abbr.).
4. Part of Frank Shield's tennis equipment.
5. —— Couldn't Have Happened.
6. The Case of the Blush ——.
7. Initials of Mrs. Norman Foster.
8. The Rex Bell ranch is in this state.
10. Edward Nugent (init.).
12. Jean Hersholt portrayed one in Reunion (abbr.).
14. 19 Across was born on this date in April.
15. Initials of English star who portrayed Rembrandt.
16. State in which Ann Sothern was born (abbr.).
17. Clore —— was Marda in Ramona.
18. Pronoun used in Biblical films.
19. Mickey Rooney is one.
20. First word of many movie titles.
21. Recap —— the Zombies.
22. Dottie Dunbar's birthplace (abbr.).
23. Mr. Abercrombe's initials.
24. He was Dodesworth.
25. Here Comes ——.
26. Miss Nagel's initials.
27. Term used by directors to indicate scene is over.
28. Bruce Cabot's native state (abbr.).
29. That hazzard player.
30. The talkative Tracy.
31. Whose role was that of Theodora in Theodora Goes Wild?
32. Garbo's leading man in Camille.

DOWN

1. She plays opposite Muni in The Good Earth.
2. Jane Withers comes from this state (abbr.).
4. Initials of Marlene Dietrich's husband.
5. Love —— the Run.
6. Character actor whose first name is Charles.
7. Initials of late Miss Todd.
8. First name of 55 Across.
9. Michael Whalen was born in this state (abbr.).
10. Lili Damita was born on this date in September.
11. Richard Cromwell was born in this state (abbr.).
12. —— in a Crowd.
13. His last name is Silvers.
14. Henry Fonda is Margaret Sullivan's husband.
15. Fred MacMurray's birthplace (abbr.).
17. The King Steps ——.
18. They made Ben Turpin famous (sing.).
19. English actor who was Romeo.
20. Activity which movie cameras photograph.
22. Mrs. Allan Jones.
23. You saw her in Come and Get It.
24. Popular term for constant movie goer.
25. Kind of lights used on film sets.
26. What players do while cameras grind.
27. His last name is Lyon.
28. Give —— This Night.
29. Barry Norton (init.).
30. Can This —— Dixie?
31. Maternelle was a French film.
32. Initials of one generally paired with Cecilia Parker.

(Solution on page 56)
GLAMOUR? She has it... and good sense, too

CLAUDETTE COLBERT
STAR OF PARAMOUNT'S
"Maid of Salem"

She keeps her complexion exquisite—guards against Cosmetic Skin—with this simple care...

"USE COSMETICS? Of course I do," says lovely Claudette Colbert. "But I always use Lux Toilet Soap!"

9 out of 10 other lovely screen stars use this famous soap. Lux Toilet Soap guards against Cosmetic Skin—enlarged pores, tiny blemishes. Its ACTIVE lather goes deep into the pores, thoroughly removes dust, dirt, stale cosmetics.

Use Lux Toilet Soap before you renew make-up during the day, ALWAYS before you go to bed. "Soft, smooth skin is very important to charm!" says Claudette Colbert.
"I Keep My Hair Soft and Golden with Marchand's Golden Hair Wash," says Miss Madeleine Frick, of Norfolk, Va.

TYPICAL of the many girls who have become more popular with sunny, golden hair, Miss Frick was chosen February winner of MARCHAND'S BLONDE-OF-THE-MONTH Contest. Says Miss Frick, "My whole appearance is fresher—brighter—since I use Marchand's Golden Hair Wash."

You, too, now can gain this popularity. Rinse your hair with Marchand's Golden Hair Wash, and yourself have sunny hair friends admire.

BLONDES—Is dull, faded or streaked hair robbing you of the youthful, lively charm blonde hair can give? Enjoy a more fascinating appearance now. To keep your hair bright and golden always rinse with Marchand's.

BRUNETTES—To add an alluring lustrous sheen to your hair just rinse with Marchand's. You will be amazed at the improvement in your whole appearance. Or if you wish, using Marchand's full strength you can lighten your hair to any golden shade and become an appealing blonde.

BLONDIES AND BRUNETTES—Use Marchand's also to make "superfuous" hair on arms, legs or face unnoticeable. Keep dainty and alluring all over with Marchand's. Start today! Get a bottle of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash at any drug store. Use it tonight, at home.

WANT TO WIN A FREE VISIT TO NEW YORK?
For details see folder inside your package of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. Ask your druggist. Or use coupon below.

MARCHAND'S
GOLDEN HAIR WASH

ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR MARCHAND'S TODAY, OR USE THIS COUPON

MARCHAND'S GOLDEN HAIR WASH, 521 West 23rd St., NEW YORK CITY
Please let me try for myself the SUNNY, GOLDEN EFFECT of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. Enclosed 50 cents (use stamps, coin or money order as convenient) for a full-sized bottle.

Name
Address
City State

F. P. 357

Accept No Substitutes! Always Insist on the Advertised Brand!

Hollywood Newsreel

(continued from page eight)

"Now I lay me—" but why go on when you know what Sybil Jason, Warner Bros.' starlet, is saying just before she hops into bed. Sniffer, her Scottie, seems a bit less religious. Come on, pup, close those eyes, this is a prayer Dietrich and her husband are very much in love and their devotion to Maria, their little girl, is mutual.

Private Number?

BELIEVE IT OR NOT, a private telephone number that but four people in Hollywood knew was announced to the entire nation a few weeks ago.

If you saw Go West, Young Man, you may remember that Warren William, arguing with Mae West in the picture, grabs a telephone and asks for a certain number in Hollywood.

Well, that was actually the number of Mae's private phone in her Ravenswood Apartment home.

But you need not try calling her up. The number was hurriedly changed the day after the picture was previewed.

Filmites Seek Big Purse

WITH ALL THE past hullabaloo about Hollywood filmites having entered horses in the big Santa Anita handicap, the actual entry list, recently published, disclosed but four horses entered by filmland's elect.

William Le Baron, Joe E. Brown, Bing Crosby and Carmen Pantages, wife of John Considine, producer, are the only ones who actually have horses entered in the big $100,000 handicap.

Raoul Walsh, director, has sent a horse from England to enter the Derby, too.

He Kissed Garbo

Greta Garbo, during the making of Camille, drove into the Metro studio in her car and as she alighted John Barrymore, who was standing near talking to a director, walked toward her car, helped her out and greeted her by throwing his arms around her and kissing her.

Garbo took it in stride, laughed a bit and then walked to her dressing room and—locked the door.
because of the 3-way protection of Kotex

1. **Can't Chafe**
   The sides of Kotex are cushioned in a special, soft, downy cotton to prevent chafing and irritation. Thus Wondersoft Kotex provides lasting comfort and freedom. But sides only are cushioned—the center surface is free to absorb.

2. **Can't Fail**
   The filler of Kotex is actually 5 times more absorbent than cotton. A special “Equalizer” center guides moisture evenly the whole length of the pad. Gives “body” but not bulk—prevents twisting and roping.

3. **Can't Show**
   The rounded ends of Kotex are flattened and tapered to provide absolute invisibility. Even the sheerest dress, the closest-fitting gown, reveals no tell-tale lines or wrinkles.

**3 Types of Kotex All at the Same Low Price**—Regular, Junior, and Super—for different women, different days.

**Wondersoft Kotex**
A Sanitary Napkin
made from Cellucotton (not cotton)

When answering advertisements, please mention March Hollywood 19
Hollywood Youngstars

By Phyllis Fraser
(A Telling Actress)

VINTON HAWORTH has given Hollywood another embarrassing moment to add to its ever-growing list. During the filming of That Girl From Paris, Vin, the director, and the prop boy were sitting around talking while the cameras were lining up for the next scene when one of them noticed an attractive girl entering the stage, and commented on it. They all looked at her, agreed she was very pretty, and resumed their conversation only to be interrupted by the girl asking Vin if she could speak to him for a moment.

He said, "Certainly!" and excused himself. As they walked away the girl asked, "Do you remember me?" "Well," Vin admitted, "your face does seem familiar, but I can't recall your name." It's Florence Haworth," she said, and I'm your ex-wife." To say that Vin was very embarrassed is putting it mildly!

The Andy Devine's are expecting another bit of Devineness at their home... Eleanor Whitney was in the middle of a cafe fight recently and had to be carried out because she got hysterical... Paula Stone is busy shopping for baby pens... for her baby Dane pup that Dennis Moore gave her for Christmas... Carlyle Moore, Jr., and Bert Kalmar, Jr., get together and exchange stories about their experiences and when they've finished make the other guess which is true.

Success Stories... Bill Carson, new RKO player, lived in Hollywood for years, but failed to get even a peek in at the studios. Finally in desperation he sojourneled to New York, where a talent scout saw him and immediately gained for him a movie contract. You'll soon see him in Coast Patrol.

Lee Bowman, young Paramount player, who looks like Fredric March, says all his good luck is coming at once. Within a month he met Anne Shirley and started taking her out and was assigned an important role in Interiors Can't Take Money.

The poem this month is contributed by Barbara Pepper, siren of the screen. I asked her to write a poem and she handed me one of the loveliest I've ever read. Unfortunately it was too long for these pages, so she wrote us a shorter one. If you like it write Barbara in care of the RKO studios and tell her, because writing is one of her burning ambitions.

HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD
by Barbara Pepper

Hollywood Boulevard is like any other street, It's tawdry, and noisy, and not very neat, But its name and its fortune so easily came, Because it is trod by stars of great fame.

Boys and girls the world over, hold hands in the theatre. Some stars in Hollywood do, and others don't. On the "do" list are Paula Stone and Dennis Moore, and the newlyweds, Grace Durkin and Bill Henry. Robert Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck, whose romance keeps gossipers in a
Eric Linden can be depended upon to give a fine performance in any picture he appears in, but can’t be depended upon ever to keep a social engagement. Eleanore Whitney recently made a trip to Chicago and when she returned had a diamond ring on her left hand and led everyone to believe she was engaged, until finally the story was picked up by all the papers, then Eleanore quickly denied it, and said she couldn’t understand where the rumor started. Really, Eleanore? Jack Dunn, the English ice skater, has been under contract to Universal for eight months and has yet to work in a picture. Recently, he hurried around to his friends and invited them all to visit him on the set during the filming of *Hippodrome*. They all accepted and asked when they might come. “Well,” Jack said, “I’m going to start work in about three months... I just found out today.” Who said the English haven’t a sense of humor? Bert Kalmar Jr. who by profession is an actor, drew pictures of his friends for Christmas gifts that almost speak to you from the canvas, they are so good. The whole younger set has taken a game called Tripoly to their hearts and can be found playing it nearly every night around someone’s fire place. John Howard Payne has been given a nickname by his acquaintances... notice I didn’t say friends, which we can’t print here... they say he earned it because since his success in *Dodsworth*, his hats are too small to fit his head.
Sid Grauman: Star Midas

Hollywood stars flash meteorically into the sky, twinkle momentarily, in the all-enfolding arms of obscurity. But a rock which stands against the flood tide of all-obliterating time is Sid Grauman, star-maker of Hollywood. With his magic eye the creator of many a career, he stands agelessly, watching them come and watching them go.

When the stars are at the dazzling aume of their circuits they come to Sid Grauman’s show palace, the Chinese Theatre on Hollywood Boulevard. There they press their hand and footprints and write their names into a square of soggy cement. It hardens, and they have left their stamp on cold concrete. There it will stand, testifying to the memory of one-time greatness, after displacement by the movie idols of tomorrow.

Who is this movieland maestro who many years ago as a young man marched into Hollywood and found there an infant industry, known at that time (by any who knew about it) as the nickelodeon industry? Come with the writer and lunch with Sid Grauman in his present home, the Ambassador Hotel, and discover who this man is.

Age is tucked invisibly away behind the youthful smile of this wily little man, who will slap you on the back be you great or small. And if on your day he is in a particularly chipper mood you had best be on guard, for Hollywood’s skilled and noted practical jokers include not one who has ever outsmarted Sid Grauman. Graying hair depletes not one whit the dynamic energy or the impression of freshness which dominates Sir Sid, whose voice can get through the private secretary of any big name in Hollywood and command the immediate attention of the mite or mogul who Sid then hails by his first name.

When Sid Grauman was a boy he demonstrated the two predominant characteristics which were to make him Hollywood’s greatest showman. His love of color and adventure sent him to Alaska with the gold rush. His lightning-quick business acumen led him to sell San Francisco newspapers for $1 each while others strained their backs prospecting.

The show business claimed its own when Grauman returned to the Golden Gate. He joined his father, D. J. Grauman, as co-operator of a dime vaudeville house.

Tragedy is the proved manufacturer of greatness. Cruel blows of fate constitute the mill from which mighty careers are ground. Grauman and son were flattened by the catastrophe of 1906. But the San Francisco earthquake started two modern colossuses. One was the new San Francisco, the other was Sid Grauman, master showman.

With the fire still burning, the Graumans pitched a tent on a rented lot on Fillmore Street. With cataclysmic ruins piled high everywhere to mock the ghost of old San Francisco, that city’s gallant population forgot its woes by filing into this improvised tent theatre. Its advertised attraction reflected true Grauman showmanship.

“In here nothing will fall on you in case of an earthquake.”

—

During Colds adopt the KLEENEX HABIT in your office!

• When sniffles start, put aside handkerchiefs and adopt the Kleenex Habit! It saves noses, saves money and reduces handkerchief washing. Kleenex Tissues tend to retain germs, thus check colds from spreading to others. Simply use each tissue just once—then destroy, germs and all.

Once you have Kleenex handy in your desk, you’ll find the Kleenex Habit makes many tasks far easier—just as it does at home!

Keep Kleenex in Every Room. Save Steps—Time—Money

To remove face creams and cosmetics . . . To apply powder, rouge . . . To dust and polish . . . For the baby . . . And in the car—to wipe hands, windshield and greasy spots.

KLEENEX

A disposable tissue made of Cellucotton (not cotton)
In this debris-surrounded canvas Sid made his debut as a star-maker. His first star was an unknown youth named Al Jolson, who performed at $60 a week for a half-year. "Even then," Grauman tells, "Jolson was a great artist! San Francisco acclaimed him the greatest in the world. He is a natural in pictures, too." Later in an auto show on the same spot Al Jolson was paid $25,000 for one week of personal appearances.

Joe P. Brown, opening his career as a headliner at the theatre of the Graumans, was even in that day very sensational. Grauman calls him "a really schooled performer with exceptional versatility. He was dancer, acrobat, bare-back rider, and comedian." The wide-mouthed one styled that show-house where his blazing career was ignited "the boiler factory" because it featured seventeen shows daily. Before each show he would say, "Let's put in another rivet."

Another Grauman product later to ascend to Hollywood's peak of cinema fame was Jesse L. Lasky, co-founder of Paramount Pictures and long a leading producer of leading motion picture stars. With his sister, Lasky did an act which brought in $60 a week between them. The Laskys had an express wagon full of musical instruments and dressed as Russian Hussars.

One week a magician was among the acts played at the Grauman 'Frisco theatre. It seems his feminine "stooge"—only they did not call them "stooges" in that day—had deserted him. He needed a good looking miss to hold the hat from which he extracted rabbits and to hand him his paraphernalia of legerdemain, so the junior Grauman started scouting for one. A girl named Bessie Allen applied for the job and was hired. A night or so later she whispered in the Grauman ear that her sister needed work, and why not make the magic turn almost super-colossal by having two girls work with the disciple of the black arts. Grauman agreed and the other Allen girl's name was Grace. The Gracie Alen of Burns and Allen radio and screen fame today.

The Grauman enterprise, pere et fils, migrated to San Joe and opened the memorable Grauman's Unique Theatre. Sid had his eye cocked for a singer for (Continued on page 60)
Go where the crowds are going...

Now you can see

The love story which changed the destiny of an empire! The picture the world is waiting for!

... Direct from its sensational $2.00 runs in Hollywood and New York!

"Liar! Traitor! Betrayer!
I am everything your husband calls me!"

Hail a new star!
Handsome, appealing Tyrone Power today's screen sensation!

Lloyds of London

Starring Freddie Bartholomew and Carroll Carroll

with Sir Guy Standing - Tyrone Power

C. Aubrey Smith - Virginia Field

And a mammoth cast

Directed by Henry King

Associate producer Kenneth Macgowan

Darryl F. Zanuck

In charge of production

When this trade-mark flashes on the screen...

Accept No Substitutes! Always insist on the advertised brand!
HEll
John
M
"THIS YEAR'S KISSES"
"I'VE GOT MY LOVE TO KEEP ME WARM"
"THE GIRL ON THE POLICE GAZETTE"
"HE AIN'T GOT RHYTHM"

"SLUMMING ON PARK AVENUE"
"YOU'RE LAUGHING AT ME"

Dick
POWELL • CARROLL
in
Madeleine
IRVING BERLIN'S
"ON THE AVENUE"
with
ALICE FAYE • THE RITZ BROTHERS • GEORGE BARBIER
ALAN MOWBRAY • CORA WITHERSPOON • STEPIN FETCHIT • SIG RUMANN

Directed by Roy Del Ruth • Associate Producer Gene Markey
DARRYL F. ZANUCK in Charge of Production • Music and Lyrics by Irving Berlin

The tops in swank! • The smoothest in rhythm!
The greatest in stars! • The newest in love!
The fastest in dancing! • The last word in entertainment!
It's full of Boom-Boom and Go-Go!

New York's latest real-life romance set to Irving Berlin's music in a show as big as the town... as good as the songs!

IT'S YOUR GUARANTEE OF THE BEST IN ENTERTAINMENT!
How Fate Tricked Ross Alexander!

For a full memory-strewn year Ross Alexander was the actor's phone, Hills Woodrow December 26, and the prize—in the strangest race that ever was run under the gleaming lights of Hollywood. It was a race between sterilism and boredom—boredom not of the simple kind, but the utter, futile mental weariness of a man who was tired of life.

The race waxed hot against the gleam of Hollywood's Aurora, and came to an end in the darkness of a hay loft far from the film town's glitter. Armed with a small calibre revolver, Ross Alexander left Anne Nagel, his second wife, sitting in the parlor of their ranch home, and strode out into the darkness. He chose the dark and lonely way of suicide rather than the bright road of film success. A single shot in the temple brought the end.

Why Fatal Decision?

Why did Alexander kill himself in the barn of his Encino ranch? He left no note to prove conjectures, but knowledge of the last year of his brief life suggests an answer that stirs no argument.

Turn the calendar back with us to December 6, 1933. Alexander then was living with his first wife, Aleta Freile, on Woodrow Wilson Drive in the Hollywood Hills overlooking the town.

On that date Alexander rushed to the phone, sent a hurry call to the homicide squad of the police department. Officers skirmed through the streets, arrived at the actor's home to find the prostrate form of his wife in the yard, fatally shot.

There is no doubt that Ross was broken-hearted. He had no explanation for the apparent suicide. He had heard a shot, and had found her dying when he ran outside. Friends assumed there might have been a lover's quarrel that had brought pretty Aleta the thought of suicide.

Aleta's father, Dr. William Freile, of Jersey City, N. J., came west upon receiving word of the tragedy and demanded a thorough investigation by the coroner. A week after her death an official suicide verdict was returned.

Prominent friends of the family in New Jersey were still unsatisfied, however, and a new investigation was made. When the report was filed it upheld the findings of the previous investigation.

For weeks to come Alexander appeared profoundly depressed, but he threw himself harder than ever into his work at Warner Brothers studio.

He had many acquaintances but not intimates. He was friendly and cheerful with everyone on the set while making a picture. Some people thought of him as the most light-hearted person on the job. But they only knew him as an actor.

When twilight would come to Hollywood Ross Alexander became a lone wolf. He would wander away in the dark, often to spend his evenings out of sight of his fellow men. When he did appear around them, his lifted glass was not so much a gay toast as it was a toast to a memory tugging at his heart.

Melancholy Gradually Lifts

The ensuing weeks gradually lifted the weight of the melancholy Alexander had felt. He got bigger, more important roles at the studio. Rumors were already floating around that one day soon Ross would be starred in films.

Then, after completing several films, Ross was cast with Anne Nagle in Here Comes Carter. That was last summer. In September they eloped to Yuma, Ariz., and were married.

This event opened a new phase of his remarkable career. Warner Brothers went into production with the musical film, Ready, Willing and Able. Alexander was to be given equal billing with Ruby Keeler. Critics on the whole felt that he was heading toward great achievements.

The studio kept Alexander so busy that he and his bride found it impossible to go on a honeymoon. His close friends (all of whom took a greater interest in him than he did in them) hoped that his second marriage would bring an end to the despondency he had been showing. Their hopes, however, were to be in vain.

Never Mixed Much

The young couple occasionally bobbed up at night in some supper club where they would have a few cocktails, then disappear as quietly as they appeared.

At their ranch home they had many forms of amusement handy—a swimming pool, a badminton court and a volley ball court. But the gay younger set of Hollywood seldom gladdened the shady courts of the ranch.

On December 6, unknown to most people, Ross Alexander made the first move to indicate that Ross had lost the race to boredom. It was the first anniversary of Aleta's suicide. On that date he ordered his butler-chauvist, Cornelius Stevenson, to bring him his pistol.

Stevenson, fearing Alexander was again overcome by grief, refused to give up the gun. They struggled while Alexander attempted to insert three shells in the revolver. Finally the actor became calm.

During Christmas vacation his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Ross Smith, of Rochester, N. Y., came to visit the young married couple. Ross appeared to have overcome the moroseness he had shown.

(Continued on page 77)
Luise Rainer Goes Internationale!

Luise Rainer, the Viennese girl Hollywood ceased trying to figure out long ago, surprised the prophets, even her own studio, by becoming Mrs. Clifford Odets right after the holidays as this issue of Hollywood Magazine was being readied for the press. Those supposed to be in the know at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, and others who set themselves up as prophets in the private affairs of screen celebrities, sensed and insisted that when Luise took a vacation in New York after finishing months of work in Good Earth, she was to meet a mysterious European admirer with whom her name often had been linked and then decide whether she would marry and leave the screen.

Ever since Luise Rainer, as a sixteen-year-old girl, stepped on to a bare Dusseldorf stage for her first audition, she has done as she pleases when she wants to and does not reason why. No one in Hollywood ever knew much about Luise because she doesn't know herself, if one is to believe fairly well-grounded reports. Thus when she headed for Gotham, those who did feel the young Viennese actress was unsettled in America, waited and listened for weeks for some word that would bear out their prognostications. They had heard of one great love during her early stage success in Europe, a romance cut short by death. There were rumors of another that followed before she came to Hollywood and soared to film renown via her first picture, Escapade, later in The Great Ziegfield.

Keeps Actions Veiled

But no word, romantic or otherwise, came. Rumors were rife that she never went to New York at all, but after weeks of silence, she came back, suffering from a throat infection. Paler, slighter, perhaps more soulful than the tawny-haired, bright-eyed, whimsical Luise they had known, she came back laughing at what some styled a mystery vacation.

She speaks freely enough with intimates, but she can't see why, being a motion picture actress qualifies one to deal out advice, opinions and personal experiences. She was queried about the vacation. Said she went to New York, saw shows, visited the Group Theatre, even joined the latter's dancing class. She did mention that her escort to theatres and other places had been Clifford Odets, the author of Communist plays, whose Awake and Sing rocketed him from extreme poverty to success in Manhattan less than two years ago and who found Hollywood then eager for his services.

Met Odets on Set

She met Odets when he came on The Great Ziegfield set during the time he was doing the script for The General Died at Dawn. Theirs seemed just a casual acquaintance, but apparently something happened while they were together in New York to light the fires of romance.

From New York Luise went to Connecticut where she took a house and began a long-desired rest after her arduous work in Good Earth. When reporters pierced the veil of secrecy, she fled the house and in so doing caught a cold that brought on the throat infection, which put her in a New York hospital. After a week there sans improvement, she boarded a plane for California, against advice of her physician.

The trip was a nightmare. Stabs of pain came with increasing frequency and the passengers, all men, expressed sympathy for the "poor little foreign girl." Some gave up their seats in the plane that she might lie down and rest. At Kansas City they begged her to leave the plane, but she was adamant in her refusal and she was met at a Los Angeles airport by an ambulance.

Again Hollywood was abashed. Had Luise Rainer married while away? Where was the man? When she had recovered sufficiently to be questioned Luise said:

"All those rumors are nonsense. I am not married. I did not go to New York to make any romantic decision. I am glad to be back in my quiet home, this time to rest."

Perhaps until Luise Rainer and Clifford Odets went to the Los Angeles County Hall of Records to get a marriage license, this girl that puzzled Hollywood could not honestly have told them she would marry. Even the studio did not know their intention until newshawks phoned to say application for a license had been made. Then, a public wedding was on the taboo list. There would be only a civil ceremony at her Brentwood home, with only two witnesses—Lewis Milestone and his wife—Luise decreed.

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MARCH, 1937

With sangfroid comparable to that with which she might have announced she had just acquired a new chapeau, Luise Rainer (above) told studio attaches she and Clifford Odets (below) playwright, had taken out a license to marry. Even those supposed to be in the know about the Viennese were surprised
How Would You like to get $15 a word for telling why your favorite film star appeals to you? This amount, perhaps more, is to be paid the winner of first prize in our SCREEN STAR POPULARITY CONTEST. One thousand dollars will be distributed in an effort to discover who deserves top rating in the screen world.

America's No. 1 star designation is a coveted goal among screen celebrities. How best to arrive at who should wear such a crown brought forth many suggestions. It was decided that you, and you will elect the screen's No. 1 favorite—and ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS IN CASH will be paid for that effort. Voters are asked to ballot for THE PLAYER THEY LIKE BEST, not for the PLAYER THEY THINK MOST POPULAR. When the ballots have been counted the world will know who really IS the most popular player on the screen, because he or she will be chosen by those who are the life and blood of the box offices—the reader fans of the world.

There may be a landslide for someone not now in the BIG NAME CLASS! The aggregate vote is expected to be a reliable indication of what player the picture fans admire most—not because of big advertising campaigns put behind him or her, but because the chosen favorite has "that something" which makes their work ring true.

NEVER HAS THERE BEEN A MORE SIMPLE CONTEST! All you have to do is fill in the ballot provided for you on this page and mail it to: SCREEN STAR POPULARITY CONTEST EDITOR, 7046-H Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, Calif. When you fill out the ballot the judges ask that you tell—IN TWENTY WORDS OR LESS—why you have selected the player you like best. For example:

"I vote for ______ because he gives sincerity to every role he plays."

"I cast my ballot for ______ because by action and word she makes the picture as real as life."

Of course, the foregoing quotations are only examples and must not be used.

And now about the ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS in prices!

Awards will be made those contestants supplying the best and most novel reasons for voting as they do. In no case may your reasons exceed twenty words. You may be able to express your preference in less than twenty words, in which case, should you win first prize, the payment will be more than $10 per word.

THE ENTRY CHOSEN AS THE BEST will be awarded the $300 prize, regardless of the final standing of player to which it refers. The second best reason given for favoring any player will take the second prize of $200. The third best expression will take the third prize of $100, and so on down through the list until SIXTY-FOUR PRIZES have been awarded.

Why not send your ballot in right now? Vote for the film player you like best, and tell why you like him or her to the exclusion of all others. Be original in expressing your preference, but REMEMBER, YOUR CHANCES OF WINNING WILL NOT BE ENHANCED BY SEND-ING IN AN ELABORATE ENTRY.

The contest will close April 1, 1937, and no entries postmarked after that date will be considered.

(Continued on page 56)
The Wise Wives of Hollywood!

There are no set and definite rules in the Hollywood marriage game. All the winning wives, the ones who have beaten the odds of the game and who have preserved their happiness, their homes and their husbands, have made their own rules to fit their own individual cases. Each one has worked out her problems in her own way.

Take, for instance, the cases of the two record-holders for long-time marriages, Lucille Gleason and Via Hersholt. Recently the Gleasons celebrated the thirtieth anniversary of their wedding, while the Hershorts proudly boast of twenty-five years of married happiness. But, aside from their records in endurance, these two marriages have nothing else in common. Their success has been achieved by two widely differing methods.

Long in Cooperation

Lucille Gleason has always been, and is today, an actress, writer and director. She was on the stage when she met and married her Jimmy and she has worked with him almost constantly ever since. They have written, directed and appeared together in many stage plays and pictures.

They have built their fame and fortune together, working side by side. Today they still work together, not often in the same pictures but in the same business and in the same town. Their happiness is based primarily on a mutual interest in their work. They have shared their leisure, too. They like people and gaiety and parties so they have enjoyed the same things as the same fan. By continuing through the years to be Jimmy's co-worker, his closest business associate, his most valued adviser, Lucille has kept her marriage perfect and complete.

On the other hand, Via Hersholt has played no part in Jean's work or his professional interests. She met the young Danish actor when he came to this country years ago with a company of fellow actors to represent Denmark at the San Francisco World's Fair. From the day of their marriage, the American-born Via has been the homemaker, the wife, the mother and the careful keeper of the household budget in lean days and in the full, rich ones of the later years. The Copenhagen-born Jean has been the worker, the provider.

Really Lives Two Lives

"I have really lived two lives, Jean's and my own," Via said once, "but always, Jean's has come first!"

That is the secret of Via's success. She has lived her own personal, feminine life, found her own pleasures in women friends, luncheons, afternoon parties, while Jean was busy at the studio. Then her leisure hours have belonged entirely to him, have been devoted to his interests, his friends, his collections of rare books, his amateur printing, his parties where the delicious foods of his homeland are served in the colorful taproom of their home.

The Hersholt home life centers around Jean. Via has insisted upon that. "I have far more leisure time than Jean," she explained, "so I can do the things I enjoy without interfering with his pleasures. Then, when we are together, his wishes receive first consideration. That is only fair and just."

Via Hersholt's formula for marriage success is the one generally followed by the wiser wives of Hollywood, changed, of course, to fit their own needs and conditions. And, strangely enough, or perhaps not so strangely, most of the successful wives have been professional women. actresses or business women, who have given up their own careers to devote their entire time and energy to the success and happiness of the men whom they have married. Via Hersholt, Phyllis Astaire, True Foster, Marcella Boles are among the few exceptions to this rule.

But one and all, ex-actresses or just plain girls, they have found their own and their husbands' happiness by quietly adapting themselves and their lives to the wishes and lives of their husbands.

Phyllis Astaire was a young widow with a small child when she met the dancing Fred, who was then one of the brightest stars on Broadway. She knew nothing of working conditions or of theatrical life. She had been a sheltered, carefully guarded girl, a popular debutante and a shielded wife. But when she married a man from a different world, a man who had practically grown up in the theatre and whose way of life was entirely different from the one to which she was accustomed, she immediately changed her life to suit his. After Fred's overwhelming success in The Gay Divorcee, they established a permanent home in Hollywood and Phyllis entered wholeheartedly into

[Continued on page 57]
Paradox in Personality!

To see the glamorous, magnificent womanhood of Doris Nolan in person on the screen is to see a plum of full and ripened maturity. Suave experience and full background sparkle from her eyes and lips and are electric in her conversation. She seems to have lived, say, about twenty-six years crammed full of interesting life.

But Doris is a personality of twenty-six with a birth certificate of twenty. Right you are, this dazzling siren of the screen is only a baby in years. In fact, being under-age she had to have her contract validated in court to make it legal. You ask, how does she do it?

Immediately you wonder. Is it extremely adroit use of make-up which gives her this ripened appearance? Perhaps she has had to struggle bitterly to help support her family for the last five years. Or has she constantly associated with older people?

Becoming Big Name

You are off on the wrong track. This twenty-year-old beauty who is elegantly elaborating the modern screen trend toward witty sophistication with a rippling under-current of glamour enjoys a maturity with no flukes attached. Proving how genuine it is, she is becoming one of the biggest names in Hollywood by her work out on the New Universal Studio lot.

It is not that all this is crusting her in dignity. Far from it. She is attired in slacks, talking to the writer as we sprawl informally on the lawn before her cottage on the studio lot. We get an idea of why she can scintillate with such sparkling maturity at an age when most girls are stammering and twittering.

"In my girlhood I had a strong tendency to be an introvert," she tells. "I determined to overcome that, to outgrow my shell and make friends and do things. Hence I became a deliberate mixture of the introvert and the extrovert."

Talking cold turkey with Doris, we find she is very much of a real person. There is no exterior pretense which creates false impressions. She is untemperamental and bears an outstanding sense of humor. Laughing so heartily she disarms you, she says the dimple in her chin is a line of determination. "It means I am determined to succeed in life," she smilingly remarked.

Just when it seems that we have before us a rock-ribbed member of the intelligentsia, she roars out loud. It is a laugh, unrestrained and hearty, vigorous as a Texas cyclone.

Has No Inhibitions

There is no more free, more untrammeled person in Hollywood. That is neither from an irrepressible childishness in one so young or because of a desire to let off steam from pressure of her picture work. She does things which seem screwy simply because she has no inhibitions.

[Continued on page 50]
"No" Girl In "Yes" Town!

The word "no" is in the dictionary, to be sure. Yet it is little used in Hollywood. Great numbers of words have been written about the "yes" people in the motion picture industry. And it isn't all a gas. There is a great deal of truth in the saying that this person or that person yessed his or her way to fame and success. People who do not agree and aren't afraid to say so usually end up holding the bag—and an empty bag at that.

Frances Farmer is the exception. And a mighty talented, beautiful exception, we might add. Unlike the many rebels who make good front page newspaper copy by their peculiar tactics, she cares little for consequence. She is a woman of strong convictions, mentally and physically equipped to fight for what she thinks right. Temperamentally, she is a combination of Greta Garbo, Katharine Hepburn and Margaret Sullavan. Physically, she has an attractiveness and a personality all her own. In the matter of acting talent, she bids fair to stand alone atop a pedestal surrounded by admiring throngs from the nations of the earth.

In the short period of little more than a year, this girl, through her work in four pictures, has earned the coveted right to star billing. Hollywood may begrudge it to her, for Hollywood has a way of looking askance at strangers, but Hollywood also has a way of preferring the dividends that can be paid by performers who enjoy the public favor. And anyone who saw her marvelous performance in dual roles in Come and Get It and who later listened to the comments of theatre patrons as they departed could little doubt the full measure of her newly earned popularity.

Frances is conscious of her new found success and she has her own ideas on why it has happened. "The old timers," she says, "have had it long enough out here. They got along all right at the start, pioneered and all that sort of thing, but your audience psychology is changing, you know. People are demanding more and more intelligent presentations nowadays. It's really not hard, when you think everything out for yourself before you do it."

With the public acclaim which has been hers, with the comforts and luxuries which result from the emoluments of motion picture success, one would think that she would be completely happy in her new work. With most girls, it would be so. But Frances Farmer is not like most girls. She is a person unto herself and she isn't entirely happy in Hollywood. She does not consider her present station any particular accomplishment. What she wants is to be a great stage actress. That may come later. Indeed, it probably will come later, because Miss Farmer is a very determined girl. She is constantly studying, working to reach that goal.

Why This Rebellion?

Why this rebellion? Why this discontent? The question is a logical one. But it cannot be answered in a few words. One has to go back into a lifetime, searching bare the facts of youth that plot the course of adult mentality.

Frances Farmer comes from a typical American family. Her father, E. M. Farmer, is an attorney at law, practicing in Seattle. Dabbling a bit in politics, having varied business interests, being one who enjoys his home life, he is what you would call the average lawyer. Her mother is the ideal housekeeper and home maker. Thus it will be seen that the early life of Frances Farmer differed little from the early home life of a million other girls in the United States.

But as the years of adolescence blossomed into womanhood, as the mind developed from the dreams of childhood to the mature reasoning of an adult, Frances [Continued on page 64]
Feature for March

Hollywood Is Just a State of Mind!

Hollywood is a paradox; an anomaly; an enigma; a contradiction.

It is the best known spot on earth to many people—but it has no real existence, no entity, no actuality.

No authoritative atlas gives it place on its plates, and no gazette has it officially listed as a civic being.

It has a fine stone postoffice building, but it is not a Post Office—only a branch station—and it has no postmark of its own.

Yet a letter addressed to "Hollywood, California," will arrive from any part of the globe, inevitably, accurately, and without delay.

It is not on any railroad and has no depot; though it has agents for most of the main traveled arteries, who sell tickets to every corner of the land.

It has neither harbor nor shipping, but you may buy there passage on any of the seven seas; on any ship that floats.

It has neither air line nor airport, but its denizens use the airways more freely and often than any other known group.

It has no civic government of its own; yet it has a police station and a fire department.

There is no Hollywood bank in existence, but banking is very heavy, though only through branches of outside financial institutions.

It boasts no great retail establishments under its own aegis, but many of the largest Los Angeles shops maintain extensive stores there, and do a very satisfactory business.

It is the entertainment center for the cinema world, but few of the night clubs, cafes, hotels and the like, that intrigue, are inside its purelleus.

It is the "home" of the motion picture, but nearly all the largest studios are far from its haunts.

Stars of the silver screen make it headquarters, but most of them live elsewhere—in Beverly Hills, over the "pass" in San Fernando valley, at Malibu, other than within Hollywood's nebulous boundaries.

In so many words, Hollywood just "isn't"—except as a state of mind.

Physically and civically, Hollywood is a part and parcel of Los Angeles. It is a district, a vicinity, of the great city that sprawls from the mountains to the sea and covers more area than any other municipality in the world.

Its very boundaries are undefined. If a person craves the distinction, he may—and does—claim Hollywood as his habitation, though he lives miles away from its original site. So many do!

Still, and all there, it had a post office that functioned independently. It had a

[Continued on page 40]

Hollywood as it looks today. Grauman's Chinese Theatre is shown in the immediate left and between that and the flagged building is the low, rambling Hollywood Hotel, which was the first in Hollywood, though not so expansive as today.
Even in December; It’s MAY-time for May

For over Fifty Years she has been an actress—but she is less of the actress-world and more of "real folks" than anyone we know. Few people can understand it. Muzzy May, as she is known to all those who love her—and they are scores—was sitting in a rocking chair, knitting on the Mission Inn lawn not long ago, when a small girl began circling around her. Her finger thoughtfully between her teeth, the little girl finally found boldness enough to inquire in a tiny voice, "Are you May Robson?"

"Yes, I am, dear," said May, clicking away. The little girl came still closer. "Are you May Robson, the actress?" Again May informed her that she was. "Well!" said the little girl shaking her head amazedly, "Why don't you act then?" That's what we mean when we say that few people, even children, can understand it. Her naturalness, her sweet old-lady ways—they are like those of your grandmothers, or the writer's; she is not the extravagantly mannered grand old dame of the theatre you might expect her to be . . . just a simple woman, a simple neighbor, a simple friend, never too important to find time and interest for others.

**Trailer Boys Win Visit**

There were those two extra boys she met on a set recently. They told her about the second-hand trailer they had bought to live in and May was all interest at once—how novel and practical! She'd love to come visit them! And that's precisely what she did. On a Sunday afternoon she went to have tea with the boys in their trailer, anchored at a twenty-five-cent parking lot. This is the sort of thing that she's always doing. No interest, no person, is too trivial for her attention.

It was twenty-six years ago that May Robson first went out of her way to do a good deed—and that deed has brought her so much pleasure throughout the years that it has become a habit. It was during one of the busiest years of her career. She was playing the title role in Tish and preparing to take it on tour—one-night stands mostly. She knew these one-night stands how lonely and difficult they were, and rather than take just a maid with her this time, she wanted someone who would also be her companion. A young woman, Lillian Harmer, tall, thin, weighing scarcely a hundred pounds, applied for the job.

"It took one look at her and I knew she'd never do," There was a look in May Robson's eyes that went back those twenty-six years, as she recalled that meeting. "She was too frail; she'd never stand the strain of those one-night stands, and I told her so. Then she begged me for a trial—just for a month's trial. She told me about her baby; her husband was dead—she had to have a job. But if I weren't pleased with her, after a month, I could dismiss her, and there would be no tears, no hard feelings. That was twenty-six years ago . . . we're still together." May chuckled softly. "Lillian's still on trial! The wonderful thing is that she's a big strapping, healthy woman now—well and happy, and successful. But you've seen her, I guess—she does a lot of work in pictures.

**Companion's Chance Comes**

"It was odd how she turned actress. We had been on the road about a year with Tish when the girl who was playing the part of Aggie was taken sick. I heard of it only four hours before the evening per-

[Continued on page 82]

MARCH, 1937
Green Light Flares To Emotional Heights

Errol Flynn climbed upon a huge boulder, the perpendicular face of which rose sheer from the crystal clear waters of Sherwood Lake forty odd feet below him. His sharp eyes, trained by many years of a precarious catch-as-catch-can existence in the South Seas, pierced by glassy surface, seeking any possible jagged outcropping rocks that might rip open a human form or crush a skull like an eggshell.

He turned to the assistant director, Lew Borzage, who stood behind him with a group of curious technicians.

"We move over to the other side of the lake now, don't we?" the bronzed, six-foot-one Irishman inquired.

Borzage nodded. "The next set-up is just above the dam," he replied.

"How far as the crow flies?" Flynn idly wondered.

"Or perhaps I should say as the fish swims."

Puzzles Borzage

Borzage scratched his chin. "Well, I'm not sure, but I should judge it to be about a mile and a quarter."

"And how far by automobile?"

"Fourteen and a half miles of slow driving."

The corners of Flynn's mouth crinkled into the twisted grin that has won him countless of admirers among audiences who saw his first two motion pictures, Captain Blood and The Charge of the Light Brigade.

"Take my clothes around, and I'll beat you there," he said and, stripping quickly down to a pair of skin-tight athletic shorts, he proceeded to launch himself into a graceful arc that ended in a scarcely perceptible splash as his slender body knifed the water.

Flynn did not beat the technical crew of Warner Bros. Cosmopolitan's Green Light to the opposite side of the lake, but he touched the shore less than a mile after Frank Borzage, the director, and his brother and assistant, Lew, scrambled from their automobile.

"We had to skid around corners to do it," the assistant confessed as he glanced at his watch and noted that the drive had taken thirty-two minutes.

The incident was typical of the Irish soldier-of-fortune who turned quite by accident from a life of adventure below the equator to the simpler but, in his case, scarcely less fascinating existence of acting.

Green Light was decidedly a new type of picture for Flynn; new, that is, by comparison with the swashbuckling character he portrayed in Captain Blood and the daring Captain Geoffrey Vickers of The Charge of the Light Brigade.

Adapted from Lloyd Douglas' best-selling novel of the same name, Green Light is a tense emotional drama, a sharp departure from the spectacular adventure type of picture to which Flynn had become accustomed. For one thing it placed him in civilian clothes for the first time in his screen career. He portrays Dr. Newell Paige, spectacular young protege of one of the nation's most prominent surgeons.

The filming of Green Light was not without thrills. Certainly an atmosphere of extreme tension overhung the troupe the first time the representative of the Federal Experimental Laboratory at Hamilton, Montana, brought on the set a jar full of wood-ticks, the tiny pests that carry the dreaded Rocky Mountain Spotted fever. Every member of the company, Director Borzage, Flynn, Anita Louise, Margaret Lindsay, Walter Abel, Henry O'Neill and Sir Cedric Hardwicke, the titled English character actor, in addition to the entire technical crew as a safeguard had received immunizing injections.

Insects Important

Those same tiny insects were extremely important factors in converting Dr. Douglas' novel into screen entertainment. Around them revolves the gripping climactic sequence of the production—the sequence in which Flynn, dishonored in his profession because he has shouldered the blame for a fatal operation performed by his surgical superior, Henry O'Neill, develops the Rocky Mountain Spotted fever vaccine in a rough, abandoned farmhouse on Boone Mountain, Montana.

Real live ticks were used in the sequence under the supervision of the laboratory man, who counted them after each scene to make sure none had escaped. Flynn permitted a tick to crawl on his arm supposedly to bite him when he reached the point of testing his vaccine.

It took Warner a full two years to convert Green Light into Celluloid.

Actually the photographing of the story [Continued on page 78]
HOLLYWOOD PRODUCTIONS

Battle of Wits on the Cheyney Front!

William Powell, properly sideburned and with servile pose, walked onto Stage Eleven bowing pleasantly to everybody.

"Good morning, Madam," he greeted Joan Crawford.

"Good day to you, Sir," he bowed to Robert Montgomery.

Montgomery took an extra draw on his pipe, surveyed Powell up and down—his sideburns, his meticulous store-purchased butler's suit.

"Had I known you were going to play Little Lord Fauntleroy, I would have worn a bib for my wardrobe!" said Montgomery.

And the Battle of Wits was on, to continue for several weeks during the filming of The Last of Mrs. Cheyney and with such other inimitable mimes as Frank Morgan, Nigel Bruce, Benita Hume, Ralph Forbes, Jessie Ralph, Aileen Pringle and Phyllis Claire wielding a barb of banter as occasional competition.

Smart English Comedy

The smart English comedy from the facile pen of Frederick Lonsdale was distinctive in many other ways. It made a butler of Powell, who is so closely identified with detectives and lawyer roles, and divorced him from his many lovely screen wives. It returned Joan Crawford to conservatism, both in characterization and fashion. In it, she appears as smart instead of sensational, distinctive instead of eccentric, graciously sophisticated instead of brittlely flamboyant.

Robert Montgomery, playing the detective role in The Last of Mrs. Cheyney, reminds Joan Crawford, playing the name role, that he is in love with Mrs. Cheyney

"The 1937 Joan Crawford, who makes her new bow in The Last of Mrs. Cheyney," Adrian, M-G-M's fashion dictator, predicts, "will become the new person who typifies the things for which women strive. While the earlier type of womanhood she portrayed was obviously dramatic, the new Joan Crawford will become intangibly dramatic."

"She should play more conservative roles, as she does in her new picture," commented a technician on the set. "Her unusual talents should not be confined to freakish interpretations on the screen. They are more adaptable to level-headed portrayals."

While conservatism on the screen is preached for Miss Crawford, there is no conservatism on Stage Eleven.

A one-day visit on the sound stage is sufficient to prove it.

Settings Palatial

The scene is the stately exterior of the Duchess of Elsey's English mansion with its surrounding gardens, hedges, paths, terrace and ornate fishpond. The director has squeezed his corpulent personage into a canvas chair to scan his leather-bound script. The electricians on their high perches and in the rafters are tinkering with the huge lights. Cameraman George Folsom isbossing his assistants around.

Montgomery and Nigel Bruce are lazing near the pool, watching two overalled [Continued on page 75]

"My dear Mrs. Cheyney—you are a godsend!" Benita Hume thus compliments Joan Crawford (center) in a scene from The Last of Mrs. Cheyney, with Nigel Bruce and Robert Montgomery on the left, and Frank Morgan and Ralph Forbes on the right. When you read the story you will see that this group of sterling players had rare fun in making this Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer production.
Putting on the Dog!

Whenever you have seen a cute dog on the screen, the chances are that you have said, or at least thought: "I'll bet Rover would be good in pictures, if he just had a chance. He knows a lot of tricks and he'd do whatever I tell him to do."

But before you pawn the family jewels to buy Rover a dog ticket to Hollywood, remember this: Knowing a lot of tricks is one thing. Performing them before a camera is another. If you brought Rover to a studio to try to get him a job, the first thing the casting director would want to know is: "Will Rover take a cue?"

A picture dog has to be able to do whatever is asked of him with only a few rehearsals, and since the sound track of a picture records everything that is said while a scene is being made, the dog must be able to work with silent signals or "cues" from his trainer. For example, he must know that a certain gesture of the hand means "bring in the morning paper" or "roll over and play dead."

Your Rover may be able to do a lot of tricks at home. But transplant him to a new environment where there are bright lights and strange people and, unless he is a very unusual dog, the chances are that he will become confused and frightened and will refuse to do his tricks. That is why studio casting directors prefer to use animals that have been trained for picture work.

Occasionally, however, a dog with no picture training gets a break. Take Tuffy, the dog that played with Wally Beery in Old Hutch.

Tuffy belonged to an old sheep herder who lived up in the mountains. One day the sheep herder was badly injured. He explained things to Tuffy and told him that he would have to be boss for awhile. He showed Tuffy how to pick up a basket and carry it in his mouth. Then he wrote a note and put it in the basket and sent the dog over the trail for medicine and groceries. The sheep herder was confined to his bed for many weeks. During that time he and Tuffy worked out a lot of tricks. The dog learned to identify forty-five different objects and to go and get any of them for his master, on signal.

In fact, Tuffy displayed such marked intelligence his master decided that he ought to be in the movies. So, as soon as the sheep herder recovered from his injury, he and Tuffy hitch-hiked to Hollywood. Jack Hinds, who has charge of the animal casting department at M-G-M, gave Tuffy his first chance. And Tuffy made good. Before he goes into a scene the old sheep herder explains to Tuffy just what he is supposed to do. The dog listens intently.

"Now do you think you can do that?" the sheep herder asks.

"Woof, woof," barks Tuffy, and wags his tail.

The sheep herder then gives him his cues for the action. The dog has a reputation as a stellar performer.

(Continued on page 79)
The usually spic and span Clark Gable goes mid-Victorian in his reiment for the name role in Parnell, M-G-M’s film version of the life of the Irish patriot. Even those pearl-topped button shoes have to be kept bright and shining, necessitating a daily trip to the studio barber shop.

Jack Benny and the two Livingston girls—that’s Mary, his wife, on the left—joined the host of cinema and radio celebrities who gathered at the Ambassador Coconut Grove for the opening of Ben Bernie’s orchestra.

Wouldn’t you like to know what provoked this merriment in the Cantor family? Here are Eddie and Ida as seen at the opening of Ben Bernie’s orchestra.

That laugh of Eddie and Ida must be contagious for here you see Al Jolson—can it be he’s smiling WITH a rival comedian?—as he dances with Ruby Keeler.

Mrs. Clark Gable was found in company of David Niven, Merle Oberon’s erstwhile heart interest, when the candid camera went looking about the exclusive Turf Club at Santa Anita.

Here is Esther Muir with hubby, Sam Coslow, noted songwriter, at the Bernie opening. Miss Muir will be hostess next summer at a cocktail party for one Fawcett Movieland Tour group.
See Hollywood Stars and Studios!

Have you ever wondered how pictures are really made? You must have desired to go through one of the homes of the stars in Hollywood. How do they live, where do they play, when do they work? Just what is this most famous place in the modern world, Hollywood, really like, anyway?

Hollywood Magazine knows how curious you all really are about these things and has therefore arranged for you to see the inside Hollywood and find out what it is all about. You'll have to hurry to get the chance, though, because from all advance indications a much greater number of applications will swamp the reservation list than the third annual Fawcett Movieland Tours can handle.

All you have to do is to sign up for either of the Fawcett Publications' two summer Movieland Tours and Hollywood Magazine will do the rest. You probably think such a glamorous vacation is available only to the ultra-rich, but actually it is yours for little more than the cost of a round trip ticket to and from California!

And what a vacation! Starting your two-weeks' vacation in Chicago, you whisk through the silvery beauty of Minnesota's 10,000 lakes, the natural wonders of the Rainier National Park, the regality of the Rockies, the green wonderland of Seattle and the great Pacific Northwest, San Francisco and its eerie Chinatown, and then—HOLLYWOOD! The stars invite you to dine and dance with them, to watch them at work in the studios, to be their guests at intimate parties in their homes.

Applications are already pouring in for the two large expeditions organized this year in response to demand created by the stirring success of Movieland Tours in 1935 and 1936. A special train has been chartered for each journey. You can select whichever tour date is most convenient for your vacation. Identical party plans in Hollywood have been arranged for both transcontinental parties. The first tour will leave Chicago July 11, the second August 8.

Across the wonderland of the American west you will speed through some of the world's most stupendous scenery. Then when you reach the film capital you will go to one of the city's finest hotels, there to be housed with the whole party. The first day has been set aside for any delights you may privately pursue. At your disposal are Catalina Island, mountain-nestled Lake Arrowhead, San Diego and Coronado, the numerous beaches, or perhaps friends and relatives you may desire to visit.

Evening will bring the round of Hollywood's sparkling night life, and offers you some of the most famous pleasure spots in the world. Romantic Coconut Grove and scores of other glamorous night clubs will give you ample opportunity to wine, dine and dance with your favorite stars.

The following day will open with a tour through Paramount Studios. Here pictures will be seen in the making, and your favorite stars will lunch with you in the studio commissary. Later technical details of the movie camera, how sound is reproduced, construction of sets, these and other phases of movie making will be revealed.

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Hollywood Charm School—Fashions

It's Fun
To Be Comfortable

by Sally Martin

Of all the places we want to feel at home, none is more important than—home! To most people the task of being at home, at home, is no problem. It's a relief. But to the Hollywood star, subject as she is to incessant entertaining, unexpected visits and hury studio calls, the business of being at home combines the agility of a fireman with the eternal poise of a tea garden hostess.

Karen Morley in addition to being a popular and busy screen star is also a wife and a mother. Her home must be a home, not a stuffy show place for the inquisitive.

It must bespeak comfort and because it's fun to be comfortable Karen has chosen a wardrobe that fits the warmth and comfort of her own home.

If Karen isn't playing tennis or riding, she's using up the surplus energy playing with her two-year-old son, affectionately called Mike. They romp and play on the sand all day. Both she and her husband, Charles Vidor, love the remoteness of their home, and its distance from the social duties in Hollywood. They keep a tiny apartment in town when the rare urge to dress up and do the night clubs comes upon them.

The home situated high on a bluff overlooking the ocean is a reproduction of an Italian castle with huge iron gates that swing open for guests. Upon entering the home and removing coats formality ends. Friends walk down hundreds of steps leading to the beach and find themselves confronted with a barbecue pit upon which tender, juicy steaks are broiling!

That is the sun and substance of the Morley brand of entertaining and incidentally the guests come back time and time again. Many an evening Karen has an old fashioned fish fry and the host and hostess spend the morning catching their own fish.

Outfits which are smart in appearance yet comfortable, informal and practical, grace her closets. Any one of them will stand the scrutiny of interviewers and at the same time allow her the freedom and ease to which she, as a "home body" is entitled.

Living in a home on high cliffs overlooking the wide expanse of the Pacific, Karen, quite naturally, is impelled to go for an occasional swim in the ocean.

Where the ordinary individual may slip on some comfortable suit, sentimentally held over from several years back, the screen star must make her personal appearances in garments that reflect her glamour.

Here again Karen has solved the problem of style and answered the call of comfort by choosing a bathing suit in which a young lady may actually swim, play volley ball on the beach and still look stunning to fans, who set high the standards of their favorites.

Karen's choice is a white two-piece suit consisting of brassiere and trunks. Over her suit the star wears a brown and white striped flannel beach coat when some protection from the sun or wind is needed.

Another outfit Karen has selected for style and comfort is a play suit with one of the new beach coats in black and white linen to wear over it for the occasion that demands legs be covered. The suit is of white sharkskin with pearl buttons

[Continued on page 42]
Hollywood Is Just a State of Mind!

(Continued from page thirty-two)

postmark of its own, and a place in the postal guide, and on maps and in gazetteers. It had a history, and a purpose in being. And if it hadn’t been for lack of one essential need, it might have had all these things yet, even as does Beverly Hills, its very near neighbor, the home of so many of its cinema stars. It might actually have been the cinema capital in truth, instead of being only the fictional one.

But because of that need—water—obtainable no other way, when the need was dire, Hollywood permitted the octopus of Los Angeles to extend its tentacles northwest and embrace it. That was years ago. Ergo, ever since, Hollywood has been only that state of mind inadequately defined herein. Perhaps, with its world-fame, Hollywood is now sorry that it ever listened to the siren song of its big neighbor. Possibly it wishes that it had not sold its unknown birthright for a mess of municipal potage, as it were, but had borne the ills it wotted of, and not sought a bourse from which there was no returning—sought death for its own self in the Nirvana of municipal gargantuan greatness. Who can say, since now Hollywood has in its own anyhow, is dumb civically, even if vocally it talks to the world?

What of Early Hollywood?

What, then, of that other—that real Hollywood of long ago? What was it like? Why did it eliminate itself? Would it have been better off had it maintained its individuality?

Or would it have been for all time just another small town fringed on the skirts of Our Lady of the Angels—struggling, fighting, copying; basking in the shadow of greatness that it might share only vicariously?

Let’s lift the curtains of the past and glimpse the Hollywood of three decades or so ago, before the glory (or blight) of the cinema gave it a fame yet stole its body and soul after it had civilized died anyhow, of its own volition.

Hollywood was founded as a residential settlement of small ranches about 1887, by one H. H. Wilcox and his wife, because they liked the beauty of its lie, and the sweep of country down from Cahuenga Pass to the valley below. It grew very slowly. There was no reason for its being save the loveliness of its site and surroundings, and the desire of some few folk for a quiet home place near enough to the—then minor metropolis for fairly easy access in those horse and buggy days. Its original, tenuous boundaries enclosed about 4⅛ square miles of land.

There was much country between the new community and the city—miles of it. Another settlement, Colegrove, also intervened. Ever hear of that place? Yet, there, a few big studios still flourish, instead of in Hollywood itself—the last of its original crop, as it might be said. From its day of birth till 1903, Hollywood was without form, and void. In that era, most of Southern California was strictly rural. But after the turn of the century, the land began to fill up, and definite governmental units became advisable. So Hollywood became a city all

(Continued on page 53)
To keep skin young looking
—learn how to invigorate your UNDER SKIN

Hard to believe—but those little lines that look as if they'd been creased into your skin from the outside, actually begin underneath!

First, hundreds of little cells, fibres and blood vessels underneath begin to function poorly. Then, the under tissues sag. That's what makes your outside skin fall into creases.

The same way with dull, dry skin! It's little oil glands underneath that function faultily—and rob your outside skin of the oil it needs to keep it supple, young looking.

But think!—You can invigorate those failing under tissues! You can start those faulty oil glands functioning busily again. That's why you need not be discouraged when lines and skin dryness begin.

Start to rouse your underskin with Pond's "deep-skin" treatments. Soon you'll see lines smoothing out, skin getting supple, young looking again.

Every night, pat Pond's Cold Cream into your skin. Its specially processed fine oils go deep, loosen dirt and make-up. Wipe it all off. Now the rousing treatment—more Pond's Cold Cream briskly patted in. Feel the blood tingling! Your skin is glowing . . . softer. Feels toned already! You are waking up that underskin.

Every morning, and during the day, repeat. Your skin is smooth for powder. Do this regularly. Soon tissues grow firm again. Lines fade out. Your skin is smooth—supple. It looks years younger!

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and 3 other Pond's Beauty Aids

POND'S, Dept. 6-00, Clinton, Conn.
Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose $0.60 to cover postage and packing.

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Ordinary powders tend to ozone skin, coarsen its texture, make it look and "powdery" looking.

Like Tangee Lipstick, Tangee Face Powder has the famous Color Change Principle that gives your skin natural radiance of youth. ... Tangee Face Powder seems to light your skin from within. It matches your own skin tones, gives your face a lovely underglow of youth. Blended scientifically, Tangee ends shine... clings for hours. You use less of Tangee because of its light texture... it's economical. Try Tangee. In two sizes, 55c and $1.10. Or, send the coupon for new "Two-Shade Sampler" that will bring you lovelier, more youthful looking skin.

New 2-Shade Sampler—2 Weeks’ Supply of Powder
THE GEORGE W. LIPT COMPANY 137
417 Fifth Avenue, New York City
Please rush new 2-Shade Tangee Face Powder Sampler. I enclose 10c (stamps or coin) (15c in Canada)... Send sampler checked:
Sampler #1  □  Sampler #2  □  Sampler #3  □
Contains  □  Contains  □  Contains
Finsh and  □  Rachel and  □  Flsh and
Rachel Light Rachel Light Rachel
Name
Address  (Please Print)
City  State

How to Remove Leg or Arm Hair
IN 3 MINUTES
Without Danger of Coarser or Stubbier New Growth
Everywhere you go, everyone is talking about or using De Miracle. Its vogue seems to have started when it became known that this marvelous discovery made it simple and easy to get rid of leg or arm hair, without danger of faster, coarser or stubbier new growth.

No Razor—just dampen hair with De Miracle and then rinse hair with water. It leaves the skin as smooth, soft and hair-free as a baby's. Leaves no dark hair stubble and does not make hair grow faster, coarser, or stubbier. Try it today.

Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Refunded

DeMiracle
Special Now 67c Now $1.00 Size $2.00 Size
At All Drug and Department Stores

Hollywood Fashions
(Continued from page thirty-nine)

Equally as smart for resort or home wear is this ribbed wool slack outfit in navy blue. The short sleeve blouse is striped in white down the front of the blouse and on the pockets of the short trousers. The turn down collar is neatly stitched and well tailored.
The coat is fitted at the waist with wide gores at the bottom. It is held in at the waist with one huge white pearl button. The short sleeves are shirred into the shoulder line to give freedom.
Other clothes pictured offer the same essence of smartness and individuality as those described. Pattern after this charming star if you want to unlock the secret to good taste and revel in the fun of being comfortable.

An item of fashion interest, particularly for the girls who plan marriage this year, is that in this day and age of platinum and diamonds Karen wears an old fashioned wedding ring of gold, very wide. Mr. Vidor has the mate which he always wears. He recently gave her a solid gold bracelet and choker made of huge links to go with the ring.
It was some sixty years ago that the word began to spread—

"It's not true that we women were meant to suffer—that our lives must be filled with pain!"

They were passing on the news of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Brewed first for the relief of her own family, it had proved of marvelous benefit. Neighbors had begun asking for it. Whispers of its effectiveness had spread through the town, to neighboring cities—

For 61 years this whispering campaign has carried on. Today the Compound is known wherever humans dwell, because one woman tells another how it helps them go "smiling through." Mother tells daughter, friend tells friend in every walk of life that now the ordeals of womanhood need no longer spell suffering and exhaustion.

The Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound that you buy today is made in a great laboratory composed of six modern buildings. The use of scientific developments have multiplied its medicinal value seven times. Its value is evidenced by the thousands of letters of heartfelt thanks that continuously pour in.

Might it not help you, also, to go "smiling through"?

One woman tells another how to go "Smiling Through" with Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

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

The Three Ordeals of Woman
1. Passing from girlhood into womanhood.
2. Preparing for Motherhood.
3. Approaching "Middle Age." 
*Functional disorders

When Answering Advertisements, Please Mention March HOLLYWOOD
CAMILLE—(M-G-M)—The grand, old tear-welling favorite of several generations is resuscitated in its most imposing form to garner more tribute of feminine tears—possibly a few of the less-hardened male film fans—with the glamorous aid of Greta Garbo and Robert Taylor. That this outmoded museum piece of sentimentality would draw by its story merits is doubtful, but with the box office magic of the Garbo-Taylor combination it promises to be irresistible.

Several times Garbo's performance rises to emotional power and expressiveness above anything she has done before. The death scene is grimly stark, yet not sordid in the old tradition. Garbo has changed her appearance oddly. She smiles often, and except for her voice she is almost a new Garbo. Taylor, as Armand, will warmly please his many admirers. He is a manly, handsome and ardent lover. Some of the love scenes are of high temperature. Lionel Barrymore, who pleads with Camille to give up his son, offers a particularly moving performance. Henry Daniell is distinguished as the ruthlessly possessive baron. Lenore Ulric

Lily Pons, Gene Raymond and Jack Oakie seen in a sequence of That Girl From Paris, in which the dark-eyed diva is starred with Raymond in the romantic spot opposite and the inimitable Oakie providing comedy

as Camille's red-light rival, and Jessie Ralph and Laura Hope Crews score compellingly. No matter how many Camille's you have seen, don't miss Garbo and Taylor in a fine portrayal.

GOD'S COUNTRY AND THE WOMAN—(Warners)—Done in Technicolor and filmed largely in the Pacific Northwest, this James Oliver Curwood story that last was filmed in 1916, comes to life in a fashion that is best described as gorgeous. George Brent heads the cast and gives a two-fisted performance.

There is battle in the air every minute, the strife originating between Beverly Roberts, who inherited the Barton lumbering operations from her father, and the rival Russet camp, jointly owned by Brent and his brother, played by Robert Barrat. Brent is the brash, playboy brother, who is shipped to camp to cure him of worthlessness. He gets into the rival camp and can't get out. While masquerading he falls in love with Beverly Roberts, and when he is unmasked, she turns against him. Later he finds that his brother is barring Miss Roberts' logs from coming down the tidewater, in fact, has caused a jam by derailing a logging train into the raging torrent. Brent hurries to the jam site, stirs a hand-to-hand battle between lumberjacks of the rival camps, and then at the risk of his life, dynamites the log jam, nearly loses his life but wins the girl.
BELOVED ENEMY—(Goldwyn)—A story of Irish rebellion at its most feverish tempo. Brian Aherne, secret leader of the recalcitrants, is the subject of an intensive search by members of the intelligence corps. On occasions he is in their hands, even admits his identity, but those who would capture the patriot cannot conceive of his being so audacious as to confess his real name. Henry Stephenson, a British peer is sent to Ireland, accompanied by his daughter, Merle Oberon, to survey the situation for the British cabinet. She meets Aherne and a romance develops through the tragedy of the revolution, which involves Aherne’s betrayal by the girl and his later victory for moderation in settling the political war, although he knows the compromise he makes for the sake of peace will bring his own death at the hands of radicals.

THAT GIRL FROM PARIS—(RKO)—Fine blending of singing and comedy, in which Lily Pons soars to new heights as a screen celebrity. The story is the same as Street Girl, one of the first talkers to be made by RKO and with Betty Compson in the role now essayed by Miss Pons. Jack Oakie strolls along with the comedy honors, much the same as he did when he appeared in the earlier version, which was far less musical. Gene Raymond is believably sincere as the romantic band leader, giving one of his best performances to date, while Herman Bing is a panic as a roadhouse owner. Miss Pons is shown as a French opera star running away from a loveless marriage. She stows away on a New York bound ship and is befriended by Raymond, a jazz band leader, and his three companions. They all get into jail and the immigration agents. They escape, win a roadhouse engagement, go to jail and eventually to the Metropolitan.

BLACK LEGION—(Warners)—Stark melodramas built around the horrifying activities of Michigan’s terror band, albeit, no community is named, yet the title ties it definitely with the news sensation of early 1936. Humphrey Bogart’s film stature rises to new heights for his compelling and heart-stirring portrayal of the leading character.

Around with ME Anymore!

WHAT’LL WE DO—GO TO THE MOVIES—OH YES—LET’S OR WHAT—THERE’S A GRAND PICTURE ON—

WHY CAN’T THEY NEVER USED TO LEAVE ME OUT LIKE THIS—MAYBE IT’S THESE PIMPLES

HELLO, RITA—BACK SO SOON? I THOUGHT YOU’D BE OFF TO THE MOVIES, OR—

MOTHER, I CAN’T BEAR IT ANY LONGER—MY FACE LOOKS SO AWFUL. THE G- GIRLS DON’T ASK ME ANYWHERE—P- PLEASE C- CAN’T I STOP—SCHOOL—OH—PLEASE...

CLEAR UP ADOLESCENT PIMPLES

AFTER the start of adolescence, for about 13 to 25, or even longer, important glands develop and full growth takes place. The entire body is disturbed. The skin, especially, gets oversensitive. Waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin. Pimples break out.

Fleischmann’s fresh Yeast clears these skin irritants out of the blood. Then—with the cause removed—the pimples go!

Just eat 3 cakes daily—a cake about ½ hour before each meal—plain, or In a little water, until your skin clears. Start now!

Copyright, 1937, Standard Brands Incorporated

THE WAY I LOOKED BEFORE

I took Fleischmann’s Yeast. I couldn’t bear to have people look at my pimply face.

RITA NOW

Skin clear. “It is wonderful the way Fleischmann’s Yeast got rid of my pimples,” she says.

When Answering Advertisements, Please Mention March Hollywood
I Writhed with Pain—

I Couldn’t Even Tell My Doctor the Torture I Suffered!

WHAT agony Piles! What they impose in pain, in mental distress, in loss of personal efficiency!

The sad part about this affliction is that, on account of the delicacy of the subject, many hesitate to seek relief. Yet there is nothing more liable to serious outcome than a bad case of Piles.

REAL TREATMENT

Real treatment for the relief of distress due to Piles is to be had today in Pazo Ointment. Pazo almost instantly stops the pain and itching. It is effective because it is threefold in effect.

First, Pazo is soothing, which tends to relieve sore and inflamed parts. Second, it is lubricating, which tends to soften hard parts and also to make passage easy. Third, it is astringent, which tends to reduce swollen parts.

Pazo is put up in Collapsible Tubes with special Pile Pipe, which is perforated. The perforated Pile Pipe makes it easy for you to apply the Ointment high up in the rectum where it can reach and thoroughly cover the affected parts.

REAL COMFORT

Pazo is now also put up in suppository form. Those who prefer suppositories will find Pazo the most satisfactory. All drug stores sell Pazo-in-Tubes and Pazo Suppositories, but a trial tube will be sent on request. Just mail coupon and enclose 10¢ (coin or stamp) to help cover packing and postage.

Grove Laboratories, Inc.
Dept. 29-F, St. Louis, Mo.

MAIL!

Gentlemen: Please send me trial tube Pazo. I enclose 10c to help defray packing and postage.

NAME __________________________
ADDRESS __________________________

CITY __________________________ STATE ________

This offer is good in U. S. and Canada. Canadian residents may write H. R. Mudd & Co., 62 Wellington St., West, Toronto, Ont.

FOR MANY CURLS...OR JUST A FEW THE CURLER USED BY THE STARS

Hollywood Curley

For curls that come with the right touch of beauty, your favorite stars of the screen dress their hair with "the curlers used by the stars." Millions of women follow this Hollywood beauty hint...and so more Hollywood Curlers are used in homes everywhere than all other curlers put together. Try this store magic on your hair...tonight!

Be sure to ask for them by name.

3 FOR 10c AT 5c AND 10c STORES. NOTION COUNTERS.

象征着上帝的国度和女人。这是这幅画中贝弗利·罗伯茨的一个背景，她站在俄勒冈州雷丁县的华盛顿湖畔，俯瞰着俄勒冈州的东北部。

Motivated by a desire to rid Americans of the foreigners who take their jobs, Bogart and his fellow movie shop workers join the Black Legion, take the oath from which there is no turning back. Night, riding, black-shrouded figures burn, pilage, beat and murder when occasion seems to demand.

Family devotion withers under the all-engulfing demands of the legion. Bogart, his wife, Erin O'Brien-Moore, and their little son, Dickie Jones, are poor but happy until Bogart joins the legion. This love fal ters; a blow from Bogart rends his home; his erstwhile pal, played by Dick Foran, is shot down by the black menace; Bogart is captured, forced into perjury to save the legion heads, but balks when he takes the stand and his confession sends a score of ringleaders to prison for life.

COLLEGE HOLIDAY—(Paramount)—Light, fast, musical mix-up, aimed low for mass appeal but with a strong battery of names, topped by Jack Benny, ably abetted by George Burns, Gracie Allen, Mary Boland, Martha Raye, Lied Erickson, Eleanor Whitney, Johnny Downs and the California Collegians. Genial absurdities, ridiculous gags and popular songs make up for story lack. The "turns" of the players crowd each other at a dizzying pace. The story is about a hotel that Jack Benny, part owner, sees facing failure. Mary Boland, wealthy leader of a eugenic cult, holds a mortgage on the hotel. Benny, in a forlorn hope of saving the hotel, makes it a rendezvous for prize physical specimens of both sexes from various colleges. Miss Boland and her Greek-minded stooge take charge and undertake to pair off the "in mates" on eugenic principles with the
psychic aid of the professor's daughter, Gracie Allen. Nuf sed!

STOLEN HOLIDAY—(Warner's)—Dipping into the Stavsky pawshon scandal for plot, Stolen Holiday tells the love story of Kay Francis, first as a model and later as owner of a swank Parisian modiste's shop, and Claude Rains, a modern Ponzi, who first befriends Miss Francis, then sets her up in business, and then, when arrest threatens, attempts to hide behind her respectability. She is forced into a marriage with Rains after she has become enmeshed in a romance with an Englishman she meets while at Geneva on a "stolen holiday." Even the marriage, it fails to save Rains, and he goes into seclusion to escape arrest. Kay decides she owes something, goes to him, is trailed by the law, and when Rains steps from his hideout (he says to think about his decision with reference to their marriage, but really because he has seen his hideout surrounded) he is shot down. Kay is forced to seal her lips and let the law call it a suicide.

This picture is clothed with regal atmosphere and the styles depicted in Kay's Parisian shop will set feminine film goers in a dither. Miss Frances never looked lovelier than she does in Stolen Holiday. She gives a fine performance, and Rains also turns in a portrayal that will lift him farther up the ladder of renown. Ian Hunter as the other half of the "stolen holiday" is convincing, and admirable support is provided by Alison Skipworth, Alexander D'Arcy and Frank Reicher.

THE PLOUGH AND THE STARS—(RKO)—An artistic successor to The Informer, discriminating picturegoers will hail this as a compelling work of art, but its boxoffice appeal, by and large, is a matter of conjecture. Viewed in an emotional content of high voltage, plus fine performances by Barbara Stanwyck and Preston Foster, this is a pictorially, lighted, somber and poetic. Dublin's streets fairly palpitate with the tragedy of futile slaughter that so quickly ended the first Irish rebellion. Foster is an officer of the rebels and his devotion to the cause tears him from Miss Stanwyck, the wife whose selfish love and mounting fears inspire her hysterical battle to keep him out of fighting. It is the age old struggle between love and duty. In the end, at the risk of his life, he returns to her but only to warn

FANS ATTENTION!
With the issue of Romantic Movie Stories magazine now on sale, the name of the magazine is changed to Movie Story Magazine. In spite of 34 additional pages (making this magazine to 106 pages), the price remains ten cents. Movie Story will continue to publish the complete and exclusive fiction stories of the best of the coming movies, each story illustrated with scenes from the productions. Fictionized in the big March issue (now on sale) are My Little Red Hen and Nelson Eddy; The Last of Mrs. Cheyney, starring Joan Crawford; History's Made of Night, starring Joan Arthur and Charles Boyer, and that superb road show, Romeo and Juliet with Norma Shearer and Leslie Howard. Ten complete stories in all.
Ask your newsdealer for Movie Story Magazine. Read your movies first as a real story, then see them and enjoy the movie more.

ARE YOU A "POWDER SWITCHER"?

Switching face powders may do you an injustice—Make you look years older than you really are!

How to find your most becoming face powder

By Lady Esther

Do you try one face powder this month and another the next? Do you choose face powder because this girl or that uses it? What may look good on one girl may look bad on another. Hit-or-miss methods of selecting your face powder, or your shade of face powder, put you at a great disadvantage. It means you have one complexion one day and another the next. It calls attention to your make-up all the time.

If the shade you happen to choose is the wrong one, it makes you look years older than you really are. What you want, first of all, is the right kind of face powder. Secondly, the right shade.

No. 1. The Right Kind of Face Powder

A face powder must be soft. It must be smooth—absolutely smooth. Only a smooth powder will go on evenly and blend perfectly. Only a smooth powder will act as a blotter on the skin. It is the blotter-like qualities of face powder that absorb excessive oil and perspiration and prevent shine.

Lady Esther Face Powder is soft—extremely soft and smooth. It is not a rough or sharp particles whatever. This you can prove by my famous "hit test."

Because it is so smooth, Lady Esther Face Powder goes on evenly and blends perfectly. It also acts as a blotter on the skin. It absorbs the excessive oil and perspiration that causes that hated shine.

No. 2. The Right Shade

First, the right powder—then the right shade!

There is only one way to tell which is your most becoming shade and that is to try on all five basic shades. You must not assume that because you are a blonde or a brunette or a redhead that you must use a certain shade. Any artist or make-up expert will tell you that.

You may be a blonde and yet have a very dark or olive skin; or a brunette and have a very light skin; or vice versa.

What you want to do is NOT match your skin, but improve your appearance. You want, NOT a matching shade, but a flattering shade.

I say 'Try,' not "Buy"

In my five shades I provide the most becoming one for you. What it is neither I, nor anyone else, can tell you in advance. You must try on all five shades.

But I don't ask you to go into a store and buy all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder. No, indeed! I say: "Here, take all the five shades of my face powder and try them all on! Let your own eyes tell you which is your most becoming shade."

Today!

Decide today to make this telling face powder test. Mail the coupon below and by return mail you'll receive all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder. Try on all five shades.

Notice that one shade will instantly declare itself the one for you. Notice, too, how smooth my face powder is, how long it stays on and how well it prevents shine. One test will tell you volumes!

The coupon below waits your mailing!
Think! Has more than one day gone by without adequate elimination?

If so, take Olive Tablets before you turn out the bathroom light tonight.

Prescribed for years by an Ohio physician, Olive Tablets are now one of America's best known proprietarys—famous because they are so mild and gentle.

Keep a supply always on hand. Remind the whole family to think of them on the second day. Three sizes: 13c, 30c, 60c—at all druggists.

\[\text{Olive Tablets}
\]

\[\text{THE LAXATIVE OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN}
\]

\[\text{\$200 My First Week}
\]

\[\text{... Now in my Own Business.}
\]


\[\text{EASY TERMS}
\]


\[\text{FREE BOOK}
\]

Send today (no obligation) for booklet illustrating Rug-Washer and telling how you can earn large profits at prices below other methods, how you can build a permanent year-around business; and how you can pay on easy terms. Enjoy a larger income. Write today—NOW.

\[\text{VON SCHRA DER MFG. CO.}
\]

\[\text{170 Pl., Rutin, Wis.}
\]

\[\text{Did Gray Hair}
\]

\[\text{Rob Them of 95c a Week?}
\]

\[\text{Now Comb Away Gray This Easy Way}
\]

\[\text{GRAY hair is risky. It ostensibly says, “You are getting old!” To end gray hair headaches all you now have to do is comb it once a day for several days with a Kolor-Bak comb. Kolor-Bak is sprinkled on your comb, and afterwards regularly once or twice a week to keep your hair looking nice. Kolor-Bak is a solution for artificially coloring gray hair that imparts color and charm and abolishes gray hair worries. Grayness disappears within a week or two and users report the change is so gradual and so perfect that their friends forget they ever had a gray hair and no one knew they did a thing to it.}

\[\text{Make This Trial Test}
\]

Will you test Kolor-Bak without risking a single cent? Then, go to your drug or department store today and get a bottle of Kolor-Bak. Test it under our guarantee that it must make you look 10 years younger and far more attractive or we will pay back your money.

\[\text{FREE}
\]

\[\text{Buy a bottle of KOLOR-BAK today and send \$5, 3, 541 W. Wells Street, Chicago—and receive FREE Sample and Postcard a 5c test of KORAH shampoo.}
\]

\[\text{Can Old Faces Look Young Again?}
\]

\[\text{PAULINE PALMER tells you how you may make old faces look younger. In a new free book is explained this sensational home method. Already 75,000 copies sold. Women and women have written for this thrilling new book. It illustrates with photographs an easy home method of facial rejuvenation to help correct wrinkles, double chin, shrunk and other marks of age without the use of cosmetics, wrappage, or parlor time.}

\[\text{This book, together with a Facial Analysis Chart sent absolutely FREE in plain wrapper by writing}
\]

\[\text{PAULINE PALMER, 1474 Archer Blvd., Forest City, N.C.}
\]

\[\text{WRITE BEFORE SUPPLY IS EXHAUSTED.}
\]

\[\text{LOOK!! A $250.00 CHECK AT THE DOWN PAYMENT}
\]

\[\text{FOR OLD COINS, $2000 FOR 1!
\]

\[\text{We guarantee to pay World’s Highest Prices, Large Coins up to $100.00, since 1909, 50c to 1890, 25c to 1850, 10c to 1810, Liberty Head Nickel $35.00, 25c before 1816 $100.00, 50c before 1916 $500.00, Other 50c before 1936 $500.00, Gold Coins $500.00, Lincoln Cents before 1941, Half Cents, Silver, Foreign Coins, Paper Money and Thousands of Others to $500.00 each. Know What Your Coins Worth, Send Dime For World’s Largest 10c Complete Illustrated Catalogue.

\[\text{Remax Coin Shop, Dept. 138, Nantasket, Mass.}
\]

\[\text{SKIN RASH}
\]

\[\text{RELIEVED...ITCHING STOPPED}
\]


\[\text{D.D.D. Prescription}
\]
Brief Film Guide

TO THESE, TOPPER WAVES HIS HAT:

Romeo and Juliet—(M-G-M)—Shakespeare's most famous bit of hack writing, superbly improved by the presence of Norma Shearer and great cast.

Dodsworth—(Goldwyn)—You'll rave about this one. Walter Huston grabs top honors, closely followed by Mary Astor, Ruth Chatterton.

Come and Get It—(Goldwyn)—Edward Arnold, Frances Farmer, Joel McCrea and Walter Brennan. Dynamic, satisfying drama.


The Plainsman—(Paramount)—Gary Cooper, Jean Arthur, James Ellison and Helen Burgess. Epic drama built around lives of Buffalo Bill and Wild Bill Hickok.

GOOD ENTERTAINMENT


Tarzan Escapes—(M-G-M)—Johnny Weissmuller and Maureen O'Sullivan score again in jungle thriller.

Theodora Goes Wild—(Columbia)—Irene Dunne turns comedienne with a capital C. Melvyn Douglas in telling portrayal. By all means see it.

Love on the Run—(M-G-M)—Clark Gable, Franchot Tone and Joan Crawford. Rollicking yarn that holds interest.

Born to Dance—(M-G-M)—Eleanor Powell will tap you into a trance while James Stewart, Una Merkel, Frances Langford, Alan Dinehart, Virginia Bruce and Buddy Ebsen keep you amused in a nautical romance.

* "Good grief, Mr. Giraffe, what a perfectly terrific rash you've got! You're broken out all over, even on your tail. And your neck's a sight! When a person has so much neck, it must be awful!"

* "I can remember when I used to have rashes...Boy, did I itch! In those days before we had Johnson's Baby Powder, there were times when I felt like jumping right out of my skin!"

* "But take a look at me now! Not a rash or a chafe anywhere since we've been using that soft, downy Johnson's. You try it—and see if it doesn't knock the spots off you, too!"

* "Feel a pinch of my Johnson's—isn't it smooth and slick? Not a bit gritty like some powders. It keeps my skin as fine as silk!...That's the best protection against skin infections, Mothers! And Johnson's Baby Powder is made of the finest Italian talc...no orris-root. Always keep Johnson's Baby Soap, Baby Cream and Baby Oil in your baby's bath-basket, too!"
Paradox in Personality!

(Continued from page thirty)

Being intelligently unconventional, she feels, "Why shouldn't I do the things I want to do? It's my life, isn't it?"

"For example," she says, "I get great pleasure in making noise. I sometimes scream just to listen to my screams." Have you ever heard a person, probably your best girl, say "Oh, I could just scream"? Instead of saying that, Doris up and does it.

She dates her screaming from the time it saved her life. Doris is one of those bold Irish characters who can't pass up a dare. She always plunges into the adventurous and thrilling for the sheer wallow of it. When she was a kid of four years, another neighborhood breadmacher dared her to eat a fire-works sulphur snake. She ate it, and the shrieks immediately following were shrill enough to summon a doctor in time to pump out her stomach and save her life.

To show what kind of a girl Doris really is, we must hear how she achieved stardom. She didn't waltz gently into the endearing arms of fame. Only a year ago she made one unsuccessful invasion of Hollywood and had to drive her mother and her dog back to New York City in a puddle-jumper of ancient vintage. She had on a blouse and a pair of slacks at the time of that ignoble departure, when she determined she would never again enter the movie capital until stage success led movie moguls to demand her.

She had come to Hollywood on a six-months contract with the former Fox studios, made after her performance in the stage play, His Majesty, Christopher Bean, shortly after her graduation from a New York high school in 1933. During that half-year she had the opportunity to do absolutely nothing in pictures.

Stage Work Wins

She did one thing for herself, though. As the feminine lead in Daughter of Coin at a small Hollywood community playhouse she attracted the eye of Al H. Woods, New York producer, who told her that if she would come to him in New York she could have a part in The Night of January 16th.

After her flower period back to the big city this unspoil ed young beauty won the lead in January 16th, going over with such a wow that every studio in Hollywood began clamoring for her. The lure of the cinema proved too much even for her memory of the six months of floundering, so she came back to Hollywood, and this time to stardom.

A place in the film constellation has not inflated Doris' head to a balloon-like status. Far from it. The studios have doubles for all big stars, to do dangerous assignments and avoid possible injury or even inconvenience to the big names. In the super-musical extravaganza Top of the Town, there is a scene where Doris' stand-in was ordered to make a forty-five foot leap from a fire-ravaged building into a net held by Hugh Herbert, Gregory Ratoff, Henry Armetta and George Murphy.

Would this glamorous Hollywood star stand aside and treat another one to such a special thrill? Not on your life! The directors and the technicians pleaded. They stormed. They threatened. Doris held firm and declared she would do it, or else.

With the comedians who held the net for the scene shuddering in fear, she calmly made the leap. The director informed her she would have to do it half a dozen times to make a perfect shot. "O. K." she said, and did it half a dozen times.

This is just like Doris, a young lady who is as natural as a wild tree or a wave rolling in from the sea. She would rather go to a boxing match than to one of Hollywood's elaborate parties. Perhaps her favorite diversion is to sit home and read a good book, "to improve my mind," she says.

Part of this realism in Doris takes expression in her Irish temper. "I can remember one terribly funny incident," she relates, then laughs and laughs. "During a play in which I was acting there was a publicity man who constantly bothered me to pose for 'yag shots.' Finally, bull-dog tenacity and all, he sought me in my dressing room. I lost no time seizing the chair I had been sitting in and hurling it at him." Her eyes twinkle as she adds, "He bothered me no more."

Her rapidly-flaring temper always cools as quickly as it comes. "Then I laugh at

Janice Jarrett, in Universal's TOP OF THE TOWN

Your hair may look dull, but it isn't... its brilliance is just hidden under a film that most shampoos leave on the hair and ordinary rinsing can never remove. That's why Hollywood Stars always use Duart Hair Rinse after every shampoo. Would it be thrilling fun to see how Duart Rinse will bring out the true shining beauty of your own hair?

DUART HAIR RINSE

SEND 10c FOR A FULL 2-RINSE PACKAGE. SELECT SHADES BELOW. NOT A DYE—NOT A BLEACH.

Duart Sales Co., 785 Market St., San Francisco
10 cents enclosed for shade of rinse marked. Please send it at once—

Dark Brown
Black
Medium Brown

Golden Brown
White or Golden Brown

Titan
Titan
Platinum

Reddish Brown
Reddish Ash
Golden Blonde

Name__________________________________________________________
Address________________________________________________________________________
City_________State__________

50

ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTES! ALWAYS INSIST ON THE ADVERTISED BRAND!
quiet... delightful.

As a girl she used to put on her brother's dirtiest sweater and go bicycling. Now she has grown into her beloved sport of horseback riding. She leans back on her hands, shakes her blonde tresses and looks at the tree tops as she says, "Riding is to me the most glorious fun in the world." Another sport she prefers to Hollywood's famous parties is just lazily lounging.

Have you ever played Hell? It is Doris Nolan's favorite. In case you don't know, it is a form of double solitaire. Doris prefers it because "it's called Hell even in polite circles and you can scream your lungs out when you play it. That's something."

Doris has a delightful hobby which sometimes puts her on the spot. She invariably bursts out singing Christmas carols, many of which she makes up while warbling. She has sold more than a hundred poems and songs, and has also written numerous essays and short pieces to express her thoughts on people and things. Her weakness for Christmas carols she ascribes to sentimentality.

Once in New York she walked down Broadway singing one of her own favorite Christmas carols to herself. A crowd assembled when a policeman stopped her. She protested her right to sing what and where she wanted to.

Promise Wins Reprieve

The law's minion let her go on her promise to refrain from further carollings. "That was the first time in my life I was repressed," she states.

What about the marital intentions of this luminous beauty who has Hollywood's masculine eyes blazing? "Not for five years," she insists, stating that she will try hard to build a career before she considers wedlock.

"Furthermore, no man could live with me. At this she whoops her loudest laugh. But she means it, for before making such an alliance she intends to get her diploma from the School of Experience. While she is studying in that, the only college she would consider, she seeks men for their intelligence and ability to carry on a fascinating conversation rather than for their good looks or their romantic possibilities.

"Of course, if I met the man," she stated in answer to a question, "I would forget these ideas and do what any other woman would." Even in that case she does not intend to drop her career. A life of personal accomplishment, to her, need not be cut short by wedlock.

Only a superior man, stronger and more dominant than she, will be able to win the heart whose backing in beauty and class has caused many Hollywood masculine hearts to surge more vigorously. "But if he tried to repress or unreasonably dominate," she即可, gigglingly, lapsing into slang, "I'd sock him on the puse."

Watch Doris Nolan. She is Irish and high-tempered and will say what she thinks when she thinks it. A hard worker, she is determined to succeed because she loves the motion picture art. She can be glamorous, musical, tragic or funny before the camera. Those who know in Hollywood will tell you that although Is Nolan is a sprout in years, she's tops in pictures.

LEARN HOW TO AVOID THE COMMON PERMANENT WAVE FAULTS KINKY WAVES, DRY HAIR, FRIZZY ENDS

Why trust the beauty of your hair to luck or even the most expert guesswork? It isn't necessary any longer, for Duart's new AUTOMATIC METHOD has made permanent waving a science. Each Duart wave contains an unseen patented device that automatically creates a perfectly formed wave in every curl... waves of such a soft naturalness that human skill can never equal them.

This is why Duart is the only method endorsed by Perc Westmore, Hollywood's world famed Hairstylist... why also, Duart waves are the choice of the Hollywood stars and why Duart is featured in more than 100 Hollywood Beauty Salons.

To make sure your hair is waved with these sensational new AUTOMATIC WAVERS, be sure to tell your operator you want a "TWO-TWELVE" wave, she'll know what you mean. PRICE of a Duart Wave will vary according to the artistic skill and reputation of the hairdresser you select.

SEND FOR DUART'S HOLLYWOOD BOOK OF BEAUTY Pages of smart screen-tested hairstyles and other new Hollywood Beauty secrets. Use Coupon—enclose 10c for postage and wrapping.

DUART WAVES ARE THE CHOICE OF THE HOLLYWOOD STARS

When Answering Advertisements, Please Mention March HOLLYWOOD
Nickel Handicap!

Many Happy Women Now Say
PAR-IO-GEN
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FEeminine hygiene

Simple
Quick
Easy

Immaculate Parigen neglects no applicant on
other methods. The easy-to-use tablet alone is
suitable for the treatment of most cases of temporary
ring condition. Twelve tablets in each container cost only
.26c in most cases. Don't hesitate to ask your
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MYSTERY
CLEANSING
CREAM

- The basis of all beauty is a
  clean skin. Try this smooth-
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  cream, which removes all
  surface dirt and pore secre-
tions. It's pink-tinted, allur-
ingly scented. 50c at dealers
  or send for test jar. Enclose
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BOYER, Society Parfumeur
2702 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Hair OFF

Unloved

I once looked like this. Ugly hair
on face...unloved...discouraged.
Nothing helped. Dampness, waxes,
lipids...even razors failed. Then I dis-
covered a simple, painless, inexpensive method. It
worked! Thousands have won beauty and love with
the secret. My P.E.E. Book, "How to Overcome Super-
fluous Hair," explains the method and proves actual
success. Mailed in plain envelope. Also trial offer.
No obligation. Write Miss Audrey Langsette, P.O. Box
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Hollywood is Just a State of Mind!
(Continued from page forty)

to itself. That was when its area was fixed and bounded.

It wasn't much of a place. It had about 700 inhabitants, all told, and the vote on incorporation was 88 to 78. It was pretty well isolated. One or two rambling roads connected it with the city.

The town's main stem was not called Hollywood Boulevard then; it was Prospect Avenue. It was unpaved; in summer it had to keep down the profuse dust, and in winter it was a quagmire. Sunset, lined with over-arching pepper trees, was a slumbersome residence street a few blocks south. On the avenue were the residences those of Whitley, Wilcox, Beveridge, Hurd, Bartlett, being most notable. The Stern orange grove had a good home in it; part of the grove still lives as a memorial to its founder. A few small stores catered to local trade in primitive fashion; several diminutive churches administered to the communal spiritual welfare and the town was very proud of its sole high school, one two-story building.

There wasn't a theatre in the place, nor a baseball diamond. One hotel—The Hollywood—the east end only of that very prominent hostelry now so central—served all the needs of the wayfarer, and that was mostly.

It was mostly what was needed to make a very isolated business that was hanging at the knob, and carefully dusted off their shoes before they stepped over the sill! It was an old Hollywood custom—not to say an odd one. But very saving on carpets.

A slow-going community? It was—but a very prosperous one. One of the big citrus centers of the Southland; that and market gardening were the almost exclusive industries, though sheep roved over the hills. These very industries were the inherent cause of Hollywood's elimination as a city, however, and the greater they became, the more inevitable the doom they faced.

You see citrus growing demands a lot of water, and so does the raising of garden truck. Also, the more householders, the greater the requirements in the same field. As Hollywood's production rose, and with that conclusion, the land long hot summers made still heavier demands upon the rather primitive water supply available at best, it became increasingly inevitable that it would be made added water, or the town would perish.

Los Angeles generously offered to share its wealth with its neighbors. But only on condition that they amalgamate with it. Otherwise, stay out and dry up.

Hollywood listened to the Lorelei song; heeded the call to "come on in; the water's fine," and in 1910, leaped from freedom and a brief municipal existence of seven years into the lap of the Queen of the

"SKINNY SCRAPPY CINDERELLA" SALLY

THOUSANDS OF WEAK, RUNDOWN, TIRED-OUT SKINNY Folks Have Made This Amazing Discovery!

Get Kelpamalt's Natural Iodine into Your Blood and Glands—Then... These Results Quick or Your Money Back

Improved Appetite, Better Digestion, 5 Extra New Lbs., Clearer Skin, Sounder Sleep, New Strength, Energy and Endurance

If you are weak, skinny and rundown—if you go around always tired out, irritable, easily upset, the chances are your blood is thin, and watery, and lacks the nourishment needed to build up your strength, endurance, and the solid pounds of new flesh you need to feel right. Science has at last got right down and found one of the very frequent things missing in the conditions, and explained a new, quick way to correct them.

Food and medicine often can't help you much. The average person usually eats enough of the right kind of food to sustain the body. The real trouble is assimilation—the body's process of converting digested food into firm flesh, pep and energy. They hidden classic secret this body building process—glands which must have a regular ration of natural iodine to play the part. The simplest and quickest way to get this necessary substance is Kelpamalt! It is the stimulating new mineral concentrate from the sea, which has been found to be many times richer in natural iodine than oysters.

Try Kelpamalt for one week. See if, like thousands of others, you don't feel better, sleep better, eat better, and add at least 5 to 10 solid new lbs. in the first week. If you don't the trial is free. It costs you nothing. Your own doctor will approve this way. 100 Jumbo size Kelpamalt Tablets—for five to fifteen times the size of ordinary tablets—cost but a few cents a day to use. Get Kelpamalt today! Kelpamalt is sold at all good drug stores. If your dealer has not yet received his supply, send $3.00 for special introductory size bottle of 65 tablets to the address below.

SPECIAL FREE OFFER

Write today for free booklet containing 50-page booklet with full details, 8-page booklet with full details on use. Examination, sterilization, mineral content of food and fibre effects on the human body, stores should have Kelpamalt Tablets! Standards, weight and measurement charts. Daily Times, 3 Wall St., New York City.

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When answering advertisements, please mention March Hollywood.
There's Nothing Quite Like... Relief of HEADACHES SOUR STOMACH DISTRESS AFTER MEALS COLDS.

Add Flavor and Color! WITH Gebhardt's EAGLE CHILI POWDER

Gebhardt’s EAGLE Chili Powder

- All natural seasoning containing select dried Mexican chile peppers and native spices
- Imports spicy, irresistible flavor in dozens of delicious dishes; adds tempting color in salads!
- Contains Gebhardt's Trademarked Chili Powder for complete satisfaction!

FREE! 64-PAGE RECIPE & MENU BOOK CHILI POWDER SAMPLE!

An Alka-Seltzer Tablet in a glass of water makes a pleasant-tasting, alkalinizing solution which contains an analgesic; sodium bicarbonate. You drink it and it does two important things. First, because of the analgesic, it brings quick, welcome relief from your discomfort—and then because it is also alkalinizing in its nature Alka-Seltzer helps correct the cause of the trouble when associated with an excess acid condition.

At all Drug Stores—30c and 60c Packages

Slightly Higher in Canada

Angels, where she has remained a favored child ever since. She went wet, in other words, and she went out of civic existence at the same time.

But not out of mind—or vocabulary. The populace still used the old familiar name to designate the locality that originally bore it. The trolleys carried it on their signs—and still do. The boulevard adopted it, instead of Prosper. The former turned over contiguous territory clung to the mellifluous and well liked name, and does so till this day. But it has no official, civic or legal status whatever, and hasn't had since 1910.

Now, it is generally believed that Los Angeles absorbed Hollywood as the result of the latter becoming the cinema center. This is all not a movie had ever been made in Hollywood during all its official life, but the big city had had studios for years. Los Angeles was the capital of the movies in real fact, and seemed destined forever to be so.

Perhaps, however, the metropolis did not sufficiently appreciate the cinema. Too many could not see what value there was to a community in an industry that was simply making shadow shapes fit by on a canvas in a nickelodeon. It was all so childish; so puerile. The participants in the game tolerated the old gag about the boarding house sign: "No dogs or actors wanted" was far more truth than fiction. The city was zoned, and in the center out of the way sections could the huge but handsome studios rear their ugly heads. Hospitality toward them and all their ilk was nil, and hospitality was usual.

So it was that in 1911, when the Horserly brothers were enroute to the coast to establish their own plant, they learned from a fellow traveler that in what had been Hollywood was a virgin field—about the only one left—for their purpose. Directly from their train they drove out there, looked over the land, liked it. So they established Hollywood's first movie studio, in the old Blondeau tavern and stable at Sunset Boulevard and Gower Streets. They rented it; they were offered the entire block for $25 a front foot, but had been warned by others to "beware of Los Angeles land slickers," and they didn't purchase.

That, good people, was the beginning of the cinema industry in Hollywood. Only, it was no longer the town of Hollywood; that died the year the movies came to it.

Now in actuality the main factors of the picture industry no longer are to be found within the erstwhile "capital" or its original limits, and never were. Some of their former headquarters still stand, gaunt and vacant; still others make up "poverty row;" mechanical and technical plants and costume and wardrobe buildings. But as a picture producing center, what was so briefly actually Hollywood has faded at most from import. Just to keep the record clear: No movie was ever made in the town of Hollywood, for it was part of Los Angeles before the first studio came to it.

So—There is no such place as Hollywood. It is only a state of mind. It is merely a generic term for an indefinite locale—an entity that has neither shape, boundaries, limits or substance. Concretely, it simply "isn't."

But whoever thinks of pictures without coupling them with Hollywood? Whomever speaks of the movies without also thinking of Hollywood?

Whomever imagines that there can or could or will or would be a cinema without Hollywood as its locale and its capital?

"Here's a quick, safe, and approved method with which you can clean and polish your car, regardless of the type of finish, and do it in just minutes—without the use of any extra tools or apparatus. Simply mix a solution of Arzné Natural Oil and water in a shallow dish. Then with a soft cloth, apply the solution to the surface of your car. After the polish has dried, polish with a clean cloth. You can also use this solution for the same purpose on your furniture. This method will leave your car looking like new, and it will last for months."

"Sensational Free Special Fights Head Colds Makes Breathing Easy All Droppers FREE Entirely FREE"

Send No Money—Nothing to Buy—No Obligations Here is a special advertising offer made solely for the purpose of acquainting you with the remarkable action of this great new head-cold fighter, a tent bottle of which will be sent on receipt of the coupon. Not today. Be sure to take advantage of this sensational Free Special Offer at once. No letter needed. Send only your name and address on coupon, and mail today.

SEND NO MONEY—ONLY YOUR NAME

For Free Sample write name and address to ARZEN, 544 S. Wells Street, Chicago, Dept. 55

"A Brief Away Gray Hair and Look 10 Years Younger"

Here is a quick, safe, and approved method with a small brush and BROWNATONE you just tint those streaks or patches of gray to lustrous shades of blonde, brown or black. Easy to prove by applying a little of this famous tint to a lock of hair. Cannot affect waving of hair. Over twenty-years success. Guaranteed. Includes instructions and brush. Only $1.25.

IF BROWNATONE does not give your gray, streaked or faded hair all the rich, youthful appearing color, your money back. Only 50c. At drug and toilet counters everywhere.

"Up $3.00 in Week to Selling Amazing Silk Hose"

"And Your Own Money Back"$3.00 in Week to Selling Amazing Silk Hose

"Here's the way to get $3.00 in cash every week, starting January 1st—every week.

""How to sell 2 pairs of hose a day and make $3.00 in 1 hour—using the amazing Silk Hose."

"There are 10 Silk Hose Companies. Every one claims hose that will make you $3.00 a week. The amazing Silk Hose is different."

"Selling 2 pairs of hose a day will make you $3.00 a week. A couple years of hard work; the end result may be no profit."

"The amazing Silk Hose will make you $3.00 a week. It is a revelation for the selling woman."

"Send your own hose size."

"Send Your Own Hose Size Now."
June Horne (right) daughter of Cleo Ridgeley, who 20 years ago rode a horse across the continent in a film publicity stunt, is shown about to embark on a plane trip to key cities of the nation with the huge invitation for buyers to attend the Associated Apparel Manufacturers' fashion show at the Los Angeles Biltmore in mid-January. Sally Martin, left, style editor of Fawcett Publications, was chosen to select film-studio-designed fashions for the exhibit.

How many girls, after hearing their Henry or Tommy admire Norma Shearer's latest coiffure, do not hurry next day to their favorite hairdresser to have their hair fixed the same way? Dozens and dozens of orchids to the beautiful Hollywood stars who have done so much for millions outside the studios.

Shirley Marin, 514 So. Seventh Ave., Mount Vernon, N. Y.

Stickler for Realism

Dear Editor:

Swing Time was a sensation, but I have one comment to make in regard to it.

Why do the directors insist on orchestral accompaniment in certain scenes, such as the wintry scene in which Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire sang *A Fine Romance*? They could have gotten along beautifully without it.

To my estimation, this ornamental accompaniment, especially in out-of-door scenes such as the one mentioned above, makes the scenes less realistic while we "movie goers" wish them to be just as true to life as possible. I'm sure other fans will agree with me in this regard.

Faye M. Brown, Battle Creek, Iowa.

Too Good?

Dear Editor:

Why can't Shirley Temple portray a naughty girl for a change? It seems too unreal to see her picture after picture, as a good little girl.

Why can't we see her as a mean child, who neither sings or dances?

She'd gain even more popularity than she has now, I assure you. Readers—how about your opinion?

Olive Anderson, 114 W. Cameron St., Hanford, Calif.

With so many juveniles playing "problem children" on the screen 20th Century-Fox thinks it might set a fine example for fans of tender years to see one little girl who is always good.—The Editor.

When Answering Advertisements, Please Mention March HOLLYWOOD
Choose Your Favorite Star!

(Continued from page twenty-eight)

be accepted. When the ballots have been counted a new star may rise on the horizon.

Now read the following rules very carefully.

There's money here, EASY MONEY!

Contest Rules

1. To enter this contest it is only necessary to name your favorite screen player (man or woman) on the coupon published for that purpose, and tell why in twenty words or less, you voted for this star.

2. Prizes will be awarded those contestants supplying the best and most novel reasons (in twenty words or less) for voting as they did, regardless of final standing of their choice after all votes are counted. The entry chosen as the best by the judges will receive the $200 prize; the second best entry will win the $120 prize, etc. In case of ties, duplicate prizes for the amount named will be awarded tying contestants.

3. Contestants may enter and thus vote for their favorite, as many times as they desire, but each entry must be printed, written or typed on a ballot coupon as published in this magazine.

4. Editors of Fawcett Publications and Motion Picture Publications are judges in this contest and their decisions shall be final. No correspondence will be entered into regarding entries in this contest. Entries will not be returned.

5. No entry from Fawcett Publications, Motion Picture Publications, or members of their families, are eligible to compete.

6. This contest will close April 1, 1937. Entries postmarked later than that date will not be considered. Elaborate and bulky entries are discouraged. As prizes are to be awarded for reasons given for voting for your favorite screen player, your chances of winning will not be enhanced by sending in an elaborate entry.

7. After you have filled out the coupon, send it by mail to SCREEN STAR POPULARITY CONTEST, 7046-H, Hollywood Boulevard, Hollywood, Calif. You may paste your entry blank on the back of a postcard, or in an envelope, first class mail. It is not necessary to accompany your ballot with a letter.

CROSSWORD SOLUTION

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DONT STAY BLINDFOLDED TO FEMININE SECRETS

MODERN WOMEN
Send today for illustrated FREE BOOK

"Women's Secrets" Professionally illustrated with large clear pictures. Sent in beautiful two-color Art-Photo Envelope. 

CERTANECO, Inc., Dept. 72, 7212 West Washington Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif.

TODAY NEW TRUTHS ARE KNOWN! ...No longer need discriminate against the proper technique in modern feminine hygiene. Research has shown doctors how and when and the benefits to be derived and the fame. CERTANECO meets the requirements preferred by doctors and thousands of women everywhere because CERTANECO is accurately compounded to serve the identical purpose of strong, healthful antiseptic - without their danger and uncertainty. CERTANECO is simple and economical to use and easy to apply. It rapidly spreads an antiseptic film, remaining in effective contact for many hours. No mess, no bother, no worry of overdose because CERTANECO is perfect for the many purposes. It is especially advertised to meet the requirements of critical Hollywood, CERTANECO is now on sale at drug stores everywhere.

GRAY and FADED HAIR RESTORED TO ITS NATURAL SOFT LUSTROUS BEAUTY

A tint of the finest medicinal oil, perfectly safe and easy to apply. Is not an external coating, but penetrates the hair, shampoos, checks dandruff and strengthens the hair. Will not rub or wash off, stain the scalp or interfere with permed waves. Tinting completed in 30 minutes. Beauticians claim that it will be, the finest hair tinting preparation they have ever used. Price desired and enclosed clip of hair with $1.00. Money back guarantee.

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Accept No Substitutes! Always Insist on the Advertised Brand!
Wise Wives
(Continued from page twenty-nine)

the social activities of Fred’s friends. Instead of trying to change Fred’s life to fit her own, she learned to follow the dictates of the erratic, ever-changing scheme of a motion picture actor’s life.

Fred doesn’t care for big parties or public social affairs. So the Astaires live quietly in their lovely Beverly Hills home, entertaining and being entertained by a small circle of close and congenial friends. Fred enjoys tennis matches and football games, so Phyllis goes with him and enjoys them too. Only rarely does she visit the studio and never does she try to interfere in Fred’s work. That’s his job. Hers is to look after their home and to take care of their two children.

Fellows Fixed Plans

True Foster follows a similar plan and it has worked beautifully for ten years. She and Preston Foster were childhood sweethearts. After they were married they embarked on the great adventure in New York with exactly fifty dollars in their financial fund. True worked side-by-side with Preston, helping him to build a career, first on the stage and then in pictures.

Marcelite Boles is another non-professional wife who has grown up with her husband and his career. She and John were married when he was beginning his professional life. She has worked and schemed to advance his career, always putting her own interests in second place. She has built her entire life around John and their home and their two daughters.

Winfred Bryson Baxter was a well-known and congenial personality when she married Warner. Soon after the wedding she gave up her own career to become the silent partner in Warner’s rapid strides toward success. She is literally and truly his “severest critic and best friend.” He depends upon her clear perspective and her excellent judgment, born of her own years of experience. During the making of a Baxter picture, Warner and Winifred worked together in the evenings, rehearsing and studying Warner’s dialogue and action for the next day’s scenes. At a moment’s notice, Winifred will cancel her own plans to

Florence Eldridge believes one career in a family is enough. So she quit the stage when she became Mrs. Fredric March. Here they are seen with Kay Johnson (right) intertially watching a film colony tennis match.

THE FELLOWS NEVER LOOKED AT HER

... until she found a way to

ADD 11 POUNDS QUICK!

 Thousands gain 10 to 25 lbs.

Skinny, friendless girls who never could gain an ounce, have easily gained 10 to 25 pounds, normally rounded curves, this new easy way—just in a few weeks! What is more, this new discovery has given them naturally clear skin and lovely color; new pep, new friends and popularity.

Scientists recently discovered that thousands of people are thin and rundown for the simple reason that they do not get enough Vitamin B and iron in their daily food. Without these vital elements you may lack appetite and not get the most body-building good out of what you eat.

Now one of the richest known sources of Vitamin B is cultured ale yeast. By a new process the finest imported cultured ale yeast is now concentrated 7 times, making it 7 times more powerful. Then it is combined with 3 kinds of blood-building iron, pasteurized whole yeast and other valuable ingredients in pleasant little tablets known as Ironized Yeast tablets.

If you, too, need these vital elements to aid in building you up, get these new “T-power” Ironized Yeast tablets from your druggist today. Note how quickly they increase your appetite and help you get more benefit from the body-building foods that are so essential. Then, day after day, watch that chest develop and sinewy limbs round out to natural attractiveness. See better color and natural beauty come to your cheeks. Soon you feel like an entirely different person, with new charm, new personality.

Money-back guarantee

No matter how skinny and rundown you may be from lack of sufficient Vitamin B and iron, try these new Ironized Yeast tablets just a short time. See if they don’t aid in building you up in just a few weeks, as they have helped thousands. If not delighted with the benefits of the very first package, money back instantly.

Special FREE offer!

To start thousands building up their health right away, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets at drug store; cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a complimentary new book on health, “New Facts About Your Body.” Remember, results with the very first package—or money refunded. At all drugstores, Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 285, Atlanta, Ga.

When answering advertisements, please mention March Hollywood 57
PREVENT BLACKHEADS

Sensational Beautifier Refines Skin

Women all over the country who formerly were miserable over their skin blemishes and blackheads, whiteheads, large pores and other skin faults, are now enthusiastic about a new beautifier.

This remarkable preparation, which contains oxygen, penetrates into the mouths of the pores and prevents the formation of fatty blackheads.

When the oxygen frees the pores of disfiguring dirt and grease, the skin assumes its natural, clean appearance. It becomes soft and smooth to the touch.

The name of this new beautifier is Dioxogen Cream. It is the only preparation in the world containing Dioxogen and is approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau.

Prove to yourself that you too can have a skin free from blackheads, open pores and other skin faults. Dioxogen Cream is not drying and benefits any type of skin to which it is applied, 50¢ and $1 jars at dept. stores and black class drug stores.

DIOXGEN CREAM

LOSE Controllable FAT

OHIO NURSE lost 47 lbs.

-Tells How

• Do you envy slender women? Why sit back while others have found new joy in living after freeing themselves from control over their weight? Then listen to what Mrs. Gladysse Byers, Registered Nurse, of Dayton, Ohio, writes: "I had been overweight since 1926 and was getting heavier. Then I tried RE-DUCE-OIDS and lost 41 lbs. I lost all this fat, my skin is firm and smooth." Miss L. R. Schulze, Jackson, Mich., reduced 50 lbs., and added: "I felt better." Mrs. J. Fols, Honey Creek, Iowa, writes: "Lost 34 lbs. They are pleasant to take."

IMPORTANT! ... Positively NO DINITROPHENOL

Genuine RE-DUCE-OIDS have been sold by leading drugstores and department stores for 22 years.

FAT GOES ... OR MONEY BACK!

Your money back in full if not delighted ... you are the judge. No risk, no delay, fat is dangerous! Sold at leading drug and department stores everywhere. If your dealer is out, he can get RE-DUCE-OIDS quickly—as soon as you order from his wholesaler.

DON'T CUT CUTICLES

ROUGH RAGGED

Smart New Cosmetic Beautifier Nails While It Softens Cuticle

This clever new preparation removes rough, dead cuticle without scissors, and at the same time keeps nails flexible and easy to shape. It brings out their natural beauty. It's a cuticle remover, a cuticle oil and a stain remover, all in one.

You may not have time for long, expensive manicures, but with Manicare you simply brush your fingertips a little. A day, to keep nails nice, no hangnails or brittleness. 35¢ and drugstores.

Curtiss's MANICARE

A Farmer Boy

ONE of the best known medical men in the United States was Dr. R. V. Pierce of Buffalo, New York, who was born on a farm in Pa. He noted daily in his medical career that many of his prescriptions prepared from roots, twigs and herbs, such as his "Favorite Prescription," produced astounding results.

He early founded a Clinic and Hospital in Buffalo, N.Y. Adviced by letter is free.

For young girls growing into womanhood, for women middle-aged suffering through the menopause, or those who suffer from-backache, beauteous, nervousness and discomforts associated with functional disturbances, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is just the vegetable tonic needed. It stimulates the appetite. Buy now.

New size, tabs. 30c., liquid $1.00 and $1.35.

Young Men and Women—

STENOTYPY

The Better Way to Better Jobs—Stenotypy — machine-typed shorthand — offers unusual opportunities for better jobs now and larger success all your life.

This machine that types faster than any one can talk is used in nine out of ten conventions, in thousands of outstanding offices, and increasingly in court rooms. Its speed, accuracy and ease wins promotions and salary raises in secretarial and reporting jobs, and open up executive opportunities. Now, in your spare time and at low cost, you can raise yourself above the competition of the crowd. Get full details. Ask for interesting, illustrated, free booklet, "Stenotypy, the New Profession." Write Dept. 138-T.

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NEW PE-RU-NA

The Great New Cold-Fighter Often

WINS FIGHT WITH A COLD

By Helping to Build Up Cold-Fighting Resistance

DRUGGISTS

SEND FOR FREE SAMPLE

For free sample of PE-RU-NA, address PE-RU-NA, 644 S. State St., Chicago, Ill. Dept. 153
interest in life is Paul’s work. When he is preparing for a role in a picture, Paul thinks, dreams, talks and studies the character for weeks. And Bella thinks, dreams, talks and studies it with him. Before he began work in Louis Pasteur, Bella and he read countless volumes describing the life of the great Pasteur. Before Good Earth, the Munis lived for a time with a colony of Chinese farmers, while Paul absorbed their language and customs and habits.

Elizabeth Allen, too, was a successful young actress on Broadway when she met and married the promising young actor, Robert Montgomery. When Bob received an offer to go to Hollywood with the first talking pictures, Betty gave up her career and went with him to California where she has devoted herself to Bob and his home and his children. For a long time Betty refused even to be photographed, explaining that it was Bob’s career and that she was content to remain in the background. Although she finally removed the ban on pictures, she still maintains her quiet inconspicuousness and rarely goes to the studio.

She has encouraged Bob in his athletic sports which he enjoys, tennis, golf and polo. She has shared his desire for an eastern farm and a rural life.

Like Betty and Bella and the others, Florence Eldridge March gave up a successful theatrical and picture career to play around Eddie to Fred in his. Florence was already well established in Hollywood when Fred made his first California appearance in the Los Angeles stage production of The Royal Family. He immediately attracted the attention of the motion picture producers and was signed for the leading role in the picturization of the play.

As soon as Fred was firmly entrenched in Hollywood, Florence retired from the screen and stage.

Lead Full, Rich Lives

The Marches live a full, rich, well-balanced life. Florence has her home and her two adopted children and her many friends to fill the days when Fred is busy. She and Fred both enjoy gay parties and they are numbered among Hollywood’s most popular people. Never has Florence regretted her retirement from professional life.

“Housekeeping, wifehood and motherhood are a big enough career for any one woman,” she says, smiling.

Dixie Lee Crosby says the same thing. She, too, sacrificed her own professional career to become the wife of the crooning Bing and the mother of his three sons. Only once did Dixie feel the urge to return to the screen. But one film was enough. Gladly she went back to her domesticity and Bing and the babies. Like Frances Dee, who is devoting her life to Joel McCrea and their children, Dixie believes that happiness and contentment are more important than all the star-doms and fame in the world.

There you have the secret of Hollywood’s happiest marriages. The successful wives are the ones who have made marriage a job, a career, a profession in itself, who have worked at it with selfless energy, who have given it thought and careful attention.

Other wives may drift in and out of marriage, while they build fame and success for themselves, but Hollywood’s wise wives are content. Each knows she has something more priceless than fame—the happiness, a home and a husband she loves.

ORCHIDS from the one and only man! The girl never lived who didn’t thrill at the thought.

But there’s one girl who can never have this thrill—for men avoid her.

She is the girl who is careless about herself; who has allowed the disagreeable odor of underarm perspiration to cut her off from good friends and good times.

What a pity it is! Doubly so, since perspiration odor is so easy to avoid. With Mum!

Quick to use; lasts all day. Just half a minute is all you need to use this dainty deodorant cream. Then you’re safe for the whole day!

Harmless to clothing. Another thing you’ll like—use Mum any time, even after you’re dressed. For it’s harmless to clothing.

Soothing to skin. It’s soothing to the skin, too—so soothing you can use it right after shaving your underarms.

Doesn’t interfere with natural perspiration. Mum, you know, doesn’t prevent perspiration. But it does prevent every trace of perspiration odor. And how important that is!

Don’t let this personal fault come between you and the popularity you ought to have. Depend upon the daily Mum habit! Bristol-Myers Co., 630 Fifth Ave., New York.

MUM helps is on sanitary napkins. Use it for this and you’ll never have to worry about this cause of unpleasantness.

When Answering Advertisements, Please Mention March HOLLYWOOD
No matter what part of Florida you're planning to visit... no matter how much or how little you're planning to spend... the one name to remember! The Collier chain of hotels... strategically located, handsomely equipped, serviced in the most modern hotel tradition and operated under one all-embracing, responsible management... will completely satisfy your wants, modest or elaborate as they may be.

Several of Florida's leading resort hotels are included... in her most celebrated golf and fishing centers... as well as a number of fine all-year houses for overnight stops or extended stays.

For sportsmen, for motorists, for leisure-seekers, for season residents or two-week vacationists... Collier hotels provide a warm and friendly Florida welcome!

MINIMUM RATES
Depending on hotels selected:
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ON APPROVAL
YOUR CHOICE

TASTE LIKE CANDY

The Sensational McCoy's Cod Liver Oil Tablets

Clock Full of Vitamins "A" and "D"

Take remarkable help in many ways and suits all needs to

Put On Firm Flesh

3 to 7 Pounds in 60 Days

Quickly

SEND FOR FREE SAMPLE

Mc Coy's, S44 S. Wells St., Chicago

Bust, Breasts, Thighs and hips.

FATTY SLIDES, 60c and up. TASTE

MAIL COUPON NOW
BRADLEY, Dept. 53A, Newton, Mass.

Name...
Address...
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Accept No Substitutes! Always Insist on the Advertised Brand!

Star Midas

(Continued from page twenty-three)

the colored slides. A German waiter in a restaurant came up to him and said, "Mr. Grauman, that fat fellow has a great baritone voice." He was Roscoe Arbuckle, noted in the Santa Clara county seat for his exploit of carrying 12 mugs of beer in one hand.

Arbuckle was told, "bring your music to my theatre," Sid gave him a job singing songs illustrated with colored slides, paying him $1 per night plus tips and dinner at the beer hall. After watching Fatty Arbuckle eat once, the master showmanship which has made Grauman great came to the fore.

He made a deal with the owner of a Greek restaurant whereby Arbuckle would be treated to a free dinner in the eatery's show-window. A sign there would advertise "see him at Grauman's Unique theatre tonight." The Arbuckle gastro-nomical capacity was banked upon to give the Greek his show windows.

It was a bonanza both for Sid and the restauranteur. Crowds jammed in front of the cafe to watch this Gargantuan devour his dishes. Unable to get standing room for the show outside, they crammed the interior and made the Greek proprietor rich. Arbuckle's fame spread like the wind and the San Jose show-house was stampeded at night for a view of this human colossus with a dinosaur's appetite. His singing was good too.

Some years later Joseph Schenck was paying the corrupulent comedian $5,000 weekly to make the film world laugh.

Having already started many future Hollywood stars rolling on their constellation careers, Grauman was interested in this center of a rising industry, the future of which he was far-sighted enough to see. The young showman boarded the hand-wagon of destiny and took a troupe of one hundred to Los Angeles to present his opus, Midnight on the Barbary Coast. Twenty years ago, financially backed by his father, he decided to build and opened the then elaborate Grauman's Million Dollar Theatre. All the wise gobs pooched--that the venture would flounder. Here Grauman initiated a practice which has solidified the careers of many popular favorites. Sid sponsored the first personal appearances, bringing out the vital importance of far-ranging effect of directly introducing to theatre fans performers whose antics on the silver sheet induced such thrills and emotional reactions.

When Sid and his father had been entertaining in San Francisco one of their acts was by the woman later to be Mrs. Frank Borzage teamed with a Lillian Gish. A year or two later, Sid saw a newspaper item that Mr. Grauman met this Lillian Gish again. She was now 12-year-old. With her was her little wolf, Jackie Coogan. Sid "patted the four-year-old and asked, "What can he do?"

Do The Shooting of Don McGrew for Mr. Grauman," requested the mother.

He did it so perfectly that Grauman and his mother were lost in the rapture of his performance. Next he did Kid's Last Fight. The boy was so enthusiastic that when the little act was finished Jackie, his mother, and his discoverer were astounded at a huge crowd which was now applauding thunderously.

Believing the youngster sensational, Sir Sid lost no time taking him to the lobby
of the Alexandria Hotel to see Charlie Chaplin. His antics drew a huge mass of spectators. Commenting on the crowd, Grauman hazarded, "the kid's great."

Chaplin immediately followed: "The Kid! That will be my next picture's title. I'll use little Coogan."

It was at his Egyptian and Chinese theatres in Hollywood that Sid Grauman brought his prologues to their highest pitch. For The Ten Commandments he staged The Last Supper. Two full-sized locomotives were brought to the center of the stage under full steam for The Iron Horse.

His most spectacular was undoubtedly The Covered Wagon, for which he brought 100 Arapahoe and Shoshone Indians to Hollywood. When they expressed a desire to live out in the open he built them an Indian village in the outskirts of Hollywood.

To bolster this he decided to stage an Indian wedding. Borrowing Hoot Gibson's $25,000 horse, he got Marion Davies to present it to the groom. But after the event he could not wrest the equine from the redskin. Sid explained it was merely a publicity stunt. The Indian resolutely replied, "me want horse."

It cost Grauman $250 to placate the Indian.

Grauman, who discovered so many stars, is and has been an intimate friend of Hollywood's outstanding stars and producers. Among the hands and footprints stamped for posterity in the concrete forecourt of the palatial Chinese Theatre are those of Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, Norma Talmadge, Norma Shearer, Bill Hart, Harold Lloyd, Tom Mix, Pola Negri, Gloria Swanson, Constance Talmadge, Janet Gaynor, Marion Davies, Bebe Daniels, Ann Harding, Jean Harlow, Diana Wynward, Marlene Dietrich, Jackie Cooper, Jennette MacDonald, Maurice Chevalier, the Marx Brothers, Wallace Beery, Marie Dressler, Shirley Temple, Myrna Loy and William Powell.

Sid Grauman is the star-Midas of Hollywood. As Midas of old saw everything he touched turn to gold, Sid Grauman's touch has deftly created stars. To them the fanfare, the headline and the spotlight; the fleeting glory and the sting of oblivion. To him the master's hand and the touch of genius, the creative twist and the mastery of entertainment which will give him immortality in the Valhalla of showmen.
It's MAY-time
(Continued from page thirty-three)

formance and I was frantic. We had no
understanding and there were no actresses
in the town whom I could call upon. Then
suddenly it occurred to me that Lillian
could play it. Of course, she hit the ceil-
ing when in the part that she continued in it until
the end of the run. After that I wouldn't
take a part in any play that didn't have a
part in it for her. But how loyal she was!
I couldn't! I'll faint! But she didn't faint
and she didn't have stage fright. I coached
her all afternoon and that night she went
on and was a success. She was so good in
the part that she continued in it until
the end of the run. After that I wouldn't
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the end of the run. After that I wouldn't
tag
for years she went from one success to another. They are all chronicled in her scrap book, 22 volumes in all, so you can imagine that there were quite a number of them.

Her real movie debut came years later of course. She appeared in many early silents, but she had her biggest success in Lady For a Day, made at Columbia in 1933.

Incidentally, that not only played an important part in her career, but it boosted the careers of everyone connected with it. There was Jean Parker, and Walter Connolly, both newcomers to the screen. And there was the new director-writer team behind it, Frank Capra and Bob Riskin, who from that moment on rose rapidly to fame.

It was a turning point for the studio too. It made so much money that for the first time Columbia was encouraged to compete with the bigger studios in making Class A pictures. Recently when May went back to Columbia to make Women In Distress, and saw a brand new dressing room building on the lot, she smiled happily and said, "It makes me so proud to think that my picture helped build that building!" And this again shows her deep sentimentality.

Naturally it is difficult to tell even the highlights of her career—a career that has lasted over half a century—in one brief story.

And it's difficult too, to tell of the woman, over a period of seventy-three years, but at least the woman is pretty completely revealed in her philosophy of life. It's an amazing philosophy, amazing in its sincerity and amazing in its briefness.

"I just try to be as those who love me think I am," she says simply. And with so many loving her, you can imagine that that's quite a large order. But there have never been any complaints—and there never will be!

Hugh Herbert is a fireman in Universal's Top of the Town. He's top of the town known as Studio City, also, for it is here that Hugh is known as Mayor Herbert.
"I'm Hotel Hostess
Now-and earning a splendid salary"

Ira Sheppard, Seamstress, Without Experience, becomes Hostess of Beautiful Hotel.

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two of nature's best aids to clear, smooth skin.

MANY skin authorities urge thorough soap and water cleansing, at least once a day, as an essential to real skin beauty. But the soap must be one that is suitable for the various types of skin, and Resinol Soap is preferred in many homes. Free from harsh, drying qualities, it gives a soft lather, pleasing even for the skin, and leaves the pores deeply cleansed and refreshed.

Before applying Resinol Ointment to relieve the itching or soreness of pimples spots, a local rash or common skin outbreak, bathe the parts with Resinol Soap and warm water. It helps the soothing Resinol medication to act more effectively and promote healing.

All druggists sell Resinol Ointment and Soap. Why not begin this skin care today? Sample of each without cost. Write to Resinol, Dept. 2-G, Baltimore, Md.

Resinol Ointment and Soap

"No" Girl In "Yes" Town!
(Continued from page thirty-one)

changed. While other girls were thinking of party dresses and parties, of dates with good-looking, young high school lads, Frances was too busy reading to be disturbed. That was during the depression if you will remember that we had such a thing a few years back. It was a great time for one with a socially inclined mind to get a start in the art of thinking. The newspapers were full of distressing news, every block in every city had its own story of poverty and privation, joblessness was the order of the day. Only a few years before there had been such happiness. There were no sheriffs putting people out of houses. The newspapers carried only good news. The jobless man was unknown. A person capable of deep thinking, even a very young person, couldn't help but notice the difference.

Earns Way Through School

By this time Frances Farmer was starting her college career at the University of Washington. She wanted to help, so she earned her way through school. Working at different jobs, she still had time to keep up with the trend of current events. She still like that around light oil over the books on sociology and correlated works on history and economics. She could find time for all this, but there was no time for social invitations from the frivolous parties that are a part and parcel of almost every college career.

Just when Frances decided to become an actress not cold. Such decisions are not usually of the minute variety. They are the kind that start with a very small seed and grow slowly, usually over a long period of years. Yet, when she entered the University of Washington, she knew in her own mind that she would be an actress. Not a movie actress! Such a thing was farthest from her mind. She could think only of a life on the legitimate stage, with great portrayals that would live down through time, as the portrayals of Bernhardt, Duse, and other great artists have lived. She knew that she would have to study. Yet it fitted so well into the things she liked to read. The drama was so closely allied to life itself, and life in that day was one great big drama.

The Farmer girl worked in a cafe. She ushered in a theatre. She tutored less diligent students. She coached student players in dramatic work. She acted in unimportant radio plays on small stations. And, as if this were not enough, she got her own practical experience taking part in the campus Little Theatre productions.

Problem Quickly Solved

What to do after graduation was a problem that was quickly solved. Frances was dead against radio plays, so she enrolled upon her stage career. Her family was just as dead set against such a move. They gave her neither encouragement nor help. Feeling that there was nothing for her to stay close to the family fireside in Seattle.

Like many young college students of the day, Frances wrote to the newspapers. Somehow they are almost invariably found on a campus. One such Seattle paper was conducting an essay contest to determine the Most Marriage-
pointment for her to meet Shepard Traube, the Broadway theatrical producer.

It just so happened that at that particular time there was practically nothing doing in legitimate production. But Traube, like the shrewd theatrical man he is reputed to be, could see in this earnest young woman the flair of genius which more recently has come to life in a big way in Samuel Goldwyn's *Come and Get It*. He saw here not only a very beautiful young female, but a woman of fine mental caliber, a woman destined to stand out from the crowd. And people of such individualistic traits and makings are a treasure which only a man of great theatrical experience can really appreciate.

Traube didn't want to see this promising young woman go back to Seattle, and possibly to oblivion. He wanted to see her do something in keeping with her talents. So he argued with her about the desirability of trying pictures. Frances Farmer didn't like that. Her heart was set on the stage. Yet with the stage practically deserted there was only one thing to do. She followed Traube's advice.

And, accompanying the sage theatrical producer, she called at the big Paramount building on Broadway between Forty-third and Forty-fourth streets, the same building, incidentally, in which this magazine has its New York offices. They went to the suite which houses the eastern talent scouts, those canny gentlemen who look hither and yon for faces that can intrigue the audiences of the world, for voices that have that something that other voices do not have. This critical audience of experts sensed what Traube had sensed. They wanted her to take a screen test.

What would most girls have said to such a proposal? Well, Frances Farmer said: "No!" Not to be arrogant, you must understand, but because she felt that she wasn't ready. She knew that this was a momentous time in her life. She was at a crossroads and to make a mistake now might ruin the lifetime she had so carefully and so hopefully planned. To miss now might be to lose everything. She told the talent scouts she would take the screen test, but at a future date.

Then she plunged into what athletes describe as a period of intensive training. She studied technical angles and dramatic portrayal. She brushed up on her dictation and on other phases of dramatic work. When she was ready, she asked for her test script. They handed her one of the most difficult episodes in *The Lake*. To most people, that would have been a serious blow. *The Lake* is notoriously a very hard piece to master. You will remember what happened to Katharine Hepburn when she risked appearing in it on the stage. The whole show flopped and Katy rushed back to Hollywood.

The test made, she twiddled her thumbs while the sun rose and set over Manhattan a number of times. Then, after a month of anxious waiting word came. She had been accepted. Paramount wanted her name on a long term contract. On her twenty-first birthday, on September 19, 1935, to be exact, she signed and started for Hollywood, with its magic maze of make-believe.

And now comes a strange part of her story. This is the part that reveals some of Hollywood's peculiarities and makes you wonder just why studios do things as they do. Frances Farmer thought, quite naturally, that she would go right to work. She was being paid each week and she wanted to earn that money. She's that kind of a girl. But for a month she wasn't even handed a script. Then somebody else was staking a reputation on a film test and she was used for that. More tests followed. She began to call herself the "失业 girl." But it was beyond being a joke. She was really concerned about her future.

Then came her first real film break. She was allowed to make her debut in an unimportant part in an unimportant picture titled *Too Many Parents*. The unimportant part gave the studio big wigs a chance to see what she could do and her days of inactivity came to a sudden end. She grabbed off the lead in *Border Flight*, then plunged headlong into the coveted role opposite Bing Crosby as the heroine of *Rhythm On The Range*.

But it was in *Come and Get It* that she really made the audiences of the world Farmer conscious. This picture was made by Goldwyn, who borrowed her from Paramount. It isn't likely that she will be loaned out for some time to come, because Paramount will keep her busy on its own pictures. At the moment she is playing opposite George Bancroft in a picture tentatively titled *Doctor's Diary*.

The studios of Hollywood, for reasons which are obvious, like to have their popular young players stay unmarried as long as possible. In some cases, anti-
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SEDULINE CO., Dept. 27, Box 2400, Kansas City, Mo.
Dark Secrets of Gaining Glamour!

By Frances Kellum

The Old Hollywood Philosopher says, "Look chic by day, glamorous by night!"

But just what is the secret of Glamour after-five? It's then you want that Special Look. The girl who looks fascinating under brilliant dance floor lights as well as across a candle-lit table for two is the winner every time. But how does she do it?

For instance, when Merle Oberon attends a party she is dressed interestingly and in perfect taste.

Merle Oberon's Recipe

In other words, Merle's recipe for glamorous after-five dressing is: Wear the color and pictorial style that you like and that suits you best at home.

Wear white when you go formal (if it's becoming).

Wear black for restaurant dining and dancing. (But she combines it, as a rule, with a white top.)

For a Glamorous Make-up, she believes that the color should be brighter and lighter than you use during the day, and that smooth make-up rests on a smooth foundation cream!

"Of course," said Merle, "the first thing is to relax. If it's only for five minutes before you start getting dressed in the evening. Relax completely. Everybody is so busy these days they've almost forgotten how. But the best way to do it is to lie down and consciously relax each muscle until you feel that every bit of tenseness has left you. Begin by letting the hands go limp, the arms, and then the head and back. Relax mentally too. For those five minutes drop all thoughts—even gay ones! They can excite you and make you grow tense again.

"And if you feel especially tired, try putting pads of cotton dipped in a witch hazel solution on your eyes. That will give them a fresh, lively look in no time.

"It's only after you've rested that you are ready for your make-up and can really do justice to it."

Yes, Glamour depends on sparkle—and sparkle depends on relaxation.

Five Points of Glamour

There are five points to Glamour, says Max Factor. And each one is very important:

A fresh, clear complexion.

A soft, well-blended make-up that harmonizes exactly with the tones of your skin.

A smart hairdress.

A good posture and a graceful walk.

A buoyant spirit.

Personally, I don't think any make-up in the world is soft and well-blended when it's applied directly to the skin. It needs a foundation cream! That's one of the biggest glamour secrets we have ever learned from the screen stars—they have always used a foundation in their picture roles. And Max Factor, make-up wizard of Hollywood, considers it just as important for other women for their street make-up—and as one of their "dark secrets!"

How the doctor chooses from hundreds of laxatives

Most of us recall, with gratitude, some crisis in our lives when the doctor's vigilance and skill proved priceless beyond words. But many of us forget that the doctor is equally on guard in minor matters of health.

Consider a laxative, for example. It may be news to you that the doctor has a definite set of standards which a laxative must meet before he will approve it. Check the specifications listed below. How many of them will your own laxative meet?

The doctor says that a laxative should be: Dependable. . . Mild . . . Thorough. . . Time-tested.

The doctor says that a laxative should not: Overact . . . Form a habit . . . Cause stomach pains . . . Nauseate, or upset the digestion.

Ex-Lax checks on every point listed above. Meets the doctor's demands of a laxative fairly and fully. No wonder so many doctors use Ex-Lax in their own homes, for their own families. In fact, Ex-Lax has made so many millions of friends, that it is the most widely used laxative in the world.

Convince yourself of the facts. Try Ex-Lax. You'll find that it is mild . . . that it is thorough. You'll discover that it does not bring on stomach pains or nausea. On the contrary, the easy comfortable action of Ex-Lax will leave you with a pleasant sense of freshness and well-being.

Children, particularly, are benefited by Ex-Lax. Like the older folks, they enjoy its delicious chocolate taste. At all drug stores in 10c and 25c sizes. Or write for a free sample to Ex-Lax, Dept. FC 37, P. O. Box 170, Times-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.

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Shrine Fezzes Corner Bob Taylor On Set!

By Hamm Beall

Y
our Hollywood correspondent not long ago, as the photo on this page will bear witness, was accorded a privilege that probably thousands of feminine film fans would have sold their chances of playing an alto harp in St. Peter's Celestial Orchestra to enjoy, namely being photographed with Robert Taylor right on a set at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's monumental movie manufactory at Culver City, a southwesterly suburb of Hollywood.

It was my first meeting with the reigning masculine favorite of 1936 and 1937 despite the fact that thousands of letters had reached my desk as managing editor of this cinema chronicle, each and every epistle exuding enthusiasm over the charm and Thespian achievements of the young Pomona College graduate, whose Armand to Garbo's Camille probably is giving even Alexander Dumas a thrill regardless of the destination to which he was delivered by Charon, chief ferryman of the River Styx.

If the reader, the reader's father, husband, brother or son happens to be a Mason, it will be appreciated that when I took Judge Clyde L. Webster, of Detroit, Imperial Potentate of the Shrine of North America to M-G-M, your humble scribe was armed with an open sesame of potency equal to that used to obtain entrance to the cave of Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves.

"The wife would never forgive me if she heard I come to Hollywood and did not meet Bob Taylor," the head man of the crimson-collared nobles whispered in my ear as soon as he heard that Jean Harlow and Taylor were starting The Man in Possession, and when Lawrence Cobb, potentege of Al Malakiah temple, learned that Woody Van Dyke was directing the picture that Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., made famous as a stage play, the Los Angeles Shrine chieflain started the party in a bee line for Stage 5. Woody received the ancient Arabic ritual of the Shrine a few months ago and when his potentege appears it's just a case of dropping everything else and concentrating on a certain amount of Grade A salama.

Woody was most gracious and so was Bob, particularly when he found out that I, too, was an old Pomona College student, if you use the word student advisedly. Of course, the fact that I was a Fawcett editor did not mitigate against me.

Jean Harlow was not scheduled for the scenes shot that day, but had just paid a social visit to the set a few minutes before, and Hugh Caldwell, past potentege of Nile Temple, Seattle, was rather disappointed.

Bob was in a swank bathrobe and had just been catching the very devil from his father and brother for having disgraced the British family name by serving a sentence in an English reformatory. This angle, and the fact that later on in the story he has a job as a bailiff to take possession over attached property, particularly interested the Shrine national leader, for it was in line with the legal lore associated with Judge Webster's courtroom in the motor metropolis.

Hamm Beall escorts Judge Clyde L. Webster, of Detroit, Imperial Potentate of Shrine, to M-G-M studios to meet Robert Taylor.

...Then Make-up's Smart

A SWELL TIME in the out of doors is no reason for a skin all seeped and flaky looking for your swanky evening date.

There's a simple way popular girls know—to get rid of all those little flaky bits that spoil skin for make-up. A special kind of cream that actually melts off horrid "powder catchers"—in just one application!

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says: "After Pond's Vanishing Cream, powder goes on evenly and stays looking fresh. I use it overnight, too, after cleansing."

Here's how a distinguished dermatologist explains it:

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See this for yourself—with Pond's Vanishing Cream.

Before make-up—Right after cleansing put on a fm of Pond's Vanishing Cream. It smooths away every flaky bit. Now powder and rouge go on evenly. Stay for hours.

Overnight—Apply Pond's Vanishing Cream after your nightly cleansing. Leave it on. As you sleep, your skin gets softer.

"Outdoor Skin"

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Why skin feels "flaky" Dead cells on the top of your skin melt out by exposure, flake off. You can melt them smooth.

8-Piece Package Pond's, Dept. 6-VC, Clinton, Conn. Book 8-pieces package containing special tube of Pond's Vanishing Cream, generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams, and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder.

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It seems that Bob was a Phi Delta Theta at the University of Nebraska, but since that fraternity had no chapter at Pomona, where only low permitted, following his transfer there he lived in the men’s dormitory until graduating in 1933. We talked to Joel McCrea, another Pomona lad in the film, Joel, by the way, was most active as a Sigma Tau, a frat of which the writer is proud to have been a founder member, and to which credit has been done by Relman Morrin, who, sounding a mean typewriter, chronicles Hollywood events for the Associated Press in the daily papers of the nation.

Knowing the story of The Man in Possession as well as I do, for when Sid Grauman presented Duggie Fairbanks in this stage play (I happened to be Sir Sidney’s publicity chief, I wouldn’t say it would be Bob Taylor’s supreme achievement, but fans will find their fair-haired favorite in a breezy, lovable role that won’t be hard to take.

And while we’re on the subject of Shriners you might be interested to know that the biggest shots in the film capital wear that scarlet and crescent pin you see in lapels so often.

If Harold Lloyd does not rob a bank or take a Hershey chocolate bar away from a crying baby in the next two years, that four eyedyed comic and producer will become Illustrious Potentate of Al Malakah temple. Al Malakah is the Arabic nomenclature for the 14,000 vermilion turbaned nobles congregating in Southern California under Potentate Lawrence Cobb’s leadership.

Clark Gable and Dick Powell are both active members, and those acc producers, Louis B. Mayer and Jack L. Warner have furnished talent galore in the past to make successes of themselves in the coast. Carl Laemmle, Sr., almost passed out when riding a rough and rowdy camel in a “hot foot” ceremonial. Tom Mix has always been loyal to the order, and there are scores of other executives and lesser executives who take their fun on the “playground of Freemasonry.”

Hitting Hollywood On High

Things I’ve enjoyed recently:

Watching the stars watch the races from the clubhouse at Hal Roach’s Santa Anita track.

The work of Dorothy Lamour in Jungle Princess.

The natural acting of Ray Milland in recent releases. There’s a lad who’s going places.

The complimentary comment of usually hard-boiled Variety magazine pointing out that the Fawcett Screen Publications, one of the smaller, are setting a new pace in the film magazine field. Thank you, Mr. Silverman, Mr. Ungar, Mr. McHenry.

The star nights John Barton Browne is staging at the Ambassador’s Coconut Grove.

The fashion show Sally Martin, our style editor, staged for the Associated Apparel Manufacturers at the Astrodome Bowl.

The Fawcett Fizz Jack Marsh, head bartender for Al Levy’s Tavern, created to honor our editors and writers.

Seeing the thrill autograph seekers get out of the John Hancock’s stars place in their albums as they come out of the famous Brown Derby restaurants.

A romance of the film capital no reader should miss

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plexion brush and fingernail brush to keep skin and nails immaculate, and a soft rabbit's hair brush to throw away extra powder after makeup is applied. And, of course, the tooth brushes which use several times a day, in addition to special clothes brushes for hats, furs and suede.

- Movie Capital Clean-Up! Nothing to do with the Hays Office moral code, but exciting news to the girl whose skin is sluggish and inclined to coarse pores and blemishes! If you will send a letter of inquiry you may have the name of a new granular soap preparation designed especially for dull or blemished skin. To give your face a stimulating and corrective cleansing, sprinkle the soap grains from the convenient shaker-container into the palm of your hand, moisten with water and work into the skin with the fingertips. A soft protective film of delicate powder remains on the skin after the face has been rinsed and dried. These soap grains are priced at one dollar.

- Glenda Farrell has a new idea about wielding the eyebrow pencil. Everyone should have two, says Glenda, a black one and a brown one and instead of being pointed they should be narrow and blunt at the ends. The brown one is used to outline the brow first, and then the black. Blonds should let the brown tone predominate and brunettes should reverse the procedure.

- Anne Shirley, too young for sophisticated eyeshadow, adds a touch of white vaseline or a drop of oil to her lids to give that luminous appearance.

- Jeanette MacDonald is a firm believer in exercise to keep the eyes sparkling and strong. Every morning she puts her eyes through their paces of five times to the right, five times left, five times describing a circle and then reverse.

- A good cry! You'll see things in a new light if after a flood of tears you treat your orbs to a soothing eye bath. Returning clearness to tear-reddened or dust-irritated eyes is the benign and sole purpose of a refreshing lotion which comes in a convenient dropper-stopper bottle...and the name is yours for the asking. The wise girl, however, won't wait for an emergency but will use the lotion daily to relieve eyestrain and remove dust particles in keeping her eyes healthy and clear. The price is 60 cents.

Hollywood Beauty Briefs

(Continued from page twelve)

IT'S amazing the way WinX Mascara transforms the appearance of eyes. One moment—just attractive eyes. The next—an exotic, glamorous glance that stirs the emotions—the glance that men adore...and women envy. WinX truly glorifies the eyes. Makes lashes seem long, silky and shadowy as dusk. Keeps them soft, too. So try this harmless mascara today. In three balanced shades (Blue, Black, Brown) and in three convenient forms (Coke, Liquid Creamy) On sale at department, drug and 5 and 10 cent stores.

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NAC, Dept. 153, Winnetka, Ill.
Luise Rainer Goes Internationale!

(Continued from page twenty-seven)

Luise, it is said, lives on her impulses. But it goes deeper than that. Intuition is the word. Essentially, she is a child of nature, highly sensitive. Her feelings are delicately attuned to all that goes on about her, and she is rarely wrong in her estimate of people and situations.

"Follow nature, and you cannot go very wrong," she declares.

To those wary of "acts" pulled by so many of the glamorous actresses from abroad, her mode of living has often evoked a hint of suspicion.

"What is this business of shyness?" they asked. "Wasn't she on the stage abroad?"

The answer is simple enough. Luise Rainer is genuinely shy because in her own estimation she is not important. She stays away from night clubs and popular resorts because she is not at home there, and doesn't relish the idea of going somewhere to be on display, instead of for enjoyment. She is not "exclusive," but eager for friends, companionship and understanding. There is nothing of the "temperamental" star about her. Living as close to nature as she does, she has a deep understanding of fundamental things. And yet, there is a phase of her personality that is almost child-like. This is responsible for the "madcap" escapades which have become a part of the legend that surrounds her. Like her trip to Mexico, that grand California morning when she told her maid she would take a run down to the ocean before breakfast. Only to return two days later, to find them in tears, ready to notify the police.

It was a nice sunny day. The beach had stretched ahead temptingly for miles. Never having been down that way, she drove along to see how far the road followed the ocean. It ran for a long way, in fact to Laguna, which is over sixty miles. She forgot about breakfast, it was so glorious riding in the early morning, top down, with Johnny (her beloved Scotty) beside her. She passed a nice little cove with no one around. Luise took off her sandals, rolled up her slacks, and she and Johnny went wading. Here was fun! More fun than she had known since coming to America.

There must be more, farther along. She wondered what town lay beyond. She wouldn't use a map, because exploring was more fun. Hours later, she arrived in San Diego, tired and hungry. There were mobs of people in the streets. Crowds eating hot dogs. Buildings filled with exhibits. The San Diego Fair was in full swing. The smell of popcorn and hot dogs and onions tinged in her nostrils. And she and Johnny should have dinner. And they did, with all the fixings! She was handed the check. The thought of money...
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Accept No Substitutes! Always Insist on the Advertising Brand!
Battle of Wits on the Cheyney Front!

(Continued from page thirty-five)

workers skinning scum from the water. "I say, Bobby," quizzes Bruce, "what would you call the duties of those two chaps?"

Montgomery watched the scum-scooping a moment. "I would say, my dear chappy, that they are an inanimate League of Decency," was Montgomery's parody of wit.

The roseate Englishman wriggled his eyebrows at Montgomery, arose from his chair and sought other fields for conversation. He met Miss Crawford emerging from her dressing room.

"Cheerio, Joan," he greeted her. "I saw your husband, Franchot, last night and he appeared quite white . . ."

Montgomery Retorts

"Oh, yes," came a voice from behind his back. "It's a law for Americans to marry whites."

It was Montgomery, still stalking Bruce. Montgomery scrutinized Miss Crawford, discovered the snug little black hat on her head, surmounted by three little black pom-poms.

"What a lovely hat," he complimented her. "Looks like a Palm Springs sunset."

The work of preparing the stage, the props, the lights and the camera continued. Time still remained for the Battle of Wits on Stage Eleven.

Powell was walking toward Miss Crawford.

"I'm afraid you're mistaken—this is my room!"

Thus Frank Morgan argues with Joan Crawford in a scene from Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's The Last of Mrs. Cheyney.

"You haven't seen your new dressing room, Bill," she reminded him. "Let me show it to you."

Powell cautiously peeked in. It was furnished in the loveliest Louis VI style, gaudy plush furnishings, dazzling drapes, mauve paintings, a bowl of flowers and a sewing basket. Powell took another look; then confessed:

"B-m-m, either I must speak with a cockney lisp in this picture—or abdicate."

Frank Morgan was in a corner of the set, confiding quietly to Benita Hume.

"Heaven knows, I've always wanted to be a tragedian and that's why I am a comedian. The difficulty with the tragedian is that he wants to live his baleful roles in private life as well as on the stage or screen. He has been in the habit of snarling all day into the camera and when he arrives home he continues to snarl at his wife and she . . .""}

Director Bellows

"Children!" the director bellowed. "This is no kindergarten. We are paid to work, to make the world laugh and cry. Let's go to work!"

The scene revealed all the principals seated on the terrace around the breakfast table, nibbling little sausages. Miss Crawford has just been unmasked as an American adventuress who, posing as a wealthy widow, had attempted to steal the duchess' pearls. Powell, too, has been unmasked by the clever amateur detective work of Montgomery, and he stands at her side.

"Off-stage—quiet!" the director shouted. Montgomery moved into the scene, moving a chair under Miss Crawford.

"Won't you have a chair?" he asked.

"Thank you," she replied haughtily. She sat down. As Charles was born a gentleman, maybe he sit down as well?"

"Of course," Montgomery apologized. "Take a seat, Charles."

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"No, thank you, Dilling," Powell replied. "Montgomery again turned to Miss Crawford.

"I'll be brief, Mrs. Cheyney. The position is as follows: you have acknowledged frankly that in accepting Lord Ebley's... Oh, Gosh!"

He had "blown" his line, criticizing himself: "What's the matter with me?"


"Nerves, you know?"

The director moved in to offer some fatherly advice:

"Please, children, don't lose the good spirit. The scene is charging. So please have a good time. Quiet! Go!"

Montgomery turned back to the beginning. The scene continued faultlessly to the end. They rehearsed it again, and then the director called for a "take."

Make-up artists moved in to dab powder on the famous faces. Hairdressers advanced, toyed with the tresses, retreated. But Montgomery had disappeared. A few moments later he returned, passing toast and little sausages around to the other players.

Nigel Bruce, too, had missed out of the setting. He was leaned on an arm around Miss Crawford's shoulder and started to yodel.

Somebody called "Ralph!"

Run Around for Forbes

Ralph Forbes scurried around, the call, attempting to respond to the call, but nobody wanted him.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed. "Three Ralphs on this set—it's driving me crazy!"

"Only two Ralphs," Cameraman Foley corrected him. "We fired one yesterday."

Bruce, too, was in a dither.

"I know," he yelled. "Why are they not funny?"

The director looked around the stage at his stampeding flock of thespian chicks. Montgomery and Morgan had settled down to a card game they called "Clunk."

Joan Crawford had sat herself upon a dais to be painted in oils by the portrait artist, of course. Alva, Nelle, and Benita Hume had sought a secluded bench to play a game of backgammon.

The troubled director recalled other incidents, thinking of his family of talent. There was the scene in which he had so many difficulties with Frank Morgan. In it, seated beside the fishpond, Miss Crawford was called upon to remove Frank's shoes. Frank had spoiled six scenes with hysterical outbursts of laughter before the director sought the reason.

Morgan Apologizes

"I'm so sorry," Frank admitted. "I'm afraid I'll have to send the scene. I'm so—but—ticklish on my left instep."

And another scene on the promenade deck of the ocean liner. Called into the scene, Morgan shook his shoulders, threw out his chest, puffed his bushy brows and turned to Montgomery and Miss Crawford.

"Bloow! BAA—six deflating blasts rocked the stage in the midst of the scene. "Oh—MY—Gosh!" Morgan screamed.

"Who did it?"

In Montgomery's hand, Frank saw a smoking 45-caliber horse-pistol, supplied by the prop man to scare Morgan.

Then there was that scene... But why go on?"
How Fate Tricked Ross Alexander!

(Continued from page twenty-six)

Much of the time when Ross Alexander was not busy at the studios he spent living a life in the open at his ten-acre ranch home near Encino, Calif.

earlier in the month. He and Miss Nagel, just after the parents left for the east, made plans for a trip to New York within a few days. On the day of his death he had appeared quite happy to the servants in his home. He had helped Anne dismantle their Christmas tree during the day—they had kept it up until the pine needles began to fall to the floor. Humming to himself, Ross had done sundry small things around the house during the day. In the afternoon they sat in the parlor of the ranch home, Anne knitting and Ross telling her his plans for their belated honeymoon. As the day drew toward an end he strummed on a guitar which had been given him for Christmas, and sang gay songs which belied the things that were in his heart.

On Great Adventure

Then, when twilight brought the end of another day, Ross took a flashlight and a gun, and walked to the barn 400 feet from the house. A few minutes later a servant found his prostrate form in the hay loft. Ross Alexander died with the last gray wisps of daylight.

Did the death of his first wife, then, bring on the melancholy which doomed him to suicide? Partly, but not entirely. On the screen Ross Alexander was a gay comedian more than anything else. But like many another comedian, he seldom exhibited that flashing humor in real life.

He was an introvert who looked too long into the why of life, instead of joining with it. He had always been of the lone wolf type. His many friends were largely only cordial acquaintances, never sharing the brooding thoughts of his mind. He was probably already on the path to disaster when Aleta speeded her way into sterility and left a trail open which was already too easy for him to follow.

Smooth, satiny skin—a radiantly clear, youthful complexion—men admire them and modern style demands them.

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Unlike ordinary yeast, Yeast Foam Tablets are pasteurized and hence cannot cause gas or fermentation. They are easy to swallow and most people relish their clean, nut-like taste. They keep, too. Start now. Try Yeast Foam Tablets and give them the chance to give you the same welcome relief they have brought to so many others.

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WHEN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS, PLEASE MENTION MARCH HOLLYWOOD
Green Light
(Continued from page thirty-four)

required about two months, but long before a campus was formed, such celluloid the studio was concerned with preparing the novel for screening.

Dr. Douglas, who left his pulpit in Los Angeles church to spread his sermons to a much wider audience through his novels, described somewhat casually the bitter struggle Dr. Paige and his associate, John Stafford, put up against large publishers before they were able to develop a vaccine that would immunize humans against spotted fever.

In a few weeks she told of the death and desolation left in the wake of the epidemic.

To photograph those same experiments, to picture that same desolation, however, was considerably more involved than merely describing them.

To begin with, immediately after purchasing the novel Warner Brothers put research expert work on it. They learned that the old farmhouse where thousands of wood-ticks had been dissected in the fight to control the epidemic, still stands on Boone Mountain.

Reproduced on Ranch

From these photographs an exact reproduction was built in the Warner studio ranch at Calabasas. An interior was constructed on a sound stage. Pictures also were taken at various other points on the Bitter Root valley.

Numerous abandoned farmhouses and many new places, built since the discovery of spotted fever vaccine in 1924, were photographed. Lakes, rivers, dams, were captured on Celluloid. So, too, were several small villages throughout the region.

Then the studio, through its location department, set out to duplicate the Southern California scenes photographed in far off Montana.

Agents found in Sherwood Lake an approximately exact duplicate of a lake in the Bitter Root valley. Even the required dam was there.

A great cathedral was built for Sir Cedric Hardwicke, who was imported by Warners from London to play the part of the clerical philosopher, Dean Harcourt.

A huge Gothic interior was built on a sound stage, completely filling it. An exterior of the same edifice rose on the studio back lot.

In Green Light Dr. Douglas wrote in a dog character named Sylvia. The dog, the pet and constant companion ofFlynn, toward the end of the story dies of spotted fever induced by the bite of a wood-tick.

Immediately following the announcement by Warner Brothers that they would film the story a flood of letters descended upon the studio, pleading that Sylvia be allowed to live in the screen drama. The letters were signed by readers of the novel, who had not ceased when the last scene of the picture was filmed.

Apparently the readers of Dr. Douglas’ novel had not reacted the dog’s death in the novel, or at least they failed to give voice to their resentment. Such was not the case with the film version, however. The fans from Livingston were at the show and they were going to do all they could about it.

How well they succeeded is illustrated by the fact that, in accordance with the decision of Director Frank Borzage, Sylvia survives in the picture.—Francis Heacock.

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Don’t take cheap remedies for your kidneys and bladder. SANTAL MUDY capsules are what you want because they bring results.
markable memory and can be depended upon to carry out his instructions. There is nothing temperament about Tuffy. He will play a gentleman dog or a lady dog—whatever the script calls for. In Old Huth he was supposed to be a lady dog.

Dogs are like people. Some are smarter than others. Some dogs are born to be stars and others are apparently born to be just dogs. Any trainer who has handled them usually can tell whether an animal is a potential star or just a cute dog.

Skippy, the adorable little wire-haired terrier who skyrocketed into movie fame when he appeared with Myrna Loy and William Powell in The Thin Man, was discovered in a pet shop in Ocean Park, Cal. His bright little face caught the attention of Henry East who has been training dogs for many years. East had been looking for a wire-haired terrier that he could train for picture work. It is difficult to train a wire-hair for this work as they are so nervous and high strung that they seldom can resist chasing any moving object that attracts their attention. But Skippy, East decided, was star material. The dog was less than three months old when East bought him. In one month he had learned to sit up, lie down, to speak, and to come when called. He learned so fast and was so dependable that when he was a year old he began his picture career. He was put

in a few pictures just for "atmosphere" and he was so cute that he was signed up for The Thin Man to play the role of Mr. Asta.

Mr. East had noticed that whenever Skippy's ears itched he had a funny little habit of putting his head down on the ground and walking around in a circle with his hind legs upraised. He decided to make a trick out of it, thinking that it might some time be good for a laugh. Every time Skippy put his head down to scratch his ears, East would shout, "That's right, Skippy, go crazy!" Soon the dog associated the command with the action and when the signal was given he would "go crazy."

During the making of The Thin Man the director wanted some bit of action which would show what the dog thought of a hectic party going on in the living room. They decided to use the "going crazy" trick. Skippy was told to go to the door and look out at the party, then run under the bed and go crazy. He was so cute that the gag got one of the biggest laughs in the picture. In fact, Skippy made such a personal hit in that picture that when the sequel, After the Thin Man, was made he was one of the first "actors" to be engaged, and he was given three times as much footage as he had in the original film.

When Skippy does a scene well he is

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FRANCES DEE in "SOULS AT SEA" SHIRLEY ROSS and MARTHA RAYE in "WAIKIKI WEDDING" NEW PARAMOUNT PICTURES

Max Factor • Hollywood

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THANKS!

Tuffy hitch-hiked to Hollywood to get himself a film job. Of course, he had some assistance from his sheep herder owner, but with Wally Beery in Old Hutch, and in other films, he has justified his owner's confidence in his ability rewarded by being allowed to chew his rubber mouse which he adores. When the scene called for him to be very attentive to what Bill Powell had to say, Powell put the mouse in his pocket and let Skippy know that it was there. And Skippy has so much expression in his face that he gave the appearance of understanding every word Powell said.

When Skippy is working on a picture, Mr. East, or one of his assistant trainers, accompanies the dog. They travel in a sedan and drive right up to the sound stage. The trainer also acts as a pseudo-nursemaid and sees to it that the people on the set don't feed Skippy things he shouldn't eat, and also that they don't make too much fuss over him and tire him out. Between scenes Skippy and the trainer go out and sit in the sedan. They have a radio in the car and Skippy listens to the music or takes a little snooze on his cushion.

Henry East has about forty dogs that work in pictures. When the dogs are at home they live in a long, Spanish-type shed. Each dog has a room of his own with a bed for him in the shed. The rooms are air-cooled in summer and heated in winter and each room has a full length glass door so that the dogs can see what is going on outside. Each morning the dogs are taken out for exercise and a long run. Then they are given breakfast, and are combed and brushed so that their coats will be nice and shiny.

Another one of Mr. East's dogs that has made a name for himself in pictures is Corky. Corky's father was probably a traveling man and his mother one of those girls who couldn't say no—which makes Corky just plain mutt, but a very smart one. He will yawn, stretch, sneeze or bark, on cue. One of his recent pictures was Theodore Goes Wild. In that picture there was a scene where Corky accompanied Melvyn Douglas into the house. The action called for Douglas to pause on the threshold and wipe his feet on the mat. The director thought it would be cute to have Corky imitate Douglas, and wipe his feet. It was a new trick and everybody supposed it would require hours to get the "take." The company was dismissed for lunch and told not to hurry back. But Corky fooled them. He learned the trick...
in about ten minutes and by the time the company returned from lunch the scene was already shot. They promptly christened the dog "Corky." Everyone remembers Strongheart, who won international fame by his work in silent pictures. His grandson, Lightning, is now a dog star. Perhaps his most remarkable role was that of an "eye-dog" in which he had to lead a blind man. Lightning never worked in one of the harness-connected two-dog sets until he was signed up for the picture. Usually it takes three or four months to train a dog to lead a blind man. Lightning learned in three weeks. A special trainer came to Hollywood from the Seeing-Eye School in New Jersey where the German shepherd dogs are trained for real work with the blind. With the assistance of Lightning's master, Earl Johnson, taught the dog how to guide a blind man through traffic streets, to stop at curbs, and to turn right or left when occasion demanded. It was the first time a dog had ever played such a role on the screen.

Dog Has "Stand-in"

When Lightning gets a call for a picture he goes with his master for an "interview" with the director. If he is chosen for the part, a contract is drawn setting forth his salary and the length of time he is to work. When his picture work begins, Lightning goes to the studio in his own private dressing room, a portable dog house on wheels, which is loaded on a truck. He is accompanied by another German shepherd dog called Gary who acts as his "stand-in." Gary is used by the cameraman to get his focus and lights in position. This saves Lightning from getting too tired or too hot from exposure under the bright lights. When everything is in readiness, Lightning steps in and does the scene.

In private life, Lightning has a beautiful mate. Silver Queen, and he is the proud father of Lightning, Jr. The puppy has already started his kindergarten training, in preparation for picture work later on.

Lightning lives at Toluca Lake where many of the other movie stars live. His kennel is carpeted with cedar shavings which make a nice soft bed and also keep the fleas away. Naturally, Lightning would be considerably embarrassed if he had to stop in the middle of a scene and scratch because of a flea.

Hollywood is famous for its Cinderella stories but there is none more delightful than the story of Kiwi, a canine "Cinderella," who has just stepped from alley to affluence. Kiwi was a pathetic little pooch that had been picked up on the street and put into the dog pound. Nobody seemed to want Kiwi and he was just about to be "put out" when Fate stepped in and took a hand. Two young boys, Arthur Ornitz and the late Patricio, visited the pound and saw Kiwi. They decided that he was just the kind of a dog they wanted for a home-made movie they were making and so they adopted him. Kiwi was so delighted to have a pair of masters that he gave his all to them. When the home-made movie was completed Pete Smith, the movie cameraman, happened to see it. He was so impressed with the dog's ability that he put both the dog and the boys under contract. You'll see the dog in Pat's next picture, Wanted—a Master. The story is based upon Kiwi's own life with a rags-to-riches motivation. Kiwi has now gone Hollywood in a big way. He sleeps on a satin cushion, just like a real movie star. Putting on the dog, we call it.

Stolen FROM THE SOUTH SEAS MAIDEN, THE SECRET OF HER STRANGE ENCHANTMENT... TATTOO FOR LIPS, INSTEAD OF PASTY COATING

TATTOO YOUR LIPS

The New TATTOO gives lips excitement, South Sea redness that's transparent, pasteless, highly desirable—for lips smoothe, soft, endlessly yielding!

Luscious South Seas-ish stain that replaces paste lipstick, arch-enemy of bluish adventur... that's the New TATTOO. Moist and shimmering, it appears on lips... ever so tempting...but so clearly transparent its charm has a realism that doesn't suffer when adoring eyes come closer. And how his heart will pound at the touch of lips so smooth... so caressingly soft! A magic ingredient contained in the New TATTOO actually makes lips just that soft. Yes, it really does. Tattoo your lips!

BUSY HOUSEWIFE EARN$ 400

Mrs. F. Mell, (Penn.) thought she might be true when she heard that Chicago School of Nursing students were often able to earn $20 a week while learning practical nursing. However, she and the booklet offered in the advertisement and after much careful thought decided to enroll. Before she had completed the seventh lesson she was able to accept her first case in three months she had earned $600.

MRS. F. MELL COULD DO WITH $400!

CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING

can train you, at this trained thousands of men and women, at home and in your spare time, for the licensed, well-paid profession of Nursing. Course is endorsed by physicians. Sixth year, lessons are simple and easy to understand. High school education not necessary. Complete nurse's equipment included. Free tuition payments. Details today that you will be one of the many new and young, 15 to 60, men and women, that $25 to $50 a week as trained trained nurses! Send your copy for interesting booklets and free printed paper. Learn how you can win nurses. New friends. Happiness!—as a nurse.

FREE TEST—We send complete Test Package Free. Snap off a lock of hair. Test it first this safe way. No risk. No expense. 20,000,000 women have received this test. Mail coupon.

Mary T. Goldman
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Name
Street
City
State
Age
Color of your hair

Lustrons Color for FADED HAIR

T.GOLDMAN

When Answering Advertisements, Please Mention March HOLLYWOOD
DID you ever get corn flakes in your hair just after you have liberally doused it with pomade? I have—and I don’t recommend the experience to anyone else. The corn flakes blend into a sort of glue, and then it’s just too bad!

I had my strange experience during a blizzard on Sound Stage 19 at Warner’s. They were making a scene for Slim, Pat O’Brien’s new saga of electrical engineering. The scene we witnessed was stark tragedy; for Pat was supposed to be accidentally electrocuted during the height of a blizzard as he was doing emergency work on a high tension line.

The whole interior of the stage was built to represent a power station. The gigantic transformers and other electrical apparatus gave a weird futuristic effect. All around us were huge wind machines, and the floor was already banked with snow.

That’s where the corn flakes came in. They bleach the stuff and make a high grade “snow” thereby.

So here we were, in the midst of a blizzard while the January thermometer outside ranged in the high 70’s.

“Close the doors!” someone shouted to the outer guard. Warning bells rang, but not for quiet. The wind machines would make too much noise for sound effects. Voices would be dubbed in later.

Then the deluge began. From chutes in the ceiling corn flakes shot downward in bushel lots, accounting, perhaps, for the high price of the commodity at current quotations.

When the wind machines caught those flakes and hurled them at us, we shut our eyes and pulled our coats up around our faces. It was as real a storm as I could ask for. The cameras swung into action, filmed great flashes of light as the high voltage short-circuited. This was the scene intended as the film demise of poor Pat O’Brien. But a few moments later he ate a hearty lunch, digging corn flakes out of his ears.

It’s interesting to hear about those flakes. After the storm they are swept up and used over again at a later date. Eventually they become too dirty, and then water is added, whereupon they make first class slush. Except that they stick like glue and ruin your clothes, just as they grow troublesome on damp scalps.

* * *

Over on another set Fernand Gravet, the great French star, was doing the last scene in *The King and the Chorus Girl*, with Joan Blondell. The king marries the girl at the finish, and strangely enough, Gravet looks like the Duke of Windsor, only better. In case you wonder, this production was planned long before the English crisis loomed.

Gravet looks to me like a great bet as an American film star. His English is good, his manners better. Mervyn LeRoy has him under a seven-year contract—a deal he won’t regret.

* * *

We have just finished counting the flurry of votes in our December poll of the first ten stars as you, our readers, rate them. This poll we admit is not accurate enough nor complete enough to be thoroughly official. It was intended to be a guide for the editor in deciding on the stories you like. I recommend you cast your vote in our $1,000 contest not only by way of trying for a prize, but in helping your own favorite player run up a big total.

When his face is in repose Fernand Gravet looks almost as much like the Duke of Windsor as does the former king of England. But how can he keep his face in repose when he has just finished a nuptial ceremony with Joan Blondell in *The King and the Chorus Girl*?

We promised you the results of the December poll, and here they are. Ready? Go!


Compare these results with your own rating. Or with the box office leaders of 1935: Shirley Temple, Will Rogers, Clark Gable, Astaire-Rogers team, Joan Crawford, Claudette Colbert, Dick Powell, Wallace Beery, Joe E. Brown, and James Cagney.

And what will this current year bring us in the line of big name stars? I’ll offer my guess to match any you’ve got: Bob Taylor will be the top film personality; Clark Gable, Claudette Colbert, Fred MacMurray and Jean Harlow will be close to the front. Errol Flynn will become one of the biggest. Joe E. Brown, Jimmy Cagney and perhaps Simone Simon will have difficulties. All of the studios will be looking for promising young blood, but most of them will be disappointed. You can’t find a Bob Taylor without a lot of searching!

—TED MAGEE,
Editorial Director.
LOVE Came back to Lois
WHEN SHE GOT RID OF "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN
(Yes! It threatens even girls in their twenties!)

WHY EMILE RECOMMENDS PALMOLIVE SOAP TO OVERCOME "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN!

"Palmolive is made with Olive Oil, a real beauty aid. And its Olive Oil makes Palmolive's lather gentler, more soothing... gives it a special protective quality all its own. Thus Palmolive does more than just cleanse. It protects your skin against the loss of those precious natural oils which feed and nourish it... that's why Palmolive keeps your complexion soft, smooth and young!"

EMILE
21 EAST 56TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY

How Palmolive, made with Olive Oil, prevents dry, lifeless, old-looking skin

DON'T think you're safe from "Middle-Age" Skin just because you are young! For beauty experts warn that this ugly condition threatens even girls in their twenties. So be on your guard against the first sign of dryness, coarse-texture... the symptoms of "Middle-Age" Skin!

Use Palmolive regularly. For Palmolive, made with Olive Oil, does more than just cleanse! Its gentle protective lather prevents your skin from becoming dry, lifeless, old-looking... keeps your complexion soft, smooth and young.

Does the soap you are using give you this same protection? Do you know what ingredients go into it? Are you sure it is as pure, as gentle and safe as Palmolive?

You know that Palmolive is made only from real beauty aids... a secret and unique blend of soothing Olive and Palm Oils. That's why Palmolive, more than any other soap, promises to keep your complexion young and lovely through the years! Why not start using Palmolive Soap—today?

CHOSEN EXCLUSIVELY FOR THE DIONNE QUINS!

What a beauty lesson there is for you in the fact that Dr. Dafoe chose Palmolive exclusively for the Dionne Quins! If this fine beauty soap, made with Olive Oil, is safest and gentlest for their tender skin, isn't it safest for your complexion, too?

MADE WITH OLIVE OIL TO KEEP COMPLEXIONS YOUNG AND LOVELY
Beautiful Eyes for You
easily with
Maybelline

So alluring, so expressive is the love-light in your eyes when you darken your lashes into long, luxurious, silky fringe with a few simple brush strokes of Maybelline.

Ravishing Rochelle Hudson uses Maybelline to reveal the exquisite natural beauty of her eyes which has endeared her to millions. Give your eyes the chance to express you. Choose the famous Maybelline Solid form Mascara—or the glorious new Cream form Mascara, which is so easy to use without water. Harmless, tear-proof, non-smearing. Never beady or theatrical looking. Tends to make lashes curl.

Use the smooth Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil and Creamy Maybelline Eye Shadow in flattering shades that harmonize with your Maybelline Mascara.

At toilet goods counters everywhere. Generous purse sizes at all 10c stores.

Try Maybelline TODAY—discover why 10,000,000 beauty-wise women prefer this simple way to lovelier beauty of eyes.
WHY EMIL RECOMMENDS PALMOLIVE SOAP TO OVERCOME "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN!
"Palmolive is made with Olive Oil, a real beauty aid. And Olive Oil makes Palmolive’s lather gentler, more soothing, ... gives it a special protective quality all its own. Thus Palmolive does more than just cleanse. It protects your skin against the loss of those precious natural oils which feed and nourish it ... that’s why Palmolive keeps your complexion soft, smooth and young!"

Emil choice

How Palmolive, made with Olive Oil, prevents dry, lifeless, old-looking skin.

Does your complexion show even a hint of dryness, dullness, coarse-texture? Then watch out, famous beauty experts warn. For these are the symptoms of a condition which adds years to even a young girl’s appearance ... ugly, heart-breaking “middle-age” skin!

Use Palmolive regularly, these same beauty experts advise. For Palmolive, made with Olive Oil, does more than just cleanse! Its gentle protective lather prevents your skin from becoming dry, lifeless, old-looking ... keeps your complexion soft, smooth and young!

Does the soap you are using give you this same protection? Do you know what ingredients go into it? Are you sure it is as pure, as gentle and safe as Palmolive?

You know that Palmolive is made only from real beauty aids ... a secret and unique blend of soothing Olive and Palm Oils. That’s why Palmolive, more than any other soap, promises to keep your complexion young and lovely through the years! Why not start using Palmolive Soap—today?

CHOSEN EXCLUSIVELY FOR THE DIONNE QUINS!
What a beauty lesson there is for you in the fact that Dr. Dafoe chose Palmolive exclusively for the Dionne Quins: If this fine beauty soap, made with Olive Oil, is safest and gentlest for their tender skin, isn’t it safest for your complexion, too?
Lovely lashes demand her attention but not a second for her tender gums

- ANOTHER "DENTAL CRIPPLE" IN THE MAKING

How often such neglect leads to real dental tragedies... give your gums the benefit of Ipana and Massage.

Let her labor over her lashes until she is late for the show... let her spend time and money on her favorite brands of cosmetics and cold cream. But will someone please tell her about her dull, dingy smile—a smile that distorts a face even as beautiful as hers?

Yet she could have—can have—teeth that sparkle with brilliant whiteness... a smile both good-looking and lovely to look at. But not until she knows the meaning of that tinge of "pink" on her tooth brush—knows it and does something about it!

Never Ignore "Pink Tooth Brush" "Pink tooth brush" is a distress signal. When you see it—see your dentist. Usually, however, it only means gums that have grown tender because of our modern soft foods—gums that need more work—and, as your dentist will so often advise, gums that need the stimulating help of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage.

For Ipana with massage is designed to help benefit your gums as well as clean your teeth. Rub a little extra Ipana on your gums every time you brush your teeth. Those lazy gums quicken as new circulation wakens in the tissues. The gum walls themselves gain new health, new firmness.

Play safe. Even before you see that tinge of "pink," schedule yourself for this modern dental health routine as one sensible and effective way to help the health of your teeth and gums. Your smile will be brighter, more attractive and appealing—and safer!

Remember... a good tooth paste, like a good dentist, is never a luxury.

IPANA Tooth Paste
ONE OF THE GREAT PICTURES OF ALL TIME!

THE MOST EXCITING PICTURE SINCE "MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY"

Again—as in the stirring "Mutiny"—you live the roaring drama of men against the sea. You share the struggles, the heartaches, the laughter of courageous souls who leave the women they love to dare the wrath of the angry waves... men in conflict with their destiny enacting the most thrilling story the screen could offer. A brilliant triumph that takes rank with the greatest pictures M-G-M has given you!

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture Directed by VICTOR FLEMING

Accept No Substitutes! Always Insist on the Advertised Brand!
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Eyewitness Photos  »  By Charles Rhodes

Josephine Hutchinson, Ben Bernie and Binnie Barnes do a smiling act for the camera at Eyewitness Rhodes looks in on a gathering of film folk at the Hotel Ambassador's Cocoanut Grove where Bernie is playing a musical engagement evenings while making a picture at 20th Century-Fox during the daytime.

Mr. and Mrs. Chester Morris caught during their exit from a Hollywood theatre. Can those smiles be for you, or a carry-over from what they have just witnessed?

Una Merkel and her husband, Ronald Burla, pause for the candid camera when they were discovered taking in a stage play at the Los Angeles Biltmore Theatre.

Three hearts that beat as one! Alan Dinehart and his wife, Mozelle Britton, are decidedly that way about their young son, Mason, Alan Dinehart II—little but, oh my!

A barn dance was the theme of Hal Roach's birthday party that brought out the Who's Who of filmdom. Here Cary Grant (left) and Sally Eilers are congratulating Roach.
how to play the hot trumpet in Panama in 4 easy lessons

"Listen, Carole, till you've heard Old Maestro MacMurray play 'I Hear a Call to Arms... you just haven't lived...""

"Okay, Fred. You're wonderful all right. I never heard sweeter notes. But cut it out, will you, before you break my heart."

"Arrest him, gendarme! Si, senor disturbing the peace with his instrument... more hot playing an si senor quick start a revolution!!"

"Yeah... some hot trumpet player you are. Here you get Carole in a worn jam than you did in "Hands Across the Table" and "The Princess Comes Across."

CAROLE LOMBARD
FRED MacMURRAY
"SWING HIGH SWING LOW"

with Charles Butterworth; Jean Dixon
Dorothy Lamour; Harvey Stephens
Directed by Mitchell Leisen
A Paramount Picture
Don't be a fade-out!

SAYS

Jane Heath

Do you always seem to fade into the background when some more glamorous girl arrives? Don't let her get away with it! A woman's most expressive feature is always her eyes... so play yours up! A careful touch of SHADETTE on the outside corners of your eyelids is absolutely imperceptible in daylight, but how does bring out the natural color of your eyes! SHADETTE offers 12Tints, with gold and silver for evening. 75c.

But be sure you let your lashes do their part to put you in the foreground. Darken them mysteriously with LASHENSE compact mascara. It comes in a purse-size little case with a sponge compartment so you can apply it if you're ready to use at any moment. And it indoors even, natural applications, Black, brown, blue or green to choose from. $1.

Most important of all KURLASH, to curl eyelashes so that eyes look bigger, brighter, more glamorous! Just slip your lashes into KURLASH, a neat little gadget that, in 30 seconds, has your lashes curled for all day—without heat, cosmetics or practice. $1.

Kurlash

MAIL THIS TODAY

To: Jane Heath, Dept. F-4
The Kurlash Company, Rochester, N. Y.
The Kurlash Company of Canada, at Toronto, 2
Please send me, free, your booklet on eye beauty, and a personal coloring plan for my complexion.

Eyes. Hair. Complexion.

Name. Address.

City. State.

(please print plainly)

Movie Crossword Puzzle

Discover Film Names Hidden Here!

ACROSS
1. Co-star of Coin and Mabel.
2. What Autumn means to.
3. Principal personage in a picture.
4. Birthplace of Frederic March (abbr.).
5. Sanja Henle performs on this.
6. Tutta Rolf (init.).
7. Early to —
8. This is a picture you at some movie theaters.
11. His last name is Martin.
12. Whose starring vehicle is Go West, Young Man?
13. Gregory is Director Regell's ex-wife.
14. Movie prices are cheapest before this time of day.
15. Frankie —— Johnnie.
16. First name of 1 Animal.
17. Colling.
18. Initials of James Cagney's son.
20. In the Gros Pastures.
21. Initials of one who was De Lawd in The
22. Whose last name is Haden.
24. Feminine lead in Pennies from Heaven.

DOWN
1. Star of Camille.
2. Benito's initials.
3. He had lead in Murder With Pictures.
4. First name of Mr. Blure.
5. Little rodents such as Minnie and Mickey.
7. Initials of feminine lead in Without Orders.
8. Descriptive of Shirley Temple's golden locks.
9. Greta Nissen was born here in Norway.
10. Three —— Ghosts.
11. Fox Movietone.
12. You see them in naval sequences.
13. Her first name is Frances.
14. James Stewart was born here in Pennsylvania.
15. Native abode in a Tarzan film.
16. Most stars are known by these other than their own.
17. This little actress comes from South Africa.
18. First name of director formerly wed to Patsy Ruth Miller.
19. Canadian province where Mary Pickford was born (abbr.).
20. Fed ——
21. One of many hues shown in technicolor.
22. They are worn for identification by players in football films (abbr.).
23. Under —— Spell is a musical film.
24. The girl in Winterset.
25. Remember —— Hall?
27. First name of Mr. Hamilton (poss.).
28. One of pastiches used by Magician Fred Keating.
29. She was known as the "keep-a-doop" girl.
30. This Do Dixie?
31. Month in which Jack Oakie was born (abbr.).
32. Initials of Adrienne Ames ex-husband who married Raquel Torres.
33. Mr. Abel's initials.

(Solution on page 61)
HAIL HIS ROYAL HIGH (DE HO) NESS!

Filmdom crowns a new king of romance! . . . as an international idol comes to the screen in the mirth-packed story of a democratic ex-King on a rollicking hunt for a Queen of Hearts to share his throne of love!

Warner Bros.
REQUEST THE HONOR OF YOUR PRESENCE AT THE COMING-OUT PARTY OF THE FAMOUS CONTINENTAL SCREEN STAR
FERNAND GRAVET
IN HIS FIRST AMERICAN APPEARANCE IN MERVYN LEROY'S PRODUCTION
THE KING and the CHORUS GIRL
With JOAN BLONDuell
EDW. EVERETT HORTON
Luis Alberni • Mary Nash
Alan Mowbray • Jane Wyman
Kenny Baker and Others
Story by Groucho Marx & Norman Krasna
R.S.V.P., Your Favorite Theatre.

See a real French re-vue with the world's loveliest mademoiselles singing those reigning hits of the air by Werner R. Heymann and Ted Koehler "FOR YOU" "ON THE RUE DE LA PAIX"
Beautiful Jeanne Whitney of Duluth, Minnesota was winner of the November "Search for Talent" sponsored by HOLD-BOBS. She receives a FREE screen test, $50.00 in cash, and an opportunity to make her screen debut in a Walter Wanger Production at United Artists Studio.

Hollywood's most glamorous stars depend on HOLD-BOBS for their perfect coiffures! HOLD-BOBS will bring Hollywood perfection to your hairdress, too! Unlike ordinary bob pins, HOLD-BOBS will keep your hairdress neat and beautiful for hours longer because of these exclusive features: small, round, invisible heads; smooth, round points; and flexible, tapered legs, one side crimped. And HOLD-BOBS come in harmonizing colors to match all shades of hair.

That's why—if you use HOLD-BOBS once—you'll use them always. Ask for HOLD-BOBS by name.

THE HUMP HAIRPIN MFG. CO.
Sol H. Goldberg, President
1918-36 Prairie Ave., Dept. F-47, Chicago, Ill.

Straight Style HOLD-BOBS

Small, Invisible Heads

Curved Shape Style

Star Look for the name HOLD-BOBS, it's your guarantee of the finest possible bob pin and a lovely coiffure, sold everywhere—just ask for them by name...

HOLD-BOB

The perfect bob pin for the modern hairdress!

Copyright, 1918, by the holding hairpin Mfg. Co., Inc.

Our Readers Write
But Right or Wrong—Our Readers!

Fragile beauty of fragrant lilies, plus the piquancy of Frances Langford, here seen placing a spray of blossoms at the feet of the Holy Virgin and Child, brings to mind Easter Sunday

She Wins Tennis Racquets

Just a word in defense of the "movies" as regards their influence on our youngsters of today. The prevailing opinion seems to be that the love and gangster plots of so many of the present day films are harmful.

On the contrary, the screen rarely, if ever, portrays a gangster as a desirable person but rather as a despicable fellow who rides high for a while but invariably lets himself in for a mean fall ere the story ends. As for the so-called "love pictures," frankly, I hardly think the average child's mind has the capacity to absorb enough of the significance of the love interest in a picture for it to become damaging and, secondly, to the normal child possessing a healthy mind such incidents are soon forgotten with the next wild 'n' woolly Western or Pop-Eye sequence.

Moreover, I think the most wonderful thing that has happened in this age for school children and adults is the revival of the classics and the immortal characters of history and literature through the medium of the screen.

I say more power to the motion picture industry and more such splendid performances as Tale of Two Cities, David Copperfield, Mary of Scotland, et cetera.

Enthusiastically,

Miss Dorothy L. Devaney
13 Myrtle Street, Malden, Mass.

Congratulations to Miss Dorothy L. Devaney. The influence of modern films on young America is a moot question. There probably are many who will agree with her that young minds will not be particularly hurt by love scenes and gangster pictures, the latter too few to be of much moment.—The Editor.

An Orchid For Ruth

I admire those players who attempt roles that are radically different from their usual characterizations.

And in this respect I would like to make my personal nomination for the outstanding piece of professional courage exhibited during 1936. The palm goes to Ruth Chatterton for her fine work in Dodsworth.

Playing the part of a vain, selfish wife, a part that probably received scant sympathy from the fans, Miss Chatterton proved that she is a true artist. She played her part so well that the acting of Walter Huston and Mary Astor was doubly effective.

Miss Katherine Osgood
1019 47th Street, Emeryville, Calif.

A fine performance, even of a despicable character, adds to a player's stature and Miss Chatterton's work in Dodsworth is but another gem in her long list of worthy screen characterizations.—The Editor.

A Plea For Frankness

Is the price of frankness so high that no one dare take a chance upon it?

When a woman reporter for the film colony takes it upon herself to describe a certain actress the adjectives flow freely—all of them true—most of them inaccurate.

No one person could possibly be beautiful, divine, lovable, generous, sweet, intelligent, reserved, humble, a kitchen sweetheart, a devoted wife, a loyal mother, and a brilliant conversationist. If the description read, "She's pretty, but intelligent enough so that she turns her prettiness into something beautiful"—well, more people would follow up the description.

Mrs. H. J. Ringley
2818 Norwood St., Cudahy, Calif.

[Continued on page 79]
WALTER WANGER presents

Charles Jean

BOYER • ARTHUR

in

HISTORY IS MADE AT NIGHT

with LEO CARRILLO and COLIN CLIVE

Directed by FRANK BORZAGE

Original Story by Gene Towne and Graham Baker

Released thru UNITED ARTISTS

When Answering Advertisements, Please Mention April HOLLYWOOD
A RAVISHING REVOLUTION IN SCREEN REVELRY!

Startlingly New! Daringly Different! Screamingly Funny!
The Biggest Stars of Tomorrow in the Picture of Today!

THE NEW UNIVERSAL'S

TOP OF THE TOWN

Busy With Entertainment!
George Murphy • Doris Nolan
Hugh Herbert • Gregory Ratoff
Gertrude Niesen • Ella Logan
Henry Armetta • Ray Mayer
Mischa Auer • The Three Sailors
Peggy Ryan • Gerald Oliver
Smith • Jack Smart • Claude
Gillingwater • Ernest Cossart
LOU BROCK • RALPH MURPHY
Associate Producer • Director

Songs You'll Rave About!
“I Feel That Foolish Feeling
Coming On” • “There Are
No Two Ways About It”
“Blame It On The Rhumba”
“Fireman Save My Child”
“I've Got To Be Kissed”
“Top Of The Town”
“Where Are You?””Jamboree”

CHARLES R. ROGERS
Executive Producer
Should The Handsome Robert Taylor sock Carbo, Joan Crawford, Jean Harlow or some other of his leading women on the jaw, would his film stock rise? No small number of cinema followers believe such action would boost his rating, if we may judge from many letters coming to the editor’s desk bearing the fact that Taylor’s handsome-hero roles are becoming just a wee bit tiring. Many of these letter writers urge that something be done to show Bob either getting a bit “mussed up” himself, or playing a role in which he is not always the circum-spect handsome hero.

Perhaps the “lady-socking” cycle that was begun by Jimmy Cagney with Mae Clarke as his target has run its race and been put away as cinema history, but during its vogue Clark Gable hung a haymaker on Jean Harlow, Robert Young knocked out dainty Evelyn Venable, Gary Cooper socked Madeleine Carroll and Joel McCrea punched Frances Farmer, the latter two instances having been within the last year.

While Gable and others who have dealt telling blows to women stars now shy such potent action, one such episode might not hurt Taylor’s following. In fact, letters from fans indicate a keen desire on their part to see the new cinema comet go berserk in some fashion. If their wishes are gratified there’s little to be strong biding for the privilege of being Taylor’s first—and maybe ONLY target. 

Something new in airplane elopements for film notables made Mary Astor the bride of Manuel Del Campo, member of an old aristocratic Mexican family that in recent years has suffered financial reverses. In the middle of the night the pair flew from Hollywood to Yuma, were quickly married, then dashed to Mexico, where Del Campo took a plane for Mexico City where his father had died 24 hours before—and Miss Astor flew back to her picture work in Hollywood.

Elaine “Ariel” Barrymore, who said she gave up her marital life with John Barrymore for a stage career, must have cringed a bit when a critic in San Francisco described her performance at the opening of The Return of Hannibal, thus: “She looks like Salome and acts like salami.”

While Hollywood romances usually bud and blossom quickly—sometimes wither and die as rapidly—Gene Raymond and Jeanette MacDonald are setting something of a record in the other direction. Jeanette has selected June 17 for the nuptials and it is whispered that the only reason so many months elapsed between announcing the engagement and the marriage is because Gene proposed at the wrong time of the year. Jeanette just couldn’t forego being a June bride.

Luisa Rainer and Clifford Odets have pulled a Fannie Hurst in their marital relations and those who do not understand such arrangements are chattering that all is not well with the star of The Good Earth and the writer of Communist plays. They have their own separate domiciles. It is said that this arrangement was made so that Odets, while working on his scripts, can concentrate without worrying about his wife, and when Luisa is working in a picture, she can remain in her own home to concentrate on her work. Why Luisa left for New York within three weeks after their marriage is something that has many tongues wagging.

What Extremes divide “A” and “B” pictures? Roughly, the ratio is as four years to two weeks. That barnacle on the bottom of picture producing—the quickie—often is made in a fortnight and too frequently is a waste of time. At the other swing of the film pendulum are such pictures as The Good Earth, Lost Horizon and Ben Hur of the silent days. The Good Earth was purchased by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer in 1932 and first shots were made in China in the fall of 1933. It was premiered in Hollywood near the end of January and those who have seen it will understand why it took so long to put into celluloid. Never has there been a picture that has taken such seven-league-boots strides in technical skill, not forgetting the opening of the Red Sea in De Mille’s Ten Commandments, or the unforgettable land rush in Cimarron. The scourge of famine, the rickers’ frenzy in looting just for the lust of possession, the avalanche of locusts that sweeps the earth as clean of vegetation as the proverbial new broom, these and other highlights of this picture give mute testimony of the time and work necessary to bring such action to the screen. Lost Horizon, bought in March, 1935, started camera action after a full year of research and reached the screen. The final version of Ben Hur required two years for the making. It is such spectacles as these that make one wonder if the “quickie” B-picture is not a rather useless thing.

[Continued on page 14]
As This Is Written the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences is in the throes of selecting worthy for performance awards. In the course of discussion the conversation veered to Garbo’s work in Camille, and the consensus was that she be given consideration. There is one “fly in the ointment,” however. When the Academy holds its Awards Dinner, the winners must be present, or usually have been, to accept the honor and what goes with it. If Garbo won, who could get the award to her? Perhaps one of Uncle Sam’s postmen might get it as far as the Garbo door. Since Garbo has proved herself a fine actress, the veil of secrecy seems useless.

Safety In Numbers

Ginger Rogers believes there’s safety in numbers, apparently. Some of her numbers lately have been Jimmy Stewart, Phil Huston and Johnny Green. Well, that’s one way of proving she’s not serious about anyone.

Carole “Sulky” Minded

It sounds like a gag, but Carole Lombard is really serious about acquiring a sulky to go with the horse that was Clark Gable’s Christmas gift to her.

A Hymn For Him

Joan Blondell’s young son, Norman, has his own ideas about what constitutes a good hymn. Joan took him to Sunday School for the first time recently, and he was slightly bored until the singing began. Then, right in the middle of a hymn, Norman decided to liven things up a bit and burst out with stepfather Dick Powell’s song, Thanks a Million.

Hopkins-Litvak Romance

Their Friends Won’t be surprised if the Miriam Hopkins-Anatole Litvak romance leads to marriage. He’s the director of her picture, Escadrille, which, by the way, is his first American effort. His previous work has been done in France, although Litvak himself is a Russian. Got that straight?

Romances Wear Well

M-G-M Certainly Deserves a prize of some kind for long-standing romances. In a town where you report so-and-so going around with somebody and before you can get it in print, so-and-so has a new boy friend, it’s a relief to turn to the Culver City lot. Just look at their stars who haven’t wavered romantically for ever so long.

There’s Clark Gable, whose idyll with Carole Lombard is just as sweet as it ever was; William Powell and Jean Harlow still seeing each other to the exclusion of all others; the Robert Taylor—Barbara Stanwyck friendship; Jeanette MacDonald’s romance with Gene Raymond; the blissful harmony that exists between Irene Hervey and her husband, Allan Jones, and the very happy marriage of Myrna Loy and Arthur Hornblow, Jr., just to mention a few.

(Continued from page 13)
Men do notice lovely hair. In any gathering, you’re sure to find it’s the girl with flattering hair that causes fluttering hearts.

The beautiful curls and waves that you’ve often longingly admired... secretly desired can be made quickly—easily in your own home. Do what millions of beautiful women are doing daily. Use SOLO Curlers and Wave Clips.

Just moisten your hair, insert the SOLO Curlers and Wave Clips. That’s all! SOLO does the rest. Help yourself to greater loveliness. Say “SOLO” at the notions counter to-day... and you’ll say “Thanks a million” to-morrow.

There are SOLO Curlers and Wavers in every type and every size.
Hollywood Newsreel
(Continued from page fourteen)

Eleanor Powell a Mother

Here is one you might figure out in your spare moments. Eleanor Powell of Born to Dance fame admits to 23 as her age. Also admits she has a 12-year-old daughter.

Of course the child is an adopted one. Eleanor is not married but intimates say she will be in the near future for Eleanor is expected to marry a famous Hollywood director who is mad about her.

Which may call for new adoption papers.

Falcon Lair On Block

FALCON LAIR, the beautiful estate of Rudolph Valentino, on which he expended more than $150,000, was recently placed under the auctioneers' hammer and was sold to the highest bidder. The exact bid was $17,500.

Nuptials Forecast

When And Jr Gregory La Cava, famous director, becomes a free man he will marry, they say, Doris Nolan, the newcomer to the screen from the stage.

Miss Nolan is going places on the screen, only handicapped by too much resemblance to Carole Lombard.

Maybe With Mirrors

The Late Will Rogers used to say that "all I know is what I read in the papers," but that is sometimes very confusing. For example, on one day recently a trade paper had Neil Hamilton in Rome to negotiate a picture deal; another paper the same day had Neil creating quite a furor at Miami Beach, Florida, dashing about in his Chinese auto, and also the same day a scribbler had Neil window shopping on Hollywood Boulevard.

Eleanor Hits Back

ELEANOR HOLM, of Olympic fame, and very good in a couple of pictures she appeared in, is a sly bit of a gal. Making personal appearances, she sings. And what do you think is the title of the song she has selected?

The Champagne Waltz—no less. How's everything, Mr. Brundage?

Jadeen Carries On

Admirers of the late Rudolph Valentino, and there are yet legions of them, might be interested in this item.

In his famous picture, The Sheik, Valentino rode a beautiful Arabian horse, Jadeen. Jadeen, now more than 20 years old, appears in The Garden of Allah and is ridden by Marlene Dietrich.

Formerly owned by Kellogg, cereal tycoon, Jadeen and others in the Kellogg stables were gifted to the University of [Continued on page 58]

Shirley Aping Okayed

MRS. GEORGE TEMPLE, mother of Shirley, lost out in her effort to prevent Jane Wyethers, on her personal appearance tour, from giving her famous imitation of Shirley.

Whether it was for or against orders the fact remains that Jane did the imitation and put plenty on the ball in so doing.

Bill Hart Comeback

WILLIAM S. "BILL" HART has finally come out of retirement from his famous ranch at Saugus and made a picture.

You'll be seeing it on the screen soon. It's a short, called Cinema Circus, and Bill is his old self in it and bearing his years well. Bill does a little roping and riding, the sort you have craved to see him in again, you old timers.

Be on the lookout for it.

Is History Repeating?

THOUGH CLOSE FRIENDS of the couple say there is absolutely no reason for newspaper stories anent a split-up of Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone, the boys and girls who gather the gossip news of the colony just cannot forget that, up to the last minute of the last day that Joan and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., decided to separate Joan denied and denied and again denied the rumors.

Shirley Aping Okayed

One amazing thing about the Anita Louise-George Brent romance is the fact that though they both had worked on the Warner lot for years they never had met until recently. When they did it is said you almost could hear something click. As hand-holders they look happy.

Samp Offer

YES, it's thrilling to have this gorgeous silverware on your table—and there's an additional thrill in knowing that Gladys Swarthout and other Hollywood Stars, choose this same lovely silverware. Ask your dealer to show you a Service for Six, with Mirror Stainless Blade, Hollow Handle Knives, a handsome Tarnish-Proof Chest... at only... $14.75

Rogers Made by Oneida Ltd.

Accept No Substitutes! Always insist on the advertised brand!
LISTEN, MR. Scrub-Hard,

Why waste that high-powered brushing? Your teeth won't really sparkle unless you use the right tooth paste, too!

Change to PEPSODENT TOOTH PASTE containing IRIUM

Gently removes film . . . wins flashing new luster . . . makes daily brushing extra effective!

Are you one of the Disappointed Scrub-Hards who brush faithfully day after day—yet still have dingy, film-stained teeth? . . . Then here's news for you. Now proper brushing gets results—in teeth that sparkle with natural brilliance!

New Pepsodent ingredient ends disappointment
IRIUM—the remarkable new ingredient contained only in Pepsodent—steps up cleaning efficiency and provides smooth washing action instead of hard abrasion. IRIUM makes Pepsodent a wonderful tooth paste. One that responds instantly to your brush—penetrates between teeth—speedily loosens dingy film and floats it away like magic.

It's an amazing advance in tooth hygiene! You clean your teeth quicker, easier. Your brushing is useful. Your teeth quickly win that glowing luster that everyone notices.

If you would have beautiful teeth, remember that proper brushing is only half the formula. The other half is Pepsodent Tooth Paste containing IRIUM. Try it. The days of Scrub-Hard Disappointment will be over!
"You're right, daughter—I've been partial to Beeman's for years! It's so delicious and fresh-tasting—that clever air-tight package keeps it fresh as the day it was made. And I like that bit of tang! Beeman's actually perks me up—it's a real help to digestion, too, you know—makes a person feel mighty good!"

"This Flavor Is Tops"

**Sub-Teen Beauty**

by 

**Ann Vernon**

**WHERE THERE Is music, gaiety and laughter in the film capital, there you will see the red-gold head of Anne Shirley. At eighteen, Anne is just as popular with the younger set in Hollywood as she is with the thousands of boys and girls who admire her beauty and personality on the screen.**

It was at Anne's age that the mothers of the present generation first pinned up their hair and went off to dances with slipper bags dangling over their arms. And wherever a girl went in those days, a chaperone was sure to follow, to keep one wary eye on the clock and the other on the "young folks."

Stuffy conventions and slipper bags have been relegated to the limbo of forgotten things, but in the matter of beauty and fashions, the girl in her teens today faces many of the same problems her mother did. She is miserable at being referred to as a "little girl"—yet nothing makes her more painfully self-conscious than to appear overdressed in a gown or make-up suitable only for the sophisticated woman.

Anne Shirley is a charming example of eighteen at its loveliest, due largely to the skill with which she bridges the gap between girlhood and womanhood. That is why I was sure her views on the subject of beauty would interest all the young readers of Hollywood Magazine.

While Anne and I chatted in the living room of her cheery home, Anne's mother was kept busy taking phone calls for her popular daughter. No, Anne couldn't come to the phone now; Anne was giving an interview! If I hadn't been confident that all her friends would call back later, I should have felt very much like a blight on young romance.

Like most girls of her age, Anne has a dozen and one ways of combing her hair, which is cut in a shoulder-length bob.

"Sometimes I part my hair on the side, sometimes in the middle," she told me, "and one week I wear bangs and the next..."
week I comb my hair straight back off my forehead. With one hairdress I like flat, thin bangs, and with another I wear a fluffy bunch of curls on top of my head—very fancy! Today I have it combed straight back because I am going to Palm Springs this afternoon and I don’t like a lot of hair around my face when I play tennis or swim.

"Once in a while I make a circular part around the top of my head and braid this top hair down to one side. On the end of the braid I wear a small ribbon bow. It looks rather cute," she said. Who could doubt it?

"I never wear waves in my hair though," Anne said, "and prefer to curl the ends myself. Even if I have my hair done at a beauty parlor, I usually comb it all out after I get home and curl the ends over in my own way. When I am working, I frequently put my hair up on curlers or bob pins at night; but when I am home between pictures I put it up during the day and tie a scarf or bandanna around my head while my hair is drying.

"After a shampoo, the hairdresser rubs oil into my scalp while my hair is still wet. I have this done because my scalp is inclined to be dry and it also gives a sheen to the hair. One thing I do regularly is to give my hair a good brushing every night before going to bed."

It’s never too early to acquire the habit of brushing the hair at least once a day. No matter how many clever hairdressers a girl may devise, her hair will be attractive only if it is clean and lustrous and shining with health. If you have special problems such as dandruff or excessively oily hair, write me a letter and I’ll be glad to recommend special treatments for your needs.

With the many inexpensive and efficient curling gadgets on the market today, no girl need feel abused if she cannot afford to have her hair dressed at a beauty parlor. Most of the youngsters in Hollywood, including Anne, wear the top of their hair unwaved with the ends arranged in a circle of fluffy curls.

One of the trickiest of these curling devices looks much like a short pencil with rubber tip and is so easy to use you will wonder why it was never thought of before. To make a curl, you slip the ends of the hair through a slot in the side of the "pencil," roll the hair up tight to the head, and fasten it in place with a bob pin. The curler is then withdrawn and you pick up another strand of hair to make the next curl. When in place, the

[Continued on page 87]

PERSONAL BEAUTY SERVICE
Write Ann Vernon, our beauty expert, regarding your problems of skin, hair and figure. This service is free, and your letter will be answered in strict confidence. Address Miss Ann Vernon, HOLLYWOOD Magazine, 1501 Broadway, New York City. Kindly enclose stamped (3 cent U. S. stamp) envelope for reply.

BE FRAGRANTLY DAINTY!
That’s the way you feel after your bath with Cashmere Bouquet Soap! For it’s rich, luxurious lather is so deep-cleansing! It removes so completely every trace of body odor. You step from your bath so sweet and clean... so fragrantly dainty!

HOW GLAMOROUS YOU ARE!
And how much more alluring—when you guard your daintiness this lovelier way! For Cashmere Bouquet’s subtle perfume lingers for hours... gives your skin a delicate, flower-like fragrance men adore! And this wonderful soap costs only 10¢ a cake!

MAGNIFICENT FOR COMPLEXIONS, TOO!
Use this pure, creamy-white soap for both your face and bath. Cashmere Bouquet’s lather is so gentle and caressing... yet it gets down into each pore—removes every bit of dirt and cosmetics. Your skin grows clearer, softer... more radiant and alluring!

NOW ONLY 10¢ at all drug, department, and ten-cent stores

THE ARISTOCRAT OF ALL FINE SOAPS

WHEN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS, PLEASE MENTION APRIL HOLLYWOOD
Heavy date...
..but look at her Nose!

KLEENEX HABIT
saves noses during colds!

• Nothing more tragic than a sore nose during a cold—nothing more soothing than the Kleenex Habit! It saves noses, saves money as it reduces handkerchief washing. So put aside your handkerchiefs and use Kleenex Tissues the instant sniffles start. Because Kleenex tends to retain germs it checks the spread of colds through the family. You use each tissue once—then destroy, germs and all.

Keep Kleenex in Every Room.
Save Steps—Time—Money
To remove face creams and cosmetics...To apply powder, rouge...To dust and polish...For the baby...And in the car...to wipe hands, windshield and greasy spots.

KLEENEX
A disposable tissue made of Cellucotton (not cotton)

That Anne Shirley-Owen Davis, Jr., romance that seemed to have cooled off recently is reported right back in the warm and getting warmer class. If their heart interest is as keen as their evident interest in a tennis match here, anything can happen

Warren Hull didn’t know what he was letting himself in for when he playfully patted Jean Muir on the back as he came up behind her in a hall at Warner Brothers Studio. For Jean started screaming and running. Warren, amazed and embarrassed at this turn of events, started running after her because he didn’t know what else to do. Everyone stuck their heads out of their office doors when they heard the commotion and looked with wonderment at the screaming Jean and the chasing Warren.

Soon a crowd gathered around them and Warren, with a very red face, said, "Honest, all I did was pat her on the back." They all gave him disgusted and disbeliefing looks and turned away. "Jean," Warren asked, when they’d gone, "what on earth made you do that?" "Oh, I don’t know," answered Jean. "I thought it would be funny." And it was. Even as You And I... many of the younger set only play one tune on the piano. Betty Grable’s number (she laughingly tells you it took her two lessons to learn—and now she only plays three bars of it) is Lovely to Look At. When Anne Shirley sits down to a piano—after many pauses you hear Auf Wiedersehen. Carole Moore, Jr.’s piano number is the Song of India, and Leon Janney plays the chords of Good Evening Friends.

One of the saddest stories in our town concerns a young actress who is making five hundred dollars a week, or more, and should be happy and having fun but is actually one of the most miserable persons alive, and all because of her mother. In this story she will remain nameless, for if her mother should read this she’d think her daughter had been complaining, which she hasn’t. I learned of her troubles through a different source.

The girl is the mother’s sole support, but is treated like she was a burden that the mother had to bear. Sometimes she doesn’t speak to the daughter for days at a time and when she finally breaks her silence it’s usually to reprimand her. She constantly tells the daughter how ugly she is compared to other girls. The actress is very much in love with a young chap, so the mother won’t allow him in the house. If the girl makes a date to go some place with the younger set and a producer or director calls and asks her to go out, her mother sees to it that the other date is canceled and that she goes out with the influential man.

The mother gives the girl very little spending money, but rents a house beyond their means, and has bought so much expensive furniture that the girl is knee deep in debt. The girl is under age and consequently can’t do anything about it. Not that she would anyway, for in spite of it all she loves her mother and tries to do everything she can for her. It’s only the people who see the girl come to work crying because of something her mother has said or done to her that resent it.

Who said a movie star’s life was rosy?

The poem this month is contributed by Leon Janney, well known juvenile actor. He was sitting in our den talking to Anne Shirley, Ben Kalmar, Jr., and Don Barry, when I called to him and asked him to...
write a verse for this column. He did. It
strikes me very funny as Leon was at one
time a child actor, which is the subject of
his poem.

Child actors are all considered quite
cute,
Their faces and antics are their claim
to repute.
But when they mature, though they
dance and they sing,
Living down their child fame, is a
horrible thing.

Pick Ups ... Ross Alexander’s death has
brought sadness to this village, but most
of the pity is for his widow, Anne Nagel,
who has been so brave. The irony of it
is that if Ross had lived only two months
longer the “suicide clause” in his life in-
surance would have expired and Anne
would have collected $35,000, but as it is
she received nothing and has many of his
old debts to pay ... Tom Brown is at last
building the home he’s dreamed of for so
long ... Dick Cromwell is back in our
midst after appearing in a New York play
and making a picture in England. His
friends, according to reports, are trying
to pair him off romantically with Mary
Carline, but I wouldn’t take too much
stock in that if I were you, for she and
Dick have been friends, and only friends,
for years ... Joan Fontanne, Olivia De
Haviland’s sister, has an English accent
and Olivia hasn’t.

Riddle Me This ... What actor who is
married, constantly trifles on his wife?
When he takes someone out, however, he
fails to tell them that he’s married. One
night he forgot to remove his wedding
band and was so flustered when the girl
asked what he was doing with that kind
of a ring.

What young actor who is seen with so
many different actresses in many different
places, usually arranges a foursome and
then goes home early and leaves the other
chop with the whole check?

WITH A NEW POWDER SHADE!
A New Face Powder Shade May Give You
a New Personality—a New Glamour—a New Charm!

By Lady Esther

You know what color in clothes can do for
you. One color puts you out like a light. An-
other makes you look and feel your best.

But no color in clothes has half as much
effect on your personality as your face powder
shade. For this becomes a real flesh-and-
blood part of you.

Yet thousands of women and girls are ac-
ually wearing the wrong shade of face powder.
Every morning they commit beauty-suicide,
right in front of their own mirrors. They
quench their personality, destroy what ought
to be their glamour and charm—with a dull,
dull shade of face powder!

Far better, I say, to use no powder at all, than
to bury yourself alive under such a disguise!

Use the Magic of Color!

Yet for each of these girls and women—for
you, too—there is a right shade of face pow-
er. It won’t subtract from your beauty. Nor
will it leave you just as you were. N0!
This right shade will add the magic of
living, glowing color. It will flatter
you, glorify you, create right before
your eyes a new “you” that you never
dreamed you could be!

The reason you haven’t found this
right shade long ago is probably be-
cause you’ve been choosing accord-
ing to your “type”—a blonde should
wear this, a brunette that. This is all
wrong! You aren’t a type. You’re yourself.
And how lovely that self can be—how vivid,
alive and alight—you’ll never know till you
try on all five of my basic shades in Lady
Esther Face Powder.

See for Yourself!

To let you prove this to yourself, I will send
you all five shades of my Lady Esther Face
Powder free of cost.

When you have tried all five shades and have
discovered the one that was made just for you,
you will be instantly aware of many things.
You will see a new glow, a new warmth in your
skin. You will see a new beauty in your face, in
line as well as color. You will see a new radi-
ance about your entire person.

Write today for all five shades of Lady Esther
Face Powder. Your mere request on the cou-
upon below brings them to you postpaid and
free. With the five shades of Lady Esther Face
Powder, I will also send you a purse-size tube
of Lady Esther Face Cream. The coupon brings
both the powder and cream.

Virginia Weidler, Paramount starlet, is cast as
an immigrant in Souls of Sea. Here she seems to
be doing a pretty good job of kitchen-policing.

CREATE A NEW “YOU”
Choose Your Favorite Star!

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<td>First Prize</td>
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You still have time to write those 20 words of special value that may win our SCREEN STAR POPULARITY CONTEST, but if you want to share in the $1,000 to be distributed in an effort to discover who deserves top rating in the screen world, your entry will have to have a postmark during March, for the contest closes April 1.

Selection of America's No. 1 film favorite is in your hands and to learn who in the minds of filmgoers heads the list ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS IN CASH will be paid. There never has been a more simple contest. You have to do is ballot FOR THE PLAYER YOU LIKE BEST, not for the ONE YOU THINK THE MOST POPULAR. When the ballots, now pouring in and those to come, are counted, the world will know who really IS the most popular player on the screen. The final tabulation will be a true cross-section of fan reaction because the winner—man or woman—will have gained that distinction through the ballot of those who are the life blood of the box offices—the reader fans of the world.

None can foresee who will be named the top choice. It may be someone not now in the BIG NAME CLASS. The winner will be chosen on the basis of individual favor, not because of expensive advertising campaigns put behind him or her, but because the man or woman has "that something" which makes his or her work register better than any other.

The requirements for balloting are simple. Use the ballot provided for you in this magazine, NAME YOUR FAVORITE, tell in TWENTY WORDS OR LESS why you prefer your selection and then mail your ballot to SCREEN STAR POPULARITY CONTEST EDITOR, 7045-H Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

For example you might say: "I vote for —— because he or she gives sincerity to every role played." Of course, that quotation cannot be used, but the most cleverly worded reason advanced by a contestant will take the capital prize of $300. The final standing of the player to which the best reason applies will have no bearing in awarding prize.

The second best reason advanced for voting someone a favorite will take the second prize of $200. The third best expression will win a $100 prize and so on down through the list until SIXTY-FOUR PRIZES have been awarded.

Remember, elaborate entries will not enhance your chance of winning. Cleverness of expression will be the basis for judging the entries.

Read the following rules carefully, then go out to win some of this EASY MONEY. If you can give your reason for your vote in 15 words and it should win first prize it would represent $20 a word. Rather good pay for a bit of your effort. Everyone who enters will be interested to learn who is America's No. 1 screen favorite measured by the fans' yardstick. Be sure you have some part in it.

CONTEST RULES

1. To enter this contest it is only necessary to name your favorite screen player...
(man or woman) on the coupon published for that purpose, and tell why in twenty words, or less, you voted for this star.

2. Prizes will be awarded those contestants supplying the best and most novel reasons (in twenty words or less) for voting as they did, regardless of final standing of their choice after all votes are counted. The entry chosen as the best by the judges will receive the $300 first prize; the second best entry will receive the $200 prize, etc. In case of ties, duplicate prizes for the amount named will be awarded to tying contestants.

3. Contestants may enter and thus vote for their favorite, as many times as they desire, but each entry must be printed, written or typed on a ballot coupon as published in this magazine.

4. Editors of Fawcett Publications and Motion Picture Publications are judges in this contest and their decisions shall be final. No correspondence will be entered into regarding entries in this contest. Entries will not be returned.

5. No employees of Fawcett Publications, or Motion Picture Publications, or members of their families are eligible to compete.

6. This contest will close April 1, 1937. Entries postmarked later than that date will not be considered. Elaborate and bulky entries are discouraged. As prizes are to be awarded for reasons given for voting for your favorite screen player, your chances of winning will not be enhanced by sending in an elaborate entry.

7. After you have filled out the coupon, send it by mail to SCREEN STAR POPULARITY CONTEST, 7046-H, Hollywood Boulevard, Hollywood, Calif. You may paste your entry blank on the back of a postcard, or send it in an envelope, first class mail. It is not necessary to accompany your ballot with a letter.

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JOIN THE THIRD ANNUAL

Hollywood Tour

Would you like to see Hollywood "inside and out"? See and meet the stars? Visit their homes and the big studios?

You are invited to enjoy these rare pleasures with Fawcett Publications. We are taking two tour parties to Hollywood. The first leaves Chicago July 11; the second on August 8.

Plan your vacation to fit these dates. Two weeks on a traveling "house party" with us will give you a perfectly grand vacation. We circle the West on the Burlington, Northern Pacific, Southern Pacific, Union Pacific and the Royal Gorge Route. We see all of the Pacific Coast—not just California alone, but Washington, Oregon and California—all three!

In Hollywood, gates will open to welcome you, if you can join us. Send for our free folder describing the trip. Read it over. Decide for yourself. No obligation on your part whatsoever. Ask questions, please. The very low cost from your home city for the complete two weeks vacation trip will surprise you.

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When Answering Advertisements, Please Mention April HOLLYWOOD
**Crosby Saves Chinese Babies!**

Bing Crosby surveys some fan mail the stamps from which are saved and sent to China to save the lives of Chinese girl babies.

**That Title Isn't Entirely True.** It's Bing's fans who save the lives of Chinese baby girls. They don't know it, of course, but they've saved hundreds of tiny lives over the last six years. Bing receives on the average of 15,000 fan letters a week. Each letter helps save a newborn girl from being drowned in a river or left for the rats to devour.

Yesterday, for instance, you may have written Bing a note of appreciation. That makes you a life saver. And if you are a regular correspondent you may be responsible for some of the faces that look at you from this page.

In China, in those remote sections where life is bitterly hard, a baby girl is absolutely valueless. She is never wanted. No sooner is she born than her parents push the little head under water, or leave her for the rats to finish. Better that than to let her starve. And precious rice cannot be wasted on a sex that isn't helpful in the struggle of life.

But for a hundred years the Jesuits have had an organization in China fighting this social curse. Known as The Association of the Holy Childhood, they have salvaged a countless number of these unwanted baby girls. The association buys them from their parents, feeds and keeps them in their various missions scattered throughout China.

The way they finance this humanitarian project sounds ridiculous. But remember, this is China. Human life may be cheap but even peasants have aesthetic souls. They love beauty, and beauty, to them, is largely a question of color. So the association buys these new born babies with stamps.

It makes no difference that the stamps have been used. They can be used again to decorate screen and the various bagatelles that peasants sometimes make and sell. The stamps, at least, have value—the poor infants none.

In the United States, the Mission Stamp Bureau, Mount St. Michael's, Spokane, Wash., collects the stamps in this part of the world to forward to China. Bing has been sending it all of his stamps for six years. He has a staff that handles his letters, clips off the stamps and sends them on. The average has been fifteen thousand a week.
ROBERT CUMMINGS

When there's an Academy Award for Nerve, Robert Cummings will have to be considered . . . for Bob's the only lad ever to hoist his way into the theatre and, through natural ability, into a Paramount contract . . . Joplin, Mo., boy to son of Dr. C. C. Cummings, pioneer settler . . . puny as a youngster. Dr. Cummings had the boy placed under Joe Becker, physical conditioner and former trainer for Jack Dempsey . . . Joe did his work well . . .

At 16, Bob won the Tri-State 50-yard junior swimming championship with a time close to Weismueller's . . . proud Joplin wanted to send him to Olympics but dad intervened . . . summers Bob spent with his uncle punching cows at Salida, Okla . . . learned to take it . . .

Back to school, jerking sodas for spare cash with which to buy third interest in airplane . . . heap of a thing . . . cracked up one day with first of trio at controls . . . Bob not present . . . lines aviation . . . Bob all set for mining engineer's career until winning leading role in Philip Barry's The Youngest . . . senior class play . . . then something snapped in Bob . . . the boy slipped on greasepaint, incurring nasty brooding for theatre . . . and gone to the folks and his pals including John Beal to enter Drury College, Springfield . . .

Tried Pittsburgh State Teachers' College for year . . . no go . . . heard of scenic engineering course at Carnegie Tech . . . closest thing to a theatrical school his father would hear of . . . enrolled and supremely happy . . . given chance in freshman play, The Three Musketeers . . . Chester Wallace, director, delighted . . . Bob said, "Write it to dad," and to make sure it was strong enough publicity, Bob became the letter of next to Academy of Dramatic Arts, New York . . . in seventh heaven, winning three parts in school's training theatre . . . decided to skip last two-year course to try his wings . . . no one wanted to see them work . . . became errand boy for "Hap" Ward's theatrical agency . . . noted producer's preference for young British juveniles . . . decided on a long chance . . . borrowed $400 from parents . . . their last money . . . dad close victim of collapse and disease . . . steerage to Scotland for Bob . . .

[Continued on page 76]
Sweethearts who might as well live in glass houses... their kisses crash the headlines and their nights of romance sell "Extras" in the morning! When they thrill... the world thrills with them... and so will you!—especially over Tyrone Power, the new star sensation of "Lloyds of London" in a role even more sensational!

Accept No Substitutes! Always Insist on the Advertised Brand!
Glamorously clad for her romantic role in *History Is Made At Night*, Jean is quite the antithesis of her recent depiction of Calamity Jane in *The Plainsman*.
Rumors say the reel romance of this pair in *Man In Possession* is real, but the truth is Bob is true to his Barbara and Jean to her Bill.
Evidently revolt-torn Ireland exemplified in Parnell, with Clark as the fiery patriot of Erin, was not uppermost in Myrna's mind while romancing
JANE WYATT

Her newest film since Lost Horizon will be Luckiest Girl In The World for her home studio—Universal. Wonder if she hears music?
FRED
MACMURRAY

The versatile Fred will be seen and heard blowing silver notes from a trumpet when you witness Paramount's Swing High, Swing Low
The Gate Man's hand trembled as he lifted the receiver of his telephone to call the front office. Dilated with shock, his eyes followed the big car that carried a little bandage-swathed figure down the lot.

"Bette Davis has been horribly hurt!" he croaked into the mouthpiece.

Those words were the raw material for several fine nervous collapses in various parts of the Warner Brothers lot. Miss Davis was right in the middle of shooting Marked Woman. A short delay would mean the loss of thousands of dollars to the studio. A serious accident to the star might mean that a fortune in film would have to be scrapped.

The big car drew up before the door of Hal Wallis, Associate Executive in charge of Production. Watchers breathed sighs of relief when they saw that Miss Davis could walk, but they shuddered when they saw her face—or what portions of it showed under the heavy weight of bandages. Both of her eyes were swollen and about to turn black. A brown abrasion promised days of disfigurement for one cheek. A bloody wound was indicated under the white gauze on the other. And her nose! Surely it must be broken to rate such a mountain of cotton and adhesive tape.

Hal Wallis is not a heartless man, but he took one look at the pitiful figure before him, and burst into a roar of laughter! Could he be having hysterics, wondered the shaken by-standers. Strong men sometimes react in surprising fashions to disaster.

Wallis laughed and laughed, but his amusement was completely light-hearted.

"Okay!" he roared. "You get your way... all except that broken nose... you can't have that. But if you can stand the rest of it, we can!"

A little stiff grimace of echoing amusement was all that the star could manage in the confining gauze.

"Why don't you like the broken nose?" she demanded. "I think it's a wonderful broken nose."

"It's just too much of a good thing," said Wallis, relapsing into another series of chuckles. "Try it without, and you'll see."

"And he was right," Bette Davis said over the luncheon table a few days later. "I look quite convincingly beaten up without a nose bandage. I look AWFUL! I look perfectly FRIGHTFUL! You must see the make-up tests. They are WONDERFUL! You never saw anybody looking worse than I do!"

Her description of her appalling make-up was tinged with genuine delight.

"You see," she explained, "if you really care about acting, you don't care a thing about looking pretty all of the time—it just isn't important. And this is such a marvelous opportunity to be réal. In Marked Woman I play a dance hall hostess. In the first part of the picture, she has plenty of chances to look attractive. Then she defies the gangsters who control the night club business, and she gets brutally beaten up. She has enough on the gangster but they are afraid of her, and when they go after her, they stop at nothing. One of her lines is, 'They jumped on me... they kicked me in the face...!'"

Miss Davis let that sentence have its full effect while she buttered a roll.

"I never have been kicked in the face, myself," she said, "but my imagination tells me that I would get a good deal more than concussion. Percy Westmore is a grand make-up artist, and he thought he was doing me a favor by putting on a becoming bandage. It was a very becoming turban-like affair, rather nunlike, plenty of mascara and eye make-up. So I argued and argued, and they kept saying, 'But, look, Miss Davis, remember that you are the star of this picture, and people don't want to see you all banded up!'"

She shrugged her shoulders, and a twinkle came into her eyes.

"So you know what I did? I had a morning off, just before the big hospital scene. Lloyd Bacon, the director, believes in realism just as much as I do, so he knew what I had in mind, but not another soul knew."

I went down town to Dr. Noyes. 'Look,' I said to him. 'Will you fix me up so that they would admit me in a hurry to any emergency ward?'"

Dr. Noyes fell in with the plan enthusiastically, for Miss Davis' pleasure in an unusual make-up is contagious.

First he built a lop-sided hunk of bandage out over one ear. He was anchored by a band that cut slant-wise across her forehead, pulling one eye slightly out of shape.

This is where you got kicked," he said, and painted an angry looking bruise on one cheek bone.

"Wouldn't my teeth cut my lip?" asked the star.

"Certainly would!" agreed Dr. Noyes, and pulled one side of her mouth down in an angry red line.

'The very first thing that would get broken in a really competent

HOLLYWOOD
Marked Woman

Still photos of Bette as she appeared in the film right after a beating were frowned upon by her studio, so here she is after she has partially recovered, still wearing a facial dressing and carrying her bruised arm in a sling. "I thought it would be her nose, wouldn't it?" asked Miss Davis. "Can't I have a broken nose?"

"Why not?" said Dr. Noyes, and got out the splints. "And wouldn't you have to have a bad cut on your hand... as if you had reached up to save your face when you saw the knife?" So he put on a mitt of bandage, and threw in a sling for good measure.

"And the scar he put on my cheek was wonderful!!" this most remarkable of stars beamed at the memory. "Do you know what he used? Undertaker's wax! You know how there is a sort of ridge on a scar when they first take out the stitches? And how it is all inflamed and drawn? Well, he started by building up that ridge, smoothing it into my cheek. Then he painted it. I don't believe a better scar ever has been seen than that one!"

The conspirators took all morning. When neither one of them could think of another injury to add, Miss Davis sighed with pleasure. The session with Dr. Noyes had been purely experimental on her part, but when she saw the result, she reached a quick decision.

"I'm not going to take this off!" she announced. "I'm going to the studio right now, and show them."

In her sense of achievement, she did not stop to realize what a shock her appearance would be.

"I wouldn't have done it deliberately," she said. "But it worked out all right and, though that broken nose bandage was very effective, it really was too much."

"Dr. Noyes had fixed me up to look convincing, but after Perc Westmore had finished fixing me up so that all of those injuries would photograph, you never saw such a face! It's grand!"

"What will you fans think when they see it?"

She leaned forward earnestly, "They'll like it. I know they'll like it. Because it has a look of reality about it. Everybody will know that it is a make-up, of course. But it has the effect of being real, and it gives the part just that much more effectiveness. Awful things happen in this world. Marked Woman is a story of what could happen to one girl who was just a little bit too smart for her own good. My conviction is that the people who like my pictures also like realism. And it seems much more important to me to play a real character than just a nicely made-up face.

Eduardo Ciannelli, who plays the vice lord in Marked Woman, is the underworld fiend who administers the terrific beating to Bette Davis. It is this rough treatment that she felt demanded realism even at the sacrifice of glamour.
Meet Filmland's Newest King!

Unless we miss our guess, Hollywood will have to include among its "certain people of screen importance" one Fernand Mertens Gravet, the handsome continental film star imported last October by Director Mervyn LeRoy for the lead in The King and the Chorus Girl recently completed at the Warner Bros. studios.

No little credit attaches to LeRoy for his capture of this idol of the European stage and screen. For five years and in as many different languages, Gravet had been voicing an emphatic "no" to representatives from Paramount, Universal, Radio and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer who implored him to sign his name to a Hollywood contract.

Director LeRoy, noted for the great speed he exercises in taking old man Time by the forelock, saw Gravet in a French picture last summer while in London and decided to skip over to Paris to talk contract with the European star. Arriving in Paris, LeRoy learned that Gravet was entertaining friends at a private party. The American producer, with a tight grip on the aforesaid forelock, managed to receive an invitation to the same party and within two hours a movie contract was signed, sealed and delivered—but only after LeRoy not only had promised, but guaranteed the following provisos: Gravet was to star in American pictures; each of these pictures was to be produced and personally directed by LeRoy; and, finally, once Gravet was in Hollywood, he would immediately begin his first picture.

Gravet, who is as canny as a Scot and knows how to strike a bargain, laughs when he reviews the speed and efficiency that greeted his arrival in Hollywood. "Mr. LeRoy more than met my demands," he explained. "He made a test of me the first day on the Warner lot. The following day I was having wardrobe fittings. The third day was devoted to dialogue and photographic tests. The following day I met Joan Blondell who was to co-star with me. And on the fifth day I began the first scene for The King and the Chorus Girl. I thought I knew something about picture making, having worked in 30 foreign films, but I'm still gasping in amazement over the American method, which, I hasten to add, is far superior to Europe. But not only that," Gravet went on, "it was a delightful surprise to find everyone on the set—from the director down to the grips—so eager to make The King and the Chorus Girl a success. Warner Bros. studio was really home to me after that first day."

A warm, friendly, affable chap, this Fernand Gravet promises to take the cinema by storm when his first picture is released. He looks, talks, and acts more American than European and is a "regular guy" if you care to take the word of the hard-boiled props, grips, electricians and extras on the Warner lot.

Gravet was born in Brussels, Belgium, on Christmas Day, 1908. He was educated at St. Paul's School at Hammersmith, England, as was his father. From 1917 to 1919 he was in the British navy as a Marine Cadet. After the Armistice he returned to Brussels and took over from his father, now ill, most of the managerial work connected with the Galleries St. Hubert. About this time Gravet's mother was winning acclaim as a character actress and a few months later young Gravet joined her stock company in a tour that embraced all the European countries, not to mention Turkey, Egypt and South America. In addition to being baggage master and transportation chief he found time to appear on the stage in small bits. Before long the bits grew into real parts and, although he didn't know it then, he was headed for America.

A Ripley touch is added to Gravet's life at this point. His father began his stage career with Doris Keane in Romance. Gravet's real stage debut was also in Romance with Mlle. Soria at the Athenée Theatre in Paris in 1922. From 1922 to 1930 he appeared in more than 30 plays in the French capital.

His stage career was cut short in 1924 when he was called to the Belgian colors to serve his required two years in the army. One year of this service was spent in the cavalry and the second in the balloon corps as an observer for artillery maneuvers. Back to Paris, then, to resume his stage career, he met and married the Parisian stage star, Jane Renouert, with whom he co-starred for the following three years.

Gravet's introduction to pictures was at the UFA studios in Berlin. Eager to know more about this new field of entertainment he got a job as cameraman after the picture was finished and followed that up.

(Continued on page 14)
Ten Years of Manhandle

It took of man handle from Marxes Margaret fusses. But a decade of suddenly perturbable has now lost it composure bitten the dust.

She told at her expressive brows drawn together in pain, "I been manhandled," the stately lady in injured tones, "but I never got it. I was just as well groomed after as before it began. You should see now!"

The scene of her disaster was an eating room on the sound stage. Dumont, who answers to Mrs. Upjc A Day at the Races, is a fluttering society woman afflicted by hypocho.

Groucho, ever in the lady's pay for thing or another, acts as her physician—which should explain a thing.

"They put me in an operating" said Miss Dumont. "Harpo works lever. He hauled me up in the most heard-of position. My legs!" Miss Dupont rolled her eyes in agony at the mention and bit her lip in woe.

"I have never shown my legs before. And believe me, when I say that viewing the rushes in the projection I was shocked.

The Marx Brothers do a swell job of for their operation that the "victim has been 'manhanded' by the Marx York's 400 for stage and screen work.

APRIL, 1937
Taylor greets his mother, Mrs. Ruth, on arrival of his plane at Lincoln, Neb., route to their old home, Beatrice, Neb. Homecoming set the town topsy-turvy.

erating. By telephone she contacted neighbors in her block and pleaded for help. Would all of them except the farthest from her house be sure to turn off their porchlights—if for any reason they had been burning? They consented. The neighbors farthest from her house would leave their light burning. Her will think it was hers, then they would invite him in, explain, and remember bring him to her house by way of the alley.

Looked Hopeless

The vigil was long, at times it looked hopeless, but when Taylor halted his car in front of the house where the porch light was burning, the crowd in front of the house suspected nothing. The plans had been to keep precision until lights came on the 2's house, then newshawks become curious, and when Bob and the girl to sneak to his car—again by way of the alley—there were too many pairs of suspicious eyes to evade.

They made a wild dash for Bob's car. The girl, now very distracted, entered the wrong car, while the "mob" surrounded Taylor. Fast talking and promises of pictures the next day gave him liberty.

(Continued on page 64)
Marian Marsh takes a quick nap while the movie dog, Corky, keeps his eyes open for intruders. You'll see them in When's Your Birthday? Joe E. Brown's new starring vehicle.

Lots of persons would relish sitting on the lap of Betty Jane Rhodes, young contract player for Universal, but Martha (left) and Jackie, cub screen performers do not seem impressed.

Carole Lombard has more than a dozen pets, outstanding among which are Edmund, the gentleman at the left, and Jessie, as flashy a bird as ever graced the home of a film star.

If you've never seen a dream walking, look! Charlie Ruggles shows you the correct garb for a birds-and-bees editor in his picture, Mind Your Own Business. The cat is not a prop, but one of Charlie's many pets.

William Powell's St. Bernard puppy gets a hug from Judith Barrett, who was featured in Universal's Flying Hostess. He seems to be saying "have a heart," but maybe that's just a "puppy love" look he's flashing.
Love Flames in Another Dawn!

The late Laird Doyle made a trip around the world several months before he was killed in an airplane accident last November. One of the side trips he took was a journey to the Arabian desert.

He rose before dawn one morning to catch a glimpse of the sunrise on the shifting desert sands.

Like many others before him and many who will follow him, Doyle was enthralled by the beauty of desert and the eastern heavens as the huge flaming disc climbed over the horizon. The sun threw long shadows in the hollows behind the sand dunes and highlighted the wind-rippled mounds with shafts of gold.

"Another dawn," the scenarist whispered to himself. "And what a glorious one."

At that moment a fast airplane with the wing-markings of England's Royal Air Force winged across the sky and disappeared from sight as it headed straight into the flaming ball of fire on the eastern horizon.

Doyle, himself an amateur pilot, wondered at the mission of the flyer overhead.

"What a way to go out of this life," he thought. "Into the rising sun, never to return."

Months later in Hollywood the memory of that thrilling sunrise and the airplane overhead returned to Doyle and there evolved in his thoughts the skeleton of an idea that was eventually to result in an original screen play that brought immediate and enthusiastic comment from all who read it.

Executives of Warner Bros.-First National studios quickly laid plans to throw every resource of the organization behind the production.

Casting the picture, which Doyle had whimsically entitled Another Dawn, was a simple matter for the three leading roles seemed to have been written for no others than Kay Francis, Errol Flynn and Ian Hunter.

The woman—a beautiful American still in love with her aviator-fiancé who had perished in a plane crash.

The two men—Colonel John Wister, commander of a British military post in Iraq, and his subordinate, Captain Denny Roark, a devil-may-care, adventure-loving Irishman. Flynn, just as adventure-some in real life as was Doyle’s movie character, suited the role of Roark ideally. Hunter was equally well fitted for the part of Wister.

The choice of a director was almost as simple. William Dieterle, who has directed such successes as The Story of Louis Pasteur, A Midsummer Night’s Dream, White Angel, and dozens of others, was the man. His sympathetic understanding of human emotions together with his brilliant talent for handling action scenes made him the ideal choice.

Into the principal roles went Frieda Inescort as Grace Roark, Denny’s sister; Herbert Mundin as Wilkins, Col. Wister’s comical valet; George Regas as Achaben, the Arab leader who is constantly warring with the British on the other side of the border; Clyde Cook, Billy Bevan and hundreds of others as English soldiers.

Settings for the production, built under the supervision of Art Director Robert M. Haas, covered many acres.

Out at the Warner Brothers ranch near Calabassas, Haas erected a military garrison. It spread over an area of nearly twelve acres. Many buildings sprawled within the circular walls and each of these was duplicated for interiors on studio sound stages.

Another stage was devoted entirely to a tropical garden, wherein was photographed one of the most romantic love scenes—from the standpoint of the studio at least—in many months.

Almost everybody in the Warner Bros.-First National plant discovered some reason why they must visit stage No. 1 when they learned that Flynn and Miss Francis were enacting a love scene in the garden setting. The press of traffic through the stage became so heavy finally that policemen were stationed at either door with instructions to permit no one but members of the cast and crew of the picture to enter.

The order stood until the scene, requiring two and one-half days to photograph, was finished.

Another interesting sidelight on the [Continued on page 75]
A New Perspective on *Lost Horizon*

By Harrison Forman

Author of "Through Forbidden Tibet"
Member of the Explorer's Club

Because Harrison Forman is one of the few white men who have penetrated Tibet and lived there for long periods, he was chosen as technical director for *Lost Horizon*. Having brought some 2,000 photographs out of Tibet on his most recent visit, these formed the bases for correct costuming, set-building and customs of native life as shown in the film. Mr. Forman wrote this story exclusively for HOLLYWOOD Magazine on the eve of a brief lecture tour that began as *Lost Horizon* was completed. Early spring will find him back in Tibet—land of no civil law, strange peoples and a religion that makes mental development of first importance.—The Editor.

So many Oriental background pictures have been made in Hollywood that producers think little about costuming, props, and technical details until almost ready for shooting. Then, a routine call to Central Casting for so many Oriental types and another to Western Costume Company to outfit these with wardrobe and props—and all is supposed to be set for the cameras on Stage Six at nine the next morning.

Thus it was that, while Columbia had spent nearly two years in preparing the script of *Lost Horizon*, little or nothing had been accomplished in the matter of research. So when Frank Capra at last announced that he was ready to shoot, the studio suddenly learned from Central Casting that there were no Tibetans registered in their files—nor any to be located. And Western Costume Company, which had long boasted that it could outfit any character from a prehistoric caveman to a Buck Rogers, had to admit it was stumped when it came to Tibet—nor had it much idea of what a Tibetan costume really looked like.

And that was where my trunks and boxes of Things Tibetan, notebooks and collection of more than 2,000 exclusive photographs obtained on my several expeditions to this Forbidden Land, became of invaluable importance for research on the picture, when I was signed as technical director. Particularly, my pictures.

There's an old Chinese proverb that "One picture is worth ten thousand words." Literally thousands of enlargements were made from my negatives. These I filed according to subjects. From then on, my job became immeasurably simplified.

And so, when the hair-dressers, for example, came to me with a question of what a Tibetan coiffure looked like, I might have spent hours explaining in careful detail that the Tibetan women wear their hair in 108 braids, the braids reaching down to the small of the back, and attached to their ends being a heavy rectangle of cloth, extending to the ankles and liberally studded with ornaments of coral, amber, turquoise, etc.

[Continued on page 72]
Michael Strogoff Defies Tartars

The Tartars are riding!

For three hundred years this dread cry, ringing across the steppes of Russia, meant the coming of war. For three hundred years it meant a countryside red in the light of burning grain fields, flaming village and fortified town; it meant peasants fleeing for their lives. For three hundred years this cry was enough to set the Tsar's soldiers riding eastward to repulse an invader whose advance was marked by torture, pillage, bloodshed and red war.

Today, after years of peace, the cry again rings out—the Tartars are riding! Once more red pillage is left in the wake of a horde of bearded men in peaked fur caps and tunics, mounted on horses as wild as their riders. Once more flames leap up from wheatfield and town, while peasants flee in terror. Once more the troops of the Tsar ride east.

But—tradition seems to have lost control of this twentieth century Tartar raid. Today bearded Mongol chieftains and grim-faced Russian officers take orders from a single "general," a clean-shaven, blue-eyed American who, disreputable hat pushed to the back of his head, hands stuffed in his pockets, orders up "battle, murder and sudden death" in a conversational tone of voice.

For the first time in history, the eyes and ears of a Russian-Tartar war are not officers at lookout and spies in the enemy camp, but a mass of mechanical equipment in a tangle of cable, attended by nonchalant gentlemen in shirtsleeves.

Hollywood, it seems, has lifted a few battle-torn pages from the history of Russia for its newest adventure story—Michael Strogoff.

Although his name is unknown to American film and stage audiences, Anton Walbrook, who is starred in Michael Strogoff, is one of the reigning stage idols of Europe of a horde of bearded men in peaked fur caps and tunics, mounted on horses as wild as their riders. Once more flames leap up from wheatfield and town, while peasants flee in terror. Once more the troops of the Tsar ride east.

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Hollywood, it seems, has lifted a few battle-torn pages from the history of Russia for its newest adventure story—Michael Strogoff.

Fierce battle scenes between loyal troops of the tsar and the wild Tartars for the possession of an outlying and isolated Russian fortress are highlights of Michael Strogoff. Colorful action shots such as this lend thrills to the RKO film.

Barbaric splendor marks many of the scenes in Michael Strogoff. This is one of the lavish spectacle scenes from the production which stars Anton Walbrook, famed Viennese actor, who is shown standing in the middle of the mammoth stairway.

[Continued on page 77]
TINKLE, TINKLE LITTLE STAR!

Tinkle, tinkle little star
Out in Hollywood so far
Calls to lovers o’er the sea—
More profits for A. T. and T.

"HELLO," said a pleasant male voice, "is this Mavis Moore? Well, this is Clark Gable.

"Oh, yeah?" said Mavis (our pseudonym for a famous movie queen). "That’s what they all say." Disbelief was in her voice and mind. These kidders.

"No kidding," said Clark, by way of reading her thoughts. "How often do I have to call you before you recognize my voice?"

And Mavis Moore isn’t the only one who shows disbelief when Clark calls. He has the most unfortunate identity in the world in this respect. Too many plain American citizens have used his name in vain over the phone by way of bantering with the lady friend. "This is Clark Gable," has become a by-word for kidding, and there’s nothing the M-G-M star can do about it.

Clark Gable is only one of many movie stars

[Continued on page 56]
MOST ENCHANTING season of the year is spring. Life begins, the world is new. Flowers, trees and humans shed the drab garb of winter. It is time for new thoughts and new clothes.

Usually the tailored suit is the first item in our wardrobes to be rejuvenated. Why? Because this popular costume is just the thing to wear with a smart fur neckpiece when old Sol bursts forth.

Mary Carlisle, whom you will see soon in the Paramount production, Tightwad, shows how chic a suit becomes when the winter blouse is discarded for one of frilly white lawn. Mary's suit is of grey blue herringbone twill. She fastens her blouse at the neckline with a large rhinestone pin set with blue stones and chooses a blue hat, shoes and bag.

Next in the star's wardrobe comes a two-piece model of black crepe. Black remains a high fashion favorite this spring in Hollywood. The youthful tunic is piped in white and topped by a white collar and tiny rhinestone buttons which are further accents to spring. A well dressed girl pays particular attention to accessories which is evidenced by Mary's smart hat in black and white. The hat follows the favored high crown effect and features a pointed brim jutting out over the right eye. The brim is faced with white crepe and a double pom-pom of white feathers is its only decoration.

Afternoon suits are most important to screen stars who must be

Brown is Hollywood's most popular new shade for evening. Mary wears this sophisticated taffeta evening frock with a new version of the halter decolletage

Rose colored crepe and gold thread embroidery is chosen by Mary for this spring evening gown

Navy blue crepe rame faced in bright red taffeta fashions this new length late afternoon frock pictured on Mary Carlisle
dressed to the minute on all occasions. Mary, who has quite a reputation for "fashion firsts" among the younger players in Hollywood, wears an afternoon suit of black crepe with blue and silver trimmings. Over the dress goes a jacket of the blue and silver, in solid fabric, and Mary's hat is a charming complement of shining black straw with a high crown trimmed in bright blue grosgrain ribbon which ends in a jaunty bow.

For spring a new length for late afternoon dresses has been decreed by filmland's fashion dictators. Mary selects a flattering model of navy blue crepe roma with the longer skirt dipping in a flaring line in back. Both the hemline and short flared sleeves are faced with bright red taffeta which shows through the eyelet embroidered border. The bodice of the frock is draped in soft folds and finished with a bow of the material. Mary's hat is a chic straw with bright red trimming.

Taffeta is always a forerunner of spring and this year brown is Hollywood's most popular new shade for evening. Mary proves it by choosing this sophisticated taffeta evening frock with a new version of the halter decolletage. A double rhinestone ring holds the narrow straps of brown taffeta at the neckline and the skirt sweeps backward with fullness supplied by inverted godets. A flattering bertha of brown maline, sprinkled with gold sequins, may be worn around the shoulders or as a headdress after the modern whim.

[Continued on page 63]
Hitting Hollywood on High with Hamm Beall

Activities of Federal agents in the east on trail of the white slave traffic have caused two of Hollywood’s most outstanding purveyors of pleasure to abandon Mrs. Warren’s Profession. Each lady for many years maintained establishments virtually in the heart of Hollywood and Beverly Hills where charming “hostesses” were always available. Both are said to have amassed considerable fortunes, and realizing that federal raps are harder to beat than police court citations, chose to fold up at least until the smoke blows over.

The same mayor that rules Los Angeles is headman in Hollywood, and with a May election due, word has been passed down the line that every law must be strictly observed, so there’ll be little liquid lingering after the two o’clock closing hour in the night spots.

In this column a few issues ago I mentioned how chary the stars were getting about appearing for benefits because of the bloomers that had been pulled where the charity received nothing, and even a deficit occurred.

But when the flood relief call was sounded, the biggest names in Hollywood volunteered their services, particularly for the benefit staged by Al Malaiakah temple of the Shrine, where approximately $12,000 was raised. Potentate Lawrence Cobb and his nobles paid all expenses from the temple’s own treasury, so that every dime the stars lured in, went to alleviate suffering in the stricken districts.

Harold Lloyd, high in Shrine circles, not only acted as star contact officer in securing Hollywood talent, but when Ginger Rogers auctioned off a doll, and the auctioneer indicated that a kiss from the titan-topped dancing star would be thrown in for good measure, the bespangled comic from a top gallery bid $400 and then thrilled an audience of 8,000 by coming down on the stage, handing over the money for the doll, and claiming it and there his osculatory bonus. Incidentally, Harold outbid Cary Grant, Ginger’s escort, by $50, and wiseacres wondered what Jimmy Stewart, Ginger’s steady of the moment, would say when he heard about the carryin’ on.

Dick Powell and Jean Blondell, Clark Gable and Carole Lombard, Don Ameche and Loretta Young, Irvin S. Cobb, May Robson, Edward Arnold, George Burns and Gracie Allen, David Niven, Robert Montgomery, Eleanor Powell, Monte Blue, Bill Robinson and a host of other stars broke all other engagements to show up for the knights of the scimitar and crescent.

The year 1937 seems to be given over to celebrating anniversaries. First Adolph Zukor was honored for the silver jubilee of the founding of Paramount, then Carl Laemmle came along with his 70th birthday celebration. Both brought out heavy turnouts of stars of yesterday, today and tomorrow. The next festivity should be that honoring Al Levy, Hollywood’s venerable dean of restaurateurs, who has been serving picture people ever since Col. W. N. Selig brought his first troupe to Edendale, almost 50 years ago.

Al, well past his allotted three score years and ten, has as his partners Bill Simon, husband of Fanchon of Fanchon and Marco fame, whose prologue shows have played picture houses across the continent and back again many times; Mike Lyman, who used to entertain Mack Sennett, Roscoe Arbuckle, Tom Ince, William S. Hart, and a host of other filmland folks with his drolleries at the old
Don’t let Blackheads..Large Pores..Blemishes spoil your looks!

Fight them with rousing UNDER SKIN treatment

MEN get the difference at a glance. Blackheads, blemishes, even coarse pores make the prettiest girl into a "plain Jane."

Well, you don’t have to be plain!

Those little faults that dot your skin are easy to reach. They start just underneath!

Begin today to use the rousing Pond’s deep skin treatment. It tones up faulty oil glands—chief cause of blackheads and blemishes. Invigorates the under tissues, so your outer skin will be clear...fine textured...flawless. The fresh unspoiled skin that makes people say "Pretty girl."

Do this twice daily...Here’s the simple Pond’s treatment hundreds of women follow. It’s easy to do.

Every night, cleanse with Pond’s Cold Cream. As it brings out the dirt, stale make-up and skin secretions, wipe it all off. Now put in more cream—briskly. Rouse that faulty underskin! Set it to work again—for that clear, smooth, unblemished skin you want.

Every morning, and during the day, repeat this treatment with Pond’s Cold Cream. Your skin comes softer every time. Feels better, looks better, and powder goes on beautifully.

Miss Virginia Harris says: “I’ve learned to fight hateful blackheads and blemishes with Pond’s Cold Cream. It keeps pores fine, too!”

Mrs. Arthur Richardson granddaughter of the late O.L. OLIVER ISELIN: “I depend entirely upon Pond’s Cold Cream to keep my skin clean, smooth, and free from skin faults. I use it night and day. It’s indispensable.”

Do this regularly. As blackheads soften, take a clean tissue and press them out. Now blemishes will stop coming. And the places where pores showed largest will be finer textured.

SPECIAL 9-TREATMENT TUBE and 3 other Pond’s Beauty Aids

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Rush special tube of Pond’s Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond’s Creams and 3 different shades of Pond’s Face Powder.

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THE GOOD EARTH—(M-G-M)—Majestic in its sweep, startling in its magnitude, The Good Earth is a picture that stimulates the mind, but never touches the heart. Without any intention of punning, it is the most earthy film colossal ever to reach the screen. Reasons why it took so long to film, so much money to produce, will be apparent to anyone who sees it. Paul Muni as Wang and Luise Rainer as O-lan give never-to-be-forgotten performances. Their work is in a tempo that gives the ultimate of meaning to that old Chinese axiom—"one picture is worth 10,000 words"—for the dialog might be said to be almost monosyllabic. The picture is well under way and O-lan has become a mother more than once before she speaks more than a dozen words consecutively. The Good Earth is nearer sheer pantomime than anything since the screen found its voice.

Since it required several hundred pages for Pearl Buck to tell her saga of China, any attempt to give more than highlights here would be impossible. It is safe to say that in the scenes of famine, sheer drudgery of those who would wrest a living from the good earth, the maniacal frenzy of hordes looting when revolution breaks, and in the depiction of locust swarms that blacken the sky and devastate everything before them as they sweep down on vegetation, a pace is set that will be hard ever to duplicate, let alone excel. Walter Connolly as Wang's uncle, and Charlie Grapewin as the father of Wang provide most of the soupcon of humor injected into the picture. Tilly Losch as the dancing damsel who becomes Wang's second wife, and Jessie Ralph give fine performances, but Muni and Miss Rainer eclipse all with unforgettable portrayals.

MAID OF SALEM—(Paramount)—Those who are wont to prate about their Puritan ancestors will feel less like mentioning that supposed blue blood when they see Maid of Salem. The distorted, fanatical minds of unyielding religionists are laid bare and the realism that clothes the hangings of supposed witches lives up to all the seething hysteria exemplified in more modern lynchings.

Claudette Colbert gives a new type of portrayal, her castigation of the elders and the judiciary for flaming hatred against so-called witchcraft being highly dra-
The picture leaves one feeling that those who would kill the witches are more fanatical than those they seek to destroy.

**READY, WILLING AND ABLE**—(Warners)—Here is bright musicomedy with satisfying story, lilting tunes, snappy footwork, nifty gags and plenty of fun. Much sparkling comedy of varied nature is woven into the picture by the large cast that makes up in performance for any lack of big name draws.

Ross Alexander in this, his final screen effort, gives a performance that is top-notch in every respect. His Too Marvelous for Words, capably sung with Ruby Keeler as the inspiration, is best described by the title of the song, which is the big production number of the picture that rises out with Miss Keeler and Lee Dixon dancing out the rhythm on the keyboard of a giant typewriter, with the black silk encased neither limbs of the chorus acting as keys to type out the words of the song as Alexander sings them.

Alexander and Dixon find Addison Richards, a film executive, ready to angel their show to the tune of $30,000 if a certain English singer can be gotten to play the lead. Miss Keeler, who bears the same name as the English diva, is mistaken for the real singer by an avid artists’ manager, Allen Jenkins. Being anxious for a stage career, Miss Keeler, who dances well but cannot sing, tries to carry through but lack of ability to sing exposes her, halts rehearsals of the show, embitters Alexander and gives his backers a chance to grab his show for themselves. The much-sought English singer (Winifred Shaw) comes to New York and rather than be exposed as Allen Jenkins’ partner in a trained seal act consents to appear in Alexander’s show. Hugh O’Connell, Miss Keeler’s ninny suitor, kicks through with cash to finance the show, the day is saved and Alexander and Ruby fall in love.

WINGS OF THE MORNING—(New World)—Quite the most appealing English-made picture to reach the American screens, this all Technicolor production wins attention for sheer beauty, plus fine story and capable acting. Although Henry Fonda is the only name in it well known to American audiences, Annabella, a lovely Latin who plays a dual role, is so captivating that some enterprising American producer no doubt will bring her to Hollywood ere many moons pass.

The colorful beauty of the countryside in England and Ireland brought “oh’s and ah’s” from preview visitors and Ireland’s
Take No Chances with 1/2 Way Tooth Pastes

Give teeth the Double Protection they need

If you are now using an ordinary tooth paste, your teeth may be white and sparkling; but unless your gums are sound and healthy, you are running the risk of serious dental trouble.

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Ruby Keeler and Lee Dixon stepping off one of the hit numbers in READY, WILLING and ABLE, titled You've Too Marvellous for Words—a capital production number.

Lakes of Killarney and the million gathered for the running of the English Derby, plus the race itself all in color, bolster a story that in itself is highly sufficient.

The story hinges around the supposed curse of a noble marrying a gypsy girl. Death overtakes him quickly and the bride. Annabella, travels, of her rights and goes to Spain, to reappear fifty years later intent on winning the Derby that she may give her great granddaughter (Annabella again) a dowry to a Spanish don she is wed. Unwittingly Annabella trades the prospective Derby winner to Henry Fonda for six old plugs. At the time she has just escaped the Spanish revolution by posing as a boy and many complications arise as she is forced to spend a night in a haystack with Fonda as she attempts to reverse the horse trade.

There is much humor, many heart-throbs and keen dramatic action before the course of love smoothes out for Annabella and Fonda, with the Derby-winning as the pivotal motivation.

YOU'LL ONLY LIVE ONCE—(Wanger)—Dramatic: but because it glorifies a young criminal, Henry Fonda, it lacks the usual conception of justice, albeit Fonda was wrongly accused, yet committed murder to escape prison. Following this, he and Sylvia Sidney indulge in a brief romance that ends when they both are shot down as they attempt to cross the international border.

Barton MacLane, as the public defender who strives to free Fonda—motivated partly by his own love for Miss Sidney, who can see none but Fonda, gives a fine performance. Jean Dixon as Miss Sidney's sister, William Gargan as the prison chaplain who gives his life in an attempt to stem Fonda's daring escape, Guinn Williams as the death-watch guard and Warren Hymen, as the goof-trusty, give creditable work.

Fonda is a three-time loser, then is sent up for a fourth time, but for a crime he did not commit. He elects to escape rather than go to the chair. Although a pardon has come at the eleventh hour, he does

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SCIENTIFIC CORN PLASTERS

A plus of dead cells root-like in form and position. It left may serve as focal point for renewed development.

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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 bay rum, a small box of Barbo Compound and one-half ounce of pure carbolic erine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it yourself at a little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. Barbo imports oil at a stroked, faded or gray hair, makes it soft and glossy and takes you back to a day when your locks. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off. Do not be handicapped by gray hair now when it is so economical and easy to get rid of it in your own home.

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LITTLE "COAL MINES" IN YOUR SKIN!

THAT'S WHAT BLACKHEADS REALLY ARE!
Here's How to Deal with Them

by Lady Esther

Those little black specks that keep showing up in your skin—do you know what they really are?
They're nothing more than little "coal mines" in your skin!
They're imbedded dirt—dirt that has found its way deep into your pores.
This dirt isn't easily removed, as you know, or you wouldn't have blackheads.

Like Block Little Candles In Your Skin
This dirt is stiff and waxy. It's a combination of fatty waste from the body, dust, soot and dead skin cells.
It forms little plugs or wedges in your pores that stop them up and make them larger and larger.
It's the blackened tops of these wedges that you see as blackheads.

These waxy wedges must be dissolved to be removed. That's the only correct and scientific way to deal with them. You can't just moisten them. You can't just loosen them. They must actually be dissolved.
When dissolved, they can be removed with a simple wiping of the face which is the right way! When you try to squeeze them out or steam them out, you do more harm than good.
You destroy delicate skin tissue and make tiny scars in your skin. Not only that, you make the pores still larger so they can collect still more dirt.

Dissolves Waxy Dirt
Lady Esther Face Cream deals with this waxy dirt in the scientific way.
It softens it—dissolves it. It makes it so soft that a very light wiping of your skin takes it off.
There is no taxing of your skin, no stretching of your pores.
When your pores are completely cleansed of the plugging matter, blackheads automatically disappear.
Also your pores automatically come down in size. Respecting to Nature, they reduce themselves to their original, invisible smallness.

I'll Pay for a Test!
Let me prove to you the soundness of the Lady Esther Face Cream method. Just mail me your name and address and I'll send you a purse-size tube of Lady Esther Face Cream postpaid and free.

To hasten results, use up the whole tube at one time. Put on one application of the cream after another. Leave on each application for 5 minutes before removing. The whole job will only take 15 minutes.

Notice how soft your skin is after this cleaning, that shows you are softening the dirt within the pores—dirt that has probably been there for months or longer.
As you continue the daily use of Lady Esther Face Cream, you make this waxy dirt softer and softer and more and more of it comes out. Finally, your pores are relieved of their long-standing burden.

Clean Pores Become Small
As you relieve the pores, they come down in size. They become smaller and smaller each day, until they have regained their original smallness and you no longer can see them with the naked eye. You can almost see the improvement taking place in your skin.

Act Now!
But start proving this to yourself at my expense. Mail coupon today for your free purse-size tube of Lady Esther Face Cream.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard) (32)

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SKIN LOOK YOUNG?

USE NEW TANGEE POWDER

SEE SOFT UNDERGLOW APPEAR

Ordinary powders often coat skin with a powdery look, coarsen pores, accentuate lines. TANGEE Face Powder contains some famous color change principle as Tangee Lipstick... Watch its magic bring youthful beauty to your skin... Powder with new Tangee and see a soft underglow appear... works like Tangee Lipstick to match your own natural skin tones. Watch shine go. Then comes clear, youthful color. Blended scientifically, Tangee clings for hours yet yeater-cakes or blottches. Because you use less, it is economical. Try Tangee. In two sizes, $5 and $1.10. Or, tear out the coupon below for new "Two-Shade Sampler"—dedicated to a lovelier, youthful skin.

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Blondes! and "Browns" too!

NEW 7-DAY SHAMPOO Gives Your Hair New Brilliance, Luster, Loveliness— FOR A WHOLE WEEK!

Ends That Dull Dinner-Between-Shampoos Look

A single wash with this wonderful new shampoo instantly removes the dull, stuff, oily and dull-fallen film that leaves hair lifeless, monochromatic and "old" looking, and makes new hair that "TANGEE SHAMPOO" look all week. Done in a few minutes and at a cost of but a few pennies, New Blondex gives your hair that dazzling, shimmering radiance that usually comes only in childhood. Blondex makes everyday hair irresistible and New Blondex leaves their hair 10 shades lighter—soft, net hard or brittle. Start New Blondex today. Contains no harsh bleaches or dyes. New combination package, SHAMPOO WITH FREE RINSE, now also in a 10c size at all stores.

OUTCAST—(Major)—With Lewis Stone, Karen Morley and Warren William giving performances of a high order, Outcast has been lifted out of mediocrity into something that movie fans will regard as satisfying screen entertainment. The plot, familiar in one form or another, by now, to most movie audiences, deals with a mysterious physician who has been acquitted of the murder of his friend's wife, and is subsequently driven into the obscurity of a small town by the friends of the physician who is guilty. But many dramatic touches, as new as they are vivid, have been added to the oft-told story so that, under Robert Florey's sure direction Outcast becomes a compelling, smooth-running bit of tens

HOW TO GET THE MOST OUT OF MOVIES

For full enjoyment of motion picture, see the sure fire formula presented on page 52 of this issue. Turn the page now and read for yourself.

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Free Art Test

If you like to draw, test your sense of design, color, proportion, etc., with our Art Ability Test. Get a frank opinion free, as to whether your talent is worth developing.

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Drinking 1 Glass of Orange Juice Mixed with 1 Tablespoon of BON KORA 2 times a day and eating her fill of the delicious soda as shown in the Bonkora package makes her
LOSE 108 LBS.

She lost 6 in. off waist, 4 in. off hips, 2 in.

Lose available and overfat and regulate diet.

SEND FOR FREE SAMPLE and copy of Lost Weight and Comfortable book.

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Do This For BLACKHEADS

They Fall Right Out! BLACKHEADS aren't because they are literally trapped in your skin! Locked there by a film of sticky, surface skin! You can't wash them away! But you can release them! Golden Peacock Bleach Creme will lift away this film of surface skin-skin-dissolving it in tiny invisible particles. Blackheads are released. They float away. All out! Surface blemishes too—in fact, all blemishes in the surface skin! You discover your own finest skin-smooth, utterly clear, alluringly white! All in just 5 days! Discover Golden Peacock Bleach Creme! As drug and department store—send 50c to Golden Peacock Inc., Paris, Tenn.

No Joke To Be Deaf

...Every deaf person knows that Mr. Way made himself hear his watch tick after being deaf for twenty-five years, with his Act. Serial Ear Drums, He wore them day and night. They stopped his ear drums. They were in a wooden box, They were invisible and odorless. No one knew that Mr. Way was deaf. Mr. Way could hear. No one knew that Mr. Way could hear. This true story. Also

TRUE STORY: Also

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THE WAY COMPANY

50 Accept No Substitutes! Always insist on the advertised Brand!
Hitting Hollywood On High

(Continued from page forty-four)

Vernon Country Club years ago; and Abe Lyman, Manhattan band master of radio fame. Jack Marsh, Hollywood's most famous barkeep, is already concocting the Al Levy Jubilee cocktail.

Perhaps by the time you read this, Agua Caliente, the famous Mexican playground of the stars, approximately 150 miles from Hollywood may once again be teeming with activity. President Cardenas of the southern republic who legislated the famous hotel, spa, and casino out of business when he banned gambling, seems to be weakening in his aversion to the games of chance.

Playa Ensenada, about sixty miles south of Tia Juana, has been running all the popular games for some time in the casino that forms a part of the picturesque resort hotel.

Not long ago James N. Crofton, who was Wirt G. Bowman's partner when Caliente opened, took over the old San Diego cafe in Tia Juana, a couple of miles east of Caliente. Calling it El Nuevo Foreign Club, he is offering roulette, birdage, crap, blackjack, and other hazards.

Rumors here are that Baron Long, who operates two of California's largest hotels, the Biltmore in Los Angeles, and U. S. Grant in San Diego and who was a major partner when Caliente closed, has concluded negotiations with the Mexico City government to reopen the playground of the stars on the same lavish scale as before. Re-opening of the race track at Caliente is also freely predicted in sporting circles. If all this happens here will be the ideal spot to see your favorite stars at play over week-ends.

Why this change of heart by Mexico's chief executive?
As the Mexicanos say Dios sabe.

* * *

Best performances seen recently:
Luise Rainer in The Good Earth.
Hugh Herbert in Sing Me a Love Song.

After the
Linit Luxury Bath
—Feel Your Skin!

Lovely women everywhere have enjoyed the soft, satiny smooth skin the Linit Beauty Bath imparts. There is both beauty and soothing body refreshment in a Linit bath. Dissolve half a package or more in a tub of warm water. Bathe with your favorite soap. You will be amazed that so luxurious a bath can be so simply prepared and so economical.

THE BATHWAY TO A SOFT, SMOOTH SKIN
Most widely published publicity picture: Jean Harlow kissing Senator Reynolds.

And just as Mary Pickford abandons production in Hollywood to go to Europe and marry Buddy Rogers, Douglas Fairbanks is in our midst once more, this time to collaborate with Samuel Goldwyn in producing The Adventures of Marco Polo.

As an old time film publicist myself, I am intrigued to find out that the government has at least one man on its payroll to send out press releases concerning motion pictures.

Hits this desk with almost weekly regularity a release of varied mimeographed items on sea-forn green paper, carrying the names of Daniel C. Roper, secretary, Department of Commerce; Alexander V. Dye, director, Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce; and N. D. Golden, chief, Motion Picture Section, Electrical Division.

Showing considerable thought in preparation, a collection of releases selected at random advise us to advise our readers that:

Press criticism of pictures is now forbidden in Germany, where a licensed "art reporter" may describe and analyze a film, but that any judicial comment must be withheld.

The year of 1936 was the best for pictures since 1929 financially, with approximately 500 pictures produced at a cost of $135,000,000, an increase of $10,000,000 over 1935, and that 88,000,000 persons attended theaters weekly, an average checkup showed.

French film producers are displeased because so many films in the Gallic tongue are being created by Teutonic impresarios in Hitlerland.

American made movies still dominate the Chinese motion picture market despite strenuous efforts by European film manufacturers to muscle in.

NEW CALIFORNIA COLORS

According to your complexion, choose one of the four glamorous new California shades: WINE for brunettes with dark skin, SPANISH for medium brunettes, DESERT FLAME for blondes, and a thrilling new shade to wear at night under bright lights - CINEMA... also for those who wish a shade just a little darker than DESERT FLAME.

DUARY creme of milk

SEND FOR AND TRY THE GENEROUS 25c SIZE

LARGE REGULAR SIZE $1

At all Drug and Department Stores

Mark your shade—Mail Coupon

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Enclosed is 25c (stamps or coin). Please send me the shade of lipstick marked below

☐ Wine ☐ Spanish ☐ Desert Flame ☐ Cinema

Name

Address

City State 13

Paragon Tablets

AMERICAN DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO.
420 S. Sixth St., Minneapolis, Minn.
Dept. 264

New approved formula

REMOVES FRECKLES

WHILE YOU SLEEP

Whether you have a few freckles or many, fade them out quickly and painlessly. This new and effective method. It works! Thousands have won beauty, love, happiness with the secret. My FRIE Book, "How to Overcome Superfluous Hair," explains the method and proves actual success. Mailed in plain envelope, Also trial offer. No obligation. Write Mme. Annette Lumet'es, P.0. Box 4040, Merchants Mart, Dept. 319, Paris, Tenn.

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(Proscribed PAR-I-O-JEN)

TABLETS

MAKE FEMININE HYGIENE

Simple Quick Easy

Dissolvable Parures. No applications or Kether necessary. The easy-in-one tablet. For men the same. Harmless, non-irritating, grainless, odorless. Each tablet is made from vegetable root only one dollar. Take half to use your discretion for Paragon Tablets. It is supplied with a temporarily excised, write us for free sample.

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SEND NO MONEY!

Just send photo with name and address

of picture, never made a picture! beauty enlargement 11.5 X 14 inches CARVED FRAME FREE with the extra想 learn more about the photo enlargement service? Write for your choice will be sent with your enlarged photo. Send 3 for $1.00, and write in envelope for service.

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Beautifully FREE Enlargements

Only 49"
"Wake up! We're hungry!" In dog language, Rex and Reggie do a thorough job of arousing their master, Jimmy Blakeley, as he naps comfortably in a reclining chair on the back lawn of his Westwood home.

Then comes the reward as Jimmy gives his two impatient canine pets some of the delicacies that tickle their palates. Will Jimmy go back and continue his snooze so rudely interrupted by Rex and Reggie?

HOLLYWOOD STARS simply can't afford to take chances with the beauty of their hair. And there is no reason why you should take chances with your hair either. But now, more than ever before, be on guard when you choose your permanent wave. Beware of trick methods of heating the hair. Remember that nearly every lovely star you see on the screen depends on Duart to guard the beauty of her hair. Just ask your operator for a Duart "TWO-TWELVE" wave, she'll know what you mean. Duart Waves cost no more than others, the price depends on the artistic skill of the hairdresser you select.

DUART PERMANENT WAVES

SEND FOR DUART'S HOLLYWOOD BOOK OF BEAUTY
Pages of smart screen-tested hair-styles and other new Hollywood Beauty secrets. Use Coupon—enclose 10c for postage and wrapping.

DUART, 785 Market St., San Francisco, California
Enclosed please find 10 cents for my copy of DUART'S HOLLYWOOD BOOK OF BEAUTY

TUNE IN • JOHN NESBITT'S "PASSING PARADE" NBC RED NETWORK

When Answering Advertisements, Please Mention April HOLLYWOOD
Brief Film Guide

TO THESE, TOPPER WAVES HIS HAT:


Winterstet—(RKO)—Burgess Meredith, Eduardo Ciannelli, Edward Ellis, Paul Guilfoyle, Maurice Moscovitch and Margo. Gripping drama exceptionally done.

The Plainsman — (Paramount)—Gary Cooper, Jean Arthur, James Ellison and Helen Burgess. Epic drama built around lives of Buffalo Bill and Wild Bill Hickok.

GOOD ENTERTAINMENT

God's Country and the Woman—(Warner's)—George Brent, Beverly Roberts, Robert Barrat, plus Technicolor, bring old Curwood story to life in fashion best described as glorious.

Beloved Enemy—(Goldwyn)—Merle Oberon, Brian Aherne, Henry Stephenson and a big cast portray convincingly stellar characters in Irish revolt.

That Girl From Paris—(RKO)—Lily Pons, Jack Oakie, Gene Raymond and Herman Bing. Capital entertainment set to music.

College Holiday—(Paramount)—Jack Benny, George Raft, Gracie Allen, Mary Boland, Martha Raye and Eleanor Wilke. Rollicking nonsense with beautiful music.

Stolen Holiday—(Warner's)—Kay Francis, Claude Raines and Ian Hunter. Interesting story based on French pawnshop scandal.

Green Light—(Warner's)—Errol Flynn, Anita Louise, Margaret Lindsay, Henry O'Neill and Sir Cecil Hardwicke. Spiritual power applied to every-day life.


Born to Dance—(M-G-M)—Eleanor Powell will tap you into a trance while James Stewart, Una Merkel, Frances Langford, Alan Dinehart, Virginia Bruce and Buddy Ebsen keep you amused in a nautical romance.
Juvenile Generosity

Mutual admirers of each other's talents Deanna Durbin, petite prima donna of Universal Studios, is teaching Peggy Ryan, tap-dancing sensation in Top of the Town, how to hit "High C," while—

—in reciprocation, the toe-trained Peggy instructs the star of Three Smart Girls in some of the intricacies that must be mastered to make the sensational songbird a competent tap dancer.

Then the diminutive pair indulges in some outdoor sport that helps them hold their studio recognition as all-American girls. Peggy caddies for Deanna while the latter hits a high one.

Oh Mother!
I'VE LOST MY JOB!

THE job she needs so badly! The job she worked so hard to get. And what makes it even worse, the job which she is so well qualified to fill!

The tragic part of it is that she doesn't know why she lost it. For employers will never tell a girl the real reason when it is a personal fault of hers.

Underarm perspiration odor is an annoyance men will not tolerate in a girl, either in business or in social life.

And why should they, when it is so easy to avoid — with Mum!

Quick and easy to use. Half a minute is all it takes to use Mum. A quick fingertipful under each arm — and you're safe for the whole busy day.

Harmless to clothing. You can use Mum any time, you know — after dressing, just as well as before. For it's perfectly harmless to clothing.

Soothing to skin. It's soothing to the skin, too. You can shave your underarms and use Mum at once.

Doesn't prevent natural perspiration. And another important thing — Mum doesn't interfere with the natural perspiration itself. Its work is to prevent the ugly odor of perspiration.

Remember, a fresh daintiness of person, free from the slightest trace of odor, is something without which no girl can hope to succeed. Make sure of it with Mum! Bristol-Myers Co., 630 Fifth Ave., New York.

LET MUM HELP YOU IN THIS, TOO. Use Mum on sanitary napkins and enjoy relief from worry about offending.

MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

When Answering Advertisements, Please Mention April HOLLYWOOD
DON'T NEGLECT A COLD

Distressing chest colds and minor throat irritations should never be neglected. They usually respond to the application of good old Musterole. Musterole brings relief naturally because it is a "counter-irritant," NOT just a soave. 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, 40c each.

Tinkle, Tinkle, Little Star!
(Continued from page forty-one)

who is afflicted with telephonitis, a malady which means both profits and headaches for the dial-and-buzz business. Janet Gaynor likes nothing better than to talk over the phone. It is her greatest indoor sport, and Janet without a telephone is like an auto without a horn.

Shirley Temple, even at her young age, is learning to talk on the telephone, and using it. Call her house and Shirley herself is apt to answer you back. She's quick on the trigger when the bell rings. Head lines in the Beverly Hills that perhaps a tenth of all the Los Angeles phone area population. Yet 48.7 of the telephone company's overseas and shore-to-ship business in this area came from these two film communities the last year.

The stars seem chiefly interested in phoning London. That's because a lot of them have been making occasional pictures on the other side of the Atlantic. Next heaviest concentration of foreign calls was in Honolulu. These calls were almost always personal chats, except for an occasional irate producer howling for his wandering star to rush home. Paris ranked third in overseas buzzing. Other busy lines were Madrid, Lisbon, Buenos Aires and Brisbane, Australia.

Riding on a ship in mid-Atlantic is no barrier to those afflicted with phonitis. Not too many of the mighty Europlayers, where the stars talked to both shores without the slightest qualms. Second and third honors went to the steamers Normandie and Queen Mary, respectively.

So whether the phone calls were merely neighborly chats or world-spanning conversations, the phone company does a tremendous rush business with the stars. That's the profit side of the picture.

Now for the headaches.

Practically none of the stars will allow their personal numbers to be put in the directory. It ought to be a pretty well known fact that these numbers are confidential, yet information girls are constantly besieged and besieged—with requests for such numbers.

And another thing. A star's confidential number doesn't remain in the dark for long. Within a few days or weeks he will suddenly find his phone numbers on the walls of his home, because the salesmen have gained their goal by hook or by what, and are calling him with heraldings of "special offers." So he vents his rage on the phone company and demands another private number. Such requests mean a flurry of book keeping activities and technical rearrangements, but the company is up to the job through pictures.

For a star to change his number at least eight times in one year is about the average, phone company officials estimate. (Clean Harlow is reported to have changed hers seven times in two months, much to the consternation of people who really needed to contact her.)

Incidentally, numbers of a star's family frequently are embarrassed when one of them changes the number without notifying the others, and those not in on the secret are unable to communicate with their own homes.

The Beverly Hills exchange manager recently cites a case of two girl roommates. One went on radio for a commercial and never decided it would be a good time for them to move. So she packed the trunks, found

SPECIAL SENSATIONAL HOW TO OFTEN
LOSE FAT
7 to 62 POUNDS QUICKLY

Without Thyroid Extract, Dinitrophenol, Hot Baths, Starvation Dieting, or Enforced Exercise—

You Can Improve Your Figure and Get to Feeling Better

DELICIOUS AND REFRESHING

GERMANIA

Orange Pekoe and
HERB TEA

Excise fat is frequently caused by faulty elimination or digestion which interferes with the body's natural weight control processes called metabolism.

Consequently it often takes that delicious and refreshing GER MA NIA Orange Pekoe Tea you drink to make you feel better, and that pleasant tasting, purely vegetable GERMANIA HERB TEA, you drink with one or two meals each day, together with eating whatever you want, excepting those things that are known to get your energy up on the increase and those troublesome (dietary) teas or potions on the decrease, so you can quickly lose those pounds of unnecessary excess fat and improve the appearance of your figure.

Don't delay! Get your case of GERMANIA ORANGE PEKOE TEA and GERMANIA HERB TEA at any Food, Drug or Department Store today. Satisfaction is guaranteed or money back.

AMAZING FREE OFFER
No Money—Just Your Name

For free packettes and name and address to Germania Tea Co., 644 S. Wells St., Chicago, Ill., Dept. 48

ACCOUNTING the profession that pays

Accountants command big incomes. Thousands needed. About 14,000 Certified Public Accountants in U. S. earn over $2,000 per year. Many earn $3,000 to $10,000. We train you thoroughly at home in your spare time for C. P. A. examinations or executive accounting positions. Previous bookkeeping knowledge unnecessary—we prepare you from ground up. Our training is personally given by staff of experienced C. P. A.'s. Low cost—easy terms. Write now for valuable 64-page book, "Accountancy, the Profession that Pays Through...

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FIND THE DESIGN ON THE ENVELOPE...
a new location, and obtained a confidential number. When her friend returned from location she found an empty apartment and no way of locating her home.

This was not a rare case, but just one of many similar things that are always happening. And the phone company, despite a keen sympathy, is helpless because it is required to keep such numbers confidential, once they are designated that way.

The constant fight of stars to stave off unknown persons often brings embarrassing consequences. Not so long ago a group of sorority girls, having obtained a female star's number by some mysterious means, tried to call her long distance clear across the country.

The star did not appreciate the full honor that was being conferred on her and would not talk to the group. As a result the affair hit the front lines of the newspapers and there was no choice. She called the girls up and chatted amiably.

Nonetheless, this was a bad break for the actress. If she announced an open policy of talking to anyone who cared to pay long distance toll charges, she would be mobbed with all kinds of irresponsible calls. Right of privacy is something all stars want more than anything else—and can't have, no matter how much they deserve it.

Incidentally, Mae West gave away her private number in a very unusual way not long ago. In the picture Go West Young Man she called a phone number, and had to give her own. Instead of using a fake number she gave the actual confidential one.

When the picture was released Mae's phone rang constantly until she rushed through an order for the phone company to do something! That's the story of Hollywood and its telephonitis, its headaches and its profits.

And it's a paradox that the stars can't get along without their telephones, yet can't get along with them!

If Frances Farmer [above] can repeat the hit she made with Edward Arnold in a previous picture, she should become a full-fledged star in RKO's production, The Toast of New York. Mr. Arnold is betting she will!
Hollywood Newsreel
(Continued from page sixteen)

California at Los Angeles for breeding purposes.

... Sobriety Test

Bob Burns has a suggestion for the police in the matter of a sobriety test. Instead of making the suspect walk a straight line, etc., Bob suggests that they force the guy to sing a chorus of Typical Tropical Night from the current Mae West picture.

... Kay's Thrift Note

Interviewed recently, the beautiful Kay Francis softly admitted that she had driven a moderate-priced car for months. Kay said she did not believe in "keeping up with the Jones's" in the matter of buying high priced cars. Likewise said she did not believe in spending money foolishly.

Just a bit over a year ago, Kay threw a barn dance at one of the swank nighteries. It cost her plenty for the night's frolic.

Look Young! FREE Book Tells How
No Cosmetics, No Massage, No Straps
Men! Women! Beauty expert tells in thrilling book sent free how you can easily erase wrinkles, "crow's feet", hollow cheeks, double chin and other marks of age in 5 minutes a day in your own home by an easy method of Physical Exercise that any one can do. The method is fully explained with photographs in a new sensational book sent free upon request in plain wrapper. PAULINE PALMER, 1100 Armour Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.
Write before supply is exhausted.

Hollywood Newsreel
(Continued from page sixteen)

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Write before supply is exhausted.
But she reaped more than that in return publicity so, perhaps the party was an investment.

Claudette To Adopt Baby?

Among Many Printed stories to the effect that Claudette Colbert and her medico husband were varying and might separate comes a newer angle, and one that close friends of the couple insist is true—that Claudette and her hubby have made application to the famous Cradle in Evanston to adopt a child. Form your own conclusions.

Chatterton-Lang Wooing

RUTH CHATTERTON, who has taken many chances as an avistrix, is going to take another chance in the matrimonial handicap, they say. Ruth and Fritz Lang, Continental director, are really very much that way and don't hide it.

"Ham To Hamburger"

FRANCIS X BUSHMAN, of silent screen days fame, has not lost his sense of humor, even though the lean days are upon him. Bushman operates a lunch stand close by the Twentieth Century film lot. "From ham to hamburger in a few years," is the way F. X. explains it.

"He-Maan He-Maan"

OVER ON THE Metro lot a well known actor invariably complains about the roles for which he is cast. At times he actually whines about his failure to get bigger and better parts. So, when his name is submitted to a director these days the memorandum carries the notation: "Joe Doakss—pronounced He-Maan He-Maan."

An unusual pose of Wayne Morris, who plays the leading role in Warner Brothers' pugilistic picture, Kid Golocooh, a film that promises action with Wayne in the middle of it

NO SKINNY WOMAN HAS AN OUNCE OF SEX APPEAL

 Assadr

BUT SCIENCE HAS PROVED THAT THOUSANDS DON'T HAVE TO BE SKINNY

NEW "7-POWER" YEAST TABLETS GIVE THOUSANDS 10 TO 25 LBS. —in a few weeks!

THOUSANDS of skinny people who never could learn before have quickly put on pounds of solid, naturally attractive flesh with these new "7-power" Ironized Yeast tablets. Not only that, but they've gained naturally lovely color, new pep, new friends, and popularity—en almost as fast!

Scientists recently discovered that hosts of people are thin and rundown for the single reason that they do not get enough Vitamin B and iron in their daily food. Without these vital elements you may lack appetite, and not get the most body-building good out of what you eat.

Now one of the richest known sources of this marvelous Vitamin B is cultured ale yeast. By a new process the finest imported cultured ale yeast is now concentrated 7 times, making it 7 times more powerful. Then it is combined with 3 kinds of iron, pasteurized whole yeast and other valuable ingredients in pleasant little tablets.

If you, too, need these vital elements to aid in building you up, get these new "7-power" Ironized Yeast tablets from your druggist today. Note how quickly they increase your appetite and help you get more benefit from the body-building foods that are so essential. Then day after day watch that chest develop and skinny limbs round out to natural attractiveness. See better color and natural beauty come to your cheeks. Soon you feel like an entirely different person, with new charm, new personality.

Money-back guarantee

No matter how skinny and rundown you may be from lack of enough Vitamin B and iron, try these new Ironized Yeast tablets just a short time, and note the marvelous change. If you don't see results in a few weeks, as they have helped thousands of others, if you are not delighted with the benefits of this first packet, money back instantly.

Special FREE offer!

To start thousands building up their health right away, we make this FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets at once, cut out seal on 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 very first package are not promised. At all drugstores—Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 264, Atlanta, Ga.

WHEN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS, PLEASE MENTION APRIL HOLLYWOOD 59
WHERE THERE'S WINX
THERE'S ROMANCE

Eyes that men adore! Eyes that say "come hither, I'm a girl you'd love to know better"...they are the eyes that have been made lovely by WINX eye beautifiers.

It is so easy to use WINX Mascara, and it makes your lashes long, dark and luscious in a charming natural way. WINX comes in sold, creamy or liquid form—it is harmless, non-smarting and tearproof.

Try the other WINX wonder-workers too! WINX Eyebrow Pencil instantly beautifies thin or uneven eyebrows; makes them graceful and expressional. WINX Eye Shadow, gently applied to the eyelids, intensifies the color of your eyes, giving them a new and glamorous sparkle.

Start today to make your eyes more fascinating! You will find WINX eye beautifiers in drug, department and 5 and 10 cent stores.

WINX
Eye Beautifiers
YOU, TOO, CAN EARN $30 A WEEK

Nurse E-2's story could have been yours! Left with two little children to support, she set to work on this problem and today she is caring for patients in a big hospital. She sends us a check for $30.00 every week. She has a lovely little home and her two children are growing up in comfort. Why, you can do it just as well! It's a problem that can be solved. You can have an income if you will train yourself at our School.

WINX
Eye Beautifiers

Time was when Aileen Pringle was one of the top names at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Remember her in Elisa Glyn's Three Weeks? She star-rented and now she is doing a small part in The Lost of Mrs. Cheyney.

Genealogist Stumped

A GENETALOGIST rather surprised June Lang a few days since by offering her, for a price, the genealogy of the Lang family and accompanying coat of arms.

All very swanky. But June did not invest for the very good reason that her real name is Vladiask. Lang is her screen name.

June does not especially care about carrying around someone else's family tree.

Caliban Upset

JOHN BARRYMORE is not seemingly half so concerned over his latest marital troubles as he is over the fact that John Gielgud, by giving 101 straight performances of Hamlet in New York recently, eclipsed the record for continuous performances of the Shakespearean tragedy which Barrymore held for years.

Incidentally Gielgud comes from a royal family too, for his great aunt was the famous Shakespearean actress, Ellen Terry.

Rogers Family Shuns Fox Lot

THE DECISION OF Mary Rogers, daughter of the beloved Will, to return to the stage and give up a picture career, despite she

Did Grey Hair

Rob Them of $95 a Week?

NOW COMB AWAY GRAY THIS EASY WAY

Gray hair is risky. It screams "You are getting old!" To end gray hair handicaps all you now have to do is comb it once a day for several days with a few drops of Kolor-Bak sprinkled on your comb, and afterwards regularly once or twice a week to keep your hair looking nice. Kolor-Bak is a solution for artificially coloring gray hair that imparts color and charm and abolishes gray hair worries. Grayness disappears within a week or two and users report the change is so gradual and so perfect that their friends forget they ever had a gray hair and no one knew they did a thing to it.

Make This Trial Test

Will you test Kolor-Bak without risking a single cent? Then, go to your drug or department store today and get a bottle of Kolor-Bak. Test it under our guarantee that it must make you look 10 years younger and far more attractive or we will pay back your money.

FREE!

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Pimpls Kill Romance

Many shattered romances may be traced directly to ugly skin blemishes. Why tolerate such pimpls, obscure angry red blotches or other disfigurements resulting from external causes when you can get quick relief from soothing Peterson's Ointment? 50c at your druggists. Money refunded if one application does not delight you. Wonderful also to soothe the irritated and inflamed feet and cuts and bruises to toes, Free sample, Peterson's Ointment Co., Dept. 1402, Buffalo, N. Y.

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of your favorite movie star with every order of $1.00.

BEAUTIFUL AUTOGRAPHED PHOTOGRAPH

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All the latest stars and photo cards for your star furnished by Hollywood Screen Exchange

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HOLLYWOOD, CALIF. U. S. A.

On Approval

We only you to send this ring from one outing $2.00. To prove it to you we will send it on for $2.00 in cost. You then purchase, packing, etc. If you do not think it the most exquisite piece of jewelry you ever owned of your price you frame it and return it and we will refund your money. We pay for your ring. Pay two monthly $2 payments. Send $4, ring changed in rich gift case, postpaid fully to your door by RETURN MAIL. Both $2.00 in each one.

BRADLEY, Dept. 394

NEWTOWN, MASS.

ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTES! ALWAYS INSIST ON THE ADVERTISED BRAND!
No, Gloria Stuart is not going to the dogs, she's just getting acquainted with two of her fellow players in Universal's new picture, Girl Overboard.

had a lucrative contract at Twentieth Century, was prompted, her friends say, by the fact that she just could not carry on. The lot where her father had worked so long brought too many memories to her.

And none of the family has ever visited the lot other than to gather up some of Will's belongings.

... How Close Television?

TELEVISION MUST FINALLY be just around the corner, judging from the fact that Mae West, no less, recently was tendered a lucrative contract to sign for a series of television broadcasts.

... Time Marches On

A THEATRICAL PAPER of a few years back cites the work of a Texas girl, beautiful too, who was an adept with the lariat.

She was known as Texas Binnie Barnes. Binnie Barnes plays sophisticated roles for the cinema these days and she's plenty good.

Crossword Puzzle Solution

| A | B | C | D | E | F | G | H | I | J | K | L | M | N | O | P | Q | R | S | T | U | V | W | X | Y | Z |
| Gable | Musical | Achievement | Carnival | Telephone | Bad | Adam | Alfred | Donald | Green | Arnold | Inland | Evans | tuna | Nixon | Eaden | A | B | C | D | E | F | G | H | I | J | K | L | M | N | O | P | Q | R | S | T | U | V | W | X | Y | Z |
Ten Years of Manhandling

(Continued from page thirty-five)

wet clothes were put in a suitcase and taken from the set forthwith. "I had two dresses for the change, and one was drying on the set. I had no idea that any of my other things would be dried there. Then I heard the assistant director call for a property man. "And a voice across the set yelled, 'He's pressing Miss Dumont's undies!' I was never so humiliated. I dashed out of my dressing room, and smacked the iron away from him. "I'll take care of that, young man,' I said. It was really a dreadful situation and the poor fellow looked so confused. He was innocent. But behind it I sensed that the Marx boys had been at work again." "What makes Miss Dumont's plight as humorous off screen as on, is that she is really the sedate lady you see on the screen.

As the wife of John Moller, Jr., a wealthy and high official in a large sugar concern, she enjoyed a prominent position in society, which made her regal manner quite authentic. She had married after being well launched on her theatrical career.

After her husband's death, she returned to the stage, not through necessity, but because of a longing to do something besides attend teas and grace drawing rooms.

She joined the Marxes for the stage version of Coconuts in 1926, and has been with them off and on for ten years. In addition to appearing on the stage with these zanies, she has traveled to London on a special tour and is now at M-G-M making her fifth picture with them.

In discussing 'the boys,' Miss Dumont,
Much fun on da beach! Henry Armetta, Universal comedian, seen with Mrs. Armetta during a holiday at the beach after finishing work in Top of the Town

whose dignity is matched by an engaging cordiality and real warmth, says:

"It hasn't been easy to school myself not to laugh at their mad antics. I have never overcome the fear of breaking down, although it doesn't bother me so much of late. With the three of them running wild, as they do in almost every performance, it's a case of always being on the alert, on the screen and off," she declared.

"It is not so much what they do or what they say aloud that matters—it's their sotto voce sallies, which the audience never gets.

"With Groucho one must be always on guard. He is always better when working spontaneously, and he ad libs constantly. He is held down some on the screen, but even then, he runs wild."

In spite of the "anything can happen" character of her work with the Marxes, Miss Dumont really enjoys it. Her status with "the boys" is that of dignified sister and naughty brothers. She sees little of them when not working, but by phone, or one way or another, their paths are seldom separate.

With her association, or identification with the comedians, Miss Dumont, whose playing straight is a feat which calls for more talent than one would imagine, has only one complaint. That is when people refer to her as a "stooge."

MARY HILL

Hollywood Charm School
(Continued from page forty-three)

Rose colored crepe is chosen by the star for another evening gown which follows the new "no waistline" silhouette. A charming highlight is supplied by gold thread embroidery outlining the bodice and a series of tiny gold leaves which seem to have fallen from the leafy motif of the embroidery. The skirt is cut circular and sweeps the floor in a train.

What would we moderns do without slipper satin? Mary chooses it for one of her new spring evening gowns which she declares to be her favorite. The shimmering fabric is pale pink slipper satin designed in a most romantic princess silhouette.

"I'll never be guilty again!"

"Oh, what do you mean by that?"

"Misses Dumont has never been on the screen before, and she was so nervous!"

---

QUEST... is completely effective on sanitary napkins

- Why take chances now that complete protection is so easily obtainable? The makers of Kotex bring you a new deodorant powder named Quest that positively destroys all types of napkin and body odors!
- Quest is utterly effective. Even on sanitary napkins it makes personal daintiness a reality. It prevents perspiration offense; assures all-day-long body freshness, yet it does not irritate the skin or clog the pores.
- Try Quest today, for the personal daintiness every woman treasures. Use this cool, soothing powder on sanitary napkins. Also after the bath, under arms and for foot comfort. Quest is unscented, which means it can't interfere with the fragrance of lovely perfume.
- And, surprisingly as it may seem, Quest costs no more than other kinds... only 55c for the large two-ounce can at your favorite drug counter. Buy it today.

QUEST FOR PERSONAL DAINTINESS
Use it with Kotex
Bobb Taylor Keeps a Secret Date

(Continued from page thirty-six)

temporary freedom, but only for a brief time. Anywhere they went in Lincoln, Taylor was recognized and the pair quickly became the center of a milling mass of people. Finally, in short, in anticipation, Taylor and the girl got into his car, eluded the throng and drove to Crete, a small village where Taylor went to Doane College.

Here they were able to go into a restaurant and have a talk, reviewing their former days when they worked together at a Nebraska radio station where Bob was a DJ.

Back in Beatrice they are beginning to reckon time as before or after Bob Taylor's first homecoming. The home folks have heartily and heartily welcomed the name pictures gave to their favored son. To many of them he still is "Arlington" and perhaps always will be. "Spangler," the first name of one who works on him, and "Bumping" the family name don't seem to stick in the minds of hometown folks like "Arlington," which was their favorite title for the young man the world now calls Robert Taylor.

Long before Taylor reached Beatrice by motor from Lincoln where he debarked from a California plane, loud speakers in the public square blared forth information on the progress of his ride from Lincoln to his birthplace.

The town's dry goods stores were sold out of bunting before all the lamp posts were decorated.

Fair Sex Eager

Among those who came out to get a glimpse of Arlington were women dragging tiny tots; many who had known him in high school, or who had had kin in his class; beauty operators who had done his mother's hair, school girls who "wondered if he were as good looking off the screen as on."

Beatrice put on her best bib and tucker to welcome her boy and gave the man of the moment a dazed and semi-awestruck activity and speed would make his hardest studio day seem actual play. From the time the parade swung into action with Taylor as its focal point, until he dashed away from Lincoln to keep a date with a group of friends, he found time to lunch with his mother, Mrs. Ruth Brugh, and his grandfather, Mrs. A. L. Stanhope; also an afternoon at a department store, where he bought a new tie and a neck tie. In the afternoon, the assembly at the high school, his former high school building now used as an engine room; drive past the "old swimin' hole" and the home where he once lived in Beatrice.

The house, a small brick cottage a few blocks from the center of town, has since been sold and converted. It is, however, well known, if for no other reason, as "the folks who live in Robert Taylor's home."

Taylor made two appearances at a theater he had helped to open some years ago by playing a cello in the orchestra pit.

A reception and dance concluded the celebration, with all of Beatrice's girls vying for the opportunity of dancing with the honor guest.

Those who got the opportunity pined him with questions, anent the studies. He is

NEW SECRET OF CLEAR EYES
WINS THOUSANDS! Will he see red veins, or clear, bright whites? Thousands use EYE-GENE to correct in seconds any after effects of cigarette smoke. Unbeatable! Results visible! Absolutely guaranteed.

HAPPY RELIEF FROM PAINFUL BACKACHE
Caused by Tired Kidneys

Many of those gazing, nagging, painful backaches people blame on colds or strain 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 excess acids and poisonous wastes 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 matters stay in the blood. These poisons may start nagging backaches, rheumatism, lameness, kidney pains and other troubles.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Dean's Pills, used successfully by millions. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous wastes from the blood. Get Dean's Pills.

KISSABLE LIPS
"Woman's Irresistible Appeal"

You can have Youthful Lip-Soft, Smooth and Alluring. Send for our dainty carton of ointment including professional advice on the care of the lips. 50 cents Postpaid.

The Nora Dolan Co., 130 Laurie St., Duluth, Minn.

Save Your Feet

When all else fails and your sufferer by the flexible "no metal" Hoofer screen.

Hee fer screen

CARE FOR YOUR FEET

Always insist on the advertised brand! Accept no substitutes!
said to have parried nicely when out and out answers would have hit any sore spot.

He particularly shied at such questions as "who is your favorite star?"

Bob voiced the opinion that his best performance was in His Brother's Wife. The fact that Barbara Stanwyck was his foil in that film was suggested as a possible reason for his decision, but Taylor laughed off the inference. He magnanimously credited his rise in popularity to the stars with whom he has been cut, adding: "I can honestly say that I have never worked with any actress who hasn't made the job a pleasure."

Three-Line Start

From three lines and a whistle in Handy Andy with Will Rogers in 1933, to the fat role of Armand in Camille opposite Garbo—all in three years—is tops in film fame speed, but Taylor glibly explains it by saying: "anybody new who's going up gets talked about a lot."

He foresees a day when the Taylor trend may wane. Then, he says, he might try producing, but not directing. He thinks the latter would "drive me crazy." Some one in Beatrice got curious about his plans for marriage and put the question point blank. And here is the reply:

"If the bug gets me I'll probably get married. If it doesn't, I won't."

"You guess," Taylor parried. And there you have the answer right from Bob Taylor himself.
 Movieland Tours

Studio Gates Open To You!

Here they come, the Movieland Toursists of 1937! A fortnight of the most glamorous vacationing in a lifetime climaxed by a personally escorted tour through every angle of the world's most romantic city, Hollywood!

If you haven't made your reservations yet, remember that only $5 reserves your place among the select company of fans who for a price the same as railroad fare and expenses for any transcontinental trip will be given a round trip through the American West and be taken behind the scenes of the Hollywood studios, which many of the world's most famous and wealthy tourists have sought, in vain, to crash.

To join this elaborate party just mail your reservation and Hollywood will do the rest. Through the Bad Lands, the Rockies, the marvelous Mt. Rainier National Park, Scattle and the great Pacific Northwest, historic old San Francisco—then Hollywood and a slice of the private life and work of the stars.

On this soul-satisfying trip will await you such breaks as luxurious travel on private trains, special service de luxe en route, sight-seeing trips on the way, bridge tournaments and gay parties at big hotels, and then a few days of what you have always yearned for—mingling with your favorite screen idols.

The first tour will leave Chicago July 11, the second August 8. Identical party plans have been arranged for both transcontinental house parties, so only your convenience need dictate your choice of the most apropos date for your vacation.

Right to the door of the palatial Clark Hotel your taxi will escort you from the train. The Clark Hotel is in the heart of the downtown shopping and theatrical district close to the famous Pershing Square, Los Angeles' best known metropolitan park, directly opposite the Pacific Electric depot. It is famed for its excellent cuisine.

[Continued on page 71]
bob pins are invisible and the hair looks as if it had just been dressed. In fact, you'll even be willing to answer the doorbell while your curls are drying. The price is only ten cents for kit of curler and fifteen bob pins. I'll be glad to send you the name upon request.

On meeting Anne Shirley, one notices first her bright hair, then her unblemished skin and fresh complexion. Plenty of outdoor exercise and scrupulous cleanliness do more than a little bit in keeping her skin in perfect condition. On the subject of cleanliness, Anne said:

"I first rub a cleansing cream all over my face and neck and then wipe it off with a tissue. This removes the surface dirt and helps to soften the skin. Then I wash my face with soap and water and a complexion brush. After rinsing the soap off with warm water I finish with cold water in a quick splash."

That final dash of cold water with which Anne finishes her facial cleansing routine contracts the pores, stimulates circulation and brings a glow to the skin.

In choosing a complexion brush for your own use be sure that the bristles are soft and resilient and that the brush is shaped so that you can hold it securely in your hand — two good reasons why I am enthusiastic about a brush, priced at one dollar, with a gayly colored back to match your bathroom accessories. The brush is egg-shaped to fit snugly in your palm and the bristles are rounded on the ends so there is no danger of scratching or irritating sensitive skin. Would you like to have the name? For most effective cleansing, remember to work the brush in a circular movement upward over the face.

Every girl adores sweet-smelling soap

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**Sub-Deb Beauty**

(Continued from page nineteen)

**BUT HE DOES HAVE BAD BREATH!**

Tests prove that 76% of all people over the age of 17 have bad breath! And the same tests prove that most bad breath comes from improperly cleaned teeth. Colgate Dental Cream, because of its special penetrating foam, removes the cause — the decayed food deposits in hidden crevices between teeth which are the source of most bad breath, dull, dingy teeth, and much tooth decay. At the same time, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent cleans and brightens enamel — makes teeth sparkle!
Sensational Beautifier Refines Skin

Women all over the country who formerly suffered miserable over a skin belabored with blackheads, whiteheads, large pores and other skin faults, are now enthusiastic about a new beautifier.

This remarkable preparation, which contains oxygen, penetrates the pores of the skin and prevents the formation of fatty blackheads.

When the oxygen frees the pores of disfiguring dirt and grease, the skin resumes its natural clean appearance. It becomes soft and smooth to the touch.

The name of this new beautifier is Dioxogen Cream. It is the only preparation in the world containing Dioxogen, and is approved by Good Housekeeping Institute.

Prove to yourself that you too can have a skin free from blackheads, open pores and other skin faults. Dioxogen Cream is not drying and benefits any type of skin to which it is applied. 25c and $1 jars at drug stores.

DIOXOGEN CREAM

Relieves TEETHING PAINS within 1 MINUTE

When your baby suffers from teething pains, just rub a few drops of Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion on the sore, tender, little gums and the pain will be relieved in one minute.

Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion is the prescription of a famous baby specialist, contains no narcotics and has been used by mothers for over fifty years. Each bottle is usually enough for one baby for the entire teething period.

JUST RUB IT ON THE GUMS

DR. HAND'S Teething Lotion

Buy Dr. Hand's from your druggist today

and with the advent of floral perfumes this spring, flower-scented soaps are destined for greater popularity than ever. One that has proved a favorite for many years is scented with a bouquet of seventeen flowers and makes bathing an orgy of fragrance.

It will prove an economical choice, too, because the soap is of the long-lived "hard" type that creates a rich lather but doesn't grow mushy in hot water. The cost per bar is only a few cents. Want the name?

The time to guard against lines and wrinkles is when a girl is in her teens. Wrinkles appear in later life because the skin gradually loses its natural oils through exposure or harsh cleansing methods, causing it to dry and shrivel into tiny lines. If a girl will replace these natural oils with an emollient or lubricating cream before any lines appear, she can prolong the youthful bloom of her skin for many, many years.

Manufacturers are now recognizing the need for an all-purpose cream which dentifies the merits of both a cleanser and an emollient. Such a cream, containing an abundance of Vitamin D, has been developed along scientific principles by one of our most favorably known cosmetic houses. Vitamin D is that precious element so renowned as a body builder and "beautifier" to skin. This fine-textured cream is daintily fragrant and comes packaged in attractive pink and white jars at $1 and $2. A stamped, addressed envelope will bring you the name.

It is a failing of many young girls to go overboard in the matter of cosmetics. Anne Shirley wisely confines her "acting" and the artifices of make-up to her studio work.

Off-screen, the keynote of her beauty and charm is naturalness. "During the day I use only a little powder and lipstick," Anne said, "but at night I add a touch of rouge to my make-up and rub a drop or two of oil on my eyelashes to make them look silky. The oil also helps to make the lashes grow."

Poems are never composed to the girl with a shiny nose, and a box of face powder has a rightful place of honor on every dressing table. However, the young girl should use powder sparingly and not try to hide her face behind a mask of it. Dancing and strenuous outdoor sports demand a powder that will cling for hours and one that does not mix with the natural moisture of the skin to cause ugly streaks or pastiness. I'll be pleased to send you the name of a moisture-proof face powder worthy of the claim, priced at 5c per box.

It is a fine grained powder and comes in five flattering shades "lovely to look at and delightful to know."

No beauty article would be complete (and my conscience would trouble me for weeks) unless a word about personal daintiness was included. The battle against perspiration odor goes on and on and a girl can't afford to be off guard against this foe to beauty and popularity even for a few minutes. A warm tub bath at night, a shower in the morning and the regular use of a deodorant is the only reliable route to good grooming. Easily applied is a dainty deodorizing cream that removes all odor and, what's more, stops perspiration instantly. There is no waiting for the cream to dry and it can be used at any time without irritation to the skin or harm to your most delicate party frock. The price is 33c and if you are interested I'll be pleased to send you the name.


The prize fights on Tuesday nights find George Raft and his favorite pipe, not to forget Virginia Pine, who is still his best gal.
What doctors tell you to look for in a laxative...

Sometimes a simple little question put to your doctor will reveal how thoroughly he guards your health—even in minor matters.

Just take the question of laxatives, for instance. You may be surprised to learn that doctors are deeply concerned about this subject. So much so, in fact, that before they will give any laxative their approval, that laxative must meet their own strict specifications.

Read the following requirements. And ask yourself, "Does my laxative qualify on every point?"

The doctor says that a laxative should be: Dependable ... Mild ... Thorough ... Time-tested.

The doctor says that a laxative should not: Over-act ... Form a habit ... Cause stomach pains ... Nauseate, or upset the digestion.

Now—remember this! Ex-Lax meets every one of these demands ... meets them so fairly that many doctors use it in their own homes, for their own families!

Ex-Lax is intended to help, not interfere with Nature. That is why you’ll find it so mild and gentle, Ex-Lax does not over-act. It does not "force" or cause stomach pains. Its easy, comfortable action leaves you feeling better—looking better—with a greater zest for enjoying life.

Children, of course, find such action especially beneficial. For the requirements laid down by the doctor are doubly important to a child.

And Ex-Lax is a real pleasure to take. It tastes just like delicious chocolate. Once you try it you will be through with nasty, druggy-tasting cathartics for good. ... At all drug stores—10c and 25c. If you prefer to try Ex-Lax at our expense, write for free sample to Ex-Lax, Dept. FG47, Box 170, Times-Plaza Sta., Brooklyn, N. Y.

When Nature forgets—remember EX-LAX THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE
Why Film Renown Fades Quickly

Evidently this Japanese Spaniel, eating breakfast with Basil Rathbone during the actor's stay in England to make a picture with Ann Harding, does not agree with most film fans that this sterling English actor is a menace. He's the opposite too. Lower photo shows Basil Rathbone in the less pleasing half of a dual role he plays in Love From a Stranger.

STUDYING THE HISTORY of the stage in any of its various periods always brings to light vast numbers whose bid for a lifetime if they so chose. Many from inauspicious beginnings forged ahead with their star-domgs gaining more and more effulgence through the ripeness of their experience. Analyze screen history in the same light and what does one find? This significant fact: Of those who were top-notch box office names on the silent screen at the time films found their voice, there are less than twenty-five who now rate stellar billing and salaries in the major brackets today.

Producers will lay the blame at the door of a fickle public and toss off the answer: "the public demands youth in its films." In a measure that may be true, but those score or more of persons who rated high in the days of silents and still rate stellar billing rather belle that gib answer.

Basil Rathbone, who has recently returned from making a picture in England, thinks he has the solution. In months to come he believes he will have proven his solution in a case where there could be none closer—himself.

"I firmly believe the reason screen players do not hold the limelight longer than a few years is because they are typed," said Rathbone as he explained his role in Love From a Stranger, which he made opposite Ann Harding in England, and which will be his first in films in which he has played other than "a man you love to hate."

"The stage actor of experience nearly always gets the opportunity to try the whole gamut of emotions as exemplified in the theater—farce, comedy, strong drama and tragedy. He differs from the screen player, who, when he or she has scored heavily in one type of role, is kept continuously doing that sort of thing until the public tires of seeing the self-same beauty and glamour of a woman celebrity, or the handsome romantic man, who never gets 'mussed up' or typifies that other side of life to which all flesh is heir."

Rathbone asserts that just as folk tire easily of being confined to a mono diet to appease an appetite, so do they tire of film players who unfortunately get typed in their first successes and are not allowed to show otherabilities, if any, by producers who have vast amounts of money tied up in them. He thinks if the screen player were given wider latitude in the parts played, each, with few exceptions, might prove assets to their producers twice or three times as long as history shows they have done.

He points to cases where players have not only retained but enhanced their following over a long period. How popular would William Powell be today were he still doing the Philo Vance type of detective yarns? It's a far cry from the days when Wallace Beery played Swedish servant girl parts. Numerous other examples might be pointed out, were it necessary. How different the Clark Gable of today from the woman-slapper of his early screen days.
"Perhaps," says Rathbone, "producers may be pardoned to some degree for their reluctance to let players who entered the entertainment world only by way of the screen to try roles on which they would have to gamble on a long shot. With most stage actors coming to the screen it should be different, though it seldom is. The stage actor may have played everything from comedy to tragedy before his film debut, but he or she seldom gets much wider forms of film expression than those who never had anything but screen training."

When Love From a Stranger, current in London, reaches the American screens, it will bring a Basil Rathbone different from any the screen heretofore has known. For the first half of the film he will be a man, the audiences like so well they will be silently insisting that Ann Harding accept him as her screen husband. He plays a pawn of the war—a likeable person quite the antithesis of individuals he has portrayed in his American films. In the latter half of the film there is a shocking surprise that best be left unexplained or the film might lose some of its lure. Suffice it to say that Ann Harding, usually the strong mental type, goes utterly to pieces when that surprise, written into the story by Frances Marion and directed by Howell V. Lee, comes.

Naturally Rathbone is avidly watching to see what this picture will do in the way of convincing Hollywood producers that menaces are not his only forte. If it works out as he expects it will, it will be harder than ever to unseat Basil Rathbone on his contention that typing has done more to curtail the productive years of screen celebrities than any other one thing.

**Movieland Tours**

*(Continued from page sixty-six)*

On Sunday, the day you arrive, you will have a free morning and will spend the afternoon touring Hollywood. A cocktail party at 5:30 has been arranged for at the home of Basil Rathbone. That night Movieland Tour guests will be treated to a full program at Grauman’s Chinese Theatre.

Hollywood will take you through Paramount studio Monday morning. You will see pictures made on the home lot of Claudette Colbert, Carole Lombard, Fred MacMurray, Martha Raye, Bob Burns and Bing Crosby. Here Gary Cooper and Jean Arthur made The Platinum. Here Jack Benny, Burns and Allen, Johnny Downs and Eleanor Whitney and hundreds of skilled performers make the pictures which thrill you.

You will see sound made. You will see how sets are constructed. To you will be revealed the secrets of various precautions taken by the studio to insure perfection in picture art. Then you will lunch with the stars in Paramount’s commissary. That afternoon you will adjourn to the home of James Gleason for a second delightful cocktail party.

You will see a picture in its first preview on Monday night as special guests of Paramount studios. Final editing of the flicker will be importantly influenced by your reaction to the film in that first presentation.

Similar plans prevail for the second tour, with only these changes. On Sunday afternoon there will be a cocktail party at the home of Edward Everett Horton and on Monday afternoon another cocktail party at the Faye Wray home.

On Tuesday morning (both tours) a visit to famous Max Factor Make-up Studios has been arranged with souvenirs presented to each guest. On Tuesday night guests are invited to a night club supper dance at the Wilshire Bowl. This famous rendezvous of the stars fringes Hollywood and Beverly Hills and the fashionable Wilshire district. Film celebrities will be there on the reception committee.

After these pleasure-loaded hours in which you share the lives of the Hollywood stars you will have a pleasurable trip home via Las Vegas, Salt Lake City and Colorado Springs.

Bigger and grander in every way than the phenomenally successful tours of 1935 and 1936 will be the 1937 Movieland Tours, about which full information may be gained by writing for the free illustrated booklet containing complete information about the 1937 expedition.

Do not delay! To insure your place among the rapidly disappearing reservations, send in $5 per person now to reserve a ticket on the excursion. Remember, wait and you are lost!

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**SKIN DRY AND "TIGHT"**

**POWDER "CATCHES"**

**SMOOTH RIGHT AWAY WITH POND’S VANISHING CREAM**

---

**Mrs. F. Grover Cleveland**

"After a long ride has made my skin feel as if it was drying out, Pond’s Vanishing Cream makes it soft and smooth again."

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**When answering advertisements, please mention April Hollywood**
A New Perspective on *Lost Horizon*

(Continued from page thirty-nine)

Instead, all I did was to reach for my file and take out a dozen or so pictures on headbands—full shots, medium shots, close-ups, front, side and rear views. Also, groups of women, showing little variations in ornamentations. Also, a group of women in a hair-braiding operation—shot from a half dozen or more angles. Also...

So, too, when the wardrobe department came to me for costume details. Not only did they have my original, authentic costumes for study, but I gave them a list of pictures showing how Tibetan costumes were worn, how they draped, and what minor accessories were necessary for embellishment.

The props department, for example, used my original tea sets; and my pictures of Tibetan groups drinking tea showed how the beverage was prepared and the particular way in which the tea bowls were handled.

The construction department built as background for the Shangri-La village a reproduction of the eight, twenty-foot high, chortens which I had photographed in Kun Bum Lamaseray. (Chortens are mausoleums for the ashes of departed lamas. They look like giant chessmen.) Full shots, angle shots, and close-up details, made the authentic duplication of these Tibetan shrines a comparatively easy matter.

Across an artificial river a full size Tibetan bridge was built of massive logs. Again, batches of my pictures were used to guide the construction.

What was the village life like? What did an ordinary street scene look like? Well, here are some pictures of a smithy. Some more of a potter, a wood-carver. A shepherd driving a flock of sheep through the streets to a corral for shearing. Men with loads of hay on their backs. Yaks (we used Highland cattle for these) with loads of wool. And donkeys with buckets of water.

Natives strolled along laughing and talking or sat in little groups gossiping. Some of the men were bare to the waist, having allowed the loose-fitting garments to drop from their shoulders with the sleeves tied at the waist-line in the Tibetan fashion. And their pig-tails were wound about their foreheads and fastened with a coral-studded ornament over the left temple.

The women were quite picturesque with their wigs of 108 braids (suggested by the 108 volumes of the Kan-djur—the Tibetan "Bible" or "Canon") draping gracefully down over their shoulders and backs, while around their necks hung beaded necklaces, rosaries and ornate charm-boxes. My pictures served well, too, in the casting of natives. It had been planned before I came on the job merely to send in an order to Central Casting for so many Orientals—Chinese, principally. Tibet is in Asia, adjacent to China; and why worry about the lack of Tibetans when around Hollywood there were certainly plenty of Chinese extras available? Surely there should be little difference between Tibetans and Chinese.

But just because Mexico is adjacent to the United States is no reason why Mexicans might be cast for typical Americans in an American locale picture. And a composite of many dozens of my Tibetan portrait photos quickly indicated a type as distinctly different from the typical Chinese as a Mexican is from a Yankee. So, then, the problem of casting Tibetan "natives.

Hundreds of Oriental types were brought in—Chinese, Japanese, Filipinos, Hawaiians, even Eskimos. From these I reluctantly selected a few here and a few there as the best to be had.

Then I had a hunch. I was well aware that books had been written upon the probability that the American Indians were descendants from Mongols who wandered northward from their desert homes across Siberia and the Bering Straits and...
And, personally, I have done quite a bit of research in the matter of tracing the origins of the American Indian back still further than to the Mongols—to the Tibetan nomadic tribes, the parent stock of the Mongols.

The call went out for American Indians and I was agreeably surprised by the turnout. Features, pigmentation, average heights, physiques and even temperaments were just what I wanted. Unfortunately, however, there were too few American Indians available in Hollywood and it was necessary to send down to the Pala Indian Reservation in San Diego County for others. When we eventually got them into Tibetan costumes, believe me, they looked as if they really belonged in those garments.

And I was amazed to note the ease with which these Indians repeated and learned Tibetan phrases which I had given them as lines in the script. They seemed to have no difficulty at all in doing this, with perfect nicety in inflections.

There was one important scene where the giant plane, in which the five whites have been kidnapped by the mysterious Oriental pilot, comes down for a re-fueling somewhere in China, and is attacked by a band of cut-throat bandits. For this scene, of course, we used only Chinese.

Now, with all the many Chinese pictures that have been produced in Hollywood, one would think that there'd be plenty of Chinese coolie costumes available in the racks of, for example, a big costume house like the Western Costume Company. The coolie outfit is a very simple affair. It consists merely of a pair of short, wide-legged pantaloons, and a simple shirt—made of the cheapest cotton cloth at the cost of a comparatively few cents per garment.

And the cut of the costume is extremely simple—but the floppy, wide trouser-legs are a particularly distinguishing feature. Yet, in all the literally hundreds upon hundreds of so-called coolie costumes on the racks at Western Costume Company I could find not a single pair of pants with wide legs. For some unknown reason they were cut on a model of western slacks.

We were to shoot this scene out on the Mojave Desert, 150-odd miles from Hollywood. Five hundred Chinese extras, and coolie costumes for them which had been ordered by telephone were sent out the night before. That next morning when they lined up for my inspection my heart sank.

They were Chinese all right, but were those supposed to be coolie costumes? The wardrobe department figuratively shrugged its shoulders and passed the buck to Western. Western passed it right back and said, in effect, "well, why didn't you tell us exactly what you wanted and we'd have made them up for you especially—over night, if that urgently required."

I had a huddle with Frank Capra, the director. "These are supposed to be a ragged band of bandits, are they not?" "Yes," he replied. "And you want me to make them look like that, don't you?" "Sure, do anything you want with them, just so they get rid of that costume-party look they now have."

"Okay," I said. I turned away and called out, "Has anyone a pocket-knife?"

A pocket-knife was produced, and I set to work. Catching this fellow's sleeve I ripped it half way to the elbow—and told him to let the ripped ends dangle. I did the same to his pants—legs—and something like that to every one of the extras. Then, for good measure, I had them literally roll through a puddle of mud, or splatter it all over themselves.

The wardrobe department expresses nearly had kittens—for they knew that this meant the costumes would now have to be purchased, instead of merely rented. And to get a bit more realism out of this bunch, I called for the barber and ordered the heads shaved, a la Coolie Chinese, of as many of the extras who considered a double check and stipulated guarantee as sufficient inducement.

And, by golly, when I got through with these operations, and then stuck dirks in their girdles, swords in their hands and rifles over their shoulders, they really looked like the most villainous bunch of throat-slashers you ever hoped not to meet.

Credit for all of this must, of course, eventually gravitate to director Frank Capra. For it was his insistence upon authenticity throughout the picture—wherever practical and reasonable, of course—that enabled me to carry through many ideas that another less-thorough director might have shrugged away as "not essential" or "nobody'd know the difference anyhow."

Margaret Lindsay, Warner Bros Star appearing opposite Errol Flynn and Anita Louise in Warner Bros - Cosmopolitan Picture 'Green Light'.

DOUBLE MINT GUM
HELPs BEAUTIFY
FACE AND MOUTH

WRIGLEY'S DOUBLE MINT CHEWING GUM
PINE PEPPERMINT FLAVOR

Buy 1/2 doz. pkgs. You'll like it

WHEN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS, PLEASE MENTION APRIL HOLLYWOOD 73
Meet the Californian!

Our new economy train to Los Angeles

The Californian (Chicago-Los Angeles on the scenic Golden State Route) has been a smash from the start. The reunion economy meals in the diner (BREAKFAST 25c, LUNCHEON 39c, DINNER 35c), free pillow service, stewardess, luxurious chair cars, improved tourist sleeping cars, completely air-conditioned, special chair car for women and children.

LOWEST FARES! Only $34.50 from Chicago to California in chair cars; $57.35 round trip. Slightly higher in tourist sleeping cars.

FOR FOLDER describing the Californian, write O. P. Bartlein, Dept. FW-4, 210 So. Michigan Avenue, Chicago.

Southern Pacific
FOUR SCENIC ROUTES TO CALIFORNIA

"A MAN'S DISH"
Says WARREN WILLIAM of BREATZ-O-CHICKEN TUNA FISH

TUNA is a non-fattening energy food, satisfying and nourishing. Most men like it in a hot dish, such as a poel, souffle or pie. Use the Brand the Stars prefer—and you will never be disappointed.

Crispy Tuna Casserole

From BREATZ-O-CHICKEN Tuna 4 tbsp. hot
1/2 cup milk pepper
2 tsp chopped onion
1 cup mushrooms, sliced
1 tbsp. brown sugar
2 tbsp. catsup
1/2 tsp. salt
Heat fat, add flour and pepper, mixing well. Add milk gradually and cook, stirring constantly until thick. Shred BREATZ-O-CHICKEN tuna and crush potato chips. Combine all ingredients, serve in a neat potato chips to sprinkle on top. Pour into a greased casserole, sprinkle with remaining potato chips. Bake in moderate oven for about thirty minutes or until top is browned.

FILMLAND'S NEW KING

(Continued from page thirty-four)

Fernand Gravet shied Hollywood for a long time because he did not get a bid that insured what he wanted—stellar billing, quick action and an opportunity to prove himself. He got all these and more from Mervyn LeRoy in The King and the Chorus Girl.

after a few months of intensive camera study with a job as film cutter. During the years that followed he shuttled back and forth across Europe busier than the proverbial little bee making French and German versions of American films. And so to Hollywood in 1936 to star in The King and the Chorus Girl, the first picture of the newly organized Mervyn LeRoy Productions. And when we say 'star' we mean star—unless we miss our guess and five will get you ten if you think we have, being just that certain that this European importation has found a place for himself in that "certain people of screen importance" class.

Adding a few more lines to the Gravet sketch. He has a fine baritone voice, carries 150 pounds on his 5-foot, 11-inch frame. He's a good dancer, an expert swordsman, and rides like a centaur. His chief hobby is the designing and making of historical hats, uniforms, boots, and tin soldiers. He has more than 500 hats reproducing the chapeau of all the French campaigns. With the hats go 20,000 tin soldiers of all European nations and in his Paris home he takes delight in entertaining his visitors by reproducing much of the Battle of Waterloo. His authority and knowledge on period costumes is recognized by the French Museum of History.

He prefers the English language, which he speaks perfectly, in preference to the German, Italian, Belgium and French which he speaks with the fluency of a native.

Gravet is utterly devoid of professional smiles, smirks, and tricks.

"I'm sorry, now that my commitments in Europe compel me to return," he says, "Hollywood already is home to me. And, unless we miss our guess, you'll be anxious for his return, too, after you see The King and the Chorus Girl.

It's that kind of a picture—and Fernand Mertens Gravet is THAT kind of a fellow.

HOLLYWOOD SELECTS THE CAST FOR "GONE WITH THE WIND"

Who will play the role of Rhett Butler in the screen version of Gone With the Wind? Who will play Scarlett O'Hara? Who will play Melanie? You will want to read the complete story of Hollywood's casting of this talked of picture in

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garden setting was the difficulty the studio encountered in "dressing" it. One hundred and twenty tropical ferns from the tree variety—the entire supply of greenhouses in Los Angeles and Hollywood—were rented for the set. Before their owners would permit them to be subjected to withering studio lights, however, the ferns had to be insured for a total of $15,000.

Nearly half the picture was made on location, more than a week being spent shooting exteriors in the garrison set, while scenes depicting border skirmishes between British troops and Arabs required another two weeks in

Errrol Flynn (in foreground) and remnant of his company fighting Arabs in Another Dawn, to regain water that has been blocked from entering British military post near Iraq. Tense and gripping drama unfolds in desert waste

the sand hills west of Yuma, Ariz.

A company of 150 made the trek to Yuma, where a host of physical obstacles had to be surmounted before a camera could turn. The site chosen by Dieterle for the battle scenes lay about two miles off a main highway across shifting sand dunes over which only tractors could travel. An advance construction crew put down a plank roadway to the location camp, built sand sleighs for moving equipment from one site to another and generally prepared things for the arrival of the company proper.

It was a marvelously well done job.

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Lamp Post Portraits (Continued from page twenty-five)

Followed a solid month of absorbing English half, names, manners when Bob jogged about and, so to speak, he bought for $35, finally to sell for $37.50 . . . lonesome . . . thoughts on sick father . . . hoping against hope his plan would work . . . gone, wrecked by the great gamble at hand . . . decided to change his name . . . Robert Cummings became "Blake Stanhope Conway," son of distinguished British family and owner, through inheritance, of fictitious Harrogate Repertory Theatre . . . young est, actor, director-manager in England at liberty . . .

This photograph, sent in formal letters to 73 American producers with note that "Blake Stanhope Conway" might be reached at certain New York addresses in volume, to America with few dollars left . . . greeted by flock of wires, letters from producers seeking early audience . . . bowed into Charles Hopkins' office where before he couldn't get to outer office . . . cast im mediately in Galloway's The Roof, playing The Honorable Reggie P enny . . . production of stage local problem . . . parents in dire need . . . Bob (or rather, "Blade") hungry himself . . . forced to use-oo idea of salary to keep in character . . . seven days . . . one English suit frayed at edges . . . sought for John Emerson's Charlie Are Rip . . . goes into rehearsal with latter vehicle with $25 increase over Hopkins' price promised . . . but no contract . . . Hopkins ready for production . . . meets Bob's salary and deal set . . . badly frightened 'English juvenile' . . . hoping friends to see him and give gag away . . . Roof runs 8 weeks . . . Bob gets good notices and pulls parents out of financial hole . . . dad lives to tell . . . radio jobs including a spot on the Colier's hour . . . confides hoax to Margaret Keis, Academic classmate, and suggests same for her . . . takes up his French jaunt, emerging the very English "Margaret Lindsay" and as such winning a Universal contract.

Bob into Earl Carroll's Vanities . . . straight man to Milton Berle . . . five weeks in New York . . . months on the road . . . still building with good notices dancing acting . . . back to New York for Charles Hopkins' Strange Orchestra which ran exactly one night—good notices for Bob's song, Happiness Pie, which he wrote a month later into the Folies with Willie Howard, Fannie Brice and Vivian Janes . . .

Strain of playing part of Englishman starts telling on the lad . . . finally breaks down . . . returns to country man all . . . show world electrified . . . headlines about "Boy Who Doped Producers" . . . Bob afraid to face ones he had duped . . . but they took his money and mikes cordial than ever . . . laughs all around . . . Folies stays a year in New York . . . Paramount scouts "catch" him while playing the Pigot Theatre, Los Angeles, but reject him as "too English" . . . Bob back to New York with Folies . . . no work . . . taking wife, mother and wife's mother. Bob off for Hollywood in a station wagon . . . gets settled in Beverly Hills . . . looks for work but nothing doing . . . $100 left and four mouths to feed . . . he finally clicks.

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To be strictly accurate (dull business, accuracy, but some people insist upon it), Michael Strogoff is really more fiction than fact. Jules Verne wrote the book and Mr. Verne, as you know, looked his facts square in the eye and proceeded to make spectacular fiction of them. (Remember his Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea and Around the World in Eighty Days, written long before the days of submarines and airplanes?)

For Michael Strogoff, Verne turned to history and invented a great Tartar invasion occurring supposedly at the time he wrote—1870—but actually there had been no Tartar scare worth mentioning for three hundred years.

Verne's story, and the film, recount the hair-raising adventures of Strogoff, a trusted officer of the Tsar, sent with military despatches through 2,500 miles of enemy country to reach a Russian army. Betrayed by a beautiful woman spy, he is captured by the Tartars. Because he failed to get through the lines, the Russians are defeated. The Tartar chieftain orders young Strogoff blinded, after which gentle attention he is to be set free. The sentence is carried out, but—well, there's the little matter of a string of pearls, a woman and a good rousing fight before the affair is finished. Which is all you're going to learn from us.

When RKO bought the rights to this story, they acquired a few other things along with it—among them a star and a war.

The star is Anton Walbrook, a young Viennese actor well-known in Europe on both stage and screen. This is the third time Mr. Walbrook has played the part of Michael Strogoff on the screen, probably an all-time record. Mr. Walbrook really doesn't mind. They've switched languages on him each time—first time in German, second time in French, and currently in English—which leaves him with very few dull moments.

As to the war, two epic battles between the Tsarist troops and the Tartar hordes provide the spectacular highlights of the picture. Realizing the importance of these scenes, Producer Pandro Berman and Director George Nicholls, Jr., went shopping for authenticity. What they wanted was bigger and better battles. Hollywood has shot some exciting war scenes involving a few hundred troops, but what these two young men needed was War!

They found it in the original production of Michael Strogoff—battle scenes made with an army, horse and foot. Here is the story:

With the cooperation of the Bulgarian government, more than 10,000 troops, the pick of the infantry and cavalry divisions of the Bulgarian army, were chosen to work in these scenes. Ten camera crews were sent into Bulgaria as the spring
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MANEUVRING OF THE ARMY

maneuvers of the army were being completed. Under command of their own generals, it was found that the demands of Picture, the regiments spent more than four weeks going through the tactical maneuvers called for by the story, while the cameras recorded the stirring charges and attacks.

But the fun and games involved in the production of Michael Stroegoff didn't end with a little thing like a war. Back in Hollywood they were struggling with a big thing—whiskers! It seems that Russians in 1870 and Tartars in any year, went in for whiskers. The despairing casting office discovered that every member of the east (barring Margot Grahame as the beautiful spy and Elizabeth Allan as the equally beautiful Russian refugee!) had to have whiskers. Mr. Walbrook obligingly grew a moustache for the occasion, and Alim Tamiroff, in his role of Tartar chieflain, acquired a beautiful oriental whisker that was his pride and joy. But—where to find hundreds of whiskers for the rest of the cast? And to give each man a whisker 'em, but did you ever try attaching assorted moustaches, beards and sideburns to a couple of hundred men every morning before breakfast? No? Well, you can see why Michael Stroegoff was field day in Hollywood for every man who could boast a real beard!

Another interesting, if slightly more solemn, problem was the filming of the "river of fire" scenes. Russian towns, frequently built on rivers, were made of the only available material—wood—and as a result were highly inflammable. So, when the Tartars wanted to destroy such a city—and they frequently did—they retired a salt distance up stream, poured the river full of barrels and let nature take its course. When this "river of fire" reached the city, the riverside houses burst into flame, the fire spread and there was nothing the inhabitants could do but get out. And beyond the walls the Tartars were waiting—politely but firmly. Medieval version of the famous choice between the devil and the deep sea content.

To film this scene, a lake 500 feet square was built in the San Fernando Valley north of Hollywood. Sections of an ancient city, particularly the approaches to the palace, were built. Hundreds of barrels of crude oil were poured onto the lake and set alight. Unlike the Russians, however, RKO built twelve-foot fire walls around the lake and provided two companies of fire fighters to guard against any spread of the flames.

The result: the film packs something in the way of thrills.

Probably the most fascinated observer of these scenic effects, so casually produced by technicians to whom nothing is impossible on the set, was the picture, Anton Walbrook. To Mr. Walbrook, born and trained in Europe, America in general and Hollywood in particular is in line for election President of the Wonder of the World. He was amazed at the way technicians built sets overnight, scared to death of American traffic, surprised to discover that American working people can afford cars and homes, and really astonished to see people drink coffee with cream with their meals.

But the thing that surprised him most was movies—not the making of movies but the fact that everyone goes to movies. "Even in Hollywood, where they work all day making films, they go to see them in the evening," he said in astonishment. "Now in Europe...

Now, tut, Mr. Walbrook. Don't you dare start that.

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Hollywood endeavors to keep its columns free of such statements as are criticized by Mrs. Ringer. Perhaps by example it may do its bit toward a remedy—The Editor.

Merited Praise

When I saw Irene Dunne in Sack Street, I praised her to the skies. Her characterization after the learned of the death of her lover was perfect. Then I saw her in Show Boat. Again I felt her talent knew no limits. Now that I've seen her in Thedore Gorg Wild—well—words fail me. She is the most versatile actress on the screen. Not only can she portray the young ingenue, but the old mother as well, and, to top it all, how she can sing. Each picture I have seen her in could not have been Dunne better.

Miss Lela Nethaway
458 W., 7th St., Wahoo, Nebr.

Not many of Hollywood's upper-bracket players get opportunity to give such proof of versatility as has Irene Dunne. Too many players are "typed," but Irene Dunne is one player who refuses to be placed in that category.—The Editor.

Inane Lyrics Irk

The French have a proverb which is translated into English something like, "What is not worth saying is sung." Bing Crosby's song, "Pennies from Heaven" demonstrates the proverb's truth.

Imagine Joe E. Brown with long golden curls! That he wears 'em nonchalantly is evidenced by some of his own hilarious adornment showing at the foreheadd line. Harry Beaumont, his director on When Your Birthday, doesn't seem to be falling for Joe's girlliness.

I do not name this as an isolated offender but as the best current example of the droll too prevalent in the musical type of picture. It is true the movie industry woke up to the fact that its audiences are not comprised wholly of children and morons.

Let me make it clear that I enjoy inanity where it is supported by beautiful music or where, as in Wahoo and The Music Goes Round and Round, it is clever enough, but it must always have a redeeming prop of some kind.

Mr. Frank F. Taylor
112 N. Travis, Seguin, Texas.

Age Vs. Romance

Why don't newspapers and magazines let Buddy Rogers and Mary Pickford have their romance like ordinary people? Just because Mary happens to be older than Buddy, the write-ups about their romance and engagement more or less hinting at remarks on that particular subject. People never think anything of it even if a man is twenty or more years older than a woman, but when it's the other way around they just seem to glory in making remarks about it.

In the case of John Barrymore and Elaine Barrie they even took comical pictures (as printed in your January issue). They dared to do so, while Mary had to be sure she looked nice, so as to keep people from remarking on how old she looks, or this and that. I do wish they were left alone, because love is love regardless of age. Isn't that true?

Cleo Jone
2005 W. 7th St., Los Angeles, Calif.

Re-Runs Requested

It seems that every institution or establishment under the sun has a week devoted to it—to wit, "Fire Week," "Drugstore Week," "Baker's Week" and so on. Now why not devote, not one week but one day out of each week, to the reshowing of pictures which, once seen popular hits, are now moulding in oblivion on some out-of-the-way shelf?

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1. Cannot irritate skin, cannot rot dresses.
2. No waiting to dry.
3. Can be used right after shaving.
4. Stops perspiration 1 to 3 days. Prevents under-arm odor. A white, greaseless, vanishing cream.

ARRID

39¢ a jar

Personal to Fat Girls!—Now you can slim down your face and figure without strict dieting or back-breaking exercises. Just eat sensibly and take 4 Marmola Prescription Tablets a day until you have lost enough fat—then stop.

Marmola Prescription Tablets contain the same element prescribed by most doctors in treating their fat patients. Millions of people are losing them with success. Don't let others think you have no sense and that your will-power is as flabby as your flesh. Start with Marmola today and win the slender lovely figure rightfully yours.

CUTIES by the pound—160 or more pounds to be exact—were required for RKO's Robber Baron. Here are two whose avoid-upsi seemed to fill not only the bill, but the dancing shorts as well. Sturdy? Eh, wot?

Let's say, for example, that one week our theatres would show The Hunchback of Notre Dame, one day only. This could be followed, next week, by The Ten Commandments, and so on ad infinitum. In this way the old favorites would be made accessible, not only to those who applauded them when they were new, but also to those of us too young to remember them clearly. I think an old picture, of tried appeal, would be a far better drawing card than some of the third-rate pictures so often shown at theatres on their odd day.

Mr. Lloyd W. Menz, Davenport, Iowa.

Some theater managers have found showing old-time films at intervals highly remunerative. Requests from regular patrons in any city for such showings no doubt would bring a ready response.—The Editor.

Air Appearances Backed

Is it good policy for movie stars to go on the radio? Yes! It is living sound. It is a test of versatility—even without the visual aid of looks of any kind, for the test of acting is in the voice rather than the appearance.

I confess I never thoroughly liked Jean Harlow. To me she didn't "ring true," her emotions were starchy drips. In Red Dust and Hold Your Man—Jean was grand—but it remained for her radio play, Madame Sans Gene, to win me over completely. Jean has a truly marvelous radio presence, wonderful direction—I hang on every word. It was all-around perfection to me.

Max Leonine Brennan

2359 N. Villiers St., New Orleans, La.

Several chain air programs originating in Hollywood present outstanding players each week. This would seem to prove that producers and players like the plan. —The Editor.
Movies Are A Mirror

It is through the movies that we fans have learned to conduct ourselves in a more refined, reserved and pleasant manner. The movies are a mirror to us. They reflect our own selfs shrewdly in the glass of an actor or actress. They show us how ridiculous we appear when, we become angry. They show us how foolish our vanity, pomposity and deceit. They let us see how distastefully we appear when we put into action selfish schemes. They do all this and yet we speak of the movies as talking to us as if we were real. Hollywood! We wonder how any of us realize the debt we owe Hollywood!

Neot Newman
3321 Garland Ave., Richmond, Va.

Enjoyment of pictures is enhanced in the same degree than one can see him or herself reacting as does the hero or heroine of the film. Most writers, producers and directors are motivated by a desire to shape their pictures so that they have appeal either through the mind or the heart.—The Editor.

Gilding The Lilies

The art of make-up. I wonder how many of us have ever stopped to think just how seasonal the factor is? What would the movie actors and actresses really look like without the help of creams, powders, etc. What wonders has done for our beloved Joan Crawford, the sweet Margaret Sullavan, the exquisite Lily Pons, the delightful Carole Lombard?

I, for one, would never enter a movie house were I to know that these few and many others were to appear as they really are. Their acting may play a large part in the opinion of the audience, but as for the Art of Make-Up—LONG MAY IT REIGN!

Miss Edythe Turkin
3559 W. Douglas Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

转型升级

He Forgot His Soda!

The article about Don Ameche in your January issue of HOLLYWOOD featured the magazine's article. It brought a smile to my face, the article's photo of Don Ameche on the cover of your magazine caught my eye. Picking this magazine up and glancing through it I saw three pictures of Don Ameche. Passing these pictures, to my dismay I found an article about him. Also, picking the clock a nickel, I walked out of the store, forgetting about the soda I had planned to buy.

This promising newcomer to the screen rates first on my list of favorite stars.

Miss Betty Raymond
1484 Lincoln Ave., Lakewood, O.
FLOODS in Louisville, Kentucky, apparently should bear no relation to the appearance of HOLLYWOOD Magazine on your news stand, yet the Ohio River is our iron-clad alibi for late publication last month.

To help prevent such an occurrence with this issue, our correspondent climbed aboard an American Airliner when the deadline approached and flew two-thirds of the way across the country from Hollywood to put the magazine “to bed” in the huge plant of the C. T. Dearing Printing Company, here in Louisville.

By the time I reached Louisville the flood had gone on by, but looking down on the lower Mississippi from our big airliner, one could graphically see every detail of the inundation below Memphis where the crest was just arriving.

I don’t know which looked the worst—the hundreds of homes under water in the far south, or thousands of homes abandoned as heaps of junk in Louisville.

Many of the employees of our printing plants lost their homes and all their personal possessions in the flood, but that didn’t keep them from working day and night when electric power was finally restored and the presses began to grind again. It was this superb display of keeping-your-chin-up which makes possible the prompt publication of this issue. General Manager W. G. Simpson and his entire staff certainly have our deepest gratitude.

By the time this article appears the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences will be dishing out its annual Award of Merit honors. Honored actor will be either Gary Cooper, Walter Huston, Paul Muni, William Powell or Spencer Tracy. Number One actress of the year will be selected from Irene Dunne, Gladys George, Carole Lombard, Luise Rainer and Norma Shearer.

I have never found myself in exact agreement with the Academy’s selections. If I had to choose from this group, I would be inclined to select Walter Huston for his fine work in Dodsworth. He was marvelous in the title role. But right alongside of him was Edward Arnold in Come and Get It. Since both of these were Samuel Goldwyn productions, the Academy obviously intended to pass one of them up.

Norma Shearer’s performance in Romeo and Juliet probably entitles her to the high honor among the ladies. Personally I liked Irene Dunne as a comedienne, and whether she gets the trophy or not, it is still something that Irene won the recognition in a role she did not want to play.

Academy Insult No. 1, to my mind, was the nomination of Maria Ouspenskaya as one of the best supporting actresses of the year, for her work in Dodsworth. The insult is not to her, but to Mary Astor in the same cast. These awards are supposed to be on a basis of acting merit, not court notoriety. Miss Astor should be comforted by the thought that thousands of fans around the country thought her performance in this picture ranked almost as high as Huston’s.

Gale Sondergaard’s supporting role in Anthony Adverse entitles her to full consideration. Paramount rated her so high in that Warner Brothers picture that it promptly signed her to a long term contract. I don’t like to harp back on Come and Get It too often, but someone seemed to have overlooked the sensational work done by Frances Farmer in a dual role. Maybe the Academy will get around to recognizing her in its graybeard days of the future.

Watch the work of Anton Walbrook, RKO’s importation from the Viennese stage. Before long you will see him in Michael Strogoff, and it should make him immediately an American favorite. Between Walbrook and Fernand Gravet, it looks like a big year for foreign stars in America.

These things interest me: Bob Taylor has given the psychology department of Stanford University a grant-in-aid scholarship of $250 annually to help students studying the psychology of the theatre . . . Marlene Dietrich made a total of $450,000 from the British film, Knight Without Armor, but a big part of it went to pay taxes . . . Pat O’Brien is taking no chances; he has already enrolled his one-year-old son in Notre Dame, effective after 1950 . . . Hollywood’s eight thousand pound actress is dead—she’s Jennie, the elephant . . . Bette Davis is busy trying to regain the 18 pounds she lost during that London court battle . . . I won’t quote the name of the child star who, when asked if he said his prayers three times a day, replied, “No, only at night. I can take care of myself in the daytime” . . . Ben Bernie is in the doghouse . . . or at least he shares his studio dressing room with nine favorite poodles when he feels like it.

-TED MAGEE
The New TATTOO gives lips exciting South Sea redness that's transparent, pasteless, highly indelible... yet makes them moist, lustrous, smooth, soft... endlessly yielding!

Luscious South Sea-ish stain that replaces pasty lipstick, arch-enemy of blissful adventure... that's the New TATTOO. Moist and shimmering, it appears on lips... ever so tempting... but so clearly transparent its charm has a realness that doesn't suffer when adoring eyes come closer. And how his heart will pound at the touch of lips so smooth... so caressingly soft! A magic ingredient contained in the New Tattoo actually makes lips just that soft. Yes, it really does. Tattoo your lips!

FIVE EXCITING SOUTH SEA REDS

No. 1 has an exciting orangish pink cast. Rather light. Ravishing on blondes and titian blondes. It is called "CORAL."

No. 2 is an exotic, new shade, brilliant yet transparent. Somehow we just cannot find the right words to describe it. It is called "EXOTIC."

No. 3 is a medium shade. A true, rich blood red that will be an asset to any brunette. It is called "NATURAL."

No. 4 changes hue when applied to the lips. Gives an unusually transparent richness and warmth. Called "PASTEL."

No. 5 has the rich intensity of Hawaii’s most gorgeous flower... the wild Hibiscus. It’s vivid, very vivid, yet has a lovely softness. Called "HAWAIIAN."

TATTOO IS ONE DOLLAR EVERYWHERE
You need this throat protection too!

...That only a light smoke offers

The stars of the radio have to protect their throats—naturally. But keep in mind that your throat is just as important to you...be sure you have a light smoke. You can be sure Luckies are a light smoke because the exclusive process, "It's Toasted", expels certain natural impurities harsh to the delicate tissues of your throat. So follow the stars to a clear throat! Choose Luckies.

a light smoke

Of Rich, Ripe-Bodied Tobacco—"It's Toasted"
HOW JEAN BEAT THE HARLOW JINX

SECRETS OF A HOLLYWOOD DOCTOR

GINGER ROGERS
Photographed from life
HOLLYWOOD! The ever-critical — the master authority on beauty — has its own secret for flawless charm! — A secret you now may share. All types go to make up Hollywood’s group of glamorous screen sirens. Yet each is a picture of cameo loveliness. To see them is to adore them! Each vital type — whether Titian, Brunette, or Blonde — owes her radiant beauty to the intimate secret of make-up keyed to her individual coloring!

NOW — with HOLLYWOOD MASK Matched Make-up — you may achieve the same devastating results. For the velvet-textured Powder of HOLLYWOOD MASK accents the skin-tones; the soft, glowing Rouge merges with shade of skin; and the Lipstick, matching the Rouge, leaves lips ripe, tantalizing — lips that promise to give — and to take! And all three, keyed to your individual coloring.

Underneath it all, the knowledge that the skin is baby-fresh and revitalized with the HOLLYWOOD MASK Facial.

Follow the Hollywood method, just as a screen star. Let your mirror reflect a new, ravishing you. You’ll be vibrant! Re-made! Luscious! Ready to undermine hearts of men the world over.

You’ll find poise and assurance, too, in knowing you’ve properly stressed inner beauty, by make-up that accents your own color tones.

Don’t delay glorification! Awaken your sleeping beauty with HOLLYWOOD MASK Matched Make-up. Ask today for your own shades at your favorite cosmetic counter.
That chance meeting—what it has done for thousands of girls. That first glance—what it has done to thousands of men. Even before a word is spoken—an opinion is formed, an impression made.

And then—she smiled! What a triumph if that smile is lovely, winning, captivating. But if it reveals dull teeth and dingy gums, how quickly the spell is broken—how swiftly the glamorous moment is lost.

NEVER NEGLECT "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

Play safe—protect your smile! If your tooth brush has flashed that warning tinge of "pink"—see your dentist. For "pink tooth brush" is a signal of distress from your gums. It may be the first sign of serious gum disorders—it is emphatically something that should not be left to chance.

Don't take chances. You may not be in for serious trouble—but your dentist should decide. Usually, however, the verdict will be "just another ease of lazy, under-worked gums—gums robbed of exercise by our present-day soft and fibreless foods." They need more work, more stimulation—and as so many dentists frankly suggest—the stimulating help of Ipana and massage. For Ipana is a double-duty tooth paste that not only keeps teeth white and sparkling but, with massage, helps gums stay firm and healthier. Rub a little extra Ipana on your gums every time you brush your teeth. Circulation quickens. Gums become firmer. Your teeth sparkle with a whiter, brighter look.

Change to Ipana and massage today—help safeguard yourself from troubles of the gums. Regular use of Ipana with massage will do much to keep your teeth brighter—your gums healthier. Keep your smile a winning smile—lovely, captivating!

LISTEN TO "Town Hall Tonight," starring Fred Allen. Every Wednesday, N.B.C. Red Network, 9 P.M., E. S. T.
How Bob loves—and how Jean loves it!...It's a merry mad farce in the M-G-M "Libeled Lady" manner—which means high-powered romance mixed in with the laughs!...Here's the merriest of Springtime pictures!

Bob is assigned by the sheriff to guard Jean's personal property...that's when the fun begins!

He masquerades as her butler, so her high-toned society friends won't suspect she's flat broke...

Who should Jean's honor-guest be but Bob's fortune-hunting brother, who thinks Jean is an heiress!

Bob's the boy to clear up complications—so he becomes Jean's personal property, Item No. 1

JEAN

HARLOW • TAYLOR

"Personal Property"

Robert Harlow-Taylor

with Reginald Owen

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture  •  Produced by John W. Considine, Jr.

Directed by W. S. Van Dyke

The Hit-Director of "After the Thin Man" "San Francisco" and others

Accept No Substitutes! Always Insist on the Advertised Brand!
MAY, 1937
Vol. 26 No. 5

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• Constipation got me down so badly that I was mean to the very people I liked best. I just couldn't help it. Certain laxatives were so repulsive that I hated to take them. I hadn't yet learned how to avoid out-of-date "dosing." Then I found out something I'll always remember.

Here's the lesson she learned

• In desperation I consulted my druggist. He advised FEEN-A-MINT. "It's different!" he said. I tried it — found it tasted just like delicious chewing gum. Thanks to FEEN-A-MINT, life became so different. All of me felt better at once. Exit sickish feeling, headache, "blues." I sang with joy to see the color in my cheeks. My mirror whispered — "You're yourself again!"

The Bennys and the Joneses—Jack, Mary, Alan and Irene. The Fawcett cameraman caught them in a huddle during a little plain and fancy recreation at a Hollywood night club

And she's so happy now

• Now life is so different for this girl, just as it is for over 16 million other FEEN-A-MINT users. FEEN-A-MINT is thorough, satisfying. The chewing is what helps make it so wonderfully dependable. Acts gently in the lower bowel, not in the stomach. No griping, no nausea. Not habit-forming. Economical. Delicious flavor and dependability make it the favorite at all ages. Sample free. Write Dept. M-9, FEEN-A-MINT, Newark, N. J.

Eyewitness Photos « « By Charles Rhodes

When the Ohio River brought necessity for aid to stricken sufferers, Hollywood did its bit. One phase was a golf tournament. Here you see Walter Hagen, Dick Arlen, Alan Hale, Constance Bennett and Bing Crosby.

Among the film notables at the Academy Award banquet held at the Biltmore Hotel were Hollywood's popular romantic couple—Tyrone Power and Sonia Henie.

Virginia Bruce has many boy friends but few suitors. She is seen arriving at the Gershwin Concert at the Los Angeles Philharmonic accompanied by Cesar Romero.

Charles Boyer and his wife, Pat Paterson, were among many filmites who turned out to wish Leslie Howard well when he opened his Los Angeles engagement in Hamlet.
"YOU SAID A Monthful,

'WAIKIKI WEDDING' IS SOME PARTY,"
says Martha Raye

"Girls, until you've seen Bing make love to Shirley the way they do on the beach at Waikiki, oh... boy... you ain't seen nothing. And Bob Burns is no slouch as a Hawaiian lover himself. Why he has me so excited I actually sing Hawaiian. And, speaking of singing... wait' ll you hear Bing and Shirley croon those new Rainger and Robin ditties... 'Sweet Is the Word For You'... 'Blue Hawaii'... 'In A Little Hula Heaven'... 'Okleahao' and 'Sweet Leilani'.

Yeah, mon... 'Waikiki Wedding' is some party... and how!"

"WAIKIKI WEDDING" with BING CROSBY • BOB BURNS • MARTHA RAYE
SHIRLEY ROSS • George Barbier • A Paramount Picture directed by Frank Tuttle

WHEN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS, PLEASE MENTION MAY HOLLYWOOD
Watch Tangée’s Color Change Principle bring your lips glowing freshness of youth. Tangée isn’t paint, can’t give a "painted look". From orange in the stick it changes on your lips to soft blush-rose. Paris says, "Paint is out of harmony with today’s fashions". Also use Tangée Rouge for cheeks and achieve perfect color symphony.

**TANGEE**

The Years Away

SEE HOW Tangée Lipstick’s special cream base soothes and softens lips while you sleep...Use Tangée Lipstick at bedtime...it is one cosmetic that need not be removed at night. Tangée doesn’t rub off, and never smears bed linens. Try Tangée: 39c and $1.10. Or send the coupon below for Tangée’s 24-Hour Miracle Makeup Set.

PAINTED  TANGEE

BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTES! There is only one Tangée. Don’t let anyone steal your beauty! Be sure to ask for TANGEE NATURAL. If you prefer more color for evening wear, ask for Tangée Theatrecol.

World’s Most Famous Lipstick

TANGEE ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

"MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET"
The George W. Luett Co., 417 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C. Please rush "Miracle Make-Up Set" of sample Tangée Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge Face Powder, I enclose 25c (stamps or coin). (15c in Canada.)

Cheek Shade of □ Flesh □ Rachel □ Light Rachel

Powder Desired □ Natural □ Ebony

Name ____________________________  Address ____________________________

City ____________________________  State __________ 157

Shirley’s Favorite Comics

By P. C. Morante

There is Something significant in Shirley Temple’s taste concerning the comic strips in the newspaper Sunday supplements. When I asked Shirley what particular feature appealed to her, the eight-year-old cinema star replied, “Oh, I like the Katzenjammer Kids very much.” “Are they your favorites?” I again queried.

“Uh-huh,” she nodded, her curls splashing gold about her head. This was a surprise to me. For a survey I made disclosed the fact that out of ten children in my neighborhood, ranging in age from six to eleven, not one picked the Katzenjammer Kids as first choice. Not that they did not like this particular strip, but simply that they happened to prefer other features, like Skippy, Flash Gordon, Ella Cinders, Peter Rabbit, Mickey Mouse, Popeye, The Sumpsons, and others.

Of course Shirley admitted that she loves Tarzan also and sometimes prays for him before she goes to sleep—that is, when Tarzan is in a very precarious situation.

But this only shows that her imagination, like the imagination of all children about her age, absorbs the spirit of adventure and invests the story heroes with realism. And also, she does not want to miss Dinglehopper and His Dog, Mickey Mouse, Orphan Annie, Bringing Up Father, Tim Tyler’s Luck, Henry, Always Belittlin’, and others.

"But can you understand the Katzenjammer Kids?" again I asked her.

“Oh, yes, I can,” she said without hesitation, her eyes sparkling with enthusiasm. "I know Hans and Fritz.” She knows Hans and Fritz! Why, it takes experience to know Hans and Fritz. These two famous comic-strip characters are constantly devising the most outrageously clever plots to annoy their Father, the Captain, and most of the time they get away with it. Invariably they are either in trouble themselves or making troubles for others. But underlying the obvious comedy of their pranks there is a current of adult philosophy.

"Can you understand the words in the Katzenjammer Kids?" I asked Shirley, believing that her enjoyment must be confined to the mere pictures.

“Oh, yes,” she answered promptly, "the way they are written.”

“But,” I commented, "they are such queer words and often so mixed up.”

"I can understand them and read them, though,” she declared, leaning against the couch beside me.

"How do you like the wordings in the Katzenjammer Kids?" I asked them.

"Oh, I don’t understand them many times,” said a ten-year-old boy. “But I sure understand the pictures and like the Kids, too.”

"I don’t read the words, because they’re hard,” said another, a girl of ten. “I just look at the pictures because they are funny. I like Tim Tyler best.”

"The words ain’t right,” commented another.

"Yeah, they ain’t so good,” was another remark.

"Oh, yes,” said an eleven-year-old girl, "I can understand some of the words. Sometimes all of them, because mother explains them to me.”

These answers may not be typical. The training and environment of these children may account for the response I got from them and thus make comparison between them and Shirley Temple somewhat unfair. At any rate, ask your own child how he or she likes the words in the Katzenjammer Kids cartoons. The reply will provide you a basis for comparison between the intelligence of your kid and that of America’s little sweetheart, Shirley Temple.
IN ONE THRILL-PACKED NIGHT YOU’LL LIVE THE ADVENTURES OF A LIFETIME!

Pictures may come and pictures may go—but here at last is a picture destined to live forever! The favorite romance of millions, by the favorite story teller of all the world. A motion picture you’ll long love and long remember!

Warner Bros. present

THE PRINCE and the PAUPER

By MARK TWAIN

with ERROL FLYNN
CLAUDE RAINS
HENRY STEPHENSON
BARTON MacLANE
and THE MAUCH TWINS

BILLY & BOBBY

Patric Knowles - Montague Love
Fritz Leiber - Donald Crisp
Allen Hale - Anna Howard
Directed by WILLIAM KEIGHLEY

Produced on a Massive Scale 1000’s in the Cast... 3 Years in Preparation... 7 Months to Film in the World’s Greatest Motion Picture Studios

The prince played hockey to join the pauper on the world-famous adventure of two regular kids.

Errol swings a mighty sword to defend the prince—or is it the pauper?—he could never tell which!

It wasn’t a bit different 400 years ago—the same Coronation next month brings to London in all its pomp and glory.

“He’s all right for a girl to lose her head”, said King Henry VIII—and he wasn’t really fooling; because she did.

He made enemies beg for mercy—he made lasses beg for more!

When Answering Advertisements, Please Mention May HOLLYWOOD
**Our Readers Write**

**He Wins Candid Camera**

Dear Editor:

I am a boy of thirteen. To the people who say that movies influence children, I say don't let them go to that kind. I know that they make pictures in Hollywood that children should not see, but why do the parents let their children see them?

I join the ranks that would like men on the cover of your magazine. How about a full-page picture of Freddie Bartholomew?

Thomas Tichenor, 
1215 Hayes St., Nashville, Tenn.

With all the hue and cry about films injuring the morals of youth, it is refreshing to find one youngster who puts the blame, if any, where it belongs—on those who permit them to see questionable films. This proves one boy is candid in his reactions and Fred MacMurray's candid camera goes to him as a prize—

The Editor.

**Puzzles All But Producers**

Dear Editor:

I'm fairly good at working crossword puzzles or fitting together jigsaw puzzles, but here is a puzzle that has me going in circles. Why must an otherwise good scene in a musical picture be ruined by music from an unseen orchestra?

The Editor.

**What Price Television?**

Dear Editor:

I wonder if the motion picture industry is aware that it will soon face the biggest problem it has ever faced in its short and bysteral history. I refer to television.

Will the television-movie be forced to sink to that level? Will that mean the end of Mae West? [Continued on page 61]
All through the night

Hand in hand—heart to heart—

Looking into each other’s heart
to find each other...

Arm in arm—escaping together... Tomorrow

Heart to heart... Tonight held their love

Directed by JACQUES FEYDER

By James Hilton, famous Author of “Lost Horizon”

Released thru United Artists

When Answering Advertisements, Please Mention May HOLLYWOOD
As Refreshing As a cool spring breeze scented by appleblossoms, Maytime comes to give the most discriminating picture fans two of the most enjoyable hours ever spent in a movie theatre. Whether you are a music lover or not doesn't matter, Maytime will give you a "lift" and send you on your way humming and, coming in the middle of a season which has brought more tense, stark dramatic realism than any other cinema year, Maytime is a rare entertainment delight and a balanced, fascinating show for every member of every family.

Besides presenting just about the finest musical selection any tune film has yet given us, Maytime comes pretty close to swinging the beautiful Jeanette MacDonald into the very top position among our celluloid song-birds. Most assuredly no other screen artiste has ever looked so beautiful or sung with such musical perfection in the same film. And, with Nelson Eddy in excellent voice and gay spirits throughout the production there is little wonder why this popular duo is daily winning world-wide applause.

To those who thought that Naughty Marietta was "tops" among the screen's romantic musicals let us say right here that Maytime begins where Naughty Marietta ended.

After a quarter century of daily participation in motion picture making and presentation it is not this reviewer's custom to "gush" over any picture but Maytime cannot be approached in any ordinary manner. An exceptional job of recording and musical creation this new tune-film establishing a new high in artistic setting and sympathetic direction. Robert Z. Leonard may well take bows for his hand in bringing this subject to such brilliant success for he has handled every situation with tender emotion, well measured tempo and directorial finesse. Without such truly great stars as Miss MacDonald and Mr. Eddy, Mr. Leonard's picture would have been outstanding but with these splendid singers ably supported by John Barrymore, Herman Bing, Tom Brown, Lynn Carver and the others you will find it rare treat indeed. Herbert Stothart's musical score and a screen play written in record time by 25-year-old Noel Langley, are worthy of the enthusiastic compliments Hollywood's technically minded have given them.

Without theatricalism Maytime fulfills every promise made for it and proves how really fine screen entertainment can be.

Musical highlights—An operatic version of Tchaikowsky's Fifth Symphony, "Noblesse Oblige" from "Les Huguenots", excerpts from "The Love Death" from "Tristan and Isolde" and "The Last Rose of Summer"; Romberg's classical "Sweethearts" and a delightful parody in which Miss MacDonald and Mr. Eddy really "go to town."

[Continued on page 42]
Will Constance Bennett make Topper, the Hal Roach feature in which she now is appearing, her swansong to the screen? They do say that Connie has her eye on producing—maybe she will take over the vacancy in United Artists when Mary Pickford severs her connection there. Connie has the cash and the urge to be a producer.

Page Frank Buck

Clark Gable is credited with capturing a cub mountain lion while hunting in the Killibab Forest in Northern Arizona just after finishing his role in Parnell. His companion on the hunting trip was Dr. Franklyn Thorpe, erstwhile mate of Mary Astor. Screenland is wondering if Clark may not give that cub to Carole Lombard—just to even up the score for some of the odd gifts she has sent to him.

From the inner confines of a technical department at M-G-M comes a story concerning Good Earth. The yarn may clear up the only critical comment of the picture, undeniably the class opus of 1937, and a picture which no producer of Hollywood expects to be topped during the year.

The criticism was that Paul Muni, in later episodes of the film, was more Paul Muni than he was Wong—more oriental than oriental. This is explained as Muni's makeup and action was strictly according to the wishes of Irving Thalberg so long as Thalberg was at the helm. Thalberg's passing is said to have brought a distinct change in Muni's characterization. Believe it or not, that's what one in the know insists is true.

Vic Dishes It Out

If you missed hearing Victor McLaglen on Bing Crosby's air program, you muffed some smart repartee. Bing gave Vic a flowery introduction, cited his film successes, including the Academy award, and then asked Vic what he was working on at the moment.


"Seems odd," said Bing, "that you, an Academy award winner, should be supporting Shirley."

"Well, you see I've been in pictures only 16 years," said Vic, "while Shirley has been in films all her life."

It may be a trifle late to be talking about the Ohio-Mississippi Valley floods, but there are one or two tales of film player relief that you should know. One Hollywood actress, who was among the first to respond to the Red Cross call, wrote a check for $1,000 and did not pose for publicity pictures. The girl is Ruby Keeler. To the same subscription list was added the name of the tap-dance king—Bill Robinson—who gave $500 and appeared on every benefit given in the film colony for flood sufferers. By contrast, a matinee idol of the screen and radio, and we don't mean Bing Crosby, almost had to be roped and tied before coming across. He finally did, with tears falling on his $200 check, those in the know report.

Four Star Final

At one of the Hollywood night spots Jack Oakie was at a table with some friends when a film star, who is not exactly a shrinking violet, butted in and began to tell what a knockout his forthcoming starring vehicle was going to be. "I'm sure to get four stars," he gloated. As he moved on Oakie said: "If that bird ever gets four stars it will be when someone hits him on the head with a bottle."

Build-Up Flops

That build-up of rivalry between Shirley Temple and Jane Withers, under contract to the same studio, was a flop, and has been frowned upon by the studio heads. It originated when a producer wanted to make a picture with Shirley and Mrs. Temple no like. The producer was peeked no end and ordered a build-up on the Withers kid. The thing got out of bounds but everything is okay now. The kids will have to fight it out on the screen where it should always have been.

Kid Star "Finds"

And speaking of "kid" stars, and there seems to be a deluge of them these days, Deanna Durbin's case has a parallel with that of Shirley Temple. Although under a contract with another studio it was Paramount that launched La Temple on her way to fame in Little Miss Marker. Deanna Durbin was under contract for weeks at a major studio and, they do say, at $30 per week. She was used only in a short. Then Universal launched her in Three Smart Girls and now look at her.

Romance Cools

That romance, between Martha Raye and Jerry Hooper, and it really was love while it lasted, is as cold as an agent's heart. Martha's mother confided to friends in the early stages of the romance that she would break it up. Though the engagement is definitely off,

(Continued on page 14)
Martha and Jerry are still very much that way about each other and in the near future, when Martha reaches the age where she can decide for herself, the engagement may be on again.

**Something Wrong**

That story of the chap named Robert Taylor, who got much publicity in the press by claiming that the name, his real one too, caused him annoyance from people who mistook him for the screen idol, gave Hollywood a good laugh.

A newspaper picture of the chap, passed around the Brown Derby caused Mack Killer Grey, George Raft's Man Friday to remark:

"How come? That guy is a double for Jimmy Gleason, not Robert Taylor."

**Double-Double**

Paramount is importing a French star from whom it expects much.

Her name is Swana Wanda.

Hope she meets Simone Simon on her arrival.

**Why Myrna Knits**

Broadway columnists, in Hollywood, seem content with Myrna Loy's explanation that the sweater she is knitting on the set is for a friend's expected arrival and does not mean she, personally, is expecting a blessed event.

They might have gotten some place if they asked Myrna if she was shopping at The Cradle in Evanston, planning to adopt a child when her new home is completed.

You're welcome to the tip.

**Time Marches On!**

Humphrey Bogart, fast coming star with Warner Brothers, and Bob Burns, "The Bazooka Tooter" each now in the big money, should hold a little reunion on the old Fox lot in Hollywood. Both were there for months and no producer or director would give them a break.

Time surely marches on!

**Love That Lasts**

Suggestion to the Motion Picture Academy of Arts and Sciences.

Why not a special award, next year, to the film couple who, by their happy married life, have set an example to others.

Our nomination, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Lloyd, who recently celebrated the 14th year of wedded life.

**Unposted Father**

An independent producer with a Napoleonic complex, (aren't they all?) was lecturing his kid, just about to graduate, on his seemingly low marks.

"Aw, nuts!" was all the kid would answer to the lecture his pappy was giving him.

"Why do you answer me that way?" queried the father.

[Continued on page 16]
YOU ALWAYS LOOK TO MUNI FOR THE YEAR'S OUTSTANDING ROLE!

The hell of hate around them. The heaven of stolen love in their hearts. Thundering drama that flings these two thrilling lovers into each other's arms!

PAUL MUNI
MIRIAM HOPKINS
in
"THE WOMAN I LOVE"

with LOUIS HAYWARD
Colin Clive  -  Elizabeth Risdon
Owen Davis, Jr.  -  Sterling Holloway

Directed by ANATOLE LITVAK

Gloriously lifting two great stars to new greatness!
Hollywood Newsreel

(Continued from page fourteen)

He does say, however, that Anita is one of the two good women friends he has in Hollywood, the other being Greta Garbo, you'll be interested to hear.

* * *

Busman's Holiday

The prince and the pauper—beg pardon—Billy and Bobby Mauch, aren't content with just making pictures at the studio. Ever since Director William Keighley gave the twins a motion-picture camera last Christmas, the youngsters have spent their spare time shooting pictures at home. They've organized a company called "Good Pictures Inc." with their dog as the star, and manage to get unusual camera angles with lamps fashioned out of tin cans, which give the feeling of a real set.

* * *

No Elopement for Jean

When Jean Muir's New York critic-admirer, Richard Watts, Jr., was in Hollywood recently, there were rumors that he and Jean would elope to Yuma and be married. But Jean denied she'd do anything of the sort, insisting she's too much of an actress to elope. When she marries, she admits she wants to put on a big show. Jean also denies that she and Watts will marry at all, but her friends say it certainly doesn't look like that to them, so don't be surprised if she does become Mrs. Watts not too long from now.

* * *

Wayne Shies Make-up

John Wayne is one of the few actors who looks as well on the screen without make-up as with it. The studio powers-that-be know that now, but it took a before-and-after test to convince them when Wayne first petitioned them to let him omit the grease paint at the beginning of California Straight Ahead. Now he wears no make-up throughout the picture, to the envy of the rest of the males of the cast.

* * *

Foran Outrides Cowboys

Dick Foran, who stars in Western pictures, never rode a horse in his life until he came to Hollywood a few years ago. Now he's one of the finest riders in the West, and has shown up the real cowboys in his pictures on several occasions.

* * *

Merit for Progress

Kay Francis, who used to be secretary to Mrs. Alfred Vanderbilt, and at one time for the wife of Governor Pinchot of Pennsylvania, recently received a scroll from the New York Club of Secretaries because they consider she's progressed further from being a secretary than anyone else.

[Continued on page 51]
HAVE you ever thought before of what this lovely screen star says? The charm that’s most appealing of all—perfect daintiness from head to toe—is a charm within the reach of any girl.

A regular Lux Toilet Soap beauty bath will leave you refreshed—skin sweet—pores freed of hidden traces of stale perspiration by ACTIVE lather. Your skin will have a delicate, clinging fragrance that makes people want to be near you—even if they don’t know why!

Try the simple, inexpensive way Bette Davis has chosen to make sure of daintiness. She is one of many screen stars, famous the world over, who use gentle Lux Toilet Soap. You’re sure to find it works for you.

"You girls who want to be popular—remember this: No man can resist the charm of perfect daintiness. The least fault against it spoils romance.

The easiest, most delightful way I know to protect daintiness is to bathe with Lux Toilet Soap. The ACTIVE lather leaves skin really sweet—fragrant with a delicate perfume you’ll love.

A Lux Toilet Soap bath is a real beauty treatment. Try it next time you’re tired and have a date to keep. You’ll find it peps you up in no time!"

9 out of 10 screen stars use this gentle soap with ACTIVE lather. You can keep your skin soft and smooth the easy Hollywood way.
Home Made Ice Cream!

Do you remember? ... It was one of the highlights of childhood:

What o' thrift when Mother dips the first spoonful! Just like the art of cake-baking—those simple recipes Grandmother used to make Ice Cream are today the most wholesome for growing children. And for mothers, too, who find ordinary "frozen desserts" too rich and fattening.

Make some Ice Cream for dinner tonight! Give the family a treat! Your dealer is showing the latest models of freezers!

"Have a Party" and make Ice Cream!

Buy a Freezer at your Hardware or Department Store

Hollywood Charm School

Beautiful Loretta Young reveals the secrets of feminine fascination

"A Charming Girl"—those are words which never fail to challenge the interest of men and the attention of women.

I had heard the compliment applied so often to Loretta Young that wild horses couldn't have kept me from accepting an invitation to visit her on the set of Cafe Metropole at the 20th Century-Fox studio. I was going to find out, first hand, about all this vaunted charm!

When I arrived, Loretta was rehearsing a street scene with Tyrone Power, Jr. strolling slowly up and down a stretch of pavement as a camera crane moved ahead to pick up the action. It was pretty obvious that this was work combined with pleasure. I couldn't believe that all those smiles were for art's sake alone!

Even at a distance, Loretta's eyes appeared amazingly large and blue against her brown screen make-up. Her costume was a dream of chic. Full-length cape, dress and hat, all made of soft tan suede, with two floating panels of brown chiffon extending from her hat to the bottom of her cape in back.

How much of charm, I wondered, could in every case be attributed to beauty of face, figure and costuming? Loretta herself supplied the answer as we chatted between scenes a few minutes later.

"It is difficult to define charm," she said, "and yet it is certainly a girl's greatest asset. I should say that charm was a combination of physical attractiveness and personality. No matter what her ambitions in life, a girl must first impress someone with her appearance and then with her personality and that someone is usually a man.

Loretta believes in that well-scrubbed look as an adjunct of feminine charm

"An unattractive first impression may ruin her chances of getting any farther."

If physical attractiveness was a good half of charm, then what was to be the salvation of homely girls, I asked.

"Physical attractiveness," Loretta said, "does not mean beauty in the sense of perfect features or perfect figure. But, to me, it does mean complete femininity in appearance, dress and manner. The more feminine a girl is, the more likely she is to be attractive to men."

"The foremost characteristic of femininity is daintiness. Spotless clothing, soft clean hair, a clear skin, carefully manicured nails, fragrance of perfume—those are the things which suggest femininity and they are the things which..."}

[Continued on page 22]
NO USE, MISS Scrub-Hard,
No matter how hard you brush, your teeth won’t really sparkle unless you use the right tooth paste.

Change to
PEPSODENT TOOTH PASTE containing IRIUM
The modern way to remove film and win flashing new luster on teeth

Pepsodent alone among Tooth Pastes contains IRIUM
BECAUSE OF IRIUM
Pepsodent requires NO SOAP... contains NO GRIT, NO PUMICE
Safe!
BECAUSE OF IRIUM
Pepsodent gently float film away — instead of scraping it off.
Thorough!
BECAUSE OF IRIUM
Pepsodent, with massage, stimulates gums.
Refreshing!

Change to PEPSODENT TOOTH PASTE
IT ALONE CONTAINS IRIUM

All Pepsodent now on sale contains IRIUM.
"Well, I'll be...!"

"said the Duchess,

don't they

KLEENEX

HABIT

saves towels from

make-up stains

- Now that Kleenex Tissues cost so little, there's really no excuse for staining towels with make-up. The Kleenex Habit saves embarrassment, saves towels, saves money!

- Yes, here's a safer, better way to remove face creams and cosmetics. Kleenex is so soothing that irritation is practically impossible. Yet beauty experts will tell you it absorbs grease and dirt from deep down in the pores. Also remember the Kleenex Habit to blend rouge and eye-shadow, to shape and blot lipstick, to wipe away mascara and excess nail polish.

ALTHOUGH I've been very busy working in a picture with Frankie Darro and Kane Richmond I've been keeping my ears open and here is the result of this month's sleuthing.

Frankie Darro and Jimmy Garland, Judy's older sister have been going together for three and a half years, but she said that she had no idea when they would get married. At least not for two more years. On the dole of Pinky Tomlin's dressing room at the Conn Studio is penciled in large letters, "Pinky, sweet, will you be my heart?—bring Willie too," Wonder if Toby Wing had anything to do with it—or could it have been Coy Poo—who is Pinky's manager and loves to pull gags on him? Dixie Dunbar has been among the missing in Hollywood... she went to the hospital to have her tonsils removed and didn't tell anyone where she would be... her reason for keeping her hospital visit a secret is very funny. I'll tell you when I see you. Goodbye for now—I have to go and emote.

PHIL.

Even As You and I... Movie stars despite their wealth and position, long for something. For instance, Ginger Rogers all of her life has wanted to mix drinks at a real soda fountain. She's going to get her wish too, though she won't know it until she moves into a new house she's building—unless she reads this, for her mother as a surprise is having a little soda fountain, complete in every detail, installed in the play room of their house for Ginger to mix sodas and make banana splits, etc., for her friends.

I called Johnny Downs and asked him to write a poem for us this month, and received the following from him:

Dear Phyllis—

While I'm pondering how to use Glover's mangle shampoo, I see directions on one side for dogs—and on the other for humans (I can't quite make up my mind as yet), I thought I might as well dash off a little poem for you. It goes thus:

I'm awfully tired and weary tonight;
I've practiced for hours; I look a sight!
I hope this isn't a tale of woe,
But acting is hard—you ought to know.

Just make me an offer to get out of this game.
Do you think I'd accept? Well, you're insane!

And that's is that's! I suppose Long-fellow turned over in his grave.

Best to you from JOHNNY.

Pickups... Stanley Smith whom you probably remember seeing opposite Nancy Carroll and Clara Bow a few years ago, is back in Hollywood after a long absence. He just inherited a great deal of money, but that hasn't kept the movie producers from making him offers to appear in the movies again. Here's a wish that they succeed... Jane Wyatt's bundle from Heaven is expected momentarily... Paula Stone gave Johnny Downs, Ben Alexander and Anne Shirley as well as her other guests a treat by running some childhood films at her home that the three appeared in...
How they’ve changed! . . . Carlyle Moore, Jr.’s play room and bar at his home is decorated as a French dugout, and he has so many guns, all with interesting backgrounds, that if he wanted to he could have a small revolution and furnish all the firearms.

**Riddle Me This:** What actress, who loves to gamble and though she never plays for high stakes, fails to pay off when she loses—and it isn’t because she can’t afford to?

What actress borrowed some wearing apparel from another actress and promised to bring it back the next day and hasn’t returned it yet. The lending actress wouldn’t mind if the borrowing actress needed it to keep up appearance, but she doesn’t for she makes as much per week as the generous actress.

**Cupid Darts** . . . Cupid played havoc with romances this month . . . Alan Curtis and Drusilla Dunn have written finish to their short lived engagement and now Alan is spending all his spare time with Constance Worth, new RKO player . . . Pinky Tomlin and Toby Wing are another couple to call off their wedding plans . . . and since June Lang and Vic Orsatti decided to put an end to their engagement Tom Brown is calling all over town trying to get June’s telephone number . . . Phil Houston hasn’t eyes for anyone but Olivia de Havilland, whom he met while calling for her sister Joan Fontaine . . . Dick Foran told me at a party that as soon as Claudia Morgan arrived in Hollywood that they were going to alter it . . . and then the same night he told me he was only kidding . . . but we couldn’t be sure of that last statement . . . Donald Barry presumably gave Joy Hodges, vocalist at one of the night spots, a star sapphire engagement ring . . . he didn’t, but he says he’d like too . . . Jack Powell, Universal’s newly discovered “scat” singer has a secret yen for Ida Lupino, but we fear it’s for naught, because she and Louis Hayward are as devoted as ever . . .

![Image](image-url)

**Advert:**

NOW HER DATE BOOK TELLS THE STORY!
WHAT A DIFFERENCE SINCE SHE KNOWS THIS LOVELIER WAY TO AVOID OFFENDING!

MEN JUST CAN’T STAND a girl who’s careless about perspiration odor! So why take chances? Cashmere Bouquet Soap makes it so easy to be sure. Its rich, deep-cleansing lather keeps you so sweet and clean, removes every trace of body odor; frees you from any fear of offending!

ITS LOVELY PERFUME LUNGERS, TOO... clings lightly to your skin, long after your bath! For Cashmere Bouquet is not just an ordinary scented soap. Its exquisite, flower-like fragrance comes from a delicate blend of 17 rare and costly perfumes. That is why it lingers on, just as fine imported perfumes do!

PROTECTS COMPLEXIONS, TOO!
Cashmere Bouquet’s lather is so gentle and caressing . . . yet it removes every bit of dirt and cosmetics—keeps your skin alluringly clear and smooth!

NOW ONLY 10¢
at all drug, department, and ten-cent stores

CASHMERE BOUQUET THE ARISTOCRAT OF ALL FINE SOAPS

When Answering Advertisements, Please Mention May Hollywood

21
Hollywood Charm School
(Continued from page eighteen)

any girl can have no matter whether she is homely or pretty. I believe they are also the things that a man subconsciously looks for in a wife or, for that matter, a secretary.

And right she was. A girl with oily, unkept hair or crumpled dress might have the soul of an angel and yet she would stir up few romantic thoughts and seldom create a desire to know her better.

"I don't mean that a girl should constantly have a compact or mirror in front of her nose," Loretta continued. "Primping always makes a man irritable. A girl should be so well turned out after she leaves her own dressing table that primping is unnecessary.

Neither do I mean that a girl should be dressed in a lot of frills and furbelows to express femininity. Simple costumes are always in good taste. Even tailored clothes can be essentially feminine when relieved with a colorful scarf and trim gloves.

"I believe that her hair has more to do with a girl's appearance than any other feature. Above all, it should be clean and fragrant and becomingly arranged, whether it conforms to the newest style or not. My own hair is extremely soft and persists in slipping down when I try an intricate hairdo. So, for the most part, I wear it in loose waves with the ends curled. To keep it in condition, I brush it every day, a good fifty strokes, and have it washed once a week."

I have rarely discovered a head of soft, glossy hair that didn't have a background of persistent brushing. Brushing not only removes dust and scalp excretions but stimulates circulation and distributes the natural oils to give the hair a soft luster. There is scarcely one abnormal scalp or hair condition that cannot be alleviated by brushing. And don't let anyone tell you that brushing isn't just as beneficial to oily hair as it is to dry!

I believe there are two reasons why many girls shirk this beauty rite—either they do not have a proper brush or they don't know how to brush their hair to get the desired results.

Select a brush with long resilient bristles that will penetrate to the scalp and that will withstand constant use and washing. There is nothing more dis-couraging or more useless than a hairbrush that mats and flattens out like an old broom the minute a little pressure is put on it. Another thing, investing in a cheap brush is false economy; to get a superior brush you will have to pay for it. I'll be glad to send you the name of a brush, priced at four dollars; which is worth every penny of that amount. The bristles are extra long and firm, yet flexible, and the handle provides a perfect grip.

In brushing the hair, bend forward and let your hair fall over your face. Then brush up from the back of your hairline to the top of your head. This exercises the tiny muscles at the sides of each hair shaft. Then take small strands and brush up from the scalp, so that the brush sweeps through each strand the full length of the hair. Wipe the brush with a towel after using and "Primping shampoo" which is priced at $1 for a large bottle, there is no excuse for not shampooing the hair once a week or oftener. Want the name? Girl smokers especially should guard against "tobacco hair" by frequent washing.

I asked Loretta if she believed all the caustic comments men made about tinted fingernails. "Heavens, no!" she laughed. "Tinted fingernails are essentially feminine and men always feel that they have to say something clever about a girl's vanities, particularly something that catches their attention. Personally, I prefer the lighter, more natural tones in polish, although I have seen girls wearing vivid polish that I admire with their costumes."

The ingenuity of polish manufacturers in creating luminous shades to harmonize with every conceivable color combination has brought to girls an inexpensive means of dramatizing even the simplest costume. The smartest polishes seen in the picture colony have an "off" shade with a particularly feminine quality and blend nicely with a variety of colors. Three of these "mysty" shades in polish, ranging from beige to chartreuse, have recently been added to the line at the price of a famous manufacturer and you may have the trade name upon request. Not the least attractive feature of this polish is its dura-
plus the fact that it will not thicken in the bottle but can be used to the last brushful. The price is 20 cents.

Although screen players must subject their skin to heavy screen make-up day after day, paradoxically enough, they invariably have skin that is flawless. Loretta had a theory about this. She said, "I have noticed that my skin is never better than when I have just finished making a picture. I believe this is due to the fact that the oil in the screen make-up protects and softens the skin during the day, while the unusual amount of scrubbing I give my skin at night to remove the make-up, stimulates circulation and cleanses the skin with extra thoroughness. I use both cream and soap and believe the most important factor in keeping a young skin in good condition is absolute cleanliness."

Certainly a lovely skin cannot be over-rated as an adjunct to femininity. To keep your skin at its best, it must be thoroughly cleansed for cleanliness and lubricated for softness. One way of accomplishing this is offered in a delightful, snowy-white all-purpose cream, you should know about. One of the best of the fluffy, whipped types of all-purpose cream to come to my attention, it has a cool, lemony tang and leaves no greasy residue on the skin after cleansing, and proves an excellent emollient for nighttime use. To bring this excellent product within the reach of many more girls, its manufacturer has recently introduced jars in new sizes at a great reduction in price. Do you want the name? Prices are 65c for 2 1/4 ounce jar and $1.25 for 7 ounce jar.

For the feminine type girl who prefers a warm, luxurious tub to the more masculine shower, I have news! There is a new bath crystal on the market that softens and sweetens the water and creates a thick, sparkling blanket of soapless bubbles over the top of the tub. Easing your weary bones into this steam-heated snowbank will make you feel exactly like a pampered princess. You can use your favorite soap as usual and the crystals will not leave a ring on the tub. Packaged in two sizes, at 30c and $1.25. Want the name?

Like every true fem, Loretta adores perfumes although she uses them sparingly and only on her throat and the lobes of her ears. A drop or two is sufficient for one application, as a hint of perfume is twice as tantalizing as a flagrant fragrance.

One famous house of perfumes has two gorgeous scents which they appropriately describe as "naughty" and "nice." You are feeling young and romantic and wish to inspire thoughts of Lohengrin's Wedding March, you are definitely in the mood for the latter. But if you feel daring, a trifle reckless and altogether glamorous, the "naughty" perfume will give you a send-off that is hard to beat. The "nice" perfume is priced at $5.50 the ounce and the "naughty" at $6.00 (probably because we always pay more for our sins). Do you want the name?

I can't resist mentioning, too, the new spring shade of lipstik introduced by the manufacturers of the perfumes. It has a yellowish tone which is stunning in bright sunlight. The lipstik comes in several other shades, of course, and is justly famous for its creamy quality. The price is $1.25.

Hollywood in presenting women at their

[Continued on page 53]
Movieland Tours

"You are good company now"

—if how well I recall the days and long evenings when I felt tired-out and looked it."

.Exited...with a sad looking skin...no pep! Millions have experienced such a sad situation...you may have to face it, too.

Overwork...worry...due strain...colds and other human ills often take their toll of the precious red cells of the blood. Hence a run-down condition...a weakened body...a poor complexion.

If you are so unfortunate, no longer do you need to worry, as to how you may regain strength...firm flesh...restore a natural glow to your skin. Simply take a tablespoonful of S.S.S. Tonic immediately before each meal...and forthwith, within a shorter space of time than you probably realize, those weakened red-blood-cells will become healthier and richer.

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 body value. A very important step back to health.

Be good to your skin from within and your skin will be good to you. Enjoy more pep...more vigor...by taking the S.S.S. Tonic treatment. Shortly you will be delighted with the way you will feel...your friends will compliment you on the way you will look.

S.S.S. Tonics are specially designed to build sturdy health...its remarkable value is time tried and scientifically proven...that's why it makes you feel like yourself again.

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."

2 Weeks Of glamorous travel and full coverage of inside Hollywood await you all for the price of a transcontinental round trip rail journey, with all arrangements completed for Fawcett Publications' Movieland Tours of 1957.

Only $5 will reserve your place on this tour of the American West and the miracles and marvels of Hollywood which many of America's wealthiest and most influential tourists have sought, in vain, to crash. If you have not made your reservations, you better hurry.

Mail in your reservations for a spot on this splendid party and Hollywood will do the rest. Through the Bad Lands, the Rockies, the breath-taking Mt. Rainier National Park, Seattle and the great Pacific Northwest, historic old San Francisco—then Hollywood and your share of the private life and work of the stars!

This luscious vacation offers such delights as luxurious travel on private trains, special service "De Luxe en route," sight-seeing trips on the way, bridge tournaments and gay parties at big hotels, and then a few days of what you have always yearned for—mingling with your favorite screen idols.

The first tour leaves Chicago July 11, the second August 8. Identical party plans have been arranged for both transcontinental house parties, so only your own convenience need dictate your choice of the most satisfactory date for your vacation.

Your special train, plus a taxi, will bring you right to the door of Clark Hotel, one of Los Angeles most modern hos-

teleries, famed for its excellent cuisine. In the center of the shopping and theatre district of downtown Los Angeles and directly across the street from the Pacific Electric Depot from which the Big Red cars will interurban you rapidly to all the best known playspots of glamorous Southern California, the Clark Hotel is also near famous Pershing Square, Los Angeles' best known metropolitan park.

A tour of Hollywood on Sunday afternoon will take you past the famed night clubs and pleasure spots of the entertainment capital, and through the swank residential districts inhabited by the stars. Late the same afternoon you will be feted at a cocktail party at Basil Rathbone's beautiful home.

At Grauman's Chinese Theatre, world's most famous showcase where Sid Grauman staged his internationally celebrated premieres, you will be guests that night at a top-notch feature program.

A tour through Paramount studios, home lot of Claudette Colbert, Carole Lombard, Fred MacMurray, Bing Crosby, Jack Benny, George Burns and Gracie Allen and many other outstanding stars, will be taken Monday morning with a first-hand insight into the art of making pictures. You will see the cameras in action, be introduced to the intimate secrets of directorial precision in guidance of players on the sets, observe how sound is recorded, be made acquainted with every phase of picture making. Following the tour will be luncheon with the stars in the Paramount commissary.

James Gleason will be your host at a...
second cocktail party that afternoon, Monday night you will attend a special studio preview in the Paramount projection room.

How stars are made-up to resemble the characters they portray in pictures will be revealed to you Tuesday morning when you tour the Max Factor studio. Every visitor will be given a souvenir of the occasion.

That last night in Wildrice Bowl, play-spot fringing the swank Hollywood-Beverly Hills-Wilshire-LaBrea residential area, you will attend a final get-together party. Film celebrities will be on hand at this favorite night playground of the stars to serve on the reception committee of the Movieland Tours night club supper dance.

Identical plans prevail for the second tour, except that cocktail parties for the August trip will be at the Edward Everett Horton home on Sunday afternoon and the Fay Wray home on Monday afternoon.

A galaxy of filmland greats will be in attendance at these two cocktail parties and members of the tour will have not only the opportunity of obtaining autographs, but what is better still, the pleasure of seeing and chatting with their favorite stars. Edward Everett Horton and Fay Wray are known throughout the movie colony as two of the most entertaining personalities in Hollywood, and Movieland Tour guests are due for one of the most delightful events of the entire schedule of entertainment.

You can mark these cocktail parties down as something very special.

More complete details about the 1937 Movieland Tours, which are being groomed to be bigger and better than the sensational tours of 1935 and 1936, may be had by writing for the free illustrated booklet.

Better still, promptly send in your $5 per person to reserve places for the tour. To ensure obtaining one of the rapidly dwindling supply of available reservations, you must act without delay!

Fawcett Publications, Inc.,
360 North Michigan Boulevard,
Chicago, Illinois

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Madeleine's Castle in Spain
By JOSEPHINE BAKER

Some Months Ago a slender, blonde English girl sat in a depot at ... on the Spanish border with a look of determination on her face. The depot was in more or less of an uproar. Excitable French voices mingled with the softer sibilants of equally excited demands in Spanish. Refugees from Spain were coming out of that country. Some few hardy souls were intent upon getting into Spain for various purposes of their own.

Officials shrugged their shoulders and looked worried and helpless over the young English woman's determination to enter the strife-torn territory. They noted that she was exceptionally lovely, but they did not recognize her as Madeleine Carroll, the screen star, in her quiet traveling clothes. To them, she was just another of the mad English who always are going to extraordinary places at the most extraordinary times, and with the most baffling calm.

Madeleine Carroll had made up her mind, however, and she was determined to see exactly what was happening to her castle on the serene coast of the Mediterranean. So she sat calm but adamant in the depot, waiting for the train to pull in.

Among the others waiting was a young man whose eyes returned to her again and again with a look of interest and concern. Madeleine Carroll is even more strikingly beautiful off the screen than on. She is used to being stared at, and she is used to avoiding glances of strange young men. She turned on a perceptible chill, and kept her eyes pointedly fixed upon the colorfully dressed natives.

The young man finally made up his mind.
"I beg your pardon for speaking to you, but this is no time to wait for formal introductions," he began. "You are going into Spain?"
"Yes," said Miss Carroll, pleasantly, distantly.
"Please let me advise you very strongly not to go."
"Thank you," said Miss Carroll, graciously but with finality.
"May I ask where you are going?"

Every castle should have a queen, just as every queen should possess a castle. Admirers of Madeleine Carroll see her as a queen of beauty, and she does own a castle.

"I have a castle on the Mediterranean. It's no where near the fighting. I am a British citizen. There is no reason why I should have any trouble, though it is very nice of you to be concerned."
"I don't doubt that you may get through without any real danger," persisted the stranger. "But you will regret it to the end of your days, if you go through this country now. I'm a reporter. I've been through, and I know that you will see sights that will make it impossible for you ever to enjoy your castle again. Please think it over."

[Continued on page 77]
How Jean Is Breaking

By Mark Dowling

ONE YEAR AGO Jean Harlow made me a promise.
"There'll be no more bombshells for me—if I can possibly prevent them."
She added softly, "Once and for all, I'm going to smash the Harlow jinx."
Then Jean explained how she has kept that promise, avoiding headlines and sensational events for one year. She also explained what she meant by the Harlow jinx—a sort of destiny for attracting trouble.
"As a little girl, playing with my friends on a rainy day, I was always the one who fell in the mud puddle. And the first time a boy ever tried to kiss me—I was seven, I think, or maybe six—I reached back one arm and socked him. Socked so hard, she grinned ruefully, 'that when he ducked, I gave myself a bloody nose.'
"At boarding school," she added, "I remember being singled out for questioning whenever some minor prank was committed, though as a matter of fact I was pretty darned serious about my studies and general conduct."
As she grew to womanhood, an amazing destiny of adventure and misfortune followed Jean, with an avalanche of headlines and notoriety at every climax of her tempestuous life.
"I used to be sorry," she told me. "I used to be afraid. I wondered why things always happened to me."
Then suddenly I realized that being sorry is dodging life, not living it. It's when you say, instead, 'I'm going to think this through, and get to the bottom of it' that your problems begin to solve themselves.
"That's the slogan I adopted when I made the promise," Jean explained. "It works! I hate to think of the headlines that might have smeared my name all over the papers if I hadn't stopped to think things out—and made myself, really, the master instead of the tool of my own destiny!"
Right now, Jean told us, reporters are telephoning her intimate friends both day and night, hounding them with questions regarding Jean's rumored romance with Bob Taylor.
Members of the cast of Personal Property have been forced to disconnect their phones to avoid the hammering questions of Hollywood's three-hundred-odd reporters, syndicate writers, columnists and radio chatters.
"Is it true that Bob Taylor has lunch every day in Harlow's dressing room?"
"Did Bill Powell visit the Personal Property set yesterday and stage a fist fight with Bob Taylor over Jean?"
"Are Harlow and Taylor really planning to elope to Washington together?"
Once all this might have upset Jean to the point of uttering frantic and useless denials. Now she thinks things through—and says nothing.
She told me, sitting before the mirror in her miniature portable dressing room, 'I've learned, you see, that it isn't enough just to be right in your own mind. You have to plan so that other people know you're right, too. So now I avoid even the slightest chance of arousing gossip."
The studio had planned to send Bob and me to Washington to the Inaugural Ball. It had been arranged for us to go on the same train, with a party of other players and press representatives. Harmless enough, wasn't it? But I asked them to change the schedule and let me go by a later train to dodge even the merest possibility of reading about 'a new romance for Harlow.'
Such caution and forethought may seem exaggerated, but it's just a single instance of the way Jean has learned to handle situations that might have been dynamite.
As for Bill Powell's feelings, he made the perfect answer to a well-known correspondent who had written that he sent a daily box of gardenias to Jean on the set—to keep her from forgetting him despite the presence of the handsome Bob.
While we were chatting, a box of gardenias did arrive for Jean—the first Bill had sent her during the production. The card read, wittily, "Just living up to my promise." Jean's mother told me: "Jean has only gone out in the evening three times in the last nine months. As soon as a production is over, she goes out of town. Not to flashy places like Palm Springs or Santa Barbara, but to some fairly quiet place like Arrowhead where she can really rest, ride, read or hike. She hasn't been to Santa Anita once this season—and she only went twice last year. She sold the big house and has moved into a smaller and less pretentious one. She never goes to parties. She really lives such a prosaic life for a girl of her age that I often urge her to
The Harlow Jinx . . . .

go out and have fun. The answer is always the same, "Then, if there's any trouble, it'll be laid at my door." . . . And perhaps she's right."

So if you've pictured Hollywood's most romantic couple, Bill Powell and Jean Harlow, dashing to night clubs, throwing huge parties, or visiting the newest bars, you're wrong—you and a couple of hundred columnists!

They may still print stories about Jean and Bill dancing at the 'Troc until the early hours and they may even tell you the details of Jean's evening gown—but the way Jean and Bill really spend an evening together is much more amusing and unexpected.

"Sometimes," Jean told me, "after we've both worked late, we'll have dinner in my dressing room on trays. Barbara Brown, my friend and stand-in, joins us. My colored maid serves. I won't have any make-up on and I'll be munching away at the vegetables and other healthy things I try to eat during pictures.

"Every now and then, I'll mutter something pretty glum about my work—a bit of business I'm having difficulty with. Bill gives a grunt of sympathy. He won't be spruced up, either, and the debonair Mr. Powell you know on the screen will have vanished completely.

"After dinner, he may mutter, 'G'night,' and leave without another word. I understand perfectly—friendship and companionship is sometimes great enough to rise above petty gallantries and politeness."

Jean laughed at the unromantic picture she had drawn. Then she added seriously, "Honestly, I love the quiet and comfort I've enjoyed recently. Through planning it that way. I've had so much on the other, that there's a thrill in the very unevenfulness of my recent life. It's given me time to catch my breath—to catch up with myself.

"Before, things happened so fast that I hadn't time to evaluate or to plan. All I could do was to pull myself together and gasp, 'Here I am—what do we do next?'"

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Jean blossomed forth ever more alluring as she pursued her screen climb for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. No opportunity was overlooked to accentuate sex as personified by the No. 1 platinum blonde. The stigma became a jinx that followed her during her early career.

Here's the Jean Harlow you saw in Hell's Angels, when sex and Jean became synonymous. Would those who know her on the screen today recognize Jean when she went back to those early days of her film career, when she was chosen as the lure in Howard Hughes' sky opus?
Secrets of a Hollywood Doctor

In this frank and revealing interview, a well-known Neuro-Psychiatrist explains why Hollywood weds and unweds.

as told to
William Hamilton Cline

Why does Hollywood wed and unwed so often? Why do stars and lesser lights switch partners almost overnight, and for what appears to be the least provocation? Why is it that some seemingly happy couples go along for years, being held up as models to the world, only to suddenly part and take on new marital relations with others? Why cannot ties be maintained in screenland? Why do the obligations, the give-and-take, the live-and-let-live of normal marriage seem impossible in the film colony?

Is the reason biological, psychological, or otherwise?

Much has been written and much has been voiced in the search for reasons. Some who have delved into the subject and set themselves up as "in the know," have gone on record that the atmosphere of the cinema makes for irresponsibility in wedlock; that the playing of parts that impose infidelity, divorce, sirenic influences and the like, induces similar feelings in actuality; that rival aspirations induce rivalry in home life and inspire jealousy, disagreement and a smashup. A few even hold that one weds and divorces often just "to keep up with Joneses.

Followers of film folk often have expressed wonder about such shattered unions as that of Ginger Rogers and Lew Ayers; of Virginia Bruce and Jack Gilbert; of Claudette Colbert and Norman Foster; of Ann Harding and Harry Bannister, of William Powell and Carole Lombard. These and many others appeared happy in marriage momentarily, then something happened.

Because doctors often know more about people that the people themselves, one such professional in Hollywood who numbers many screen folk in his clientele, was asked to tell what physiological and biological reasons attached to the frequency with which screen folk play with that thing called love. For special reasons, this doctor must remain anonymous.

"Sex impulses play a small part in hasty unions of screen celebrities," said the doctor. "California's 'sin marriage law' may work out well for people of means too moderate to permit of chartered airplanes to rush them to Yuma, or Las Vegas, or some other out-of-state Gretna Green.

"Many screen actresses to be vital on the screen must be equally vital physically: their emotional structure is such that intense love-making in films leaves a feeling of defeat when the make-believe is finished. Few men and women in other professions have the unsought opportunity of love-making to different members of the opposite sex every few weeks. Of course, comparisons are odious, particularly between one's husband or wife and another man or woman, but it is only human for a seemingly happily-married actor or actress to make at least mental comparisons between those to whom they are wed and others to whom they must make synthetic love seem real."

"Emotional responses set the mind to wondering if he or she is getting out of marriage all that he or she should, or could. If the lure of a new-found toy is sufficient to eclipse the old, it is almost certain the new will take command."

"Is it not possible that marriage can be sufficiently sacred that the ties will be respected?" the doctor was asked.

"Yes," he replied, "else there would be no lasting marriages in filmdom. I believe a careful survey will show that men and women who play what we might call non-emotional roles stay married longer than those who are called upon to make their film romances rather hot to handle.

"I know of some screen unions that have wrecked because one member of the marital team desired children while the other did not. Sometimes such fruitfulness is not possible. I would not say that the latter reason is why so many screen folk are adopting children; the reason for that rather lies in the fact that where the woman is a high-money player, taking time out for motherhood is a rather expensive thing, mayhap even costing up to a quarter of a million dollars, to say nothing of possible slumps in screen popularity that might ensue while they were off the screen."

"In the final analysis I should say that hasty marriages in the film colony as well as in other walks of life break up for the very reason of their inspiration—sex—which is always an unsafe foundation for any lasting marital happiness. Crashes of other romances that reach marriage after sane consideration, insofar as I have been able to discern, are caused by the man or woman, who, as the bee flits from flower to flower, flits from one foil to another in their screen work and sooner or later finds what he or she thinks is a sweeter flower than the one they possess."

So much for the biological side. Looking on the psychological side of the ledger, Dr. Ross Moore, who has given thirty years to diagnosing disturbances of the nervous system, was approached. For 15 [Continued on page 79]
Real vs. Reel Detectives

By

JACKSON PARKS

Those movie detectives, wisecracking wags who conquer crime with quip and jest, a double scotch and soda in one hand, a beautiful dame on the sideline: what does a real detective think of them and their infallible methods?

Well, your Hollywood correspondent figured that this question was bound to come up sooner or later. Bright and early one fine morning he decided that it was better sooner than later. No sooner had the decision been reached than he was astride his favorite charger and was soon galloping up the front steps of the Los Angeles ajuntamiento, which is how we California Spaniards refer to the city hall, provided no one stops us in time.

There we called on Captain Bert Wallis, head of the homicide squad of the Los Angeles police department, and a sure-enough detective, who delves into an average of 85 murder cases a year and has been doing this for some years. You see, Los Angeles is a big city, with a western heritage of quick trigger work, and murder is almost commonplace, what with an average of one almost every four days.

I tossed the question right on to Captain Wallis' desk.

"Bert," I said; I call him Bert because having been a police reporter around Los Angeles I feel I should call as many policemen as possible by their first names. "I know you're something of a movie fan, at any rate you see as many pictures as you can find time for, what do you think of these movie detectives, Nick Charles of the Thin Man series, as played by William Powell; Warner Oland and his Charlie Chan; James Gleason as Inspector Oscar Piper in Murder on a Honeymoon, Murder on the Blackboard, Murder on the Bridle Path, and The Plot Thickens, and what do you think of Bulldog Drummond, Philo Vance, Nero Wolfe, K-7 and Perry Mason?"

The captain blew a large mouthful of reflective pipe smoke in my direction. Being British-born, the captain would, of course, smoke a pipe. In appearance he is the typical beefeater British, heavy set, tweedy, but in speech and thinking he is typically American. His six years in Scotland Yard seemed to have made little impression on his accent.

The last of the pipe smoke was drifting lazily ceilingward, the captain had looked me over carefully as if wondering just what trick there was to the question, and then he emitted a sound that to my trained reportorial ear, sounded suspiciously like "HOOey!"

"Did you say 'hooey,' Captain?" I ventured politely, thinking this might have been the wrong day to drag in this question.

"Oh, no, no, indeed," said the Captain, "if I did it had nothing to do with your question, I was thinking of something else." He laughed and settled back comfortably in his chair as if he were anticipating enjoyment of what was to come.

"Captain, if you had a chance to put any one of these screen detectives on your squad, whom would you take?" The captain has a staff of 30 men, who specialize in the investigation of violent death within the city limits of Los Angeles, which means an area of 440 square miles.

"Well," the captain answered, "I believe I'd take Bill Powell. He's a mighty fine fellow to have around, with his wisecracking and his jokes. And the boys could pick up a few points in snappy dressing. You've got to hand it to this fellow, Powell, he sure knows how to wear clothes. He could show some of my boys how to wear tails. Lots of the boys have tuxedos, and some of them do a lot of work in those fancy togs, but I don't think there's a single full-dress outfit on the squad."

[Continued on page 74]
Printed materials have invaded Hollywood. A large vogue is flower designs on black or navy blue foundations; not conventional hothouse flowers, but the flowers of the fields in a riotous array of color. Around the clock from morning till night one finds these materials made into all sorts of dresses, from those worn for sports occasions to the more formal ones, elegant enough for any affair.

Printed satins march to the fore and are approved by Hollywood film stars made into informal cocktail ensembles and dinner gowns. This luscious fabric is gayly chic in a dress seen on Loretta Young made with train, long sleeves and daring decolletage that descends in a V to the waistline in back.

Dresses for garden parties, racing events and polo, made
different for each occasion, nevertheless, sport the indefatigable flowered prints. The above functions call for clothes skillfully cut and either made with a short bolero or a matching cape adjoined to pleated or gathered ruffles.

A seductive summer outfit, the choice of Fay Wray, Columbia star, is made in white crepe printed in large red flowers. The short jacket is bordered in a band of red made with long tight sleeves that form mittens.

The ever popular ensemble transforms itself into a great variation of pleasing and interesting styles. A very clever outfit is one worn by Constance Bennett who is considered by many as Hollywood's best dress star. Her costume boasts a sleeveless coat with side opening. Another creation in Connie's summer wardrobe opens down the back to the waistline—an original and extremely smart idea.

Above: Emily Lane appearing in the Universal film *Breezing Home* wears this print with tiny wild flowers forming casual bouquets on a black background. The high draped neckline characterizes many of this season's prints. From Murray Goldstein. Left: Dolores Del Rio goes gay in a beach coat of bright red and white print. The coat is girdled at the waist in white. Dolores' last picture for Columbia was Devil's Playground.
Y es, the French did a bit of sky fighting in the World War, too! Not that you'd know it from all air-war pictures that have reached the screen heretofore because previous films based on war aces have dealt exclusively with American and British fliers.

Comes RKO with The Woman I Love, (filmed in France under the title of Escadrille) and dealing with that early group of fliers in France—a personnel that was made up of many nationalities and which wrote the initial pages of aviation in war. In this the work of two-man observation ships that in the World War days combined everything from artillery spotting and general observation duties to attacking enemy balloons and planes and ground-strafing enemy troops, form the highlights previously accorded to the work of pursuit and fighting planes in screen warfare.

How the pilot and observer-gunner of such planes formed an undying friendship that the French termed equipage, is interestingly revealed in The Woman I Love, this phase playing an important part in the plot.

The author, Joseph Kessel, himself an observer in the French air service during the war, insists that the facts and incidents of the story are taken from life.

Anatol Litvak, one of Europe's most noted directors, makes his American directorial debut in this film for which he had constructed an authentic French setting and atmosphere. These include the interior of a Parisian home, theatres, night clubs and cafes of Paris, the escadrille's quarters and flying field at Jonchery, a French railway station, a large chateau and a war-time hospital.

The Woman I Love introduces an innovation to American screen audiences with its background music, said by musical critics to mark a new high in interpretive orchestration for the screen.

The story in a nutshell shows the surging romance of a woman (Miriam Hopkins), a husband (Paul Muni), whom she respects but never has learned to love, and a youth, (Louis Hayward), whose flaming enthusiasms entangle her lonely heart. Then, not knowing they love the same woman, the husband and youth form an equipage—a pilot-and-observer team of undying friendship. Here the drama of the story soars to tremendous heights. Even more dramatic than the crashes and bullet deaths of war fliers are moments such as when young Hayward discovers the woman he loves is the wife of a flier he not only adores for his courage as a pilot but for his inherent qualities; the exposure to Muni of his wife's love affair, and Muni's decision to blot from his mind the interlude when the woman he loved shared her love with another.
Ralph Never Boosts Bellamy

By HERBERT M. BAUS

“Nothing Ever Happens to me,” suavely replied Ralph Bellamy to your reporter’s query about exciting anecdotes in his life. His blue eyes sparkling friendship, Bellamy is the perfect gentleman as he sits in his cream-colored and tastefully furnished dressing room on the Columbia lot between scenes of Weather or No, smoking a pipe and discussing everything he can think of except Ralph Bellamy. His friends describe his modesty by labeling him the master of understatement.

Outside of three hair-raising rendezvous with death, a career from pauperism to movie fame and fortune, and innumerable thrilling minor adventures, nothing has ever happened to Ralph Bellamy.

Quietly he talks along until suddenly from being lulled by the music of his voice we who are listening discover he is reminiscing over an experience which would leave most of us with our teeth rattling.

“Well, perhaps my most interesting time was the morning Lois Moran and I were being taxied in a small studio bus to location in the San Fernando mountains near Chatsworth,” Ralph relates. “We were being driven down the mountain to a nestled valley for the day’s shooting.

“It occurred to me that the driver was getting careless and letting the car gain too much momentum for safety. Down, down we went, ever gaining speed and with the springs screaming every time we went around a curve. Except for the ruts which held the wheels in place, we would surely have flown right off the road.

“As we roared down into the location area everybody fled from our path. I suddenly realized we were headed straight for a row of flimsy cabins back of which was a sheer drop of several hundred feet. Previously we had refrained from back-seat driving but now I yelled at the driver. He didn’t even nod his head in reply.”

Ralph sits very calmly telling the rest of this story. Tells how he lurched over the front seat, grabbed the wheel and was about to swerve the car sideways in an almost hopeless effort to deflect its course before they shot over that cliff to a gory death below. Fortunately the car rumbled into the low-hanging branch of an oak tree and stopped dead.

The driver’s door opened convulsively from the shock, the driver falling out of his seat onto his head. He had been paralyzed from a sudden stroke which had caused him to lose control way up on the mountain. Very shortly after that last terrifying ride, he lapsed into death.

“And so we were chauffeured by a dead man who almost took us into the next kingdom with him,” mildly concluded Bellamy. “Evidently it just wasn’t our time.”

Another narrow escape Bellamy had was while making Below the Sea, co-starring with Fay Wray. A deep sea diving bell was to be sunk with Fay Wray shown struggling in it under the deep. Miss Wray requested a test immersion before she went down in that bell, and in his gallant way Bellamy volunteered to make the trial.

Just as he was about to taunt fate by stepping into the gadget, a property man, a good friend of his, walked by quickly whispering, “Don’t get in that thing before it’s been down once,” all in one breath. Ralph reconsidered and demanded it be sunk with no one in it first.

“It was kind of lucky for me, I guess, that that man gave a warning. The bell was let down into the water, the winch to which it was attached jammed for forty-five minutes and when the bell was drawn back up it was filled to the brim with water.”

The gods were kind to Ralph Bellamy even in the never-to-be-forgotten stock days before motion pictures knew his charm. “Melvyn Douglas and I were driving from Chicago to Evansville, Indiana, for a winter’s engagement. We

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Bob Burns, the Arkansas ruminator, has an Uncle Fud. Marlene Dietrich must have a Dutch Uncle. You remember Universal’s Uncle Carl.
And while Uncles are more or less prevalent in Hollywood, there is one old gentleman who Unks them all! He’s none other than the one and only Uncle Sam.
Sometimes Uncle Sam reaches for a switch when one of his star-eyed boys or girls displeases him, but as a rule he is well beloved by all, from doll-like little Shirley Temple to our own Mary Pickford.
Just how much of an Uncle is that grand old gentleman who struts about the pages of our newspapers in candy-striped trousers? That is, in what measure does he influence the lives of those of the screen?
We'll just skip over the Home Owners Loan and the PWA (Hollywood has Venetian shades on its poor house) and dive right into the maelstrom of do re mi fa sol.
For a long time there were some of those in Hollywood who thought an income tax lien was something to lean against . . . let’s just take a front seat on the steps of the Federal building and watch a real drama of real people.
Uncle Sam puts on his spectacles and glances at his ledgers. Sighting a cold, blue eye along a straight, hard-knuckled finger; Hollywood’s Uncle Shylock suspects that some, scores of those in filmdom didn’t do their figuring correctly.
"Take a letter," Uncle Shy orders.
Then, a few weeks later he says, "take another letter," talking, of course, to one of his efficient (and how) bookkeepers.
Then later, if nothing happens: "Take one more letter."
When nothing happens then, one of those arrestees or liens, which empowers an officer to go out and take anything the unhappy niece or nephew possesses, is brought out and filed.
Then the parade starts.
Let’s just glance at the liens filed last year. Is Uncle Sam partial? No! Is he impartial? Yes. Therefore, none escapes? Right!
In these days, 100 such liens in a week are not unusual, some of them for huge sums. But Uncle has been in the business long enough to be tolerant and usually lends an ear and offers a compromise if the circumstances justify it. And in this, he is somewhat different than in the old days.
Seven years ago they would talk indictments and not liens. For instance, Tom Mix in his high days paid more than a million dollars to the government in disputed taxes, interest and penalties.
And Richard Dix and many others paid upward of $100,000 in similar assessments.
Many a sweet young thing who had suddenly come into big money and paid everything but her income tax, had sleepless nights with the haunting specter of prison gates over her.
But although many were indicted, Uncle Sam determined to his own satisfaction that it was the so-called income tax advisers of those days who were to blame and after sending one or two to prison, permitted the galaxy of stars who were haled into court to make adjustments, and the indictments were dismissed.
It was Federal Judge Paul J. McCormick who analyzed the situation in the trial of charges against a leading male star with the remark: "We know by experience that actors are poor bookkeepers and must leave these matters to others." And the disposition of that case has acted as more or less of a precedent in dealing with subsequent cases.
Since then, taxes have assumed a more prominent part in our national life. The public has been made income tax conscious. Truly, more than ever, the old wheeze about death and taxes is true.
"How much did you have left last year after paying your taxes?"
Now there is a question.
If one knows what his fellow artist made last year, it is easy to determine what was left after the federal government and the State of California passed the hat.
And since Uncle Sam decided to tell all and publish the gross income of the wage earners in the higher-brackets, everybody knows everyone’s business.
Naturally when Uncle Sam became a tattle-tale, the tongues of Hollywood began to wag.
[Continued on Page 38]
How They Look When They Eat

A. Edward Sutherland, director and best boy friend of Loretta Young, goes after a fruit cocktail with relish, while Loretta seems more than amused.

Jack Oakie opens up to accept a frankfurter from the hand of Paul Stone, while Anne Shirley busies herself with blending a sandwich and a smile.

Be careful there, Gene Lockhart! Remember the throat has lesser capacity than the mouth—and that's some load to put on one little fork.

Lew Ayres seems to be casting a furtive glance while Eleanor Whitney starts to treat her stomach with a tasty morsel of nourishment.

Gadzooks! So they eat with knives in Hollywood, too! Here is a sword-swaller horrifying a group in Warner Bros.' Mountain Justice.

While Myrna Loy balances a tidbit on her fork, her hubby, Arthur Hornblow, Jr., seems to be enjoying 'the taste by induction—maybe we better call it happy anticipation.

Ice cream and cake for four—during an interim in pictures. Left to right—Norman MacLeod, director, Norman Blackburn, Bing Crosby, Edith Fellows.

MAY, 1937
When Mowbray Window-Shopped for Food!

By Raymond Cardwell

A STREAK OF lightning, a crash of thunder, and one of New York's sudden showers was drenching Times Square. I ducked into a doorway. It was the doorway of a rather swanky restaurant, flanked on either side by show windows containing specimens of leading items on the menu. A tantalizing aroma of good things to eat floated out through an open transom above the door. Glancing around I discovered I was not alone. Back in one corner, seemingly entranced by the food in the window and oblivious to all else, stood a disreputable looking individual. I could see only his back and part of one side but that was enough to cause me to shudder.

From under a weather-beaten hat flowed untrimmed, uncombed hair, long enough to all but cover a neck that needed washing. Several days' growth of beard bristled on his cheek. Absence of a topcoat exposed a suit which showed plainly that it was doing pajama duty in addition to its daytime service. It was wrinkled the way a suit becomes after the man wearing it curls up on a park bench as much as he can in a vain effort to keep warm. Between his frayed trouser cuffs and what were once shoes, an inch or two of sockless ankles showed.

After a hasty appraisal of him I thought it best to find shelter in another doorway. I started to go but just then the downpour became a veritable cloudburst and I decided to take my chances where I was. Taking care to put as much distance as possible between the man and myself.

Quiet Voice Intervenes

Speculating as to how soon the shower might let up, I was interrupted when a quiet voice, with cultured British accent, said: "How are you, Cardwell, old boy?"

I looked out to the rain-swept sidewalk. Nobody there. I turned to the restaurant door. Nobody there. Then I noticed my doorway companion. He was facing me and smiling. And through the disguising handiwork of adversity, I recognized my good friend, Alan Mowbray.

Not so long before, the situation had been the reverse and it had been I who had reached the end of the rope and slipped off. Alan and I had been working together in stock and when the company closed, I experienced difficulty in finding another job. He was more fortunate and when he learned I was broke, he unhesitatingly gave me a generous sum, sufficient to see me through. Before I was able to repay him, our paths parted until a shower of rain brought us together again in the same doorway.

I handed Alan the money I owed him but he hesitated before accepting it. "Maybe you can't afford to give it all to me," he said, "and anyway, all I need is enough to get out to Long Island. I think I can get a chauffeur job out there."

"It's O.K.," I said. "Take the full amount, I just got in off the road yesterday and I'm leaving again tonight."

We talked until the rain halted, then shook hands and parted once again.

A few weeks later I received a letter from Alan. Was he chauffeuring on Long Island? He was not! He had Broadway rocking with laughter over his performance in The Sport of Kings.

The foregoing occurred only a few brief years ago.

One afternoon last week I walked across a spacious lawn to the front door of a magnificent residence in Beverly Hills and rang the bell. I was admitted by a servant who ushered me through a luxuriously appointed drawing room and into the den where Alan Mowbray, my host, lounged comfortably before a blazing fire, blowing smoke rings to amuse his five-year-old daughter, Patricia.

Alan has come a long way since that rainy afternoon in New York, financially as well as geographically.

To his fans who know him only on the screen, Mowbray appears to be the typical polished Englishman. In reality he is the

[Continued on page 67]
Daddy is a Sissy!

By MARION COOPER

If you were a father, with a son called, let us say, Junior, who saw you go around doublecrossing your best friends and acting like an all-around heel, how would you explain those kinds of facts of life to him?

I was discussing the problem with the Editor and complaining about how people are always coming out of shows and railing about the leading man, and sighing that isn't his fault lucky. But no one, I remarked indignantly, ever gives a hoot about the home life of the villain in the piece. How, for instance, does Mr. Heavy explain to Junior that no matter if Daddy did shoot a man in the back in his last picture, Junior must still behave himself and, in addition, must respect his father?

I got worked up over the problem, being a great little worrier, and finally the Editor said, "I think you've got something there that will interest our readers. Go get me a story on how Chester Morris' home life is serene at last since he stopped playing 'bad' roles, and how grateful he is for the change, because of the kiddies."

So I went to see Chester in his lovely Beverly Hills home, and I had a long talk with him, and I didn't get the story. "You should have come to see me about three years ago," Chester said, "right before we allowed Brooks to see me on the screen for the first time." He shuddered a little at the memory. "Brooks was five then, Cynthia just three, and Sue (Mrs. Morris) and I had decided the time had come to tell the children that daddy played bad men on the screen. "Cynthia could still be kept from the movies, but Brooks was crazy about them and wanted to see me. So I thought I might as well get it over with. But let me tell you, I went into a cold sweat when I realized that they might be still too young to understand it was only playacting. And just suppose Cynthia, wide-eyed and trusting, should put her little hand in mine and inquire, 'Why do you play bad men, daddy?' What could I honestly answer," Chester grinned, "except, 'The producers seem to think daddy's just the type, darling.'"

"No wonder I had nightmares." "No wonder, indeed!"

So, with heavy hearts and all kinds of forebodings, Mama and Papa Morris took their son to see his father on the screen. It seemed to Chester as he sat watching the picture that the part was really wickeder than he had thought, and with visions of losing his son forever, he squirmed down into his seat and was afraid to meet Brooks' eyes.

So, what happened? Was Brooks shocked? Did he cringe away from Daddy in terror, and hold tightly to his mother's arm? He did not! A new look of respect and admiration came into his eyes, and he said, 'Gee, Dad, you're keen.' Only one break did he make during the showing of the film, and that was when Chester, trying to make a getaway, was in danger from a hidden car. Then little Brooks shouted, 'Daddy, daddy, here they come!'

And the people around them howled. "From that time on, I was a hero to the children," Chester said, smiling at my disappointment. "A real he-man."

That's how things stood then. Chester Morris was a menace to the fans and a hero to his own children. They ate it up. Whenever possible, the screech of sirens, the bark of machine guns, the groans of the dying, came over the Morris radio. All was serene.

Last year their nurse took Brooks and Cynthia to see their favorite actor in Three Godfathers, in which Chester was a tough guy to end all tough guys. They went early in the afternoon. Came four o'clock, and no children. Five o'clock, and still no patter of little feet. Then it was six o'clock, and the Morrises were frankly worried. They thought of traffic accidents, and kidnappers, and a lot of things. Chester phoned the theatre. Finally he got the nurse, who explained the children had already seen the picture three times and she didn't see how she'd ever get them to leave. Daddy finally went after them himself.

Then Chester reformed. There were pictures like Counterfeit in which he turned out to be a good guy at the end. And in his new Columbia picture, I Promise to Pay, he's the victim of a gang himself.

"Surely," said I, getting a strangle hold on my slipping story, "it makes things pleasanter for you, having the children see you on the right side of the law?"

"That's what you think," Chester moaned, thereby dashing my last hopes.

(Continued on page 69)
Discover Film Names Here

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ACROSS
1. She's a Paramount star.
2. Children perform in Our ________ comedies.
3. Descriptive of film awarded 4 stars by critics.
5. Remember Norma Shearer in A Free ________.
6. Aunt Minnie in Polo Joe.
7. For The Asking.
8. Descriptive of films shown at previews.
9. Mrs. Charles Laughton.
10. To travel as did Sally Eilers in Without Orders.
11. DeMille is famous for his ________ tub scenes.
12. Article used in French films.
13. Initials of one of famous Barrymore brothers.
14. Pedro ________ Cordoba.
16. Lanky comedian in Can This Be Dixie?
17. Sound made by M-G-M’s Leo.
18. Owen Moore (init.).
20. Sidney Blackmer comes from Salisbury in this state (abbr.).
21. Pola Negri (init.).
22. Bing Crosby’s native state (abbr.).
23. The Man — Lived Twice.
24. His first name is Lumsden.
25. You do this to watch movies in comfort.
27. She was Libeled Lady.
28. This tells when film was produced.
29. Color of some horses used in westerns.
30. Frances Farmer had a dual ________ in Come and Get It.
31. Birthplace of Walter Abel (abbr.).
32. Glamorous German star.

DOWN
1. State in which many movie stars reside (abbr.).
2. You ________ Live Once.
3. Lillian Gish (init.).
4. Mr. Gwen’s initials.
5. You saw her in Hiding Out Girl.
6. Victor Jory and Sally O’Neil had leads in Tough to Kill.
7. Whose role was that of McHugh’s boss in Three Men on a Horse?
8. Keene in Anthony Adverse.
10. Month in which Ginger Rogers was born.
11. — Ring Again.
12. Little girl who often portrays brats.
14. Roland’s initials.
15. Feminine dancing star.
16. The Garden of ________ is latest film of 54 Acres.
17. Where those Mack Sennett batting beauties performed.
18. Part of bridle used in guiding cowboys’ mounts.
20. 1 Across star in ________ of Salem.
21. This “must go on.”
22. Louis Da ________.
23. Love Letters of a ________.
24. Initials of Swiss famous for his Chinese portrayals.
26. First name of 10 Down.
27. — Lugosi.
29. A brother of 31 Acres.
30. 1 Across starred in It Happened ________.
31. Esther Ralston (init.).
32. Give ________ Your Heart.

(Solution on page 71)
When Britain's great pageant takes place, the beauty of her high-born women will play no small part in that pageantry.

Over and above their beauty of line and feature, the world will pay tribute to the fragile, transparent beauty of their exquisitely cared for skins.

Could you ask these high-born beauties how they care for their delicate skins, you would be impressed by the number who simply answer—"Pond's."

Duchesses, Countesses, Viscountesses, Ladies are among those who say they guard their skins' beauty with Pond's. Pond's is the largest selling cream in England and in all the dominions!

Here is the method English and American beauties use:

_Every night_, smooth on Pond's Cold Cream. As it softens and releases dirt, stale make-up and skin secretions—wipe them all off. Now pat in more Pond's Cold Cream—briskly, till the circulation stirs. Your skin feels invigorated and freshened.

_Every morning_—(and before make-up) repeat... Your skin is smooth for powder—fresh, vital looking!

When answering advertisements, please mention May HOLLYWOOD
LOST HORIZON—(Columbia)—Wit-nessing Frank Capra’s stirring film version of James Hilton’s fantasy leaves one with a feeling such as Moses must have experi-enced when he was given a glimpse of “the promised land.” Students of meta-physics, attracted because of the supposed Tibetan setting and characters typifying lamas, or “masters” as they are frequently referred to, will come away dis-satisfied because of the luxuriance and glamour with which the lamasary and its people are invested. Breath-taking adventures happen to a mixed company of ordinary folk kidnapped in a plane and carried off only to crash in snowy wastes and then struggle over precipitous paths into a hidden valley of lush tropical growth where the finest of everything the world has to offer becomes the setting for a new world order that is to take over when the conflicts of present civilization have washed the human slate clean.

Hilton has outdone the imaginative gymnastics of Jules Verne, but has pro-vided a vehicle in which Ronald Colman is seen at his notable best. Others who are lifted from a mundane world and set down in this modern Utopia are John Howard, an earthy-minded brother of Colman; a frightened fossil hunter played by Edward Everett Horton; a fugitive Margo, and Sam Jaffe, the high lama who founded this Utopia more than two cen-turies previously. The high lama dies and puts on Colman the responsibility for continuing Shangri-La, this tropical gem set in ice. Colman finds love for Jane Wyatt, while his brother becomes en-amored of Margo, a Russian girl who looks 20 but is actually in her fifties. Colman’s brother and Margo would escape and they convince Colman he should go with them. An avalanche buries the guiding party. Margo turns into a hag once outside of Utopia, and dies along with the others except Colman who returns to Shangri-La, drawn by a supposed metaphysical lure mixed with romance born of Jane Wyatt, and the world never knows exactly what happened to Colman who was destined for high honors politically in his native England.

KING AND THE CHORUS GIRL—(Warner’s)—It will be difficult for you to keep the Duke of Windsor and Mrs. Wally Simpson out of your mind when you see this Mervyn LeRoy film, primarily because Fernand Gravet, new importation from France, so often looks like Edward, Prince of Wales, in his younger days, and secondly, because there is a hinted parallel between a rich but indolent ex-king in love with an...
American girl, and the romance that rocked the British throne. Even if there is no connection, the film is “timely.”

Gravet, who boasts that he hasn’t seen the sun in years, goes on brandy binges that last long, despite efforts of his two mentors—Duchess Anne, played by Mary Nash, and Count Humbert, portrayed by Edward Everett Horton. To relieve the ex-king’s boredom in one of his sobering moments, he is taken to the Folies Bergere, where Joan Blondell, a coryphée, catches his eye. Romance germinates, has many a tough hurdle before the ex-king, by a ruse of his mentors, is advised that the chorus girl has just been “working for a fee” to curtail his drinking. But the ex-king is wiser than he is given credit for, senses that Joan really loves him, charters an ocean liner on which Joan is fleeing to America, and there is a marriage at sea with just the liner’s help as the wedding party. We won’t tell you the tag, but it packs a wallop.

WHEN YOU’RE IN LOVE—(Columbia)—Grace Moore and Cary Grant touch the heart and stir the soul in When You’re in Love, a nifty-paced story directed with finesse. Miss Moore again proves herself a capable actress as well as a songbird of the highest rating. While the story deals with an opera star, you are likely to find yourself wishing there were more occasions for Miss Moore to give of her vocal talents. There are but six songs and these range from Cab Calloway’s Minnie the Moocher to Schubert’s Serenade and including a bit of In the Gloaming, plus The Whistling Boy, a number that tugs at the heart as Miss Moore sings it to scores of touts gathered in her rehearsal hall, and Our Song, a Jerome Kern number that highlights the production. Cary Grant does a capable job as a wandering artist, who turns up at both opportune and inopportune moments in Miss Moore’s life, joins her in a marriage of convenience when it appears the only way to overcome immigration restrictions while she waits for a quota number in Mexico, then falls in and out of love with her so often that it keeps one guessing right down to the final fadeout as to how this road to romance will finish.

Like many celebrities, Miss Moore is surrounded by sycophants who bask in the reflection of her glory—leeches highly resented by Grant, who would lift the diva from a rather vacuous existence into something he thinks is real. Gradually she sees things his way, but not until she nearly has lost the man she once hated for his bluntness but later learned to love. You must see When You’re in Love.

MARKED WOMAN—(Warner)—Stark drama of the underworld, paced to hold interest, and directed with finesse. Bette Davis lets the pendulum swing to the opposite extreme of glamour for the sequence in which she is brutally beaten—and LOOKS the part. Despite the usual blurb at the beginning that calls attention to the fact that if characters seem counterparts of real flesh and blood persons it is only a coincidence, most of those who see this film cannot help but liken it to the infamous “Lucky” Luciano case in New York, wherein a vice lord was sent to prison when “clip joint” girls got courage enough to testify against him.

Eduardo Ciannelli, as Johnny Vanning, is even more despicable than in Winterset, as he rules the fleshpots of Manhattan. Bette Davis, Lola Lane, Isabel Jewell, Rosalind Marquis and Mayo Methot carry their respective “hostess” roles as if to the manner born,” while Humphrey Bogart gives a sterling portrayal as the

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**To Clear Up Your Skin! Make Yourself a Swell Dancer! GO PLACES!**

AL-DID YOU HEAR I CAN’T BEAR IT I’M G-GOING HOME

AV—DON’T BE A NITWIT PEG—LISTEN, MAYBE SHE’S RIGHT ABOUT YOU CAN’T SCREW HER "THERE, THEY SAY IT’S REALLY SWELL IT CHASES PIMPLES

NEXT DAY

HERE Y’ARE SIS—NOW GET BUSY—you’re NOT YET" "THAT CARD IN YOUR HAND?

GEE, PEG—IT’S PRETTY NIFTY! "FLEISCHMANN” "CARDS? SEE—AN’ IF YOU SAVE "LABELS, PASTE ‘EM ON IT AND SEND IT IN TO GET A SWELL NEW DANCE BOOK BY ARTHUR MURRAY

BE SURE TO ASK YOUR GROCER FOR THIS FLEISCHMANN DANCE CARD—IT’S FREE

If your grocer hasn’t Dance Cards, you can get the book if you paste 31 labels on a piece of paper, or mail them, in an envelope, with your name and address to Fleischmann’s Yeast, 701 Washington Street, New York City. (This offer holds good until August 31st, 1937.)

(Details of securing Dance Book differ slightly in states West of Denver and in Canada, see newspapers or ask your local grocer.)

“Keep it up faithfully,” says Dr. R. E. Lee, well-known physician, “and Fleischmann’s Yeast will help clear up ADOLESCENT PIMPLES . . .”

* After the start of adolescence—from about 13 to 25, important glands develop and final growth takes place. This disturbs the whole system. The skin gets very sensitive. Waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin. Pimples break out.

Fleischmann’s Yeast has proved a great help in clearing up a pimply skin. It clears these skin irritants out of the blood. Eat 3 cakes every day—plain or in a little water, a cake about ½ hour before each meal.

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assistant district attorney who brings about the downfall of Ciannelli, whereas Bette Davis and the other cast members' turn state's evidence after Ciannelli has brought about the death of Bette's innocent little sister, played by Jane Bryan.

Although the story is sordid, Director Lloyd has handled it with discretion. The "tag" is a fine touch of artistry in which Bette Davis and her four co-workers in sin are swallowed up in a fog as they emerge from the courthouse from which she came, becomes a rural Joan of Arc to lead an aroused farming populace against farm-grabbing by Arnold and his henchmen, who have bought up mortgages. Nature steps in with dust storms to frustrate Arnold as well as the ranchers. In the battle against farm seizure Arnold is shot and when he appears at death's door, Miss Larrimore's love for him flares anew and he, seeing the error of his ways, repents as recovery approaches.

LAST OF MRS. CHEYNEY—(MGM)—Refurbished by modern dialogue and people by a flock of M-G-M's top names, this Fredric Lonsdale play, last done in films by Norma Shearer, holds interest and Joan Crawford as the "lady raffles" vie for attention with such sterling foils as William Powell, Robert Montgomery, Frank Morgan, Ralph Graves and Benita Hume. There is sparkle to the lines, finesse in the portrayals. There is a feeling, however, that William Powell, in the butler role, is given too little to do for one of his accomplishments.

GRACE MOORE SINGING THE WHISTLING BOY FOR A GROUP OF YOUNGSTERS IN "WHEN YOU'RE IN LOVE"—COLUMBIA PICTURE IN WHICH CARY GRANT SHARES HONORS.

JOHN MEADE'S WOMAN—(Schulberg)—Might that comes from money is the outstanding thing exemplified in this picture. The story is loosely knit and never very convincing, although there is stirring acting by Edward Arnold and more of the similar repute provided by George Bancroft, Gail Patrick, Sidney Blackmer and others.

Here is the screen debut of Francine Larrimore, Broadway stage star, the choice of role for her is unwiso. To this reviewer she never seems the proper size of a farmgirl who goes to the city after rural life has been unkind, she becomes wise too quickly to be convincing.

The ruthless city-baron, is blamed for denuding the nation of its trees, something his timber operator, George Bancroft, decryes. For no apparent reason, Arnold swings his attention from forests to wheat fields. Gail Patrick is about to marry Arnold for his money, though her heart belongs to Sidney Blackmer. In spite, Arnold leaves her at the altar and marries Miss Larrimore, whom he has picked up on the street. Learning he has married her to spite Miss Patrick, rather than for love of her, Miss Larrimore quits him, goes back to the wheat country from which she came, becomes a rural Joan of Arc to lead an aroused farming populace against farm-grabbing by Arnold and his henchmen, who have bought up mortgages. Nature steps in with dust storms to frustrate Arnold as well as the ranchers. In the battle against farm seizure Arnold is shot and when he appears at death's door, Miss Larrimore's love for him flares anew and he, seeing the error of his ways, repents as recovery approaches.

Bette Davis is shown with the brand of a vice lord on her cheek as she appears in Marked Woman, with Humphrey Bogart as a district attorney.

LOVE IS NEWS—(20th Century-Fox)—Here is a fast-moving yarn that weaves the destinies of a reporter and a girl of great wealth. Even though the theme is rather far-fetched and the reactions of editors and others in the newspaper profession are exaggerated as are practically all newspaper film stories, most filmgoers will find this piece entertaining—more entertaining if they do not know the inside workings of a newspaper plant.

Tyron Power turns in a good performance as the scribe, whose baring of the foibles of a rich girl, kicks back and leads to many complications. Loretta Young plays the rich girl with a free-and-easy grace that gives you a new Loretta. Don Ameche is the too-explosive city editor. There is a large cast of supporting players, one of whom is Slim Summerville, Dudley Digges, Walter Collett, Jane Darwell, Stepin Fetchit and Julius Tannen.
WHEN'S YOUR BIRTHDAY?—(David Loew)—Joe E. Brown’s first picture under his new contract is built around humorous incidents in lives lived according to the pattern of astrology. While the yarn is thin in spots, there are many laugh moments, although this reviewer does not feel this film measures up to the best Brown has done heretofore. Brown is shown as a man who would go to any ends to achieve knowledge of astrology, and then, having learned the science, proceeds to put it to practical use. Chronologically this blights a romance with a social climber, brings him into disrepute as a blundering waiter, leads him into difficulty as a fortune teller at a midway concession, and ends with near defeat when he is forced into a prize fight when his aspects are adverse.

Suzanne Kaaren does capable work as the society girl who would marry Brown and she later is displaced in his affections by Marian Marsh. Fred Kating lends laughs with bits of magic and as Barker for Brown’s fortune-telling concession on the midway. Maude Eburne and Edgar Kennedy as the parents of Miss Kaaren are entertaining and provide numerous uproarious moments. The high spot of the opus comes when Brown, forced to take the place of the Salvatore Killer in meeting the middleweight champion, because his backers have bet their all on a plug who hasn’t a chance, finds himself in the ring with the champ minutes before the moon enters the right sign to bring success, but he hangs on until the right aspects come to change a rapid mouse into a charging and victorious lion.

CALL IT A DAY—(WALTERS)—Warners Brothers deserve a bow for the excellent manner in which this studio has transferred the stage play Call It a Day to the screen. It is the best comedy fare that movie fans will witness in many a month, and is hastily recommended to those who enjoy comedy at its very best. The plot centers around the Hilton family whose placid ways of life are suddenly interrupted by love affairs that tie every member of the family into bundles of jittery nerves. Fortunately for all concerned—and this includes the audience—all misunderstandings are ironed out and the family resumes the even tenor of its ways. Ian Hunter as the father, Freida Inescort as the wife, Olivia de Havilland, Bonita Granville and Peter Willes as the children contribute outstanding performances. Alice Brady as Muriel West, and Roland Young, as her brother, have parts that are right on the proverbial “T” and these two finished artists practically steal the show.

P. S. Don’t ever call yourself a movie fan if you miss this one!

NANCY STEELE IS MISSING—(20th Century-Fox)—From the time McAllen appears in the picture with the stolen box of the man he hated down through the long years of imprisonment and up until the time he decides to make amends for his crime, McAllen translates to the screen a characterization that will leave its imprint on fans for some time to come.

Walter Connolly, as the girl’s father, June Lang as the kidnapped girl, Peter Lorre as the prison buddy of McAllen, and Robert Kent as the girl’s sweetheart contribute brilliant performances.

Here’s The Thrilling New Shampoo
Everyone Is Raving About

NOT SOAP—NOT OIL... Makes Hair Shine Like Silk!

It’s no wonder women everywhere are raving about this amazing, new liquid shampoo—no wonder one trial converts them for life! For it gives your hair a thrilling new gleam. Yes, actually transforms dull, average-looking hair into a brilliant, glistering halo—with a single application.

Look at the girl above. See what a difference it makes when you use it. So try it soon—see how beautiful your hair really can be.

Just how this unusual shampoo works these miracles is a new scientific secret. It isn’t oil, it isn’t soap—it isn’t anything you’ve heard of before. Scientists have brought us something brand-new; a shampoo so different that they’ve patented the process by which it is made. You simply wet your hair, shake on a few drops and instantly you get a glorious, bouncy lather, 5 times more lather than soap in hardest water. Lather so neutral—being neither acid nor alkaline—that it is ideal for either oily or dry hair. You rub it briskly into the hair, rinse thoroughly—and you’re through.

"What?" you say, "no special rinses; no vinegar, lemon or after-rinses to 'cut the lather'?" No—they are not necessary—just a thorough dousing in clear water! That’s the marvelous part. Drene cannot leave unrinsable film on hair to cover up natural luster as ordinary shampoos do. Your hair is left radiant, silky, smooth. Even dull, bleached or dyed hair becomes more brilliant, more natural looking after a Drene shampoo.

More amazing, embarrassing flakes of dandruff disappear with a single washing, leaving the scalp scrupulously clean. Tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau. Women who have used it for months rave about the beauty and health their hair possesses—and have found its thorough cleansing is the quickest, best way to a healthy head of hair. Your scalp can really nourish the hair properly when cleansed the Drene way, which simply calls for one or two shampoos a week with Drene, and a few minutes of scalp massage and brushing of the hair. Then it grows with new life and luster.

Procter & Gamble make this marvel. Only half a tablespoonful for a perfect shampoo. The most economical, beautifying shampoo you have ever used. Try Drene. The large size costs less per shampoo. Get Drene at all drug, department and 10c stores. Or send your name and address to Drene, Dept. FW, Box 828, Cincinnati, Ohio, and the makers will send you a bottle of Drene (enough for two shampoos) absolutely free to try!

When Answering Advertisements, Please Mention May Hollywood
Unusual Women of Hollywood

"Have you nothing to say, Nathalie de Fedenko?" the grim-visaged Russian officer demanded of the silent woman defiantly facing him, her back to a blood-spattered stone wall. "I have orders... if you speak of Captain Cromie's papers, you will be spared."

"I know nothing," replied the woman, coldly, turning her dark eyes steadily upon the firing squad lined up in formation only a few paces distant.

"Very well." The officer returned to his position at the side of his men and drew his sword. The soldiers levelled their rifles.

The scene of this awesome spectacle was the courtyard of the great Moscow prison. Back in 1917. Damp morning mists filled the air. Nathalie de Fedenko, Russian aristocrat and member of the Second Women's Battalion of Death, was about to be executed because she would not divulge the whereabouts of certain important papers in connection with the murder of Captain Cromie, British Naval Attache.

Nathalie Bucknall three times looked death in the eye defiantly. She faced a Russian firing squad that many times. Fate spared her. She now heads M-G-M's research department.

Among its celebrated gentry you'll find many whose backgrounds rival even Natalie Bucknall's... but none of these "pasts" are any more singular than the duties entrusted to a certain group of Hollywood women, drawn from every walk of life.

There's Lone Reed, for example, who risks her life almost daily "doubling" for the stars in dangerous stunts. Patsy O'Byrne, whose legs—but seldom her face—graces many and many a picture. Alice Doll, who specializes in screaming for the various stars. And Florence Gill, the best "clucker" in all these United States of ours.

Upon Natalie Bucknall's very able head rests the full responsibility of every picture produced by her company emerging from the studio absolutely correct in every detail.

One of the most important figures in her own or any other organization, she must work hand in glove with every phase of the production, from its earliest inception to the day it finally shows in a theatre. Every department even remotely connected with that picture contacts her before it makes a move.

The writer calls upon her for general information on the period, customs and locale of his story... the art director needs general architectural details for the sets. The costume designers who create the clothes for the cast want pictures showing the type of dress in the particular locale or period in which the story is laid, and both the hair-dressing and make-up departments must have very complete data for their respective efforts.

Then, to her go the casting department for "type" suggestions, and representatives from the drafting, property, paint and plaster departments. In short, Miss Bucknall must supervise every detail to be used or even considered for the picture. She must have at her instant disposal any information in any field that might be desired on any subject. Few women in the world are granted such responsibility.
As you may have gathered from the opening paragraphs her earlier life reads like the most fascinating fiction. She lived through the Russian and Bolshevik Revolutions of 1917 and 1918 and was imprisoned by the revolutionists. Only through a miracle did she escape death from those three firing squads mentioned.

In 1918, she left Russia for England but returned on a special mission for the British government, with the result that the king awarded her the Order of the British Empire. Only two other foreign-born women have received this honor.

This, then, is the very unusual personality to whom Metro-Goldwyn has assigned directorship of its research department. An inveterate traveler, close observer, student of customs and languages and endowed with a photographic memory, one can conceive of no person better equipped to fulfill her position.

Requiring skill of quite a different order,

Patsy O'Byrne agrees with the sage who voiced "you can't have everything." Nature endowed her with what she calls "the homeliest face in the world," but compensated by giving her filmdom's shapeliest legs. You see them often; Patsy seldom

Ione Reed stands at the head of her unique profession. She is known as a stunt woman, one of those unsung heroines of the films.

Often when the script calls for the star to perform some perilous act, the stuntwoman providing the star is a woman—summons none, who combines a blonde beauty with a slender figure that might be the envy of any leading lady. Regardless of what the stunt may be, for what bit of action she is to double for the player, she undertakes the job with quiet efficiency. Her livelihood depends upon her ability along these lines.

You've seen her in such pictures as Peter Ibbetson, The Glass Key, Last Days of Pompeii, Tarzan Escapes and The Jungle Princess—to mention but a few of her appearances, doubling for the feminine stars of those productions. But never once were you aware of her presence.

In silent picture days, Ione was a western star in her own right. She starred

[Continued on page 54]

DO YOU USE
THE RIGHT SHADE OF
FACE POWDER?

Beige
Face Powder
Made Her
Look Like
This!

Rachel Made
Her Look
Like This!

by Lady Esther

It's amazing the number of women who use the wrong shade of face powder.

It's still more amazing what it does to them!

As any artist or make-up expert will tell you, the wrong shade of face powder will change your appearance altogether. It will make you look years older than you really are.

A Common Mistake

The great trouble is that women choose their face powder shades on the wrong basis. They try to match "type." This is a mistake because you are not a "type," but an individual. You may be a brunette and still have a very light skin or any one of a number of different tones between light and dark. The same holds true if you are a blonde or redhead.

There is only one way to choose your shade of face powder and that is by trying on all ten basic shades. Maybe the shade you think least suited to you is your most becoming and flattering. Thousands of women have been surprised.

The Test That Tells!

I want you to see if you are using the right shade of face powder or whether you should be using some other shade. So, I offer you all ten shades of Lady Esther Face Powder to try on, free of charge.

Try on each of the ten shades as if you had never used face powder before. Maybe you'll make a great discovery for yourself. Maybe you'll find a shade that will completely "youthify" your appearance.

Mail the coupon today for the ten shades of Lady Esther Face Powder which will settle once and for all whether you are using the right shade or not.

When Answering Advertisements, Please Mention May HOLLYWOOD 47
Wouldn’t YOU LIKE to KNOW

What Hollywood is planning for Your Entertainment in the Months to Come

By RUTH CLAYTON

Allan Jones, who has suffered from too little demand upon his fine voice and pleasing personality since his hit in Showboat, is promised his best screen opportunity yet — in The Firefly, with Jeanette MacDonald. If Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer will only let this handsome young tenor star in The Student Prince of Heidelberg, after that you’ll see a very deserving star shoot up to the top rank of popularity. Jones has just finished his second Marx Brothers film, A Day at the Races.

Leopold Stokowski, whose leadership of the Philadelphia Philharmonic brought that group of musicians into front rank among the symphonies of the world, is contracting with Deanna Durbin in One Hundred Men and a Girl with unusual enthusiasm, which will assist this brilliant 14-year-old Universal star no little in maintaining the pace established in her first filmplay, Three Smart Girls. With the “One hundred men” the pick of Hollywood’s musical talent, under Stokowski’s able direction, “the girl” should have support few singers, of any age, have ever been offered.

Edward Arnold and Jean Arthur, who appeared together in Diamond Jim, are to be co-starred by Paramount in Easy Living... Lou Gehrig, swat king of baseball, will share stellar honors with Richard Arlen in The Trail Blazers according to Sol Lesser’s latest announcement... Victor Moore and Beulah Bondi, those competent stage and screen veterans are to have the leads in RKO’s Make Way for Tomorrow, which Leo McCarey is to direct... Mrs. Natalie Kalmus, guiding genius of Technicolor, is planning to photograph King George’s coronation in color, not only for newsreels but for a feature film to which the British government is said to be lending unusual cooperation.

Jeanette MacDonald’s marriage to Gene Raymond is set for June 17 and Hollywoodians are making a mad scramble for bids to what promises to be the most colorful wedding ceremony in the bridal month.

Walter Wanger was quick to buy the screen rights to Clarence Budington Kelland’s recent magazine story, “Stand-In,” which has to do with movies and those who make them, and Leslie Howard may play one of the leads... Academy prize winner Paul Muni is planning on a three-months’ trip to either Europe or the Orient this summer, which means that with The Story of Emilie Zola for Warner Brothers and The Woman I Love for RKO sched-
uled for the screens this summer their brilliant male star feels he can now enjoy the rest he has planned for a good long time.

Samuel Goldwyn will shortly present Edgar Bergen, famous ventriloquist and Charlie McCarthy, his dummy, in films. Bergen and McCarthy have created no little admiration by their consistently funny patter on Rudy Vallee's air programs.

Joan de Havilland, sister of that sparkling young Warner star, Olivia de Havilland, has signed a long term contract with RKO. That versatile young Belgian star, Fernand Grave, will return to Hollywood in September and be co-starred in a Mervyn LeRoy musical with Ethel Merman, now Broadwaying in Cole Porter's Red, Hot and Blue. Max Gordon, Broadway impresario, George Jessel and Rodgers and Hart, the celebrated tunsmiths, will assist LeRoy in preparing this picture designed to put Grave in the spot formerly occupied by Chevalier.

Gregory LaCava, who made such a swell job of directing and producing My Man Godfrey (after a six months rest), will direct Stage Door for RKO. Onslow Stevens, who appeared opposite Margaret Sullavan in the Broadway stage version, is back in Hollywood to play in it, and other members of the stage cast may follow. Miss Sullavan will not return to Hollywood for some months as she is retiring from the stage to await the arrival of Dr. Stork in the fall is scheduled to rejoin the stage company on tour.

Oscar Strauss, Viennese composer, who wrote The Chocolate Soldier but is no relation to the other Vienna's waltz kings, is in Hollywood to write the music for Bobby Breen's next Sol Lesser picture, Make a Wish. His tunes for One Hour With You, written for Chevalier, are still heard daily on radio and numbered among the best of the tune-film era.

After winning the Academy 1936 acting prize Luise Rainer was given a new Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer contract, and she may impersonate Sarah Bernhardt or Eleanora Duse in a picture next season. Meanwhile The Emperor's Candlesticks is an immediate assignment for her and Once There Was a Lady is a fall possibility.

A Puzzle for Fools, dealing with a sudden death in a sanitarium, is slated for early production at RKO. After a desert vacation Bette Davis will star in That Certain Woman, which Edmund Goulding is writing and will direct. Bette has had very few days to herself since returning from her English sojourn via Italy. James Cagney's next will be Hot Oil at Grand National and Victor Schertzinger is soon to produce and direct his original story, When I'm With You. John Trent, former airplane transport pilot, now being groomed for stardom by B. P. Schulberg, will have the lead in The Ascending Dragon written by Frederick Jackson, author of The Bishop Misbehaves.

"Look! See what she's got in her pocket...her baby! Isn't he lucky—always going riding! Of course, he must rub up and down a bit when she jumps. I'll bet his seat gets chafed!"

"Know what to do for that, Mrs. Kangaroo? I'll tell you—just sprinkle him good with soft, slick Johnson's Baby Powder. It makes any baby feel great! Let me put some on him—I'll be very careful."

"There!...Doesn't he feel nice—doesn't he smell nice?...And no more rashes or chafes or prickly heat for him. He'll be so good you can put him in your pocket and forget him."

"Feel my Johnson's Baby Powder—isn't it lovely and downy and soft? Never gritty like some powders. It keeps a baby's skin just perfect!" And that, Mothers, is the surest protection against skin infections! Johnson's Baby Powder is made of the finest Italian talco—no orris-root. Babies need Johnson's Baby Soap, Baby Cream and Baby Oil, too!

Johnson
BRUNSWICK NEW JERSEY

When answering advertisements, please mention May Hollywood


**Brief Film Guide**

**TO THESE, TOPPER WAVES HIS HAT:**

- **Good Earth**—(M-G-M)—Luise Rainer, Paul Muni, Charles Grapewin, Walter Connolly, Jessie Ralph. Its concept staggered the mind but does little to the heart.


- **Winterset**—(RKO)—Burgess Meredith, Eduardo Ciannelli, Edward Ellis, Paul Guilfoyle, Maurice Moscovitch and Margo. Gripping drama exceptionally done.

- **The Plainsman**—(Paramount)—Gary Cooper, Jean Arthur, James Ellison and Helen Burgess. Epic drama built around lives of Buffalo Bill and Wild Bill Hickok.

- **God's Country and the Woman**—( Warners)—Georges Brenet, Beverley Roberts, Robert Barrat, plus Technicolor, bring old Curwood story to life in fashion best described as glorious.


- **Maid of Salem**—(Paramount)—Claudette Colbert, Fred MacMurray, Harvey Stephens, Gale Sondergaard, Edward Ellis, Bonita Granville, Virginia Weidler, William Farnum and Henry Kolker. Witchcraft versus fanatical religionists.


- **Beloved Enemy**—(Goldwyn)—Merle Oberon, Brian Aherne, Henry Stephenson and a big cast portray convincingly stellar characters in Irish revolt.

- **That Girl From Paris**—(RKO)—Lily Pons, Jack Oakie, Gene Raymond and Herman Bing. Capital entertainment set to music.

- **College Holiday**—(Paramount)—Jack Benny, George Burns, Grace Allen, Mary Boland, Martha Raye and Eleanor Whitney. Rollicking nonsense with beaucoup music.

- **Stolen Holiday**—( Warners)—Kay Francis, Claude Rains and Ian Hunter. Interesting story based on French pawnshop scandal.

- **Green Light**—(Warners)—Errol Flynn, Anita Louise, Margaret Lindsay, Henry O'Neill and Sir Cedric Hardwicke. Spiritual power applied to every-day life.

---

**New 2 Purpose Lipstick**

**Merle Oberon**

**Beautiful Star of Samuel Goldwyn's**

**Beloved Enemy**

Want a lipstick that's permanent? 
... keeps your lips soft too?

Then here is the lipstick for you... Duart Creme of Milk Lipstick is both permanent and softening. The color stays on but your lips cannot be parched, cracked or dried out. With this new kind of lipstick they will stay smooth and youthfully moist all day long.

**COLOR YOUR LIPS**

**With Romantic California Shades**

**Wine** is a dark vibrant color taken from the shimmering depths of burgundy wine. 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, inspired by the flaming rays of sunset on the desert.

**Cinema** is a new shade styled in Hollywood especially for wear at night under artificial light, or for medium complexions.

SEND FOR AND TRY THE GENEROUS 25c SIZE

LARGE REGULAR SIZE $1

At all Drug and Department Stores

Mark your shade—Mail Coupon

Duart, 785 Market St., San Francisco, California

Enclosed is 25c (stamps or coin). Please send me the shade of lipstick marked below:

☐ Wine ☐ Spanish ☐ Desert Flame ☐ Cinema

Name ____________________________

Address ____________________________

City ______ State ______ 14

Accept No Substitutes! Always Insist on the Advertised Brand!

---

Crooner Bing Crosby goes Hawaiian in his forthcoming picture, Waikiki Wedding—and who wouldn't after a look at hula hula gals resting on his knees?
Criticism Undeserved

So Much Was written, recently, anent the family difficulties of Robert Taylor, it seems that about every writer who commented on the trouble failed to arrive at the real solution of the difficulty which was—that, until very recently, Taylor's salary was very small, just about enough to care for himself and mother and a few close relatives.

Robert Taylor is a mighty fine chap and this recent adverse publicity was cruelly unfair to him.

Open Wide, Please

Have You Noticed a recent fad among the top line gals in pictures, from a camera standpoint?

If not give a look and you will note that 90 per cent of them are photographed with their mouths wide open and very attractive, too.

Wonder if that very attractive picture of Mrs. Wally Simpson, widely exploited, started the fad?

Columbia’s captivating Viennese beauty, Luli Deste, makes her English-speaking debut in Thunder in the City, with Edward G. Robinson

Blow Some Our Way!

The Representative of a famous cigarette was in Hollywood lining up stars, both sexes, for endorsements of the aforesaid product.

Especially did the chap wish to get the endorsement of a famous feminine star.

The approach was made through the star’s agent.

The agent told the star that her endorsement would bring a check for $5,000.

Asked if that was agreeable the star said:

“For $5,000 I’ll even agree to learn to smoke.”

OLIVIA de HAVILLAND in Warner’s “CALL IT A DAY”

On every motion picture screen you see beautiful Duart permanent waves … worn by Hollywood’s loveliest stars. Proving, once and for all, that when beautiful hair is a necessity, Duart waves are the one* and only choice. Remember, to ask for a Duart “TWO-TWELVE” wave … same as the stars get … your hairdresser will understand. Price depends on the artistic skill of the hairdresser you select.

DUART PERMANENT WAVES

SEND FOR DUART’S HOLLWOOD BOOK OF BEAUTY


TUNE IN • JOHN NESBITT’S “PASSING PARADE” NBC RED NETWORK

WHEN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS, PLEASE MENTION MAY HOLLYWOOD
“I must be sure my wardrobe is safe from MOTHS”

YOUR clothes are just as important to you. Now get rid of moth dangers as movie stars do. Spray with Larvex today.
Spraying with Larvex is the complete safeguard advised by scientists and used by manufacturers of costly woolens. It penetrates to the very center of every woolen fibre. Moths starve to death rather than eat the fabric. Odorless, stainless, Larvex does away with the clothes storage problem, too. One Larvex spraying lasts a full 12 months.
Spray with Larvex today and forget the moth problem this year!

Mothproof with LARVEX and be sure

Blondes! and "Browns" too!

Give Your Hair That Lighter Natural "Sounding Gold" Look With This New Shampoo and Rinse—3 Shades Lighter in 15 Minutes Without Harsh Bleaches or Dyes.

Here at last is an easy way to bring out the full radiant luster of blonde or brown hair. Try New Blondex, the shampoo and special Golden Rinse that washes in 3 to 4 shades lighter and brings out the natural lustrous golden sheen, the alluring highlights that can make hair so attractive. New Blondex costs but a few pennies to use and is absolutely safe. Contains no harsh bleaches or dyes. Used regularly, it keeps your scalp and hair healthy and fresh, cleansing with lustrous highlights, yet Blondex today.
New combination package: Shampoo with FREE Rinse, price 90¢ in a new 100¢ size—at all stores.

A Day at the Races

The Winnet of the racing season at Santa Anita found Hollywood with plenty of Racing Widows. Meaning that all the gals who got fleeting publicity from the columnists and chatterers by doing the night clubs with top racing moguls are on the prowl again. The best they got was a meal or two, a dance or two and one of those:
“It was nice to meet you. Goo-by.”

But Eventually, We Hope

That sudden departure from Hollywood of Mary Livingstone, who headed for New York to recover from a threatened nervous breakdown, started the usual rumors but not any of them of marital discord.
Intimate friends insist that Mary has a yen for screen work but no offers.
Doing Brewsters Millions with Hubby Jack Benny on a coast to coast broadcast was expected to start something but nothing happened.

Cupid Tip-off

ELEANOR POWELL is said to have been mightily peeved over the rumor that a coast musical director was her devoted attendant.
Miss Powell is only interested in her screen work but when she does find time to do a little romancing you can discard the names of all others mentioned and just make up your mind that a top director will be Number One in her love life.

Hollywood Night Life

That widely exploited night club brawl between Pat DeCicco, once husband of the late Thelma Todd and Dan Topping—wealthy socialite and expected to be the new hubby of Arline Judge, was a loud laugh to the ringsiders at the club where it took place.
Just another Hollywood brawl with no blows struck.

Wrong Again

HOLLYWOOD WAS ALMOST certain that there would be a reconciliation between Adrienne Ames and Bruce Cabot but it has failed miserably.
During the trial separation Bruce and Adrienne went every place together but the idea did not jell.
Adrienne is now going about with Tommy Lee, owner of a radio chain and her friends scent a real romance.

Not for Nat, Surely!

NAT PENDELETON, former wrestler who usually plays tough guys in pictures, has acquired a valet. Said valet sits on the set and, at the command of the master, combs the latter’s hair, brings him a glass of tea to sip and also turns the paper as the master reads.
When this routine is on Clark Gable usually leaves the set to go in a corner and have a good laugh.

Real—not Real—Estate

In the near future sightseeing busses out of Hollywood will be pointing out rows of houses close to the Fox Studios and the guide will explain that they are owned by Shirley Temple.
Meaning that a new section called Beverly—[Continued on page 57]
most feminine and alluring always emphasizes long, swooping lashes in close shots—and the effect is equally devastating in real life. Even though your lashes have never taken it upon themselves to grow beyond a quarter of an inch, you can add immeasurably to their come-hitherish quality with a touch of mascara. The trick is to get a natural, delicately tinted effect.

A boon to the movies is the cream type mascara which requires no water and has just the proper consistency to give the lashes a luxurious silkiness. One reliable brand comes in a small tube with its own tiny brush applicator, housed in a clever little zipper bag for carrying in the purse. The price is 75c for blue, black or brown. If you have blue eyes, don't overlook the possibilities of the blue mascara which gives a jeweled effect. For devotees of the solid mascara, the same company offers this type in a metal vanity in the same colors and at the same price. If interested, you may have the name upon request.


New... NON-GREASY CREAM
DEODORANT VANISHES COMPLETELY, STOPS PERSPIRATION INSTANTLY!

NOW at last there is a non-greasy cream deodorant that does everything you want a deodorant to do.

The new Odorono Ice never messes up your clothes because it is absolutely not greasy. It is made on an entirely new principle. Just put it on, and it disappears like a fine vanishing cream. No fuss or bother.

You will find its light, melting texture entirely different—delightfully cooling and refreshing on your skin. And it leaves no telltale odor to betray you. Its own fresh, clean odor of pure alcohol disappears at once.

And Odorono Ice, instead of just covering up perspiration odor temporarily, gently stops it for 1 to 3 days. Your armpit is really clean—grease-free, perspiration-free.

Odorono Ice is so easy to use, so dainty and yet so completely effective that 80 per cent of the women who have tried it prefer it to any other deodorant they have ever used! Try it. You will be delighted! Buy a jar of the new Odorono Ice tomorrow—35¢ at all Toilet-Goods Departments.

SEND 10¢ FOR INTRODUCTORY JAR

RUTH MILLER, The Odorono Co., Inc.
Dept. S-A-V, 31 Hudson St., New York City
(In Canada, address P. O. Box 8886, Montreal)
I enclose 10¢ to cover cost of postage and packing for generous introductory jar of Odorono Ice.

Name:
Address:
City:
State:

*ODO-RO-NO
NON-GREASY
ICE

WHEN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS, PLEASE MENTION MAY HOLLYWOOD
Unusual Women of Hollywood

(Continued from page forty-seven)

in more than fifty films; then, with the entry of talking pictures, started to double for all the big stars of the screen. Few days pass now that a studio doesn’t hail her to take some star’s place in falling off a horse, being caught in an avalanche, falling down stairs or any equally jeopardizing feat. Her pay check often amounts to sizeable proportions, but she stands a fair chance, too, of breaking her pretty neck whenever.

Every star has her own stand-in, and prominent in this field is Ginger Rogers. Old-time movie fans will recall in Marie Osborne the famous child star, Baby Marie Osborne, who was the Shirley Temple of her day.

A stand-in, should the term be unfamiliar to you, is one of the same height, figure and coloring as the star, who stands before the camera in place of the star for the purpose of being properly lighted and focussed. When the scene is ready to be “shot,” the star then steps in, fresh and unfatigued.

Marie is considered one of the foremost stand-ins, because of her previous screen experience. She understands posture and takes direction from the cameraman easily and quickly. To occupy this position of this kind any girl must be responsive to the cameraman’s orders. Not infrequently a good stand-in will win an acting job for herself.

Whenever an animal picture is to be made, Madame Olga Celeste generally is called upon to render her services as trainer. Olga, who hails from Sweden and is acknowledged one of the most expert animal trainers in the world, has been associated with motion pictures for twenty-five years and in days gone by doubled for such actresses as Kathleen Williams and Pearl White when the actresses themselves appeared in any exciting or perilous scene with wild beasts.

At home, Olga may be found tending a baby tiger or leopard. At the California Zoological Gardens, formerly the Selig Zoo of Los Angeles, it’s a ten to one chance she’ll be in the cage of some ferocious lion or panther, teaching him tricks. Midnight, one of the most dangerous black leopards in captivity, is her special charge and

CORN COME BACK BIGGER,UGLIER UNLESS REMOVED ROOT ‘T ALL

WATCH OUT—Play safe with this, new, easy method

Home paring merely affects the surface of a corn, and it means the risk of a fungus infection. That’s why millions of people everywhere are using the new Blue-Jay medicated plaster. By removing the pressure, all pain is relieved quickly. Then in 3 days the entire corn lifts off, Root and All (exceptionally stubborn cases may require a second application). 25¢ for a package of 6—at all drugstores.

(E)Couple of dead cute roots-like in form and position, if left may serve as focal point for subdued development.

LIGHT INCLUDED FREE

We defy you to tell us this magnificent new ring from one costing $100.00. To prove it we will send it by return mail.

ON APPROVAL

You will be thrilled with this magnificent ring. With flashing, FULL CARAT genuine diamond, lovingly designed mounting of lifetime beauty in this large and rich gemstone lifetime platter. We will send it you, Delivered FREE, and after you have worn it for 10 days, if you wish, return it at our expense. Should you keep it, then, no further payment is required.

FREEDON Watch, Jeweled for ACCURACY! Yours for just $20. Total nothing more to pay. No reference needed—immediate shipment. Simply send 30 cents to cover postage, mailing, etc.

INCLUDIFFREE Hollywood Brylcreem Spray and blue bottle efficacious, as advertised, at 3¢ for 1 ounce.

PHOTO

Enlargements

Clear enlargement, best, full length or part group, pose or original costume. Also Cropped Format, any size enlargement, 3 x 5 inches, $1.00. For work, $1.50. Further details on request.铲子 FREE! If you ever have a pose you would like to have enlarged, photograph it and send to us. FREE! If you ever have a pose you would like to have enlarged, photograph it and send to us. We will make every effort to get your picture enlarged for you. SEND NO MONEY! Just mail photo with name and address. In a few days you will have your enlargement in the mail, Postage free. You can get a beautiful enlargement, $1.00, for nothing.

BEAUTIFULLY FREE! Accompanied by 11 x 14 inch printed and framed portrait of one of our many famous stars. Offer limited. Write for free copy today.

J. B. W. Photo Co., 211 Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

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PSORIASIS USE DERMOIL

Dermoil is better used by thousands of men and women to secure relief from the effects of this ugly skin disease—often mistaken for scabies. Apply externally. Does not stain clothes or upholstery. Many years of suffering, report the studies have shown, the red patches gradually disappeared and left nothing behind. Dermoil is backed by an agreement to give definite relief in 2 weeks or money is refunded without questions. Beautiful book on Psoriasis and dermatitis included with every order. No obligation or cost. Write for free copy today.

In every case skin that had been a source of trouble and prevailing fear is now smooth and healthy. Dermoil is distributed by:

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Accept No Substitutes! ALWAYS INSIST ON THE ADVERTISED BRAND!
**NEW CLOPAY Lintone WINDOW SHADE**

**Now Replace All Your Shabby Window Shades . . . BUY 10 FOR THE PRICE OF ONE**

*3 out of 4 mistook it for costly cloth*

Here's startling proof that you need no longer pay high prices to get beauty and dignified appearance in window shades. A remarkable new process called "Lintone" now gives to CLOPAY fibre shades the actual appearance of genuine linen! In actual test 3 out of 4 seeing a new CLOPAY LINTONE beside a $1.50 shade only four feet away thought the LINTONE was the cloth shade!

If no one can see any difference in the looks, why pay the big difference in price? Millions of women have found that CLOPAY 15c shades wear as well as cloth shades. Now they look as well, too. A 15c LINTONE will never crack, ravel or pinhole. It will soil no quicker than the costliest shade and when it does you can afford to change at once—always have spic and span shades at a cost you will hardly notice. See the CLOPAY LINTONES, 15c (rollers 10c additional) now in all "5 and 10" and most neighborhood stores. Write for FREE SAMPLES of material. The CLOPAY CORP., 1325 Dayton St., Cincinnati, O.

---

**THIS WINDOW SHADE YOURS FOR 15¢! IS IT "LINEN"?**

BUY Norma job. script Norma a "She Crawford, favorites and frequently, Doll. Special need pictures there in star, frequently the most unbeautiful in the whole of studioland! Even she admits to Hollywood’s homeliest features. But there are compensations . . .

Along the same lines, Dorothy Dillon is famous for her hands. For inserts, showing the hands, she has doubled for such favorites as Norma Talmadge, Joan Crawford, Gloria Swanson, Norma Shearer, Madge Evans, Greta Garbo and many others.

Don’t think for an instant, however, that all these actresses need to have their hands doubled, that their own aren’t presentable. Dorothy gets these calls to take their places because the task of posing for hand pictures is an arduous one, and there is no need for stars to tire themselves when an expert may be used just as effectively. Dorothy, with her filbert-shaped nails and gently-tapering fingers, naturally is a valuable asset to any studio.

Do you recall Bette Davis screaming in Special Agent? Well, that wasn’t Bette, at all. Bette can’t scream convincingly. The screamer was a little girl named Alice Doll.

Margaret Lindsay isn’t the best screamer in the world, either, nor are quite a number of other prominent actresses. Consequently, Alice has a job. The human throat being the delicate organ it is, no studio will risk its high-salaried players ruining their voices by screaming, and even if the actress were willing to take a chance the studio isn’t.

Alice benefits by this practice. Her throat seems to stand up well under the strain of oft-repeated screeching for some of the most famous stars in Hollywood, and while her’s isn’t a job she’s called upon to perform every day in the week there are times when her screaming ability is of inestimable value.

As a script girl for James Cruze, Dorothy Arzner envisioned for herself the goal of directorship. From script, she went into the cutting department, where her talents were recognized as among the most promising on the Paramount lot. Finally, she won her coveted spot and immediately began directing brilliantly and with a rare sense of values.

Today, Dorothy Arzner, still in her thirties, is the only woman director in Hollywood.

John Barrymore once said of Julie Herron . . . "She is the one set-dresser in Hollywood who knows where to put furniture or set so that if belongs, who arranges sets on which I don’t have to fight the furniture when I go through a scene!"

High praise, indeed . . . but Miss Herron, an attractive woman in her late thirties,
Brewers' Supply Co.

A Beautiful Permanent

Movie Waves at home for only...

SO LASTING AND SO INEXPENSIVE

Lovely screen stars are all agog about MOVIE-WAVE... the new discovery of a famous Hollywood manufacturer who has been supplying the studios with beauty products for many years. Now it is no longer necessary to pay from $4.00 to $20.00 for a permanent wave, without the bother of going to a beauty parlor. MOVIE-WAVE creates a beautiful, lustrous permanent without heat or electricity.

Screen favorites, society leaders, and women all over the country are glowing with enthusiasm about their beautiful MOVIE-WAVE Permanents... like L. B., who writes: "Words cannot express my thanks for the best permanent wave I ever had. My hair is so much softer, more natural looking."

EASILY GOOD FOR BLEACHED AND DYED HAIR

MOVIE-WAVE will wave hair of all types and ages. It is ABSOLUTELY GUARANTEED not to harm healthy hair or scalp. You don't need any equipment... everything necessary for a lovely, long-lasting permanent, with soft waves and enchanting tresses, is contained in the one compact MOVIE-WAVE Kit... for only $1.00.

Available at many leading Department Stores.

If your local Department Store cannot supply you with the first and only permanent Movie-Wave... DON'T DELAY! Write us immediately, enclosing $1.00. Movie-Wave will be sent to you direct from Hollywood, still under guarantee.

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GRAY HAIR

takes on new color

(FREE Test Shows Way)

No matter whether your hair is all gray or only streaked with gray, you can transform it with new radiance. And it is so easy. Merely comb Mary T. Goldman's clear, water-soluble Gray-Dispel Hair, Gray-Dispel Hair. Gray strands take on new color: black, brown, blonde, or any hair color desired, as desired. Will not wash or rub off on clothing... Hair stays soft, lustrous—takes way of gray. This way  SAFE. Sold on money-back guarantee at drug and department stores everywhere.

Test it FREE. Send 5c Test Package. Apply to single lock snipped from hair. Send results first. No risk. No expense. Just mail coupon.

--MARY T. GOLDMAN

3042 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

During a spell of California's "unusual" weather, Maxine Jennings and Jane Hamilton poodle along on the pictured Liliputian stilt.
erly Green is in the process of building and with money Shirley is taking out of her little bank, a mere quarter of a million, by the way.

Shirley’s father, George Temple, has left his job as manager of a branch bank to guard his daughter’s interests in the investment.

Cutting Expenses

BING CROSBY, among his many other investments, race horses, golf courses and the like recently attended the boxing matches at the Hollywood Stadium and became interested in a light heavyweight named George Turner.

So Bing bought the chap’s contract. Turner did not do so well in the ring after Bing bought him and those big chaps

Latest of the film romances is that of Jean Harlow and Robert Taylor, teamed for the first time in M-G-M’s hilarious comedy-drama, Personal Property.

You’re a pretty girl, Mary, and you’re smart about most things. But you’re just a bit stupid about yourself.

You love a good time—but you seldom have one. Evening after evening you sit at home alone.

You’ve met several grand men who seemed interested at first. They took you out once—and that was that.

WAKE UP, MARY!

There are so many pretty Marys in the world who never seem to sense the real reason for their aloneness.

In this smart modern age, it’s against the code for a girl (or a man, either) to carry the repellent odor of underarm perspiration on clothing and person.

It’s a fault which never fails to carry its own punishment—unpopularity. And justly. For it is a fault which can be overcome in just half a minute—with Mum!

No bother to use Mum. Just smooth a bit of Mum under each arm—and slip into your dress without a minute lost. No waiting for it to dry; no rinsing off.

Use it any time; harmless to clothing. If you forget to use Mum before you dress, just use it afterwards. Mum is the only deodorant which holds the Textile Approval Seal of the American Institute of Laundering as being harmless to fabrics.

Soothing and cooling to skin. You’ll love this about Mum—you can shave your underarms and use it at once. Even the most delicate skin won’t mind!

Effective all day long. Mum never lets you down. Its protection lasts, no matter how strenuous your day or evening.

Does not prevent natural perspiration. Mum just prevents the objectionable part of perspiration—the unpleasant odor—and not the natural perspiration itself.

Don’t let neglect cheat you of good times which you were meant to have. The daily Mum habit will keep you safe!

Bristol-Myers Co., 630 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

When Answering Advertisements, Please Mention May HOLLYWOOD
Sensational BARGAINS

Guaranteed

$102.90 Model
NOW Only
$44.90 Cash

On Easy Terms

SMALL CARRYING CHARGE

10 Day Trial
No Money Down

Put into the greatest bargain ever offered. A genuine full sized $102.90 office model reissued Underwood No. 5 for only $44.90 (cash) or on easy terms. Has up-to-date improvements including standard 4-key keyboard, backspace, automatic ribbon reverse, shift lock, 2-color ribbon, etc. The perfect all-purpose writer. Completely rebuilt and FULLY GUARANTEED.

Learn Typewriting

Complete Home Study
Course of the Famous
Can Speed Type
Method—Guaranteed

Learn Anywhere

GET RID OF UGLY HAIR

ODORLESS DEPILATORY

The new ZIP Facial Hair Remover contains no aphrodisiacs, no offensive odors. Instantly eliminates every trace of hair. Face, arms and legs. Ask your dealer or write
Madame Berthé, 562 Fifth Ave., New York

Ships free with your order

APPROVED WAY TO TINT

GRAY TO TINT

AND LOOK 10 YEARS YOUNGER

At home—quickly and safely you tint those streaks of gray to last a thousand shades of blonde, brown or black. A small brush and BROWNATONE does it. Guaranteed harmless. Active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Economical and lasting—will not wash out. Imparts rich, beautiful color with amazing speed. Effort to prove by kitting a lock of your own hair, BROWNATONE is only 50c—at all drug or toilet counters—always on a money-back guarantee.

Help Kidneys

Clean Out Poisonous Acids

Your Kidneys contain 9 million tiny tubes or filters which may be endangered by neglect or drastic, irritating drugs. Be careful. If functional Kidney or Bladder disorders make you suffer from Getting Up Nights, Nervousness, Loss of sleep, Leg Pains, Rheumatic Pains, Circles Under Eyes, Neuritis, Acidity, Burning, Smarting or itching, don't take chances. Get the doctor's guaranteed prescription Cystex, the most modern advanced treatment for these troubles. $10.000.00 deposited with Bank of America, Los Angeles. California. Guarantee is that Cystex must bring new vitality in 48 hours and make you feel years younger in one week or money back on return of empty package. Telephone your druggist for guaranteed Cystex (Sino-Tex) today.

Hollywood's Uncle

(Continued from page thirty-six)

At first blush a lot of folks were plenty mad. Reading in the press that so and so made $50,000 more than you wasn't conducive to harmony. In fact, you were about to make tracks to the front office and holler —

But you didn't. Why? That is the laugh. You got to figuring—well, the more she makes the more she has to pay, and finally you figured that you made just about as much as she did.

Take Mae West (you might as well, Uncle Sam did). She earned $480,000 last year, but the little boy (his friends call him Cal.) went up and saw Mae and he came down with some $60,000. As a result Mae had a mere $170,000 left to take care of herself and her retinue.

Now Marlene Dietrich probably was vexed when she saw that Mae grossed $112,000 more in 1936 than she did (as set out in those published figures of earnings). But after the glamorous German actress paid off she and only about $29,000 more left than she did.

In the lower brackets, while the difference is not so pronounced and startling, it is nevertheless substantial and efficient healing balm to the lesser grossers.

What will be the effect of this enlightenment? Surely taxes will go no lower. Surely taxes for the greatest earners will increase.

Perhaps next year or within five years the one who earns a half million in a year will have no more left than the one who earns $50,000.

That situation is more than possible. It is nearly a certainty unless those income tax mathematicians figure out a remedy.

All right. What is to happen? To some degree it already has happened. Several stars and high salaried featured players have raised their rates only to make more than four pictures a year. In fact more than two have declined to make more than three pictures. And some of the wealthiest, the so-called producing stars, won't make more than one photoplay.

"Give me a good story, expert direction and a large budget and I'll make one picture a year for $100,000," a star will say if he or she hasn't said it by this time. "No, I won't make three pictures for $300,000. Why should I? The government will take most of it and one or even two of the productions might be bad and hurt ME."

Of course, contracts already in force and with two or three years more to run, will place the star in a more or less "have to do it" position, but then it may not.

Because the producers also have to pay taxes. Of course, corporation taxes differ from individual taxes. But if you think they are going to be less, stop thinking; these government folks coldly aver. Because the corporation is the greatest equalizer in this modern world of ours.

But behind those critical glances of the government men, there's a warmth of feeling for them.

Because the film industry has long been one of the chief contributors to the Treasury.

Fat Girl Laughs and Grows Slim

Without Starvation Diets, or Back-Breaking, Reading Exercices.

Here's a way to get rid of that fat that works hand in hand with Nature. Millions of people are losing millions of pounds of flabby flesh and getting back slender figures, without the need of starvation diets or back-breaking exercises.

Medical science has discovered that one of the causes of too much fat lies in a little gland. Doctors correct this condition by feeding this little gland the substance it lacks—and Marmola Prescription Tablets are based on this same method. Millions are using them with success. They are prepared by a famous medical laboratory. Their formula is published in every package so you know what you are taking.

So don't waste time and money with starvation diets or back-breaking exercises. Go to your drugstore today and get a box of Marmola. Try this simple, easy way to get rid of excess fat.

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Hollywood Newsreel

(Continued from page fifty-seven)

A few years ago Bogart had a contract at a major studio and was in Hollywood the better part of a year without getting a break.

Can you name any picture he appeared in during that period? Neither can we!

Cocktail Hour

Milton Berle of Community Sing fame is in Hollywood to broadcast from the coast and to make a picture. The day after his arrival he learned something new in the way of a joke—on him. His manager widely advertised that a cocktail party would be thrown for the press and especially for radio editors to meet Berle and his company. More than 200 showed up at the party. Exactly 10 of the press.

Finale

A burlesque house in Los Angeles had a happy thought recently in advertising their strip tease girls. With "See-Moo" "See-Mean" "See-More" mind, evidently, they placarded the town with posters and the biggest type was the name of their extravaganza. It read "See-More See-More."

Wrong Shade Powder Can Hide Half
Your Beauty—Try My Glorious New Face Powder—FREE!

Dear Madam:

Do you look years older than you need to—just because you are using the wrong shade of face powder?

Don’t be fooled any longer with the outlandish old notion that you are a "type" and that you are condemned to use only a certain "shade-name" of face powder. This is a "skin game" where you are bound to lose—because dozens of "Rachel" powders are different from each other in actual color, make different tones of your skin jump out. The same is true of "Natural", "Brunette" and other shades of face powder, all are different in color. No one can say what shade of face powder YOU should use for the loveliest, most enchanting effect. You must discover this for yourself.

How can you be sure of finding the one face powder which ends that sallow, older, powdery, "false face" look—

How to Tell Which Is Right

First, forget all about "types." You are more than a mere "type." You’re an individual and you want to make people remember you as an individual. So sit down before your mirror and test all five new shades of my LOVELY LADY Face Powder—see for yourself which reveals that

individual YOU most delightfully, most charmingly.

Artist, colorist, cosmetician tests prove that the five basic shades of my face powder cover every complexion color need—because all five shades have BALMITE which blend LOVELY LADY’S beautiful, soft color tones more harmoniously, more flatteringly with the tones of your skin. BALMITE ends harsh, raw powder colors that clash with skin-color tones.

Stay on 3 to 5 Hours

BUT you will discover that one shade of my face powder above all others is most becoming to you. You’ll recognize which shade this is as soon as you try them all—before your mirror, where your face powder stands or falls.

Test All 5 Shades at My Expense

See which skin tones you should emphasize—which makes you most attractive, youngest. Make the comparison that really proves which one face powder shade you should use—sit before your mirror and test them. I’ll supply you with generous vanity size samplers of all five shades free. Just send me the coupon now.

Sincerely,

Lovely Lady

*LOVELY LADY*
605 Washington Blvd., Chicago, Ill.
Please send free by return mail generous vanity-size samplers of all five shades of LOVELY LADY Face Powder; include a week’s supply of LOVELY LADY All Purpose Face Cream FREE.

Name

Street

City.

State

On sale at Cosmetic Counters Everywhere
It seems that Dixie Dunbar is going after Betty Furness' crazy hat laurels. She appeared at the Vendome recently wearing a plantation sombrero—so big you could scarcely see Dixie under it. It's white panama, with a high peaked crown, all crushed in and it sports a bright red band. The maître d'hôtel took one look at it, and though Dixie was alone, led her at once to a table for three.

New Romance

Among the new romances is that of Rochelle Hudson and Jack La Rue. It's one of the few times that Jack has been cast as a hero and not as a villain. They met when Jack saw Rochelle coming out of a movie in the rain, and offered her his coat while she sprinted for her car.

Picture Prospect

Thomas Mitchell, the New York stage actor, who makes such a hit as the law-fleeing financier in *The Lost Horizon*, is known around town as a Deferred Debutante. The reason? He was brought out here almost a year ago for his role in *Lost Horizon* which has only just now been released. In the meantime he made two other pictures in which he had smaller parts, so extracted promises from all his friends not to count these two performances and to wait for his real debut in the Colman picture. Hence the title, and now everyone is calling him D. B. The initials will probably stick.

Bon Mot

Latest Witticism of Jane Withers, overheard on the Boulevard: Jane and her mother were window shopping and gazing at several twin sweater sets displayed. Said Jane, "Gee, Mama, I just love double deckers... could I have one?"

[Continued on page 73]
Our Readers Write
(Continued from page ten)

pictures, because Grandma would be offended (maybe), and the end of a good Garbo passion scene, because it wouldn't be fit for Wally? Will the television-movies, trying to offend no one, give us some little Sunday-school tinsel instead of the What Price Glory—Scarface—Camille pictures that, though they might have offended some timid souls, was damn good entertainment for the rest of us?


When television gets into the homes those putting it through the ether will have to provide what the public wants, or television likely will be put on the taboo list of many—which will defeat it, or make it measure up to good taste.—The Editor.

Here's a Prophecy

Dear Editor:
The days of big musical comedies in the picture world are numbered. They last too long; their plots are too sketchy; their towering spiral stairways make you dizzy.

Pictures like One in a Million will be remembered and popular much longer than more elaborate musical comedies. It's surprising but true, that most audiences like lots of sense, clean humor and dressed girls in pictures. Only pictures like this will live to a ripe old age.

You will probably quote Joe Penner, when you read this and say, "the woman's crazy!" As a

June Travis, whose father is a Chicago baseball official, goes in for sports and the "net" result is an appealing picture of the young Warner Bros. featured player, who is rapidly climbing to cinema renown

DENTYNE HELPS KEEP TEETH STRONGER, WHITER! We civilized folk find Dentyne a wonderful, natural aid to mouth health. Its specially firm consistency invites more vigorous chewing, gives teeth and gums healthful exercise. It works in Nature's own way to help you keep your mouth healthy, gums pink and firm, teeth sound and white!

LOADED WITH DELICIOUS FLAVOR!—Just taste Dentyne for yourself—that fragrant pink rectangle is loaded with mellow, spicy flavor! And notice the flat package (exclusive Dentyne feature)—made to park so neatly and handily in your pocket or purse.

DENTYNE CHEWING GUM

DELICIOUS CHEWING GUM

HELPs KEEP TEETH WHITE
MOUTH HEALTHY

When answering advertisements, please mention May HOLLYWOOD
Two years is a long time to wait but when one is as confident of the outcome as is Mrs. Weisher, the time will pass quickly.—The Editor.

Burlesque, Blatant, Brazen!

Dear Editor:

Let's have some light thèmes, more comedies and more music. Why not try giving the burlesque, the blatant and the bawdy a rest for a while.

Give us some pleasant and cultured voices, like Grace Moore's, for instance, or similar to those characters in One Man's Family.

Let's bring back that satiric conversation and taboe the slang. Let's have a little more courtesy, correctness and cordiality employed. Wouldn't it be better to curb the emotional gape a little?

Surely real life provides something besides screaming police sirens, the jazz whirl of youth, the turbulent chaos of sex and the comet flight of the fugitive.


What the public pays—and pays well to see—is likely to be the screen fare always. Reel life and real life are often far apart and good films, like good people, die young.—The Editor.

Interesting if Impractical

Dear Editor:

This has happened all too often in musicals.

The publicity department announces a hit. One million dollars has been spent on a current production, music, by a famous composer, one hundred gorgeous girls, and six thousand dollars. After the preview, it is pronounced a tremendous success. But why shouldn't it be, with the best of everything it could only be the best.

I am waiting for a publicity department to announce a production with practically unknown but clever talent, music by a not famous but good composer, minimum budget, and with only ten gorgeous girls. This would give the producer a chance to call on his ingenuity and intelligence. I am hoping he will give us a background of sentiments instead of mirrors and the ten gorgeous girls dressed as new-born instead of being sequin adored.

Marie Van Deen, 3433 Bellefontaine, Kansas City, Mo.

Triangles Tire

Dear Editor:

We are a picture-going family—of three—at this time I might say it is our only disipation. We pursue "the picture"!

Our opinion is—make them worthwhile—give us good entertainment, romance without the ever present triangle, or, at least, not so much triangle.

Give us one good picture, newrell, child's short, and now again a good sports reel . . . but, whatever you do, don't give us the best picture in town, a gorgeous thing like Garden of Allah, with a murder picture to send us home with the creeps.

Jennette H. Caldwell, 6024 Chabot Road, Oakland, Calif.

Liquor Sequences Rapped

Dear Editor:

While we're being candid—how about this load of free advertising the liquor industry is putting at present in our movies? The favorite expression seems to be, "that calls for a drink." And the favorite beverage is a glorified cocktail bar where we are given the edifying sight, of the sweet little heroine showing her familiarity with whisky sous.

Editor:

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Jennette H. Caldwell, 6024 Chabot Road, Oakland, Calif.

Making up programs for film theatres is no easy task. The exhibitor hopes, by his choice, to give the program a sufficiently broad appeal to interest the greatest number.—The Editor.

Corns Removed with Castor Oil

Say goodbye to rusty razors, and crosso-pads. A new liquid NOXACORN relieves pain and forms a thin protecting film over the corn. Then the corn (or callus) loosens and comes out with ease. Absolutely safe. Contains six ingredients—including camphor, iodine, castor oil, and bottle saves untold misery. Druggists refund money if it fails.

Corns Removed with Castor Oil

FREE PHOTOGRAPH

of your favorite MOVIE STAR with BEAUTIFUL AUTOGRAPHED PHOTOGRAPHS

2 for $1.25
5 for $2.50
10 for $4.00
15 for $5.00
25 for $10.00

All prepaid Star and Photo. Send for your favorites.

Hollywood Screen Exchange
350 E. 49th St., New York City

OUR BOOKLET

"CRASHING HOLLYWOOD"

tell's Movie ambitions parents just what that Hollywood would be in the Cinematic City. Listed you over the nuth with your book if not satisfied, horse one dollar for your copy today.

EMMETT P. GARDNER
P. O. Box 2363
Hollywood, Calif.

ON APPROVAL

Set with ivory, flashing, full size, the most attractive pins. Yours by RETURN MAIL, to wear in our pick! If you think it is brilliant and beautiful you pay $5.00 in cash, pay 2 monthly $5 payments total $7.50. If not satisfied, send only $5, for pin and $0.50 for postage. If Visual in rich Gift Case shipped by return mail, all postage paid. No charge for ever! Money back if you are not satisfied. Only without warranty.

BRADLEY, Dept. 395, NEWTON, MASS.
Typing Finds Convert

Dear Editor:

Should actors and actresses be typed? Or should they change their roles with each new picture, in order to display their versatility? My opinion is that, having early found what general sort of role they excel in, they should develop and present themselves in that type. It is most annoying to me to have an actor switch indiscriminately from hero to villain. Or for an actress to play tragedy and comedy interchangeably. For those lack of judgment and reckless abandon spoils the realism (turning it to mere routine) that I have unconsciously built up around the stars I see. I like to depend on the fact that when I go to the movies I find my constellations in their usual niches in the film firmament.

With every good wish for the continued success of Hollywood and to its up-to-the-minute editor.

Ruth Whitehill
Farley Road, Los Gatos, Calif.

Few players like to get in the groove ordinarily called "typing." Most of them feel that their expression merits a wider scope than most producers give them.—The Editor.

Successee from Suffering

Dear Editor:

I am a nurse. My hours are spent in heart-rending scenes, horror, tears—and sometimes death. At the end of the day I am exhausted, both mentally and physically. My only form of amusement is the movies. There I can forget the sorrows of the day. There I can go back into history with The Thin Man, and thrill to Rose Marie.

A rested and refreshed mind—a new outlook on life—both of these priceless possessions are obtained for the ticket of admission to a movie. Because I am refreshed I can carry on. Hospital training (like that of the theatre) is never slighted. I salute the motion picture industry. It may have its faults—but its virtues overcome all else.

Ansonia Apts., 713d & Broadway,
New York City

Censorship Too Stiff

Dear Editor:

I really do believe that even the censors are mistaken when they do not permit at least a little "roughness" (not necessarily sexiness) in pictures. After all, most of us, even as little children, come up against certain amount of badness in other people. Some of us see very little of it and others get a good deal more than their share—but the whole story is that these young chaps sometimes do "go wrong" on account of their contacts with that amount of badness, nor will true-life motion pictures make them go bad—unless they are headed in that direction anyway.

It is human nature for people to see bad in what they can’t enjoy themselves—therefore they organize to suppress such badness in order to protect the rest of the world from it. And, incidentally, by such actions they turn more people against their cause than they save. People dislike having their morals governed by what their neighbors think, and the sooner the busy-bodies realize that the faster their drive for good, clean, wholesome living will progress.

Richard Huntington
1327 Bryan Ave., Salt Lake City, Utah.

So long as pictures are made "that ol’ debbil censorship" is likely to offend more film fans than it saves from what a few would have one believe is not proper for them to see and hear.—The Editor.
Ralph Never Boosts Bellamy

(Continued from page thirty-five)

were driving a swanky Model T paddle-jumper of the type that Minnesota’s most up-to-date gravel roads.

Our rattler was capable of some speed and we were pushing her to the floorboard. We had gained a momentum of about fifty-five when we leomed upon a lumbering truck.

With no ado we proceeded to attempt an underpass in just getting by, but instead of sailing right on we careened madly, went into a wild skid on the gravel, and the car jumped completely over a ditch beside the road, and dumped us unceremoniously into a plowed field.

Bellamy cannot see how death spared them. Not one car in a million would have avoided the truck, then made the ditch, and spared them by throwing them onto a soft, newly-plowed field.

Whew, we managed to get the car back across the ditch and were bummer I’ll be darned if it didn’t drive us right on through to Evansville,” laughed Ralph.

The same kindly fate which had fended off death in so many pinches has stilled Ralph’s ever-energetic breaks, bringing him to where he is today. Running away from home when he was just a kid to get the stage he craved on the stage, he got his first major part here in town a year ago.

In 1919 he was at Balboa Beach, swank resort of the time, bell-hopping in a splendid hotel. Miss Louise Lovely, a Garbo of her time, had just come off location. As gracious as he was tall, the well-bred youth offered to shine her shoes. When she learned of his ambition to act she arranged for him to get a small part in her picture, Wings of the Morning.

Many times in the early stages of his career Bellamy was on the verge of starvation. But eventually his lean days passed and he got his chance on Broadway and a choice of motion picture contracts the day after his play, Roadside, opened. He’s been going strong ever since.

With Charlie Farrell he recently purchased half a hundred desert acres in Palm Springs. Deciding to erect a tennis court, they began to call their neighbors the friends who wanted to use the court as much as they did. There were more friends than the court could accommodate. They had to expand, and the first thing they knew they were in it more than $100,000 for a shower, clubroom, numerous courts, and other accessories. Now the venture has become the famous Racquet Club, has most of the money for members, and is making money hand over fist.

Oh, I almost forgot to tell you,” stated Ralph as we were preparing to leave.

“I had a couple of tiffs with the weather which could have been unfortunate. During the New Year’s flood of 1934, Catherine, my wife, and I were driving home from a party up into the hills in a tre mendous wall of water and debris swept down on us, turned the car over and bagged us in four feet of muck. We didn’t get out until morning. We looked terrible!”

Ralph was sated with the weather, and seemed to express a regret that he wasn’t better copy—but I warned you, nothing ever happens to me. Maybe it’s just as well, though,” he exclaimed, “I have certainly enjoyed the quiet life.”
How Jean is Breaking The Jinx
(Continued from page twenty-nine)

She added, "Going slower has been good for me as a person—and invaluable to me as an actress. I believe, sincerely, that my work has improved. If you live artificially, your characterizations will be unreal. A famous director once said, 'You're only as good as your last picture in Hollywood.'"

"As to the future—I won't attempt to make plans. Nothing I've ever planned in my whole life has worked out, with regard to people, or a pattern of life. I've been planning to go to New York every two months for a year, and I'm still in Hollywood.

"It's the things in the back of my mind, the big things, that are beginning to come true for me. Consciously and subconsciously I've worked to better myself in my profession. They tell me that it's beginning to show."

In Libeled Lady critics singled out Jean's performance for special mention in a cast that included such rivals for attention as Spencer Tracy, Myrna Loy, and Ol' Massa Powell himself. According to studio reports, Personal Property, opposite Bob Taylor, offers Jean the best chance of her career.

"I feel the future is a good deal like walking from one room to another," she told me. "We see the same windows, the same walls, maybe even the same type of furnishing. It's the way we react to things that makes a progression."

There is more than one word of wisdom in what the beautiful and talented Jean says. Progression is the way one re-acts to things—not only external but internal things. That Jean has taken this attitude speaks well for what the future has in store for her. And it can safely be said that her new re-actions explain why, right now, she has conquered, successfully and forever, the "Harlow jinx."

**FREE—VALUABLE PERSONALITY AND BEAUTY BROCHURE. ROBERT OF FIFTH AVENUE, internationally famous as 'the man who makes you beautiful,' has written an amazing beauty instruction brochure telling you how to analyze and improve your personality and appearance. Complete with charts for easy guidance. We will send you this brochure FREE—simply send in the coupon below with Marchand box tops.**

**MARCHAND'S GOLDEN HAIR WASH** (complete simple directions for use with every bottle)

\[\text{Gentlemen: Please send me a free copy of ROBERT'S BEAUTY BROCHURE. I enclose Marchand box tops and a 3-cent stamp to cover postage costs.}\]

Charles Marchand Co., 521 W. 23rd St., New York City

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\[\text{Address} \]
\[\text{City} \]
\[\text{State} \]

When answering advertisements, please mention May Hollywood 65
LeRoy Contest Winners Named!

The grand prize of $250 was awarded this design in the Mervyn LeRoy trademark contest. The design was submitted by Edward Charles Denton, 12 Pearl St., Boston, Mass.

Congratulations To Edward Charles Denton, who wins the grand cash prize of $250 for the best drawing submitted to the Mervyn LeRoy Trademark Contest, and $50 for the best entry to Motion Picture Magazine. The judges were unanimous in their choice since they believed that this entry, because of its distinction, its symbolism, its dignity, and its adaptability to all uses, was superior to the 15,000 other designs submitted.

The winner of the $50 cash prize among all the designs submitted to Hollywood Magazine is Alex Scenna of 440 Irondale St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Other $50 cash prize winners are as follows: Miss Dorothy Rothermel, 116 Winchester Road, Langhorne, Pa.; Hollis E. Leffel, 620 So. 6th Street, Chickasha, Okla.; W. Ditzel, 1624 First Ave., New York City.

To those thousands who failed to share in the prizes, the judges, Director Mervyn LeRoy, S. Charles Einfield, vice president in charge of all Warner Brothers advertising and publicity, and Edward Selzer, director of Warner Brothers studio publicity, wish to extend their sincerest thanks for helping to make the Mervyn LeRoy Trademark Contest such an important success.
When Mowbray Window-Shopped for Food!

(Continued from page thirty-eight)

most un-English Englishman among the screen's Englishmen. In place of the restraint and stoicism which seems characteristic of most Englishmen, Alan loves to ignore conventions, throw dignity and inhibitions to the winds and freely obey any impulse that comes to him.

However, when the occasion demands as sometimes happens, he can be just as dignifiedly English in bearing and manner as King George himself. For instance, when a British warship drops anchor off San Pedro, it is usually Mowbray who plays host to its officers, entertaining them as befits their rank and in genuine British style. When a British Armistice Ball or some such event comes along, Mowbray, resplendent in tails and medals, will be there, strictly observing customary formalities.

But that is not the real Alan Mowbray. Such behavior on his part is taken down, dusted off, and used only on very special occasions.

And he is no "softie." During the World War, Alan was at the front with a detachment of British artillery. But even the war failed to exhaust his abundant physical energy or satisfy his craving for vigorous activity. He and others of his brand enlivened spare moments by engaging in a contest, the rules of which were simple enough, but questionable as to ethics and personal safety. Wrestling on horseback, two men, stripped to the waist, would mount a horse apiece, bareback. Then each had to do was to try to throw his opponent to the ground, no holds barred. After a few moments of tussling, the horses naturally entered into the spirit of it and began rearing and bucking. That, of course, only added spice. Alan was the champion horseback-wrestler of his outfit.

There is no sham, no posing, no "putting it on," with Mowbray. In Hollywood, particularly among the foreign gentry, it is impossible to find anyone who wasn't a high ranking officer during the war. Taking their word for it, European armies were composed mostly of generals—surely nothing less than captains. But proudly displayed in a prominent spot on the wall of his den hangs a wartime photograph showing Alan in a uniform bearing only the chevron of a corporal. "And most of the time I wasn't even a corporal," he will tell you. "I was continually being demoted."

Alan Mowbray during a tense scene with Fernand Gravet in the latter's first American picture, The King and the Chorus Girl. Mowbray's film roles are as kaleidoscopic as his private life.

IF SHE'S COMING OVER
— I'M GOING OUT!

WHY NOT TALK TO DR. LAMASON ABOUT BAD BREATH, JEAN?

WHAT'S THE MATTER, HENRIETTA LATELY? ISN'T SHE THE ONLY ONE WHO ACTS AS IF SHE HAD BAD BREATH OR SOMETHING?

BUT YOU PROMISED TO TEACH JEAN THAT NEW DANCE STEP, THAT'S WHY SHE'S COMING!

THAT WAS BEFORE I KNEW SHE DIDN'T READ THE TOOTHPASTE ADS!

NOW— NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HER SPARKLING SMILE!

... AND NO TOOTHPASTE EVER MADE MY TEETH AS BRIGHT AND CLEAN AS COLGATE'S!

THEN—THANKS TO COLGATE'S

YOU BET I HAVE! AND IN A BIG WAY, TOO!

I'M AFRAID MY BROTHER HAS FALLEN FOR YOU, JEAN!

MOST BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD DEPOSITS IN HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN TEETH THAT AREN'T CLEANED PROPERLY. USE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM, ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THESE FOOD-BREEDING DEPOSITS.

MOST BAD BREATH BEGINS WITH THE TEETH!

Tests prove that 76% of all people over the age of 17 have bad breath! And tests also prove that most bad breath comes from improperly cleaned teeth. Colgate Dental Cream, because of its special penetrating foam, removes the cause—the decaying food deposits in hidden crevices between teeth which are the source of most bad breath, dull, dingy teeth, and much tooth decay. At the same time, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent cleans and brightens enamel—makes teeth sparkle!

WHEN Answering ADVERTISEMENTS, Please Mention MAY HOLLYWOOD

67
Later he transferred to the flying corps and in spite of continued disregard for army regulations, finally went home the possessor of a number of decorations and medals presented to him in honor of such disregard.

Ordinarily, Alan is a merry soul, always clowning and kidding, possessing a temper not easily ruffled. There are times though, when perhaps because some injustice has been committed, he will vehemently insist that amends be made.

And, like as not, the injustice has not been done to him at all. He will simply be protecting another.

I remember the time some years back when we were both members of the Copley Players in Boston. During a performance one night, Alan, one of the ladies of the cast and myself were standing in the wings waiting to make an entrance. Nearby stood a group of stage-hands conversing in subdued voices but loud enough that their words reached us. One of the men was drunk and suddenly he let loose a string of language that was to put it mildly, very offensive. Alan reached out and grabbed him by the collar, yanking him off his feet.

"Listen, buddy," he said, "cut that kind of talk. There's a lady here!"

The drunk wrenched himself free and squared off.

Said Mowbray, "I've got to go on now, but when I come off you're going to apologize to her."

When the curtain came down on the act, Alan went to the man and asked if he was ready to apologize. With profane emphasis the drunk said he wasn't.

"But I am ready," he snarled, "to teach you to mind your own business."

He picked up a hammer. Others of the stage crew massed behind him.

Alan laid down his cane and calmly removed his gloves. He took one step toward the waiting group and then the stage manager arrived. He scowled at the crew and commanded Alan to go to his dressing room.

"All right," said Alan, addressing the drunk, "we can't fight in the theatre. But tomorrow I'll meet you outside the stage door before the matinee. I'll be there at two o'clock."

And then, with a wave of his hands toward the others, "All the rest of you can come too, if you like."

At lunch the next day I kidded Alan about what fine shape he was going to be in for the matinee after six or eight stage-hands worked him over. He ate his lunch with relish and then went to keep his appointment. I went along.

No one was in sight when we arrived. We waited until two-thirty and then had to dash in, make up and dress for a two-thirty curtain.

We then learned that the stage crew had gone to the actress and made their apology.

What would have happened if they had put in appearance at the stage door, nobody knows. I, however, would have put my money on Mowbray.

Don't get the idea that Alan discriminates against stage-hands or anyone else because of their position. He would have challenged the owner of the theatre just as readily if the owner had been guilty of the same breach of conduct. To him there is no such thing as class and he manifests the same friendly attitude toward grips and electricians that he does toward stars and directors.

His rating with studio non-professionals was demonstrated the day shooting of Night Life of the Gods began. It was Alan's first starring picture. Between twenty and thirty people shook his hand and wished him success. Not a single actor was among them. All were grips, property men, electricians, etc. The words of one of them expressed the feelings of them all: "Alan is a first class, twenty-two carat regular guy."

When I visit him now in his beautiful home and enjoy the hospitality his charming wife extends, when I see Alan fondly romping with his young daughter and son, there is always one factor which enables me to realize that he is the man with whom I used to miss meals and share benches in Central Park. And that is: While his circumstances have changed, the man himself has not.

He is still the same impulsive, happy-go-lucky, friendly Alan Mowbray I have always known.
Daddy Is A Sissy!

(Continued from page thirty-nine)

It seems that Mrs. Morris and he had the same idea. Glad to be able to show the children that daddy, too, could have a heart of gold, they sent them to see Counterfeit and They Met in a Taxi. They were strangely quiet when they came back.

"How'd you like it?" Chester asked hopefully, after one of them.

"It was all right," they said unenthusiastically. And later, Brooks was heard to whisper to Cynthia, "Do you think Daddy's going sissy on us?"

Chester Morris is no longer a hero to his children. He is no longer their favorite actor. No longer do they greet him with, "Saw you on the screen today, dad. Gee, you were keen."

They don't bring up the subject at all now if they can avoid it. If pressed, as they were for an opinion on They Met in a Taxi, they say frankly, "It wasn't tough enough, and besides, there was too much talk."

Brooks' new hero is his uncle Adrian Morris, who plays in hair-raising serials like The Fighting Marines. Chester has lost Cynthia too, though not to his brother. In her case he has Shirley Temple to buck. Now that daddy has given up acting mean, her tastes have swung to the other extreme.

But disappointed or no, they're glad daddy's in the movies. It's been strongly impressed on them that unless daddy acts, they don't eat. So now they accept his career philosophically and hope for the best. The "best" being news that Chester has been cast for a role which will require him to leap off cliffs, be transported to another planet, or swing through the trees of a jungle. Like Uncle Adrian, or Flash Gordon, or Tarzan.

"Cynthia realizes I'll never be another Shirley Temple and has become reconciled," Chester confided to me, "but Brooks hasn't given up. He still has hopes for me. In fact, he nearly ruined my career by nagging me until I almost promised I'd try to get the part of Flash Gordon."

That was when Chester was working on the Universal lot, and they started to cast for their Flash Gordon serial.

"It's your own company," Brooks

[Continued on page 75]

How would your laxative rate with the doctor?

Your doctor is your friend. He wants to help you guard your health. And he is just as careful about little matters affecting your welfare as he is about the more important ones.

The choice of a laxative, for instance, may not worry you. But it's a definite consideration with the doctor. Before he will give a laxative his approval, he insists that it meet his own strict specifications.

The doctor says that a laxative should be: Dependable ... Mild ... Thorough ... Time-tested.

The doctor says that a laxative should not: Over-act ... Form a habit ... Cause stomach pains ... Nauseate, or upset the digestion.

And Ex-Lax checks on every point! No wonder so many doctors use Ex-Lax themselves. No wonder it's a favorite with millions of mothers. No wonder it's the most widely used laxative in the whole world.

Next time you are constipated, try Ex-Lax. You'll discover that Ex-Lax is gentle, is thorough. You'll find that no discomfort attends its use. On the contrary, such a complete, gentle cleansing will leave you with renewed freshness—a sense of well-being. Ex-Lax tastes just like delicious chocolate. Children actually enjoy taking it. And it's just as good for them as it is for the grown-ups. Available at all drug stores in economical 10c and 25c sizes.

FREE—If you prefer to try Ex-Lax at your expense, write for free sample to Ex-Lax, Dept. FG57, P. O., Box 170, Times-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.

When Nature forgets—remember

EX-LAX

THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

WHEN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS, PLEASE MENTION MAY HOLLYWOOD
Typical American Girl Sought

Frances Farmer won her way to screen opportunity as the result of an essay contest. Here she is with Edward Arnold in an RKO production. Miss Farmer has not been in pictures long, but her work has brought her into prominence.

If you were given a chance for movie stardom, do you think you would make good?

Perhaps you think you are not beautiful enough to be a star—and maybe your appearance would prevent you from having a career in motion pictures.

Still, on the word of Oscar Serlin, for three years head of Paramount Pictures’ talent department, beauty has precious little to do with success.

Think it over. Just how many of our best known actresses are truly beautiful?

The answer is, not many of them would be finalists in a nation-wide beauty contest. They are good looking, of course, but few, if any, will go down in history as great beauties.

What is it, then, that makes them successful on the screen?

Part of the answer to that question lies in an experience you have surely had, the experience of knowing someone (maybe yourself) about whom people say, “Doesn’t she look like Joan Crawford,” or some other popular player.

Surely you have heard that said, and the reason so many people make the comparison is that our leading actresses are typical American girls.

So typical are they of American womanhood that movie fans often observe friends with the same physical characteristics or mannerisms as famous stars.

Where does that conclusion lead us?

Simply to this, that the girls Hollywood is looking for to play in the movies are the typical American girls. The stars of today are typical American girls, the stars of tomorrow will be typical American girls—and you may be among those Hollywood is looking for.

Supposing you are ambitious for a film career, or believe you are a typical American girl, just how do you get about getting in touch with the right people, the people capable of making the most of your talents, appearance and ambitions?

That’s where Oscar Serlin comes in. He is actually combing the country, every city, every hamlet, every square mile of it, for typical American girls—hoping he will find girls worthy of a chance at fame and fortune in motion pictures.

Oscar Serlin, by the way, is the man who discovered Fred MacMurray for the movies. He also found Gladys Swarthout, Frances Farmer, Eleanor Whitney, Olympe Bradna, and many, many others.

But more about this search for typical American girls:

Mr. Serlin is no longer connected with Paramount Pictures, but is an associate producer with David O. Selznick, the man who is at present producing Prisoner of Zenda and will soon film the famous Gone with the Wind.

Fred MacMurray is helping Mr. Serlin in his search and is going to be one of the judges to determine just which girl

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Special Work for Women

Offering You

up to 23 WEEK

also your own Dresses Free

If you need money we will show you how to make it in a new kind of easy work. Just near last-minute style Fashion Frock, newest spring dress and shoes to friends and neighbors. You can work for home—right from your house if you wish. New plan makes home-work-camisole necessary.

No investment now or any time Everything is imported you. It is pleasant work, becomes wages, how to look at and care for them. Our new fitted line of evening gowns, modern house dresses, suits, caps, and accessories is imported direct from the world’s largest dress manufacturers. Samples in one for details.

Send for Style Portfolio

126 LOVELIEST

SPRING DRESSES $29

Many sizes.

Get All Details FREE—Just Write

Both your name and address for this assuring free opportunity. Get the elabo: rates. Write for pattern of 132 smart new dress styles in actual color with suggestions of beautiful fabrics. Send no money—just write free.

FASHION FROCKS, INC.

Dept. TT-925 Cincinnati, Ohio

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Your "LEADING MAN" will like

BREAST-O’CHICKEN Tuna Fish

in fact, all the family likes this nourishing, non-
lattening food. BREAST-O’

CHICKEN brand TUNA is

disposable to main-course, salad and festive dishes,
because of its delicate flavor and tenderness.

TUNA ASPARAGUS Casserole

Arrange 1 lb. shelled BREAST-O’

CHICKEN TUNA PIECES 1 lb. asparagus

tips. 1 lb. grated cheese, 2 c. white sauce

are alternate layers in buttered casserole.

Top with grated cheese, bake until brown.

---

Randolph Stetson

in Furs or Fawn

HANG MAN
Barbara Read is a newcomer to pictures but her stock rose quickly when she appeared as one of the leads in Three Smart Girls for Universal. Here she is shown taking a test. Joseph Valentine is the cinematographer.

She will be elected Miss Typical America. The publishers of True Confessions will give that girl $500 in cash, a trip to New York or Hollywood—all expenses paid—

for a personal talent interview with Mr. Serlin. She will also have her portrait painted by a nationally known artist, and the painting reproduced on the cover of a leading monthly magazine.

Of course, only one girl is assured of getting the $500 cash and an all-expense trip to New York or Hollywood for a talent interview, but there are hundreds of other valuable awards for other typical American girls, and Mr. Serlin has reserved the right of bringing more than one girl to New York or Hollywood for a talent interview.

Here's what Fred MacMurray has to say about the girls who get his vote (don't forget, he's going to help select the winners):

"If a girl gets my vote she'll be a representative American girl. Talented, perhaps, but surely ambitious. She may be beautiful, but beauty isn't the most important qualification; although, of course, her appearance will have to be pleasing. She may be doing any one of the typical American jobs that typical American girls do. She may be a stenographer, a young housewife, a hostess in a tea room, a hat-check girl, a nurse, a college student, a high school student, a teacher in an usher in a theatre, a cashier."

Complete details and entry blank for this most amazing chance at fame and fortune are in the May issue of True Confessions Magazine, now on sale at all newsstands for only ten cents. Tell your friends about the big contest and the search for Miss Typical America—but don't forget to enter it yourself.

Many stars, including Clara Bow, Mary Astor and Frances Farmer owe their chance at movie fame, directly or indirectly, to contests.

Frances Farmer won an essay contest, the prize for which was a trip abroad. When she returned to this country, New York newspapers published her picture. Oscar Serlin saw her picture, arranged for a talent interview, and she was given a screen test.

Maybe Mr. Serlin will do the same for you. He wants to.

Get your copy of True Confessions today and send in your photo with the official entry blank. That's all you have to do. No entry fee, nothing to buy, no red tape.

Crossword Puzzle Solution

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When answering advertisements, please mention May Hollywood 71
Grand National is soon to star Stuart Erwin in two features. The first is Small Town Boy, which concerns a young fellow who finds a $1,000 bill and his experiences. The second will probably be Face The Facts; by Clarence Budington Kelland, a story of the "rube" from the big city instead of the "rube" from the country. ... Taking sunbaths and acquiring that "good old tan" has again become the fad among film folk; Greta Garbo suns herself between scenes of Madame Walewska at M-G-M in a secluded spot on the back lot ... Jeanette MacDonald and her fiancé, Gene Raymond, get their tan at Lucien Hubbard's B-Bar-H Ranch ... Joan Crawford is working on her second coat of tan for the season ... Madeleine Carroll, called "the most beautiful English actress in Hollywood," has been signed by David O. Selznick for the role of "Princess Flavia" opposite Ronald Colman in The Prisoner of Zenda; upon the completion of this picture, Mr. Colman plans to step out of the Hollywood picture for a period of three months to rest ... Strolling along Hollywood Boulevard, Henry Armetta and that charming Olympic skating champion, Jack Dunn, impatient to start Hippodrome for Universal ... Janice Jarrett (most photographed girl in America) going places with Melvin Purvis, G-Man who shot Dillinger, refuses to admit there is a romance between them. Miss Jarrett is seen in Universal's Top of the Town ... Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., who saw so much of the glamorous Marlene Dietrich in London, continues to escort her in Hollywood since his arrival ... Clark Gable who recently returned from a hunting trip with a live cougar has been told by studio officials to find a new owner for it, before he starts work on Saratoga at M-G-M. The cougar is now being fed at the studio zoo ... Ricardo Cortez let 200 patrons know how he despised "being kept waiting" (in the lobby of a Hollywood Theatre) before the preview of his recent picture, Her Husband Lies—he arrived thirty minutes too early ... Tala Birell, seen looking at real estate in the San Fernando Valley prior to building ... Shapely Marlene Dietrich at the Lux Radio Theatre in black tailored gabardine suit, white satin blouse with brilliant brooch at the neckline and black pumps ... While motoring in London's fashionable west end, Merle Oberon suffered cuts about the head and face when her car collided with another ... Phil Huston of RKO tells us he's studying voice ... Francis Lederer goes into Frank Capra's next Columbia film, Chopin, based on the romantic life of the famous composer.
Time on Her Hands!

This Machine Age may upset the labor situation, but it certainly makes life a lot simpler and happier for Joan Bennett. Her father has given her a clock, which is now ornamenting the mantelpiece in the Bennett home, which strikes the hours in minor or major tones, depending on the young lady’s mood; turns the radio on and off at desired intervals; rings for the maid; and very delightfully performs the function of a music box. This is all done by remote control from the arm of her favorite easy chair.

Smoke Gets in His Eyes!

Wally Beery had never smoked a pipe before but he had to learn how for his role in The Old Sock. Wally made the mistake of trying to learn while flying his plane however, and got deathly sick. But he managed to open a window for some air, and then tossed the pipe out. The pipe did not start a forest fire as you might expect of this tale, but it did start trouble at Metro. It was one of those “one of a kind” pipes, and since it had already been photographed in the picture, production was held up for a day or so while a duplicate pipe had to be specially made.

Lois January, Evelyn Knapp, and Suzanne Kaaren spent the day recently cutting up on Edward Everett Horton’s lawn from Cupid’s Diary

Anne Shirley and Owen Davis, Jr., are back together again. They split up not long ago because they were really afraid of a serious attachment, and felt they were seeing too much of each other. But here is one case where distance really did make the heart grow even fonder.

Because it’s made with MILK-OILS

This amazing new face creme does things for your skin no creme ever could do before!

Every woman knows that nothing has ever equalled the effects of real MILK on the skin. MILK is the most famous skin beautifier the world has ever known. And now, Duane’s Creme of Milk actually brings you the beautifying qualities of milk itself in this amazing new kind of all-purpose face creme—genuine milk oils extracted from the finest dairy milk. Use it just a quick minute morning and night. Fine glandular milk-oils instantly penetrate every pore and tissue... have natural affinity for the skin, like the oils in your skin. Start using Creme of Milk today for clearer, softer, smoother, more fresh and youthful skin.

Cross them off your list of worries the day you start using this amazing new kind of all-purpose creme.

TUNE IN!
John Nesbitt’s PASSING PARADE
NBC RED NETWORK
TWICE WEEKLY
CLEANSING • SOFTENING • TISSUE TONING • POWDER BASE

When answering advertisements, please mention May Hollywood 70
The Bridegroom?
We Thought He Was HER FATHER!
A natural mistake, but easily made when the head lacks its natural adornment. Many a young man today looks years older because his hair is thin. And in nine cases out of ten the cause is neglect. If you want to keep the hair you have, begin at once to do a few sensible, practical things.

Wake Up Your Lazy Scalp
Don't expect an inactive scalp to grow active hair. Wake up your lazy scalp with frequent vigorous Scalp Rubs. Give your hair roots a chance. Don't tolerate dandruff.

TRY THIS TREATMENT
Get a bottle of Lucky Tiger Hair Tonic. Use it two or three times weekly. Follow each application with a vigorous "Wake Up" Scalp Rub. Chewing dandruff will disappear. Your hair and scalp will be clean and free, and your scalp muscles will be more flexible and stimulated.

Ask Your Barber or Get a Bottle at Your Drug Store
Lucky Tiger FOR HAIR AND SCALP

SENSATIONAL
Lola A. Sharp, Indiana Nurse Now Says:
Drinking 1 Glass of ORANGE JUICE
Mixed with 1 Tablespoon of BONKORA
2 times a day and eating her fill of the delicious foods as shown in the Bonkora package made her
LOSE
108 LBS.
UGLY FAT
She lost 6 in. off waist, 4 in. off hips and 6 in. off bust.
She lost avoidable reducible overweight and regularized elimination.

SEND FOR
Free Sample and copy of Lola Sharp's letter, Address:BONKORA, 514 S. Wells St., Chicago, Illinois. Dept. 135

Real vs. Reel Detectives
(Continued from page thirty-one)

few times we've had a call for a full-dress job, the boys have rented outfits, but if we had Powell on the staff, we'd be sitting pretty because most of the boys are about his size and they could borrow an outfit from him when they needed one.

"And with all those wisecracks, he'd be bound to be good for the morale of the organization. In every group of men you need at least one cutter upper, who can keep the rest of the bunch cheerful."

"I know," I interrupted, "but I'm talking about his methods. What kind of a detective would he make in real life, if he had a job on your staff?"

"Don't get an idea that my boys don't know how to dress," parried the captain, "they can turn themselves out to interpolate in any class of society. You know, the day of the flatfoot is over, they're all pointed-toe dicks now. Our men look like average business men and when I see a detective pictured as a bum oaf who wears a derby in the house and keeps a cigar jammed in his mouth, it gets my goat."

"But captain, captain," I moaned, "I'm asking you what do you think of Bill Powell's methods? If he had a job on your squad, how do you think his methods would work out?"

"I was coming to that," said the Captain. "I'm afraid I'd have to change them quite a bit. You'll notice that in After the Thin Man, Powell, as the detective Nick Charles, gets all his suspects together in one room and questions them.

Now in genuine police work, that could never be done. We always question suspects separately and then check their stories. A guilty party listening to the evidence against him, would be changing his story as the other suspects talked.

"Getting suspects to talk isn't considered as important nowadays as it used to be. Confessions are often repudiated, statements made at the time of arrest are denied when the case comes to court, so the procedure now is to collect evidence that will make the case stand up whether the suspect talk or doesn't."

"Well, then," I said, "it seems Nick Charles as a detective isn't so hot?"

"He's very entertaining," said the captain, "very entertaining indeed. I'd like to see Powell do some more of those Thin Man pictures. I won't miss a one. I'm still trying to figure out how he can drink so much and still get his detecting done.

I've got some boys on my squad who can handle their goop pretty well, but if they took on half of what Powell seems to do, they'd fold up like an accordion.

A detective on a murder case, working long hours, in fact day after day to the point of fatigue until he breaks it, makes a sad mistake in using liquor for a crutch. However, I'm sure all my boys understand it's just a picture and they won't get any ideas from it."

"As detectives," I said, "have you boys ever picked up a good idea from a picture, I mean an idea that could be used in crime detection?"

It goes the other way around, the captain told me. The writers borrow their ideas from the latest advancements in scientific criminology.

Just recently the Los Angeles police department adopted the practice of questioning murder suspects before a motion picture camera and microphone.

When run off before the jury, the pictures and sound track revealed exactly how the suspect acted after arrest, the condition of his clothing, his reaction to evidence, the presence of wounds, etc. Already Wallis told me, this has resulted in two murder convictions and now the Hollywood screenwriters are writing crime stories with a camera third-degree in them, although Wallis said there is no longer such a thing as the third-degree in most communities because confessions obtained thereby were generally thrown out of court. In the camera inquisition the suspect is treated with the utmost gentleness and consideration, which is also bound to impress a jury.

"How do you think Charlie Chan would do on your staff?" I asked the captain, who by this time was on his third pipeful of tobacco and had filled the room with an aromatic blue haze.

"Well, figure it out for yourself," he advised me. "We've got a bunch of fast-
[Continued on page 76]
Daddy Is A Sissy
(Continued from page sixty-nine)

said accusingly, “I don’t see why you don’t want to play it.”

And Chester cringed as he remembered that whispered “Do you think daddy’s going sissy on us?”

But it’s the Tarzan angle that’s really getting Chester down these days. You see, Brooks is interested in hearing about any story his father is going to make and Chester always discusses it with him before he starts on a picture, so that when he starts working, his son is almost as familiar with the script as his is. He was quite hopeful about I Promise to Pay figuring that there was enough of a gauntlet element in it to satisfy Brooks. The boy listened respectfully, said it sounded pretty good, then blurted out: “But why don’t you ever play in real pictures, like Tarzan?”

So Chester had to go into a long explanation about how Johnny Weissmuller had started being Tarzan and would have to finish.

But his father’s loss of prestige is not the only bad thing about the Tarzan era in Brooks’ life. Chester tells me horrible tales of being awakened at six in the morning by the awful Tarzan victory yell, as loud as his eight-year-old son can scream it. Even that’s not the worst of it. Just last week, the nurse discovered that Brooks had strung a rope from his bedroom window, from which he planned to leap across the swimming pool.

“I had to put a stop to that,” Chester sighed, “even though I know it’s meant to show me that he, at least, is no sissy. I don’t mind all the other ropes on the place—but across the swimming pool—that was too much!”

Recently, in a desperate bid for the re-capture of his two former most ardent fans, Chester got hold of an old print of Alibi and ran it at home for them. They loved it. Here at last was the sort of daddy they wanted. “Keen,” said Brooks and Cynthia at the end of it. So at the moment, he’s ace-high with his son and daughter again—UNTIL they see him in his next film, I Promise to Pay, in which he’s, oh, such an honorable man, and so taken advantage of by a lot of tough guys.

But if he thinks he’s having trouble, what about poor me? I’ve got to go back to the Editor and admit that I got him to worrying about a problem that never was. That Chester Moris’ home life, far from being serene since he stopped playing “bad” roles, is practically anything but, and that while he may be grateful for the change for the sake of his career, his gratitude is most certainly NOT because of the kiddies.

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ANNE SHIRLEY in RKO’s “TOO MANY WIVES”

GINGER ROGERS in RKO’s “STEPPING HIGH”

Co-starring with Helen Mack in Columbia’s latest release, I Promise to Pay, Chester wins the sympathy of his public but loses favor with his offspring.

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when I spilled the ink on her dress

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WHAT I'VE DONE!

DON'T WORRY.
MARY, IT WILL
WASH RIGHT OUT.

—for she had changed to Washable Quink, and it came out without a trace.

Real vs. Reel Detectives
(Continued from page seventy-four)

talking, fast-working men here. Suppose they'd be working on a murder case with Charlie Chan and come rushing in and say, 'Come on Charlie, we've got to hop a squad car to 185th and Western where a stakeout has been turned hot this night,' and Charlie would put his hands in his sleeves and say very slowly, 'Truth like football, receives many kicks before reaching goal.' Just as the action gets thicker, Charlie would hold up everything to say, 'Fish in sea like flea on dog, always present but hard to catch.' Why, the boys would think they were playing riddles instead of hunting murderers. No, I'm afraid Charlie wouldn't do. I never have seen a Chinese detective in real life anyway; I've got an Italian, a German, a couple of Mexicans, and the rest are just plain Americans, ranging in age from 35 to 45, bright police officers who showed a special talent for investigation and were made detectives.

"I don't think it's right to show the regular peace officer as a dummy, while the amateur slum is always a brilliant party who covers up the mistakes of the regulars. Does it really happen that well-organized police have to struggle against enough public prejudice without planting the idea in the movie fans' minds that the officers are a bunch of incompetents who would make a sorry substitute for the amateurs to help them out?"

"Well, Captain, who is your favorite screen detective?" I wanted to know. "Well, for me I'd take Nero Wolfe, as played by Edward Arnold."

"He doesn't do a thing but sit home and listen to his arteries harden, while he gets fatter, and drinks gallons of beer all the while. He never leaves the house, his assistant does all the leg work, Nero the brain work, solving all his mysteries right at home."

"Speaking of improbability, though, there is nothing more improbable than the girl detectives shown on the screen. We don't have any women on our squad, when we need one, we come over one from the crime prevention detail."

One thing more I wanted to ask the captain: "What did he like best about the screen's Detective?"

"In the movies," said the captain, "the guilty murderer always pays the supreme penalty, takes poison, jumps out of a window, or is shot by the detective at the climax. The villain gets his due."

"Now let me tell you how it is in real life."

"One of our boys worked night and day for a year to break a case, and incidentally of the forty murder cases so far this fiscal year only one remains unsolved, and that is still in trial to book.

The trial lasted for months, during which the detective was in the courtroom every day and spent his nights collecting additional evidence. He was employed when the trial was over, and the defendant had been given a sentence of from one year to life, that I told him to take a six months' leave of absence.

"When he returned one of the first persons he met on the street was the defendant. 'Where have you been,' asked the con. 'Six months vacation,' said the detective. 'So have I,' said the con, who had just been paroled, looking much more rested than the detective."

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Madeleine's Castle in Spain

(Continued from page twenty-seven)

Although Madeleine Carroll is under contract to Walter Wanger and now is making a picture for him, her entrancing beauty and talent makes her in demand by other producers.

So strenuous was his argument, that Madeleine Carroll turned back. The reporter (who turned out to be Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., famous millionaire newspaperman) went on into Spain in pursuit of headlines, and Madeleine Carroll returned to Hollywood with the memory of her beloved castle in Spain untouched by scenes of death and disaster.

"I can't be grateful enough to him," she said, "because that castle has always meant something quite detached from the struggles and sorrows of everyday life. It really has been to me what you mean when you say 'Castles in Spain'—something quite ideal and apart from reality."

She and her husband, Captain Philip Astley, happened upon the place by planned chance.

Miss Carroll's mother was French. Before Madeleine was born, the ancestral castle was sold, and the little girl dreamed to herself, while she still was in pig-tails, of becoming a great success on the stage, making a fortune, restoring the family finances, and buying back the castle in which her mother had been reared.

It was one of the shocks of her life when she made a trip to France, and discovered that the lovely old place had been all but engulfed by factories.

Reluctantly, she was saying "goodbye" to her dream when Captain Astley suggested the Mediterranean coast as a possible alternative.

So they began a series of walking tours along the blue sea in search of the perfect setting for a castle in Spain.

One day, late in the afternoon, they rounded a hill, and before them lay...
stretched the loveliest expanse of coast they ever had seen. Two and a half miles of rugged cliffs, gently sloping hills, and a vast expanse of sea made them turn and look at each other. Both knew that they had found the place.

On a little hill stood the remains of an old building. It needed complete rehabilitation, but the foundations were sturdy, and the house had been made beautiful by wind and time.

The new part of the house was well under way when hostilities broke out. Then most of the work came from the native workmen, asking for instructions, inquiring about delayed supplies and side-tracked materials.

Miss Carroll went her way to see what should be done when the advice of Reporter Vanderbilt at the border turned her back.

After she graduated from Birmingham University, she wanted to become an actress. Her family objected bitterly, so she took a position as teacher in a girl's school. But an acting career still was a "Castle in Spain" to her, and she was determined to possess it. Before she proved that she could be a success on the stage, she spent several very hungry months teaching. She suffered every hardship and discouragement a young, inexperienced and sensitive actress can endure in the search for opportunity. That "Castle in Spain" was slow.

She was just as hard to discourage when a screen career seemed to be the next "Castle in Spain" on her horizon. Her first part was not important, and four difficult months of follow-up were followed by her second film role. The second picture definitely was not a success and all connected with it suffered. But, rather than surrender to the more than most people would have been under similar circumstances, Madeleine Carroll went along her way, building for herself a secure position on the screen.

At present another "Castle in Spain" is beginning to take shape. When she has finished with the screen, she intends to possess that, too.

"It sounds sort of silly because it still is so indefinite, in my own mind, that I cannot talk about it very clearly, but world politics being the thing that I want to find out about. I had an opportunity, once, to be a secretary to one of the important men at Geneva. That was when I was just beginning my acting career, so I didn't take it. But, someday, I'm going to do something of that sort...not take a secretary's job, but I am going to find out about some of these vital things that are going on in the world politics. There is so much strife and discord in this world that there must be a lot that could be done about it."

It is still a very nebulous idea, this "Castle in Spain" which Madeleine Carroll is planning, but that is the way all her ambitions have taken shape, and, so far, she has not had a disappointment in the achieving what she set out to acquire. Certainly, not so many years ago, the idea of owning an actual castle in Spain or anywhere in Europe was more than the romantic, impossible dream of a little girl. Certainly, not so many years ago, her present secure position on the screen was a far more remote and heavy odds. This fragile young English actress has a way of making her dreams come true. So, when you see her next film, which, curiously enough is called "Castles in Spain," don’t forget that you are looking at the possessor of an horizon full of dream castles which have come true.
Secrets of a Hollywood Doctor
(Continued from page thirty)

years he has been chief consulting neurologist at the Los Angeles County Hospital. He has traveled widely, studied many types of people, and was a major in the neuro-psychiatric division of the surgeon general's office during the war. This gave him unparalleled opportunity to study men and women and nations under stress. He is a recognized authority on mental kinks and oddities as well as the usual processes of the human brain.

To the Query asking if there is any broad general psychological reason why divorce and remarriage are so prevalent among cinema folk, he said:

"Consider the quality of familiarity that exists among many of the actual familiarity of film work, that is part and parcel of the job, but that of principals and extras during the course of work. Often they are in some remote place on location for long periods; thrown wholly upon their own society and resources, amid strange surroundings, and without any restraints provided by social condition. "Midday, midnight, under all circumstances, these people, mostly very young, associate in what amounts to perfect freedom. In other words, their world is psychologically the very opposite of the workaday world in which most of us live.

"They are constantly depicting the raw emotions of life—passion, hate, love, revenge, conflict, and so on—while the most of us live in a world of tradition, circumstance, and the bitterness of all bitter social experiences—expediency."

And, again, one also thinks of the youth of so many of these people. The majority of them, especially the stars, up to the present time, seem to have been selected for their youth as much for their beauty, both masculine and feminine.

"Now, as a matter of fact, no one credits the average individual of the average age of many stars with that highest quality of human mentality—sound judgment. Little children are purely emotional beings—little animals. They do things upon impulse rather than on reason. Why they wish to do a thing, that 'right' to them, in a large sense. They are not disciplined to the facts of life and the needful reactions to them, or the restrictions that make it possible for men to dwell together in peace and unity. Boys and girls in their teens and early twenties are the battleground upon which a dour conflict is waged between natural emotions and social necessities.

"Many motion picture stars, especially among the women, begin their careers before this formative period of their lives, or too early in it. Beautiful but inexperienced, and not equipped with mature judgment, these youngsters find themselves large figures in a world where emotions are the commonplaces of conversation, as well as very frequently the objects of photography in which they are the main things, and all matters therefore become so familiar to them in their daily occupation that to 'emote' seems to be the most natural thing in the world.

"As some of the more thinking cinema workers 'emote' and gratify themselves with sex experiences without formality of marriage. In others, however, the strictures and customs of civilization still retain sufficient...

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hold, so that they insist on marrying first. Now, since these twisters only know a little of each other except in and through studio life, and have little in common as to other phases of existence—and since their depiction of life on the screen is often so far from its realities in its daily unfolding—they find close and intimate contact, in wedded life together, often results in frequent disillusionment—and divorce.

Having gone through this cycle, found it not so bad, acquired much notoriety thereby, and still further climbed the ladder of fame and fortune despite the experience—perhaps because of it—they take on new mates, keep them till the same conditions arise as before, and part again. If their proposed new mates belong to some one else—well, that may add a bit of spice and whip up a jaded mind and appetite.

"Thus you have the factors—propinquity or close familiarity; the immaturity of mentality; the constant whipping up of emotions in the playing of fervent love roles while judgment and control are lacking; instability; ignorance of true life and its demands and problems. Can you blame them for the results? The psychology of the progress inherently projects the outcomes."

"Have the unlimited adulation, the unbounded world-fame, acquired by stars, tended to make some of them think they are super-superior beings, who feel that anything they wish to do or anyone they wish to possess, makes it all right, and that they can ignore custom and even law in these matters?"

"Naturally; such extraordinary success as has come so suddenly and so unbounded to some of these very impressionable victims—and I use that word advisedly—acts upon them very much as would an earthquake upon a peaceful land. It throws them off balance and confuses them, frequently to the extent that they lose all sense of propriety. It gives them in short course, a sense of their own super-importance, a delusion of grandeur, a superiority complex. Many of these folk are very young, as I said: they haven't the balance, or the training to stand such things—nor are they expected to have them."

"As long as they live, they find themselves almost in a day and often without volition or effort on their part, tossed into a glare of publicity and adoration, such as in the past only the select few have been able to assume. Millions are at their feet. Women rave in idiomatic fashion whenever they appear; men are little better. They find that they may ask for what they wish and it is often theirs before they seek it. Their lightest whim may be gratified, whereas in other days none could be. Is it any wonder that they are left submerged, emotionally? Is it any wonder that their feet have no foundation to stand upon? What else might you expect?"

"So they give way to their emotions, and marry and wash up and divorces and do it again, if they so desire. To them, why not?"

"But is the large monetary return these players receive in itself a cause of marital instability, doctor?"

"No—other things being equal, the acquisition and possession of amounts of money such fame brings with it, they have been accustomed have little to do psychologically speaking, in causing movie colony divorces, provided there is an equality of personality among couples. Not being equal, the case may be quite different.

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"For instance, should a man who becomes a star suddenly, with its usual financial returns, be married to a woman with slight ability to adjust herself to the new situation, a divorce is almost inevitable. Should a woman, who similarly acquired and wealth, be married to a peacut or small-natured man, their marriage would not last long. There have been such cases, as we all know. However, it is clear that in these cited instances, the trouble is not primarily the acquisition of the fortune, but fundamental inadequacy for the new phase of marriage life that the fortune entails. Only as great money upset a person and biases judgment, is it a factor.

"Then, doctor—what with all these inhibitions and complexes and what-nots that you toss about so freely and know so much about—I mean, when you come to apply to them an actor, do you feel that he or she has to be neurotic or mentally touched in any way to be an actor or actress? Can a movie star be a real human being, and still be a star? No matter how often be he or she may marry?"

"Yes; emphatically so. Of course, a great actor is always a genius of a sort, but this does not mean that he is thereby and therefore neurotic, over-sexed or perverted. Not at all. As a matter of fact, the steadfast and most dependable screen actors today are very stable persons. These particular ones may not be making the most money, or creating the most excitement or getting the most fan mail, but they do provide the backbone of the actor business.

"Make no mistake: Many movie actors do show psychological vagaries, but many do not. Considerable observation in Hollywood during many years confirms this. It seems reasonable not to say that a goodly proportion of the players in Hollywood are he-men and she-women, in the fullest sense of the words."

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THE ACADEMY MAKES ITS AWARDS

Winners of the 1935 awards, Bette Davis and Victor McLaglen, congratulate Paul Muni, 1936’s finest actor, according to the Academy votes. At Muni’s shoulder is his studio boss, Jack L. Warner.

Three old friends have their first meeting in a year. Producer-Director Mervyn LeRoy (left), Walter Huston, just back from a Broadway stage engagement, and W. S. Van Dyke, award runner-up, the popular director of San Francisco, Love on the Run and After the Thin Man.

Georgie Jessel shows Luise Rainer, M-G-M star, her gold statuette as Frank Capra, directorial prize winner, looks on admiringly. Miss Rainer’s work in The Great Ziegfeld won her acclaim; Mr. Deeds Goes to Town won Capra his second trophy.

Walter Brennan (left) and Gale Sondergaard, being presented the Academy award for best performances by supporting players during the 1936 calendar year. Brennan won for his work in Come and Get It, Miss Sondergaard for Anthony Adverse. George Jessel makes the presentation.

Dr. Lee deForest, father of radio, chats with Bette Davis, Warner Brothers star and 1935 prize winner.

The candid cameraman snaps Louis B. Mayer, M-G-M studio head, and Norma Shearer, former Academy prize winner, attending her first social function since the death of her late husband, Irving Thalberg.

—Fawcett Photos by Rhodes
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That's why Palmolive, more than any other soap, promises to keep your complexion young and lovely through the years! Why not start using Palmolive Soap—today?

CHOSIGNED EXCLUSIVELY FOR THE DIONNE QUINS!

What a beauty lesson there is for you in the fact that Dr. Dafoe chose Palmolive exclusively for the Dionne Quins! If this fine beauty soap, made with Olive Oil, is safest and gentlest for their tender skin, isn't it safest for your complexion, too?
SCENE
The "First Night" film Capitol of the World—Grauman's Chinese Theatre, Hollywood!

EVENT
Premiere of a feature film!

CHARACTERS
The Elite of Motion Pictures, Stars, Directors, Producers!

COSTUMES
The most luxurious gowns, wraps, furs, jewels and men's evening dress that Paris, London, New York and Hollywood can offer!

TIMEPIECES
Longines Watches—almost without exception!

The movie—great work, play and live—by schedule. For—in producing and directing, in social life and publicity—time is the essence of the contract!

On the lot and off, Stars demand Longines accuracy on which to schedule their busy lives. Stars know why Longines Watches hold ten World's Fair grand prizes, 28 gold medals and more observatory accuracy awards than any other watch. Moviedom knows Longines, too, as the timepiece of famous flyers and the International Federation of Aviation's official watch for timing world's records. No other name on a watch means so much as—Longines, leading fine watch in metropolitan Los Angeles as well as in 77 world capitals.

See the magnificent 1937 styles in men's and women's Longines Wrist Watches, priced from $35 to $3,500 at selected jewelers. They include replicas of the Longines Watches made with diamond-jewelled, solid gold movements in honor of the Coronation of Their Majesties George VI and Elizabeth. All Longines Watches contain the same famous Longines Observatory quality movement, no matter how inexpensive or costly the case you select.

Booklet of 1937 Longines Watches will be sent on request.

LONGINES-WITTNAUER COMPANY, Inc., NEW YORK

L O N G I N E S
THE WORLD'S MOST HONORED WATCH

A. Harris Landing: 14-Karat Natural Gold Filled. 17 Jewels. $57.50
C. Rainier: Newest Design. 10-Karat Natural Gold Filled. 17 Jewels. $35.
D. Windsor - Royal: 14-Karat Solid Gold with 6 diamonds. 17 Jewels. $100.
F. Florence Nightingale: 14-Karat Natural Gold Filled. 17 Jewels. $50.

WHEN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS, PLEASE MENTION JUNE HOLLYWOOD
Positively The Most Hilarious Picture You've Ever Seen!!!

Every laugh is tested by the Marx Mirth Meter before we give it to you! We panicked them in Pittsburgh! They chuckled in Chicago! My friends and constituents, you'll love it!!

Dot's a right, boss! If "Night at the Opera" was hilarious this is sooper-hooper-dooper hilarious!

The Marx Bros.

A Day at the Races

with Allan Jones • Maureen O'Sullivan

A Sam Wood Production • Produced by Lawrence Weingarten

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

Hear these new song hits:
"All God's Chillun Got Rhythm", "On Blue Venetian Waters", "A Message from the Man in the Moon" and "Tomorrow Is Another Day"...
NARY A BICUSPID! Bobby Breen officially opens the Al G. Barnes-Salts Floto Circus in Los Angeles, feeding the elephants peanuts. Bobby divides his time between the Eddie Cantor program and motion pictures. He is now preparing to begin work upon his third starring vehicle, Make a Wish, soon to go into production under the direction of Kurt Neumann. Oscar Straus is preparing the musical score. The picture will be produced by Principal Productions and released through RKO-Radio Pictures.

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A romp with her sturdy young son, Norman Scott Barnes, is all that the beautiful Joan Blondell needs to help her forget studio work and worries.

Bouquet

A DD reason for liking Claudette Colbert: the other day she was mobbed by a gang of unusually boisterous autograph seekers, and actually looked pleased instead of annoyed, as most stars would have been.

When we asked her how she could act so graciously and seem so pleased she replied, "Because I am pleased! I'd be a hypocrite if I pretended to be annoyed by such attentions, as some—well, I won't speak for others. But I've wondered how sincere some players are when they talk about being annoyed by well-meant attentions of fans.

"A certain young actor once complained to me about that, and last time I saw him out in public his admirers seemed to be leaving him alone in droves!"

Couldn't Greet Greta

A CLOSE friend of Garbo's says the star is feeling more and more sociable and frolicsome these days. Not long ago they were walking on Hollywood Boulevard, and Greta said, "Do you dare me to speak to the first man who acts like he recognizes me?"

Receiving an affirmative answer, Greta waited until the pop-eyed, slack-jawed expression of a young man at a street corner indicated he had recognized her. Then, putting on her nicest smile, she said, "Hello, there! How are you?"

He tried desperately to swallow his Adam's apple, and managed to nod.

[Continued on page 8]
In One Thrill-Packed Night
YOU'LL LIVE THE ADVENTURES OF A LIFETIME!

Mark Twain's immortal tale of RED-BLOODED ADVENTURE is yours with its thousand thrills now! It's as exciting, as breathless, as amazing as the strange adventures of the two lads whose story has long stood first in the hearts of the world's readers!

WARNER BROS. present:

PRINCE and the PAUPER

with ERROL FLYNN
CLAUDE RAINS
HENRY STEPHENSON
BARTON MACLANE
and THE MAUCH TWINS

Watch for Mark Twain's beloved story at your local theatre soon!

Seven months to film in the world's greatest motion picture studios!

BOBBY—THE PRINCE

BOBBY—THE PAUPER

PATRIC KNOWLES - MONTAGUE LOVE
FRITZ LEIBER - DONALD CRISP
ALAN HALE - ANNE HOWARD

Directed by WILLIAM KEIGHLEY

WHEN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS, PLEASE MENTION JUNE HOLLYWOOD
Doctors know the TRUTH about laxatives—do you?

IN PROTECTING your health, the doctor makes no compromise with quality. Every drug or serum he uses must meet strict standards of purity and strength.

Even for a little thing like a laxative, the doctor has a definite set of requirements. Before giving a laxative his approval he considers it from every angle to make sure that it meets his demands.

Read the specifications listed below. Will your laxative check on every point?

THE DOCTOR’S TEST OF A LAXATIVE:

It should be dependable.

It should be mild and gentle.

It should be thorough.

Its merit should be proved by the test of time.

It should not form a habit.

It should not over-act.

It should not cause stomach pains.

It should not nauseate, or upset digestion.

Go right down the list, Ex-Lax checks on every point. It meets the doctor’s demands fairly and fully. So much so, in fact, that many doctors use Ex-Lax in their own homes. Ex-Lax has literally millions of friends. It is the most widely-used laxative in the world.

LET EX-LAX PROVE ITS OWN CASE

Try Ex-Lax the next time you need a laxative. You will find that it is mild and gentle. You will find that Ex-Lax is not upsetting. Yet it is completely effective. Moreover, you will appreciate the pleasant sense of well-being that follows such a thorough internal cleansing.

Your children, too, can share in these advantages. For the requirements set up by the doctor are doubly important to a child.

Once you try Ex-Lax, you'll say good-bye to harsh, nasty cathartics. For it tastes just like delicious chocolate. All drug stores have Ex-Lax in economical 10c and 25c sizes.

FREE! If you prefer to try Ex-Lax at our expense, write for free sample to Ex-Lax, Dept. F67, Box 170, Times-Plaza Sta., Brooklyn, N. Y.

When Nature forgets—remember

EX-LAX

THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

It wasn’t accidental that Joe E. Brown and wife went Oriental at the Ivy Wilson party. It was part of the masquerade.

Peter, the parrot, gets the "bird" from Wallace Beery in this scene from The Good Old Soak, M-G-M’s picturization of the famous Don Marquis play as Greta and her friend hurried off, laughing. He’s probably standing there yet!

Keeping Up The Tradition

IRENE DUNNE was sewing a tiny baby garment on the set of High, Wide and Handsome. Of course it was for little Mary, her newly-adopted baby girl, but Irene finally had to explain why she was hand-stitching infant wear that could be purchased from those so-swanky shoppes on Wilshire Boulevard.

Said Irene, "It's a nice old tradition for the mother to sew at least one garment for baby, by hand. And I’m going to see that Mary has all the advantages, you know!"

High-brow!

LUISE RAINER speaks almost flawless English now, but sometimes the way she says things, plus the crag-to-crag leaping of her thoughts, startles one. For example, after chatting about her Academy Award she said.
abruptly, "Are you interested in stars?"

"Sure—we're crazy about Jean Harlow," we said, trying to be funny.

"No, no! I mean the other kind, up in the sky. That way of calling players I had for the moment forgotten."

And then she told us about a thrilling visit to the Griffith Park planetarium, where she heard the lecture, looked through the astronomical telescope and toured the science exhibits!

She's Funny That Way

TYRONE POWER says Sonja Henie has a cute sense of humor. For example, when he volunteered to help her with a crossword puzzle she was doing, Sonja giggled and asked, "What is a four-letter word meaning horse?"

He suggested "pony." Sonja shook her head, saying, "No, it begins with 'h' and ends with 't'."

After he had wrinkled his brow over that and several other seemingly impossible words for awhile, Sonja began to laugh. Said she, "Don't look so discouraged! You couldn't possibly have guessed the words I gave you, for the puzzle is in Danish."

"Anyway," chuckles Tyrone, "I learned a four-letter word for horse. In Danish it's 'hest'."

And Speaking Of Humor—

NEVER accuse our arty friend, Edward G. Robinson, of being without a sense of humor. Forced to die during three agonizing days of his

Two Amazing New Shades That Are Literally Transforming in the Beauty They Give You Under the Most Searching Sunlight or the Unkindest Artificial Light!

By Lady Esther

Two new shades of face powder, the like of which you have never before seen! Two new shades that give face powder a magic that has never before been known!

To look at these shades in the box you would just think them two new strange shades of face powder. You would never imagine them to have any marvelous effect.

But they are literally transforming! They do things for you that face powder has never been known or dreamed of to do. (I do not merely claim this, I have proved it on the skins of more than 10,000 women.)

These shades impart the full magic of color. They do not confine themselves to your skin or your face. They extend themselves to your whole personality. They definitely flatter. They definitely "glamor-ize." They create a new "YOU!"

They are striking examples of the power of color!

A Dramatic Shade for Day

Daye and Nihite I call these new shades of mine.

Daye is primarily for daytime wear. It is a luscious golden tone, magical in its effect. It is a dramatic shade. It is young and exciting. It gives you the freshness of a Spring morn, the glow of the heart of a rose. It creates a gay beauty that is preserved under the most glaring sunlight.

A Romantic Shade for Night

Nihite is primarily for night-time wear. It is a romantic shade, suggestive of moonlight and soft music. It casts a pearly radiance about you. It gives your skin a transparent look, as if the moon shone through it. It creates a soft ethereal beauty that can challenge the most unsympathetic artificial light.

At My Expense

These new face powder shades and their effect can no more be described than can a radiant dawn or a glorious sunset. They have to be seen to be appreciated. That's why I offer to send a liberal trial supply to every woman in America. Just send me your name and address and by return mail, you will receive generous packets of both Daye and Nihite shades. Try on each shade, Daye during the day and Nihite at night. See what each does! Step up your appearance, your whole appeal. You will be more than surprised and delighted with what your mirror shows you and your friends tell you.

Mail coupon today for your free packets of my new Daye and Nihite shades of face powder.

When answering advertisements, please mention June Hollywood
If John Boles and Esther Ralston, appearing in Universal's As Good As Married, have any money up on the outcome of this cock-fight, they're going to hold this pose for a long time awaiting results.

latest picture, he was asked by a studio wit if he had made his will.

"No," flipped Eddie, "but if I did, I'd bequeath my good looks to Bob Taylor and my sex appeal to Mae West."

Raye For Our Side

WE UNDERSTAND that even Martha Raye is beginning to laugh at Martha Raye's high-hat act.

There's something about Martha pulling a Garbo exclusiveness plus a Park Avenue ritz on the Hollywood mob that slays us.

Perhaps Martha first got self-conscious about it when she heard the guffaws of other stars, most of them still democratic although a good deal more important in the movie world than herself. Their slant is that a girl with that sort of face and ho-de-hi voice and manner is a bit out of character doing a grand dame—straight.

Irene Dunne and Randolph Scott are reunited in Paramount's High, Wide and Handsome. It is the first teaming of this popular pair since Roberta...
"And why should she?" marvelled one famous femme, "If she only realized it, there are altogether too many grand dames now, and only one Martha Raye!"

Okay, Kay!

It's AGE before beauty on the list of things about which most screen stars are sensitive. For example, Kay Francis didn't mind being seen and occasionally photographed during the filming of certain sequences of White Angel, when wearing a very uncomplimentary costume and makeup.

But while doing an aged sequence in her latest flicker, One Hour of Romance, our Kay barred visitors and candid cameramen from the set.

A candid camera shot of Clark Gable on the M-G-M Parnell set by candid cameradict Jimmy Stewart

The Soup's On

Marlene Dietrich's fellow-workers in Angel were remarking on how ethereal she looked while moving around on that bedroom set, clad only in a beautiful, flowing nightgown. She seemed scarcely flesh-and-blood. You forgot legs and thought of wings!

Spying on her in the cafe that day, however, we saw her do away with some thick mushroom soup, a hearty entree, and a dessert heaped high with whipped cream! Somehow it was a relief to have this proof of Marlene's continued earthiness. Others may wish her to trade her priceless legs for wings, but for us—nay!

[Continued on page 12]
The most wholesome kind of frozen food is old-fashioned Home Mode Ice Cream. The freezing, the serving, and the eating is a peck of fun at a children's party. The second and even the third dish won't hurt them a bit.

Plan a party for sister's or brother's birthday and make it a howling success with Home Mode Ice Cream.

Your local dealer has all the new freezer models on display now.

Deflation Is Here

IT HAPPENED at a party in a Pasadena mansion, and Warner Baxter's ears are burning yet—but he chuckles just the same. A retired Easterner who lives in the movie colony was holding forth to mine host and others learnedly about his neighbors, the movie stars. It seemed he knew all about them.

The host, a well-known California sportsman, interrupted the monologue to say, "That's very interesting. By the way, what do you know about Warner Baxter?"

Of course, the guest claimed to know all about Warner. When he got warmed up he explained that Baxter was really a Greek whose name he'd forgotten. Started in the restaurant business; had been a singing waiter! Smiling wickedly, the host said, "Surprising! And I know it will surprise Warner, too. He is a friend of mine and I see he has just arrived; come over and meet him!"

Some Class

ONE morning the movie hostesses opened their newspapers over breakfast coffee and gasped for joy. For the first time on the records of the U. S. passport bureau, a real Arabian sheik had arrived in town! And what a sheik—Khalil Al-Rowaf in his native habitat ruled 20,000 subjects, had 700 servants! They'd hosted many an exotic potentate or potentatess, but a real sheik—!

Naturally, invitations poured down, but the sheik didn't accept many of them; made his only really formal appearance, in fact, at the Egyptian minister's house. His excuse was that he was busy attending American high school!

Taking The "Mar" Out Of Marriage

ABSURD as it seems now-a-days, the stars' bosses are still worrying about the effect of marriage and particularly fatherhood on the popularity of valuable young fillum heroes.
They're in a lather right now, for instance, over Bob Taylor, Tyrone Power and several others.

But as Lyle Talbot, one of the newer Benedict's, points out, it didn't hurt Gary Cooper's fame to be married, and Bing Crosby's popularity has mounted since his family (including twins) were publicized despite studio frowns. Don Ameche frightened his employers by not only admitting he was married but boasting about his two children, as any proud father should.

Lyle is hoping his marriage will have the same effect on his career it did on those of the other boys!

James Ellison, who is seldom seen in Hollywood's gay night spots, was snapped by the cameraman at the Biltmore Bowl sitting out a dance with pretty Eleanor Whitney

Have an Alluring soft, smooth skin!

TRY THE LINIT BEAUTY BATH

America's loveliest women daily enjoy a refreshing and delightful Beauty Bath with Linit. Merely dissolve half a package or more of Linit in the tub; bathe as usual; step out; pat yourself with a towel and—FEEL YOUR SKIN! It will be velvety soft and smooth. Why not try this marvelous beauty aid today? Your grocer sells LINIT—in the attractive blue and white package.

YOU'D never think to look at her that blonde, seemingly fragile Marian Marsh is a swell baseball player and [Continued on page 17]
EVELYN EARLE GRESHAM
"Search for Talent" winner

HOLD-BOBS keep your hair ready for a "CLOSE-UP"!

The first lesson that every newcomer to Hollywood learns is that a glamorous hairdress is absolutely essential in every "close-up." That's why Hollywood Stars insist on HOLD-BOBS. They know that HOLD-BOBS are invisible, even under the brilliant Kleigs. They know how securely they stay in place and keep their hair looking as it did the minute it was fixed, even after a long day's work before the camera.

Take a tip from these beautiful actresses. Working, dancing, playing... keep your hair lovely and ready for a "close-up" at all times with HOLD-BOBS... the only bob pins with so many exclusive features: small, round, invisible heads; smooth, round, non-scratching points; flexible, tapered legs, one side crimped; and colors to match all shades of hair. You'll find HOLD-BOBS sold everywhere—accept no substitutes.

THE HUMP HAIRPIN MFG. CO.,
Sol H. Goldberg, President
1918-36 Prairie Ave., Dept. F-67, Chicago, Ill.

Straight Style HOLD BOB
Crimped Shape Style

Look for the name HOLD-BOBS. It is your guarantee of the finest possible bob pin and a lovely coiffure. Sold everywhere—just ask for them by name...

HOLD-BOBS
The perfect bob pin for the modern hairdress!

Copyright 1937 by The Hump Hairpin Mfg. Co.
That south sea island smile

Island belle with the famed beauty of the South Seas—how much of her charm lies in the gleaming perfection of her smile! Her teeth are kept beautifully sound and white by healthful exercise on rough, primitive fare. The foods of civilization are softer, more refined—they furnish teeth and gums with too little exercise.

"Jinx" Falkenburg, Paramount player, selects this coarse-knit Ganfner & Mattern swim suit

Carol Hughes and Veda Ann Borg, Warner Bros. players, clad in Catalina swim suits

WE CIVILIZED FOLK NEED DENTYNE!

It works in Nature’s own way to help keep teeth sound and white. Dentyne’s specially firm consistency invites vigorous, healthful chewing-exercise. It stimulates circulation in gums and mouth-tissues—polishes—cleanses. Helps keep your mouth healthy—teeth white.

ITS FLAVOR’S A TREAT!
Spicy yet smooth—taste it and you’ll know at once why it’s so popular! Notice the fashionably flat shape of the package (exclusive Dentyne feature)—just right to carry in pocket or handbag.

HELPS KEEP TEETH WHITE
MOUTH HEALTHY

DENTYNE
DELICIOUS CHEWING GUM

WHEN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS, PLEASE MENTION JUNE HOLLYWOOD
Her Lane Hope Chest gives absolute moth protection!

SAFE in her Lane Hope Chest are the treasured keepsakes and winter woolens of this famous 20th Century-Fox star. She isn't taking any chances with the pest that causes more loss in homes than any other thing. For absolute moth protection, store winter's woolens in a genuine LANE, the cedar chest that gives you a moth insurance policy free. Exclusive Lane features eliminate sticky interiors and insure aroma-tight construction. New, superbly styled Lane Chests are now on display. See these ideal gifts for girl graduates and brides at your Lane dealer's store.

The Lane Company, Inc., Dept. 6, Charlottesville, Virginia. Canadian Representatives: Knechtel & Co., Hanover, Ont.

LANE
CEDAR CHESTS
THE GIFT THAT STARTS A HOME

ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTES! ALWAYS INSIST ON THE ADVERTISED BRAND!
has been since her brothers, George and Arthur, taught her to play at the age of eight. Granting that, however, it's apparent why several of Hollywood's famous nite-ball organizations featuring the cuties for the sake of skill as well as their sex appeal in shorts, wanted to sign the star.

Marian was tempted. She enjoys playing and there's a thrill in the applause of the big audiences of enthusiastic fans attracted to this pastime. But a prominent studio lawyer advised her against it. With film producers already annoyed because the ball-playing sex appealers draw summer crowds away from movie theaters, how would they feel—he queried—if Marian's name on a lineup drew still more to the ball parks?

?? ??

What current male rave of the screen blames his studio for breaking up his romance with his former girl friend, while all the time the bust-up stunt—and his current heart affair with a famous femme of the flickers—was his own idea?

Cold Feet

WE UNDERSTAND Bing Crosby was considerably worried when news was broken to him the other day that he was slated to pick "the most attractive freshman woman" at Washington State College. It helped that the affair was to be conducted long-distance, via photographs, and that Wally Westmore, makeup expert, was to help.

"But a beauty contest judge is in a tough spot anyway," Bing explained. "As for a film player who also fusses around on the radio, should he risk inferences that he prefers blondes to brunettes or vice versa, and so on, in contest judging?"

"With a tremble in my voice and knees, I submit that he should not. I may turn the job over to Bob Burns."

Tall Tales

G ARY COOPER has a new gag and Sandra isn't sure she likes it. It seems friends kidded Gary and Sandra

[Continued on page 48]
"I was run-down—"

"...looked pale... lacked a keen appetite... was underweight... felt tired."

"What did I do?"

"My intuition told me I needed a tonic. Naturally, I am happy and grateful for the benefits S.S.S. Tonic brought me."

You, too, will be delighted with the way S.S.S. Tonic whets up the appetite... improves digestion... restores red-blood-cells to a healthier and richer condition.

Feel and look like your old self again by taking the famous S.S.S. Tonic treatment to rebuild your blood strength... restore your appetite... and make better use of the food you eat.

S.S.S. Tonic is especially designed to build sturdy health... its remarkable value is time tried and scientifically proven... that's why it makes you feel like yourself again.

At all drugstores 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.

FRANKENSTEIN'S FAMILY!

Dear Editor:

Why must the theatre have this continuous downpour of motion picture sequels? When a good picture is shown we like to sit back and enjoy it and then look forward to some entirely new production and not just a copy of what we have already seen. Motion pictures can never hope to advance in that way.

We've had Frankenstein, which I enjoyed because it was new and different. Soon there came The Bride of Frankenstein. Perhaps they will next be showing us All the Little Franksteins. They may even make a picture called Frankenstein's Uncle On His Mother's Side.

I saw The Thin Man, which was a swell picture, but why did its successor have to be branded a copy with the title After the Thin Man? Didn't the producers think the picture was good enough to bring in the profits with a title all its own?

And then those Tarzan sequels—You know, you could easily make ten Tarzan pictures by just shuffling the scenes around.

After they got the Public Enemy rounded up, they dragged out The Public Enemy's Wife. Aren't the Public Enemy's children still running loose?

Here are some other productions which, I believe, are losing their appeal because of too many sequels: Gold Diggers, Big

BROADCASTS, King Kong and Charlie Chan. By the way, when are they going to run out of places for him to solve mysteries? Dracula, Dracula's Daughter, The Return of Dracula and now, maybe some producer will get the bright idea of making Dracula and His Family Reunion or The Draculas at Home.

Mr. Floyd Smith, 722 University Avenue, Madison, Wis.

This being the first letter on the sequel situation, we are anxious to receive other comments from our readers on whether or not they agree with Mr. Smith's opinion.—The Editor.

LOCAL ANAESTHETIC

Dear Editor:

Three cheers for the present trend of movie stars to the radio! At last we're getting somewhere! It is a treat to be able to hear our favorites on the air and get a glimpse of their real selves.

For instance, Basil Rathbone is always a dyed-in-the-wool villain on the screen, but his appearance on Bing Crosby's program several weeks ago proved him to be a very likeable fellow with a keen sense of humor.

Bing has turned out to be tops as a master of ceremonies; Fred MacMurray, a singer of no mean ability, and Jack
Onkie lives up to his funnyman reputation. Nelson Eddy’s fans enjoy him on the radio while waiting for his too few screen appearances, and Don Ameche acquires new admirers each time he’s on the air. Fred Astaire, in my opinion, is about the only “etherized” movie star who falls below par, and if he’d eliminate the singing, we could take him too.

Thanks for listening.

Very truly yours,

Kathryn W. Jacocks
717 W. 36th Street, Norfolk, Virginia.

Miss Jacocks believes in "airing" her views on the stars broadcasting their talent. The editor is inclined to agree. Do you?—The Editor.

Dear Editor:

I am glad of this opportunity to tell you about the generosity of the stars.

It is truly wonderful the way they responded in the late flood disaster. I am certain that each one of them contributed a great deal to this marvelous cause.

Many of your favorites are well known for their great generosity. They give and give gladly, and I, for one, should like to express my thanks for their kindness.

Mr. J. H. Jones
114 Francis Street, Bakersfield, Calif.

Many stars are well-known for their generosity, while many others give just as gladly, but insist that their contributions either service or money be kept a secret. Too often the public forgets this virtue of criticizing expenditures of the stars. Let’s all join Miss Jones in a vote of thanks!—The Editor.

Dear Madam:

I don’t care what shade of face powder you are wearing. I know you can’t afford to enslave your skin with the deadening burden of a face powder “habit”. Habit in small things is a blessing. But that complexion you worry about so much isn’t a small thing — it’s your most important beauty possibility. And you can’t depend on the same shade of face powder season after season. For as the seasons roll up behind you your skin changes color. And a shade that was simply bewitching to you three months ago may now be just giving you a comic “false-face” that makes you look years older.

What Can You Do?

Throw old notions out the window. And you’ll throw off half a dozen years at the same instant. Forget “name-shades” and “types”. For when every “Brunette” shade is different in color, how could all of them possibly suit the same “Brunette”? And the same applies to other “name-shades” and “types.”

Here is the Easy Solution

The only way for you to free yourself, to find the shade that makes you look your loveliest and youngest, is to try all five shades of my glorious new LOVELY LADY Face Powder.

“SLAVE to a SHADE THAT MAKES YOU LOOK YEARS OLDER!”

Throw Away
Out-of-Date Notions
About Face Powder Shades and You’ll
Wake Up to a New Lovelier You!

Remove Years—From Your Appearance

A precious few minutes required to make this easy experiment will take years off your face and show you that you have been wearing the wrong shade face powder all along—just because of habit when you shouldn’t have let a habit deceive you in a matter of such vital importance.

LOVELY LADY Face Powder ends “powder-line” and “false-face” appearance. Clings longer without clogging. Flatters more because my new BALMITE blending base harmonizes powder shades more closely with your natural skin-tones.

I’ll supply you with generous vanity size samples of all five shades if you’ll just send me the coupon below—and, I promise you one of the most pleasant surprises of your life.

Sincerely,

Lovely Lady

FREE
LOVELY LADY,
605 Washington Blvd., Chicago, III.
Please send free by return mail generous vanity size samplers of all five shades of LOVELY LADY Face Powder. Include a week’s supply of LOVELY LADY All Purpose Face Cream FREE.

Name:
Street:
City: State:
Paste this on a postcard or enclose in envelope.
ANA TURNER, whose name now means nothing to the picture goers, will be a well-known movie figure as soon as Mervyn LeRoy's Death in The Deep South is released.

Lana's assignment to a coveted role in this production reads like the mythical Cinderella story. Lana, then named Judy, after moving to Hollywood with her mother from San Francisco and enrolling in Hollywood High School, suddenly awoke one morning with the idea of becoming an actress. Now most people are satisfied with just having an idea, but not Lana. She immediately started putting her dream into form, and at the advice of a friend began seeking an agent. Whether you know it or not, an agent in Hollywood is as hard to get as a job.

After school, she walked down Sunset Blvd., which could easily be called "Agents Row," and when she came to Zeppo Marx's agency, walked in. Fortunately for her, Mr. Marx was just walking out. He saw her, immediately signed her to his management and took her to Warner Brothers' studio where she made a test. Before she was able to catch her breath Warners had her signature to a long term contract and had assigned her to Mervyn's picture.

Mr. LeRoy says that he doesn't have to direct her scenes for she intuitively knows what to do. We think she's a "natural" and is destined to be one of your favorites, so watch for her.

EVEN as You and I the young stars have favorite dishes. Ginger Rogers' chief delight is the chicken her mother fries over an open grate when they're on a picnic. Warren Hull says he can eat his weight in spaghetti, and Jimmy Ellison prefers a medium rare New York cut steak with a green salad to any other food, while Tom Brown can eat a Welsh Rare-bit anytime of the day or night.

MARY ROGERS, the deceased Will's daughter, signed a long term contract with 20th Century-Fox where they immediately put her into a lead in a picture, and she just as quickly walked out, without any explanation. The studio still sends her weekly check to her home and each week she returns it. There are rumors that she has decided she doesn't want to be an actress and instead is seriously contemplating matrimony with a New Yorker. . . . When asked if he and Sonja Henie would wed, Tyrone Power made a formal statement to the effect that he didn't intend to marry any one for at least two years. Often reports of this kind are made up by a columnist . . . hope this one was, for despite the fact that Tyrone's fans probably sighed with relief, it is still proper for the boy to let the girl make an announcement of this type. . . . Joan Marsh had her
car stolen and reported it to the L. A. P. D. Three days later, through a mysterious phone call, she located her car in front of the Ravenswood Apt. House, in a loading zone with her keys on the running board. The irony of it was that she had been given a ticket for improper parking, and after taking the license number down, the police still didn't discover it was a stolen car until she told them. Good work, coppers!

IN OUR town of bragging and pretense this story is a relief and for that reason I believe it bears telling. There's a boy who, at one time, was a New York clothes model and was brought to the coast by a major studio as an actor. The boy was very handsome, photographed well, and had a pleasing personality, consequently the producers on the lot immediately assigned him roles in their productions. As soon as the boy heard of his selection he went to each producer and thanked them for their confidence in him, but assured them that they would be foolish to put him in their pictures because he couldn't act. He so convinced them that today his option hasn't been picked up, because, they told him, "You can't act!" (A clue to his identity.) His name appears elsewhere in this section.

[Continued on page 71]
THE PAIN I BORE IN SILENCE!

If there's any pain that is maddening, it is that of Piles! There seems to be no relief in any position you take. Even a reclining position holds no relief.

But Piles do more than torture you. They drain your strength and vitality. They line your face and make you look drawn and haggard. They handicap you in your every activity.

The worst part about Piles, however, is that on account of the delicacy of the ailment, many hesitate to seek relief. And, as any doctor will tell you, Piles can develop into something very serious.

What you should do if you have Piles, is to try Pazo Ointment. Pazo acts quickly and definitely. It almost instantly relieves the distress due to Piles—the pain, soreness, itching. It is definitely efficacious because it does three things.

Three Effects in One!

First, Pazo is soothing, which tends to relieve inflammation, soreness and itching.

Second, it is lubricating, which tends to soften hard parts and make passage easy.

Third, it is astrigent, which tends to reduce swollen parts and check bleeding.

Satisfy Yourself!

Pazo comes in tubes fitted with a special Pile Pipe which permits application high up in the rectum. It also now comes in suppository form.

Those who prefer suppositories will find Pazo Suppositories the most satisfactory.

All drug stores sell Pazo, but a trial tube (with Pile Pipe) will be sent on request. Mail coupon and enclose 10c (coin or stamps) to help cover cost of packing and postage.

TO HAVE AND BEHOLD

By ANN VERNON

IN A CHURCH aglow with the soft light of candles and delicate blossoms, Maureen O'Sullivan, gowned in satin and lace, spoke the solemn vows which made her the wife of John Farrow. Hers was a wedding to stir the imagination, a wedding to cherish in the memory.

When I asked Maureen the other day, some seven months after her marriage, what her advice to June brides would be, she said cryptically, "Lovely to make, hard to break."

Maureen and I were having lunch at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studio and her sapphire eyes were serious in thought as she continued.

"I believe that every girl should have a pretty wedding and look her loveliest on her wedding day," Maureen explained. "But she and her husband will remember such a wedding as long as they live. And a man never forgets how his bride looked the day he married her."

"When two people stand up in front of a judge and get their marriage over with in the shortest, dullest way possible, there is not much to be remembered. But anything created in beauty is difficult to dissolve, and I believe that girls should start their marriage with the advantage of the prettiest wedding they can manage."

"The age of chivalry is here again," Maureen continued. "The era of, shall I say 'short hair' is gone. Girls are more truly feminine in appearance and men have reacted to this change by becoming more chivalrous in their attitude.

Men always have been and always will be attracted by the truly feminine girl. If a man's wife isn't feminine, well, he may find someone at the office who is."

"I believe men have very definite illusions about their wives—illusions of beauty and illusions of character—and it is up to the women to keep them.

Charming Maureen O'Sullivan offers beauty advice to June Brides

Charming Maureen O'Sullivan offers beauty advice to June Brides

Charming Maureen O'Sullivan offers beauty advice to June Brides

UNFAIR TO WOMEN

Any woman can struggle along without a diamond clip or a fox cape—but what woman can get along without her lipstick? ... In spite of this obvious fact, Congress persists in levying a ten per cent luxury tax on toiletries, although it has removed a similar tax on jewels and reduced the fur tax to three per cent. ... Unfair to cosmetic manufacturers, already pressed by rising costs, unfair to millions of American women whose cosmetics are as necessary to them as food and clothing—it should be repealed. ... Why not register your disapproval of this tax? Write a letter to your Representative in the House and one to your Senator!
It is very dull to know people too well. Every girl should keep a few reservations about herself. I don't believe in pulling the emotions out to be dissected and looked at, nor do I believe in letting your husband in on every one of your beauty secrets."

Maureen's remark reminded me of the old proverb "Never show your washcloth to your husband." It is simple enough for a girl to appear at her best on the special occasions that she sees her husband before marriage, when he doesn't know or care if she owns a washcloth, but how to manage the more prosaic rites of beauty under the adoring eyes of a new spouse?

To this Maureen said, "I am a great believer in separate bedrooms. Most men love their privacy and don't like to have their own possessions mixed up with a girl's clothing and toilet articles. However, if it is impossible to have separate rooms, I believe it is much better to have a small bedroom and a small dressing-room than one large bedroom. A dressing room, no matter how small, makes it easier for a girl to appear attractive to her husband at all times.

"I believe men like their wives to be luxurious and a girl should have just as many pretty bed jackets and negligees as she can afford. Variety in such apparel is as important as variety in street clothes. I also think it's a good idea to be extravagant on little things once

[Continued on page 55]
WANTED
1000
SKINNY GIRLS!

TO TAKE
10 DAY
BATHING
SU1T
TEST!

The Test That Has
Shown Thousands
of Men and Women
How to Quickly
Build Up Husky
New Red Blooded
Strength, New En-
ergy and at least 5
Flattering Extra
Lbs. or No Cost.

Don't be disillusioned if you are
weak, tiny, timid, timid—
no use to sit and worry about it
or grumble, no matter what you
say. Women now know that the
fault often is not with the
animal of food you eat. Your
diet diet may contain enough
potential nourishment of many
kinds, but unless it contains
certain essential minerals, your
system is unable to extract full
nutriment from the food you
eat. The result is you may be
eating enough and yet fail to
satisfy your appetite, and still
not be able to gain weight or
strength.

In Kelpamalt, the new mineral
extracts from the sea, mineral
extracts essential to the normal
function of the body, now
available in a practical
convenient form, such as:
potassium, sodium, calcium,
phosphorus, iron, copper,
calcium, magnesium, potassium
and magnesium. All contribute
significantly to the supply of
vital minerals needed for digestion and assimilation. Most
important, potassal is Kelpamalt's natural iodine that is
confused with ordinary chemical liquid iodine. Iodin,
scarcely used, is found in the blood, hair and glands
and is vitally important to their normal functioning.

Make This No-Cost Self-Test!

First, weigh yourself and see how long you can work or
how far you can walk before tiring. Put on your bathing
suit and look yourself over. Then try a Seedol Kelpamalt
Tablet. Drink with each meal for one week, and notice how
much longer you can work without tiring, how much farther you
can walk. Notice how much better you feel, sleep and
eat. Watch for increased energy, vigor and endurance.
Again take tablet of yourself in a bathing suit and watch
for a marked improvement in your personal appearance.
You may notice changes have occurred. But if you do not
see any gain in weight, strength, endurance and energy the
first week, the trial is free. Your dealer will explain this
way. Seedol Kelpamalt costs but little to use. Try it
today, sold at all good drug stores. If your dealer has not
yet received his supply, send $1.00 for special intro-
duction size bottle of 25 tablets in the address below.

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SPECIAL FREE OFFER

Write today for fascinating Instruction Booklet
on New Thousands Have Build Strength, Energy and
Health at Home. Quick, Nutritious, A Bland, Tasty, of Few Food and
MISPLACED LIODINE. Standard weight and measurement
charts. Daily menus for household building. Address, Kelpamalt Co., Dept. 1307,
27 West 28th St., New York City.

On To Hollywood!

Movieland Tour guests last year enjoyed listening to
Henry Armetta tell a "tall one"

HAVE YOU
JOINED
OUR
MOVIELAND
TOURS?

WITH all plans signed, sealed, and
delivered to make this summer's
Movieland Tours the greatest, the big-
gest, and the most enjoyable of all
these annual tours sponsored by Faw-
cett Publications, applicants will have
to step lively with their reservations if
they hope to board the trains that leave
Chicago July 11 and August 8.

If you want to see exactly what goes
on inside the studios, if you would like
to eat with them in the studio commis-

The lovely Hollywood home of Fay Wray, who will be hostess to guests of the
second Movieland tour.
saries, meet them socially at their homes, attend private previews of pictures still unreleased to the public; if you would care to participate in sightseeing trips through studio lots and to be a guest at a supper dance at one of Hollywood's famed night spots where the stars dine and dance—send in your reservation NOW and become a member of either one of the vacation groups that arrive in Hollywood in July and in August.

And talking about vacations—what a vacation it will be for you! And at no more cost than the cost of a round trip ticket to and from California!

Starting your two weeks' vacation in Chicago by boarding a de luxe transcontinental train, you travel through the beauty of Minnesota's 10,000 lakes. After that you have a chance to view the natural wonders of Rainier National Park, the Rockies, and the great Pacific Northwest. Then Chinatown in San Francisco, the Golden Gate—and last of all HOLLYWOOD where representatives of Fawcett Publications will show you the inside sights of the film capital.

Arriving Sunday morning on your special train you will be taken to the Clark Hotel, one of Los Angeles most modern hostelry famed far and wide for its superb cuisine. The Clark Hotel which will be your headquarters during your stay is in the center of the shopping and theatrical district of downtown Los Angeles. It is also near the Pacific Electric Depot from which you can take interurban trips to all of the best known playspots of Southern California.

On Sunday afternoon a tour of Hollywood will give you an opportunity to view the famous night clubs of the entertainment capital. The trip will take you through the swanky residential districts where the homes of the stars are located. Late the same afternoon Basil [Continued on page 70].

The Movieland Tour will give you the key to this gate, which leads to the home of Paramount pictures.

---

SAFETY is the most important factor in any method of reduction. Diets and drugs may undermine your health; they surely reduce face and neck, leaving your skin old and scrawny. Vigorous exercises take all your energy. But there is one absolutely SAFE way to reduce without losing health or beauty, and that is the PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE and BRASSIERE.

**Apparantly Slimmer At Once!**

- You will be amazed at the apparently instant reduction the minute you put on your Perfolastic! Then, you will be so delightfully comfortable you will hardly realize that every minute you wear your Girdle and Brassiere the wonderful massage-like action and gentle pressure are actually taking off the unwanted inches at hips, thighs, waist and diaphragm—the spots where fat first accumulates. See how, with the loss of excess fat, energy returns.

**PERFOLASTIC NOT ONLY CONFINES... IT REMOVES UGLY BULGES!**

- Reduces the Diaphragm, Hips and Thighs
- You may have excess fat at hips and thighs as well as an unattractively "diaphragm roll." Perfolastic will remove this fat quickly.
- Takes Away Abdominal Fat and "Bulge Derriere"
- Perfolastic reduces lines, destroying for ever and all bulges so that frocks once again have sleek, smart, flowing lines.

**GIRDLE or BRASSIERE may be worn SEPARATELY.**

- "My hips are 12 inches smaller," says Miss Richardson. "Lost 60 pounds," writes Mrs. Derr. "I used to wear a size 42, now I take size 18," says Mrs. Faust. "I immediately became 3 inches smaller in the hips when first fitted," writes Miss Browne.

**IF YOU DO NOT REDUCE 3 INCHES in 10 DAYS... it will cost you nothing!**

- Because so many wearers have reduced more than 3 inches we believe we are justified in making you the above unqualified agreement.

**Send Today for Booklet and Free Sample!**

Examine the FREE sample of material... see the wonderful quality. Read about the astonishing experiences of prominent women who have reduced many inches. Mail coupon today for illustrated booklet and particulars of 10-day FREE trial offer.

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**SUMMER... IS THE IDEAL TIME TO REDUCE**
THE SHO-WOW OF SHOWS!

Wake Up and Live!

THE HOTCHA-TOPSA OF THEM ALL!

with

WALTER WINCHELL
BEN BERNIE
ALICE FAYE
PATSY KELLY
NED SPARKS
JACK HALEY

GRACE BRADLEY • WALTER CATLETT • LEAH RAY
JOAN DAVIS • DOUGLAS FOWLEY • MILES MANDER

Directed by Sidney Lanfield.
Associate Producer Kenneth Macgowan.
Based on Dorothea Brande's Book.
Darryl F. Zanuck
in Charge of Production

'OKAY, AMERICA! ORCHIDS TO 'EM ALL-EVEN BERNIE-FOR A SWELEGANT SHOW! I HOPE I DIDN'T SPOIL IT ANY MORE THAN BERNIE DID! IT'S CINEMAGNIFICENT! I SHOULD HAVE PAID TO BE IN IT!'

'YOWSAH! IT WILL THRILL YOU IN SPITE OF WINCHELL! WITHOUT WINCHELL, IT'S GRAND-WITH WINCHELL, I'LL NEVER SEE IT! BUT GEE WHIZ, KIDS, IT'S THE MOSTA OF THE BESTA EVER PACKED INTO ONE FILM! YOWSAH!'

Glamorous! Galorious! Howlarious!
Winchell's wincing... Bernie's burn-
ing... as they flipcrack face to face!

Nine Gordon and Revel hits to make you come alive all over!

including

'It's Swell Of You'
'I'm Bubbling Over'
'Never In A Million Years'
'There's A Lull In My Life'
'Wake Up And Live'

The studio that gave you
"Sing, Baby, Sing", "One In A Million", "On The Avenue" now brings you the great-
est of all musicals!
A daily visitor at sunny California's famed beaches is the alluring Simone Simon who has recently added another star to her cinema crown as Diane in the 20th Century-Fox picture, Seventh Heaven.
Mary Puts the "Bee" on JACK BENNY

By WHITNEY WILLIAMS

"HMMMMM... what can you make of a fellow who greets callers in an old red bathrobe and older slippers?"

No, children of wonder-wonderland, it isn't Aunt Libby touching upon Uncle Oscar's eccentricities... the above momentous words are uttered by no less authority than Mary Livingston, of that immaculately-groomed—in public—Jack Benny. Mary, you see, happens to know whereof she speaks. Mary is Mrs. Jack Benny, a star in her own right insofar as radio audiences are concerned, and Jack's own best pal and severest critic. She knows what she knows and she sees what she sees, and Jack... well, naturally, he's a bit of a pet of hers. But...

"Honestly," she says, "I never know what Jack's going to do next."

"Take the time we were married. I was engaged to be married to another man. The wedding was to take place sometime in March. Early in January I went east from Los Angeles to Chicago, to visit with my sister before the event. I arrived at my sister's on a Sunday. Friday, I was Mrs. Jack Benny."

"How'd it happen? Well, I'd like to know that, myself. Jack must have done some fast talking, or something."

"You see, I had first met Jack about four years before, when he was playing the Orpheum in Los Angeles and I was a buyer in the lingerie department of..."

(Continued on page 68)
"There's no place in pictures for a 'strip tease' artiste," she said, "but there is a place for Gypsy Rose Lee, and I'm going to find it." It was the glamorous Gypsy herself speaking, and, as she gave her first interview regarding plans for her forthcoming venture into the cinema, she displayed that characteristic determination that has carried her through a difficult life but a merry one.

"I hope to make a success in Hollywood," said Gypsy,
With marriage bells on her tongue, it was only fitting that the melodious Jeanette MacDonald should have rings on her fingers, among them one of the engagement variety which gives sparkle to romance.

Yet its fair wearer sat there in sunlight like part of her luminous hair and jealously guarded her romance with Gene Raymond.

"I'm superstitious about it," she hesitated to say.

There was no mistaking the dread in her voice. But it was not so readily understood. To be sure, a bride-elect might well be superstitious about a rainy wedding day, or as to wearing something old, something new, something borrowed, something blue. Call this superstition if you like, though it's really tradition. Anyway, it has nothing to do with actual fear. Of what, for that matter, had Miss MacDonald to be afraid?

"Hollywood," was her definite reply. "It defies romance. Now you might think, since its screen aspect is largely concerned with romance, that Hollywood would be sympathetic toward it. But the opposite is true where individuals are concerned. I'm willing to grant that an attempt, often successful, is made to have it appear that two stars are romantically interested in each other, but as a rule this is wholly a matter of box-office business. Really, Hollywood is utterly merciless in its defiance of romance."

Hearing was believing this, for it carried the conviction of brains. That pretty head of hers was packed with them, that blue eye of hers flashed with intelligence. Yet there was a great deal to be explained. Nothing could have done it more clearly than: "Unusual circumstances, peculiar conditions which exist nowhere else, make Hollywood the most difficult of all places for romance. Unfortunately, we can't keep it to ourselves for the simple reason that we are public property. That's what we're up against in Hollywood. Everything we do is universally known. This is only natural, and there's no defense against it. The very fact that our faces are known everywhere makes the public feel it really knows us. We are known not just as names but as personalities. So we can't really blame them for feeling as they do about us. We work on their imaginations and play on their emotions so largely that they feel they know ours are like. Of course they don't, but this doesn't help us. We just have to make the best of what doesn't show inside us and what does show outside. We have to watch ourselves every minute, because we are constantly watched. Why, if we put on even an added pound of weight it's noticed."

"At any rate, I don't have to worry about that. While others are in a

[Continued on page 60]
MOVIELAND'S ODD JOB MAN

From the extra ranks to an Academy Award winner within one year measures the meteoric rise of Walter Brennan regarded now as one of the finest character actors in motion pictures.

It's all very funny to Walter Brennan, now that he's sitting on top of the world, possessor of a 1936 Academy Award for the best character actor in 1936 and with a long-term, fat salary contract with Samuel Goldwyn.

It's funny because it marks the triumphant climax of a twelve-year struggle to get somewhere. The fact is it was even funny back in the lean days—not so long ago, either—when Brennan was a mere extra, working if and when he could get it.

Life itself is funny to Walter Brennan, but the most comical part of it all is that Hollywood has just found out what he's been trying for a dozen years to prove—that he is really an actor.

Don't get the impression, however, that he feels too cocky over his success. He's not that kind of a guy. His reaction probably is akin to that of a woodpecker who has just succeeded in drilling a hole in a concrete pole. In fact, such an achievement, impossible as it may seem, isn't much tougher than the climb from extra ranks to stardom.

[Continued on page 75]
CAROLE LOMBARD, exotic, hoydenish and, in turn, very wise, won't discuss that romance which is intriguing Hollywood and everyone who is interested in motion pictures.

She has nothing to say for publication about her friendship with Clark Gable—a friendship envied by millions of women the world over.

"Why," she asks, "must all the Hollywood writers use a thousand subterfuges to interview me and then launch a barrage of questions about Clark and myself? Why can't they let us alone?"

For more than a year—ever since that fateful Valentine's party of 1936 which resulted in Carole giving Clark a battered white Ford with a big red heart on it—she has been hounded by writers. There has been a steady, clamoring procession through the white dressing room which she occupies at Paramount studio—and which she will continue to occupy for the next three years while she earns more than a million under the terms of her present contract. Each and everyone has asked:

"Why not let me have the story of your romance with Gable?"

This question has put Carole definitely "behind the eight ball." It isn't
In her friendship with Clark Gable, Carole Lombard is the envy of millions of women, all of whom are wondering as to how this intriguing romance will end. This story should satisfy their curiosity!

By Cecil Deane

Clark and Carole were often seen at the Paramount lunch counter during the making of No Man of Her Own

A back-stage shot of the famous stars when they were teamed in No Man of Her Own

Carole is not in favor of long engagements. She likes to have things done and over with. And that brings out one point which will be reckoned with later. She called Powell "Junior." She played a lot of tricks on him. She had a right merry time with him. Until July 7, 1933, when her mother announced that Carole already was in Reno establishing residence. Carole was again of single status legally on the nineteenth day of the next month.

Just like that.

Again, her intimates point out, she's a creature of impulse.

It was during 1931, when she was still married to Powell, that she made No Man of Her Own for Paramount, with Clark Gable and Dorothy Mackaill. Clark and Carole were thrown together aplenty during the weeks it took to make that production. They were grand scouts. They ate at lunch counters in the commissary. When there was a full in production they bought ice cream cones and ate them.

The picture was good, and people told Gable he was good. Carole presented him with a great big ham and his picture.
GRADUATES

GRADUATION is an important event in the life of a young girl. Important, too, is the subject of clothes. She must look her best.

What type dress is most becoming? What color? What fabric? These questions and many more arise months before such an occasion. Then there are the parties before and after graduation to which she is escorted by her one-and-only. An equal amount of care should be lavished upon clothes for each fete from the prom to a hay ride.

A few dress problems are solved here by two popular Hollywood players, Suzanne Kaaren and Irene Hervey, graduates, themselves, not many years ago.

A tip for you who received diplomas this year is to plan your wardrobes carefully, likewise choose wearable clothes that will take you through long summer months of work or play.

The following are a few suggestions for
choice of styles: Because the average girl is a practical person she might select a two-piece jacket suit with a contrasting or matching topcoat. Maybe a two-piece suit in brown with a lime yellow jigger coat or a fushia two-piece suit that can be worn with blouses or with sweaters—and a pale blue boxy topcoat to wear over it.

For those who don’t particularly care to buy ensembles that can be twisted about and used in many different ways, there is the novelty suit with a dashing cape to match. And for those with imagination, separate skirts and odd jackets. Mix your own suit to your own liking and have something highly individual.

The young miss who finds herself in need of an afternoon dress will probably cast her glance of approval on the dirndl style with a full-gathered skirt because it is so new—or on a bolero dress because it looks so very modern.

No girl knows what this life has in store for her and the wise one will pick the winner, the dress that may be worn with equal smartness at social or business functions.

Below right: Studying for final exams Irene Harvey (left) appearing currently in the Columbia production League of Frightened Men wears a culotte outfit. The tailored sports dress in London tan worn by Suzanne Kooran is trimmed with bright green buttons.

Right: Print peasant dresses as worn by the two stars are new and tremendously smart for the school girl

—Charles Rhodes
SHE is, according to her own statement, the most unsuccessful actress in Hollywood! By that, the vivacious, fast talking, confident little Isabel Jewell means that while she has had good parts in some forty-odd pictures since her arrival in Flickertown, she has yet to be given a role that will allow her dramatic ability full scope.

If you recall her in A Tale of Two Cities, Valiant, is the Word for Carrie, Go West, Young Man, Career Woman, Marked Woman, and Lost Horizon—just to mention a few of the top-flight films she has been featured in—you begin to feel that her statement isn't as ambiguous as it sounds.

Those forty-odd pictures to which Isabel lent her talents likewise present a cinematic oddity that can't be matched.

(Continued on page 62)
A star on the ether waves and the legitimate stage, Gertrude Niesen is headed for stardom in films to become one of the few three-career women in Hollywood.

If husky-voiced, exotic Gertrude Niesen, star of radio, stage, and screen, were asked to decide between her favorite food—which, strange as it may seem, happens to be doughnuts and caviar—and her favorite pastime—which happens to be parties—it’s a 100-to-1 bet that she would choose parties quicker than your dear aunt Minnie could say Jack Robinson, Jr.

Passing up the observation that such a decision would be easy to make on the grounds that you don’t care for a culinary pot pourri labelled doughnuts and caviar, and that you’re willing to wager a few potatoes that La Niesen doesn’t either, you may be all even on the 10th tee with the Greta Garbo of the air—but from then on it’s a different story.

Gertrude, if our social activity check-up is correct, enjoys parties for the fun and relaxation she gets out of them more than any other film celebrity in Hollywood. Just mention the word in a low whisper when she’s nearby and then note the added sparkle that begins to shine in her eyes. She’s ready at the drop of an invitation to become a party of the first part, as we students of law like to put it.

The noblest example of them all, so far as parties go, was the evening she was keeping a dinner date at the Brown Derby. Before she had an opportunity to dunk [Continued on page 72]
MAYBE you think that being the Marx Brothers must be fun.

Maybe you think it would be hilarious to have nothing else to do in life but think up gags on other people and draw a nice big fat check every Saturday afternoon for it. Like broiling garlic frankfurters over the fireplace in Louis B. Mayer's plush office at M-G-M while waiting for him to come out of conference or someplace!—or wearing (as Groucho did) a pair of frowzy old pajama pants with your snappiest evening clothes, to make an entrance at the formal party where your wife hoped you'd put on your best behavior to impress some important relatives of hers, with no sense of humor!—or (as Chico did) phone a friend, disguising your voice as that of a water company official, to fill all the bathtubs in the house because the water was going to be shut off!—or any of the other insane things the reputedly "mad Marxes" have to do as a matter of day-in-day-out routine, just because that's their reputation.

Well, that may be awfully funny—to you and me and the fellow around the corner. But to the Marx Brothers themselves, it's all deadly earnest and serious. To themselves, the Marx Brothers and their gags are about as funny as a funeral.

You see the Marxes work harder than you or I. They really work at the business of being funny. It may be a paradox, but being funny is being serious, to them. That hot-dog-broiling-in-Mayer's office, which utterly convulsed Hollywood not long ago, was painfully planned for days in advance. They had to provide themselves with all the props—a long toasting fork, a nice smelly hot dog, a roll to put it on, and mustard to smear over it; they had to plan carefully so the time'd be ripe, and so there'd be a fire in the
fireplace; and then they had to pull it all off as casually as that, to make it look real.

And those other gags—unless you see the Marxes at work, painstakingly working out, far in advance, their every gag and joke (whether it be for screen use, or just one of their "impromptu" party-and-social tricks), then you'll never know how very, very serious and un-funny this business of being "the funniest men in movies" really is.

TO REALLY understand, though, how colossally serious this business of being funny truly is, you must be told that the little word "missing" almost broke up the remaining three Marxes, not long ago. Over that word, they batted so bitterly (seeking to be funny!) that Groucho and Chico stopped talking to each other. As for Harpo, it didn't matter, because he doesn't talk anyway.

And finally, it took about 132,000 Americans (maybe you were one of them) to straighten up the mess and smooth it out again. It was like this—

Groucho had figured out a gag. You'll see it when you see their next M-G-M movie, A Day At The Races.

Groucho is in a man's dressing room, about to wash his hands. Douglas Dumbrille, the villain of the piece, enters just as Groucho is taking off his swell wrist watch. As Groucho lays it on the washstand, Dumbrille eyes it hungrily. Groucho sees him. Maritishly, he picks up the thousand-dollar watch, tosses it into the soapy-water-filled basin, cracks: "I'd rather have it rusty than missing!"

Well, when they first thought that up, Groucho wanted to say—"rather have it rusty than GONE."

"Nix," suggested Chico, "make it 'rather have it rusty than disappear'."

"That," grunted Harpo, "isn't funny. The word you must use is 'missing'"

That started the fight and for a while it looked as though the gag would never get a spot in A Day At The Races. Groucho stuck to "gone." Chico insisted on "disappear." And Harpo, between Chinoes and blondes, stood by "missing." Hours after hours they wrangled. It got to a point where they couldn't look at a clock without flying at each other. Finally, they left it to their audiences...

They were on personal appearance tour, whereon they tried out many of the gags you'll see in the picture. They figured out they had 132 performances left to play—to an average of maybe 1,000 spectators in each show.

"All right," they decided, "for 44 of those shows, Groucho will say 'gone.' For another 44, he'll say 'disappear' when he pulls the gag. For the remaining 44, he'll say 'missing.' And we'll clock the laughs. And whichever gets the most ha-ha's, stays in."

That's exactly what they did. And when the compilation of laughs was over, carefully "caught" via counters and split-second time-watches, they found that a few laughs followed "gone;" a few more came with "disappear," but positive gales of guffawing greeted the line:

"I'd rather have it rusty than missing!"

So that's the line you'll hear in the film, along with scores of other sure fire laugh provokers that will tag A Day At The Races as the best picture the Marxes have yet appeared in.

BUT none of the Marxes can tell you why Americans think "missing" is funnier than either "gone" or "disappear!"

"That," says Groucho, "in one of the few sane moments you can get out of him in any given interview, is one of the mysteries of the business of being funny.

You can't tell what is going to get a laugh and what isn't, until you try it out."

Most of their gags are concocted and constructed in what the Marxes term their office. It's a big, bare-ish room up over Stage 5, away from places so the Marxes won't get in people's hair. It's got a desk in it, and a big window at one end that faces the executive bungalows on the M-G-M lot, and a piano for Chico to play on, and Rachel Linden. Rachel is the Marxes' secretary, the one who doesn't laugh at their gags. She's been with them ever since they were in movies, you can figure it out for yourself, and thinks they're less funny every day.

This is what happens when they are working out a comedy sequence:

There's Groucho, over in the corner, chewing his cigar butt, wigging his eyebrows, scowling horrendously. Chico is at the piano, playing not a note, looking sad. Harpo is staring out of the window, alternately sticking his tongue out at the M-G-M executives' windows or ogling blonde extra girls as they pass by in the street below. Others present are Sam Wood, who is directing their picture, and Al Boasberg, who is the Marx gag man. And Rachel. They're all trying to figure out the funniest way to slam a stable door on Douglas Dumbrille's you-know-as Douglas stoops over.

They talk it out, in meticulous detail, for endless time. They plot the exact sound the door should make as it impinges on Dumbrille's obvious spot. They argue as to whether the top half of the door (it's one of those double doors like you see in paddocks) should wall-up Dumbrille first, or the bottom half. Finally Boasberg gets a bright idea. "Catch him between the halves," he crows. "It'll be a scream."

Dead-panned, the they agree it'll be excruciatingly funny. "Make a note of it, Miss Linden," they say. Doleful as a paller-bearer, Rachel jots it down. Rachel jots down all the laughs. [Continued on next page]
REVIEWS OF THE MONTH

TOP of the TOWN

IN 1930 Universal spent a cool million (and then some) on a red hot musical called *King of Jazz*, won an Academy award and then settled back to make its money on novelty films, a few "Frankensteins" and "Draculas" and a war picture or two. This season the crowning climax of the New Universal's first production year brings another massive musical, *Top of the Town*. An extravaganza accurately describes it and the fortune it cost is obvious on the screen.

But *Top of the Town* does surprising things. It makes a star of George Murphy instead of Doris Nolan as once planned; it enables Peggy Ryan, a ten-year-old sprite, (or is a young sprite called a sprout?) to give the light-footed Murphy a close race for dancing honors, and it presents the haunting radio voices of Gertrude Niesen and Ella Logan for the first time from the screen. It is a toss up which wins vocal honors. In the early reels Hugh Herbert in high glee wins most of the laughs by his physical nervousness, Gregory Ratoff by his vocal entanglements. Toward the end of the picture Mischa Auer's Hamlet brings him up among the leaders, but Henry Armetta, burdened with a full dress suit, tries hard but loses out on the home stretch.

With more footage than any three other comedians, the Three Sailors make a good showing even though folks won't remember who they are very long.

McHugh and Adamson who did such a good job with the tunes for *Banjo on My Knee* contributed the music and lyrics for *Top of the Town* their "Jamboree" providing a reason for the massing of all the forces for the big finale. One set is just about as big as Rockefeller Center and Cameraman Joe Valentine has had a big job getting it all on the screen, but under the able guidance of Director Ralph Murphy he has succeeded nobly. In the last reel George Murphy goes into his dance and gives a performance that Fred Astaire could be proud of and this reviewer wonders why Universal execs didn't have Actor Murphy do some sort of little jig earlier in the film. Georgie is a hoofin' fool and if his dancing feet, mannish smile and splendid voice don't carry him to stardom before 1937 bids us adieu we'll be a monkey's uncle. *Top of the Town* will give you a gay summer's evening or an enjoyable afternoon out of the hot sun. Hop to it.

[Continued on page 42]
RECENTLY IN NEW YORK BEFORE RETURNING TO LONDON FOR THE CORONATION

THE BEAUTIFUL, YOUNG

Duchess of Leinster

Tells you how she cares for her glamorously clear, smooth skin

**Her Grace**—one of the three Premier Duchesses in the British Isles—in the white satin Court gown she will wear under her Coronation robe... "A treatment with Pond's Cold Cream is more than a cleansing treatment. It makes my skin feel invigorated, look brighter. I use Pond's Cold Cream night and morning and for any occasion."

She will stand for hours in Westminster Abbey the day of the Coronation, in a robe of velvet and ermine—jewels flashing from coronet and necklace—her lovely skin clear and luminous against its brilliant setting.

Of all the peeresses who will attend the Coronation, none will be lovelier than the slender, young Duchess of Leinster.

Admired for her beauty during her recent visit to New York, the Duchess said her beauty care is "the simplest and best—Pond's." "Pond's Cold Cream is a complete facial treatment in itself," she said. "I use it to invigorate and freshen my skin for the most important occasions."

Like hundreds of British beauties—the Duchess follows this daily method:

**Every night**, smooth on Pond's Cold Cream. As it releases dirt, make-up, skin secretions—wipe them off. Now pat in more Pond's Cold Cream—**briskly**, till the circulation stirs. Your skin feels invigorated and freshened.

**Every morning** (and always before make-up) repeat... Your skin is smooth for powder—fresh, vital looking!

Day and night, this rousing Pond's treatment does more than clean your skin. It invigorates it... Fights blemishes, blackheads, lines, coarsening pores. Get a jar today. Soon see your skin growing lovelier!

Send for SPECIAL 9-TREATMENT TUBE and 2 other Pond's Beauty Aids

When answering advertisements, please mention June Hollywood

Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 2 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose $0.40 to cover postage and packing.

Name
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City
State
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WHEN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS, PLEASE MENTION JUNE HOLLYWOOD
A tense scene for M-G-M's Captains Courageous starring Lionel Barrymore, Spencer Tracy, and Freddie Bartholomew

CAPTAINS COURAGEOUS—(M-G-M)—Bound to be acclaimed as one of the finest examples of the motion picture art ever presented. Movie audiences will be as proud of it as the producers themselves. It's really that good! Ably directed by Victor Fleming, the Kipling story is a deeply impressive, fast moving, and highly dramatic film. Spencer Tracy, fine though he's been in recent pictures, is finer, by far, in his portrayal of the Portuguese fisherman. Spencer, who has surprised his fans with many notable performances, will surprise even himself by his superb acting in Captains Courageous. Sharing top honors with Tracy is Freddie Bartholomew. Cast as the spoiled, arrogant and utterly selfish son of a rich father this younger

handles his role with intelligence and sensitive feeling. As the story develops, Freddie is rescued from the sea by Tracy and the scenes between these two on board a fishing schooner are among the most touching ever screened and will linger long in the memories of those who see them.

Impressive performances by Melvyn Douglas as Freddie's father, Lionel Barrymore as the skipper of a fishing schooner contribute further to the enjoyment of the film.

WAIIKIKI WEDDING—(Paramount) Giving credit where credit is due, Martha (Ultra-Violent) Raye, with her hilarious exhibit of clowning, steals this picture; and it's a theft that will please any movie audience. As the love-starved miss who gets a touch of Hawaiian moon madness, Martha puts on a screen show that is a wow—if you'll pardon the use of a trite word from the Hollywood dictionary. Bing Crosby, provided with some excellent

Be Sure to get your copy of wonderful New Dance Book by ARTHUR MURRAY—World's Greatest Dance Instructor—Learn the Latest Dance Steps from this Expert—

FREE!

4 WEEKS LATER LOU SENDS HER CARD FILLED WITH LABELS FOR DANCE BOOK

FEW DAYS AFTER LOOK, JANE—IT'S REALLY EASY TO DO THIS RHUMBA MOTION!

I'LL SAY SO—THAT BOOK SURE MAKES EVERYTHING CLEAR!

SAY—YOU'RE THE PRETTIEST GIRL AND THE BEST DANCER HERE—HOW COME I NEVER MET YOU BEFORE?

OH, I HAVEN'T BEEN ROUND MUCH TILL NOW—

I CAN'T BELIEVE IT'S REALLY ME—MY BUT I'M GLAD I ATE THOSE YEAST CAKES!
songs, sings in better form than ever before and turns on the proper romantic fervor in his courtship of Shirley Ross. Bob Burns, as a transported hog caller from the Ozarks, has divorced his bazooka in favor of a guitar to become the victim of the Raye lady's fervid romantic assaults. Shirley Ross, playing the straight role with Crosby, carries out her assignments in grand style both in the sentimental episodes and in her singing. Waikiki is a good picture from every angle and one that you will thoroughly enjoy.

* * *

PERSONAL PROPERTY—(M-G-M)

Don't expect to see the alluring Jean Harlow and handsome Bob Taylor go into any breath-taking romantic clinches in their first co-starring picture, Personal Property, but you can expect to see the popular couple under the able direction of W. S. Van Dyke, romp through this hilarious comedy in a manner that is highly satisfying to the most critical movie fan. Taylor, as the impertinent younger brother of Reginald Owen, (a bounder if there ever was one) saves Jean from marriage to his brother by leading her to the altar himself. The alluring Jean, as the impeccable American girl, handles her role in her usual faultless fashion; and Taylor, permitted for the first time to really let go in light comedy, shows to fine advantage.

In the supporting cast E. E. Clive as Taylor's father, Una O'Connor as the family maid, Reginald Owen as the older brother and Forrester Harvey as the cockney bailiff deserve well-merited praise. Hilarious caricatures of English nobility were offered by Lionel Braham and Barnett Barker. Personal Property is thoroughly worthwhile. See it!

[Continued on page 44]
SEVENTH HEAVEN — (20th Century-Fox) — Sound has invested Seventh Heaven with a vitality denied the silent version, and under the superb direction of Henry King the film can rightfully assert its claim as one of the truly fine pictures of the year. Seventh Heaven does another thing. It projects James Stewart for his brilliant portrayal of that "very remarkable fellow, Chico" to the status of a topnotch star. This young man never gave a better nor more sympathetic performance and movie fans are going to acclaim him for his true worth. To Simone Simon, too, are praises due. Her portrayal of Dienne is a tender, deeply moving one as she makes believable the faith that leads her from the bagnio to a garret heaven with the atheist, Chico. Excellent in support are Gregory Ratoff as Boul, John Qualen as the sewer rat, Gale Sondergaard as Diane’s hell-cat sister, Jean Hersholt as the priest, Edward Bromberg as the eccentric neighbor, Mady Christians and Victor Kilian as the helpful couple next door. This new version of Seventh Heaven is every bit as enchanting as the silent one and should prove a box-office magnet. See it, by all means.

SWING HIGH, SWING LOW—(Paramount)—A highly entertaining picture with Carol Lombard again proving that she’s a top-flight actress. Team-mate Fred MacMurray has never been seen on the screen to better advantage and as Skid Johnson who can blow sweeter, hotter music than any trumpeter in the world, he puts on a screen show that’s worth going to see twice. Borrowing a few situations from the old hit Burlesque, Swing High, Swing Low is the story of the stormy love affair and marriage of Maggie King (Carol Lombard) a New York nightclub girl, and Skid Johnson (Fred MacMurray) an irresponsible, likable trumpeter player. The story travels from Panama to Broadway—but you’ll like the trip. You’ll like, too, Charles Butterworth and Jean Dixon, both of
whom contribute excellent bits of acting. Put this picture on your "I Must See" list. It's that good.


THE HIT PARADE—(Republic)—
The title of this Republic release tells the whole story, for it is really a parade of hits, offering a variety of talent, unsurpassed for entertainment guaranteed to appeal to any mixed audience. This picture should establish Phil Regan as a definite candidate for stardom. His role of a radio talent scout who loses a former protege (Louise Henry) to her lawyer (Monroe Owsley) after Phil has promoted her to the top rung of radio fame, is one that offers a wide score for demonstrating personality.

After a protracted search through various night spots, Phil finds a rival songstress (Frances Langford). The complications involved before she wins a spot on the prize radio program, form the balance of the plot.

The talent parade includes Duke Ellington and his band; Eddie Duchin and his boys, Al Pearce and his band; the Tic Toc girls; Carl Hoff's Hit Parade orchestra, and many others.

Miss Langford's and Phil Regan's voices register perfectly, and this perfection will establish several songs as sure-fire hits.

A fine group of players fills out the cast, standouts being Bert Kelton (Miss Langford's true-blue friend); Edward Brophy (Sponsor of the top radio hour) and Max Terhune. The latter, an animal imitator, scores heavily throughout the picture, aided by his "smart aleck" ventriloquist dummy.

Louise Henry, Inez Courtney, Monroe Owsley, J. Farrell MacDonald, [Continued on page 46]

• "Hi-ya, Fuzzy! Don't be scared of me—come over here and get acquainted! Where did you come from and why the heavy woolies on a day like this? ... You can't change 'em? ... Say, that's tough!"

James Stewart and Simone Simon win acclaim for their fine work in 20th Century-Fox's Seventh Heaven

• "Mother, come quick! Look at this poor guy—has to wear a camel's hair coat the year around! And he's so hot it's sticking tight to him—bring some Johnson's Baby Powder right away!"

• "Now cheer up, pal—that soft, cooling powder makes you forget all about prickly heat and sticky hot weather. And every time Mother gives me a rub-down, I'll get her to give you one, too!"

• "Feel my Johnson's Baby Powder—it's as soft as the kitty's ear! Not gritty like some powders. That's why it keeps my skin so smooth."

... Smooth, healthy skin is the best protection against skin infections, Mothers! And Johnson's Baby Powder is made of the rarest Italian talc...no orris-root...Don't forget baby's other toilet needs—Johnson's Baby Soap, Baby Cream and Baby Oil!

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK
NEW JERSEY

WHEN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS, PLEASE MENTION JUNE HOLLYWOOD 45
Reviews of the Month

A rose between two thorns. Walter Winchell, Alice Faye and Ben Bernie in a scene from Wake Up and Live, a "be sure and see it" picture from 20th Century-Fox

Pierre Watkin, George Givot and Sammy White add to the fun.

OUTCASTS OF POKER FLAT—(RKO)—By the time this picture is released enough recutting will have been made this Bret Harte yarn top-notch entertainment. As a matter of record the film is a hook-up of two Harte stories—Outcasts and Luck of Roaring Camp and is highlighted by splendid performances of Preston Foster as the romantic roughneck, Jean Muir as the school teacher, Virginia Weidler, as "Luck," Margaret Irving as the "duchess," Bradley Page as a two gun man and Al St. John as a comic barfly. The film serves to introduce another screen personality in Van Heflin who portrays the person. With only one previous picture to his credit he records a grand performance—one that should start him up the ladder.

THINK FAST, MR. MOTO—(20th Century-Fox)—In this, the first in a series of mystery yarns by Fox, Peter Lorre abandons his "horror" roles and gives a remarkably true characterization of a Japanese detective extraordinary—being possessed of a keen mind, a sense of humor, a Stanford sheepskin, a "workable" knowledge of jiu-jitsu and amazing agility in performing card tricks.

All of these qualities are brought to light in this exciting story which deals with a combined attempt by numerous persons to apprehend a gang of smugglers in Shanghai.

Included in the sleuthing party are—Thomas Beck (handsome son of the steamship line's owner); Virginia Field (beautiful mystery woman, beloved by Beck); Peter Lorre (amateur detective and owner of an importing company) and, Murray Kinnell (foreign representative of the shipping line).

The concentrated efforts of the above group to round up the opposing forces results in a thrilling chase which begins in San Francisco's Chinatown, continues on a boat headed for China, and comes to an exciting climax in a waterfront dive in Shanghai.

Colorful settings and a well-selected musical score, contribute much to the general enjoyment of this feature.

THE PRINCE AND THE PAUPER—(Warner Bros.)—This film version of the Mark Twain fantasy of the beggar boy who comes within a hairsbreadth of being crowned King Edward the Sixth, is not only excellent movie fare in narrative and direction, but it goes farther since it marks very definitely the rise of the Mauch twins into the higher brackets of stardom. These two youngsters, comparatively unknown to movie fans, carry the burden of The
Prince and the Pauper in a remarkable manner. Alike in looks and speech, sensitively responsive to the sympathetic direction of William Keighley, they carry their difficult roles like seasoned troupers. Verbal bouquets are due Montague Love for his fine portrayal of King Henry, Claude Reins for his role as the scheming Lord Hertford, Henry Stephenson for his performance as the Duke of Norfolk, Barton MacLane for his portrait of the burly ruffian, and Errol Flynn for his performance as the dashing adventurer. The Prince and the Pauper provides screen entertainment of a high order.

WAKE UP AND LIVE—(20th Century-Fox)—With Fiddler Ben Bernie and Columnist Walter Winchell stabbing each other in the back with verbal darts, with Jack Haley scoring a big hit with his pleasing singing and romantic comedy, with the beautiful Alice Faye singing her Mack Gordon and Harry Revel melodies in better voice than she ever displayed before, with Patsy Kelly and Ned Sparks putting on a show in themselves with their clever clowning, with Joan Davis doing a wow number as a goofy rhumba dancer—in fact, with every one in the cast doing something highly entertaining—WITHOUT DOUBT Wake Up and Live is one of the most sparkling, liveliest filmusicals of the year. Certainly it will prove an entertainment target for other studios to shoot at. You miss this and you're missing some of the best ear-filling, eye-filling pictures screened this season. Wake up and live—go see it.

New! Non-Greasy Odorono Ice goes on like a vanishing cream—checks perspiration instantly

FOR YEARS women have complained—"Why do cream deodorants have to be so greasy?"—"They stick to clothes and ruin them!"

The new Odorono Ice was created in answer to these complaints—on an entirely new principle. It vanishes completely! It can't leave a messy film of grease to come off on your clothes.

And, unlike other cream deodorants, it gently checks perspiration. You are completely protected from both odor and dampness for 1 to 3 days.

Try it! It is delightful, entirely different in texture. Light and fluffy. It pats on easily—you don't have to work at it.

And Odorono Ice never develops a musty odor of its own after it has been on a while. Its clean, fresh smell of pure alcohol evaporates completely the minute it is on.

Really, Odorono Ice is the perfect cream deodorant at last! 85% of the women who have tried it prefer it to any other deodorant they have ever used. Buy a jar of the new Odorono Ice tomorrow—33c at all Toilet-Goods Departments.

SEND 10c FOR INTRODUCTORY JAR

RUTH MILLER, The Odorono Co., Inc. Dept. 5-A-77 141 Hudson St., New York City (In Canada: address P. O. Box #150, Montreal)

I enclose 10c to cover cost of postage and packing for generous introductory jar of Odorono Ice

Name

Address

City

State
**Hollywood Newsreel**

(Continued from page 17)

about some perfectly factual fishing stories they told when they returned from Florida. So Gary began telling straight-faced tall ones at any and all times, to punish and amuse the skeptics, according to their sense of humor.

He may interrupt anything from a tennis game to an after-dinner speech to begin, "By the way, that reminds me of the wrestle I had with an alligator in the Everglades in Florida. He caught me by the boot and pulled me under the water—"

Or something equally inventive, each anecdote introduced so casually and with such a sober face his listeners fall for the gag—at first. Sandra says the first hundred times the tales were told were the easiest—for her to listen to!

---

**What? No Tease, Sir?**

GYPSY ROSE LEE and Ada Leonard, strip tease artists lately acquired by Hollywood, have given the movie people several jolts. People who thought they'd been everywhere and seen everything, too!

Ada, for example, won't strip unless she has her public or at least a regular movie camera (with film in it) a director and crew in attendance. Visioned by the Hollywooders as an artists' model sort of a girl or perhaps a new variation of Sally Rand, she shocked them no end by revealing that she considers it immodest to strip in, say, the intimacy of a dressing room, before one or two gentlemen—or even ladies.

When they wanted her to demonstrate her art for a portrait camera in the studio gallery, before only the photographer and his assistant, she demurred. Maybe she knew Papa Will Hays wouldn't okay too-nudie shots, anyway!

---

**Soft Pedal**

DON'T think that because you hear less of the charitable deeds and projects of Joan Crawford and Marion Davies these days, the gals have given up the good work.

What happened is the shushing of praise agents and all others who in the past were frequently guilty of attempting to turn charity into advertising. Neither Joan nor Marion ever wanted to do that, knowing it is bad taste by either social or humanitarian codes, Emily Post or Hoyle.

---

**“I've found Complete Personal Daintiness”**

**QUEST...for Foot Comfort**

During hot weather especially, fastidious women consider Quest part of their daily toilet. It is the positive deodorant powder, soothing, completely effective! Try it as a foot powder, and see how Quest gives tired, perspiring feet a new lease on life as it keeps them fresh and dainty.

**QUEST...after the Bath**

For all-day-long body freshness, use Quest as a dusting powder, and for under-arms. It prevents perspiration offense; keeps you dainty always; yet does not clog pores or irritate the skin. And, being unscented, it does not cover up the fragrance of lovely perfume.

**QUEST...totally effective on Sanitary Napkins**

This is the key test for any deodorant powder! Prove for yourself that Quest never fails on sanitary napkins — assures complete personal daintiness. Buy the large can today — only 35¢ at drug counters everywhere.

"ACCEPt NO SUBSTITUTES! ALWAYS INSIST ON THE ADVERTISED BRAND!"
Of course when a big charity affair needs their names to boost its proceeds, they come right to the fore. But none of these little individual "loaned-the-poor-girl-her-wardrobe-for-her-film-test" publicity for either star these days—or someone gets into trouble!

Reason For Peeve

WAYNE MORRIS (Pasadena Playhouse actor who did the title role in Kid Galahad opposite Bette Davis) was plenty angry when studio romance hatchers fooled some columnists into linking his name with Jane Bryan. The stunt got Wayne in wrong with the real girl friend, Shirley Lloyd.

So the actor, a hard-hitting heavy-weight who actually knocked out an even bigger ring opponent while filming the fight classic, threatened to punch the nose of whoever was responsible. The perpetrator hurriedly squared things between Wayne and his girl!

Bonus

BEHIND a recent dispute between their employers and the brilliant 12-year-old acting twins, Billy and Bobby (just-alike) Mauch was a unique circumstance. Warners forced for business, banker, and stockholder reasons to drive the best possible bargain for the twins' services following their hit in The Prince and the Pauper, weren't sorry they had to double their salaries and make concessions about radio appearances.

They felt the lads deserved good treatment, having saved an estimated $25,000 on the flicker's cost simply by never muffing lines, never being ill, never being late to work and never wasting a moment in getting before the camera when each scene was lined up!

Courtly Freddie

FREDDIE BARTHOLOMEW has for the second time been thoroughly impressed by the dignity and kindliness of the American courts...when Judge Robert H. Scott approved the petition of Freddie's aunt for the young Britisher's adoption, bestowing living expenses on his father and mother, trust funds for sisters Eileen and Hilda from the star's salary of $1200 per week...the other court was that in his picture, The Devil Was a Sissy.

"This is jolly, you know," he confided. "It almost makes one wish to commit a crime—a little, white one—and as they say throw one's self on the mercy of the court!"

MODERN NECESSITY!

—the 3-way protection that only Kotex offers!

1—CAN'T CHAFE

The sides of Kotex are cushioned in a special, soft, downy cotton to provide lasting comfort. Sides only are cushioned—the center surface is free to absorb.

2—CAN'T FAIL

Kotex absorbs many times its own weight in moisture. A special "Equalizer" center guides moisture evenly the whole length of the pad—prevents twisting and roping.

3—CAN'T SHOW

The rounded ends of Kotex are flattened and tapered to provide absolute invisibility. Even the sheerest dress reveals no wrinkles.

3 TYPES OF KOTEX—ALL AT THE SAME LOW PRICE

Regular, Junior and Super—for different women, different days.

WONDERSOFT KOTEX A SANITARY NAPKIN

made from Cellucotton (not cotton)

WHEN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS, PLEASE MENTION JUNE HOLLYWOOD
"There she is, sitting at home alone—the girl I left behind me forever when I discovered Marchand's Golden Hair Wash," says lovely Louise A.* "I used to be a Cinderella, but now my friends say Marchand's brought out my true personality—I'm fascinating."

Let Marchand's bring you fresh popularity and a new, youthful beauty to your hair. If you are BLONDE, it will restore and keep that radiant, sunny freshness everyone admires. If you are BRUNETTE, you can rinse lovely, glowing highlights in your hair. With Marchand's you can lighten any color hair to any flattering shade you desire. Bob Blondes and Brunettes use Marchand's to make excess hair on arms and legs unnoticeable. Because it is not a deplorable, it cannot leave unpleasant stainle.


FREE—Discover your true self—and how to bring out and accent your appearance and personality. ROBERT OF FIFTH AVENUE, famous as the man who "makes you beautiful" has written an amazing brochure for Marchand's, which tells you what type you are, what to wear, how to make up, new hair styles and other valuable advice. It's FREE to you—just send your name and a three-cent stamp to cover postage. Use coupon below.

"Night after night I used to sit home alone—worried about my lack of popularity—"

"then one night mother brought home a bottle of Marchand's and insisted that I try it—"

"now I'm the happiest girl in the world since Marchand's restored the natural beauty of my hair."

*Name on request

Our Readers Write

OUR FOREIGN CORRESPONDENTS

(Significant of the world-wide interest in HOLLYWOOD Magazine are the letters that reach the editor's desk from such far-away places as Serbia, China, Japan, Germany, Austria, Switzerland and the Barbados Islands—just to mention a few. Significant, too, are our foreign readers' interest in the movies. We feel that our American readers like to know what their overseas neighbors think of American films, which stars are their favorites, what pictures they enjoyed the most.

We plan, therefore, to publish selective group of these letters from foreign shores each month for the mutual enjoyment and appreciation of every reader of HOLLYWOOD.—The Editor.)

NATIONAL ANTHEM

Dear Editor:

I have recently been purchasing your Hollywood magazine over here, and wish to congratulate you on its interesting articles, and excellent topical photography: the natural-colour portraits on the cover are really beautiful, and increase the value of your magazine highly.

Your cosmetic and other advertisement positively incite one to try everything they advertise, and I have actually sent for a sample of powder and cream your "ads" have so much more "pep" than those in our English periodicals. I spent hours pouring over them. Then again the letters from your American readers amused me immensely with their slang—I hope you do not mind. Most of them seem to be Robert Taylor "fans," as indeed I am myself.

The articles on screen stars are so much more informative than any others I have read, the reason being, I suppose, that you are in the very center of the "Star" industry. We over here try to copy their hair styles and clothes, etc., in the hope that we, too, may gain a little glamour— I hope we succeed. American films are far ahead of British films as yet, and I do not suppose we shall ever compete with them.

Once more may I congratulate you on your magazine, and hope you may publish my appreciation in one of your issues. Thanking you in anticipation, I remain.

Yours sincerely,

Raymonde S. Mangin.

58 Bartholomew Road, London, N. W. 5.

Praise from our English cousins is always welcome. We feel, however, that an equal amount of credit should be given to England for the marvelous strides it has been making in the promotion of picture perfection.—Congratulations!—The Editor.

FIRST AID TO EDUCATION!

Although I am sure the prize won't be given outside of U. S. A., am still enter ing my letter for your consideration.

I would like to ask you: why please don't you give us some big Hospital Pie-
THE PERILS OF PAULINE?

Dear Editor:

There has been an increasing number of so-called serial motion pictures that it is about time someone raised a howl. There is nothing more tedious or senseless than to see a picture whose beginning we have never seen and whose ending is probably weeks ahead. It leaves us in a state of perplexity. If this is a stunt to get the customers in at every chapter then the studio should stop, look and listen to these elongated nuisances and to the comments it receives from irritated audiences. Maybe the kids go for it in a big way but they too would rather see a whole subject for a single admission. Abolish these time-wasting serials and replace them with more interesting topics.

Yours very truly,
Robert Kobayashi,
2233 S. Beretania St., Honolulu, Hawaii.

Mr. Kobayashi has summed up the serial situation in a few choice words. However, we would be interested in the reaction of our other readers. How do you feel about it?— The Editor.

TIME MARCHES ON!

I must say how I enjoy reading the Hollywood, and when I have read it through I send it with the other film books that I buy to the local hospital.

I also have a grievance to make concerning the time allowed for the competitions published every month in Hollywood. Myself, a faithful reader, can never get my copy until about the fifth of the month, and as a letter takes about six days to get to America, I find that I never have time to enter, if my letter is published. I am sure that other English readers will agree with me when I say please put the closing date a little later and give those this side of the Atlantic a chance to enter the competitions.

Sincerely,
Myro Novis,
Caerwern Cottage, Dwayfelin Rd.,
Neath, S. Wales, England.

Heretofore our deadline for sending material down to the printers has been such that we were unable to allow additional time for letters received from any great distance. We now have a new arrangement which allows us an extra period of time for taking care of this department, and are sure that in the future we will be able to include a great many letters from our foreign correspondents.— The Editor.

Next month much more space will be devoted to our letters from foreign shores. A $5 cash prize will be mailed to the author of the letter travelling the farthest distance to our office.
WOULDN'T YOU LIKE to KNOW?
By RUTH CLAYTON

PAUL MUNI has grown a beard again for his stellar role in The Story of Emile Zola. Joseph Schildkraut, boyhood friend of Muni plays, Drayfus and Gale Sondergaard, Mrs. Drayfus . . . Irena Dunne seen strolling across the lot at Paramount dressed for her role in High, Wide and Handsome . . . 20th Century-Fox gave a "tea" in honor of Grace Fields—Britain's foremost comedienne vacationing in California. She is soon to make a picture for this company after returning home for the coronation . . . A new studio ruling at M-G-M makes it necessary for such stars as Spencer Tracy, Allan Jones and Lewis Stone to equip their boats with shortwave radio for emergency contact with the studio's production depart- ment . . . Jack Smart featured in The Wildcat at Universal has a radio in the kitchen of his new house at Tolula Lake because, (he explains to surprised guests) that's where he spends most of his time! Smart weighs 275 pounds . . .

Wallace Beery will star in M-G-M's Stand Up and Fight, a story of the transcontinental rail-road construction in 1849 . . . Alan Mowbray squiring for two of the Bennett's—Joan and Constance. However, it's only for pictures competing with Warren Baxter in Piques of 1938 and acting as Connie's butler in Topper . . . Andy Devine is looking for a chance to get even. As a soldier in The Road Block he has been packing a 40 lb. knapsack around and every day it seemed heavier. Then he discovered that Slim Summerville was adding two pounds of sand to the pack every day . . . 2,000 invitations for the wedding of Joanne Mac- Donald and Gena Raymond in June have been mailed . . . Joe E. Brown in full Chinese regalia was master-of-ceremonies at a recent Holly- wood party honoring Publicist Ivy Crane Wilson. Guests included the Paul Munis, the Warnan Williams, the Harmon Nelsons and the newlyweds-loving Dick Powell . . . After a vacation in Europe, Katharine Hepburn will come back to Hollywood to star in the RKO feature, Stage Door (In which Margaret Sullavan steals the Broadway before her "blessed event") . . . Despite rumors to the contrary, the romance of Sonja Henie and Tyrone Power continues in Thin Ice film, most of which is being made in the snow and ice of Mount Rainier National Park . . .

Buck Jones, Universal star, was recently the hero of a real life rescue. Driving toward his ranch he saw a small boy clinging to the neck of a runaway horse. His stirrup broken, the child had no control of the animal. Jones stepped out on the running board of the car and rescued the child before any harm came to him, as he had done a score of times in pictures.

Here's a remedy for insomnia. Elizabeth Allen always reads a detective story before going to sleep. It takes her mind completely off studio worries . . . Tala Birell likes the coiffure created for her last picture, As Good As Married, so well she insists upon dressing it the same way for all social events . . . Fritz Leiber of The Prince and the Pauper posing beside a crayon likeness by Lionel Hencken . . . Walter Connolly becomes a father again (But—only on the screen). This time it's Ada Loring's dad in Let's Get Married.

Reminiscing Adolphe Menjou tells of working an entire day for a net profit of only 40 cents. He received exactly $1.80, but of this amount he had to give a half dollar to his agent who landed him the job, paying 60 cents for his own ticket to the pictures. 

Pimpls Kill Romance

Many shattered romances may be traced directly to ugly skin blemishes. Why suffer itchy pimples, cezema, angry red blotches or other disfigurements resulting from external causes when you can get quick relief from soothing Peterson's Ointment? 35c at your druggists. Money refunded if one application does not do the trick. Wonderful also to soothe irritated and inflamed feet and cracks between toes. Free sample. Peterson Ointment Co. Dept. K102, Buffalo, N. Y.

CHANGE YOUR FACE! . . . and change your future!

It may bring a different, happier life when the face is right and the eye is steady. Beautiful features that others admire! Face reconstruction. Re-creating flaws. Choosing the right color. Beauty control, Vienna Polyclinic methods. Dr. Morley (Vienna University gradu- ate) quickly corrects Unattractively. Pudrizing Bar, Wrinkles, Stains of Age. Pouches under Eyes. Write for Free Booklet. "Facial Reconstruc- tion." Dr. Morley, 3rd F., 14th St., Dept. 44-P, New York.

HAIR KILLED PERMANENTLY

From hair, body or arms until perfectly smooth. Hours to be spent, fully guaranteed, simple operation. Tons of hair to be removed permanently or money refunded. Your own physician, expert. Ph. 8-9525, New York, N. Y.

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World's Smallest Real Performing Ample 40 W. S. 100 W. No batteries, no tubes, no wires, only stations, with crystal beautiful tone. No static or interfer- ence when in the same room. No one else can hear your conversation. WRITE FOR CATALOGUE. DIRECTIONS AND PRICE IN ENVELOPE. L. J. Fergerson, 1008 W. 3d St., Los Angeles, Calif. For Sale to United States, Canada, Mexico and South America. TWIN TONE, Radio Co., Dept. 49-S, Kearney, Nebraska.

SEND NO MONEY. Pay postage only 82. Buy direct postage and take real wireless, tubeless, batteryless, radio. Any 100 W. S. for 40 W. S. and 100 W. S. for 200 S. S. Made in the United States. WRITE FOR CATALOGUE. L. J. Fergerson, 1008 W. 3d St., Los Angeles, Calif. For Sale to United States, Canada, Mexico and South America. TWIN TONE Radio Co., Dept. 49-S, Kearney, Nebraska.
lunch, thus leaving him the grand total of 40 cents to do whatever he wanted to do with it. . . . Helen Jepson, Metropolitan Opera star, will soon make her film debut in The Goldwyn Follies. . . . You'll see Director William Seiter on the screen in This Is My Affair, but only as a shadow of a prison guard on the wall. . . . Ronald Colman takes daily fencing lessons from Olympic champion, Ralph Faulkner, for his part in The Prisoner of Zenda. . . . Una Merkel has never been in an airplane. . . . William Powell is a fresh-air fiend. He always sleeps on an open porch.

It sounds funny but it's true that empty stomachs are often the cause of spoiled film scenes. Says Ted Hoffman, M-G-M sound expert, "The grumbling sounds like thunder through the sensitive miles."

Barbara Stanwyck turns blonde for Stella Dallas directed by King Vidor. . . . Upon completion of Parnell, Director John M. Stahl plans a vacation in Ireland. . . . The Allan Joneses are tickled as can be over their new house, which is back to back with Garbo's and within a block of Joan Crawford's . . . Madeleine Carroll upsets precedent in not naming Robert Taylor, Gary Cooper or Ronald Colman among the 10 handsomest men in the world. Instead she chose President Roosevelt, George Bernard Shaw, Sir Anthony Eden, Averill Harriman, Raymond Guest, Baron Gottfried von Gramm, Charles A. Lindbergh, Gene Tunney, Admiral Richard E. Byrd and Signor Toscanini saying, "I have always felt that a man is handsome as much for his achievements in some active thrilling field as for his physical attractiveness."

Jean Harlow follows Myrna Loy in Clark Gable's screen affections in Saratoga, but this isn't the first time they have been sweeties as they were together in Wife vs. Secretary, Chino Sota, Hold Your Man and Red Dust. . . . A Hollywood newswoman was blushingly surprised when she learned that it was Leon Janney who had been giving him money for weeks to help support a sick family. . . . True to his character, odd and different, is the home of Director von Sternberg near Chatsworth. The entire house is surrounded by a mote and while one side of the house is practically all windows the opposite side has none. The house is covered entirely with aluminum paint to deflect the sun's rays and is equipped with a special sun-deck so that individuals may get the full benefit.

Craig Reynolds is a fast talking newspaper.

MARY ASTOR, APPEARING IN COLUMBIA PICTURES

RECOMMENDED AND ENDORSED

by the Motion Picture Hairstylists Guild

If the beauty of your hair was worth thousands of dollars to you—if you knew millions of people would criticize the slightest fault—wouldn't you seek the advice of the world's beauty experts? That's just what the Hollywood stars have done and the group of beauty experts who care for every lovely star on the screen is known as the Motion Picture Hairstylists Guild.

They are Hollywood's "Supreme Court" of beauty knowledge. Their exclusive endorsement of the Duart Permanent Wave is worth remembering the next time you visit your beauty shop. Remember that no other waving method has this endorsement, and that to be sure your hair is waved by the same method used in 100 Hollywood Beauty Salons—just say, "I want a genuine Duart Wave." The price depends on the artistic skill and reputation of the hairdresser you select.

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Pages of smart screen-tested hair-styles and other new Hollywood Beauty secrets. Use Coupon—en- close 10c for postage and wrapping.

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WHEN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS, PLEASE MENTION JUNE HOLLYWOOD

53
Did Gray Hair
Rob Them of $95 a Week?

Now Comb Away Gray This Easy Way
GRAY hair is risky. It screams: "You are getting old!" To end gray hair handicaps all your new hair to the same gray routine for several days with a few drops of Kolor-Bak on your scalp, and afterwards regularly once or twice a week to keep your hair looking nice. Kolor-Bak is a solution for artificially coloring gray hair that imparts color and charm and abolishes gray hair worries. Greyness disappears within a week or two and users report the change is so gradual, and so perfect that their friends forget they ever had a gray hair and no one knew they did a thing to it.

Make This Trial Test
Will you test Kolor-Bak without risking a single cent? Then, go to your drug or department store today and get a bottle of Kolor-Bak. Test it under our guarantee that it must make you look 10 years younger and far more attractive or we will back your money.

FREE
Buy a bottle of KOLOR-BAK today and send the top stop of cotton to United Rembrandt, Dept. H, 301 S. Wells Street, Chicago—and receive FREE.

AND POSTPAID a 5¢ box of KUBAK SHAMPOO.

NEW RELIEF FOR ITCHING
WTHY write and squirm under the itching torture of eczema, pimples, lichen, Athlete's Foot, Poison Ivy or similar skin irritations? Hydrosal offers you blessed relief. Lichen starts instantly, itching, burning disappear. Angry redness vanishes. Promotes healing. Widely used by doctors. Ask your druggist for Hydrosal—.

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USE: Hydrosal Soap—lightly medicated. Contains skin vitamin, P. Purifies and soothes the most sensitive skin.

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Relieve Pain in Few Minutes
To relieve the tormenting pain of Neuritis, Rheumatism, Neuralgia or Lumbago in few minutes, get NURITOL, the Doctor's formula. No opium, no narcotics. Does the work quickly—must relieve your pain to your satisfaction or return your money back to Druggist's. Don't suffer. Get trustworthy NURITOL today on this guarantee.

BE A CARTOONIST
AT HOME IN YOUR SPARE TIME
You can be a cartoonist. Be the successor of the famous cartoonist NORMAN MARSH creator of "DAN DUNN" appearing every day in big papers. Success—Fame—Real Money. For Yours when you enroll Marsh's easy simple methods and secrets. Send name and address for free details. MARSH PERSONAL Curso ACT TODAY!

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B.L.O.N.D.E.S.

More Fascinating With

FAIR SKIN

HAVE IT IN ONE WEEK! Blones... don't let dull, blemished, freckled skin ruin charm! Gentle Golden Peacock Bleach Creme... removes surface freckles and pimples, blackheads almost overnight! Gives you clean, flawless younger looking skin. Available at any drug or department store... or send 50c to Golden Peacock Inc., Dept. H-26, Paris, Penn.
in a while. When she is feeling flush, a girl should buy something essentially feminine for herself—boudoir slippers or a bottle of perfume, perhaps.

"A GIRL should never get into the habit of going around the house in cold cream and curlers, excusing herself by saying 'My husband doesn't care, he understands.' A girl should always try to look well—even when alone," Maureen said. "An attractive appearance can become a habit as well as anything else.

"It's important, I believe, for a girl to make herself presentable before breakfast with a touch of make-up, so that her husband will retain a pleasant picture of her during the day. And when he comes home at night, she should be dressed and ready for dinner as it gives a man a feeling of welcome to know that his wife has made herself attractive for him."

When I asked Maureen if she dressed to please her husband, she said, "Indeed I do. I never take any pleasure in wearing a dress that I know my husband doesn't like. Anyway, I think that as a rule men have much better taste in clothes than women. They are more conservative, less inclined to go in for freak costumes. If a girl is the 'pretty type' I think it's much better to wear blues and pinks than to go around in black in an attempt to look svelte and sleek. Men like pretty colors, too. I believe the most important beauty rule of all is to be mentally alert. If a girl's mind is bright, she is very seldom dowdy or unattractive. And the chances are she won't be fat either if she is actively interested in events outside her own home. "However, a girl should never become a bore on the subject of beauty. It should be incidental. As with other problems, if she will take care of the little things, the big things will take care of themselves. A man never relishes waiting an hour or so for his wife while she prims and fusses before a mirror. If she takes regular care of her skin, hair, and nails, such annoyances need never occur." Maureen's wild-rose beauty is too natural, too fresh, to suggest any complicated artifices of make-up or involved beauty routines.

SHE said, "I believe in lots of soap and water for both skin and hair. It is a theory of mine that the skin needs water just as growing plants do. However, the climate of California is so dry that I use a cream to lubricate my skin and to remove make-up. Good circulation is also important and it's a good idea to slap the face lightly either with the hand or a small rubber puffer, to arouse circulation."

As a final word of advice to June brides, Maureen said, "A girl should remember that the impression she gives is often more important than what she really is."
"Lovely to make, hard to break"—Maureen's maxim should sing in the mind of every girl who would keep love alive and make a success of her marriage. Although her husband may neglect to say so, he is always proud of an attractive wife. To the world, she is an emblem of his own success.

Beauty does take time and effort, yes, and money. But the results, far outweighing any cost or labor involved. And the sensible bride will find a solution to each new beauty problem as it comes up, before serious damage is done.

If a girl does her own housework, one of the very first problems that will confront her is how to keep hands soft and smooth in spite of dishwashing, paring potatoes and dusting. Men somehow expect their wives to have soft, well-groomed hands that look pretty dealing a hand of bridge in the evening even when they have been performing a hundred and one household chores during the day. The simple answer to this problem is the faithful use of a good emollient several times a day, and particularly after the hands have been immersed in water.

You'll like the cream lotion recently put out by a famous manufacturer of face creams which comes in an attractive oblong bottle with peacock-blue label. The lotion is soft and creamy and is absorbed by the skin in a twinking, leaving your hands smooth and comfortable. You can buy a small bottle for ten cents and it would be wise to invest in two bottles immediately, one for the kitchen and the other for the bathroom shelf. Your husband will enjoy it, too, as an after-shave lotion. And now that beach weather is here again, you'll find the lotion soothing and beneficial when applied after a day spent outdoors. Do you want the name?

Another beach note is a white powder depilatory that will keep your legs smooth and hair-free for those occasions when you don bathing suits or shorts. Conspicuous hair on the legs detracts so much from loveliness that its regular removal should be a year-round routine. The powder depilatory is mixed with water and the resulting paste is applied with a little wooden paddle which comes with the powder. In just a few minutes you can wash off paste and hair and your limbs will be as smooth as marble. It is non-irritating and when used regularly (every two or three weeks) tends to discourage the growth of the hair at the roots.

The powder is equally effective for use on the underarms and a sizable jar can be had for $1. I'll be glad to send you the name upon request.

Many Happy Women Now Say

PAR-I-O-GEN

(Pronounced PAR-I-O-JEN)

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MAKE

FEMININE HYGIENE

Simple
Quick
Easy

Dependable Parogen requires no applicators or other equipment. The delicious tablet shape alone is sufficient. Harsh, non-irritating preservatives, odorless. Twelve tablets to glass container cost only one dollar. Don't hesitate to ask your druggist for Parogen Tablets. If his supply should be temporarily exhausted, write us for free samples.

FEEN-A-MINT

THE CHEWING-GUM LAXATIVE

THE 3 MINUTES OF CHEWING MAKE THE DIFFERENCE

FEEL LIKE HER REAL SELF AGAIN

I found FEEN-A-MINT a blessing. It relieved my condition promptly, easily. It's the chewing that helps make FEEN-A-MINT so wonderfully thorough and dependable. No disturbance of sleep, and the action occurs gently in lower bowel, not in stomach. Try this modern, non-habit-forming laxative, praised by over 16 million, young and old. Write for free sample. Dept. F-5 FEEN-A-MINT, Newark, N. J.

THOUGHT HER NERVES WOULD SNAP!

- I was depressed, jumply, irritible. Sharp noises made me want to scream. I knew what the trouble was but dreaded taking bad-tasting laxatives. One day I asked my aunt for advice. "Child," she said, "phone for FEEN-A-MINT, the delicious chewing gum laxative."

TELL EVERYONE

SUFFERING FROM -

PSORIASIS

HOW MY DISCOMFORTS WERE RELIEVED

This quotation from one of the thousands of enthusiastic letters we have received—tells of the gratification of Siroil users. Through Siroil men and women in all walks of life have rid themselves of the ugly scales and crusts of psoriasis. Siroil has enabled many women to wear sheen hose and short sleeved dresses again without embarrassment. Does not stain clothing or bed linen. If you are a psoriasis sufferer, try Siroil. It is sold on a money-back guarantee.

AT ALL DRUG STORES

SIROIL LABORATORIES, INC. • DETROIT, MICH.
SINCE femininity is just another word for daintiness, please, June brides, do not overlook the regular use of perspiration correctives. During the summer, particularly, when sweat glands are more active, you must be on the alert to avoid any evidence of perspiration on person or clothing. With a little forethought, however, you'll be able to sail through hot weather as fresh and dainty as you please. A highly efficient non-perspirant that has enjoyed great popularity for many years can be used to stop perspiration immediately at any time of the day, although best results are obtained by using it at night before going to bed and rinsing the underarms in clear water in the morning. The latter method checks perspiration for three to four days. This is an amber liquid, simple to use, and harmless to skin and clothing. The price is 39c and you may have the name upon request.

When Maureen O'Sullivan spoke of the need for a touch of make-up before breakfast I made a note to tell you about the lipstick which has a special cream base that protects lips from chapping and drying and is recommended for use day and night. Applied the last thing before you go to bed, it keeps your lips smooth and soft, and, best of all, you awaken to a new day with a touch of color in your face. No more of that faded, wan look which makes your first glimpse into the mirror an act of courage. This lipstick has been developed on the scientific color-change principle which means that it is pale orange in the container but when applied to the mouth, changes to a deep rose to blend with your own skin tones. A stamped, self-addressed envelope will bring you the name of this lipstick so suitable for the June bride. In two sizes at 39c and $1.10.

To make your husband praise your complexion, or to keep on praising it, you should squeeze in a few minutes every day to give your skin special attention. A cleanser and skin conditioner that provides a quick facial pick-up, embodies all the beautifying properties of oatmeal in a fine silky powder. You pour a small amount of the powder into the palm of the hand, add a few drops of lukewarm water to make a creamy lotion and then apply to your face with your fingertips. Wash off in warm water and finish with a dash of very cold water. Your skin is left soft and pliant and thoroughly clean. To give yourself a quick facial, allow the thin paste to dry on your face for two minutes before washing off. This increases the circulation and helps to refine large pores and oily skin. If interested, I'll be pleased to send you the

[Continued on page 66]

“You tell her, Edith”

“Who, me? Never! Let Jane do it”

“NO, I CAN’T. YOU TELL HER, MADGE”

“Not me. I elect Doris”

“Why should I? Anne’s the one”

JOAN must be told! But who will tell her—and how? No wonder each one of her friends tries to pass the problem on to the next one!

It's a hard, thankless thing to tell a girl that she is personally unpleasant to be with on account of underarm perspiration odor. It seems inexcusable that she should have to be told, in these modern days!

It's so unnecessary to offend in this way. For you can be safe all day, every day, in just half a minute. With Mum!

Harmless to clothing. You can use this dainty deodorant cream any time, you know—after dressing, just as well as before. For it's perfectly harmless to clothing. Mum is the only deodorant which holds the Textile Approval Seal of the American Institute of Laundering as being harmless to fabrics.

Soothing to skin. It's soothing to the skin, too. You can shave your underarms and use Mum at once.

Doesn't prevent natural perspiration. Another important thing—Mum does not prevent the natural perspiration itself—just the unpleasant odor of perspiration.

Are you making it uncomfortable for your friends by your own carelessness? Play fair with them and yourself by making Mum a daily habit. Bristol-Myers Co., 630 Fifth Ave., New York.

LET MUM HELP IN THIS WAY, TOO. Use Mum on sanitary napkins and enjoy complete freedom from worry about this source of unpleasantness.

MUM takes the odor out of perspiration

WHEN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS, PLEASE MENTION JUNE HOLLYWOOD
willing to cast my lot with Hollywood. I feel that for the most part motion picture people know what they are doing. I know that I would never have been signed for pictures if the studios had not figured I would be able to conform to certain ideas they have in mind for me. We both will have a tough job in trying to make people forget that I was once a 'stripper,' but I hope that I can prove sufficiently able, as an actress, to make them forget the 'strip tease' and appreciate me for the dramatic talent I feel I possess."

"Gypsy," as her friends call her, started in show business at Minsky's Irving Place theatre about five years ago. She soon became, and continued to be, the outstanding practitioner in the art of the "strip tease." (The strip tease, as you may know, is a decidedley candid method of exhibition disrobing and is practiced throughout the country by some 300 girls who are appearing in burlesque shows, night clubs and the like.)

With Gypsy, the "strip tease" was the stepping-stone to success on the stage and a method of getting into the higher salaried brackets of the show business.

G R A C E D with a body that is but little short of perfection, Miss Lee considers her method of practicing the "strip tease" strictly an "art." Her seeming nonchalance as she strolls across the stage—quoting lines from Shakespeare, George Bernard Shaw, or other famous literary bigwigs, while constantly "discovering" that snaps unfasten, shoulder straps fall, garters unloose, etc.—is a masterpiece of self ridicule and a tongue-in-the-cheek chastisement of the business of which she is a part.

None of the "hot and heavy," style of dancing displayed by some "strip" dancers, ever enters into the practice of Gypsy's art. Hers is a stately promenade, which, aided by a bewitching smile, dancing eyes, and lovely limbs, makes it an artistic exposition of what has become perhaps the most talked about stage performance in America today.

When Gypsy was the star attraction in the Minsky shows it was because she far outshone all others in the art of stripping. In fact her performance was so outstanding that it was easily converted to the Ziegfeld Folies with scarcely any changes and there it became the hit of the show.

Everyone admires a beautiful girl, especially when she has matchless physical charms as well. What Gypsy brought to the Folies was all of this plus a new type of act. It wasn't an act just more daring in displaying the feminine form divine. Nudity has long been a part of musical revues. It was the saucy, intriguing, bewitching way in which it was presented. And her act had to be clever, very clever in fact, to compete with the fun and frolic offered by such Folies stars as Fannie Brice, Bobby Clark, Jane Pickens and others.

WHEN one first meets Gypsy Rose Lee one is impressed with the honest, frank manner she displays. She's a smart girl—an intelligent one. She works hard. She saves her money. And she looks forward to each day with a keen zest for living it to the fullest. The folks in the "Folies" company from prop boy to star are all her friends. She's "regular" and she's honest. She can take life as it comes and when the going gets tough she fights right back.

One surprising thing about Gypsy is that she never, off the stage, impresses you as being the type of person you would visualize as a "strip tease" performer. She's polished, refined, and her conversation—well, it isn't like what one expects at all. She's read the latest books, is well informed on current news, and never gives the impression that she didn't have a chance to go to college.

There's one thing though regarding coming to Hollywood that bothers her. And that is to discuss the movies. She's been so busy with stage shows for such a long time that she hasn't had much opportunity to see the latest pictures. In fact she saw only two pictures within a year. One was Mutiny On The Bounty and the other one—well she has forgotten the name of it—but she is sure Robert Taylor wasn't in it. However, she wants to see one of his pictures the first chance she gets and find out what he has that sets all the gals a-raving.

Getting back to what Gypsy thinks about herself, she feels that "the producers are the doctors" when it comes to laying out her film career, showing that she respects those who are experienced in their work. "Why should I," she said, "try to tell Hollywood what roles I should play in pictures? I'm a newcomer and with the encouragement they have given me, backed by a long term contract at a big salary, I think they will do everything possible to make me a success. In Hollywood
"If that time ever comes," says Gypsy, "I'll know I'm an actress and a real one."

Gypsy was born in Seattle, Washington, of Norwegian ancestry. Her right name is Rose Louise Hovick, but her family nicknamed her Gypsy. Her father, Olaf Hovick, was a newspaper employee. Her parents were divorced when Gypsy, and her sister, June, were quite young. This situation necessitated the Hovick sisters going into vaudeville at a very early age in an act called "Dainty June and her Twelve Newsboy Songstresses." June was the star and stage director. Mother Hovick managed the troupe, and Gypsy made the costumes. Today Gypsy stills makes her own clothes for her stage appearances, and often "dashes off" a dress for her friends in the show.

The Hovick vaudeville act broke up when June ran away to marry a dancer. It was then that Gypsy went into stage shows as a chorus girl and later—Minsky's. In 1931 she was a chorus girl of the Ziegfeld Follies. Later she appeared in Ziegfeld's Hotcha. Following this she had a small speaking part in George White's revue Melody and later was featured in the Casino De Paree, a theatre-restaurant on Broadway.

Gypsy found very little time for schooling and it was only by hiring a private tutor that she was able to get a good education. She says all she knows about college is that you can usually find a lot of college boys around the stage door—most any night. She says she can always tell a college man because he usually makes the comment "My only interest in you is your mind."

When Gypsy gets to Hollywood the first person she wants to meet is Shirley Temple. Her present film plans, as she understands them, call for one of the roles in Sally, Irene and Mary, Dear Diary, or Last Year's Kisses.

Gypsy is 23 years old, unmarried, and says that matrimonial prospects are very scarce. "What chance has a girl to have boy friends," she says, "when she never gets through work until midnight and sleeps until noon?" She hopes some day to marry, settle down and raise a family of not less than three children, "But," she says, "We'll take care of that situation when it comes, and it won't be until I'm thirty."

I'm just going to take orders. If I win out that will be fine. If I don't, well, Hollywood can't say Gypsy tried to tell the producers how to run their business."

But to get away from pictures for a minute. How does this lovely creature maintain her beauty?

"For one thing," says Gypsy, "I try to keep regular hours. I get lots of sleep; lots of exercise. Dieting I have never had to do. Perhaps when I get before the camera I'll find I have to do some of that. But I don't think it will be difficult as I've found that regular habits keep me in trim condition. Being happy, looking for the bright side of life, is, I think, the best way to keep your face and figure. If your mental state is good your physical side will likewise be better off. A smile that you really mean is the keynote of health. So I'm always smiling."

It is this "body beautiful" which Gypsy is using in making her way in the world. Now that it has given her a chance to win film fame and possibly stardom she is going to make the best of that chance and see if she can't become such a hit in pictures that they'll forget about her strip tease days.

"I advise Colgate Dental Cream. Its special penetrating foam removes the cause—the decaying food deposits in hidden crevices between your teeth— which are the source of most bad breath...of dull, discolored teeth...and of much tooth decay. At the same time, Colgate's safe, polishing agent cleans and brightens the enamel—makes your teeth sparkle."

"The fortune teller was certainly right about that dark-haired man, sure I haven't seen Tom in weeks!"

"I think I know why, Ann! And if you'll take some sisterly advice, you'll tell Dr. Jane about your breath!"

Ann, tests prove that 76% of all people over the age of 17 have bad breath, and tests also prove that most bad breath comes from improperly cleaned teeth. Let me tell you...
furo to get thin, I'm trying to gain weight."

By way of illustration the smilingly immune prima donna of Maytime plumped a spot of jelly on her daily bread.

"FAT or lean," she blithely went on, 
"is merely a matter of fashion. I don't think romance enters into it at all.

"No, I've never been in love with my leading man. Some say you must 'live' your role. But Sarah Bernhardt said the audience, not the player, should live it, and I've always believed she was right.

"What can be done to help Hollywood romance," pointed out Miss MacDonald, "is to give it a finer understanding than can be gained from the mere excitement of it. Excitement should, and no doubt does, make the actor and actress more nervous than usual, and it has been said that the more highly strung they are the better their performance. But this may also have a disturbing effect. And I see no reason why having love in one's life should interfere with one's work. After all, doesn't a man say to the woman he loves that she will be an inspiration to his work? Well, this is just as true of a woman. It gives her something more than she has had, a fuller life. What romance means most of all is escape from loneliness, something to fill the emptiness of life. It is this same need which accounts for the success of all the arts—painting, music, drama and others—bringing with them as they do moments of forgetfulness and taking us away from ourselves."

DANCING with the sunbeams through her hair seemed to be impish spirits whose antic capers suggested that romance itself might be a fleeting thing.

"Love can't last," Miss MacDonald was quick to say, "if you haven't the mentality to make it last. A person without the thought and care which love deserves and requires is not intelligent enough to make it survive. But the mischief doesn't always stop there. Romance may wreck a career, especially in Hollywood. But this is true only when the individual lets romance control and dominate his life and work. Then it means the tossing away of his career. It is unwise to stake all you have on love. Nor do I think it was ever intended that love should be everything in life to us, for in that case work wouldn't enter into the scheme of things. I place everything I hope to get out of life, on an equal basis. Unfortunately, this is not an easy thing to do in Hollywood. Here one's judgment is influenced by considering what people will say. Now there are people who say you can't live without love. But what I say is you can't live on love. With or without it, you must work. I've no patience with people who talk of the suffering they endure and the sacrifice they make because of their work. I always pooh-pooh those who say this in Hollywood. If they don't want to work they can give it up. For my part, I like it. And I'm frank to admit that one of the nicest things about work is the pay check."

THERE was no pooh-poohing the sensible, practical Miss MacDonald on this subject, for she went to work at an early age and has been at it ever since.

"There's a feeling of keen satisfaction in it," she admitted. "I still get a bit of a thrill when I see a presentation on the stage of a movie theater and wonder which one of those girls in the chorus line will work her way out of it into something better some day. It always takes me back to the day in New York when I started at fourteen in the chorus at the Capitol Theater. If anyone had told me then that I would ever appear on the screen of that theater I'd probably have dropped with surprise. At that time Hollywood seemed just as well have been in another world. But I must say that since coming here to be with Maurice Chevalier in The Love Parade it has been a workaday world for me. The most difficult thing for me up to that time was my reputation as a dancer. I loathed it, for it meant that no one probably would ever take my singing seriously. But I must admit that dancing served me very well—got me a job and paid the rent. Singing was always secondary till I got into pictures."

That was six years ago. But apparently she was thinking not of herself but of the place to which she had come.

"What was true of Hollywood then is still true," she reflected, "only now it is a little worse. By this I don't mean its work, but its interference in private lives. In this respect it is more brazen, its remarks are less veiled. But the shafts which are so deadly to romance come for the most part from outside. We are natural targets. Set up as we are in the public eye, this is only inevitable. Yet Mrs. Vanderbilt might say, 'You should live in my circle!' And it's all very well to talk about
Mrs. Brownington Jones, but that talk is never heard outside her own neighborhood. Hollywood talk goes 'round the world."

Miss MacDonald knitted her brows over the problem, only to challenge it with:

"When I read Hollywood scandal I always give it the benefit of the doubt. But it can't be denied there's no way to avoid speculation, and it's awful to be the subject of speculation. There's no defense against it. All you can do is lead a conservative, decent life and hope it will be taken for what it is. Truth is the only thing that counts. But when a wrong impression is created it may prevail even against truth. Malicious gossip can ruin a life. And nowhere is this quite so true as in Hollywood, where gossip is published. There may be just as many divorces and scandals in other parts of the world, but in Hollywood they are more publicized, and not through any desire on the part of individuals involved. Now a Hollywood actress may want privacy just as much as Mrs. John Smith, but she doesn't get it.

"But understand me, I feel very kindly toward Hollywood. It has given me position, financial status and a place to work. For all this I am very grateful. I want to get everything possible out of life and work out my own destiny. But here things are so contingent on one another that this is hard to do. When romance enters into Hollywood life nothing could be harder. No matter, I've never been easily frightened. And now Hollywood, with all its defiance of romance, can't scare me out of mine."

Of course not. It's the Scotch in her! 

Deanna Durbin is doing the singing, but Eddie Cantor works just as hard listening, unless the candid camera made a mistake.
by any other screen actress. In none of them has she ever been kissed, and in none of them has she so much as had a romantic role! But don’t get her wrong! That isn’t the reason why she calls herself the most unsuccessful successful actress in Hollywood.

Isabel has got something on the ball when it comes to dramatic talent and any producer or director for whom she has worked would be the first to tell you the same thing. But—

"My progress in pictures so far," she says, "runs parallel to that old phrase ‘often a bridesmaid, but never a bride.’ This may sound like a taste of sour grapes, but it isn’t. I admit that I’ve had some fine roles, that I’ve been lucky, and that the movies have been good to me. But..."

Here it is in the well-known nutshell. Isabel sincerely hopes that she is ready for bigger and better parts and, what’s more, she’s going to try to see that she gets them. And, since she has the reputation for fighting for what she wants, don’t lay your money on the line that she won’t succeed. Before 1937 has rung down the curtain she’ll have gone places and done things in a larger and better cinematic way.

Isabel, if you’ll pardon us for going erudite, packs a mean punch for a girl who has yet to live to see the day when she can tip the scales an ounce over 100 pounds. What we mean is, she can stand up to Old Man Fate and give as good as she takes. With a bright smile, too. Her success has come the hard way and she’s proud of it. As an example—

BEFORE her arrival in Hollywood had been a day old, she was told by a prominent ingénue star that she was wasting her time; that, furthermore, she had neither the talents nor the good looks to succeed on the screen. Well, Isabel pinned a chip on her shoulder, accepted the challenge, squared off for the battle and, as we mentioned before, the score now stands some forty-odd featured parts to her screen credit.

Not at all bad for a little girl who hit the town with a lot more courage in her heart than do-re-mi in her purse. The Jewell girl’s theatrical career is threaded with incidents revealing the sort of courage and determination that has put her where she is in motion pictures.

Graduating from St. Mary’s Hall, Faribault, Minn., with the highest honors in her class, she entered Hamilton College for Women in Lexington,
Kentucky. At the completion of her second year she decided that it was time to start her career. No sooner said than done. She left college and got a job playing small parts with the Mintern Stock Company in Chicago. At the end of the season she happened to be in an agent's office and heard that a stock company in Lincoln, Nebraska, was looking for an ingenue. The agent said she was too inexperienced for the job, Isabel said she wasn't—and hopped the first rattler leaving for Lincoln.

"I talked fast and furiously," she smiled in recalling the incident, "and fortunately I got the job! Not only that, but the company played for eighty-seven weeks and I wound up as the leading lady of the troupe!"

Three years later found her in New York, bucking the Big Town, but not very successfully. Small parts that proved failures were the best she could get. That is, until she learned that Up Pops the Devil needed an actress for a featured role—and up popped Isabel to grab off the part on a few hours notice. From that time on the Jewell career was really off to the races.

ISABEL'S introduction to motion pictures was made when she was sent to Hollywood to enact the same part she had had in the stage play, Blessed Event.

"I thought that after the screen version of this play, everything would be smooth sailing," she explained. "But evidently when my introduction had been made in Hollywood, the powers that be failed to catch my name. So, rather than be the forgotten woman, I did a stage play here in Hollywood, Counsellor at Law, with Otto Kruger, and a contract at M-G-M resulted from that engagement."

There is no better illustration of the courage and tenacity that has won this uncrowned Jewell of the screen a place in the sun than is found in the story of how she got the role in A Tale of Two Cities which starred Ronald Colman, also the star in Isabel's current picture, Lost Horizon.

"I literally camped on the doorstep of David Selznick," she confesses. "And after a while I finally convinced him that he should give me a test for the part. Mr. Selznick, who is one of the squares-dealing producers in Hollywood, presented a long list of arguments against it, but when he saw the result apparently he was satisfied. With that off my mind I went to New York for a vacation before starting work. You can imagine my surprise and embarrassment when I read in the trade papers that another girl was to play the part of the doomed seamstress! Well, I reached for a phone instead of a Lucky and got Mr. Selznick on the wire."

The upshot of that conversation was that Isabel took the first plane out of New York, took up her position on the office doorstep of the producer, took another test and, what's more to the point, took the part away from the other girl.

Which all goes to prove that Hollywood has not been a pushover for uncrowned Isabel Jewell. But it also proves another thing—that the record shows that this blonde, talented little lady has got what it takes to get what she wants.
WINX eyes are eyes that men adore.

Are your eyes as thrilling as you would like them to be? Do they fascinate men and cast a spell of romance? You can make your eyes sparkle and allure so easily—to quickly—with WINX Eye Beautifiers. A few strokes of WINX Mascara, and your lashes become long, dark, curling, silky. Your eyes look large and starry in a lovely natural way! Be sure it is WINX Mascara, for WINX is absolutely harmless, non-smearing and tear-proof—in solid, creamy, or liquid form.

Your WINX Eyebrow Pencil makes even the scantiest eyebrows graceful and flattering. A touch of WINX Eye Shadow, applied to your eyelids, brings out the color of your eyes and makes them sparkle tantalizingly!

For eyes that men adore, start using WINX today! In economical large sizes at drug and department stores; generous purse sizes at all 10 cent stores.

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CORNS come back Bigger, Uglier—unless removed Root & All

A corn goes deep. When you cut or pare it at home the root remains imbedded in the toe. Soon the corn comes back bigger, uglier—more painful—than ever.

That’s why millions of people are using the new Blue-Jay double-action method. Pain stops instantly, by removing the pressure. Then the entire corn lifts out Root & All.


How Will the Gable-Lombard Romance End?

[Continued from page 33]

was pasted on it. But neither at this time, gave any indication of falling in love.

They parted, a leading man and a leading woman who, in the course of their work, had done a good job for the studio.

In Hollywood, where a dinner engagement is construed as marital engagement, (and two dinner engagements are definite assurance that a secret marriage has taken place) there was never any talk of a lasting friendship. And you may rest assured that when Carole got her divorce there was no gossip about Gable. He just naturally didn’t enter into it.

Carole clowned with "Junior."

But she didn’t clown when and after she met serious-minded Russ Columbo, who came to an untimely end when a bullet from a gun held in the hand of a friend ricocheted from a table.

She was very serious—and a very good influence for Russ.

Russ, to us who knew him, was a shy, at times inarticulate young man who had the soul of a poet and the inspiration of a musician. He lived quietly and with great dignity. His brother, his father and mother, were the only people in his life at the time Carole met him.

She got him interested in swimming and tennis. She spent long hours with him and his parents. She brought her friends to see him. And they went everywhere together. She visited him on his sets at Universal where he was being groomed for stardom. They went to motion picture shows, which he enjoyed more than any other form of amusement.

She didn’t clown. Not with Russ.

Then came that fatal holiday, when Russ stayed in town—and she went to the mountains. The word of his injury, then his death, was flashed to her. She raced to Hollywood. She found a terribly upset, distraught family. (Mrs. Columbo, quite ill to this day, doesn’t know that her favorite son, Russ, is dead. She thinks he’s still in Europe, making pictures.)

It was Carole who devised this tragic fiction—for Mrs. Columbo suffers from heart disease and Russ meant everything in the world to her. Carole was afraid the shock would kill her, for the elderly woman had just left the hospital herself.

Carole took charge of the funeral arrangements.

She arranged that flowers were to be delivered to Mrs. Columbo at intervals—supposedly from Russ—for many months.

And now we go to Christmas of 1934. There was a gay party in progress in Carole’s dressing room. Carole’s gifts—always lavish—were being handed out by herself. Madame Fields, Carol’s attractive and famous secretary, had a present for Carole, whom she regards with a very fine and sincere affection. It was a small gold locket. Carole opened that locket—and saw a picture of Russ Columbo. Tears started streaming down her cheeks. She turned and, without a word, went out into the dusky studio streets, walked by herself until she felt she had herself under control again.

She came back to her party.

But she wasn’t clowning. It was a very subdued Carole.

And now we return to Gable, the man who worked in a picture with her and made only a very slight impression. No one in Hollywood expected to see a friendship between these two—Gable and Lombard. Just a week before St. Valentine’s Day of 1936, that very wealthy Jock Whitney gave a "gag" party in the afternoon. Carole arrived in an ambulance and was carried on a stretcher into her house. That was her "gag."

Gable was present.

He and Carole had a very swell time that afternoon. And, a week later, he got the white Ford with the big red heart on it, and Hollywood started to buzz. It has been buzzing ever since. All about the big Lombard-Gable romance.

They’ve had a lot of fun.

There was that time they were out driving in the San Fernando Valley and got mixed up in a parade in Van Nuys. Yes, they rode right along in the parade, and had a grand and glorious time. There are some horseback rides in that same San Fernando Valley, where Carole has a ranch run by Japanese.

This last Christmas was a pretty gay time. Carole was working in Swing High, Swing Low, with a very good friend directing—Mitchell Leisen, who has helped her considerably in her career. Leisen and Gable are very good friends. One night, when all three were out together, Leisen said:

"There’s one thing I’ve always wanted—a horse."
THE next day there arrived on the set a hobby horse, gift from Clark and Carole to "Mitch," as the clever director is known in Hollywood.

Just another gag—

Two weeks before Carole married William Powell, she told her closest friends:

"I think he's marvelous, but I don't think I should marry him."

Powell was free. She was free. She acted on impulse and married him.

She cannot become impulsive and marry Clark Gable. She has, in addition to legal restriction, imposed upon herself the ruling:

"I am going to think only of my career for the next three years."

Those who know Carole say that in these things lie the answer to that question everyone is asking. Her attitude toward Powell was a carefree one, a friendly sort of thing, punctuated by a great deal of fun. And it was soon washed up. In just two years, quickly, smoothly. (When they were co-starred in My Man Godfrey they were good friends, worked well together, but were very businesslike at all times.)

Her attitude toward Gable contains many of the same elements, intimates

The ski is the limit says Claudette Colbert after trying to master the mysteries of this sport at Sun Valley, Idaho, during the filming of She Met Him in Paris.

Carole is clowning.

Can she clown for three years more? Hollywood emphatically says she can't.

The prediction, coming from the inside circles, is that there'll be a lasting and sincere friendship which will never culminate with "I do."

There are really too many factors involved.

One of them is a very, very tender memory of the time when Carole wasn't clowning—and the other is a little gold locket.

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Try softening that dry, "tight" skin with a keratolytic cream (Vanishing Cream). Then see how beautifully your skin takes powder!

A distinguished dermatologist explains this instant softening: "A keratolytic cream has the ability to melt away dried-out, dead surface cells. Then the smooth, underlying cells appear, moist and young. The skin takes on a fresh, softened appearance instantly. Vanishing Cream regularly applied also preserves the softness of the skin."

Use Pond's Vanishing Cream for more than just holding your powder. You'll find it does wonders for your skin, too.

For overnight—Apply after cleansing. Not greasy. It won't smear.

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"I use Pond's Vanishing Cream as a foundation. It holds powder on so long!"

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Rush 8-piece package containing special tube of Pond's Vanishing Cream, generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. Enclose $1 for postage and packing.

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To Have and Behold

(Continued from page 57)

trade name. The powder comes in a blue and black container, priced at 35c.

Thank heaven for hair! When gloriously bright and becomingly dressed in so often comes to the rescue of an otherwise plain face. If you shampoo your hair yourself, it is no trouble to add a harmless tint to the final rinse water that will successfully conceal any tendency to drabness and give your hair a bright luster. A tint that has been used for years with unfalling success can be purchased for a few cents at drug stores and toilet goods counters and is ideal for home use. Dis- solved in water, the amount depending on the shade of your hair, and applied as a rinse, it imparts those golden high- lights that bring your hair alive. Do you want the name? It is not a permanent coloring but adds as much to your appearance as lipstick or powder.

Far be it from me to suggest bringing your husband to bankruptcy but remember Maureen's advice that a man likes a luxurious wife. So if you have a box of powder or rouge that you have found unbecoming, don't feel that you must use it to the last hateful grain. Get a new box immediately.

A daintily perfumed powder which can be had in 10c and 20c sizes, features a new soft base that blends its ingredients into a beautifully smooth and natural looking powder. It comes in five lovely shades and the manufacturer will be glad to send you samples for testing on your own skin. This is an unusually fine product at small cost and you may have the name of the manufacturer upon request.

And so, June brides, success to you in keeping love in bloom. If you want additional advice on problems that suddenly confront you, please feel free to write me at any time. You may have the name of any of the products described in this article by sending stamped, self-addressed envelope to me in care of HOLLYWOOD Magazine, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

Write Ann Vernon regarding your beauty problems. She will be glad to serve you personally concerning the skin, hair and figure. Don't hesitate to ask for the trade names of the interesting products mentioned in this article. Address Miss Ann Vernon, HOL- LYWOOD Magazine, 1501 Broadway, New York. Be sure and enclose a stamped and addressed envelope for her reply. There's no other charge!

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FROM PAINFUL
BACKACHE

Caused by Tired Kidneys

Many of those passing, nagging, painful backaches people blame on colds or strain 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 excess acids and poisonous waste 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 start nagging backaches, rheumatic pains, lumbago, loss of energy, etc., and upset the system, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dimness.

Don't waste. Ask your druggist for Dono'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 Dono's Pills.

NEW POCKET RADIO
MUSIC, SPORTS, ENTERTAINMENT

BEAUTIFUL CLEAR TONE
DIRECT FROM POCKET RADIO
Maytime—(M. G. M.):—This gay musical starring the romantic duo, Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy, is as refreshing as a cool spring breeze.

Lost Horizon—(Columbia):—Thrilling adventures of kidnapped plane passengers who eventually land in a valley owned by a Tibetan Lamaisary, the breath-taking beauty of which, alone, is worth the price of admission. Stirring performances by Ronald Colman and Jane Wyatt.

The King and the Chorus Girl—(Warner):—A "timely" parallel to the Duke of Windsor—Wallis Simpson romance is this story of an ex-king (Fernando Gravet) who falls in love with a chorus girl (Jane Blonde). There is a marriage at sea and a tag ending that packs a real wallop.

When You're in Love—(Columbia):—Grace Moore and Cary Grant touch the heart and stir the soul in a really "told story" of romantic intrigue in which Miss Moore again proves herself an entrancing song-bird, and which gives Cary Grant real opportunity for fine acting.

Marked Woman—(Warner):—Stark drama of the underworld where a "vice lord" (Eduardo Ciannelli) is sent to prison when "clip joint" girls, led by Bette Davis, get courage enough to testify against him.

Love is News—(20th Century-Fox):—Here is a fast moving yarn that weaves the destinies of a reporter (Tyrone Power) and a girl of great wealth (Loretta Young).

Call It a Day—(Warner):—Excellent comedy fare centering around the effect of Sprint—with its accompanying birth of new love in the Hilton family.

Nancy Steele is Missing—(20th Century-Fox):—Victor McLaglen crashed through again for Academy Award honors, with his characterization of a kidnapper who, after long years of imprisonment, finally decided to make amends for his crime. Walter Connolly, June Lang, Peter Lorre and Robert Kent contribute brilliant performances.

Good Earth—(M. G. M.):—Luise Rainer, Paul Muni, Charles Grapewin, Walter Connolly, Jessie Ralph. Its concept staggers the mind but does little to the heart.


Sai'd of Salam—(Paramount):—Claudeette Colbert, Fred MacMurray, Harvey Stephens, Gale Sondergard, Edward Ellis, Bonita Granville, Virginia Weidler, William Farnum and Henry Kolker. Witchcraft versus fanatical religiousists.

John Habe's Woman—(Schulberg):—Might that comes from money is the outstanding theme of this rather convincing story starring Edward Arnold, Gail Patrick, Francis Lederer, George Macready, Sidney Blackmer and others.

That I May Live—(20th Century-Fox):—A slow moving story of an ex-convict, Robert Kent, whom circumstances keep from going straight, but who helps the law, who helps him to turn straight, which helps win the love of a woman—Rechelle Hudson.

Last of Mrs. Cheyney—(M. G. M.):—There is sparkle to the lines, finesse in the portrayals of this modernized story of the "lady ruffler" (John Crawford) hobnobbing with England's "top haters"—Robert Montgomery, Frank Morgan, Ralph Graves and Bonita Granville. Also—while her debonair butler, William Powell, coaches her snatching technique.

When's Your Birthday—(David Lean):—There are many laugh moments in this astrological extravagaza starring Joe E. Brown, pursued by Suzanne Kaaren (a society girl) and pursuing Marilin Marsh, Fred Keeling, Maude Eburne and Edgar Kennedy join in the fun.

Beloved Enemy—(Goldwyn):—Merle Oberon, Brian Aherne, Henry Stephenson and a big cast portrayal convincingly stellar characters in Irish revolt.

Stolen Holiday—(Warner):—Ray Francis, Claude Rains and Van Vechten. Interesting story based on French pawn-shop scandal.
May's, a large department store almost directly across the street from the theatre. My sister, the same sister I visited in Chicago, introduced us one night backstage—Babe was an actress herself—and we went out together after the show.

"The next day, who should enter my department in the store but Jack. He and another man walked in and started to ask for things. Then, they'd go off and come back, asking to be directed to something else. And whenever I waited on them, Jack, in a very loud tone, would begin to find fault. It was only an act, I knew, but it began to get my goat. All the girls and some of the customers were watching, to make matters worse.

"This kept up all morning, with me doing a slow burn. I think Jack knew I was getting mad, for he began to make it even more embarrassing for me. Finally, he asked me to go out to lunch.

"After that introduction to the Benny wit and manner, I didn't see Jack again for a year, when he returned to Los Angeles on his tour of the circuit. Every year, then, for three years, I'd see him for a few evenings while he was in town, then forget all about him.

"That's why it was all the more surprising, then, when I discovered myself married to him. He was stopping at the same hotel in Chicago as my sister, and naturally, I saw him as soon as I arrived back there. But when he showed up on the scene, he was just a friend whom I hadn't seen for a long time. I still can't figure out what happened."

JACK entered the room at that moment, greeted us cheerily, and flashed "Doll!"—that's Mary, whom he's called that ever since they were married—a bright smile.

"Where's Joanie?" he asked.

Joanie, or Joan Naomi, is their small daughter, dainty in a Dresden-like way and ruler of the household, whom the Bennys adopted several years ago. After he had left the room in search of the cherub, Mary continued...

"Jack's simply crazy about our little daughter, and whenever he's home she's seldom out of his sight. No matter in how brooding a mood he may be, when he sees her he seems to brighten up and is a new man.

"I'm frequently asked if Jack wise-cracks as much and is as funny around the house as he is over the radio and on the screen."

"I can only reply that Jack is a very quiet man. He's not over-talkative as are so many men and frequently, like all comedians, he's moody. Humor and comedy, you know, are hard work, much harder than most people realize.

"Occasionally, we have Burns and Allen and the Marx brothers and their wives over for dinner. The majority of people, I honestly think, would like to believe that the evening was one wild, rucous affair. Actually, instead of the Marxes climbing atop the piano, Burns and Allen going into their act and the Bennys trying to compete, the party is little different from that held in anybody else's house, with the exception, possibly, that no liquor is served. Anybody can have it, of course, but nobody in that group touches it. Jack and George go over in one corner and play Casino, Gracie and I engage in Russian Bank and the Marxes play Bridge. Exciting, isn't it?

"But that's the kind of an evening Jack likes. We go out very little—just a dinner once in a while at some friend's house, and the Trocadero once a week. Jack works too hard for us to be constantly on the go, even if we wanted to. But there's no telling about that man of mine."

And there never was, for that matter.

THE lure of the theatre got into his blood back in Waukegan, Ill., when he headed a small orchestra and played at school dances. His mother had presented him with a violin one birthday, and Jack, after taking lessons, had thought it would be nice to play the instrument in a band.

Deciding to take his orchestra into Waukegan's only theatre, Jack got out as far as the front door. He was the doorman. Then, he tried the back door and was made property man. Finally, after much pleading, he reached the orchestra pit and spent several months fiddling. He learned to play "The Bee." (Page Fred Allen.)

When the Waukegan theatre closed of old age, Jack teamed up with a piano player and appeared in vaudeville for four years.

Then came the World War. Jack always wanted to see the world from a porthole rather than a stage door, so he joined the Navy . . . and was placed in the Navy Relief Society. Instead of going overseas, his duties consisted of entertaining.

His first appearance was at the Great Lakes Naval Station. He played his violin for a show called The Great Lakes Review.
Returning to vaudeville after the War, Jack's violin thereafter spent most of its time under his arm instead of under his chin. In time, he became one of the smartest monologists in the show business.

January 12, 1927, is the red-letter day in Jack Benny's life. It was that day he took unto himself Sadie Marks—or Mary Livingston, as she's known today—as wife. Ten years went last January 12th, the Bennys today are among the happiest married couples in Hollywood.

Jack entered motion pictures during that period when Hollywood producers were raiding the legitimate and vaudeville stages for talent.

He was doing his regular vaudeville act—probably you old-timers will recall it—in Los Angeles, when several Metro-Goldwyn executives, preparing to make a musical revue on the screen, noticed how clever this fellow was as a master of ceremonies. A day later, and Jack Benny signed to play one of the leading roles in Metro's Hollywood Revue of 1929, coming through with flying colors. More recently, you've seen him in such pictures as Broadway Melody of 1936, The Big Broadcast of 1937 and College Holiday.

Admittedly the most popular figure on the air, film audiences now are clamoring for more pictures in which this star of both the radio and the screen appears. Only recently, Benny and his wife gave a Command Performance—or should I say Command Broadcast?—for the English king, George VI. The British Broadcasting Company finally selected the Benny program from all other American broadcasts with which to entertain their monarch.

No wonder Mary Livingston looks proudly at Jack Benny and complacently leans back and murmurs, "Hmmmm... what can you make of a fellow who greets callers in an old red bathrobe and older slippers?" She has no wish to change the life and habits of her lovable lord and pal.

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**PUT SOME FLESH ON YOUR BONES**

**IF YOU WANT TO MAKE A HIT WITH MEN**

**HERE'S HOW THOUSANDS HAVE GAINED 10 TO 25 LBS.—QUICK!**

**MEN** have always admired, and always will admire well-built, alluringly shaped girls. And, according to physicians, there's no excuse today for thousands remaining skinny, scrawny and unable to win friends.

Because, thanks to these new "7-power" Ironized Yeast tablets, hosts of thin, run-down people have changed to entirely different persons—in 30 days or less! They've put on 10 to 25 pounds of solid flesh—normal curves. Their skin has cleared to natural beauty. They have new pep that brings new popularity and good times.

**Why it builds so quick**

Scientists recently discovered that thousands of people are thin and run-down for the single reason that they do not get enough Vitamin B and iron in their daily food. Without these vital elements you may lack appetite and not get the most good out of the body-building foods that are essential.

Now one of the richest known sources of Vitamin B is cultured ale yeast. By a new process the finest imported cultured ale yeast is now concentrated 7 times, made 7 times more powerful. Then it is combined with 3 kinds of iron, pasteurized whole yeast and other valuable ingredients in pleasant little tablets known as Ironized Yeast tablets.

If you, too, need these vital elements, get these new "7-power" Ironized Yeast tablets from your druggist today. Then watch flat chest develop, skinny limbs round out to natural attractiveness, skin clear to normal beauty.

**Money-back guarantee**

No matter how skinny and rundown you may be from lack of sufficient Vitamin B and iron, try these new Ironized Yeast tablets just a short time and note the marvelous change. See if they don't put in building you up in just a few weeks, as they have helped thousands of others. If you are not delighted with the results of the very first package, your money will be instantly refunded.

Only be sure you get genuine Ironized Yeast tablets. Don't accept any substitutes. Insist on Ironized Yeast.

**Special FREE offer!**

To meet thousands building up their health take away we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets at once, cut out the coupon on the box and mail it in to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body." Remittance, results with the very first package—or money refunded. At all druggists, Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 296, Atlanta, Ga.


**Movieland Tours**

(Continued from page 25)

Rathbone, noted English actor, will hold open house for Movieland Tour guests and will be host at a cocktail party. Many of his actor friends will attend and you will have the great pleasure of meeting and talking to your favorite stars.

Sunday night you will be guests of Grauman’s Chinese theatre, where you will witness a top-flight feature program.

On the following day, Monday, a tour has been arranged that will take you through Paramount studios. Paramount, as you know, is the home studio of such famous stars as Claudette Colbert, Fred MacMurray, Bing Crosby, George Burns, Gracie Allen, Jack Benny, and scores of others. This trip will give you a lasting insight into just how pictures are made. Following the tour will be luncheon with the stars in the Paramount commissary.

On Monday afternoon another great treat has been arranged for you. James Gleason will be your host at a second cocktail party at his beautiful home. And here, as at Basil Rathbone’s home, you will have an opportunity to meet and chat with the stars.

In the evening comes the special preview of an unreleased picture at Paramount’s private studio theatre.

Tuesday morning brings another special event. You will be guests of the famous Max Factor make-up studio and during this visit you will learn how movie stars are made up to resemble the characters they portray in films. Every visitor will be given a souvenir of the occasion.

The grande finale arrives Tuesday evening when Movieland Tourists are invited to the Wilshire Bowl where a supper dance has been arranged by Fawcett Publications representatives. The Wilshire Bowl is one of Hollywood’s famed playspots and is frequented by movieland’s elite. Film celebrities will be on hand to serve on the reception committee and to see that you have a good time.

Plans for the second tour are almost identical with the first except that cocktail parties for the second tour will be at the home of Edward Everett Horton on Sunday afternoon, and at the home of Fay Wray on Monday afternoon.

More complete details about the 1937 Movieland Tours may be had by writing for the free illustrated booklet. Better still, so that you will be assured of a place in these tours, send in your $5 deposit. The reservations are rapidly approaching the zero mark and you

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**Acidity Makes Women Look Older**

Kidney’s Often to Blame

Women, more than men, are the victims of excess Acids in the system, due to poor digestive functions, which may undermine health and vitality, dry and wrinkle the skin or cause blotchy rashes. Getting up Early, Burning and Healing, Lemon, Nervines, Diuretics, Headache, Laxative, Swedish Afters, Puffy Eyes, or Rhinovites. Help your kidneys through the use of a diuretic Pills for $1.50, $1.60 or $2.065.191. Purchase them at your drug store.

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**FREE TALKING BOOK RINGS $1.00**

CLASS PINS, and specializing in rings of color, Silver, Gold, and Peridot. Also in unique and special designs, all at low prices. Address: M. D. Mint, 214 W. 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

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**NEW APPROVED FORMULA**

**REMOVES FRECKLES WHILE YOU SLEEP**

Whether you have few freckles or many, fade them out quickly and gently while you sleep. Get a jar of Nadinola Freckle Cream today and apply at bedtime. Day by day skin becomes clearer, fresher. Usually freckles disappear in 5 to 10 days. So do other blemishes. Nadinola Freckle Cream is guaranteed by a famous laboratory with 36 years’ experience in this type of skin treatment. Only 60c and 1.25c per bottle. 10c size at Ten Cent Stores. Orders on or send for trial packets to NADINOLA, 1121 Place, Tenn.

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**NADINOLA FREAMLE CREAM**
Don’t Be a Slave to Cathartics

This advertisement is based on an actual experience reported in an unsolicited letter, subscribed and sworn to before me.

Beverly J. Mathis, Notary Public

"I am a secretary and due to long hours of sitting and lack of exercise I became run down by constipation and indigestion."

"A friend advised me to try Yeast Foam Tablets."

"Now after three months trial I have been cured. I highly recommend them and will never be without Yeast Foam Tablets."

LAXATIVES? I NEVER NEED THEM ANYMORE!

NOTE: The above letter is but one case but it is so typical of many others that it more than justifies a thorough trial of Yeast Foam Tablets in similar cases of constipation or digestive disorder.

IF YOU take laxatives to keep "regular," you know from experience that drugs and cathartics give only temporary relief. They do not correct the cause of your condition.

Doctors now know that in many cases the real cause of constipation is a shortage of the vitamin B complex. These precious factors are sadly deficient in many typical everyday diets. In many foods the B complex is almost completely lacking. When these factors are added to the diet deficient in them, in sufficient amounts, constipation due to this trouble goes. Elimination becomes regular—complete.

Energy Returns, Headaches Go

Yeast Foam Tablets are pure pasteurized yeast and yeast is the richest known food source of vitamins B and C. They should stimulate your weakened intestinal nerves and muscles and quickly restore your eliminative system to normal, healthy function, when these disorders, as is often the case, are due to the B and G deficiency.

With the true cause of your constipation corrected, you will feel better, look better and be better. Your energy will revive. Headaches of the constipation type will go. Your skin will be clearer and fresher.

Don’t confuse Yeast Foam Tablets with ordinary yeast. These tablets contain yeast grown in the body. Pasteurization makes this yeast so safe for everyone to eat. It has a pleasant, nut-like taste that you will really enjoy. And it will not put on fat.

All druggists sell Yeast Foam Tablets. The 10-day booklet costs only 50 cents. Get one today! refuse substitutes.

Mail this coupon today

You may paste this on a penny postcard

NORTHERN YEAUT CO.

1750 N. Ashland Ave.

Chicago, Ill.

Please send free trial sample of Yeast Foam Tablets. (Only one to a family.) Canadian readers please send 10c to cover postage and duty.)

Name

Address

City

State

Don’t Be a Slave to Cathartics

when answering advertisements, please mention june hollywood
Hollywood Party Girl

[Continued from page 37]

her doughnuts or carve her caviar, a huge fire truck, loaded down with a crowd of Hollywood's young stars that included such notables as Johnny Downs, Eleonore Whitney, Owen Davis, Jr., Anne Shirley, just to mention a few, came to a screeching stop before the Derby entrance. Owen Davis rushed inside, yelled out an invitation, and before Gertrude's escort had time to ask, With the fire truck he found himself sitting on top of the truck with the excited Gertrude beside him. A long, shrill blast from the siren and they were off.

"It was," smiled Gertrude, "a sort of out of a Brown Derby frying pan into a Hollywood party fire. To make it all the more thrilling, some young man whom I didn't know, managed to climb up on top of the bouncing ladders and began to make love to— or so he thought. At any rate, he raved romantically about the night, the moon and the stars at the top of his voice, and I answered back at the top of mine whenever I could catch my breath—and catching my breath on top of a bouncing pile of fire ladders is a stunt I can now specially recommend to those who think they are athletically inclined. And another thing: At one time or another men have whispered sweet nothings into my ears, but this was the first time—and I know it's the last—that I was made love to on top of a fire wagon."

BUT all fun to one side, there's another reason why this 114-pound bundle of extraordinary talent likes parties. Every step she's taken in the advancement of her career—and during the past year or so she's taken as many steps as there are names on the list of a Hollywood's Who's Who—has been the direct result of a party. Every break she's ever gotten on the radio, stage, or screen has to be credited, she says, to some social event to which she was an invited guest.

To prove it we'll go back as far as the beginning. Possibly you've heard or read about girls who stepped from cabins to cabarets. Well, Gertrude didn't do that, of course, but she did come from the parlor of her Brooklyn home to the microphone of a New York City broadcasting station in one jump and to become an air rave the next.

It all sounds incredibly easy and simple, but back of it all were years of hard work and preparation. At the age of two she was singing and dancing, but it was not until the third year

She Lost 17 lbs.

REDUCIBLE
fat goes

by SAFE
Energy Food Method!

NO DRUGS

Say goodbye to rebellious diet rite. But don't take risks. Try this true safe technique first. Call SLENDITBRITS, the Energy-Food Method, sold by leading food, department, and drug stores. Or, if your dealer is out, send $1 direct to the S-Walters park, 5314 W. 32 St., New York City, for SLENDITBRITS complete with directions. (Postage $5 added for balance.) For the coupon below, send in plain wrapper. In each case order one of the following:

- SLENDITBRITS Special
- O.R.L. O'Connell (Ohio) writes: "Reduced 12 lbs. to 135 lbs. in 32 days. I'm 54 years old. I felt and look years younger at 42 lbs., and I can't stop eating it."

Address:

Name:

California Sunflower Products, Inc.
San Francisco, Calif.

Please send me $1-Walter package of SLENDITBRITS foodstuffs, for which I enclose $1.

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GIVE AWAY!

This beautiful MONARCH table model radio, R.C.A., Mercury A-C, D-C; 5 tubes, Standard Broadcast, Amateur and Musical, is yours free! To give away one for yourself, one for friends—or at cost! Write for details at once.


TASTE LIKE CANDY

The Sensational

MCCOY'S

Cod Liver Oil Tablets

Chief Features:
"Nothing to Swallow"

tasteless, odorless, easy-to-swallow, no aftertaste, no digestive upset

Save money, get results, without pills, powders, or capsules.

For men, women, and children

Tic Tac Flavored...4 and 99 c. each...Also Oil Paste, 10 c. each.

FREE SAMPLE

McCoys, 533 S. Wells St., Chicago

Put On

Firm

Flesh

Starting Today: Pack 2 McCoys Cod Liver Oil Tablets for only 5c. each meal, 60c. and 1.10 by mail.

SEND FOR FREE SAMPLE

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY

STATE

McCoys, 534 S. Wells St., Chicago

Dept. 33

FREE SAMPLE of McCoys Cod Liver Oil Tablets to

Name

Address

City

State

WHEN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS, PLEASE MENTION JUNE HOLLYWOOD.
at Brooklyn Heights Seminary that her voice attracted the attention of Romo Romani, the voice teacher of Rosa Ponselle. Gertrude, at this time, possessed a high soprano voice and Romani felt she could become an operatic star with proper study. Weary of intensive study after a time, she forgot singing entirely to apply herself to school work. A year later, the urge to sing, not opera, but “torch” songs struck her and to her amazement she discovered that her high soprano voice had changed and that she now possessed a lush contralto ideally suited to modern jazz melodies.

Not long after this discovery she went to New York City to see a show which featured Lyda Roberti. The next day she astonished her parents with her clever impersonations of Lyda.

“I even astonished myself,” Gertrude confesses.

A few days later, at a neighborhood gathering at her home, she likewise astonished her guests who cast an immediate, unanimous, and emphatic vote that she go on the stage.

“Finally,” she says, “I began to think that perhaps thirty neighbors couldn’t all be wrong and, being bored with myself at the time, I looked up a booking agent, sang for him, and got a job in vaudeville at $100 a week.”

It’s a part of Broadway history that “the girl with the bangs went over with a bang.”

Some people go to parties and wake up with a hangover, a headache, or the jitters—and here’s a girl who goes to a party and wakes up with a vaude contract at $100 per!

Gertrude spent several weeks in vaudeville, delighting audiences and then moved into the "300" Club as a featured entertainer. From there she jumped to the Argonaut Club and finally was given a spot week with the Brooklyn Paramount where she was held over a week—an event that caused quite a furor along Madison Lane. It caused so much furor, in fact, that the boys and girls on the papers began scribbling rave notices and La Niesen’s stock climbed as fast as General Motors shares before the Big Crash.

Invited to a swanky supper club opening, she was asked to sing. No sooner said than done and, when she was through, Columbia Broadcasting officials who were there made a flying wedge through the crowd to offer her a radio contract. She made her air debut with Rudy Vallee and so well was she received by the nation’s dial twisters that she was termed “The Exotic Personality of the Air-lanes.”

Party number two deserves credit for this.

Thanks to milk, pure, fresh, dairy milk, this amazing new face creme has special cleansing, softening and beneficial qualities not found in any other beauty preparation. Use it just a quick minute morning and night for complete skin care. It’s a powder base too! Results that you can see and feel come quickly. Dryness, coarse pores, blackheads, and other marks of a poor complexion soon disappear as the penetrating milk-oils sink deep into the tissues, cleansing, softening and revitalizing them.

Try Creme of Milk today. Use coupon for Trial Size 10c.

**THANKS to Milk!**

**FOR THIS AMAZING NEW ALL-PURPOSE FACE CREME**

IT’S MADE FROM MILK-OILS, RESULTS WILL STARTLE YOU

TUNE IN THE PASSING PARADE WITH JOHN NESBITT’S VOICE ON NBC’S RED NET WORK

---

**SCIENCE NOW KNOWS WHY You Lose Hair and Go Bald**

Germs get deep into the scalp skin and are not removed with soap and water, shampoo, hair tonics, and oils. These germs (Staph. Aureus) create fine dandruff to clog up pores and hair follicles, causing itch, falling hair, and smoothing the roots so they cannot grow hair. So why hide your bald parts with your hat when a new method enables men to easily remove the thin, congested, germ-laden outer layer of scalp skin and have a new outer layer that will absorb air, sunshine and benefit from stimulating, nourishing preparations to activate the dormant roots to function and promote hair growth? This new method is now explained in a treatise called, "HOW HAIR GROWS" and tells what to do. It is being mailed absolutely free to readers of this magazine who have hair troubles. Send no money. Write to Dermolav Lab, Dept 137-B, No. 1500 Broadway, N.Y. You receive it by mail postpaid. If pleased, tell men friends this good news!

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WHEN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS, PLEASE MENTION JUNE HOLLYWOOD
GERTRUDE was on Vallee's radio program more than three years. Dramatic experience with the St. Louis Theatre Group followed, with Gertrude appearing in the leading singing roles in Yzaguirre King, Sonny, and Good News.

And just to keep this "party" theme alive and kicking, it might be well to mention at this point, that La Niesen, with only one hour's notice, stepped into a difficult part in Ivar Novello's comedy A Party, and scored so heavily that she had the newspaper boys all a-twitter trying to find superlative adjectives to describe her performance.

Another party came along—this time one of Elsa Maxwell's famous New York soirées—with Gertrude's lush contralto voice weaving such a magic spell over Lee Schubert that he had her name to a contract and into the Ziegfeld Follies before our party girl knew what it was all about.

"Perhaps the fact that I was born on the high seas," she explains, "had something to do with my voice, but I doubt it because since my voice changed I haven't been able to reach a high 'C' in years. Yes, indeed; whatever I am or hope to be as the saying goes, I owe to parties."

Well, we've found out from long experience that it doesn't pay to contradict a woman and far be it from us to contradict the dainty and beautiful star in Universal's Top of the Town. It just isn't being done in Hollywood—and, besides, she's right.

Take her latest Hollywood party for example.

After the Follies closed, she decided to come to California to rest—advice given her, by the way, by Joseph Schenck at a New York party—and the rest is history.

After two weeks in Hollywood doing absolutely nothing but lunching on doughnuts and caviar and absorbing California's famous sunshine—and with no thought of the movies ever entering her pretty head—she appeared at the Trocadero one Sunday evening as guest star and sang her heart out before all the Cabots and Lodges of the movie industry.

Yes, indeed she did, and what's more, she sang her way into a very fat film contract. Representatives from five major studios began pounding on her door the next morning imploring her to sign on the dotted line. Universal won out, wrote in a part for her in Top of the Town—and when you see her you're in for one of the pleasantest surprises you've ever experienced in a movie theatre.

She's that good!

Party girl! Right down to the deepest, huskiest note she sings!

Sensational Free Special

on These Two Delicious Teas Which Have Remarkably Helped So Many People to

LOSE FAT SAFELY QUICKLY

No Dangerous Drug—No Starvation or Exercising

73,073 Packettes of GERMANIA ORANGE PEKO and HERB TEA FREE

One of the Most Talked About Offers of the Year

Here is a special advertising offer made solely for the purpose of acquainting you with the remarkable action of these delicious teas. Many people who were troubled with excess fat and faulty elimination have found, to their great delight, that these two teas helped them to safely and quickly lose their excess fat and they ate everything they wanted—enjoying much needed food or fatty meats. Don't delay. Be sure to take advantage of this Sensational free special offer at once. Test packette of both Germania Orange Pekoe Tea and Germania Herb Tea will be sent you on receipt of a post card or note bearing your name and address. Send only your name and address.

SEND NO MONEY—ONLY YOUR NAME

Simply send your name and address to

GERMANIA TEA CO., Dept. 56
644 S. Wells St.
Chicago, Ill.

You can now get Germania Orange Pekoe Tea and Germania Herb Tea at all Food, Drug and Book Stores. Under packer's guarantee of satisfaction or money back.

Dramatic with real santalwood oil

When the genito-urinary passages become irritated, don't use cheap unguent medicines. When you want something good—ask you want genuine Santal Mysy Capsules. Used by millions. They contain true East Indian santalwood oil.

Beautiful Legs must have CARE.

Stop swelling, soreness, beaded veins, fatigue, etc., with PHANTOPLASTIC STOCKINGS.

Invisible! The lightest yet made! Efficient, inexpensive. To knee and over knee styles, by mail postpaid to all parts of United States.

SPINDELL SURGICAL CO.
903A Oxford St.
Lynn, Mass.

SECRETARIES, STENOGRAPHERS and TYPISTS—Becomes An Expert STENOTYPIST

Stenotypists win today's preferred position and better pay. Stenotypy's machine speed, accuracy and ease make your work faster, safer, easier—and you get the credit. Universal Stenotypy welcomes you to one of the easiest and most profitable of all professions, Stenotypy and learning how you may master it successfully.

THE STENOTYPE COMPANY
Dept. 4135T 416 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Movieland's Odd Job Man

[Continued from page 31]

For ten years Brennan fooled around Hollywood without attracting much attention. Casting directors informed him day after day that there was nothing doing for one of his type and his boon companion of those lean days didn't fare much better. The other guy's name, incidentally, was Frank Cooper, better known nowadays as Gary.

With the birth of sound films things began to pick up a little for Brennan because of his natural gifts as a mimic. If a director needed a babby cry, the honk of a wild goose, the lusty bray of a jackass or any other noise, Brennan usually got the job and the pay was a trifle fatter than he received for ordinary extra work. If the picture required a custom-built noise he was always ready to make delivery on short notice. He went along this way for several years, then one day a kindly director offered him a chance to pick up a tidy sum for a few minutes' work. All Brennan had to do was to drive an automobile off the pier into San Pedro Bay at forty-five miles an hour. Would Mr. Brennan like the job? No, Mr. Brennan would not like the job but, at the price offered, he would submerge his personal feelings in the matter and undertake it. He drove the car off the docks, made a twenty-five foot dive into the ocean and nearly terminated his earthly, as well as his cinematic, career. Three days later he was able to sit up and take nourishment—and the director called him again. This time he wanted him to jump off an eight-foot wall, but Brennan refused. "Not me!" he exclaimed, with an air of complete finality. "I wouldn't even jump off a cigar box! I'm through as a stunt man!"

His first break as an actor came when Hoot Gibson engaged him to inject some comedy bits into equine operas, but Brennan quickly discovered that playing in western films is not the short cut to stardom.

When Universal made The King of Jazz with Paul Whiteman as star, Brennan was again engaged. He played nine distinct characters and did such a good job that the director often assured him: "Walter, your lean days are over. From now on you'll have nothing to worry about." Perhaps the prophecy would have come true but the film-cutter failed to appreciate the actor's talent and snipped out nearly every foot of film in which he appeared.

"In those days," the actor recalled,
I had no agent because no agent would have me. It’s a funny thing about this picture business that nobody wants you until you have done something important. It isn’t easy to keep your chin up when the going is tough, but it’s the first thing an actor must learn.

My first break came when Victor Schertzinger called me one day and asked me if I could do an audition. Without knowing exactly what he wanted I told him yes. He explained that he wanted me to do a scene in a radio studio in which I, as an ambitious radio-crazer, was to do a series of imitations while a group of prospective sponsors and others listened in. There was no script for the part and when I asked for it, Mr. Schertzinger told me to work it out as I saw fit. Well, I knew that an amateur placed in such a spot would most likely be very nervous, so I stood in front of a hot arc-light until beads of perspiration popped out on my forehead. Then I walked over to the prop microphone and told the director I was ready. In the midst of my audition, when I was messing things up pretty badly, the announcer stepped up, yanked the mike away from me and told me I was off the air. On the spur of the moment, I got burnt up—in character, of course—and yelled ‘nuts to you!’ Audiences seemed to think it was funny, I suppose because of the sudden psychological twist. That was only a blast, but it helped a little.

OPORTUNITY knocked again when Samuel Goldwyn hired Brennan for a small comedy role in The Wedding Night which was directed by King Vidor. His job was to be in a few laughs and he did it so well that Vidor gave him opportunities not anticipated in the script. Preview audiences simply howled and it was generally agreed that Brennan had simply walked away with the whole picture. Samuel Goldwyn, quick to realize the unknown actor’s comic genius, signed him immediately and cast him for a fatter part in Barbary Coast.

In the role of a toothless old charmer, who acted as steerer for a notorious gambling dive, Brennan turned in a performance which proved what he had been trying for more than a decade to prove—that he was a fine actor. Goldwyn was convinced and he knew that something had to be done. If a mere extra player could steal two pictures in a row from established stars, he should turn out to be a real investment.

However, even the critics were not fully convinced.

Brennan’s reply was to haul off and do an even better job in his next pic-
When the Wee Willie Winkie company was on location at Chatsworth, this lamb was born on the set. Here is Shirley Temple being very practical about its diet.

picture, based upon Edna Ferber’s Come And Get It, also produced by Goldwyn. The producer, having discovered that Brennan could handle almost any dialect, decided to cast him in the role of “Swan,” a Swedish lumberjack.

“Can you talk Swed’?” asked Howard Hawks, director of the film.

“Sure!” was the actor’s glib reply. He confesses now that he was lying because, although he had mastered nearly every other dialect—including the Scandinavian—he had neglected his Swedish accent shamefully.

“I was in a tough spot,” Brennan confessed, smiling at the memory, “and I realized it. The picture was to be started within a few days and I knew the part of Swan was not an easy one—even if I could talk like a Swede. So I started scrounging around, looking for real Swedes with whom I could talk and pick up some pointers. Incidentally I made the discovery that, while Hollywood is full of Scandinavians, few of them have a genuine Swedish dialect. I couldn’t even find one! Luckily for me I didn’t come in at the start of the picture, so one day I wandered on the set and started looking around among the extras who were playing lumberjacks. It occurred to me that there ought to be at least one Swede in that crowd and that’s how it turned out. One of them had a line with Eddie Arnold and the moment I heard him speak I knew my search was ended. Between shots I called him off to one side and told him frankly what I was up against. He said he would be glad to help me out and he did. Within the next four days I took a concentrated short course in Swedish and by the time the director called me I was ready and rarin’ to go. I made it a point, however, to keep the Swedish boy around handy in case I got stuck. The only trouble I had was

Give Your Husband

CLEAR* TEA
To Drink!

*WITHOUT MILK OR CREAM—WITH LITTLE OR NO SUGAR

GIVE him the beverage that lumberjacks and powerful athletes drink ... CLEAR TEA. Satisfy his strong, demanding sense of taste with the rich satisfying flavor of ... CLEAR TEA. Millions of men throughout the world drink their tea CLEAR! Tea is the most world-wide, the most manly of beverages ... No beverage is consumed more widely.

CLEAR eyed husbands and CLEAR tea go together. Try it ... for a week. Get Ridgways Gold Label ... See its CLEAR golden color ... taste its CLEARLY superior orange pekoe (100%) flavor!

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Gentlemen: Enclosed and check or postal money order made out to Ridgways, Inc. Please send parcel post prepaid to the following address:

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<td>ORANGE LABEL (Blend of Ceylon-India)</td>
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THE tall lanky actor shifted uneasily in his chair and smiled bashfully. He even blushed a trifle. Finally he spoke.

"It's lovely to be able to buy the things you've always wanted," he said. "It's great to be able to do things for my wife and kids that you've always wanted to do—the things you wish your own folks could have done for you. It's simply great to be able to help people who really need help and that's the biggest kick I get out of this business. But it is funny how your viewpoint changes with your financial circumstances. Take me, for instance, I used to think I'd like to have fifteen suits of clothes and two or three cars. Now that I have the money and can afford to buy them I have found I don't really want them half as much as I used to think I did.

"Well, then," I persisted, "how does your family feel about your success? Of course you are married."

"Yes, married and have three kids. Two boys and a girl—and I've bought each of them a horse—fact is, I even bought myself a horse, but somehow my horse and I don't seem to understand each other. I sometimes think I'd have been better off to have bought a bicycle—at least one knows what to expect from a bicycle."

Again Brennan lapsed into silence, helped himself and his correspondent to a cigarette and then resumed.

"As far as the money is concerned," he said, "it hasn't made much difference in our way of living. My wife is not money-minded and I never was. It is great to have plenty of money, but money alone—as somebody once before pointed out, I believe—isn't everything. I have bought a one-acre ranch out in San Fernando Valley where the kids can have all the room they need and we can all do as we like. Some day I'd like to have a ranch of, say, 150,000 acres, but I'm not worrying about it. I've made it a rule for years not to worry—even in the lean days I didn't. My family never has gone hungry and neither have I because we stayed within our limits. My wife and I both have simple tastes and it doesn't cost a lot of money for us to be comfortable—and happy. We take life as it comes, a day at a time, and personally I try to squeeze all the fun I can out of every
Fat Girl Laughs and Grows Slim

Without Starvation Diets, or Back-Breaking, Bending and Rolling Exercises.

Here's a way to get rid of ugly fat that works hand in hand with Nature. Millions of people are losing millions of pounds of flabby flesh and getting back slender figures, without the need of starvation diets or back-breaking exercises.

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Read about Spencer Tracy in The Fighting Irish

It's in July Hollywood Magazine

NEW RADIO OFFERS DRUGLESS WAY TO SOUND SLEEP!

Now Science offers a marvelous new, drugless way to relax nerves and induce sound, natural sleep—through a new kind of radio listening.

The secret is the Acousticum Mystic Ear of the Dictograph Silent Radio. Music heard this way comes to you softly, soothingly, as if welling up from inside—has an ethereal beauty that banishes mental irritation and the nervous aftermath of over-fatigue. It induces wholesome relaxation, quickly woos you into the kind of natural slumber that fo rms out fatigue lines and renews youthful beauty. So effective are its relaxing effects that doctors are using it in hospitals.

LISTEN WHEN YOU PLEASE

This new radio fills new needs. For instance, you can listen to a program no one else wants to hear. Yet no one complains, for only you hear it. One can listen while others sleep, talk, read. Remember—only the Dictograph Silent Radio offers the Acousticum Mystic Ear in addition to the conventional loudspeaker! A flick of a switch and either is at your service. Request a home demonstration today via the coupon below. Also for sale at Drug Stores in the better department stores—and at Acousticum offices in all leading cities. Consult your telephone directory for the Acousticum office nearest you.

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day. I mean good, clean wholesome fun. I'm not a Pollyanna, but I do believe in looking at the sunny side of life."

Now that he can relax and look back over the road he has traveled, Brennan smiles as he recalls the many heartaches and headaches he had to endure on the way up.

ALTHOUGH still in his thirties, Brennan's screen characterizations, almost without exception, have been those of old men. In his early days in Hollywood he had no thought of playing character parts and he seldom got a tumble from casting directors. Suddenly, one day, he had an inspiration.

He removed his dental plate—having lost his teeth through a gas attack in the World War—donned an old man's make-up and played his first old man role the next day.

While his portrayal of Swan, the Swedish lumberjack in Come And Get It, led him to the very gates of stardom and his Academy Award for the best character actor of 1936, it was the untimely death of the beloved Chic Sale that brought Brennan his first stellar opportunity.

Sale had been engaged for the role of Newt Holly, an old illiterate shanty boat owner, in Banjo On My Knee, produced by 20th Century-Fox. Almost on the eve of the picture's starting, Sale was stricken by the illness which caused his death.

Producers were in a quandary for there seemed to be no other actor suited for the role. Someone suggested Walter Brennan and he was sent for. He believed he could play the part. In fact, he knew darn well he could. Critics who witnessed the preview declare he gave his finest performance thus far and the author, Harry Hamilton, was even more enthusiastic. He sent Brennan a copy of the book which the actor treasures very highly because of this inscription: "To the man who made Newt live."

The story of Walter Brennan's rise to stardom recalls the case of the lecturer on success who pointed out that "no man ever really gets to the very top of the ladder. The best he can hope to do is to tickle the heels of the man who is on top."

Character actors and actresses receive little fan mail as compared to players of the romantic type, but Walter Brennan, who seems to make his own rules as he goes along is an exception.

Every day it gets heavier and heavier. And Mr. Brennan being only human, simply loves it.
A Day at the Races [Continued from page 39]

But she never laughs. They take Rachel’s notes, neatly typed out, on the set with them. And when they come to a scene, they refer to them—to see what they’ve finally decided to do—what words to use, what expressions, what gestures, and so on. Down to the tiniest detail. That’s how laughs are born.

And yet, foolish as this business is, the biggest laughs that happen on the Marx Brothers’ set, always, are the unexpected ones. The Brothers, despite all this hard-working-out of ideas, invariably ad lib a wisecrack right in the midst of the most meticulously-plotted sequence of action and dialogue. And ten times out of ten, that unexpected, impromptu, on-the-spot-of-the-moment line is so funny that it disrupts the entire proceedings. Maureen O’Sullivan, who plays THE girl in A Day At The Races, breaks down into laughter when she isn’t supposed to. Dumbrille, who’s supposed to scowl, howls instead. And for ten minutes, production is held up while the company pulls itself together and shoots the scene again, straight.

And so, gradually but surely, the picture is put together. Dumbrille gets slammed to hellagone between the top and the bottom of the stable door; various and sundry blondes get thoroughly chased by goggle-eyed Harpo; Esther Muir is goo-ily pasted on a sani-tarium wall behind rolls of wallpaper by Chico and Harpo; they do antics, all three Marxes completely disrupt Allan Jones’ singing of “On Blue Venetian Waters”; and through it all, the Marxes sweat and lose weight, and Director Wood tears his hair, and Boasberg weeps bitterly as he tries to think up new ways to make the Marxes funnier.

And finally, when it’s all over, the Marxes collect their money and take off from their funny make-up... Groucho wears cold-cream on his face and wipes off the eyebrows and mustache. They’re only grease paint. He used to use real crepe hair for the mustache. Then he lit it one day when he only meant to light his cigar, and toasted his nose. Ever since, he has used grease paint. Harpo takes off his wig—he has a half-dozen of them, to use in relays—and pops his eyes back into normality. And Chico discards his “wop” hat and wig and make-up.

And they emerge, looking like three nice young men, rather mournful, decidedly ascetic—for all the world like...
three young fellows studying to be rabbits.

Un-made-up, uncolored in the funny Marxian habitations, offscreen, the Marxes are nice, quiet young men. Except when they’re on display—like at interviews, or public appearances, they aren’t pulling gags. Of course, Harpo, in that new house he’s having built in Beverly Hills, does have escalators instead of stairs, but he insists that’s just for comfort, not laughs.

In private life, Chico is a bridge expert, when he isn’t a race expert, and vice versa. He has an official rating as one of America’s top ten bridge players. But he’d rather play the horses. At one time production on A Day At The Races was four days behind schedule due to waiting while they dragged Chico away from the telephone, where he’d been calling up Santa Anita to find who won the fourth race.

Groucho, whose real name is Julius (Chico is Leonard, can you stand it?), reverts, in his offstage life, to the role of business boss of the Marxes. While he’s the youngest of the three brothers, contrary to popular belief, he’s also the one who has the business head. He does the letter writing, check-signing, contract-talking. When he talks contract, he’s funny. Take it from the M-G-M executives.

As for Harpo (his real name is Arthur, imagine!), he is just the newlywed groom of the family, these days. That and the family harp-player. He really does play the harp, you know. He owns a beautiful gold one, and keeps it in a special room in his house. Alongside it, he has a new harp, just given him by Salvatore Dali, the surrealist painter who is painting a surrealist portrait of him. Dali’s harp is strung with barbed wire. The first time Harpo tried to play it, he punctured a thumb and three fingers. Harpo thinks Dali is just as funny as the Marx Brothers.

Offscreen, Harpo is just as bashful as he is aggressive toward blondes on the screen. The way he chases them!

"Why," he says, "if I ever really caught one, I honestly wouldn’t know what to do with her.

"Oh, yeah?" says Susan Fleming. Susan is the girl Harpo chased for years. He finally caught her.

He married her.
This is Coronation Year and Warner Bros. have shrewdly capitalized on the fact by lending unusual emphasis to the coronation scene which climaxes their production of The Prince and the Pauper.

It almost overshadows the inspirational casting of Billy and Bobby Mauch, the 12-year-old identical twins, in the title roles, certainly one of the smartest methods of handling a dual role yet devised.

Months were spent on research to insure the utmost accuracy of the coronation ceremony, the producers planning to give the many millions not privileged to witness the crowning of George VI and Queen Elizabeth an idea of the impressive rites.

The ceremony as used, is not that of the actual coronation of Edward VI in the middle of the sixteenth century, but a composite of half a dozen used from that time down to the present day, preserving, of course, the more dramatic sequences for picture purposes. The only main variation, however, from the ceremony in Westminster Abbey in May is that the young king prostrates himself at the feet of the Archbishop of Canterbury in token of his submission to the laws of God and the Church of England. George VI and his Queen merely kneel before the prelate, following the custom established by Queen Elizabeth who refused to prostrate herself before any man.
That glamorous little South Seas enchantress, with lips even more charming than herself. What thrilling color they have; a strangely enchanting, exotic red that no one can ever forget. But more! Her lips are alive with an iridescent luster... a sparkle, like silvery dew in moonlight. And utterly naked of pasty coating. She achieves this captivating loveliness by tattooing her lips with a transparent South Sea red. And now you can tattoo your lips with the same glamorous color in a shade created just for you. You can give them a luster too... a sparkle that's fascinating... and a new kind of softness that's bewitching. Try it tonight with the New Tattoo... but remember, your lips have never looked so tempting before!

**FIVE EXCITING SOUTH SEA REDS**

1. No. 1 has an orangish pink cast. Rather light. Refreshing on blondes and titian blondes. Called "CORAL."
2. No. 2 is an exotic, new shade, brilliant yet transparent. Somehow we just cannot find the right words to describe it. It is called "EXOTIC."
3. No. 3 is a medium shade. A true, rich blood red that will be an asset to any brunette. It is called "NATURAL."
4. No. 4 changes hue when applied. Gives an unusually transparent richness and warmth. Called "PASTEL."
5. No. 5 has the rich intensity of Hawaii's most gorgeous flower... the wild Hibiscus. It's vivid, very vivid, yet has a lovely softness that's thrilling. It is called "HAWAIIAN."

**TATTOO YOUR LIPS**
Janet Gaynor says:

"Leading artists of the screen prefer Luckies"

"I live at the beach most of the year and there is hardly a weekend that a number of friends don't drop in. Naturally, I keep several brands of cigarettes on hand, but the Luckies are always the first to disappear. I suppose it's just natural that Luckies would be the favorite brand because picture work certainly places a severe tax on the throat. Leading artists of the screen prefer Luckies because they are a light smoke that sympathizes with tender throats."

Janet Gaynor

FEMININE STAR OF DAVID O. SELZNICK'S
TECHNICOLOR PRODUCTION OF "A STAR IS BORN"

A light survey was made recently among professional men and women—lawyers, doctors, scientists, etc. Of those who said they smoke cigarettes, over 87% stated they personally prefer a light smoke.

Miss Gaynor verifies the wisdom of this preference, and so do other leading artists of the radio, stage, screen and opera. Their voices are their fortunes. That's why so many of them smoke Luckies. You, too, can have the throat protection of Luckies—a light smoke, free of certain harsh irritants removed by the exclusive process "It's Toasted". Luckies are gentle on the throat.

A Light Smoke

"It's Toasted"—Your Throat Protection

AGAINST IRRITATION
AGAINST COUGH
MYRNA LOY—THE GIRL HOLLYWOOD COULDN'T BEAT
Dear Madam:

"False-face!"—your powder may scream out if you chose it a month ago or chose it to suit you in a certain light. "She belongs in the circus!"—friends may whisper behind your back—all because your skin is a vastly different color in sunlight than in the shade. It's still another color in yellow or blue nightlights. Winter's blasts, summer's infrared rays, diet and general health all change your skin color constantly.

But if you tried to escape that "false-face" powdery look by buying enough HARD-BASE shades to keep up with all your changing skin colors, you'd be swapping your face with a dozen different shades every month.

How Can "Balmite" Help You?

No beauty counselor could give you more sincere advice than this:—"Never choose a HARD-BASE powder. "BALMITE" is the sensational new SOFT-BASE in Lovely Lady Face Powder. So no matter what shade of Lovely Lady you choose, "BALMITE" blends out your shade to meet every variation of light and of your own skin color.

Compare—see if your present powder adds dreadful years. Test all five skin-keyed shades of Lovely Lady. See which one shade is the shade you can depend on in any light, in any season—which SOFT BASE "BALMITE" shade reveals you at your loveliest.

"Types" and "Name-Shades" Cause Confusion

Avoid the risk of choosing powder by "name-shades" such as "Brunette", as these "Brunette" shades are not all uniform in color. And often a "Brunette" type needs a "Blonde" shade, and a "Blonde" type a "Brunette" shade. With all this confusion it's no wonder people might think of your face powder as your "false-face."

Don't "Mask" Your Natural Charm

Don't "mask" your face any longer with a HARD-BASE face powder that "matches" your skin in one light and may give you a "false-face" in another. Send for all five FREE shades of Lovely Lady Face Powder containing "BALMITE"—my SOFT-BLEND BASE that brings out so gloriously and dependably the natural skin color beauty and charm that is yours alone.

Sincerely, Lovely Lady

LOVELY LADY is equal to face powders costing you five times as much—a smoother, richer than satin down.

WATERPROOF... Non-flaky... Grit-free... Ends chocky "false-face" look—color completely covers each tiny particle of powder, not just one side as in ordinary face powders. "Balmite" brings out the loveliest of your natural skin tone color. Actually changes until you remove it.

FREE

LOVELY LADY, 603 Washington Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

Please send free by return mail generous vanity size samplers of all five shades of LOVELY LADY Face Powder. Include a week's supply of LOVELY LADY All Purpose Face Cream FREE.

Name ________________________________

Street ________________________________

City ________________________________ State ________________________________

Paste this on a postcard or enclose in envelope.
How often such neglect leads to real dental tragedies . . . give your gums the benefit of Ipana and Massage.

Let her study herself in the mirror—while she outlines that classic mouth, powders that pretty nose. Let her favorite creams and cosmetics add to her charm. Then let her smile—smile that dull, dingy, shadowed smile of hers—and see how quickly her beauty vanishes.

A minor tragedy? Yet this girl might possess a radiant, appealing smile—but not until she lavishes a fraction of the care she gives her lips on her dingy teeth, her tender, ailing gums—not until she knows the meaning of that tinge of "pink" upon her tooth brush.

Don't Overlook "Pink Tooth Brush" When that warning tinge appears on your tooth brush—go at once to your dentist. Probably no serious trouble is in store for you. No doubt, he'll lay the blame at the door of modern menus. Too-soft foods—foods that deprive your gums of necessary work and stimulation—have made the gum walls lazy, flabby. Usually he will suggest harder, "chewier" foods—and often the stimulating help of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage.

For nearly always, Ipana and massage is a wise precaution against the warning of "pink tooth brush." Begin today to help the health of your teeth and gums. Massage a little Ipana into your gums every time you brush your teeth. Watch those lazy tissues grow gradually firmer, sounder, healthier.

Start today the faithful use of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage. Let your smile do justice to your charm.

LISTEN TO "Town Hall Tonight"—every Wednesday night, over N.B.C. Red Network, 9 o'clock, E.D.S.T.
He introduced her first in "Escapade". She was an immediate sensation!

Then they appeared together in "The Great Ziegfeld". You know how wonderful they were!

Then she won new triumphs as O-lan in "The Good Earth", which is being hailed as "The Best Picture of 1937."

You will be thrilled to see them together again now in the most exciting romantic drama since "Mata Hari" and directed by the man who made it!

William Powell • Luise Rainer

The Emperor's Candlesticks

with ROBERT YOUNG • MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN
FRANK MORGAN • Henry Stephenson

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE • Directed by GEORGE FITZMAURICE • Produced by JOHN W. CONSIDINE, Jr.

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She's patriotic! When she got a day off from work in Mountain Music, Terry Walker, Paramount's new songbird, went down town and come back with her supplies for the Fourth of July. Miss Walker is a former dance band singer and artist's model

—Photo by Wm. Wolling
Fuzzy Knight and George Hayes open for business...

Can't you hear that it's the snappiest ole swing thru the land

Every day in every way Martha Gets Crazier

Bob Burns and Martha Raye on a cook's tour of melody land.

Here they are, folks, Martha Raye, the lass with the over-sized mouth and Bob (Bazooka) Burns, the gentleman from Van Buren, Arkansas, topping their laugh triumph in "Waikiki Wedding" with a laugh a minute hill-billy drama, that'll have you in stitches ... Terry Walker, lovely to look at lady of the networks, has the romance assignment with John Howard ... and a bunch of the funniest lads who ever came down off the mountains add to the hysteria . . .

Rule Davis and His White Mule try a little hill-billy swing . . .
Adolph Zukor presents

"MOUNTAIN MUSIC"

A Paramount Picture with

BOB BURNS • MARTHA RAYE

JOHN HOWARD • TERRY WALKER

Directed by Robert Florey

WHEN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS, PLEASE MENTION JULY HOLLYWOOD
Exciting, Alluring...

of course men thrill to the rosy softness of Tangee lips! Men despise a “painted look”. Tangee isn't paint...it's the only lipstick with the Tangee Color Change Principle. Orange in the stick, Tangee changes on your lips to warm blush-rose, emphasizes your charm...Use Tangee Rouge for lovely color in checks.

USE TANGEE LIPSTICK every night before you go to bed. Its special cream base soothes and softens lips, gives them a beauty treatment while you sleep. Tangee won't rub off on bed linen. Awake with fresh alluring lips. Try Tangee, the 24-hour way to loveliness, 39¢ and $1.10. Or send coupon below for Miracle Make-Up Set.

The autograph hounds got busy during an intermission of Tovarich and among the notables who obeyed the “sign here, please” were Claudette Colbert and her mother. Claudette is one star who never refuses an autograph seeker's request

More Sit-Downers

THERE'S many a time in the life of a film actress, says Miriam Hopkins, when nonchalance is needed. Just the other day Miriam left her car unlocked while she did a bit of shopping in Hollywood. Returning, she found that four high school girls had entered it and were sitting inside.

Miriam prepared to offer autographs to ransom her vehicle, but the girls weren't interested. It became apparent that they didn't even recognize her. Someone, possibly a jokester, had told them Robert Taylor owned the car. They wanted to wait for him, and were decidedly sulky when Miriam ousted them in order to drive away.

They're Funny That Way

I T GIVES us a chuckle to hear two of the sanest film actresses we know speak of themselves as “nutty.” They are Eleanor Powell and Olivia de Havilland. Olivia will tell a comical anecdote about [Continued on page 10]
HOLLYWOOD STARS can't afford to take chances with dullness, tiny blemishes, enlarged pores—Cosmetic Skin! That's why 9 out of 10 of them use fragrant white Lux Toilet Soap. It has an ACTIVE lather that goes deep into the pores, removes every hidden trace of stale rouge and powder, dust and dirt.

Keep your skin smooth and lovely with the same gentle care Joan Blondell uses. Before you put on fresh make-up, ALWAYS before you go to bed, protect your skin with Lux Toilet Soap.

USE COSMETICS ALL YOU LIKE! BUT DON'T TAKE CHANCES WITH COSMETIC SKIN...

LUX TOILET SOAP REMOVES COSMETICS THOROUGHLY—HAS AN ACTIVE LATHER THAT PREVENTS CHOKEP PORES. I ALWAYS USE IT!

Joan Blondell
WARNER BROS. STAR

Girls everywhere follow Hollywood's lead—use Lux Toilet Soap for a bath soap, too!
her own goofiness, and make that circular gesture with a finger beside her head, to show what’s wrong with her. Eleanor’s eyes will widen suddenly, and she’ll say in alarm, "Do you think I’m crazy?’"

Meanwhile any number of mad-hatters in Hollywood consider themselves sane!

\[ Continued \]
HOLLYWOOD at the CORONATION

By E. Mae Buchanan, HOLLYWOOD MAGAZINE's Special Correspondent,
Covering the Coronation of H. R. H. George VI

LONDON—

HOLLYWOOD screen stars and world famous supporting screen players accustomed to "stealing the show" in America found themselves inconspicuous, indeed, among the millions who thronged London for the coronation of England's new King, H. R. H. George VI and his Queen H. R. H. Elizabeth.

Very few of the many who gave out press statements concerning their plans for attending the Coronation actually arrived, or remained in London for the world's biggest show.

Movie celebrities had to take a back seat for the brilliantly outfitted Indian Princes and military and naval authorities whose gold braid glittered in the ceremonial procession and this writer will confine her report to cinemalites.

"Looks like a Hollywood set," remarked one star, "except that all the costumes and sets are real."

Needless to say, after seeing thousands stand on the sidelines to watch movie celebrities strut through the forecourts en route to Hollywood theatre premieres it was quite shocking to see what little stir these same stars created on this day of royal pomp and ceremony. They were merely "of the crowd" and more than one world famous screen star was content (and lucky) to sit on rented cushions in the rough board reviewing stands as England's most dazzling display made its way to Westminster Abbey for the Coronation. Actually, but a very few autograph seekers sought out the film players and more than one was completely ignored by the crowd concentrating on two royal idols.

Ray Milland, one of the few Hollywood actors to receive a Coronation invitation (because he was formerly a Grenadier) couldn't finish his Paramount picture in time to make the ceremonies. Hal Wills, Warner Brothers production chief, and his wife, Louise Fazenda, were unable to leave Hollywood until the 18th, and missed everything. ZaSu Pitts, here for months, returned just ahead of the big show. Edmund Gwenn, finished in Parnell, arrived several weeks early. Nell Pendleton and Noel Madison have been here several weeks working with Jessie Matthews in Gangway.

The biggest and most important job being attended by Hollywoodians at the Coro-

[Continued on page 14]

700,000,000 Persons Heard Him Proclaimed King

THE KING—George VI, but really Albert Frederick Arthur George. Born in York Cottage, Kensington, December 14, 1895. Privately tutored and at 17 joined the naval training school at Osborne for two years; then went on to Dartmouth until 1913 when he boarded the H.M.S. Cumberland for an instructional naval cruise to the West Indies and Canada. During 1914 and 1915 was seriously ill, first with appendicitis, then influenza. Served in the battle of Jutland as a sub-lieutenant and saw action in World War I. In 1917 he was posted to leave the Navy and transferred to the Royal Air Force serving actively until 1918. At 24 became an undergraduate at Cambridge taking a course in history and economics. By 1928 he had completely regained his health, became an expert rifle and pistol shot, the best cricketer in the royal family and an excellent artist and tennis player. He liked to swim and race and to drive his own car. Visited Australia, New Zealand and other distant colonies in 1927, married Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon in Westminster Abbey, April 26, 1923, and saw the $7,500 allowed as a wedding gift to the poor children of London. The two children of the King and Queen are the Princesses Elizabeth (11) and Margaret Rose (17).

---Photo by International News Service
Home Made Ice Cream

- Pure, wholesome, home-made ice cream is a wonderful food. Its popularity again sweeps the nation because modern hostesses and mothers have found there is no substitute for this old reliable type of frozen food. It's mild, delicious; makes you ask for the second dish—it's smooth, creamy; delightful to serve at the most formal dinner or at the kiddies' back yard party.

The latest home freezer models are so easy to operate, they freeze in a jiffy. Now home-made ice cream is as much fun to make as it is to eat.

Make Ice Cream at Home—more wholesome and costs less

BUY A FREEZER at your HARDWARE OR DEPARTMENT STORE

Helen Troy, Artie Auerbeck and Eddie Cantor preparing a weekly broadcast over the CBS broadcasting studio

Pat's Pat Answer

WE LIKE Pat Paterson's sense of humor—particularly since the other day when we heard her talking to a chorus girl on the set. The hoofer, a New Yorker who was behind on her movie data, went ga-ga when she heard Pat mention Charles Boyer's name. "Do you really know him?" she asked. "I've got a date with him tonight," Pat admitted. The girl raved about Boyer at length, and finally asked whether there was a chance of getting a date with him, herself. Pat replied smilingly, "Well, I might be able to fix it up for you. You see, I'm Mrs. Boyer!"

Connie Bennett of filmdom. He keeps them happy and amiable; largely prevents off-stage fits of temper or sulks which otherwise might dull the sparkle of flicker scenes.

Using the alluring Ann Sothern as a substitute, Gene Raymond rehearsing for his marriage with Jeanette MacDonald. Actually this is a scene from RKO's romantic film, There Goes My Girl.
"Berle"sque

THERE is a very amusing story about Milton Berle being told around Hollywood. It seems not many years ago before "he was a man," Berle was playing a small theatre in Denver. His mother, who is ever present, caught his act from the audience. When his act was over there was a very faint applause. The manager of the theatre, a gallant gentleman, when the performance was over, rushed to comfort Mrs. Berle explaining it was only the first show, the audience was light, and to overlook the cold reception. Mrs. Berle smiled graciously and grasping the manager's hand said, "Oh, that's quite all right. You see this is the first time they haven't HISSED him!"

Cupid's Diary

YOU may as well stop holding your breath. George Raft and Virginia Peine will not be married for many, MANY months because Mrs. Raft demands $100,000 settlement before she releases his heart! Jack Peine, Virginia's brother, is also having heart trouble for his bride refuses to release him from his marital contract until he pays her $5,000, which she claims as expenses for their flying trip to Yuma!

Candidly Speaking

FLICKER favorites would be making a lot more fuss about uncomplimentary "candid" photos if they weren't getting so used to them through their own photographic hobbies. They take both still and movie "candid" shots.

[Continued on page 21]
Hollywood at the Coronation

[Continued from page 11]

tion was in the supervisory hands of George Caze and William Skall, brilliant head of Technicolor, making a natural color cinema record of all Coronation events even to trying to photograph (in natural colors) the actual ceremony in the Abbey (handicapped though the cameramen were by the poor light and rigid rules forbidding arcs). For several weeks the Technicolor cameraman made pictures inside and outside of Buckingham Palace, the King's residence, Windsor Castle and its paintings of the Royal families and the camera boys even climbed 'round and 'round the winding staircase to photograph the famous Round Tower. Croydon Airport and the arrival of colonial big-wigs in London were also photographed in color and black and white.

Technicolor news-reel shots and a full-length color feature will, for the first time in all history, bring the brilliant Coronation events to the peoples of the world. Technicolor cameras were hidden, as inconspicuously as possible, in the rafters of the historical old Abbey for the ceremony and others were spattered on well-protected parallels all along the line of march. (Not unlike Hollywood but with decidedly less fuss.)

On the theatrical calendar America was well represented by Lawrence Tibbett, screen, concert and radio star, at Albert's Hall, spacious and acoustically perfect concert hall built by Queen Victoria in honor of her husband. This American concert star played to turn away business, but it must be admitted that Gracie Fields, British concert, screen and stage star, (who hurried back from two months at Fox studios in Hollywood for the Coronation) was given the biggest reception. Gracie appeared at Alexander Palace and more than 2,000 Lancashire and Yorkshire people (mostly mill hands and their families) chartered special trains and came to London to cheer their favorite, after viewing the Coronation parade. Careful, thrifty people these mill workers, dressed in their Sunday best they came to London singing and cheering all the way. In their luggage was the much valued Parkin (sweet cake), tea cakes (served hot, with butter and black tea at all hours) and scores of presents which made their way back stage to Gracie. When these Yorkshire folk, hundreds wearing heavy shoes with wooden clogs, marched into the Palace and stamped and applauded Gracie when she came upon the stage it was a spirited demonstration of their affection indeed.

Mr. Tibbett may have appeared before more gold braid and formalds than Gracie Fields, but the latter's numerous encore numbers were the demands of the deep love of the plain folk from the provinces who have been most loyal admirers throughout their distinguished theatrical career. Gracie will return to Hollywood shortly to begin her first American film.

Grace Moore, originally set to sing during the Coronation, cancelled her engagement at the last moment.

PREVENTED from returning to England, because of her work in Selznick's Prisoner of Zenda, Madeleine Carroll had to leave her Coronation activity to her husband, Capt. Phillip Astley, who acted as host to 150 slum children in his spacious apartment overlooking the line of march. Pat Annesley, Earl of Annesley, (admittedly an empty title) for 14 years playing extra parts and bits in Hollywood films, hurried to Ireland for his official robes en route to the London ceremonies. Michael Brook, present Earl of Warwick, listened to the ceremonies on his radio in the Beverly Hills hotel, in California, because a promising theatrical engagement made it advisable for him to leave the Film City and return to London.

Lady Standing, wife of the late and beloved Sir Guy Standing, returned to England at Coronation time after setting her husband's affairs in Hollywood and on the Ile de France with her was Elsa Buchanan, who flew to New York the day she finished her role in Elisa Land's M-G-M picture, The Thirteenth Chair.

June Knight, after a brilliant success on the London stage and appearances in several British films, is still here debating whether to return to America or spend another year in England. June is currently starring in a musical revue called On We Go. June Clyde, former Wampas baby star and Universal player, is beginning her third year in English films and got out of a sick bed to witness the Coronation procession attended by Director-husband Thornton V. Freeland, just returned from a picture making expedition in Algeria and Egypt.

Fernand Gravet, Mervyn LeRoy's newest American film sensation (The King and the Chorus Girl) flew from Paris with Mrs. Gravet (Jane
Renoudt] and reports he will be back in Hollywood in late August to star in a second Warner film entitled *Return Engagement*. Gravet is exceptionally popular here but there is considerable discussion regarding whether *The King and the Chorus Girl* will be well received in England, or not. Although it definitely was not inspired by the Duke of Windsor-Mrs. Simpson romance (having been written four months previously) many feel it has a satirical comparison.

Binnie Barnes is expected in England shortly to star with Sydney Howard in Victor Saville's *Bicycle For Two* at Denham studios, according to her recently divorced husband, Samuel Josephs, still her most devoted admirer.

FRANK CAPRA, Columbia's brilliant director, stopping at the Claridge had his visit interrupted by many fans who told him how much they have enjoyed his latest picture, *Lost Horizon*, recently trade shown and most enthusiastically acclaimed. Robert Riskin, who wrote the screen play for *Lost Horizon* and wrote and directed Grace Moore in *When You're in Love* was surprised to see the latter film billed at the local cinemas as *For You Alone*.

Otto Brower, who was sent from Hollywood Fox studios to Budapest to direct atmospheric shots for a forthcoming picture, is in London and has arranged to remain here long enough to direct some action scenes for *Lawrence of Arabia*. Brower assisted Frank Lloyd in desert scenes for *Under Two Flags* early last year.

MANY American screen stars and Britons well known to American movie audiences were featured in pictures which held the screens in London's leading cinemas during Coronation ceremonies. Laurence Olivier (formerly at RKO) is the star of *Henry V*; Gaumont-British's O. H. M. S., directed by Hollywood's Raoul Walsh has Hollywood's Wallace Ford in the lead; Paul Robeson of *Showboat* and Cedric Hardwicke, of Warners' recent *Green Light*, are the leads in *King Solomon's Mines*. Hollywood's Richard Arlen is the star of the British-made Canadian spectacle, *Silent Barriers*, with J. Farrell MacDonald in support. Jessie Matthews' newest GB picture, *Head Over Heels* was among the Coronation cinema favorites and *Maytime* with Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy was sensationaly successful. Their Majesties, and Queen Mary, recently attended the London premiere of Darryl Zanuck's *Lloyd's of London*.

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**MEMO to A. E. C.**

Referring to attached letter: This is nice indeed, but has no value to us as we do not use testimonial advertising. Check it up, however.

W. H. G.

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**MEMO to W. H. G.**

Letter 100% genuine. Urge publishing it. A. E. C.

---

"I had a sister-in-law who was so nervous, in fact for years, she would say, I am so nervous my body itches all over and she at times would embarrass me as she was always either scratching her foot or her arm or her leg and I said really you should see a doctor as you make me so nervous you don't sit still a minute.

She finally decided on seeing one of the best doctors in Chicago (I could give you his name at any time) and after he examined her he found nothing wrong. Just told her to rest more and take things calmly. He said, have you ever used Linit. She said, well, I don't do my own washing. He said, No, I mean for the Bath. She said, No. So he said, now I want you to buy it, and use ½ a box in your bath every morning and see what fine results you gain from it.

I can't tell you what a different person she is due to this product. In fact, her whole appearance is different to me. Her face looks 10 years younger, she seems so much more relaxed and can truthfully say, her body is free from that horrible itching, that she had, all due to this wonderful product."

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**FOR THE BATH**
starring Madeleine Carroll, Tyrone Power and Freddie Bartholomew. M-G-M's impressive road-show film, The Good Earth, has had to be shown, for a time, on a triple feature program at the Palace here because of a British quota law demanding that a proportionate amount of British-made film appear with each American feature. Because Good Earth is 12,285 feet in length, two British films accompanied its London presentation five days a week.

Pauline Starke (former star at Warners and Educational studios in Hollywood) is starring in the West End in a new Rowland Brown play In Praise of Love. Brown was author of The Devil is a Sissy and a director and writer in Hollywood for years.

Rudy Vallee, just in from New York, has had two broadcasts for America from here. He is referred to by local critics "as one of the prominent American radio hoofers."

Clarissa Selwyn, English character actress, featured in Hollywood films for 15 years, arrived home in London the morning of the ceremony.

William K. Howard, for 15 years a Hollywood director but for the past year in London studios, has just completed The Squealer in Denham studios with Hollywood's Edmund Lowe and Elizabeth Allan, British star under contract to M-G-M, starring. Lowe and Miss Allan made quick trips from California for this picture and although Miss Allan tried to take her planned vacation in Cannes, France, during the Coronation week she was held in London on business and left for Italy after the big show.

HOLLYWOOD Magazine readers may be interested in Her Majesty's dress and robe which I was fortunate enough to see my first day in London. The dress is made of ivory colored native English silk (the material spun at the Kent silk-worm farms). The robe was made at the Royal School of Needlework at South Kensington. The dress has a long train and the robe has a train of purple velvet six yards long and is five feet in its maximum width. The dress is embroidered with flowers representing various dominions of the Empire, the embroidery being in fine gold wire. Embroidered on Her Majesty's state dress are the English rose, Irish shamrock, Scotch thistle, the lotus, leek, the Canadian maple leaf, English oak leaf, various ferns and wattles representing tropical and African colonies. Indian lotus blooms in heavy gold wire are a feature of the embroidery on the purple robe.

Frank Lawton and his beautiful wife, Evelyn Laye were Coronation hosts to Gloria Swanson. After the procession they retired to the Lawton home where Richard Tauber, noted German opera star, sang several numbers for the delighted guests. Miss Swanson, recently signed with Columbia, may do a picture in London before heading back to Hollywood. Mr. Lawton and Miss Laye will fulfill local stage engagements.

Alexander Korda, head of London Films, entertained a large group of film folk at his Denham Court home in honor of his countryman and lifelong friend, Paul Lukas, and Ruth Chatterton. More than 100 person of note in cinema circles attended.

The Celebrity Party at the Dorchester brought out a large group of film favorites. Prominent were Director Frank Capra and wife and Writer-Director Robert Riskin, Gracie Fields, Ruth Chatterton, Gloria Swanson, Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon, Cicely Courtneidge, Jack Buchanan, Lila Damita, Elsa Buchan, Marie Tempest (honored by the king later in the week), Fay Compton, Elizabeth Allan, Director Mark Sandrich, Herbert Wilcox, Jack Hulbert, Harry Richman, Ben Goetz, Carl Brisson, Paul Lukas, Nils Asther, Neil Hamilton, June Knight, June Clyde, Thornton V. Freeland, P. C. Wren, author of Beau Geste, R. C. Sherriff, author of Journey's End and adaptor of The Rood Bock, C. B. Cochran, Laura LaPlante and husband Irving Asher, Giovanni Martinelli, Glenda Farrell and Helen Morgan. Miss Morgan's blues are popular here but her engagement very nearly kept her from seeing the procession.

George Arliss was one of the few actors who actually got inside of Westminster Abbey for the crowning of the King and Queen. Before leaving for the Abbey, arrayed in all his splendor, he received a cablegram from the president of American Hoboes Union congratulating him on his 68th birthday. Arliss may return to Hollywood before late fall, he says. He is being paid $200,000 for his role of the minister in Dr. Syn.
Neil Hamilton, wife and daughter, and Ruth Chatterton were very close to each other in the reviewing stand reserved seats but no one noticed them and they did not recognize each other.

To show what an impression the English get from some American movies, the London police actually added extra men to the guard of the crown jewels because it was reported that a score of American gangsters (similar to those seen in films, it was pointed out) had come to London to filch the golden regalia valued at several millions.

Cornelius Vanderbilt, American journalist, here for the Coronation, lived in an auto trailer.

Approaching Buckingham Palace with her father, just before the "big show," Elsa Buchanan saw an accident. Arriving where the crowd quickly gathered it was found that Gunner Sullivan, V.C., an Australian war hero who had traveled 12,000 miles to view the Coronation, had been struck by a car and killed. Miss Buchanan's father served alongside Gunner Sullivan in the war and saw him perform heroic deeds without a scratch. Sullivan had just delivered the ashes of a buddy who died en route to London with him, to the man's relatives, only an hour before he met death himself.

Of all the Hollywood folk at the Coronation, Director Frank Capra attracted the most local attention.

LADY, be beautiful! When you go down to the sea and the sands, sculpture your silhouette—glorify that feminine form divine with the glamorous, the artful, the brilliant Swim Suits of B.V. D. If for their evening gown backs, their moulding fabrics, their seamless side maillots and seamless backs, their beautiful patterns and jeweled colors—you have the way to the body beautiful...alluring...goddesslike! The B. V. D. Corporation, Empire State Building, New York City.

Sea Nymph Tri-Color

The look of a lovely "hand-knit" with contrasting straps tying in "double bow" belt, $8.95. Maillot model, $7.95.

B.V.D.'s "Crosstide" stitch with adjustable rope straps controlling pennant patterned uplift, $4.95. Skirted, $5.95.

Copyright 1937, The B. V. D. Corporation

B.V.D. Swim Suits

- Seamless Sides and Backs
- Silhouetting Fabrics
- Extra Seat Fullness

FOR THE BODY BEAUTIFUL
Prove for Yourself that QUEST NEVER FAILS ON SANITARY NAPKINS

- Why take chances now that complete protection is so easily obtainable? The makers of Kotex bring you a new deodorant powder named Quest that positively destroys all types of napkin and body odors.

- Quest is utterly effective—even on sanitary napkins. It prevents perspiration offense; assures all-day-long body freshness, yet does not irritate skin or clog pores.

- Try Quest today. Use this cool, soothing powder on sanitary napkins—after the bath—under arms and for foot comfort. Quest is unscented, so does not cover up the fragrance of perfume.

- And Quest costs no more than other kinds ... only 35¢ for the large two-ounce can. Buy it at any drug counter.

QUEST FOR PERSONAL DAINTINESS

Max Factor presenting a make-up kit to a Movieland Tour winner of last year

HOLLYWOOD, HERE WE COME!

WITHIN a few weeks the conductor on the super-special transcontinental train is going to shout "All Aboard!" from the Chicago station and the third annual Movieland Tours, sponsored by Fawcett Publications, Inc., will be under way. If you haven't made your reservation yet—do so NOW and thus assure yourself of the best vacation trip you've ever been on.

Two of these Movieland Tours have been arranged for. One leaves Chicago July 11th arriving in Hollywood July 15th, the other leaves Chicago August 8th and reaches Hollywood August 15th.

Leaving Chicago you travel along the shores of Minnesota's 10,000 lakes, you have an opportunity of viewing the natural wonders of Rainier National Park, the Rockies, and the great Pacific Northwest. You visit San Francisco with its famed Chinatown, its Golden Gate Park, the Golden Gate itself—and then your train heads for HOLLYWOOD. Here representatives of Fawcett Publications will show you the sights you've been longing for—sights that come from trips within the studios of the film capital! These representatives will take you to cocktail parties presided over by your favorite stars, they will take you to sets where pictures are being made, they will take you to the favorite night spots where the movie stars relax, and in all of these places you will have an opportunity to meet and chat with screen celebrities. But that isn't all! Special previews will be seen at Paramount Studios, luncheons in the Paramount commissary have been arranged, you will be guests at the Sid Grauman Chinese theatre and likewise you are invited to inspect the Chicago Cites was arranged for. One leaves Chicago July 11th arriving in Hollywood July 15th, the other leaves Chicago August 8th and reaches Hollywood August 15th.

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The Max Factor Make-up Studio. Arriving in Hollywood on Sunday morning on your special train, you will register in at the Clark Hotel, one of Los Angeles' most modern hostelries. This hotel is to be your headquarters during your stay and is located in the heart of the shopping and theatrical district. On Sunday afternoon you will be given a tour through the swanky residential sections where the homes of the stars are located. Late this same afternoon Basil Rathbone, famed screen actor, will be host at a cocktail party at his home. Scores of famous movie folk will also attend. Sunday night the theatre party at the Grauman Chinese.

On Monday comes a tour of the Paramount studios with a big luncheon at the Paramount commissary. In the afternoon you are to be guests of James Gleason and his wife at their beautiful home where a cocktail party will be given in your honor. At night, back to Paramount studios for a special preview of a Class "A" film. Tuesday morning you will be taken to the Max Factor Make-up Studios for a tour of this famous plant and upon leaving will be given souvenirs of the occasion. Tuesday night comes the grand finale—a dinner dance at the Wilshire Bowl, long one of movieland's favorite nightclubs. Warren Hull, noted screen actor, will act as master of ceremonies and has already seen to it that you will have an opportunity to meet many famous stars.

The second Movieland Tour will be the same from an entertainment standpoint except for the cocktail parties.

James Gleason and his charming wife, Lucille, invite you to attend a cocktail party to be given in your honor at their beautiful home.

The sides of Kotex are cushioned in a special, soft, downy cotton to prevent chafing and irritation. Thus Wondersoft Kotex provides lasting comfort and freedom. But sides only are cushioned — the center surface is free to absorb.

By actual test Kotex absorbs many times its own weight in moisture! A special "Equalizer" center guides moisture evenly the whole length of the pad. Gives "body" but not bulk — prevents twisting and roping.

The rounded ends of Kotex are flattened and tapered to provide absolute Invisibility. Even the sheerest dress, the closest-fitting gown, reveals no tell-tale lines or wrinkles.

WONDERSOFT KOTEX SANITARY NAPKINS
made from Cellucotton (not cotton)

WHEN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS, PLEASE MENTION JULY HOLLYWOOD
In spite of her daily bath she's an UNDERARM VICTIM!

Every day she makes the same mistake. She expects the bath she takes at 8 o'clock in the morning to protect her from underarm perspiration odor at 3 o'clock in the afternoon.

"It can't be done. All a bath can do is to wash away the traces of past perspiration. It cannot prevent perspiration odor from cropping out later in the day. A bath works backwards; never forwards.

You cannot count on your daily bath to keep your underarms fresh, free from odor longer than an hour or two. It takes more than soap and water to do that; it takes special care.

You can give your underarms this special care in just half a minute. With Mum!

Mum takes care of you all day. Smooth a quick fingertipful of Mum under each arm and you're safe for that day, no matter how long and strenuous it is.

No trouble to use Mum. You waste no time in using Mum. And when it's on, you're through. No fuss of waiting and rinsing off.

Harmless to clothing. Mum has been awarded the Textile Approval Seal of the American Institute of Laundering as being harmless to fabrics. So don't worry - if you forget to use it before you dress, just use it afterwards.

Soothing to sensitive skin. Mum is so cooling and soothing you can use it right after shaving the underarms. How women appreciate this!

Does not prevent natural perspiration. Mum does just what you want it to do - prevents the ugly odor of perspiration and not the perspiration itself.

Don't be an underarm victim! Depend upon the daily Mum habit as the quick, easy, sure way to avoid repellent underarm odor. Bristol-Myers Co., 630 Fifth Ave., New York City.

USE MUM ON SANITARY NAPKINS, TOO. Mum daily gives to countless women comforting assurance that they cannot offend.

one of which will be held at the ranch home of Edward Everett Horton and the other at the home of Fay Wray. This thrilling Movieland Tours trip is not a bit more expensive than the cost of a similar vacation alone — and think of the additional fun you will have! Do it NOW — send in your $5 for a reservation to the address indicated in the coupon below! Hollywood, Here We Come!
and have garnered some choice specimens of untruthful film art.

In private circulation amongst the movie elite are three particularly "candid" 16 mm. amateur flickers. One, in color, stars Marlene Dietrich as a most unexotic, comical "hill-billy" character. Another makes hero Tyrone Power look like Boris Karloff at his worst. The third, filmed by Henry Fonda, takes advantage of Jimmy Stewart's height, with weird results. All of these effects are achieved by camera exaggeration, rather than make-up.

...The Test Supreme!

MYRNA LOY and Elissa Landi, both red-headed glamour gals, were strolling down a studio street together. A friend of Myrna's hailed her, and was presented to star-authoress Elissa.

"I didn't know you two were friends," the visitor remarked.

"Of course we're friends," retorted Elissa. "Why, Myrna has stood the supreme test—she's had my books!"

...In The Good Old Days

BY AND large Jimmy Cagney is a good-natured guy, but you can arouse his ire in certain ways very easily. For example, the other day he sent to a store for some cheap shirts. Evidently the shirt vender couldn't take such an order from a movie star seriously. He sent Cagney expensive shirts.

Jimmy was irked. He made them exchange what they'd sent for the sort he'd wanted in the first place—shirts he could wear while "puttering around."

"I had the opposite difficulty in the old days," said Jimmy, "I'd go into a store wanting to buy a good shirt. They'd give one look at me and trot out a cheap one."

...HOLLYWOOD'S big worry at the moment is how producers intend to utilize strip dancers, fan dancers and their ilk, who are hastening to town in the wake of Gypsy Rose Lee, now at 20th Century-Fox. Naturally, naughtiness-detector Will Hays isn't going to allow the ladies to show their—wares. And to have Gypsy and her sisters in a film without stripping, is like having Lily Pons in one without singing.

"Goodness knows I wanted popularity and admiration," says Ethel T., "but until I used Marchand's, I never realized that my hair could make such an amazing difference in my appearance. Marchand's restored my drab and dingy hair to its former, natural sunny loveliness. Now everyone compliments me—my friends say I'm fascinating."

Let Marchand's Golden Hair Wash bring you new popularity and fresh, youthful beauty to your hair. If you are BLONDE, it will restore and keep that radiant, sunny loveliness everyone admires. If you are BRUNETTE, you can rinse lovely, glowing high-lights in your hair.

Marchand's will lighten any color hair to any flattering shade you desire.

"Name on Request"

Both BLONDES and BRUNETTES use Marchand's to make excess hair on arms and legs unnoticeable. Because it is not a depilatory, it cannot leave unpleasant stubble.

Marchand's Golden Hair Wash is quick, simple and easy to use. Colorless, Stainless Odorless. Effective, Always perfect results.

FREE "Help yourself to Beauty", an amazing brochure by ROBERT of Fifth Avenue. Tells you correct make-up secrets of fashion—new and proper coiffures—what type you are. Complete with self-analysis beauty charts. FREE—merely send in coupon below with 3¢ stamp for postage.

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WHAT THEY WHISPER TO EACH OTHER THEY MEAN FOREVER!

Thrillingly these real-life sweethearts achieve their true greatness in the most important story either one has ever had... their fire and power given full scope for the first time!

ROBERT BARBARA TAYLOR-STANWYCK

in the picture the world is talking about!

THIS IS MY AFFAIR

with

VICTOR MCLAGLEN

in his most powerful role

and

BRIAN DONLEVY • JOHN CARRADINE
DOUGLAS FOWLEY • ALAN DINEHART
SIG RUMANN • ROBERT McWADE
SIDNEY BLACKMER • FRANK CONROY

Darryl F. Zanuck In Charge of Production
Directed by William A. Seiter
Associate Producer Kenneth Macgowan
Gay songs... love songs... songs of emotion
by Mack Gordon and Harry Revel

20th Century-Fox, maker of hits, presents another of its entertainment achievements... in the mood of great romance... with the thrill of mighty drama!
IF TYRONE POWER only were triplets, it would be all right.
Because then there'd be one for Sonja Henie, who loves him and wants him and is determined to have him. And there'd be another one for Loretta Young, who's told the world she wants Tyrone very, very badly. And there'd still be one left over for Alice Faye, who wants one, too!
But he isn't, of course.
And so there's hell to pay in Hollywood. And no foolin'!
All because when three of the screen's loveliest and smartest and wiliest stars all suddenly fall in love with one and the same man, and start thinking in terms of wedding bells, it's dynamite!
The storm centers on the 20th Century-Fox lot, where all four are contractees. And, all Hollywood watches with bated breath—save for an occasional giggle. Hollywood loves these spectacles! But for the principals, it's NOT funny; it's deadly serious. Sonja and Loretta, neither of whom is a slouch at the mad game of man-hunting, are at each other with all the tactics used by ladies-in-love-and-war. Alice Faye, no less clever in the game of get-your-man, stays on the sidelines, playing the smart game of sympathizing and laughing with Tyrone.
For Loretta and Sonja, particularly, the battle is gruelling. You see, neither of them has left herself an out.
[Continued on page 56]
MAN OF THE HOUR

From novice to leading man in three minutes is the speed record of Pilot John Trent who promises to fly as high in motion pictures as he did in aviation

By CY ALLEN

The feminine population of Hollywood and elsewhere, eagerly and palpitatingly await the future fate of young John Trent . . . Movietown's man of the hour, because he is the first and only person ever discovered for films by women!

Heretofore, the discovery business has been confined exclusively to the genus male, it being felt that they, and only they, possessed that lofty perception, that inspired intuition, that keen analytical sense which enables one to gaze at raw material and say:

"That one will be a star; this one is ham."

Naturally every female in on the know is watching young Trent with hawklike eyes. Every woman with any gumption at all is whispering softly:

"Young man . . . our reputation depends on you; our pride rests upon your broad shoulders. If you throw us down, well, you're just a . . . nothing but a man!"

And is Trent making good?

So far he has justified the faith of womenkind, who, responsible for his discovery as "star" material in the first place, have watched him soar to a leading role in less time than is required for the ordinary actor to make up.

Furthermore, his first picture as a leading man, A Doctor's Diary, has thrown critics into raves, women into mild ecstasy, and men into a state of "armed neutrality," so to speak, they being rather hesitant to add another imaginary rival to their already top-heavy list, what with the Tones, the Gables, the McCrea, et cetera.

However, all that is somewhat beside the point. The purpose of this brief story is to find out, if possible.

[Continued on page 72]
Myrna told me long afterwards, "When Henry Wachsman saw me, he picked out a couple of other girls and myself and made photographic sittings of us. Rudolph Valentino went into his studio and saw my picture. He became interested in me and he and his wife (Natascha Rambova) took me up. They were really marvelous to me. I think if he'd lived, I'd have arrived a lot sooner."

"They had a test made of me—Natascha even bought me a dress to wear. When I went to see the test, there was something the matter with the projection machine and the test was horrible. I was skipping about so fast on the screen I could hardly follow myself. I rushed out of the projection room, ran home and cried for hours. I was really ashamed of myself. It was so awful I couldn't bear to face Natascha."

"I used to sit for days in the casting office at M-G-M, waiting for someone to notice me. Finally the casting director called me one day and told me they wanted me to make a test. I thought, 'Here it comes.' But a minute later my hopes were dashed to the ground. He added, 'You don't need to put on any make-up. We only want to make a color test of a dress Kathleen Keyes is wearing in Ben Hur,' I thought, 'Well, I'm going to put on make-up, anyhow, and maybe someone will notice my face.'"

"So I went upstairs to the dressing rooms, put on some make-up, came down and made the test. I felt better after I saw that one. Ben Hur"

[Continued on page 67]

In M-G-M's Parnell you'll see Colleen Myrna Loy looking like this in her role of Katie O'Shea

THE GIRL
HOLLYWOOD COULDN'T BEAT

By S. R. MOOK

HOLLYWOOD is sometimes called "Heartbreak Town" and it came pretty near being just that for Myrna Loy. But Myrna has that iron will power. She knows what she wants and she has pretty fixed ideas of how to combat any situation. But all that is no good when you don't get the breaks.

I can recall years ago that when Myrna was playing bits in silent pictures, another chap and I used to sit in his apartment in New York and lament that some studio didn't get behind her. We knew she had something. But no one else seemed to realize it. What even we didn't realize was the struggle Myrna was having to get even those few bits in which we saw her.

"I was dancing in prologues at Grauman's Egyptian Theatre."

JULY, 1937
FIGHTING IRISHMAN!

By ARTHUR JANISCH

There was only one thing that Spencer Tracy was afraid of and that was—a horse.

Not just one horse but any and all horses! This despite the fact that Spence is one of Hollywood's most expert polo players and breeds fine race horses on his Encino ranch.

There was a time when the fear of horses was the only fear he knew in the world. He knew very well that if a horse tried to nuzzle him it wasn't through affection, but the start of an insidious plot to maim him.

And as far as trying to ride one of the critters—horses don't have brakes, or gear shifts or steering wheels and he would as soon have tried to stop a buzz saw with his bare hands as try to ride one.

Things came to such a pretty pass that he decided something had to be done about it soon—and what he did typifies the man's character as much as anything possibly could.

He forced himself to overcome his fear of horses and learned to ride. How well he did the job is well known.

Spence revealed this hitherto untold fact about himself during a chat while on location for M-G-M's They Gave Him a Gun, in which he is featured with Gladys George and Franchot Tone. The location was Sunland, a small town in the mountains near Hollywood, and the sequence involved a circus which, complete even to a fully-stocked menagerie of wild animals, had been assembled by the studio.

Tracy bemoaned the fact that he hadn't been able to play polo for six months.

"The studio, you know," he said, "won't let me play polo while I am making a picture. I spent five solid months filming Captains Courageous and the very next day after finishing that picture I started on this one. And that's a long time for a fellow that loves polo and horses as much as I do!"

Spencer Tracy conquered his fear of horses because he couldn't admit to anybody, not even his secret self that he was afraid of anything. A fighting Irishman knows no fear and Spence is just that, as his father was before him.

In his youth he rebelled and fought against the commonplace order of things just as he did in later years. He hated school and frequently played hockey to find more interesting diversions in the company of "Rattie" and "Mousie," sons of a South Side saloon keeper in his home town of Milwaukee.

The greatest fight Spencer Tracy ever had—and there have been many—was when he fought against himself and won the decision!

When he was 16 he wanted to quit school and become a business man like his father, John Tracy, who was general sales manager of the Sterling Motor Truck Company. The World War came along when he was in his third year in high school and he tried to enlist in the Marines because they are first to fight, but two of his outstanding qualities came into conflict and he lost out. His dogged determination to get what [Continued on page 59]
By
LEW
GARVEY

FIGURATIVELY speaking, Mae West will get down to bare essentials in her future pictures. An internationally famous sculptress recently used Mae as the model for a marble statue and disclosed that her measurements are almost identical to those of the Venus de Milo. She advised Mae to discard the paddings used to accentuate her curves on the screen and permit the classic lines of a modern Venus to speak for themselves. Mae agreed, and now it seems assured that Venus will remove her corsets. There is no point in exaggerating or camouflaging a perfect figure. So it will be off with the old Mae, on with the new.

There was a hint of such intentions in Mae's last picture, Go West, Young Man. Playing in a modern comedy, Mae was afforded opportunity to discard paddings and excess apparel. The result proved generally satisfactory to audiences. It emphasized that Mae is equally seductive in 1937 creations or the picturesque vogue of the nineties. Clothes may make the man but in Mae's case an alluring figure makes the clothes.

Mae has another reason for deciding to exploit her natural physique in future screen appearances. Medical men have been voicing protests against the tendency of many stage and screen actresses to practice various trick diets to insure a slim figure. Most of these diets are too exacting and with the desired loss of weight comes loss of health, often permanently. The files of Hollywood physicians are cluttered with case histories of lovely girls who have sacrificed health on the altar of screen opportunity. Unnecessarily so, declares Mae. And the medical profession agrees. If you disagree consider the fact that Mae has banked a fortune by popularizing natural feminine sex appeal on the screen. Income tax figures for 1935 show that Mae received approximately $500,000 in that year alone. Her 1936 income is reputed to be almost as impressive. Such vast earnings, such an overwhelming evidence of public approval, prove that moviegoers

[Continued on page 71]
Revised Proverb
—To the Victor (Mceglen) belongs Shirley Temple. Co-starring in 20th Century-Fox's celluloid version of Kipling's classic, "Wee Willie Winkie," Victor and Shirley became not only great pals on the screen, but greater "in person." And that's the long and short of it as this candid camera shot proves.
“WEE WILLIE WINKIE”

Movie fans are due for a cinematic treat when the 20th Century-Fox production, Wee Willie Winkie is released. America’s little sweetheart, Shirley Temple, and Victor McLaglen, the screen’s “magnificent brute,” head a cast that includes June Long, C. Aubrey Smith, Michael Whalen, Cesar Romero, Douglas Scott, Constance Collier and Lionel Pape. The scene depicted here—one of a score that highlights this lavish production—tells the thrilling story of the vicious Pathan attack on the British outpost as it writes in blood the grim announcement that war on the border is imminent.

—Photographed for HOLLYWOOD Magazine

By Anthony Ugrin
FASHIONS for MEN

Hugh Daniels, studio stylist, who knows when Hollywood stars are properly garbed for all occasions says that—

1. He (Clark Gable) is the epitome of smartness in sports jackets and slack combinations, and has the reputation of wearing this type garb with more distinction than any star of the screen.

2. He (Ralph Bellamy) always chooses the proper handkerchief for his sport shirts, harmonizing pattern and color effectively.

3. He (Fred Astaire), considered one of America's best dressed men, not only wears the proper tie for all occasions but is one of the few men who knows how to tie them properly.

4. He (Bert Wheeler) selects always the hat which will be most suitable for his outfit and takes care that it also is correctly proportioned for his small stature.

5. He (Preston Foster) always looks exceptionally well in tails. Unlike most men he always wears gloves to top his formal evening wear.

SUMMER HIGHLIGHTS

1. Light tan laces in dark brown shoes.
2. Bold patterned neckwear handblocked on white foulard.
3. Cocoanut hats with puga-ree band, handwoven in Nassau, smart with rough tweed sport jackets.

[Continued on page 51]
Bachelor Bill Powell's idea of heaven on earth is to lie in bed all day and read

Bachelor Clark Gable's idea of a party is to talk and play cards with two or three couples in the home of a friend

THE GAY LIFE OF HOLLYWOOD BACHELORS

BY LEON SURMELIAN

HOLLYWOOD bachelors—how do they live? We mean guys like Clark Gable, Bob Taylor, Bill Powell, Jimmy Stewart, Tyrone Power, Michael Whalen, Eric Linden, Tom Brown. What are the real private lives of these foot-loose and fancy free gentlemen of the romantic brigade, without benefit of ballyhoo?

Gable—still legally married, to be sure, but currently the No. 1 bachelor—lives in a hotel. He is a wanderer and outdoor man by nature, and home and property don't mean very much to him. "I like to live under my hat," he told us. "My Hollywood mansion is my station wagon." Hunting and fishing equipment mean more to Clark than all the swimming pools and electric gadgets of Beverly Hills.

His suite in the hotel consists of two rooms, a living room and a bedroom. There is nothing swanky about them. He has a wardrobe man who goes to the hotel twice a week to see that his clothes are pressed, his shoes shined. He has no

[Continued on page 52]
HE'S RUSSIAN—
BUT NOT RED

Mischa Auer reveals the real reason for his hatred of Soviet Russia's doctrines

By DOROTHY SPENSLEY

AROUND the Mischa Auer home the words "Communism," "Sovietism," "Bolshevism" are tabooed. If guests even so much as mention the cursed syllables, the host—six feet two inches, slim, sardonic-faced, brooding-eyed, funny as any man in films—is not responsible for what happens.

Mischa, which means "little Michael," is definitely anti-Red. The name, the creed, the principles of Red Russia are anathema to him. He knows what he is talking about. A White Russian, he lived a childhood in the bloody, murderous Revolution that reddened an era and toppled a throne.

One of the biggest laughs to Auer, who doesn't carry his political convictions on his sleeve, is the rise of Soviet sympathy that is sweeping the film colony. As is typical of people who have more than ordinary sized bankrolls and more than ordinary leisure in which to spend them—in hobbies, sports, furs or gems—it is smart this season to wave the hammer-and-sickle flag of New Russia, and talk about the second Five-Year Plan.

Last year it was skeet shooting and parties at the Venice (California) Fun House. This year it is Stalin and his mighty experiment. So enthusiastic have some of the Soviet sympathizers become that meetings are held in private homes, and long slim limousines open to disgorge mink-coated stars, intent upon learning more of the Russian "share the wealth" program.

Among the starry horde anxious to learn about the "new freedom" you will not find St. Petersburg-born Mischa Auer. He is a man with no mink coat, to begin with; but the big—

[Continued on page 65]
'RAY for RAYE!

"Hollywood's the bunk," says Martha Raye. "It's got me all bewildered. Everybody's pretending. Me, I don't put on an act. I don't know how. You can take me or leave me."

She paused.

"What do you say, Mr. Zukor?" she asked.

The answer was yes. Martha sang one of her hottest numbers—and she brought down the house.

T HIS little story illustrates three sides of Martha Raye. The first is her charity. The second is her modesty about her place in Hollywood and her talents, in face of the fact that she's being starred with Bob Burns after only a year in motion pictures. The third is her ability to get her own way. Martha's will is certainly something. Her ambition goes her no end, as you'll see later.

Meanwhile, these are only three sides of an amazing personality which hasn't yet been let loose on an unsuspecting public. The dame is unpredictable.

She frightened the know-it-all lads a few days ago by stepping out and buying a classy car and hiring a chauffeur. She invested in a pretty collection of fancy furs. The wise ones cracked:

[Continued on page 50]
Marjorie Weaver, 20th Century-Fox starlet, stages her idea of a one-girl sit-down strike for our Hollywood magazine readers (Catalina swim suit)

STRIKING SIT-DOWNERS

M.G.M's talented young singing star powders her nose before going into the surf. (Her swim suit is designed by B. Y.D.)
(Left)—A pretty stand-upper who is about to be a striking sit-downer—Betty Grable, RKO beauty (Her swim suit is an Allen-A model.) (Below)—Betty Furness, M-G-M's beautiful entry in our "gal"-axy of striking sit-downers (Her B.V.D. suit is of red and white.)

Jinx Falkenberg, featured in Walter Wanger Vogues of 1938, in her basket weave Gantner & Mattern swim suit.
OLD MAN
of the
MOUNTAINS

From the Pasadena Playhouse to a seven-year motion picture contract is the amazing record of this likeable young man of the movies!

By E. J. SMITHSON

WAYNE MORRIS, the six-foot, broad-shouldered, blue-eyed blonde youngster who has been making Old Man Opportunity say "papa" these days out at Warner Bros. studios, can trace his ancestry back to King Olaf of 10th Century fame. Not that this makes even a slight whoop of difference to Wayne because he is one of the most unaffected, yet self-reliant guys you'll ever have the pleasure of looking at or listening to.

But here's a tip. After you've squeezed this ancestral bit of information out of him, don't stick out your chin with another question along the same line because if you do this good-hearted big guy is very apt to hint in his most gentlemanly manner, that he wouldn't mind popping you one if you suggest that maybe he's leaning on royal blood lines for support along the road to screen success.

What is vitally important in this tracing business, since somebody's brought up the subject, is that this likeable young giant can trace his course into the Warner Bros. lot from the Sierra Madre mountains just back of Mt. Wilson. Believe it or not, it's the truth, so help us! This tracing doesn't touch any blood lines other than his own, but it does follow a more than nine months period during which he patrolled his district in the Sierra Madres as a forest ranger. And from somewhere atop this range, or as he jumped from crag to crag and precipice to precipice, he must have gotten a glimpse of the famed Pasadena Community Playhouse School of the Theatre; for almost at the very moment his tired feet went on a sit-down strike, Wayne decided to become an actor.

"I was tired of being alone," says young actor Morris. "I was tired of talking to myself and yodelling like a Swiss. I was tired of playing "The Old Man of the Mountains" with no audience but the birds of the air and the beasts of the field."

[Continued on page 48]

(Above) Wayne Morris smiles about his good luck. (Left) As he appears in Kid Galahad.
Mary Carlisle presents this smart navy blue and white toga. The "topper" has a flotilla crown and a bunch of small white gardenias over one eyebrow.

Miss Carlisle looks equally smart in another white toga trimmed in bright blue and held to the head by a strap (shown to better advantage in the next photo).

Jean Parker wears this attractive ensemble in white shantung with pleated culottes and short Bosque jacket bound in green wool. The jacket, when removed, reveals a backless halter top that carries out the same wool trim.

Olivier de Havilland presents this new version of the broad sailor hat with kettle brim. Of white felt, the hat shows smart black grosgrain ribbon banding the crown.

Beverly Roberts' breton sailor has a slightly squared crown and is of natural Tuscan straw while the sharp, rolling brim is of black felt. Black taffeta ribbon bands the back of the hairline.

THEY'RE THE "TOPS"!

Olivia de Havilland presents this new version of the broad sailor hat with kettle brim. Of white felt, the hat shows smart black grosgrain ribbon banding the crown.
ANITA LOUISE chooses an organdy garden frippie fashioned on semi-tailored lines for her new Warner Brothers' picture, That Certain Woman. The body of the dress and huge puffed sleeves are of navy blue organdy over a white taffeta slip. The tailored collar, front panel, and wide band at the hemline are of white organdy. Her large garden hat is of white felt, with the lace brim in navy blue.

GLORIA STUART, Twentieth Century-Fox star looks charming in this elegant hostess robe of rich coral chiflon velvet over a slip of cream silk lace. Crystal sequins edge the skirt and form the bands on the interesting bodice. Her ehe, who created her costume, has marked the high waistline with a small ruby and diamond clip.

BETTE DAVIS, popular Warner star, wears Orry Kelly's bright afternoon dress of peasant influence in her newest filmplay, Kid Galahad. Navy blue lustrous crepe is splashed with rose colored tulips, white daisies and royal blue pansies. A row of navy blue buttons marks the front closing while the full skirt is gathered into the waistline under a broad navy blue suede belt. Her pillbox hat is of navy blue. The veil is cerise and is tied in a dainty bow at the back.
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Miss Mary Augusta Biddle

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Miss Biddle has used Pond's ever since she started using cream! "And I found girls using it in England, France, Belgium, Holland—wherever I visited last summer."

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A Star is Born

HOLLYWOOD, as well as film fans all over the world, should give a great big vote of thanks to David O. Selznick for making A Star Is Born because here is perhaps the most colorful (no pun intended) and delightfully enjoyable picture with a movie background ever made. The plot amounts to little, but the picture gives a distant audience a better appraisal of the real Hollywood than anything we've ever seen. And the picture sparkles with fine performances and dialog that is brilliant because it is so natural.

A Star Is Born might also, quite fittingly, be called A Star Is Re-born, because it presents a new, winsome, lovable Janet Gaynor in a performance that surpasses the Seventh Heaven pantomime which won her her greatest previous acclaim. And, from where we were sitting it looked as if Fredric March was more natural than in any picture since the rollicking Royal Family of Broodway.

Possibly you may have gathered the impression we liked A Star Is Born. That is hardly enough; we thought it was one whale of a picture and one that should make every person connected with this important industry proud that such entertainment can be made. The color is so perfect that you are hardly conscious of it; the actors so natural in action and coloring that you hardly realize they are, after all, but projections from tiny celluloid strips. Miss Gaynor certainly could have sold any producer the idea of making her a screen star in the screen test scene and the character Fredric March plays is that which more than one star has played in real life. Adolphe Menjou adds another splendid portrayal to his already long list and Andy Devine is splendid. Not even the ridiculous events
at the star's funeral are an exaggeration. Lionel Stander jars you just a bit with his ruthlessness at times, but all in all it's simply swell and we would be slackers not to say so. The photography is not the least of this smart picture's many attainments and if you were one who thought that Miss Gaynor was about "washed up" you've got another guess coming. A Star Is Born should make her one of the most popular stars of the year. Certainly she proves one of the most charming and competent. William Wellman becomes Woody Van Dyke's closest rival as a natural, spirited director with this film. He is entitled to far more credit than he has ever been given.

**NIGHT MUST FALL**—(M-G-M)—

Divorcing himself completely from his usual amiable and sophisticated roles,

Robert Montgomery, as Danny, the maniacal murderer in Night Must Fall, gives a performance which, despite its macabre and sinister tone, will rank as one of the most outstanding of the year. Dominating throughout its entire length, Montgomery's intensely vivid and realistic portrayal of the insane Danny will spellbound from the time he appears on the screen until he makes his final exit. Night Must Fall is a horror picture, a nerve-tingling thriller the like of which has seldom been seen on celluloid—but whether you like film shockers or not, you should see the extraordinary Mr. Montgomery. Take our unbiased word for it, he gives you a genuine film treat.

Rosalind Russell, always to be counted upon for good work in any picture in

---

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Indoors or out—on dance floor, tennis court, or beach—bring the sparkle of youth to your skin with Miner’s Liquid Make-Up. Apply it to face, neck, arms, legs—your skin feels silky, looks fresh, tempting, radiant. You’re lovin’ play hours under scorching sun or dance till dawn—Miner’s stays on, won’t rub off or streak. At drug and dept. stores, 30c. Trial sizes 25c and 10c at any 10c counter, or send 10c for a general trial bottle, mentioning shade, to Miner’s, 82 East 20th St., N. Y. C.

MINER’S INC. Master of Make-up Since 1904.

REVIEWs of the MONTH

Charles Winninger, Beulah Bondi discussing script of Make Way For Tomorrow with Vina Delmar, author. In back, is Leo McCarey producer and director which she appears, wins praise of the highest sort for her excellent characterization of Olivia. Dame May Whitty, from the original stage play cast, plays the part of the testy semi-invalid in a manner deserving of plaudits.

To Richard Thorpe for his masterly direction goes a truck load of those orches made famous by Walter Winchell. Night Must Fall certainly lifts Director Thorpe up among the directorial top-notchers.

But we’re still thinking about Montgomer. Take a tip from us and see him in this picture.


SHALL WE DANCE?—[RKO]
Lacking the sparkle and spontaneity characteristic of past Astaire-Rogers films—due to the sameness in the Astaire dance routines and to tunes that are nothing to whistle about—Shall We Dance? is, never-the-less, a picture worth seeing. On several counts. As a class production it is invested with glitter and lavishness. Eric Blore, as the hotel keeper, and Edward Everett Horton as the impresario take full advantage of the comedy roles and when these two very capable actors take full advantage of comedy lines and situations they really go to town. Harriet Hoctor’s ballet dance is the outstanding dance offering—one of the best that has been screened in many a day, and the talented young lady deserves more than special mention. Ginger Rogers, a little thinner than you’ve seen her in former pictures, is still an eyeful and contributes more than her share in saving the picture from mediocrity.

THE GO-GETTER—[Warner Bros.]
You’ll enjoy this screen treat. The story, featuring Cappy Ricks, Peter B. Kyne’s beloved fiction character, tells how George Brent wins a job and likewise Anita Louise, the boss’ daughter. George undergoes some pretty exhaustive tests at the hands of crusty Cappy Ricks, a role, by the way, admirably suited to the very capable Charles Winninger. Brent takes over his duties as the personable job-seeker in grand style. Herbert Rawlinson, old-time favorite, stands out in a supporting role.

WOMAN CHASES MAN—[Goldwyn]
And you’ll chase yourself if you don’t see it! Miriam Hopkins and Joel McCrea prove a swell comedy team and turn in performances that rank as tops. Fresh gags, hilariously done and speeded up to a sprightly tempo, gives Woman Chases Man just the right dash and sparkle. The plot, slightly insane at times, concerns itself with the attempts of McCrea’s father, Charles Winninger, to wheedle enough money from his conservative son to start a real estate project. The father finds an ally in Miriam Hopkins who believes she can promote her own career and win a
millionaire husband by marrying the wary and conservative son. And in the end she does, but in a manner that will surprise you. Eric Rhodes, Ella Logan, Leona Maricle, Broderick Crawford do grand work as the supporting cast. Deserving of special mention is John Blystone for his excellent direction.

THE GOOD OLD SOAK—(M-G-M)

With Wallace Beery in the leading role, the Don Marquis masterpiece of mellow hokum gets a noteworthy presentation and will prove prime entertainment for movie fans. In the scenes with his erring son and in the showdown with the sly, crime-abetting banker, Beery is exceptionally fine. Una Merkel, Ted Healy, Eric Linden, Judith Barrett, Betty Furness, Robert McWade, Janet Beecher, Margaret Hamilton, and

George Brent and Anita Louise in a tender scene in the Warner Bros. production, The Go-Getter

James Bush all contribute earnest efforts to make The Good Old Soak a worthwhile screen entertainment.

MAKE WAY FOR TOMORROW—(Paramount)—Directed and produced by Leo McCarey and featuring Victor Moore and Beulah Bondi, Make Way For Tomorrow proves to be an exceptionally fine story of the sorrow and heartache which invariably follows old people forced to live "with the children." Set against the main theme is a tender love story of the aged parents for each other which is revealed with touching beauty. Movie audiences will find Make Way For Tomorrow closely fashioned from the comedies and tragedies of everyday existence and will enjoy it for that very reason. Victor

[Continued on page 47]

..."Excuse me for getting personal—but haven't you gone pretty far with this nose idea? Enough is enough, I always say...It's none of my business, of course—but what's a nose like that for?"

..."You don't tell me!...You fill it full of water on a hot day—yes, yes, go on...Then you throw it up over your head and give yourself a shower? Boy!...Well, I must say you've got something there!"

..."Don't try to sell me one though! Nope—I've got my own system. A soft cooling sprinkle of downy Johnson's Baby Powder...no prickly heat or rashes or chafing after that kind of shower!"

..."Take one feel of Johnson's Baby Powder—you'll see why it keeps my skin so healthy and smooth!" Healthy skin, Mothers, is the best protection against skin infections. Johnson's Baby Powder is made of finest Italian talc—no gritty particles and no oil root...Remember Johnson's Baby Soap and Baby Cream, too. And for tiny babies, try the new Johnson's Baby Oil—stainless, not sticky, and cannot turn rancid.

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK NEW JERSEY
1. Happy and fortunate is the married woman who finds the right answer to this grave problem... Happy when she lives without fear... Prevents that agonizing worry which upsets so many marriages... Fortunate in being free from dangerous germs!

2. Fear and ignorance are unnecessary. Medical research now brings you dainty, sweet white suppositories for Feminine Hygiene. Smart women appreciate the convenience and safety of Zonitors. For Zonitors embody famous ZONITE ANTISEPTIC PRINCIPLE. They kill dangerous germs, yet are free from "burn danger" to delicate tissues.

3. Zonitors are easy to use... greaseless, sweet white suppositories, each in a sanitary glass vial... no clumsy apparatus... completely deodorizing. Easy to remove with plain water. Instructions in package. All U.S. and Canadian druggists.

FREE—Booklet containing latest medical information. Write to Zonite Products Corp., 131 New Brunswick, N. J.

**Zonitors**

**MADE BY ZONITE**

**Blondes With Darkened Hair!**

Give Your Hair That Lighter Natural "Spun-Gold" Look With This New Shampoo and Rinse—3 Shades Lighter in 15 Minutes Without Harsh Bleaches or Dyes.

"I didn't want my hair to be so dark and I wanted to bring out the natural luster, golden sheen, the silvery highlights that only make hair so attractive. Now Blondex, the Shampoo and Special Golden Rinse that washes it 3 to 4 times drier than others, and brings out the natural luster, golden sheen, the silvery highlights that only make hair so attractive. Now Blondex costs but a few pennies to use and absolutely safe. Contains no harsh bleaches or dyes. Used regularly, it keeps your scalp and hair healthy and lovely, glowing with lustrous highlights. Get Blondex today. New combination package, shampoo with FREE RINSE, for sale at all stores. New size at all drug counters.

**NEW BLONDEX THE BLONDE HAIR SHAMPOO & RINSE**

**Dixie Dunbar submits to the "pocketbook test" and comes off with flying colors! You'll see her soon in Sing and Be Happy, 20th Century-Fox production. She dances of course**

**By ANN VERNON**

As an index to a girl's personality and habits, there is nothing more revealing than the contents of her pocketbook.

When I asked Dixie Dunbar, dancing daughter of 20th Century-Fox, to submit to a "pocketbook test," she good-naturedly dumped out the contents of her bag for inspection. And, it didn't require a Sherlock Holmes to draw a character sketch of the petite Dixie from the following objects which came to light:

- Tiny flacon of perfume... youthful and dainty
- Studio pass... on actress
- Automobile key... owns a car
- Driver's license... drives it herself
- Fountain pen... signs her own checks
- A spare tube... a bit providential
- Pad of lipstick tissues... fastidious
- A tail comb... curly hair, well groomed
- Matched cosmetics... discriminating
- Hairbrush, with hairnet
- Pocketbook

How could I tell the color of Dixie's eyes? P-s-s-t! By the simple fact that her matched cosmetics—powder, rouge, lipstick and mascara—are scientifically keyed to the color of the eyes, and the set which Dixie carries is created solely for hazel-eyed gals!

**CONFESSION** is good for the soul. A self-imposed pocketbook test might be just as advantageous to your appearance. A bag stuffed with everything from last year's love letters to a shoe horn offers a marvelous proving ground for a self-betterment campaign. Because the more careless you have become, the more thrilled you are going to
get out of a neatly arranged, perfectly equipped bag which you will be proud to open in public.

First of all, there is the important matter of cosmetics. Chances are, you will discover a rag-tail assortment of brands that have been accumulated simply by accident and that have no relation in quality or color. Opportunity No. 1 for improvement, because it's not only wise but chic to have your cosmetics all of one brand in matching shades and matching containers.

No, it's not a lipstick! It's a deodorant in lipstick case carried in her bag for emergencies.

Another useful handbag tenant—a tiny tube of magic that stops runs as soon as they start.

After a day of shopping, Miss Modern is being revived by sniffing a vial of French Smelling Salts.

If you are interested in the brand selected by Dixie Dunbar, I'll be glad to send you the name of the manufacturer. The containers are of chromium in smart decor, and the matched make-up can be had in sets keyed to eyes of hazel, blue, brown or grey. The price is 55c for each item—and you may select just the ones you need with full assurance that the shades blend with each other and with your personality coloring. In addition to the powder, rouge, lipstick and mascara which Dixie uses, there is also an eyeshadow for the older gals. Romance insurance can be carried in a small flacon offered by a famous house.

SEE THE BEECH-NUT CIRCUS
Biggest Little Show on Earth!
A mechanical marvel, 5 rings of performers, clowns, animals, music 'n' everything!
Now touring the country. Don't miss it.
When Emotions are stirred...

At thrilling, intimate moments . . . when emotions are stirred— that's when perspiration glands are most active—body odor becomes noticeable.

Be sure to use DEW—the deodorant that remains effective under all circumstances . . . doesn't let you down at those exciting times when complete cleanliness means romance.

DEW stops perspiration instantly, thoroughly . . . DEW gives you lasting protection against under-arm moisture; guards gowns from infectious, unsightly stains.

Safe and gentle. Non-irritating to delicate skin. Costs no more than usual deodorants. 25c, 50c, $1.00 at drug and dept. stores.

**DEW DEODORANT**
**Non Perspirant**

**MAIDEN FORM BRASSIERES**

_in white for summer comfort_

Because there is nothing quite so fresh and cool under summer costumes as a white brassiere, Maiden Form makes many of your favorite styles in white for warm weather wear. Featured for 1937 is "Intimo," the new brassiere which gives smart breadth and emphasis to the "dividing line" between the breasts. In white, $1.00 and $2.00.

**MAIDEN FORM BRASSIERES**

Look for this trademark on:

"Three-way adjustable low back. In white $1.00 and $1.50. Send for free style booklet. Maiden Form Brassiere Co., Inc., New York, N.Y.

_AT ALL LEADING STORES_

of perfumes—designed especially for tucking into a corner of your purse. There are several delightful scents from which to choose, ranging from floral to exotic fragrances, and the flacon is sheathed in a protective gold-tone case with colorful base and cap. There is no danger of spilling or breakage and the flacon offers a convenient means of enhancing your charms with a whiff of fresh perfume during the day or evening. Want the name? The price is $1.

FOOLISHLY enough we have been in the habit of associating smelling-salts with swooning ladies of the Victorian era. Now it seems the modern miss is suddenly discovering that there is much to be said for this romantic pick-me-up on warm, trying days when shopping or office work has played havoc with nerves and vitality. A tiny bottle of rose-colored French Smelling Salts, flat and compact, is currently offered for 25c and would make a delightful first-aid addition to your purse. I'll be glad to supply the name and tell you where it may be found.

If you have been using your best hankies for the damaging purpose of blotting lipstick, you'll pounce with joy upon the small pads of cleansing tissues made for toting in your purse. While the original mission of these tissues was to keep your lipstick under control, they use multiply with acquaintance and you'll find them handy for such chores as polishing your eye glasses, removing flecks of mascara and blending make-up. Several pads cost but a few cents and you may have the trade name upon request. The tissues are packaged similarly to paper matches, with protective cover, and take up only a smidgen of space.

Just the thing for freshening up when you are miles from a shower and increased activity or nervousness makes perspiration offense likely, is the deodorant in lipstick form priced at 50c. The case is octagonal in shape with white plastic base and black top, indistinguishable from a lipstick and quite as much at home in your bag. The deodorant is smooth and soft enough to spread quickly yet solid enough to hold its shape. It is harmless to skin and fabric and one application will keep you dainty for hours. This is a particularly good hot-weather item, so be sure to write me for the trade name.

If there is anything more maddening or ruinous to one's appearance than a stocking run, I can't think what it might be. But once again necessity mothers invention! Created for the purpose of nipping these runs in the bud is a preparation that doesn't show, won't wash out and can be applied in a twinkling. One drop does the trick. A tiny tube of the preparation comes in a red and black bakelite container and is one of the newest little pocketbook tenants you could wish for. I'll send you the name if you like. The price is 10c and there is enough "goo" in one tube to stop dozens of runs.

**WHAT ARE YOUR BEAUTY PROBLEMS?**

Ann Vernon, HOLLYWOOD'S beauty expert, has helped thousands of girls to a more attractive appearance. You may consult her FREE OF CHARGE on any beauty problems which are keeping you from happiness and success.

If you are troubled with blackheads, freckles, enlarged pores, superfluous hair, or need help in the selection of cosmetics, write Miss Vernon today for her valuable advice.

Please send stamped (3c U. S. stamp) self-addressed envelope for reply and address your letter to Miss Ann Vernon, HOLLYWOOD Magazine, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

Just before the end of a bee-yootiful friendship—with Joe Penner gazing peacefully into the middle distance and Milton Berle in a patriotic mood. What's left of the two boys is currently appearing in RKO-Radio's New Faces of 1937
Reviews of the Month

[Continued from page 43]

Moore and Beulah Bondi, contributors of many outstanding performances in the past, excel themselves in their work in this picture. Adding to the excellence of the film are the performances of Fay Bainter, Maurice Moscovitch, Thomas Mitchell and Barbara Read. Don’t miss it!

CAFE METROPOLE—(20th Century-Fox)—Features a bill of fare which includes a special treat for every customer.

This sparkling satire is buoyant with gay intrigue, lively romance and lusty fun.

Gregory Ratoff scores in the comedy role of a bon-fide Russian prince reduced to the position of head waiter at the exclusive Club Metropole. He is forced by Adolphe Menjou, owner of the Club, to loan his title to the once wealthy Tyrone Power (who is indebted to Menjou) in order to entice Loretta Young, wealthy American girl searching for a titled husband.

With such a beginning, the picture travels at a lively tempo, involving all sorts of complications and resulting in a hilarious, but happy ending.

Loretta Young and Tyrone Power are perfect in their particular roles. Adolphe Menjou gives an exceptionally smooth performance, Charles Winninger (as Loretta Young’s father who tries to protect her honor) and Helen Westley (as her match-making aunt) play their parts to perfection, while Gregory Ratoff does more than his share of scene stealing with his comic dialogue and clever mugging.

The elaborate setting and Continental background add much to the entertainment value of the film.

THEY GAVE HIM A GUN—(M-G-M)—And they gave Franchot Tone the best role he has had in quite some time, and Franchot, in turn, to show his appreciation, gives his legion of admirers a performance that matches in excellence the unusually fine work of Spencer Tracy and Gladys George both of whom are teamed up with Mr. Tone in this intensely dramatic indictment of war. And when anyone in the same cast with Mr. Tracy and Miss George can match either in point of downright, honest effort he or she has to be very, very good—and that’s why this department is glad to pin a couple of badges of merit on Franchot’s chest. His portrayal of the soldier gun-man who later becomes a gangster gun-man is, by far the best of his screen career. Excellent support is given the top trio of the cast by Edgar Dearing, Mary Lou Tree, Cliff Edwards and Horace MacMahon.

WINGS OVER HONOLULU—(Universal)—This picture is another entertaining film. Right from its “love at first sight” beginning, to its adroitly handled conclusion, the action speeds along at cannonball velocity. Studied throughout the story are delightfully handled bits of business and hilarious comedy sequences. The direction of H. C. Potter is superlative. Wendy Barry and Ray Milland give the best performances of their respective careers. Neither has ever appeared to such advantage as they do in this picture. Also giving good accounts of themselves are Kent Taylor, William Gargan and Polly Rowles.
In other words, Wayne was just plain tired, hungry for companionship, and eager to be an actor. Well, to make a short story, shorter, the school's two famous directors, Gilmore Brown and Thomas Browne Henry, took this ambitious young ex-forest ranger in tow, gave him "the works" backstage and upstage so that, when he was graduated at the end of two years, he had appeared in no less than forty different plays.

"But," confesses Wayne, "the curse of the Sierra Madres was upon me. In all but the very last of these plays I was assigned to portray old man character parts. The Old Man of the Mountains couldn't step out of character."

FORTUNATELY for the coming screen star, the last play happened to be Yellowjack, the New York success which had proven a stepping stone from stage to screen for Jimmy Stewart, Barton McLane, Sammy Levine, Eddie Acuff, Gordon Hart, and Owen King. Playing the part of Private Dean (a role that gave Wayne his first chance to be himself), Yellowjack proved more than a stepping-stone—it was the springboard from which he jumped from Pasadena over to the Warner lot.

After the first act of Yellowjack was over, Irving Kumin, scouting the play for Warners, sent a note backstage asking that the young chap playing Private Dean come out the next day to the studio for an interview. The result of that interview left Wayne gasping for breath. It still does, for that matter. In his hand he found a seven-year contract, signed and sealed, all without the necessity of a screen test, and what's more, an assignment to play a role in support of Pat O'Brien in Chino Clipper. (Not bad, brothers, and sisters, for a guy who, but a short time before had worn out many a pair of brogans patrolling the Sierra Madres for a living!)

Just recently this distant relative of King Olaf of 10th century fame completed a starring part in Kid Galahad with none other than Bette Davis and Edward G. Robinson teaming up with him. Wayne, being incomparably modest and shy, and too reluctant to appraise himself in the usual Hollywood fashion, says he hopes that those who see the picture will like him. Warner Bros., on the other hand, being more experienced in sizing up sure-fire screen bets, say that they KNOW he's definitely scheduled for stardom in the lofty brackets. And personally, "them's" our sentiments, too, stranger.

This boy has that indefinable something that is sure to lead him into the promised land of celluloid success.

Not only is he picking up the fine tricks of the actor's trade faster than the usual run-of-the-mine screen players of his own age, but he seems to possess a red-blooded, he-man's enjoyment of wading into things when the going gets rough and tough. We happened to be one of several "ringworms" who watched him do a prizefight sequence, in Kid Galahad with Bob Nestell. Mr. Nestell, you may remember if you're a sport page addict, has been having extraordinary success in the prize ring with a well-organized ballyhoo that may eventually land him a fight with the world's champion. Well, again to make a short story shorter, Wayne, as Kid Galahad, became slightly provoked over a neat clip-on the "button" as delivered by Mr. Nestell and decided that the time had come to get to the aid of the party. The party lasted only two minutes, maybe less, but during that time there was more leather flying, more solid punches exchanged pro and con than you'd see in a regular ten-round affair at five bucks a seat. To be fair to Mr. Nestell we'd call the round even and let it go at that. To be fair to Mr. Morris we'd say, off-hand, that the young man with a few months' training could climb over the ropes into any ring and give a swell account of himself against a lot of boxers tagged as expert in the art of fist-cuffs.

BE SIDES doing the best that he can for himself during the immediate present—which seems to be plenty—Wayne is keeping a cinematic eye on the future.

"Come what may," he says, "there'll be no benefits played for Morris Senior's boy, Wayne. If I don't or can't make good as an actor (which would be a great surprise to the Pasadena Playhouse and to Warners) I'm going to be a director. And if that ambition is never realized, I guess I'll be a salesman."

Our unbiased guess is that he's got another guess a coming.

Meanwhile, since the Kid Galahad filming, the rising star on the Warner lot amuses himself by "puttering on the piano," painting, dancing, singing in the shower, golf and, last, but by no
His aversions are cigarette bums and people who say "guess who?" on the telephone. He plays all games well, but not expertly. "I've carried them over from my high school and college days and play them just well enough to make them fun," is the way he puts it. His pets are a police dog and a horse. His favorite hobby—collecting suitcase stickers!

And here's one for the oddity seekers!

While not of Jewish faith, Wayne swears by a Hebrew mazza. He doesn't know what the prayer says, but he has it pasted under the lid of his make-up box and there it will stay as long as he is in motion pictures, which will be for some time unless the experts of talent are all wrong.

"It was given to me by a Jewish friend with whom I worked in The Trial of Mary Dugan, my first play. He said it would bring me luck."

Well, considering the remarkable rise of this Morris guy and considering how bright the future for him appears to be, it seems as though it had.

Ground-breaking ceremonies on the new C. B. S. Studios April 27th, was a big event in radio circles. Photo shows Al Jolson as Chief Ground-breaker. Assisting Al is D. W. Thornberg, Vice President in charge of C. B. S. Pacific operations, Jack Oakie, Jolly Gillette (the sponsor's daughter on the Gillette program), Shaw and Lee (with the Oakie program), Bobby Breen and Parkyakarkas

---Pavcett photo by Rhodes

THE BOYS THINK IT'S A PANIC! ANN NEVER HAD HER POWDER PUFF OUT OF HER HAND AT THE DANCE

HER SKIN'S SO SCRATCHY THAT'S WHY... SHE OUGHT TO TRY POND'S VANISHING CREAM.

IT MELTS SKIN SMOOTH

IT DRIVES a girl nearly frantic when pow-der won't go on smooth—won't stay on! No worries like this if you use Pond's Van-ishing Cream! "A keratinic cream (Vanishing Cream) has the ability to melt away dried-out, dead surface cells," a famous der-matologist says, "New cells come into view—smooth and soft. The skin takes on a fresh, softened appearance instantly."

This smooth, new skin takes make-up beautifully. Dry, rough skin can't. Easy to see why popular girls depend on Pond's Vanishing Cream. They always use it for perfect make-up before a date. You'll find it does wonders for your skin, too. Use it

For Powder Base—A film of Pond's Vanishing Cream melts flakiness away. Make-up stays wonderfully smooth!

For Overnight—Use after cleansing. Not greasy. Morning's, your skin is soft.

For Protection—Apply before long hours out of doors. Your skin won't rough up!

8-Piece Package

POND'S, Dept. 646, Clinton, Conn. Rush 8-piece package containing special tube of Pond's Vanishing Cream, generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 3 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ for postage and packing.

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WHEN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS, PLEASE MENTION JULY HOLLYWOOD
'Ray For Raye!'

(Continued from page 33)

"Can she take it—or is Hollywood getting her?"

For an answer, she closed her sets. This looked like a pretty sure sign. Martha was going the way of a lot of people who hit in the money. She didn't want to be watched while she worked. This was serious—a minor crisis.

But Martha showed she could take it. When a barrage of unfavorable publicity hit her amidships she took it on the chin. But she was doing some fast thinking at the same time, sparing for time. Within a couple of days she was announcing to the world that she wasn't high hat—that the scenes she was doing were pretty tough going—and she hadn't meant to give the impression that she was doing a Pola Negri.

That blew the minor tempest away—\[Continued from page 33\]
even greater in the minds of those who work with her.

One of her favorite forms of amusement—one which sends the boys and gals into hysterics—is her act called "Donald Duck Climbing The Alps." Just wait until Paramount puts that on the screen. There are a dozen others which will do just as well, and will keep the mob cheering for Raye.

"I just like to fool around like that," Martha tells me.

Personally, I believe that is about half the truth. Martha, because she has had to fight every inch of the way to where she is, has developed only one side of her nature. That's the clown side. She isn't taken seriously. And that's too bad. Because Martha is very serious about things.

"I'd like to marry and settle down and maybe have kids," she says, solemnly. Then, in the next breath:

"But who'd have a big-mouthed dame like me?"

THAT'S her defense mechanism covering up. For a while it really looked as if Martha was headed for the license bureau. The man was handsome Jerry Hopper, employed in Paramount's music department. But it didn't jell.

Nobody knows why, because Martha laughs it off. Right now, she's being seen places with Robert Florey, directing Mountain Music, with John Howard, the romantic young leading man, and with Michael Jackson, the writer. There is another measure of Martha's serious side.

It has to do with her family.

After bears together, her father and mother, Peter Reed and Peggy Hooper, ex-vaudevillians, have agreed to disagree. Martha lives with her mother, worships her, grates her every wish. "She was swell to me," she says, "I guess she's got it coming to her."

But she sees her father, too—and she's hoping things may turn out happily, after all.

Not only is she loyal to her parents, but to her brother and sister. Young Buddy Raye, 18, is married and has a baby. Martha's seeing that they have everything they need.

"We're still trouping together," says Martha, looking back on the knockabout vaudeville days, remembering those early struggles, "Nothing's going to change that."

"Yes, that's why Hollywood likes Martha with a will, and why America is saying, "Ray for Raye.""

THOUSANDS OF SKINNY GIRLS
GAIN 10 TO 20 LBS. — QUICK
WITH NEW IRONIZED YEAST

IF MEN "HATE THE SIGHT OF YOU"—READ THIS

THOUSANDS OF SKINNY GIRLS
GAIN 10 TO 20 LBS. — QUICK
WITH NEW IRONIZED YEAST

IF you're skinny, gawky, lacking in that feminine allure of glamourous curves which attracts the other sex like a magnet, here's glorious news! Thousands of girls who've never been able to add an ounce before have put on 10 to 20 pounds of solid, normally good-looking flesh in a few weeks—with these new pleasant-to-take Ironized Yeast tablets.

Besides, these girls have gained naturally clear skin and lovely color, new health and pep, and all the new friends and good times these bring.

Amazing body-building discovery

Scientists recently discovered that thousands are thin and rundown simply because they do not get enough Vitamin B and iron in their daily food.

Now one of the newest greatest sources of Vitamin B is imported Dutch ale yeast. By a new process this special yeast is now concentrated 7 times, making it 7 times more powerful. Then it is com-

4. Printed linen neckwear in colorful patterns for linen suits and sports coats.
5. Green returns by popular demand in all types of clothing and accessories.
6. Plain colored silk shirts with buttoned down collars, very smart for informal wear.

HOLLYWOOD SAYS:
DO NOT WEAR
1. Wing collar with dinner jacket during hot summer months. Either a turned down starched collar or a pique collar-attached shirt is suggested.
2. Slip-on sweater with a business suit.
3. Dressy shoes with rough sport jacket or slacks.
4. Sports slacks without belt no matter how well they fit, unless the waistline is covered either by a sweater or a waistcoat.
5. A double-breasted jacket with a sport back. IT IS NOT SMART.
6. Trousers from a business suit for golf. Either wear linen or cricket flannel slacks.

Try them without risking a cent

If you, too, need these vital food elements to aid in building you up, get these new "Ironized" Ironized Yeast tablets from your drugstore today. Then day after day watch flat chest develop and skin black rounds out to natural attractiveness. See better color and natural beauty come to your skin. Soon you feel like an entirely different person, with new pep, new charm and probably.

If you are not delighted with the results of the very first package, your money back promptly. So start today and watch the wonderful change. Only be sure you get the original Ironized Yeast tablets. Don't accept any substitute for Ironized Yeast.

Special FREE offer!

To start thousands building up their health right away, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets at once, cut out this article and mail it with a clipping of this paragraph, and the name of the new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body," published by the Ironized Yeast Co., will be sent you free of charge.

At all drugstores, Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 237, Atlanta, Ga.
secretary, no servants. "I eat out all the time. For breakfast, usually I have a baked apple, orange juice, coffee and toast. For lunch, a sandwich or two, maybe a salad. But I go to town for dinner. I have no favorite place to eat. When I am working, I lunch at the studio commissary."

You never see Clark Gable in Hollywood's celebrated night clubs, and he doesn't care to dance. "My idea of a swell Saturday night party is to talk and play cards with two or three couples in the home of a friend." He never entertains. Sometimes he takes a few people out to dinner, that's all.

Bob Taylor lives in a small, one-story house on a quiet street in Beverly Hills. He has a Hungarian servant, Joe. There is absolutely nothing about this place to indicate that a movie star lives there except the long arrays of suits in the closets and the stacks of freshly laundered shirts which Joe has a habit of piling up on beds and dressers. The living room, with its radio, books, fireplace and tricky little bar is such as any successful bachelor living alone might have. He sleeps in a small bedroom, almost austere in its simplicity. There is a guest room, a small gymnasmium, bathroom and kitchen, all neat and spotless, but innocent of the arts of professional interior decoration. "I've taken another year's lease on this house," Bob said proudly. "I like it." Bob loves to dance, anywhere where there is a good orchestra. He never entertains in the customary Hollywood manner. Now and then he takes a few friends to the Beverly Wilshire Hotel for a dinner dance.

Bill Powell gave up his famous palazzo in an ultra-ultra section of the movie colony, apparently because he was tired of living like a lone emperor. His present house, a good-sized one, but far from being a palace, is located in the comparatively plebeian atmosphere of West Los Angeles. Instead of holding open house, he holds open court—for tennis players. He likes to entertain informally. He has a barbecue pit, and after the feast runs off a picture in his projection room.

"I'd rather have my friends come to my house than go out myself," he said. Bill Powell has devoured a good-sized library. His idea of heaven on earth is to rest in bed all day and read. "I'm terribly lazy. If I ever build a swimming pool again, I'll have a moat dug around my house and swim round and round without the necessity of turning back after a few strokes. I think I'll also have a drawbridge."

James Stewart lives in Beverly Hills, with Joshua Logan and John Swope, two young men who are interested in the directorial and production end of motion pictures. A fourth member of this gang was Henry Fonda, now sane and married. "We had a swell house in Brentwood," Jimmy said, "but when Fonda got married we moved to a much smaller place and kept looking for another house. We had to wait another month before we found a house we liked."

"Before I came out here," continued Jimmy, "I had an idea that this was a wild town of Babylonian whoopee parties, that nobody came out of Hollywood unsinged, that by signing a movie contract you signed your death warrant, and all that stuff. Who gives those whoopee parties, I'd like to know! Why, this is the quietest town I have ever lived in, and I have never met so many nice, well-behaved people in my life."

Jimmy would like to marry and build a home of his own, "on a hill," as he explained. Remember that he studied architecture at Princeton. We were curious to know why he doesn't have a steady girl, why he steps out now with Eleanor Powell, now with Ginger Rogers or Virginia Bruce, and keeps the movie snappers guessing. The color deepened in his cheeks. "I'm wondering, myself, why I don't have a special girl! In college, I usually went to the proms stag. I used to take girls to proms and house parties, but for some reason or other they were always whisked away from me." Jimmy doesn't seem to realize how popular he really is with the lovely peaches of Beverly Hills.

**The Gay Life of Hollywood Bachelors**

(Continued from page 31)

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Run! Run! You seldom know how they start—but if you are a "leg shaver" runs can easily be caused by the sharp wiry hair stubbles rubbing against hose. Yet to be attractive, legs must be hairless—and they can be! Simply apply perfumed X-Bazin Cream right from the tube, spread it on lightly, then wash off in 5 minutes. Skin is smooth—soft and hairless.

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**THE other day we lunched with Tyrone Power at the 20th-Century Fox Studio. This slender, patrician six-footed creature with glittering dark eyes is a vital and vibrant chap, full of the joy of life, and are the gals crazy about him.**

"I live with my mother in a little house," he said. "Our house isn't large enough to accommodate a lot of people, so I give only small dinner parties, or more often, go outside. I stay in two nights a week, to write letters and attend to business affairs. When I'm not working I like to go to Palm Springs. My hobbies are tennis, bowling and swimming. Most of my friends are non-professionals."
HOLLYWOOD
YOUNGSTARS
BY PHYLLIS FRASER

I HATE to tell this, because I wish it weren't true. Alice Moore, who is Alice Joyce's daughter, is telling her marital troubles to the judge soon and asking for a divorce from her singing husband, Felix Knight. They've been so happily married for two years . . . maybe they'll patch it up, but our informers say, "no."

Sol Lesser is in the throes of creating a new Tarzan, which means that Johnny Weissmuller will no longer be the "Me, Tarzan—You, Jane," man, because Lesser has bought all of Edgar Rice Burroughs' stories. At the boxing matches, which Johnny and Lupe attend every Friday night, (and fight almost as much as the paid fighters, about who is going to win the bouts), the new Tarzan was introduced by the announcer and when he took his bow, Lupe, gave him a salute, which is commonly known as the thumb to the nose . . . and did the crowd love it!

During the hub-bub of Lee Bowman's cocktail party some one put a record on Lee's phonograph, and everyone stopped talking to listen to the singer, and ask who had recorded it. Lee finally explained to his disbelieving guests that the voice on the record was his own, and that he'd made it while taking a music lesson so that he could hear and criticize himself. Our only criticism was, that a producer hasn't given him a singing role in a picture, because his voice is lovely.

The people on the inside are getting a laugh out of the story that concerns a boy and girl who met and married in New York City and shortly after got a divorce. Since then the boy has come to Hollywood under contract to a studio, as has the girl. The girl is now the girl friend of a producer, who, not knowing that she has been married to him, uses the boy in many of his pictures.

Riddle Me This: What actor's mother left Hollywood, because her son insisted upon marrying the girl of his own choice?

DENTYNE HELPS KEEP TEETH STRONGER, WHITER! We moderns find Dentyne a wonderful, natural aid to mouth health. Its specially firm, teeth sound and white! laden with delicious flavor! Just taste Dentyne for yourself — that fragrant pink rectangle is loaded with mellow, spicy flavor! And notice the flat package (an exclusive Dentyne feature) — made to pack so neatly and handily in your pocket or purse.

DENTYNE CHEWING GUM
HELPs KEEP TEETH WHITE
MOUTH HEALTHY
DELICIOUS CHEWING GUM

When answering advertisements, please mention July Hollywood
Sonja, for one, has let it be publicly and widely understood that she considers Tyrone her man, and that matrimony is her idea. She's even gotten her parents' okeh on Tyrone as a prospective son-in-law.

Loretta, on the other hand, has waded into battle with colors flying for all to see. She's waved farewell to poor Eddie Sutherland, the director, who's head-over-heels in love with her, and with whom she was making ready to do the altar-march and her "I-do's"—until she met Tyrone. One look at Tyrone, one squeeze in Tyrone's arms, and Loretta told the world: "Mmmm'm! He's NICE!!" And right now, Sutherland is scrabbling far, far in the wake, carrying the torch so high and loud that all Hollywood is sorry for him.

AS FOR Tyrone, himself—well, the poor boy's all in a dither. You see, Tyrone is really just a kid, yet. Barely in long pants.

"And anyway," he wailed to a close friend and confidante the other day, "I don't want to get married before I'm 28, anyway!" And, in desperation as he's torn betwixt Loretta and Sonja, the lad turns for solace to Alice Faye—who's smart enough to listen and sympathize, and dish him out a good Irish laugh once in a while. That's right down Alice's alley. And Tyrone, fleeing predatory females, had better watch out! So had Sonja and Loretta, too, busy with their own war to be adequately aware of the Faye menace.

And now, so you at the ringside can watch this campaign with full knowledge, here's the inside story of how it all began, and grew:

It was Alice Faye who had the first real inside-track to Tyrone. It was before Tyrone suddenly went crashing into overnight stardom, in Lloyds of London. Up to then, Tyrone was just another good-looking lad on the lot. Loretta, for instance, didn't even notice him. Loretta's hunting grounds are the starry heavens, not studio back-lots. But Alice, whose heart is as big as the world, met Tyrone, and knew his bewilderment in the strange, new world of movies, and sort of helped him along. Alice had clicked, and she took Tyrone, the tyro, under her wing. She told him movie secrets. She laughed with him. She met his mother, of whom Tyrone is fonder than he is of any girl, as yet. Mother Power loved Alice. Now Alice calls her "Mom." Maybe that's significant.

Anyway, until Sonja came into the picture, Alice and Tyrone palled around a lot.

THEN came Sonja. It was during the build-up that preceded One in a Million. Part of the build-up was a skating exhibition Sonja was to give in a downtown Hollywood rink. Busily, in line with the Nordic determination that has marked her battle toward stardom, Sonja busily distributed tickets for her show, on the Fox lot. One day, she handed a couple of tickets to a young fellow. It was Tyrone. They were never introduced, formally—he was just one of the men she gave tickets to. But those tickets started it!

For Tyrone went to Sonja's show. It thrilled him. When she was done, he hurried to her dressing room to congratulate and praise her. There, Sonja, flushed and hot with the excitement of work and success, saw something in this handsome, fresh, young lad that did things inside her. Sonja moved in. Sonja appropriated Tyrone utterly. She visited his home. He visited hers. They exchanged gifts. He went to Palm Springs on a vacation. Sonja did likewise. When they were separated, they long-distanced each other. The columnists got wise, began to print the romance.

One day, from an eastern city where she was personal-appearing, Sonja telephoned Tyrone.

"I read in the papers," she cooly said, "that I am your girl. Am I?"

"That," said Tyrone afterward, "put me on a spot, didn't it?"

And then in walked Loretta!

IT WAS during preparation for Ladies in Love that Loretta first met Tyrone. That was purely professional—a matter of business. Besides, at that time, Loretta was pretty well sold on Eddie Sutherland and the marriage idea. Tyrone, just then, was just another actor. But Tyrone clicked, then, in Lloyds of London. Loretta suddenly beheld him in a new light. And then they cast her opposite him in Love is News. In that, they were lovers, and how. They really went to work on loving. And Loretta took it seriously, I guess. Anyway, it was during shooting of that picture that Loretta began to tell intimates how she felt about Tyrone.

Now, when Loretta goes to work on a man, that man just can't remain frigid. It complicated life for the lad. Now, besides giving Sonja gifts and his time...
Finally, Tyrone arrived. Now, Fate had set it that at that moment, Loretta was busy with several wardrobe experts at one of the tables, discussing her clothes for the film she was making. Sonja, not so busy with her interviewer, that she didn’t keep an eye on the door, saw Tyrone come in. Tyrone, meantime, seeing both Sonja and Loretta there, chose the middle road—looked a table alone.

But not for long. Sonja wound up her interview with a wist, and before you could even say Loretta Young, Sonja was at Tyrone’s table.

Well, how Loretta did it remains one of those mysteries that clever women can manage. But she did manage to stay there until Tyrone was about done with lunch. Then Loretta rose to leave, got into the exit line a few places ahead of Tyrone and Sonja. No eye-and-attic adversary, Sonja preferred to keep her own eyes on Tyrone himself, embarrassed quite obviously, managed to find a lot of things to look at besides Loretta. Loretta smiled. One of those smiles. The girl handed her her account. Loretta moved out of line, wrote a check. She finished writing it just at the moment—odd, eh?—that Tyrone, having paid his and Sonja’s lunch check, started for the door. Loretta turned then, bumped herskin into him...!

“Why, Ty!” she screamed. And she turned on the full calorific intensity of the Loretta smile.

Flush-faced, while Sonja hurried to the door, Tyrone slammed: “Why, hello, Gr—er—uh—hello, Loretta.”

Loretta, still smiling like that,Carolled gaily to Sonja, standing at the door with her back turned. “Oh, hello, Sonja!”

Sonja had to turn. She even tried a smile. “Hello, Miss Young,” she said. Then Tyrone and she hurried out. Loretta, still smiling, swept grandly after them. And over the crowded dining room, that had been as hushed as a theatre auditorium in the midst of a dramatic scene, during the inter-change, there swept a sudden sound...
that made up one huge sigh of relief.

Since then, the paths of Loretta and Sonja have not crossed. Each has given parties. Each has invited Tyrone to her party. But neither has invited the other girl!

As this is being written, Loretta and Sonja seem to be at stalemate.

But don't think, in all this Loretta-and-Sonja-ing, that Alice Faye isn't still in the picture. Whenever it gets too hot for Tyrone, he seeks refuge in her company. More often than either Loretta or Sonja, Alice is at Tyrone's home, visiting and laughing with Tyrone and "Mom."

If Tyrone comes through the battle unhooked, it'll probably be his mother who'll have managed it.

You see, every night, after he's taken out one of the girls—be it Sonja, or Alice, or Loretta—Tyrone knocks at his mother's bedroom door, and calls, softly: "Asleep?"

Of course, she isn't. Mothers never are, are they? So she calls a cheery "no," and asks him in.

And then Tyrone sits on the edge of her bed and tells her all about his evening. With Loretta. Or Sonja. Or Alice. Whichever it might have been.

And mother smiles, while Tyrone goes on to his own bedroom—his own bedroom, the walls of which are decorated with framed 11-by-14 photographs.

The walls are just about covered with those pictures. They are pictures of Tyrone with Loretta. And of Tyrone with Sonja. And of Tyrone with Alice.

But if you count them up, you'll find there are no more pictures of Tyrone with Loretta than of Tyrone with Sonja. And vice versa.

One of the unheralded persons largely responsible for the success of Tyrone Power in motion pictures is his mother, Patia Power, who was once an actress in her younger years.

is back from six months of picture making in London and tells us she has resumed her role of long distance commuter. Miss Tobin, a free lance player after leaving Warners, purchased an estate in Montecito (near Santa Barbara, California) little more than a year ago and, finding this home more restful than Hollywood, she made the trip (100 miles each way) four days out of six while recently working in B. P. Schulberg's The Great Gambini.

Returning to Hollywood in early spring Miss Tobin brought from London, in addition to 11 trunks filled with new wardrobe, five new West Highland terriers. Her Montecito kennels now contain some twenty aristocratic English poodles, all winners in various English and Scotch kennel shows. After a four weeks' appearance on the stage, in Tomorrow We Live, the versatile Genevieve accepted the feminine lead in The Great Gambini, and with several studios interested in putting her under contract again it appears that her third return to the Hollywood screen may bring impressive results.
he wanted to give way to his innate honesty. To be accepted by the Marines he had to be 18 years old. He was 17 years and eight months old then and because he wouldn't lie about his age he was rejected.

Later he was accepted by the Navy, after his pal, Pat O'Brien, enlisted and the two saw service together—at the Great Lakes Training Station and at Norfolk, Va. Spence's only sea service was pulling an oar in a Navy whale boat drill—which didn't help his rebellious fighting spirit much.

When Spence and Pat returned to Milwaukee after the Armistice the young rebel was all for going to New York and attempting to crash the stage, but O'Brien scoffed at the idea of either of them ever becoming actors. Tracy was determined not to return to school but when he learned the government was paying $30 per month to veterans who wished to complete their education he decided a little more schooling might not be all bad.

He finished high school at Marquette Academy, attended Northwestern Military Academy for awhile and spent two years at Ripon College in Wisconsin toying with the idea that he might become a doctor. A professor by the name of Boody discouraged that idea when he induced Spence to join the debating team and engage in the college theatricals. That awakened the fighting spirit to be an actor to its most virulent pitch.

When his father agreed to pay his tuition if Spence would live on the $30 per month he was getting from the government, the embryo actor eagerly went to New York and matriculated at the American Academy of Dramatic Art. In New York he accidentally met Pat O'Brien again who sheepishly confessed he too was entertaining ideas of becoming an actor and they teamed together.

Spence's $30 monthly pension usually lasted two or three weeks at the most but his pride and determination to fight it out alone kept him from asking for help from his father. Sometimes he could borrow small sums from fellow students but always his diet for that lean period consisted of rice and pretzels washed down with water.

Finally in a period longer and leaner than usual he missed eight meals in a row. Tightening his belt and gritting his teeth he braced the stage manager of the Theatre Guild production of R. U. R. told a glowing tale of theatrical experience and got a job—at $15 per week.

He kept right on fighting on the uphill climb to his success in The Lost Mile, which brought a movie contract, and has never since let up.

Always a splendid actor, nevertheless he did not progress the way he wanted to and wild rumors, cruel and merciless as only they can be in Hollywood, spread about his supposed escapades. Then Spencer Tracy took stock of himself and decided he had better do something about it. And do something about it he did.

"I haven't taken a drink in more than a year," he will tell you proudly.

Now the surplus energy that used to be expended in good times is used up in sailing his boat, playing polo, and working on his eight-acre ranch in the San Fernando Valley where he is raising race horses.

In addition to the horses at the ranch are two Shetland ponies for his children, Johnny and Louisa.

Tracy is very outspoken concerning his choice of screen roles but curiously enough the two roles he wanted least to do probably will do more for the advancement of his career than anything else.

He argued long and strenuously against playing "Father Tim" in San Francisco, saying that he was not a religious man of the type necessary for the part. It was Director W. S. Van Dyke who convinced him it was the type of role he made it and now Tracy is quick to declare that character parts of that type are what he prefers to do. He was nominated for the Academy award because of this role.

The other role he didn't want is that of "Manuel," the Portuguese fisherman, in Captains Courageous. For one thing he declared, he was no good at dialect and for another he wouldn't sing as required by the part. But take it he did and sing he did, not in an operatic tenor but in a very pleasing voice and the role will win him even greater acclaim than San Francisco.

Linked with his qualities of fighting determination and honesty is another great quality—a superb sense of humor.

He is going to take a six weeks' vacation in the Hawaiian Islands and then he will do Manikin, with Joan Crawford, and Tell It to the Marines, playing the part once taken by the late Lon Chaney.

Which would appear to be an ideal set-up for a fighting Irishman!

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"So have I. It's a flavor that fairly melts on your tongue—a fresh pep and tang that sends a tingle right through you. That tight-sealed package keeps the gum chock-full of freshness and flavor. Your digestion is stimulated too; when busy days demand quick eating, chew Beeman's Pepsin for digestion."

HE'S a SON of OLD ERIN

By Scoop Conlon

ELEANOR POWELL likes to dance with George Murphy!

The admiration is mutual, of course, but it isn't news to say that a gent likes to dance with Eleanor. Who wouldn't?

Eleanor and George are dancing together for the first time in Broadway Melody of 1937, and if the good old name of Murphy isn't in electric lights after the fans see him in Top of the Town, it will be when they get a few glimpses of the team of Powell and Murphy on Broadway.

Unlike so many terpsichorean stars who were brought to Hollywood with a blare of trumpets, George Murphy sort of slipped quietly up the back stairs. Back on old Broadway, in such musical comedy hits as Good News, Of Thee I Sing and Roberta, he was equally famed as a good-looking Irish lad who could act and sing as well as he could dance.

Because he didn't want to be "just another dancer," George has spent two years making good in Hollywood as an actor. Not until he won the featured role in Universal's spectacular musical, Top of the Town, and the opportunity to play opposite Eleanor Powell in Broadway Melody of 1937, did he consent to cut loose with his dancing feet.

There isn't anyone on the screen today quite like this clever, likeable Irish lad who looks more like a college athlete than a dancing, singing actor. His charm is clean, wholesome and ingratiating. We'll introduce him to you.

Like his partner, Eleanor Powell, he is as regular as the income tax.

When George and his pert little wife, Juliette Johnson, were on their way up the ladder of fame, they danced in night clubs for a living. Today, one of the...
biggest kicks George gets out of life is to take the little woman out dancing of an evening in a Hollywood night club. He keeps in tip-top condition by taking more exercise than almost any man in town. When George was winning his "Y" in Yale, he played every game that Old Eli had to offer. On his studio days off, he rushes madly from tennis court to golf course to gymnasium.

GEORGE is the son of the late Mike Murphy, one of the most famous of all American athletic trainers and Olympic coaches, (Yale and Pennsylvania), but he crossed up the sports columnists when he became a dancing actor instead of following in his dad's footsteps. And, George was right. There could only be one Mike Murphy in the athletic world.

Just because George is a regular, don't get the idea that his life and career travels along on an even keel. After all, he is Irish, and like all Irishmen, a study in contrasts as humorously diversified as that of the renowned W. C. Fields.

For example: he startles the studio boys and girls occasionally by lying down on the floor of the stage between dance routines and going to sleep. (He got this way through the necessity of grabbing cat-naps in night clubs where there was never sufficient room in the dressing rooms to rest, except on the floor.)

He never rehearses in dancing shoes, always in old street shoes because they are more comfortable.

He always puts his right shoe on first. This probably because he is a natural southpaw. Played baseball in college left-handed, but plays golf right-handed, which makes him ambidextrous (or something).

Around the house, he goes barefoot most of the time because he doesn't like bedroom slippers.

He seldom wears a hat in sunny California, but because of a habit formed in cold New England, always wears a hat when he plays golf. Belongs to the famous Lakeside club of actor-golfers, which includes Bing Crosby, Dick Arlen, Johnny Weissmuller, Frank Shields, Alan Hale, Edgar Kennedy, Humphrey Bogart and others.

Like most actors he loves horse races and prize fights, but dislikes wrestling because of the frequent "hippodroming." For that matter, George detests anything that has to do with "phoneys" or "set-ups." (He loathes actors who read and believe their own publicity notices.)

His wife tells me with a chuckle that he also detests caviar, but will eat plain Irish stew every day.

Like Bill Robinson, (the tap dancer) he has a passion for ice cream. Believes it is a great re-vitalizer, restores the energy a dancer must have to do hard routines over and over. Like Fred Astaire, he spends many weary hours rehearsing his dance routines to attain perfection.

In private life, unlike many professional dancers he is a familiar sight at the Toccadello or the Cocconut Grove dancing with Juliette Murphy. He would rather fox trot or waltz than tango or rhumba.

George is also a dog-fancier. He owns two champion collies and a Kerry Blue terrier, but his greatest dog ambition is to own Irish wolfhounds. As the Murphys live high in the Hollywood hills, he will have to forego the wolfhounds until he has the space of a country estate.

He has a weakness for writing poetry and short stories, a weakness he has tried to keep secret. In the Murphy garage there is a locked trunk that stores his literary efforts.

By this brief vignette, you will see that George Murphy is distinctly of a positive nature, a young man of intense likes and dislikes. He knows exactly what he wants and either wins or loses without compromise.

He would rather be a director than an actor. No doubt we will be seeing a picture some day which will read "Directed by George Murphy"—but in the meantime he is concentrating on dancing, singing and acting opposite Eleanor Powell. He is under contract to the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio.

Just a couple of pals! George Murphy and his Kerry Blue terrier, Mr. Dooley
BRIEF FILM GUIDE

LOST HORIZON—(Columbia)—Director Frank Capra has transferred this story to the screen and makes it one of the outstanding pictures of this—or any other year. See it by all means.

MAYTIME—(M-G-M)—As pleasing to the eye as it is to the ear with Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy at their best. A grand musical and worth seeing many times.

MARKED WOMAN—(Warner Bros.)—An expose of "clay pit" turfs and Vice overlords. Bette Davis at her best—and Edwardi Cennelli, the vice lord, meaner than in Winterset. See it.

CAPTAINS COURAGEOUS—(M-G-M)—Spencer Tracy and Freddie Bartholomew in roles done with such excellence that you'll start applauding before the picture barely begins.

WAIIKIN' WEDDING—(Paramount)—Bing Crosby, Bob Burns, Shirley Ross, and Martha Raye combining their efforts to make this a MUST SEE film.

CALL IT A DAY—(Warner Bros.)—Grand comedy built around a "hot Spring" theme as it affects the Winton family. Plenty of laughs in this one.

THE KING AND THE CHORUS GIRL—(Warner Bros.)—Approaches the Duke of Windsor-Wally Simpson romance with Fernando Gravet and Joan Blondell heading the cast. A very sprightly picture, smartly dialoged and beautifully photographed.

SEVENTH HEAVEN—(20th Century-Fox) — Modern version of the famous silent picture—only better. Simone Simon and James Stewart have the leads and both youngasts deserve great acclaim.

SWING HIGH, SWING LOW—(Paramount) — Carole Lombard teams up with your favorite actor, Fred MacMurray, and the two really "go to town." Charles Butterworth is in it—and that helps any picture. See it.


THE PRINCE AND THE PAUPER—(Warner Bros.)—Film version of the Mark Twain fantasy with the Wauch twins as the prince and the pauper. Claude Rains, Errol Flynn, Montague Love, Harry Davenport, and a host of others put life and vigor into the production. Very worthwhile.

THE GOOD EARTH—(M-G-M)—You've probably seen it by this time—but if you haven't, take a tip, SEE IT. Paul Muni, Louise Baxiner, Walter Connolly, Charles Gishrop, and Jessie Ralph give notable performances.

NANCY STEELE IS MISSING—(20th Century-Fox)— Vigor McLauglin at the kind of Peter Lorre as his cell-mate, June Lang as Nancy, and Robert Kent as Nancy's sweetheart, can take plenty of bows for their excellent work.

WAKE UP AND LIVE—(20th Century-Fox)— William and Bernice are at it again in this one—only better! Jack Haley crashes to stardom with his singing and acting and Alice Fay—always good—gets another big show toward the end of the film. Dorothy Mcnamara and our excellent actors, Patsy Kelly and Nell Sparks provide the comedy—and how!

PERSONAL PROPERTY—(M-G-M)—Robert Taylor and Joan Harlow in a rollicking comedy. Not only cinema "meat" in it, but packed with many laughs.

WHEN YOU'RE IN LOVE—(Columbia)—Grace Moore and Cary Grant touch the heart and stir the soul in a really tall story of romantic intrigue in which Miss Moore again proves herself an entrancing songbird, and which gives Cary Grant real opportunity for line acting.

LAST OF MRS. CHEYNEY—(M-G-M)—There is sparkle to the lines, finesse in the portrayal of this modernized story of the "lady raffles" (Joan Crawford) homedwelling with England's "top bitches"—Robert Montgomery, Frank Morgan, Ralph Graves and Barbara Stanwyck—while her deafening butler, William Powell, coaches her snatching technique.

WON'T YOU LIKE TO KNOW?
By RUTH CLAYTON

UNLESS a reconciliation is unexpectedly affected it looks as if Joan Bennett will be a divorcée again after she concludes the feminin lead in "Tugs of 1938." After denying any marital rift for weeks husband Gene Markley moved out of the Beverly Hills home and Miss Bennett "confided" in newspaper friends that she would have her attorney, Nell S. McCarthy, file suit for divorce. Naturally Miss Bennett's friends didn't give the news more than eight columns and so, since no denials were forthcoming, Hollywood had to believe the worst. It is expected that Miss Bennett will finish building the Holmby Hills home for which ground was broken just prior to the divorce announcement. Miss Bennett and Mr. Markley have one child, Melinda, aged three, and Miss Bennett has another daughter, Diana, aged nine. Miss Bennett was married to John Marion Fox of Seattle before entering motion pictures.

Famous ex-G-man Purvis always "got his man" when he was in the government service but in romance, well, that is something else. Mr. Purvis and Janice Jarrett, who waited around Universal studios for six months for a movie break that never arrived, decided to be married in the bride's home town San Antonio but, two days before the ceremony Miss Jarrett kept Mr. Purvis waiting one hour too long, it is said, and pooh— the wedding plans went smash while Janice went to the home of friends and Mr. Purvis flew to Florida and Dan Cupid flew out the window.

HERES one of Hollywood's human interest stories as told to us by a hospital attaché. Recently when a ditch digger was injured in a cave-in and taken to the hospital he was asked if there was anyone he desired notified about the accident. The chap quietly requested that Lionel Barrymore be called at M-G-M studio. At first the attendants thought him delirious, but acted upon his instructions. Barrymore responded within fifteen minutes, ordered that every care, consideration and convenience be given the injured man. Screen stars have proved good Samaritans in many such instances, but unfortunately such human stories never seem to attract the same attention as rumors and idle gossip. Barrymore had worked with the man fifteen years ago.

ROBERT TAYLOR was so enthusiastic over barns constructed for "Saratoga" he sought permission from the front office to either purchase them and have them moved to his Ranch in San Fernando Valley for his horse or obtain the blue prints. Screen stars are rapidly becoming ranch conscious. Pinky Tomlin, composer—crooner—comedian, has bought a ranch which joins that of Robert Taylor. Robert Montgomery has his contract arranged so that he may spend from six to eight weeks in Westchester County, N. Y., where he raises the finest of fruits and vegetables on his ranch.

George Arliss, who has been vacationing in Monte Carlo, returned to the Gaumont studios to start immediate production in "Dr. Syn," a dramatic vehicle adapted from the play by Russell Thorndyke. Walter Brennan, prize-winning character actor, helped pay for his early schooling by sweeping out classrooms. He averaged $4.00 a week, which was considered a splendid salary in those days. William Hall gave permission to Universal for the use of his real name, William Langan, in the picture, "Love in a Bungalow." Kent Taylor plays the role—Noah Beery, Jr., adopted an orphan colt and succeeded in getting the colt a bit in "The Road Back" with him.

ANDY DEVINE, between scores of the same picture, is becoming famous for his trailer-cooked food. Andy has his own trailer dressing room fully equipped and spends his spare time concocting new dishes with which to surprise Slim Summerville, Noah Beery, Jr., and other members of the cast.

"Jean Harlow most completely exemplifies the Swedish ideal of beauty of all of Hollywood's female stars," says Einar Nerman, famous Swedish artist and close friend of Greta Garbo. We hear Garbo walks two miles each day before reporting to the studio for "Mamou Walaesa." Anyway, that's what we hear. No one ever seems to "see" Garbo do anything—When Director Edward Sedgwick suddenly became ill on the set, Joe E. Brown took over the directorial reins for "All Is Confusion." Sedgwick returned the next day and presented Brown with a four-foot megaphone inscribed, "To Cecil B. de Mille, Joe E. Brown, from his assistant, Ed Sedgwick.""

SAM GOLDwyn signed 8-year-old Knute DeClercq for the role of "Tita" in "The Hurricane." The youngster was born in the Samoan Islands of a white father and a native mother. It was a happy day for Edward Arnold when his 16-year-old son, Edward Arnold, Jr., followed in his acting footsteps to make his debut in "Blazing Barriers." Tod Browning, famous director of horror stories, is busy himself these days tract-gardening on the sands of Malibu Beach. He has had top soil brought in and is most proud of his beets, carrots, turnips, etc. Paris pre-tends that this will climb to the knees and necklines will be much lower, but Hollywood stars do not stamp their approval. Ida Lupino who appears opposite Ralph Bellamy in

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He's Russian—But Not Red

[Continued from page 32]

...and that and found it wanting.

S
O, WHEN the studios send their private spies around to tab those players expressing undue interest in Comrade Stalin's form of government, which is just what they do, Mischa's name is eloquently missing. A Russian? Sure, But so White (as opposed to Red) that he never refers to Czar Nicholas' death as anything but "murder." Like this:

"When I was twelve," says Auer, who is only thirty-one today, but has lived a lifetime of horror and suffering, "I was taken from my mother and herded onto a train with two or three hundred—maybe four hundred—other Russian children. We were the sons of the aristocrats, and the Bolsheviks thought that if they separated us from all the symbols of class and culture that were left after the first days of fighting, that we would forget that we were off-spring of good families, and that we would absorb the principles of Communism.

"They took us from our parents, those of us who had parents left—some of them had been killed, shot, died of starvation—and sent us up to Siberia, near the town where the Czar was murdered. We were an experiment in child-rearing. Ultimately we became what was known as 'wild boys of the road.' A Russian film was made around our experiences. I saw it, later, in America.

"As an experiment, we were to be divorced from all family ties. We were not to love father, mother, brothers or sisters, but the State. In the early days of Communism, that was the idea: to take all new-born babies, as soon as they were weened, and put them into communal where such silly things as love and devotion to family life could be blotted out. Age-old instincts, they were to be entirely eliminated from the future race. We were snatched up—a little too old, undoubtedly, to completely stamp out our bourgeois emotions—but, nevertheless, we were the guinea pigs they tried the experiment on.

"As usual with Russians," says this Russian, with a snicker as he sees the humor of himself and his race, "nothing had been done about our arrival. We were shoved onto the train, the engines started up, and that was that. When we arrived in Siberia there were no lodgings for us, no food, no clothes. Soon we were pairing off, searching for food; stealing, robbing and looting.

"From pairs of marauders, we joined forces, and five or six of us would terrorize the countryside. Life for the few farmers and peasants up in that God-forsaken place was made unbearable by the bands of children who stole from their henyards, snatched the drying clothes from the clothlines. We had to eat. No food was provided for us. No shelter. No clothes. Our only alternative was to beg, and begging failing, to steal.

"We got so out of hand that, finally, the Reds decided to send us home. It was a typical Russian experiment, with no form, no plans, nothing but theory. And do you know what brought the episode to an end? We started stealing from the Red Army. Heaven knows they didn't have much, but at night we would sneak in and steal their shoes, their socks, uniforms. Our feet were bare, and Winter was approaching Siberia. It was a matter of the survival of the fittest. So, in the late Fall, the Reds bundled all the kids back onto a train and shifted us to our homes. I returned to my widowed mother in St. Petersburg. My father had been killed, some years before, in the Russo-Japanese War."

T
HE Soviet vaccine didn't take. Mischa was immune to its principles. Soon he and his mother (Madame Ounsowski, daughter of Maestro Auer, who was teacher to Heifitz, Elman, Zimbalist, Duskin) were fleeing to St. Petersburg with the Cheka, secret police, at their heels. No aristocrat, petty or great, was safe from suspicion by the politizia of the new government.

Cunningly, Mischa and Madame Ounsowski (the younger later took his grandfather's name, legally, when the violinist adopted him) eluded the police. Weeks of hardship followed, hiding, dodging detection, hurrying to the border, and the two found themselves in Turkey, then under British domination. In Constantinople they found safe haven, but even that was not permanent. Like so many emigrants Mischa's mother was not content to remain idle. She felt she must do something to relieve the suffering that was all about her. She founded a refugee home and was soon hard at work caring for the ill.

Mischa, at this time, was small and emaciated. Malnutrition and hardship had taken their toll. Later, when he was fifteen years old, he stood only five feet tall. Also later, in America, he shot up fourteen inches in height, in

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Here's How To Treat FOOT ITCH

ATHLETE'S FOOT

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According to the Government Health Bulletin, No. 282, at least 50% of the adult population of the United States are being attacked 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.

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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 under arm or catch of the leg.

Most people who have Athlete's Foot have tried all kinds of remedies to cure it without success. Ordinary germicides, antiseptics, salve or ointments seldom do any good.

Here's How to Treat It

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As soon as you apply H. F., you will find that the itching is immediately relieved. You should point the infected part with H. F., then rub in until the sores are dry and free from blisters. In two or three days or less, soreness and itching will cease. Where cases this plan:

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Resinol Soap is a ready aid to Resinol Ointment because it cleans very well, yet is gentle enough for the tenderest skin. Resinol products at all druggists. Try this treatment a week and watch your skin improve. For free sample of each write Resinol, Dept. S-D, Baltimore, Md.

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short time, because of care, good food, lack of worry. However, in Constantine, he was not too skinny to indulge in man’s duties. He allied himself with the British troops, and did orderly duty, ran errands. Afterwards, he joined his mother in her hospital work.

In 1919 typhus struck Asiatic-Europe.

It moved down thousands of humans; brought grief and despair to Mischa. His mother died from the plague. This left him absolutely alone; a waif in the wilderness of war. Awakening from the stupor of his sorrow, after his mother’s burial, Mischa thought of only one thing, the thing that had dominated his life so far: escape to safety. In his possession were a few jewels, last of his mother’s gems. These he sold, and used the money to get to Italy. In Florence, a friend of his mother’s took him in; cabled Maestro Auer in New York and soon Mischa was America-bound. Ultimately Mischa was delivered to his grandfather’s arms, and a childhood that had been interrupted by revolution, terrorism, death, was resumed.

Naturalized citizens, Auer and his wife spend their hours enjoying life hugely. She is as great a humorist as he is. Practical jokes and puns they bar, otherwise clowning is the cream of their existence. The gorilla act that convulsed you in My Man Godfrey is the result of Mischa’s home merriment. It was so funny that he began doing it at Hollywood parties. Director LaCava saw him one night; thrust him in his film. The result was Mischa’s discovery as a comic.

For eight years Auer has been a movie colony resident; appearing in dozens of films and most recently Lives of a Bengal Lancer, Clive of India, The Gay Desperado, That Girl from Paris, Three Smart Girls, Top of the Town, Pick a Star, We Have Our Moments. Now Universal has him under long-term contract; plans to co-star him in a musical with Bert Lahr; in the meantime Producer Walter Wagner has him in his Vouges of 1938.

However conservative Mischa’s political convictions are, his plan for the education of his son Tony, aged three, is entirely radical. It’s the only radical thing about the somber-faced comic. He doesn’t want Tony to be a sissy, but all forms of violent games are out; football principally.

“When Tony finishes high-school I am going to give him a thousand dollars and tell him to go, alone, around the world,” says Auer, “A formal adult education, like college, is the bunk. I’d rather my son had a practical knowledge of world affairs. He’ll get it by traveling.”

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was so far behind schedule that by the time they had divided it up into units. Christie Cabanne was in charge of one unit. She saw the test and did not notice at first. Immediately he wanted me for the part of the Madonna in the picture.

"But there were two factions in the studio. One faction wanted a name and the other faction thought the Madonna shouldn't be sullied with a Hollywood reputation. Christie finally won out. She came to me one morning and said, 'It's all set. You're a cinch. The only possible thing that can happen is they want Betty Bronson. She's only played Peter Pan so her reputation wouldn't hurt the Madonna. But I know they can't get her.'"

"At noon he came back from lunch looking pretty glum. He told me they'd get Bronson. Can you realize what that meant to me? To have an important part in a picture like that practically in my clutchless and then lose it?

"I was so broken-hearted I went back to Natascha. It was the first time I'd phoned her or seen her since my first test. She'd seen the test in the main-time and told me it wasn't bad—that it must have been the projection machine that made it seem so. She gave me the lead in a picture she was producing herself. It was a bad picture and never got a first run release. But it served its purpose—so far as I was concerned. Someone at Warner Bros. saw it and they signed me for a part in a picture called Satan in Sables starring Lowell Sherman. There were about sixteen women in his life in that picture. I was the trollop who lured him to parties, broke champagne glasses and was a hellcat in general. I got a kick out of doing it.

"My part ran about ten days but after the third day of shooting they came to me and signed me up on a contract, and I was off on a long career of heavies."

"Did you know they were only going to use you for that kind of part?" I asked.

"Heavens, no," she laughed. "All I knew was I was under contract to a big studio and I thought I was going to be a big star."

"Didn't you ever come close to getting a big part out there?" I demanded.

MYRNA shook her head as she pitifully. "Things didn't happen that way then. There were lots of parts I wanted to play but they were all for the Patsy Ruth Millers and May McAvoy. Stars were that type then."

That was something else this other chap and I didn't know. All we knew was Myrna was under contract to a major studio and we shook hands on it. Myrna was on her way. She played the Oriental dancer in The Desert Song—her first talkie—and made a big hit. But nothing happened. She went right on playing Oriental heavies. At the end of four and half years they let her option lapse.

"Fired me," says Myrna bluntly. "Do you know, I even had to make up my own dialects in those early talkies. Scenario writers never even attempted to write dialect into their scripts and there was no one in Hollywood at the time who made even a pretense of teaching you an authentic dialect. I used to make it up, recite the speeches aloud and think, 'Now, that doesn't sound bad.'"

Fox signed her shortly afterwards for a part in Renegade with Warner Baxter. She played another heavy. But before the picture was completed they had signed her to a contract. At the end of a year they let her go.

The only comforting part of that year's work (aside from the regular salary which, in those days, was not large) was the fact that William K. Howard cast her as the loyal little wife in Transatlantic. It was Myrna's first American part. Everyone advised Bill against it but he stood adamant and was rewarded with a fine portrayal by Myrna.

When Fox failed to take up her option she went to her agents, Minna Wallis and Ruth Collier. "Myrna," they chortled, "you've got to break away from those Oriental parts. You'll just have to take anything we can get for you until we can establish you as an American."

"Suits me," the girl from Montana acquiesced.

SO FOR a couple of years more she appeared in bits—and I mean bits. But they were Caucasians. She appeared with Ronald Colman in Arrowsmith and Devil to Pay. Arthur Hornblow, the gentleman who is now her husband, cast her as an American whenever he had a part in one of his pictures for her.

Then M-G-M signed her. Instead of rejoicing, she went into a blue funk. They specialize in women stars. That was the trouble. They had Garbo, Crawford, Shearer and Harlow. Any part that came up would fit one or the other of them. Myrna would get what was left or what they wouldn't do.
Myrna felt differently. "I was under contract to the biggest studio in the business. It was a woman's studio and I was going to be a big star."

She paused and then, "All the heart-break I endured before was nothing compared to what I felt when I learned why they had signed me. I made a silent test for a picture and they liked it. Then they gave me the dialogue and asked me to make a vocal test. I said, 'To whom am I supposed to be speaking?' And then it came out. I was supposed to be speaking to a dwarf and the picture was to be called 'Freaks.' Perhaps you remember it. It was based on the life of the freaks in a circus. I said, 'No, gentlemen, I'm sorry. When that picture goes into production you'll find me with my bags packed, on my way to San Francisco.'"

"But they kept me on. And then Edward Griffith, bless him, borrowed me for the part of the wife in The Animal Kingdom. It was an ungrateful part but it was one of the leads and it was a white girl."

"I came back to M-G-M," Myrna continued, "and they evinced the first sign of interest in me. They gave me the lead in Panthouse with Warner Baxter. And then I played the wife in Why Ladies Meet with Ann Harding, Robert Montgomery, and Alice Brady. And then Manhattan Melodrama with Clark Gable and William Powell. Then The Thin Man and Evelyn Prentice with Bill and Una Merkel. It's been easy sailing since then. But I can tell you it took a deal of doing to get away from those Oriental parts."

We were sitting in the den of her new home. Myrna off-screen is a vastly different person than she is on. There is no sign of The Glamour Girl. But there is something so friendly and sincere about Myrna away from the studio that it more than compensates for any absence of glamour. This was the Myrna I had read about once in a story a friend of hers had written of her and her family called The Mad Loys.

"I remember," she nodded, when I mentioned it. "But that was a case of a fellow writing about what he really knew, "Don't you wish those days were back again?" I quivered, for he had written of the happily insane life the Lloyds lived."

"Yes," Myrna agreed promptly. "Of course, I regret that things aren't that way now. But I'm older, and success—if you can call it that—brings with it responsibilities and cares that unfit you for that mad sort of existence. You can't turn back the clock. All you can do is get what fun you can out of life the way you're living it and not mop over the way you'd like to live it or used to live it."

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When Myrna became a star she took a definite stand on a lot of things. Her publicity for one. "All anyone seemed to care about all of a sudden," she explained, "was my marriage. I can't see what that has to do with my work. My husband is a producer—and an important one. He doesn't care for publicity and I don't see why he should be sacrificed on the altar of my publicity. I had to put my foot down on those interviews."

"What about your parts?" I asked. "Are you as firm in your stand on them?"

She nodded and then added, "But really, the studio is very reasonable about things like that. It's very, very seldom they ever insist upon our playing anything we feel is not right for us."

The phone rang again. In her absence I thought once more of the Myrna of five or six years ago, a member of the Mad Lots. I wondered if she wouldn't be willing to give up stardom if she could go back to the comparatively simple life she had known then.

"No," she answered promptly when I asked her. "I have no regrets. When I was first starting out I read an auto-biography Fannie Hurst had written. It went, in part, 'My printed rejection slips have become urgent letters of invitation. My two-monthed checks have leaped amazingly high into four. There are those for whom I seem to have a message—and that (even in its lowest realization) is tinctured with the sublime, Best of all, what popular success I am enjoying has come, not from pandering to popular demand or editorial policy, but from pandering to my own inner convictions which are like little soul tapers lighting the way. There are Toll Houses all along, sometimes seemingly exorbitant and usurious, but it's worth it! I haven't found success to be a hollow bubble or shekels, tin. Fulfillment, even the outer rim of it, is carpeted in star dust and cheap at any price."

And that explains, I think—that indomitable courage, that intelligence—that realization that you get nothing without paying a price for it—and the willingness to pay the price for the thing she desired—why Myrna Loy is at last at the top of the pinnacle—why Hollywood couldn't beat her or keep her down.

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HARRIET HCTOR

She has appeared in but two pictures in two years (and not yet to her advantage through no fault of hers) yet the girl who earned the title "the American Pavlova" from Broadway critics has established herself as a screen artiste not soon to be forgotten.

The sale of the story and two postponements in its production first presented Miss Hctor in The Great Ziegfeld one year later than scheduled. Then, after a series of personal appearances in the East, she returned to Hollywood for a featured spot in the new Astaire-Rogers RKO film, Shall We Dance? Nearly half of Miss Hctor's dancing was cut from this picture before it was released (because the picture was too long) but what remained clearly showed the famous ballerina to an advantage. In her scenes Miss Hctor fairly floated onto the stage and her numbers were presented with a grace that won merited applause.

Some day Miss Hctor hopes to appear in a picture based on the lives of Isadora Duncan and Anna Pavlova, a screen play that will present the human side of the training and romantic affairs of world famous dancers much after the fashion Columbia presented Grace Moore in One Night of Love, M-G-M presented Jeanette MacDonald in Mytime.
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Tested in all other methods, was desperate. Tried Reduce-Eazies, lost 26 pounds in a short time, feels like a new person. I want to help others so you may use this letter in any way you wish.—Miss Penny

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MRS. K. SMITHE.

FACIAL

on your comb, and afterwards regularly once or twice a week to keep your hair looking nice. Koler-Bak is a solution for artificially coloring gray hair that imparts color and charm and abolishes gray hair worries. Grayness disappears within a week or two and users report the change is so gradual and so perfect that their friends often think they have a gray hair and no one knows they did a thing to it.

Did Gray Hair

Rob Them of $95 a Week?

Now Comb Away Gray This Easy Way

GRAY hair is risky. It screams: "You are getting old!" To end gray hair headaches all you have to do is comb it once a day for several days with a few drops of Koler-Bak sprayed on your comb, and afterwards regularly once or twice a week to keep your hair looking nice. Koler-Bak is a solution for artificially coloring gray hair that imparts color and charm and abolishes gray hair worries. Grayness disappears within a week or two and users report the change is so gradual and so perfect that their friends often think they have a gray hair and no one knows they did a thing to it.

Make This Trial Test

Will you test Koler-Bak without risking a single cent? Then, go to your drug or department store today and get a bottle of Koler-Bak. Test it under our guarantee that it must make you look 10 years younger and far more attractive or we will pay back your money.

FREE Try a bottle of KOLER-BAK today and send

$5.00 in stamps to United Records, Dept. G, Cal-O-Riffic, Wills Street, Chicago—and receive FREE $5.00 and POSTPAID a $50 book of KUBAK Shampoo.

OLD FACES MADE YOUNG

Look 10 to 15 Years Younger in 5 MINUTES a Day Keeps Away Age and Even Age Line. This new sensational home remedy, Whitening Triangle—You-Talk! Nothing Lifts sagging muscles, Fills in wrinkles, Takes away Bag and Facial Analysis Chart Free.

PAULINE PALMER, 1410 Armour Blvd., Kansas City, Mo.

SECRETARIES, STENOGRAPHERS

SECRETS AND TYPISTS—Become an Expert

STENOTYPIST

Stenotypists win today's preferred jobs and better pay. Stenotypy's machine speed, accuracy and ease make your work faster, better, easier—and you get the credit. Executives welcome this modern and simple way of taking dictation—faster, easier, cheaper. If you wish to learn—easy to write—easy to read. We train you at home in your spare time—no cost, no easy terms. Write for interesting free booklet, "Stenotypy. The New Profession," describing the opportunity awaiting you. Send today, and tell us how you may master it successfully.

THE STENO TYPE COMPANY

Dept. 7255, 4125 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.
are satisfied with Mae's volupuous charm.

Mae's personal advice to girls is to refrain from too rigid diets. Exercise, yes. But not too strenuously. Don't overeat—and don't undereat.

Mae believes that good figures are born, not manufactured. If you haven't an enchanting shape you can't deceive the public for long with an artificial one. But, if you possess naturally attractive curves, be kind to them. Don't strive to convert them into straight lines. Keep nature on your side.

For several years Mae has been secretly hoping that the popularity of her natural curves and luxurious fullness of form would have a healthful influence on the girls of America. She is gratified today to see this wish coming true. Medical and college statistics indicate that Miss America of 1937 is becoming more interested in a wholesome life, and good clean fun, than a tiny waistline and an anemic disposition. Women's increasing challenge for supremacy in athletics provides a sound example of the current feminine trend toward naturalness.

EXACTLY how close Mae's measurements approximate those of the famous Venus de Milo may be appreciated from the following figures:

Venus de Milo: bust, 34½ inches; waist, 28½ inches; hips, 36 inches; middle thigh, 19½ inches; calf, 13½ inches; ankle, 8½ inches.

Mae West: bust, 35 inches; waist, 27½ inches; hips, 36 inches; middle thigh, 19½ inches; calf, 13 inches; ankle, 8½ inches.

Mae's weight and measurements seldom vary. At least they haven't since she invaded Hollywood. Surprisingly small off the screen, she tips the scales at 122 pounds.

No prescribed set of rules restrict the pleasure-loving lady of the cinema. She eats when she is hungry—and when she's hungry she eats plenty.

In addition to reviving a vague for feminine curves and more healthful bodies, Mae has pioneered to an amazing extent in taking the sting out of sex on the screen. By kidding sex, presenting it from a robustly humorous angle, Mae has dealt a death blow to the slinky-eyed vampires and exaggerated sex problems which previously infested screen dramas. Scenario department shelves are crowded with scripts depicting the "stark drama" of faithless husbands being ruined by chorus girls, or wayward sons disowned because of marrying actresses, or shopgirls scorned because the boss bought them fur coats. The studios realize that Mae has changed the public viewpoint on such matters. She has demonstrated the art of treating sex humorously and solving its problems minus tears and torment. Maybe because Mae reverses the dramatic formula in writing her screen plays. Whenever anybody is "done wrong" in her pictures you will note that Mae is on the doing end.

From Gay Paree come additional good tidings for Mae's growing legion of disciples. The world's foremost style creators have issued a call for Mae West type of models.

Meanwhile, Mae continues to reign as the Queen of Figures—physically and financially. The Golden West! That's Mae!

Luise Rainer, M-G-M star, selects this new hair style. The hair is brushed off the face, with the feather bangs and a coronet braid encircling the head. The long hair in back forms a soft roll at the nape of the neck.

There's A New Thrill To Skin

When cleansed with this amazing beauty treatment

E VERYWHERE women are raving about a thrilling, new beauty cleanser that leaves the skin unbelievably soft, smooth and alluring. It is called Lavena, and it works such beauty wonders because it is utterly neutral in action. For, while Lavena removes every trace of dirt and make-up— it does not dry the skin or do virtually ALL alkaline cleansing methods in use today.

Do These 2 Simple Things Daily

Simply mix Lavena and warm water to a creamy smoothness and rub on gently with your finger tips. Remove immediately with a wash cloth dipped in warm water. Do not use soap or cold cream. Then see how refreshed your skin looks. How beautiful, how velvety soft it feels.

Over 4 million packages of Lavena have already produced amazing results. Get a package from your drug, department or 10c store. A week's trial will thrill and delight you.

Lavena

S OFTENS— S OOTHES— C L E A N S E S U P— B E A U T I F I L S

TWO ITEMS for the PRICE of ONE

PERFUMED DEPILATORY

Instantly eliminates every trace of hair.

Special offer with ZIP Cream Deodorant both for the price of one. Ask your dealer or mail 50c plus 10c postage to Madame Berth6, 562 Fifth Ave., New York

3 Lipsticks FREE!

Let us send you 3 full trial sizes of the famous REJUVIA Lipsticks FREE... each in a new and fascinating color... so you can find your most flattering, becoming shade. Just send 10c in stamps to cover mailing costs. For beauty's sake, send Coupon TODAY!

REJUVIA BEAUTY LABS Dept. G, 359 Bway N Y

Send me 3 trial size REJUVIA Lipsticks, enclosed find 10c in stamps or 22c in stamps or 30c in stamps for mailing costs.

NAME.

ADDRESS.

WHEN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS, PLEASE MENTION JULY HOLLYWOOD
Man of the Hour

[Continued from page 24]

just why Mr. Trent, and how Mr. Trent, captivated femininity and got himself into the movies.

Also why and if he is to become a star to the everlasting credit of the fair sex.

A FEW short months prior to the date of this writing he had no thought of becoming an actor and was engaged in one of the world’s most romantic professions . . . aviation.

He was a Captain Pilot for TWA, also a Lieutenant in the U. S. Army Air Reserve Corps.

He knew more about aviation than most actors do anent histronics and less about histronics than most actors ken regarding flying.

B. P. Schulberg, an independent producer for Paramount, also a celebrated story finder, embarked for New York via TWA with a party including Ralph A. Kohn, vice-president of Schuberg Pictures, Inc., Mrs. Kohn, Mrs. Sam Jaffe, the wife of a well-known Hollywood agent and Virginia Ray, young Warner Brothers actress.

Trent, then known as Captain Laverno Browne, his real name, was piloting the ship. After hurling it into the air and setting it on its course, the Captain, according to company regulations, promenaded through the plane inquiring about the comfort and satisfaction of his passengers.

Three pairs of feminine eyes (incidentally, the only females aboard) followed him to and fro.


"That’s a dish!" chimed in Miss Ray. "Oh?" queried Mr. Schulberg, "were you speaking to me?"

"No, but we will right now," said the trio in unison. "That young man ought to be in pictures."

"What young man?" asked Schulberg.

"Why, the pilot of course. ’Haven’t you noticed him?"

"Certainly not," replied Schulberg. "Film Find Found Flying! Star Snatched from Sky! Ha, ha!"

The women persisted until they got the producer to thinking and, when producers think, anything can happen.

"Did the young man shine up to you?" he inquired.

"No," replied the women. "Why, he really hasn’t paid much attention to us at all . . . just the usual routine."

"Hmmm," said Schulberg, reasoning, he later confessed, that if the
young man charmed three women without effort he ought to charm millions if he could be persuaded to exert himself.

He made the Captain a flattering offer, a quick road to fame paved with plenty of cash, much more than is earned by the finest of pilots.

The Captain turned it down cold.

He continued this frigidity right up to the last minute, avowing, asserting, and even shouting modestly, but argumentatively that he was NOT an actor and didn’t think he could ever become an actor.

It required nearly 18 weeks of solid coaxing to get him in front of the cameras for a screen test.

Today, in spite of his triumph in A Doctor’s Diary, he continues to insist that he isn’t an actor.

That irritates Mr. Schulberg, who declares that the young man’s modesty is altogether too much; that it would, if reduced to serum and used as an injection, cure every superiority complex in Hollywood.

However, what John thinks about it all hasn’t much to do with the final result, because film fans like what they like. Furthermore, modesty ever has been a popular quality.

The big question is whether or not he can act, or seem to act, in a manner that will please the public.

Miss Larrimore, who appeared opposite him in his debut film, John Meode’s Woman, seem to have answered that question, quite adequately.

He had to make love to her.

Prior to the scene he apologized, feeling that he would probably make a botch of the whole thing.

After the scene, Miss Larrimore pulled herself out of his embrace, tidied her hair, smoothed her garments, took a deep breath and remarked:

“You may not be an actor, young man, but, if you continue that sort of business you won’t have to be.”

In this picture with Miss Larrimore, Trent collected a total of three minutes experience. His showing, however, so pleased Mr. Schulberg that the producer turned right around and made a leading man out of him for A Doctor’s Diary.

From novice to leading man in three minutes is some speed record. It never has been approached and probably will never be threatened.

ALL things favorable to his success up to now, there remains John himself and, while it may sound silly to say that he is of the stuff from which heroes are made, real or reel, it can be safely said that if he isn’t he’s a darn sight closer to being that way than most.

In the first place, he’s cast in a heroic mold...six feet, the ideal height, and garnished with 173 pounds of graceful, not knobby muscles.

This impressive physique is topped by a thatch of wavy black hair and set off by a pair of blue eyes.

All in all, the odds ought to be with Trent.

They are at the Schulberg studio where everyone says after watching him in his latest picture, The Ascending Dragon:

“Look out for this boy’s dust.”

But, the big question, the one palpatingly awaited by all women, is:

“Will it be star dust?”

We venture a good guess that it will!
Just so you won't really believe this is a candid camera profile of Edward Everett Horton we'll tell you it is really Ernst Lubitsch who is directing Horton, Marlene Dietrich and Herbert Marshall in Angel at Paramount.

Oh, oh! Where was that great screen lover Jack Benny when this snapshot of Georgie Burns and Mary Livingston was taken?

Oh, oh—! There are two sides to every table at Cocadoat Grave and here is Grrric Attc and Jack Benny imitating George and Mary seated opposite.

Magnificent Obsession goes on the air, Irene Dunne, who played the stellar role in the screenplay a year ago repeats her performance on the Lux hour.

Miss Dunne and Robert Taylor do a dramatic scene—with gestures—before the microphone.

Rehearsal over, Mr. Taylor eats a hasty dinner before going on the air. It was Magnificent Obsession you'll remember that made Mr. Taylor a screen star.
HOW LONESOME IRENE WON ROMANCE

UNDERARMS MUST BE KEPT DRY AS WELL AS ODORLESS

This dainty new vanishing cream does both

Perspiration wetness is as chilling to hearts as perspiration odor. TABOO completely disposes of both, by actually stopping the perspiration. Keeps underarms perfectly dry... keeps them absolutely odorless... freshly sweet. Neither stains nor otherwise harms clothing.

And what a delight it is to use... for it’s a delicately scented, pure-white vanishing cream... smooth as the cream you use on your face.

Completely absorbed by the skin instantly upon application, where it remains for days the guardian of your charm and the loyal friend of romance. Obtain TABOO at the better toilet goods and drug counters anywhere... fifty cents. Introductory size at all 10c stores.

DREAMS COME TRUE WHEN UNDERARMS ARE DAINTY

APPLY ONE NIGHT BE SAFE FOR DAYS
refreshing mildness
better taste

all the way

Chesterfield Wins

Copyright 1937, Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.
AMAZING EPISODES IN GARBO’S LOVE LIFE

HOLLYWOOD CORNERS THE ART MARKET

PAULA STONE

Natural Color Photo
So you want a lovely complexion, too? Well, you called the right number!

The Dionne Quins give you their "Beauty Secret"

Why Dr. Dafoe Chose Palmolive

Because the Quins were born prematurely their skin has always required very special care. Here is Dr. Dafoe's own statement:

"For some time after their birth the Dionne Quintuplets were bathed with Olive Oil. When the time arrived for soap and water baths, we chose Palmolive Soap exclusively for bathing these famous babies."

Dr. Dafoe Said Only Palmolive

"Isn't our experience a beauty lesson for you? Doesn't it stand to reason, that if Palmolive is safest for our tender skin, it must be best for yours, too? Well anyway, our advice is, only Palmolive, the soap made with gentle Olive Oil."

Why not use Palmolive regularly? Let its gentle, different lather help make your complexion lovelier, younger-looking!

© 1931, N. E. A. Service, Inc.

To keep your own complexion always lovely, use this beauty soap chosen for the Quins.
HERE is a girl who should own a smile like sunlight dancing on wind-swept water—a rippling, dazzling, flashing smile! The merest parting of her lips should reveal teeth that are bright, that glisten with a beautiful lustre.

But how distressing for her (and how shocking for you) if when she smiles she reveals dull teeth and flabby gums, tragic evidence of dental ignorance or deliberate and unforgivable neglect.

NEVER NEGLECT "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

Don't let such neglect penalize you. Any time your tooth brush shows that warning tinge of "pink"—see your dentist and see him promptly. You may not be headed for serious trouble but it's safer to have your dentist's assurance. Many times, however, the verdict will be gums that are the victims of our modern soft foods—gums that need more work and exercise—and, very often, gums that will respond to the wakening stimulation of Ipana and massage.

For Ipana, with massage, is especially designed to help benefit your gums as well as clean your teeth. Massage a little Ipana into your gums when you brush your teeth. Lazy gums awaken. Circulation quickens and stimulates the gum tissues—helps them to a new firmness that keeps them healthier. The theory of Ipana and massage is approved by many American dentists—it is taught in many schoolrooms all over the land. And right at home Ipana and massage can be your dentist's able assistant in the care of your teeth and gums.

Start today to use Ipana and massage—to help keep your gums firm and healthy—your teeth brighter. And your smile will then be a smile you can be proud of—radiant, winning, lovely!

LISTEN TO "Town Hall Tonight"—every Wednesday night, over N. B. C. Red Network, 9 o'clock E.D.S.T.

IPANA plus massage
is your dentist's able
assistant in the home care
of your teeth and gums.
Broadway Melody of 1938

So big it tops them all
So new it's a year ahead!

The mammoth M-G-M musical that picks up where "Great Ziegfeld" and "Born to Dance" left off!... Scores of stars! Gigantic spectacle! Gorgeous girls! Thrilling romance! Swingy tunes!... It's M-G-M's gayest, star-jammed entertainment!

Also in the Big Cast:
- Binnie Barnes
- Charles Igor Gorin
- Raymond Walburn
- Robert Benchley
- Willie Howard
- Charley Grapewin
- Robert Wildhack

and hundreds more

Directed by
Roy Del Ruth
Produced by
Jack Cummings

Dance direction by
Dave Gould

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

Accept no substitutes! Always insist on the advertised brand!
ExCLUSIVE FEATURE STORIES

Speaking to You From Hollywood
by Jerome Farwell
20-57
Why Hollywood has become the world’s radio center

Star Popularity Contest Winners
Announcement of prize winners
18-19

Did Joan Harlow Have a Premonition?
by Harry Lang
24-25
The strange prediction of the famous star

Amazing Episodes in Garbo’s Love Life!
by Rilla Page Palmberg
26-62
How love destined Garbo’s rise to fame

Fred MacMurray’s Greatest Weakness
by Cecil Deane
28-54
How a woman’s wink gave Fred courage

Make Way for a Trouper!
by Arthur Janisch
29-64
Gladys George—from footlights to floodlights

Hollywood Corners the Art Market
by Lupton Wilkinson
30-44
Why all the creative arts are drawn to Hollywood

‘Prez’ Oakie Is On the Air!
by Whitney Williams
32-67
Jack Oakie is a changed man since marriage

She Wants to Be an Actress!
by E. J. Smithson
33-58
Gale Sondergaard still wonders about her Academy Award

Sonja and Simone—Sensible Salesgirls, by Annabelle-Gillespie-Hayak
36-69
How these two stars sold themselves to Hollywood

Fay Bainter—Farmer’s Wife
by Scoop Conlon
37-73
Why this famous star goes “back to the farm”

Moore—Or Less—About Victor
by E. J. Smithson
38-71
“I’m not a ‘discovery’ says Victor Moore

She’s England’s Fairest
by A. B. Whitney
68-69

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Gene Raymond and Jeanette MacDonald photographed at the church after marriage vows were taken.

Exclusive HOLLYWOOD
Portrait by Bad.

(Bottom, right) The bridal group: Helen Ferguson, Mrs. Warren Rock (sister of the bride) the bride, the groom, Fay Wray, Ginger Rogers and Mrs. John Mack Brown.

-Fawcett photo by Rhodes.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Hays. The film star is not offering a prayer; merely signalling cameramen to cease "shooting"—Fawcett candid photos by Rhodes.

Ushers were Allan Janes, John Mack Brown, Harold Lloyd and Basil Rathbun.
WOMEN WERE HIS IDOLS! MONEY WAS HIS GOD!

Revelling, fighting, marching with the mighty surge of America, they flamed in gaudy glory through the wildest, wickedest city on earth . . . these fabulous "robber barons" of the realm of Rule-or-Ruin ... building railroad empires by day, and flinging away their lives and fortunes on Pleasure's darlings by night!

At last—the blazing romance of glamorous Josie Mansfield and flashing Jim Fisk . . . reckless Titan who battled his way to a throne of cornered gold, then madly danced with his love down the primrose path to Black Friday . . . The screen sensation of a decade, played by a galaxy of stars in a hell-bent world of wine and women!

EDWARD ARNOLD
CARY GRANT • JACK OAKIE
FRANCES FARMER

in

THE TOAST
OF NEW YORK

Directed by.
Rowland V. Lee

An Edward Small Production

An RKO Radio Picture
Guess Who Dep't

WHAT glamour girl, reputed to be a swell person, felt huffy and insulted the other day because fans on Hollywood Boulevard mistook her for Greta Garbo? One of the most popular blondes on the screen, she was dressed a little Garbo-ish, and somewhat resembles the won't-talk-girl.

Shocking Conduct

BETTE DAVIS nearly gave her press agent heart failure recently. The star was asked to meet a relatively unimportant newspaper writer. Bette agreed, but stipulated that first she must finish the scene then in rehearsal. Things went wrong, and she was kept busy before the cameras for nearly an hour. Meanwhile, the scribe had to leave, to keep a previous appointment.

The p.a. fully expected that Bette would be like most other stars who are equally important in the Hollywood scheme of things—that she'd probably yell, "Well, why didn't that fellow stick around, after me agreeing to see him? What was the idea of his walking out on a promised interview?" Instead, Bette apologized for disappointing the press agent and his guest!

Doggone!

RED ASTAIRE says he has a remarkable dog. One of the many clever things the pooch does is to detect Thespians with unfailing accuracy, and bite them! So whenever an actor comes visiting Astaire, the dog must be locked in his yard.

"You say he bites all actors—without exception?" Fred was asked by a friend. "If that's so, why doesn't he bite you?"

"I said he bites actors," the star retorted. "He never so much as bares his teeth at me!"

Married

BEVERLY BAYNE, former wife of Francis X. Bushman, was married recently to a rich electrical contractor in New York.

Trout Tennis

THIS may not surprise you if you've heard that Gary Cooper's greatest hobby just now is trout fishing.

Dolores Del Rio asked Gary and his wife to come over one Sunday afternoon for tennis. The droll Mr. Cooper said he'd be delighted if he could bring his new fishing rod. Dolores was a little puzzled, but of course she agreed. The Sunday afternoon arrived, and so did the Coopers. And while the
reason she didn't have the fellow arrested was because he escaped into the crowd!
Ginger subsequently confessed the hoax.

Punctual Prima Donna

WHEN Grace Moore's wardrobe fitting dragged on for two weary hours, she began getting impatient. She mentioned another appointment. Still the fittings continued. Finally Grace—yes, the movie star, the prima donna, the "temperamental" celebrity exclaimed with finality, "I simply must go now! I have a date with my husband, and there's barely time to reach our meeting place. You see, I try never to keep him waiting."
You wives who are always late for appointments with your husbands—are you listening?

Tragic Trinity

Completing a trinity of tragedy Monroe Owsley, popular screen star, died in San Francisco after a short illness at almost the same moment Jean Harlow breathed her last. A day previous Emmett Flynn, former director for Jackie Coogan, died in a Los Angeles sanitarium. Owsley was best known, perhaps, for his work with Ann Harding in Holiday. He is the third of four featured members of this cast to die within three years.

WHICH IS YOUR LUCKY SHADE

Ten new—absolutely new—shades of face powder! You have never seen the like of them before.
They're new in color. They're new in color-magic. They do things for women never before known.

You Will See a New "You"

One of these shades will prove the right one for you! It will prove your "lucky" shade. It will show you a new "you"—a more youthful "you"—a more vivid "you"

...a more glamorous "you."

You don't have to take my word for this. You can prove it to yourself! Just mail the coupon and you will receive all ten of my new Lady Esther Face Powder shades postpaid and free.

Try All Ten!

Try, not one or two shades, but all ten! The very one you think least suited to you may prove a breath-taking surprise to you. It may, for the first time, disclose your "lucky" shade of face powder. Clip and mail coupon today.

(Ten extra postpaid)

Lady Esther, 2030 Ridge Avenue, Evanston, Illinois

I want to find my "lucky" shade of face powder. Please send me all ten of your new shades.

Name: __________________________ Address: __________________________

City: __________________________ State: __________________________

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)
IT'S Smart TO USE HOLD-BOBS

In glamorous Hollywood, where a hairdress must always be ready for the camera, HOLD-BOBS are the favorite bob pins of the loveliest stars! They have known HOLD-BOBS for a long time... and know that these bob pins keep coiffures always at their very best. You need a perfect hairdress to be a picture of perfection... at the office, where looks are so important... on the beach, where you're the center of many eyes... on the dance floor, where your partner sees your hair in a personal close-up. That's why you should use HOLD-BOBS. Remember, they're the only bob pins with so many exclusive features: small, round, invisible heads; smooth, non-scratching points; flexible, tapered legs—one side crimped; and colors to match all shades of hair. These superior bob pins are sold everywhere. You'll know HOLD-BOBS by their brilliant gold and silver cards.

**HOLD-BOB**

The perfect bob pin for the modern hairdress!

---

When Bill Concentrates—!

**FOLKS** who don't know William Powell have sometimes thought his tendency to retire into the pages of an interesting book under any and all circumstances is just an affection. It isn't. If he is reading a really interesting tome, you may have to shake him to get his attention.

Bill gave an amusing demonstration of this at a party not long ago. Seated right in the middle of the noisy shin-dig, he happened to glance into a book someone had left beside his chair. He began reading, and promptly forgot time and place. A party hound managed to interrupt him at last.

"Beg pardon?" said Bill. And then, "Oh, I was just reading! I'm afraid I forgot where I was. Fact is," and he looked around at the crowd with that quizzical smile of his, "I thought I was alone!"

---

**Business Girl**

**JOAN CRAWFORD** never fails to impress us as a gal of many gifts apart from acting. Anyone who doubts that Joan might, for example, qualify as a business executive, should have been with her recently during one crowded twenty minutes.

In that short span of time—we clocked her—Joan selected three gowns from eight sent by a Wilshire Boulevard shop. She answered seven telephone calls concerning matters to which no one else could attend. She conferred with a music teacher. She checked a party guest list. She read and signed four business letters. She autographed several photographs.

---

**Hollywood Newsreel**

James Ellison and bride (the former Gertrude Durkin) take a day off from studio cares to acquire a deeper shade of suntan.

---

There's something about a soldier even though this one in RKO's New Faces of 1937 is wooden.
Poor Greta!

Greta Garbo—we saw her with our own eyes—stopped at a second-hand car lot on Santa Monica Boulevard, and inspected the dealer’s stock. What apparently had caught her eye was an English-made roadster, so small she had difficulty climbing into it. Then she spied a little American-made roadster tricked up with many shiny accessories—the kind high school boys love.

Greta looked over the two little cars with longing eyes; cast only perfunctory glances at the big, shiny “closed jobs.” Then she shook her head. To her companion, a woman, she remarked, “I cannot take either of the little ones. They would attract too much attention. I suppose I shall have to buy a big one after all!”

But for the moment she bought none at all.

Such a Cute Monster!

Robert Montgomery recently had an experience that taught him why “horror men” of the movies generally seem so well satisfied with their lot.

Shortly after his super-meanie role in Night Must Fall had been viewed by the Hollywood public, Bob was rushed by a group of hard-breathing young ladies on the street. Gasped one of them, “Oh, Mr. Montgomery, do give us your autograph! We’re just crazy about you since you’ve become so objectionable!”
Alice's Spree

NOW it may be told. Once in a blue moon, Alice Faye goes on a food spree!

The friend who told us about her latest gastronomic feat hadn't known her long, so he entertained some fears for the star's health. They were at a party, just a week before Alice's latest picture was completed. The food was wonderful. And either it was the blonde beauty's time for a dietary splurge, or she just happened to be hungry and reckless—

At any rate, Alice ate ravioli, chopped chicken livers, stuffed eggs, cheese, salami, olives, pickles, some salad, some caviar and other hors d'oeuvres, and topped it all off with ice cream and cake. Our friend grew more and more alarmed. At last he burst forth, "You'll make yourself sick, Alice, and hold up production!" She smilingly assured him she could eat anything, at any time, with no ill effects.

And sure enough, next day she was bright as a new dollar—and claimed she'd never felt better in her life!

By The Dawn's Early Light!

JACK DAWN, M-G-M make-up expert has perfected such a revolutionary new make-up and has all the stars, including Garbo, begging to try it. Jeanette MacDonald is the first to use it and actually looks ten years younger and is more beautiful than ever. Dawn claims it needs 40 per cent less light, which is not only easier on the star but cuts down the electric bill.

Conspiracy

KAY FRANCIS gets no time for exercise while making a picture, so she's a glutton for it between films. As a result, she overtaxed herself at tennis recently, playing singles for an hour with a professional, then pairing with him for three strenuous sets of doubles.

Her side won, but Kay had to be led off the court, and given restoratives by a physician. So now her tennis-playing friends have a conspiracy, which Kay will learn about for the first time when she reads this.

They watch her for signs of over-exertion, and then make an excuse to quit playing.

She Likes an Audience

ONLY one of the cast of Kenny Baker's flicker, Mr. Dodd Takes the Air, was aggrieved because no visitors were allowed to watch scenes being made. That was Alice Brady, who likes to spy on her audience out of the corner of her eye while she acts.

Once, some visitors slipped on the Dodd set during the lunch hour. They sat quietly amongst the extras, and no one noticed them until Alice began rehearsing the scene. Then her sharp, roving eye caught them. Director Al Green soon looked around suspiciously. "There are strangers on the stage," said he. "I can tell by the way Alice is strutting her stuff in this rehearsal. She feels the presence of her public!"

Still in the Swim!

His years of hectic married life seems to have taken small toll of Johnny Weissmuller. He recently came within one second of equaling his twelve-year-old record for the 100-yard swim.

Changed Man

NELSON EDDY returned from his recent concert tour a changed man. Long regarded as a "pain in the neck" to newspaper men and press agents, Eddy has evidently decided to start all over again.

The studio cat and her kits will never have to go on relief so long as Janet Gaynor is around to see that they get the proper amount of milk
Okay on Sound Now

S PENCER TRACY didn’t speak over the “mike” at the opening of Captains Courageous in Hollywood. His voice wasn’t what it should be, due to a recent goitre operation.

Modest Mug

F RED MacMURRAY has a surprising obsession. He can’t deny even to himself that he’s popular on the screen, but he credits it all to the skill of cameramen. Despite the assurance of friends that he’s just as personable off the screen as on, he considers himself ugly.

The other day, for example, he hid out to avoid meeting a group of club women. Someone asked him if he was afraid of the ladies. “Not exactly,” grinned Fred. “But if they ever get near enough to catch a good look at this pan of mine, I’ll have lost just that many more fans.”

Baby Talk

L UISE RAINER was recently rumored as “blessed evening.” “Do I look as if I were going to have a baby?” she asked William Powell. Bill admitted it seemed unlikely.

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• Fleet of luxurious new Super-Coaches
• Complete and courteous trip information

IF YOU HAVE THE DESIRE for a cool and thrilling vacation, Greyhound has everything else it takes! Certainly, expense is no longer a barrier—for Greyhound fares average only one-third the cost of driving your own car—or lower than those of any other type of transportation. And it’s eight times as safe as private car travel, with none of the fatigue or bother.

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WHEN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS, PLEASE MENTION AUGUST HOLLYWOOD
GOOD evening, ladies and gentlemen. When you hear the sound of the chimes it will be exactly time to check your Hollywood Radio Beam for latest news and gossip about your favorite movie stars now on the radio! Latest of the two-fisted Western stars to go radio in a big way is red-headed Dick Foran. Princeton graduate, six-feet-two, a smile like a sunburst and a record of thrilling action Western films at Warners. Dick recently introduced that haunting cowboy lullaby My Little Buckaroo, and now he is warbling a melodious, manish baritone on the Burns and Allen show. Hollywood has become so used to seeing Dick ride pell mell on a fast broncho it forgot he was a singer before he was a cowboy and the cinemalites are staring in amazement at their radios at the rare quality of his voice. Keep your ear tuned to Foran.

ANDY DEVINE, gravel-throated Universal comedian, has received more fan mail during his few months on radio with Jack Benny than in ten years in the movies! His voice has been raspy and husky since he was a small child and tried to swallow a ruler with a jagged brass edge. Andy’s vocal strain has made him a fortune. He calls himself the radio’s first croaker. You should have heard him sing a duet with Bing Crosby at a recent benefit. He can’t beat Bing at golf, either, but the two are friendly enemies every time they tee-off on the golf course which is directly behind the homes of both actors.

BOB “BAZOOKA” BURNS was once known as “Blue” in the vaudeville team of “Black and Blue.” His first picture work was imitating a negro drinking soup in Universal’s Heaven on Earth, starring Lew Ayres who has been Burns’ second best pal ever since. Burns also was champion rifle shot of the Allied armies in France during the World War beating 1,400 of the crack shots of all allied armies in a competition which lasted more than a year. He’s really got something to toot about.

ALTHOUGH the new Chase and Sanborn hour which is leaping up to the top of the popularity poll like a whippet is packed with star names and talents, Nelson Eddy is to be added to the program starting in August. All of which will be gratifying news to the legion of Eddy fans who never seem to get enough of this popular singer’s golden voice.
EDGAR BERGEN who is the brilliant "mouthpiece" for Charlie McCarthy has printed special stationery for Charlie and all his future fan letters are to be answered on it. (We have the inside dope that Charlie writes just like he talks.)

KENNY BAKER, sweet voiced tenor on the Jello Hour, received $19.00 a week and a guarantee of six breakfasts a week for his wife and himself on his first professional radio broadcasting engagement.

IN ADDITION to his regular "live" Chevrolet broadcasts Dave Rubinoff appears on 410 radio stations (by transcription) three times each week, more than 1,300 weekly station broadcasts and, although the fact is not generally known, perhaps the greatest radio audience of any performer now on the air. Frank Morgan's radio transcriptions are played over an even hundred stations weekly and Leon Janney, who recently returned to Hollywood from Broadway, makes 200 transcriptions each week.

RADIO announcers are now being unionized in the American Guild of Radio Announcers and Producers. (We wonder how pickets would work on their programs. Guess they would have to keep running their hands back and forth in front of the mike to picket them.)

AFTER an absence of over two years "Jolly Cholly" Winninger goes back on the Show Boat radio hours as Captain Henry. Since his Ivory Tent Show radio days Charlie has been in Hollywood for Showboat, Three Smart Girls, The Go Getter and Cafe Metropole, and it will be good to have this happy old trouper back on the dial again. Charlie Winninger and Show Boat are synonymous; no one knows it like he does and naturally no one can play it like he does.

Hollywood doesn't know a great deal about Jerry Cooper, new master of ceremonies on Louella Parsons' Hollywood Hotel hour, but every week he will meet all of the movie celebrities in his program and already the film folk have learned to like his voice.

We're signing off now. Good night, folks!

---

Carefree Comfort
FOR ANY WOMAN

Only Kotex has 3 types
for different women...different days

- IN BLUE BOX—REGULAR KOTEX. For the ordinary needs of most women.
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AND EVERY WOMAN NEEDS A KOTEX SANITARY BELT
Designed to wear with Kotex Sanitary Napkins, these narrow-type belts adjust to fit the figure. Danny, secure clasps prevent slipping. Four types: "Security," "Deluxe," "Wonderform," "Featherweight"...priced to suit any purse. Buy them where you buy Kotex Sanitary Napkins.

All 3 at the Same Low Price

WHEN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS, PLEASE MENTION AUGUST HOLLYWOOD 17
STAR POPULARITY CONTEST

WINNERS

Mrs. H. H. Peck, 1st prize winner
Edna A. Brown, 2nd prize winner
Joséphine Zingone, 3rd prize winner
Marjorie Connelly, 4th prize winner

THE votes have all been counted; the prize winners have been selected; the voters have unmistakably registered their choice of screen favorites—and so comes to an end our Screen Star Popularity Contest. That it proved the biggest of its kind ever offered movie fans by any magazine is due to the splendid co-operation of our readers throughout the country and in foreign lands. To the thousands and thousands of voters who helped make this contest such a grand success we extend our sincerest thanks. Our one regret is that there isn't a cash prize for every voter.

The voters' choice for the most popular movie star was Robert Taylor with Clark Gable as a close runner-up. Shirley Temple captured third position with Greta Garbo, William Powell, Claudette Colbert, Nelson Eddy, Joan Crawford, Ginger Rogers, Myrna Loy and Errol Flynn closely bunched for fourth selection.

Winner of the 1st prize of $300.00 is Mrs. H. H. Peck of 82 Wardman Road, Kenmore, New York. Miss Edna A. Brown of 2008 Stone Street, Falls City, Nebraska, wins the 2nd prize of $200.00. Miss Joséphine Zingone of 103-27 Astoria Avenue, Corona, New York, wins the 3rd prize of $100.00, and to Miss Majorie Connelly of Up-land, Indiana, goes the fourth prize of $50.00.

$10,00 Prize Winners:

Mrs. Edith Wendell, 150 Chestnut St., Oneonta, N. Y.; Miss Vendra Larson, 615 N. Pine St., Ishpening, Mich.; Thomas Ledwidge, care of National Military Home, Sawtell, Calif.; Miss Gladys Shaw, Recreational Aide, American Lake, Veterans Administration Facility, Wash.; Frances Louise Dowlin, R. F. D. No. 2, West Chester, Pa.; George H. Wood, 431 W. 7th St., Los Angeles, Calif.; Hazel R.
Garvin, 67 Thompson Ave., E. Haven, Conn.; Mary Sadler, 445 N. Riley Ave., Indianapolis, Ind.; Edward C. Jubes, 1617 Jaynes St., Berkeley, Calif.

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“I feel like a Cinderella after using Marchand’s”, writes Dorothy W* “Restoring the sunny, golden color to my hair has really accomplished a miracle in my appearance and popularity. Now I recommend it to all my girl friends.”

Thousands of BLONDES have brought back the glamorous, golden loveliness everyone admires, with Marchand’s Golden Hair Wash. You, too, simply and easily can work wonders with your hair in the privacy of your home. Marchand’s is the completely safe Golden Hair Wash. Always perfect results.

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"SPEAKING TO YOU FROM HOLLYWOOD"

The film capital now becomes the radio capital—because pictures and radio use the same big names for the biggest shows—and radio increases Hollywood’s income $15,000,000 a year!

HOLLYWOOD speaks to the world through 23 major air shows with nation-wide release being produced in the film capital every week. During every seven days the potential listening audience for these shows totals more than 600,000,000 persons. Within a year’s time the name of Hollywood is publicized via these 23 radio shows alone to 31,200,000,000 persons.

Hollywood has always thrived on publicity. Just a few years ago the sturdiest press agent would have had heart failure if he had had the faintest chance to get circulation like that for a star, a studio, or a picture. But now it happens automatically, as regularly as the hands of the electric clock go ‘round the dial.

And, Hollywood gets paid for this great job of publicizing Hollywood. An annual pay check totaling more than $15,000,000 goes to the radio stars, film stars, entertainers, actors, orchestras, announcers, writers, technicians and producers who put these 23 major radio shows on the air. The sponsors spend about $28,000,000 in addition for station time for these shows.

Approximately 400 persons collect the bulk of this income, but during the past year approximately 4,000 men, women and children in Hollywood have received some of this money for their services or talent.

A FEW years ago radio headquarters were in New York. Now Hollywood has taken honors from Broadway. The reason is motion pictures and radio complement each other. Films use radio stars, and radio uses film stars. The picture business centers in Hollywood and can’t be moved, so radio must move to Hollywood. That is what has happened.

By January 1, 1938, Hollywood fully expects to have at least 34 nation-wide radio broadcasts emanating from the film capital. Both the National and Columbia Broadcasting Systems are preparing for the future. Each is building magnificent new headquarters in the center of the film city, with enough ground space available to take care of television studios for the future.

When 1938 comes around, Hollywood figures the national radio shows produced here will create an annual payroll of more than 25,000,000 dollars.

Besides the national radio shows and the staffs of NBC, CBS and Mutual, there are more than 20 transcription and recording companies producing radio shows in wax for smaller stations throughout the world. Radio recordings are made in almost every foreign language, giving welcome employment to many foreign-born actors and actresses.

Today nearly everyone working in the motion picture business in Hollywood is also catalogued in the calling lists of the radio business.

When the telephone rings today in the home of an actor or actress, the call may be for either radio or pictures, and the calls for radio work are increasing, because radio in Hollywood is having growing pains.

Within a 30 mile radius of Hollywood are located 17 radio broadcasting stations, large and small. They sell everything from soap to nuts and religion, and get paid for it. All of these use news of Hollywood every day, and from these smaller stations come much of the talent for the major air shows. These radio stations alone issue weekly pay checks to more than 540 persons on their studio staffs.

IN THE outposts of civilization—men, women, and children hear the voices of famous men and women coming into their homes—and from Hollywood. Possessors of many of these voices are famous in films. Therefore radio listeners can best visualize these personalities from films as against those who work only on the air. And, liking them on the air, folks go see them as near in true life as they will ever see them—in films. The film stars are wise. They know today they must make radio appearances to meet the publicity competition which radio has created.

Within the past two years nearly every famous film star has appeared on one of the major radio broadcasts. Some of the few who have never appeared include: Shirley Temple, Garbo, Mae West, Charlie Chaplin, and a few more. Nearly every other big name has worked before the mike, and for big money. Most of the big stars are frightened when they face the microphone. They know they must give a perfect performance, that if they make one mistake it cannot be recalled. There are no “re-takes” in radio. And that is why with very few exceptions, every film star has delivered a most creditable performance on the air.

The roster of radio names is also a fairly representative roster of film names.

Following are the major air shows with nation-wide release, emanating from Hollywood today, with the true names of...
the radio stars given in parentheses:
The following are heard over NBC:
Jack Benny (Benjamin Kubelsky) and Mary Livingstone (Sayde Marks) with Kenny Baker, Phil Harris and his orchestra, and Don Wilson, announcer. (Jane Froman and her husband, Don Ross, baritone, headlining show while Benny and Livingstone vacation.)
Marion Talley with the Paul Taylor Chorus and Josef Koestner and his orchestra. Ken Carpenter, announcer.
Walter Winchell, news flashes.
Amos (Freeman Gosden) and Andy (Charles Correll) with Ruby Taylor Brown (Elinor Harriet) and Bill Hay, announcer.
Fred Astaire, with Charles Butterworth, Johnny Green’s orchestra, Francis White, Conrad Thibault and Trudy Wood.
Jimmy Fidler, news commentator.
Tommy Harris, latest song hits.
Bing Crosby with Bob Burns, Jimmy Dorsey’s orchestra, Paul Taylor Choristers, Ken Carpenter, announcer, and motion picture stars and international celebrities.
Lum (Chester Lauck) and Abner (Norris Goff), rural humorists.
George Burns (Nathaniel Birnbaum) and Gracie Allen with Dick Foran and Ray Noble’s orchestra.
Fibber McGee (Jim Jordan) and Molly (Marian Jordan) with Bill Thompson, comedian, Harlow Wilcox, Tommy Harris and Jimmy Grier’s orchestra.
The following are heard over CBS: Lux Radio Theatre with Cecil B. DeMille producer, Lou Silvers’ orchestra, Melville Ruick, announcer. Full dramatic hour starring Hollywood motion picture stars.
Al Jolson, Martha Raye, Victor Young and his orchestra, Farkytarkus (Harry Einstein) and Tiny Ruffner, announcer.
Jack Oakie, Georgie Stoll’s orchestra, Carol Tevis, Meyer Alexander, Bill Goodwin, Judy Garland, Shaw and Lee, Dean Dayton (Edwin Max).
Ken Murray, Oswald (Tony Labriola) Shirley Ross, Lud Gluskin, Marilyn Stuart, and Ken Niles, announcer.
Louella O. Parsons, Frances Langford, Jerry Cooper, Ken Niles, Raymond Paige’s orchestra, Ann Jamison, Igor Gorin, with Hollywood film stars.
Grace Moore, Vincent Lopez and [Continued on page 57]
The Highest Love
...the lowest men
The Seven Seas have ever known

MUTINY!...Gold-mad, blood-mad cutthroats
...defying the gallows...doomed unless they smash
a love that dared a HONEYMOON OF HORROR!
NEVER BEFORE SUCH A MIGHTY SEA-SPECTACLE!
NEVER AGAIN SUCH A STRANGE LOVE STORY!

Warner Baxter Beery
Wallace SLAVE SHIP

with

Elizabeth Allan
Mickey Rooney

GEORGE SANDERS • JANE DARWELL
JOSEPH SCHILDKRAUT

Directed by TAY GARNETT
Associate Producer Nunnally Johnson
Based on a Novel by George S. King
DARRYL F. ZANUCK in Charge of Production

ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTES! ALWAYS INSIST ON THE ADVERTISED BRAND!
And the Hollywood Magazine Scoop!

DID JEAN HARLOW

(Below) A photograph of Jean Harlow at 12 when she was attending school in Kansas City under her real name, Harlean Carpenter.

(Below) The glamorous Jean as she appeared in 1931 when Columbia Studios, quick to capitalise on her coiffure, produced Platinum Blonde.

(Above) Jean as she appeared in Hell's Angels, the film that was to catapult the blonde beauty into overnight fame and fortune.

(Below) Red Dust was released after her husband, Paul Bern, killed himself. The mystery of his death was supposed to end Jean's screen career. Instead, she was more popular than ever.

By HARRY LANG

Red-Headed Woman was Jean's first M-G-M picture and proved to be a smash hit that was to establish her as the screen's leading vamp.

Jean visited Washington, D.C., early this year to attend President Roosevelt's birthday ball. She is shown here as she was greeted by Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt.
HAVE A PREMONITION?

ALL it simply "premonition," if you wish.
Or call it, rather, a brave-hearted resignation to a cruel destiny she somehow, subconsciously perhaps, recognized as inevitable, inescapable—
For Jean Harlow knew, even before that final, fatal illness set upon her, that Death was going to cheat her at last of the final fruition of a happiness she'd sought so vainly throughout her strange young life!
"Child of Sorrow," she'd gone through three disastrous love adventures, in her woman's quest for the man to fill her life. Then she met Bill Powell—and there flamed at last in her life the love, the comradeship, the fullness of an ideal love. Yet Jean Harlow knew, even as it burst upon her, that that love was doomed!

"With Bill," she told an intimate friend, just a few weeks before her death, "I've found everything I'd never found before. It makes up for all that's happened to me. . . ."
"And when it ends—as it probably must, tomorrow, or the tomorrow after that—well, even then I won't feel that life has cheated me—too much."

Amazing prophecy, that. And it's not one of those things that were told after her passing. It was told me even before her illness, by the young man to whom Jean confided.

SCION of one of California's richest, oldest families, he is. It was at a mountain week-end house party, on a millionaire's estate, that Jean Harlow talked to him—talked as she rarely talked even to intimates. Somehow, between her and this young man, one of those sudden close friendships "clicked," like that. No love, no romance—just felship. And one day, as they walked ankle deep in pine needles, far from the house party crowd, Jean felt moved to confidences.
She told of her three marriages, and of the sorrow that went with them. She told things that, in fairness to others, cannot ever be repeated, now. But she opened her heart, and told the inside of the story all Hollywood knows—and you know, too. Of how for Jean, love always meant disaster. She went on—
"I came to believe," she told the friend, "that it was my destiny that never would I find happiness in love, as other women do. I was even told so by mystics, astrologers.

'Happiness in marriage—you were never born for it. For you, it is forbidden,' they said. 'I've come to believe it. "But somehow, it's changed since I've known Bill . . ."'
She went on then, with her heart-revelations. Told this young man, who knew Bill, too, what a wonderful fellow Powell is, and how he brought to her the things she'd never found before—a keen-witted mental companionship, a friendship that is the essential part of a true love between man and woman, an understanding and a tolerance that she'd never known from a man before.
Yet, as she told it, there was little happiness in Jean's voice. "It was," the man told me, "as if she felt the doom that overhung her newfound happiness." And at last she said the words I've repeated above—" . . . when it ends, as it probably must . . ."

"I thought," her confidante told me sadly, as Jean lay dead, 'that it was maybe the cynicism of Hollywood that was speaking—that she meant only that, like so many other Hollywood 'romances,' it couldn't last. But now I know she meant—this. She knew that Death was going to rob her of the happiness that had been always denied her.'

Yet remember—you who loved Jean Harlow—Jean herself, even in that realization, felt that instead of having been cheated, she had, in the final balance, outwitted her unhappy destiny. For in the months of her companionship and happiness with Bill Powell—even though it never came to marriage—she found a full measure of joy. A measure that, in her own words, balanced all the unhappiness that had been hers until then.

And remember, that at the moment she died, the person who was closest to her in that hospital chamber of death was Bill Powell himself. At the final swing of the scythe that cut short that gorgeous but so-young life, the man with whom she'd learned the real meaning of love, was holding her hand.
Bill doesn't know—won't, until he reads this—how happy Jean was with him, and how utterly his love made up to Jean for everything else. He doesn't know, perhaps, that because of the love she found with him, Jean Harlow in the shadow of death was no longer the "child of sorrow" but instead, was happy—and content.
AMAZING EPISODES
IT WAS in 1920 that Eugene Nifford, popular star in a folk play being filmed on "location" in the basement of the Palladium Theatre in Stockholm, chose Greta Gustafson as his dance partner from a group of extras seated in a cafe sequence.

"I selected Greta," said Mr. Nifford, "as I was attracted by her soft, rounded curves. She was plump in those days. As we danced I became fascinated with the thick, long curling lashes fringing the most unusual eyes I have ever seen. Smouldering grey-blue eyes that glowed like moonlight on a blue lake when she looked up at me and said, 'It must be wonderful to be a star.'"

"In addition to my screen work, I was starring at the Folkstheatre. Einar Hansson, a handsome country lad who had become a great lady's favorite playing juvenile leads at the same theatre, was my roommate. The day he dropped over to our set my casual 'Einar meet Greta' was the beginning of a chain of events that eventually led Garbo to Hollywood.

"In the year that followed, Einar left the stage to become the protege of Director Mauritz Stiller, who was grooming him for screen stardom. We are all familiar with Garbo's progress during this time when she left her job at the barber shop, and later gave up modelling hats at a department store when she won a scholarship in the Royal Dramatic Theatre.

FROM the first, Greta and Einar were drawn to each other. Although Einar was a reigning favorite, showered with attention and ladies' smiles, he was attracted to this unknown girl of humble birth. But Einar was temperamental and moody. Often as we left the theatre after a performance I have seen him pass Garbo, huddled in a great coat as she stood in the inevitable group that always gathered around the stage door, with only a brief nod in her direction.

"At intervals there would be extended periods when he would refuse to see her. These times were usually followed by an explosion from Einar—'I wish Greta would keep her nose out of my business!'—when he rushed home in preference to listening to a lecture on drinking from Garbo.

"It was Einar who brought Garbo to Stiller's attention. I can assure you that by the time Garbo had finished making Gosta Berling Saga, these two were deeply in love. This annoyed Stiller who maintained that romance interfered with a career. The only discord between Einar and Garbo was Einar's fondness for liquor.

"Garbo, Einar, Stiller and myself had just returned from Berlin, disappointed that our plans for filming a picture had fallen through due to the collapse of financial backing, when Stiller received a call from Louis B. Mayer, who was making a tour of Sweden. When Mr. Mayer invited Stiller to sign a contract to direct pictures for him in Hollywood, Stiller agreed to accept, provided that his protege, Einar Hansson, was also given a contract. It was not Garbo upon whom he insisted (as Hollywood seems to believe) but Einar. However, before Mr. Mayer had reached a decision on this proviso, Einar—according to his story to me—came out with the ultimatum that unless Garbo was also given a contract he would not go.

"There the matter stood," Mr. Nifford laughs. "A triumvirate that could not be broken. For six..."

[Continued on page 62]
If you don't believe there is magic in a woman's eyes, read what an encouraging wink did for your favorite actor's career.

IT WAS during the ballroom scene in Sally, starring Marilyn Miller, made by First National in 1929, that Director John Francis Dillon got into a minor jam. He had to have a line read and there was no actor to read it. Dillon turned to an assistant.

"Get me somebody — anybody — who can speak that line!" he ordered.

It was one of those opportunities that extras dream about. Dillon's glance selected a six-foot, three-inch young man who stood out in the crowd. A handsome fellow, with dark, curly hair, who had gotten onto the preferred list at Central Casting Bureau because he could play several musical instruments.

"Get that fellow!" Dillon ordered.

The assistant faced his man.

"Can you read lines?" he asked.

"Why — ah —" the young fellow stammered.

Dillon and his helper exchanged disgusted glances and the latter shot the question at another. Fate — and a shyness that amounted to torture — had moved success back six years for Fred MacMurray. It was Fred who had wobbled through his biggest opportunity.

Fred told me about that not long ago while making Exclusive at Paramount. He told me about a lot of other experiences in his life that had been bitter, hard to take — all because of his shyness. And he told me about the grim battle he has made down through the years to conquer his greatest weakness.

Perhaps some of you think that to be shy is silly — some of you devil-may-care people who have no feeling of self-consciousness. But those of you who have lived through hell on earth even during the comparatively mild task of meeting a stranger or entering a room full of people you don't know, realize what suffering Fred MacMurray has had as his lot. His is a real success story — for today he ranks as one of the most popular of screen players — with a brilliant future ahead of him.

Fred says:

[Continued on page 54]
MAKE WAY FOR A TROOPER!

because Gladys George is one of the most unusual persons ever to enter pictures.

And if that comes under the heading of "things I've heard before" consider a few facts and no fancies about our Miss George.

She is not a poseur. She does not evade publicity to get publicity. She is herself with her only thought to do the very best she can in pictures.

Gladys George is a trouper. And only an old-timer can tell you what it means for an actress to have been an actress since she was three.

[Continued on page 64]

By ARTHUR JANISCH

Gladys George has been breathing theatre air since she was three. She's in Hollywood, now, making as big a name for herself under the floodlights as she did before the footlights. It seems to be a way that troupers have

IMAGINE a woman not lying about her age when the years start piling up!

Then, imagine that woman to be a movie star!

And now imagine that movie star frankly declaring that she knows she is not beautiful!

Unbelievable? Not by any means.

Gladys George would tell you those things herself if she could personally talk to you,
Richer in entertainment quality than any season that has gone before, 1937-'38 will mark the full growth of Hollywood to unquestioned place as talent capital of the world. Audience response to the best that can be offered has made the answer easy. Creative brains make pictures, so the producing companies have gone open-handedly into the world market, securing "tops" in every line.

Whether it's to tug at our hearts, make us laugh or bring more miracles of beauty, the new season's pictures will continue the amazing strides of the past few years. Men who up until recently thought the screen a sort of junior art, now are ready and eager to win a place. The talking motion picture, which seems to have no limitations, has welded all the arts: music, color and design, dramatic writing, the dance—even interior decorating and dress-making—using them to enrich direction and acting that improve from picture to picture.

A glance at music shows the sure advance of creative genius toward the new center, where it can best express itself. Stravinsky, world-famous Russian composer, has come to Hollywood and retired with a sheaf of scripts—he wants to score a picture. Rachmaninoff has wired that he is ready. Paderewski has completed a picture in England and no one doubts that the year will see him with one of the American companies.

By LUPTON WILKINSON
IN THE past Hollywood has borrowed bits of score from the great symphonies. It soon will be the other way 'round. Many leading symphony orchestras have asked for permission to play excerpts from Werner Janssen's score for The General Died at Dawn and George Antheil's music (he traveled 5,000 miles among Indian villages and studied sixty days in the Congressional Library) for The Plainsman.

People laughed when Boris Morros brought the great Leopold Stokowski to direct a Bach Fugue in the middle of The Big Broadcast of 1937; but movie fans cheered the number; Stokowski liked the work; he is now writing the music and will direct a mammoth orchestra in 100 Men And a Girl, starring Deanna Durbin. Boris Morros himself directed the Russian Imperial Symphony at sixteen!

The list is long: distinguished newcomers to Hollywood like George and Ira Gershwin, brilliant veterans like Herbert Stothart, Max Steiner, Nathanial Schilkret, Erich Wolfgang Korngold (Academy Award winner for 1936) Leo Forbstein, Charles Previn, Oscar Radin, Dr. Akst Franz Waxman (of Vienna), Heinz Roemheld, former conductor of the Berlin Symphony, Arthur Lange, Dmitri Tiomkin, Arnold Schoenberg, Bakleinikoff and Werner Heymann.

With all this genius, the city fathers may have to re-name Hollywood Boulevard—The Street of the Immortals. [Continued on page 44]
"PREZ" OAKIE IS ON THE AIR!

He's a tea sipper and a confirmed stay-at-homer since his marriage, and Prez Oakie tells you why over this National Magazine broadcast!

JACK OAKIE—or was I dreaming?

set down a dainty teacup and grinned.

"Howya, boyohboy!" he greeted me, expansively.

"You're sure you're Jack Oakie?" I asked. I've known the Oakie for a goodly number of years, but this guy came close to being a stranger to me.

"Yea, brother," he grinned, "Can't say I blame you for not being sure, though. Sometimes, I have quite a time recognizing myself. S'fact." He took a sip of the brew. "I'm a changed man," he announced, smacking his lips.

"Who'da thought, mister, a year ago, that the old acorn would be drinking tea! Why, mah reputation would'a gone with the wind—yassuh—just like Aunt Minnie's ashes." He started to put his feet up on the Victorian sofa.

"Mr. Oakie," a voice bawled from the direction of the theatre set, "will you please get in the scene."

"The voice of my public," Jack confided. "Ah me, what we artists must suffer for our art." He climbed up the side of the set—instead of ascending the steps, nearby.

"I'm getting lazy," Poison Oakie confessed a few "takes" later. "Why, mister, would you believe it, it used to be that I didn't mind working sixteen hours at a stretch. And now? Well, after ten or twelve hours I just seem to lose interest in my histrionics.

"When I left home this morning, I said to my wife: 'Venita, I'll be home early and we'll go surf-board riding before we go out to dinner.'

"Like fish, you will,' she came right back at me, 'you've been telling me that ever since Christmas . . . and you haven't been home on time yet. And we NEVER go out for dinner.'

"Maybe that's why I don't relish these pictures that go on and on and on, any longer. Twelve hours is a [Continued on page 67]

By

WHITNEY WILLIAMS
If ever a new-comer to the land of the Magic Lantern got off to a flying start toward film fame and fortune, it is none other than talented Gale Sondergaard, the Minnesota girl, who came direct from the New York stage to make her screen debut as Faith in Anthony Adverse and who did it so impressively that months later, when the members of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences met to select winners of the 1936 awards, they found, after the votes had been added up, that Gale had been chosen as the best character actress of the year!

Well, it seemed that the Academy was mighty pleased about it. Gale's well-wishers certainly were; and Gale, who sometimes has the very bad habit of being too modest and unassuming for her own screen good, said she "couldn't understand it; that surely there must have been a mistake; that there were any number of actresses in Hollywood more deserving of the honor than she——" and so on and so on. What she probably tried to say was that she hadn't had any hope in Faith and hadn't expected any charity. Or words to that effect.

Now for the nice part of all these protestations. Gale wasn't fishing for pleasant denials when she showed her concern and doubt over the wisdom of the

[Continued on page 58]
M-G-M Physical Instructor Loomis gives Virginia Grey, featured player, this conditioning exercise.

Touching the right knee to the left elbow and reversing is another movement of the bicycle exercise.

Lorraine Bridges, M-G-M star, does this exercise to reduce the hips and thighs.

Lorraine learns from Instructor Loomis that the bicycle exercise is one of the best for reducing the stomach.
A breathing spell for Lorraine while Instructor Loomis tells her what's coming next.

And here it is—another fat reducer done by standing erect, touching the right knee to the left elbow and then reverse.

Virginia Grey is shown here learning to do the splits, an excellent exercise to beautify the hips and legs.

A stretching exercise like this will limber up stiff muscles.
Read how these two talented young girls came to America—how they held on to their ideas and ideals—and how eventually they managed to sell themselves to critical Hollywood.

YOU want to know how Sonja and Simone sold themselves to Hollywood?

That's an order. We hate to disillusion you with the cold truth, but behind those coy and fascinating faces of theirs are two of the cleverest business heads in the Cinema City, each possessing a shrewd capacity for bargaining and showmanship. Both are endowed with more than an ordinary measure of common sense and there is no vanity in either one's make-up, at least so far as physical appearance is concerned, else how could they [Continued on page 69]
FAY BAINTER—FARMER’S WIFE

"TWO-YEAR" Bainter has become "One-Shot" Fay!

Broadway tagged this celebrated actress with the odd but affectionate monicker, "Two-Year," because of her uncanny ability in scoring personal hits that greatly aided plays to run that gratifying length of time.

Not to be outdone in the matter of tossing "bows" to a fine actress, who has been one of the very last of Broadway's "great" to capitulate to the lure of motion pictures, Hollywood has tagged her "One-Shot" Fay because the directors say that one "take" is all they need when Bainter plays a scene.

"Where is she?" cried the theatergoers as well as the critics who reveled about her brilliant performances in The Soldier And The Lady and Quality Street.

"Where is she?" cried Hollywood after each job of picture-stealing because Fay was nowhere to be found. The independent, spirited lady had simply gone home. She wasn't being artful at all. Reginel'd Venable, a former U. S. naval officer whom she married years ago, and thirteen-year-old Reginel'd Venable, Jr., have always meant much more to Fay Bainter than her career. And, "home" to Fay means "down on the farm," a charming, old-fashioned New York farm near Ossining in Westchester county, only thirty-five miles from Broadway. For many years, the actress has played the double-role of the farmer's wife. She not only likes it but loves it.

She likes Broadway and she likes Hollywood, but she loves her farm and prefers the role of farmer's wife to all others!

It seems incredible that Hollywood picture producers haven’t "discovered" Fay Bainter before. She is not only one of our "first" actresses, but that rare avis, a woman who once seen is never forgotten. Her charm lies in magnetism rather than beauty.

Those who remember her in the role of Ming Toy in East Is West, or, who recently saw her as the Tartar woman in The Soldier and The Lady, will swear she is more exotic than Myrna Loy. But, those who saw her play Fran Dodsworth in the original New York stage production, or, the spinster sister in Quality Street will be convinced that she is no more exotic than Katharine Hepburn.

Let's just say that this magnetic woman of the piquant face and flashing eyes is a swell actress, and let the vain attempts at character delineation go at that.

Even if Fay Bainter were not a distinguished actress, she could easily stand absolutely alone in the gallery of fame. She is a native Californian—nay, even a native Angeleno who honestly prefers to live in the state of New York.

We don't believe Bob Ripley can tie this one.

A transplanted flower, she took root with such enthusiasm and determination in her ingenue stage days in New York. [Continued on page 73]
The report that Victor Moore is Hollywood's latest "discovery" is slightly exaggerated and the stage, radio, and screen star explains why!

The Hollywood boys and girls who earn their cakes and coffee writing motion picture pieces for the papers are at it again!
Once more they've raised their telescopes to the movie heavens and "discovered" a new star!
This screen luminary is none other than Victor Moore whose exceptionally splendid work in Paramount's Make Way For Tomorrow will be something to keep fresh in your movie memory for a long, long time to come.
The boys and girls have been tossing Victor enough verbal bouquets to fill the Congressional Library with enough posies left over for the buttonholes of all the "We-view-with-alarm politicians who infest the capitol city.
We have no quarrel with the plaudit-tossers. Victor deserves all the nice things being said about him. In fact, the more (no pun intended) they praise him the better we like it, but so far as tagging the word "discovery" on Holly-[Continued on page 71]
Jean Parker brings her own bath-house to the beach. Neat and exclusive! Life Begins With Love is Jean's next Columbia picture

By ANN VERNON

TO BE a sun-browned nymph by day and a slim, golden princess by night. That is the paradoxical wish of every girl who loves to spend long hours in the sun and yet wants to look her romantic best when stars begin to twinkle overhead.

This daylight-to-dusk transformation is daily magic in the movie colony. And no one gives a more skilled performance than charming little Jean Parker.

Jean spends many leisure hours at the beach, swimming far out to sea or just relaxing in the warmth of the sunlight. Evening finds her a picture of exquisite loveliness at Hollywood’s smartest gatherings, looking as if the wind never touched her and the sun never saw her.

"My skin is naturally dark and tans very quickly," Jean told me recently. "And although I love the sun, the studio has issued an edict against deep tans. This means I can’t spend more than fifteen minutes a day in the sun without a hat or robe. But it’s easy enough to be out-of-doors and still keep from acquiring too much color.

"I have a favorite lotion which I use on my skin, before, after and during the time I am in the sun. It is light and fragrant and protects the skin without making it sticky.

"Another thing. Bright sunshine fades and dries the hair,
shampoos keep it soft and lustrous and counteract the effects of wind and wave.

Particularly suited to her youthful beauty is the unstudied arrangement of her hairdress.

"I like to dress my hair myself," Jean said, "and after a shampoo I dry and brush it before putting it up on curlers. I have very large curlers almost an inch in diameter for the long hair at the back of my head and use bob pins to make flat pin curls around my face. My hair has a little natural curl so I dampen it only a trifle when putting it up.

"I frequently finish off a shampoo with an egg treatment that I like to use when doing my hair myself. After my hair is washed I apply the yolks of three eggs beaten together with a little bay rum. I massage this mixture into my scalp, rinse my hair thoroughly and then apply the beaten whites over my hair like a meringue. Then I massage my head again and give it another rinsing. This is something I learned from Katharine Hepburn when we were making Little Women.

"One thing I wouldn't be without is an eyewash," Jean went on. "I use an eyewash night and morning. And in the sun I always wear sun-glasses to protect my eyes. The glasses I have are bronze with a slight green cast and I really enjoy wearing them because they make everything look so vivid.

"I believe one of the best skin beautifiers is a cold, cold shower.

I stay in my morning shower until I'm almost numb. But the reaction makes my skin glow and stimulates my whole system." Jean has a clever trick of combining the exhilarating effects of a shower with the luxury of a scented tub bath. To an atomizer filled with warm water she adds a few drops of fragrant bath oil and sprays this solution over her body. However, only those who react quickly to an icy shower as Jean does, should indulge in this hardy method of bathing, as a prolonged chill may prove dangerous.

With ample protection for her skin, hair and eyes while she is in the sun, no drastic repairs are necessary when Jean dons her best bib and tucker for an evening of festivity. Only a slight change in make-up is required to effect the transformation of play-girl to glamour-girl.

"During the day I use a very light make-up that blends with my skin tone," Jean said. "In the evening I like a bit of moist rouge on my cheekbones and a faint touch on the lobes of my ears. If it can be applied delicately enough, just a suggestion of rouge at the nostrils and on the chin gives a radiant look to the face. I use only a small bit of powder on my nose, as I like the rather moist look which the rouge gives my skin.

"I love color in clothes and believe women have a right to wear as much color as they please. Men like color, too, although they can seldom analyze why they like or dislike a woman's appearance."

Jean smiled reminiscently and said, "My husband didn't want me to use either lipstick or mascara during the day, so for three days I went without both, and he kept saying 'Dear, aren't you tired? Don't you feel well?' I was feeling fine, of course, so that ended the no-lipstick campaign.

"I have always wanted to be a girl identified by a certain perfume, but there are so many I like, I can never resist switching from one to another. I am particularly fond of lavender and lilac for summer evenings but for sports clothes I like perfumes suggestive of leather and tweeds. My favorite bath oil has a delightful pungent fragrance and I don't wear any other scent when I use it."

If you would like to try Jean's method of applying color to your face, you should know about the lovely new shade of moist rouge just put on the market by a famous manufacturer. It has a soft, fine texture and blends exquisitely into the skin with a true scarlet blood tone. Completing the make-up ensemble is the indelible lipstick created by the same house for use with the rouge. It is a bright scarlet with an enticing transparency, just the thing for adding a vivid high-light to a sun-kissed face. Both rouge and lipstick are suitable for most every complexion and especially flattering to the girl with a tan for either day or evening wear. The lipstick is priced at $1, the rouge at 83c. If you would like the trade name, be sure to send me a letter of inquiry.

[Continued on page 66]
Another trend towards peasant dress — a tight bodice and full, ruffled skirt! Jeanette MacDonald poses in this colorful costume of taffeta and lace before she swings into a gay dance for her latest M-G-M film production, The Firefly.

The peasant influence is exemplified in this quaint kerchief head-dress of embroidered marquisette. Draped gracefully over the head and tied loosely in a knot under the chin, it accentuates the beauty of Luise Rainer as she appears in The Emperor's Candlesticks for M-G-M.

Loretta Young, lovely 20th Century-Fox star, reflects the mystery and glamour of the Far East in this striking golden beige woolen suit with its alluring turban and veil of paisley, designed by Gwen Wakeling. Accessories are of deep copper suede.
3-Star Styles

A suit like the one on the right, selected from Helen Vinson's wardrobe in Walter Wanger's Vogue of 1938, is bound to be the talk of the town. Its trim black skirt is topped with a tuck-in blouse of bright green silk jersey with set-in shirred bands, worn under a hip length box coat of black and white plaid, edged in braid. The collar is rolled and has notched lapels. Her stovepipe hat is bright green banded with black ribbon. A design originated by Omar Kiam, stylist.

Evening festivities find Dixie Dunbar, (below) vivacious 20th Century-Fox actress, wearing this youthful dress with blue chiffon redingote over a sheath of multicolor print. The corsage matches the colors in the print, and a coat of rose taffeta accompanies the frock.

Ruth Martin, one of the most photographed girls in the world, wears this dress in a fashion show sequence in Vogue of 1938. It is styled with an enormous ankle length skirt, with jagged hemline and a camisole bodice accented with a row of fluffy bows. The fabric is a pale blue organza striped in silver moave and darker blue. Omar Kiam is the designer.
WINDPROOF LEKTROLITES!
The cigarette lighters that make cigarettes taste better—and do not yellow teeth or fingers!

THOUSANDS buy Lektrolite cigarette lighters because they’re smart, small, light and windproof—and then discover they make cigarettes taste better, too. The scientific reason is that Lektrolites have no flame. A platinum heater screen does the work, and it’s 400 degrees cooler than a flame. No tars or oils are released to taint cigarette flavor or stain fingers or teeth. Priced from $1 up. Get one today at your favorite dealer. If he cannot supply you, order direct from Progress Corp., 521 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C.

WATERPROOF, TOO!
You can carry the Midget Glolite or The Dynamique in your bathing belt. They’re waterproof!

USE PACKARD LEKTRO-SHAVER
instead of dangerous blades or harsh depilatories

Here’s the daintiest and safest way to remove unwanted hair. Packard Lektro-Shaver can’t cut, pinch or scrape. It won’t cause rash or blemishes. You need no water, soap, lather, creams. No messiness; no odors. Its smooth head is kind to your skin—its four-way shearing action is most efficient. These features are exclusively Packard Lektro-Shaver’s. Get one! $15.00 at stores everywhere. Made by Dictograph and nationally distributed by THE PROGRESS CORPORATION, 521 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

SEND FOR BOOKLET OR MERCHANDISE

WHEN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS, PLEASE MENTION AUGUST HOLLYWOOD
IN THE light fields of music, who does not know George Gershwin, Sigmund Romberg, Rudolf Friml, Irving Berlin? Perhaps, like Victor Herbert, these and others will be "classics" in the future. More than 200 composers and lyricists—the very cream of the world crop—enrich this season's musical menu: men like Cole Porter (Born to Dance—Red, Hot and Blue—Anything Goes); Jerome Kern (Showboat—Roboto—Sweet Adeline—Riviera); Gus Kahn (with the director-composer Victor Schertzinger (One Night of Love—Marchesa—and a hundred others); Al Dubin and Harry Warren (Lullaby of Broadway—About a Quarter to Nine, and fifty other hits); Mack Gordon and Harry Revel (Wake Up and Live—An Orchid to You and I Feel Like a Feather in the Breeze); Jimmy McHugh and Harold Adamson (Top of the Town—Banjo on My Knee—The Great Ziegfeld); Rodgers and Hart, Dick Whiting, Johnny Mercer, Nacio Herb Brown and Arthur Freed (Broadway Melody—Pagan—You Are My Lucky Star—I Gotta Feelin' You're Foolin'—Alone and other hits); Walter Jurmann and Bronislaw Kaper (You All I Need and San Francisco). These last two are from Vienna, and, more lately arrived from the Austrian capital is the famous foreign king of all light music writers, Oscar Strauss (now writing Bobby Breen's Make a Wish).

THAT'S less than one percent of all the famous composers and lyric writers who will make 1937-38 tuneful for movie audiences. As for the singing, take a long breath: Jeanette MacDonald, Grace Moore, Gladys Swarthout, Lily Pons, Richard Tauber, Jan Kiepura, Helen Jepson, Kirsten Flagstad, Marion Claire, Nino Martini, Lawrence Tibbett, Nelson Eddy, Frank Forrest, Charles Kullman, Marion Clair, Allan Jones—whew! That's enough to sing tears to the world's eyes, then sing those blues away.

Dancing means music, too, and the best dancers in the world will do their finest steps before bands ranging from famous symphonies to Rudy Vallee and Fred Waring, both of whom vacated big Eastern contracts. Musical numbers will cause the company treasurers to groan in their sleep. Metro set the style, long ago, with a reputed $125,000 for A Pretty Girl is Like a Melody, and Universal threw a second challenge with one $115,000 act for Top o' the Town; Warners with one $100,000 set for Varsity Show.

The pressure to produce consistently fine stories never lets up. A survey of the 1937-38 motion picture authors is impossible here. Each large company has from 75 to 100 writers under contract. Metro will serve as an example; its writers range from the noted Englishman, Hugh Walpole, who contributed so much to David Copperfield and Little Lord Fauntleroy, to Dashiell Hammett, king of the hardboiled detective fiction genre, who is busy at a third Thin Man story. They will nudge such writers as Monckton Hoffe, an English sensation; Edgar Selwyn, Samuel Hoffenstein and William Anthony McGuire. Twenty-eight new ones have joined this studio during recent months, including R. C. Sherriff, who wrote Journey's End; Zoe Akins, Pulitzer Prize winner; A. E. Thomas, author of No More Ladies, and two to laugh with: P. G. Wodehouse and Ogden Nash.

IN THE field of art, genius in color and design has been gathered. Technicolor has put a spur to that. Robert Edmund Jones, long a foremost setmaker for the stage, now puts together color combinations that will be seen the world over, not just in a few large cities. Darryl Zanuck has brought Haldane Douglas, outstanding color authority, to Twentieth Century, and that means Mr. Zanuck was only feeling his way with Ramona. RKO, best with a top art director in Van Nest Polglaze, has brought out Hobe Erwin, who formerly decorated homes for William Rhinelander Stewart, Mrs. Jay Gould and others who demanded results. At Columbia the only woman set dresser, Mrs. Babs Johnstone, has the town watching. You saw her work in the flawless interiors of Craig's Wife. Universal has John Harkrider, and there's Willie Pogany, Cedric Gibbons, William Darling, Richard Day, John Hughes, Stephen Goosson, Jack Otterson, Merrill Pye, Max Ree, Robert Haas, Robert Usher, Ernest Fegte, Russell Patterson and Dan Sayre Groesbeck—all over the place.

New directors are coming, like Gustave Machaty, who wielded an indiscernible megaphone on Écosse, most controversial-stirring foreign film of last year. American and European stages continue to send the best of their acting talent. Gracie Fields, highest paid of English comedians, if not in the world, says she is happy in the Yorkshireaccent won't keep American audiences from enjoying her humor.

MORE significant than any talent list could be are the actions of the great broadcast chains. Because the talent is in Hollywood they are making the Coast city the world's radio capital, too. N. B. C. has spent $1,000,000 on its new Hollywood plant and has doubled in a year the number of national hookups originating in the Western studio. The Columbia network is preparing a $1,800,000 answer to the rival plant; the Mutual system has expansionitis and the Warner Brothers chain of stations hopes to challenge other networks shortly.

Regular motion picture theatregoers have a right to feel proud of themselves. The constant insistence, now, on class as well as punch in pictures comes from a demonstrated success at the boxoffice. The audiences have supported the finest, and have shown impatience at anything else. What we ask for we will get, and we have asked for plenty. The answer will come in music, beauty, tears and laughter—the greatest massing of creative genius the world has yet seen.

HERE ARE SOME OF THE NEW SEASON'S BIGGEST PICTURES

By no means all of the spectacular pictures to be released for 1937-38 but an idea of what Hollywood has in store for your entertainment. Musicals are marked with an asterisk.

M-G-M
*
THE FIREFLY by Priml. Starring Jeanette MacDonald, Allan Jones.


*HATS IN THE AIR starring Eleanor Powell, Kim by Kipling. Starring Freddie Bartholomew.

MADAME WALESKIN starring Garbo.

*THREE COMRADES starring Robert Taylor, Spencer Tracy and James Stewart.

*IDIOT'S DELIGHT starring Norma Shearer.

*JOHNNY STRAUSS.

STAND UP AND FIGHT starring Wallace Beery.

*ROSE OF ALGERIA by Victor Herbert.

*SARI by Franz Lehur.

20TH CENTURY-FOX

STANLEY-LIVINGSTONE (filmed partially in Africa).

CHICAGO. Epic story of a great city and a great fire.

HEIDE starring Shirley Temple. (World's fifth best seller.)

*THE WINNEBEGO WINKLE starring Shirley Temple, Victor McCoigen, Michael Whalen.

*THIN ICE starring Tyrone Power, Sonia Henie.

*ALI BABA GOES TO TOWN.
WALTER WANGER

VOGUES OF 1938 starring Warner Baxter, Joan Bennett. (Technicolor.)
ARABIAN NIGHTS. (Technicolor)
WITHERING HEIGHTS starring Sylvia Sydney and Charles Boyer.
*52ND STREET.

SAMUEL GOLDWYN

DEAD END. All star cast.
HURRICANE. Elaborate spectacle by authors of Mutiny on the Bounty.
ADVENTURES OF MARCO POLO. Elaborate spectacle starring Gary Cooper.
*GOLDWYN FOLLIES by George and Ira Gershwin. (Technicolor.)

UNIVERSAL

*100 MEN AND A GIRL starring Deanna Durbin and Leopold Stokowski.
*BROADWAY JAMBOREE.
FOUR BLACK SHEEP.
MADAME CURIE starring Irene Dunne.

WARNER-FIRST NATIONAL

LIFE OF EMILE ZOLA starring Paul Muni.
TOVARICH starring Claudette Colbert, Charles Boyer.
*HOLLYWOOD HOTEL starring Dick Powell.
*VARSITY SHOW with Fred Waring and his Pennsylvanians.
*GOLD IS WHERE YOU FIND IT.
ROBIN HOOD starring Errol Flynn.

RKO

STAGE DOOR starring Ginger Rogers, Katherine Hepburn, Burgess Meredith.
GUNGA DIN by Kipling.
*MUSIC FOR MADAME starring Nino Martini.
*DAMSEL IN DISTRESS starring Fred Astaire.
*RADIO CITY REVUE.
NEW FACES starring Joe Penner, Harriet Hilliard, Milton Berle and others.
*VIVACIOUS LADY starring Ginger Rogers, James Stewart.

COLUMBIA

CHOPIN (Frank Capra) starring Francis Lederer.
WINNING OF THE WEST, YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU ($200,000 for story rights).
*SOUND OF YOUR VOICE starring Grace Moore.

PARAMOUNT

THE BUCHANNEER (De Mille) starring Fredric March.
AN EMPIRE IS BORN.
SOULS AT SEA starring Gary Cooper.
*HIGH, WIDE AND HANDSOME. Music by Jerome Kern. Starring Irene Dunne.
ANGEL starring Marlene Dietrich.
EBITTE with Oscar Homolka and Frances Farmer, Ray Milland.
*DOUBLE OR NOTHING starring Bing Crosby.
TRUE CONFESSION starring Carole Lombard.

SELZNICK INTERNATIONAL

GONE WITH THE WIND.
The PRISONER OF ZENDA with Ronald Colman, Madeleine Carroll, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.
*CONTINUED ON PAGE 60

WHEN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS, PLEASE MENTION AUGUST HOLLYWOOD
THANKS to the expert and paint-taking guidance of Director John M. Stahl, M-G-M’s screen version of Parnell has lost none of the fine qualities that marked it as a stage success. The picture is artistic in its triumph and must be added to the list of outstanding films of the year. It may be criticized on the grounds that, despite its close hewing to history, it lacks the background of violent physical action so long identified with turbulent Irish politics. This criticism, however, is a minor one; for so powerful and compelling is the story as a whole, so free from theatrical tricks, and so completely honest is it from beginning to end that the absence of physical action is forgotten.

To Clark Gable for his portrayal of the Irish patriot, Parnell, goes a world of credit. The role was a difficult one if only for the fact that it is a distinct departure from any to which he has been heir to, but the capable Gable presents a genuinely fine and polished performance, as he moves dominant yet restrained and tolerant through his scenes.

As Katie O’Shea, the woman whose love for the Irish patriot eventually wrecks his political career, Myrna Loy shares honors with Gable. Never in any screen role has she presented a characterization with such emotional intensity and charm. Played in a fog, her love scene with Gable is a memorable one and has seldom been equaled on the screen. Parnell is her first costume picture and, we hope, the forerunner of many others.

The story of Parnell is the story of Irish politics and deals with an obscure, little-known historical character, Charles Stewart Parnell, to whom is tagged the title of the “Uncrowned King of Ireland.” He successfully defeats attempts to discredit his demands for the freedom of the Irish people until he meets and falls in love with Katie O’Shea. The scandal that follows eventually proves his downfall.

In the supporting cast Edna May Oliver presents a delightful characterization in her role of Katie’s elderly aunt. Alan Marshall as the seaplace husband and Billie Burke as Katie’s simpering sister give particularly fine work. Donald Crisp as a devoted Parnell follower, Montague Love as Gladstone, and George Zucco as an attorney, Brandon Lyon as Old O’Brien, Neil Fitzgerald as Pigott, the forger, Berton Churchill as The Gorman Mahon and others contribute in no small measure to the general all-around excellence of the picture.

I MET HIM IN PARIS

CLAUDETTE COLBERT’S best picture since It Happened One Night and Imitation of Life has come at a time when this likeable star needed it most. I Met Him in Paris is, frankly, a honey. There are brief moments when it moves a bit slow but for the most part it goes rollicking along and the topogamiing scenes have more than one gaspy thrill in them.

The story concerns an American department store buyer who goes to Paris wildly excited only to find it rather lonesome until Melvyn Douglas and Robert Young enter the picture. Young is amorous but not too sincere; Douglas is reserved, critical and dependable. Douglas appoints himself chaparone of the other two on a trip to Switzerland, gains himself generally disliking, but when Young’s wife suddenly appears upon the scene Claudette realize a lot of things, returns to Paris in a huff and finally discovers that Douglas is the man she really loves.

Claudette wears some attractive clothes, does more than one spell head first into the snow, skies, skates and goes tobogganing at a mile a minute. Wesley Ruggles directed and did a right smart job of it.

I Met Him in Paris has entertainment magnetism and you’ll be the loser if you resist it.

—Paramount.

THIS IS MY AFFAIR

MAKE this picture YOUR affair, too. See it by all means if you are hungry for top-notch movie fare. Robert Taylor, cast in the role of the young naval officer sent to trace the “man-higher-up” who is conning with a gang of bent robbers, does as well in the spirited, man-action sequences with the robbers as in the romantic sequences with Barbara Stanwyck who is cast as a cabaret singer. The Stanwyck lady is more appealing and glamorous than ever in This Is My Affair and the way she sings two Gordon and Revel songs is worth the price of your ticket ten times over. Victor McLaglen as the bullying moron with a yen for practical
A WELL-SELECTED cast relieves the at times, confusing portrayal of Paramount’s story on conflict in Spain. The action of the picture is so diversified that it is difficult to follow any one set of characters with sustaining interest. In spite of this, however, the many dramatic episodes will furnish enough excitement for any person’s evening of entertainment.

A quartette of romancing couples—Lew Ayres and Olympe Bradna, Dorothy Lamour and Gilbert Roland, and Allyn Joslyn and Lee Bowman, Robert Cummings and Helen Mack—runs into alternating adventures of love and intrigue through their kindred desire to reach safety from the war-torn area on the Last Train From Madrid.

Outstanding in their roles are Olympe Bradna who is convincing as a naive Spanish waif in love with Lew Ayres, a nonchalant, wise-cracking American newspaperman. Anthony Quinn also gives an excellent portrayal of an officer who forsoaks his oath of allegiance to the army for a vow of friendship to Gilbert Roland—Paramount.

A DAY AT THE RACES

Follow the advice of this tipster and bet your last buck that the “Mad” Marxes will win on A Day of the Races. Groucho, Chico, Harpo are the racing trio who run true to form on gags and jockey their positions at the post with confusing hilarity. If you are a Marx Bros. fan, and have been waiting a year for their reappearance on the screen, you won’t want to miss their latest laugh riot. And we mean riot! Handicappers quote excellent odds on the supporting cast of Allan Jones, Maureen O’Sullivan, Margaret Dumont, Douglas Dumbrill, Sig Ruman and Esther Muir for place and show honors in a picked field of funsters. —M.G.N.
A gay party... laughter and excitement... you are happy and thrilled—but be careful! Tingling nerves stimulate perspiration glands... body odor sneaks up on you. "He" may notice!

Be safe with DEW—the deodorant that remains effective at all times. DEW allows for excited emotions... gives you lasting protection in spite of stress or exertion.

DEW stops perspiration instantly... keeps under-arms dry... protects frocks. And it cannot irritate sensitive skin.

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To know your Hollywood
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Read HOLLYWOOD every month.

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The Original
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Have YOU learned
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No more frizzy "morning-collars"... hair neat and attractive from dawn to dusk.

Beauticians recommend DON-A-CAP, the original FORM-FITTING WAVE PROTECTOR. They fit better... become more becoming... and YOU look better. Be sure you ask for DON-A-CAP!

At Stores and Beauty Shops everywhere. If not available, write...

DONA MANUFACTURING CO.
San Diego, California

DOES MIGHT MAKE RIGHT?

Dear Editor:

Having read your interesting magazine for quite some time now I wish to say a few words concerning articles on the male stars of films. It seems that every leading man in pictures must at one time or another be painted as a "Hollywood He-man" whether he falls in that particular class or not. Why is this done when it is so unnecessary? To expect people to believe stories telling how Robert Taylor is a man of brawn attracts rather than enhances his tremendous appeal to movie-goers; it's too much to swallow. We all like Taylor for what he is, a handsome and truly great actor. To compare him to George O'Brien and several other well known stars physically would be silly.

Writers of magazine articles who write of Taylor's might be wasting their own and the reader's time.

Sincerely yours,

Henry Pedersen,
Tacoma, Washington.

We are rather inclined to agree with Mr. Pedersen except that many male stars (Leslie Howard, for example) achieve screen success without the "he-man" build up. Also, many of our handsomest young stars are truly athletic.

—Editor.

IN OTHER WORDS—SHE LIKES HIM!

Dear Editor:

Let's hope Warner Brothers gives a good break to Fernand Gravet. This Frenchman sure has got what it takes and if his second picture is half as good as "The King and the Chorus Girl" he sure will knock them dead.

They say he looks like the Duke of Windsor but Gravet is really a king. I'm all for Fernand when it comes to romance. He's the most romantic actor I've ever seen and this goes for Bob Taylor and all the rest of those collar ad boys.

Sincerely,

Irma Burchard,
Allentown, Penna.

We quite agree that Fernand Gravet has "got what it takes" and in "The King and the Chorus Girl," he takes what he's got and goes to town. More power to him—Editor.

ARE BAD ROLES GOOD?

Dear Editor:

It is very disturbing to us fans to get keyed up over the performances of many new players in a "happy" role, than see them emote in several others as murderers, weeping sons, cut-throats, villains, and in other such cheerful occupations.

It may be an excellent way to break in new players, so think the producers, but a succession of the "bad" type of role leads even.
tually to our thinking of the player in question. In that light, as long as we have movies we must have this type, but how about a change of scene for some of the perennial “bad” juveniles? Give us a chance to see them in their good points as portrayed on the screen.

Sincerely,
Mrs. Harriett Hill
Post Office Box 756, Centrale, Washington.

Very often a “downtrodden” player goes to the top via the very roles he portrays. We agree, however, that even the best “bad” men deserve a chance to reform.—Editor.

IN A TEMPER OVER TEMPERAMENTI

Dear Editor:
Why do we hear so much criticism of Garbo and Simon? What have they done to hurt us? Certainly Garbo is exclusive, but is that our affair? And it burns me up when I hear anyone say Simo Simon should be sent back to France because she is temperamental. The studios are searching for new types; and, certainly, even the most prejudiced will admit that Garbo and Simon fill the bill. I think we should hold back our criticism, because they are fine actresses, and their private lives are not our affair anyway.

Sincerely yours,
Miss Myrtle Butler
284 North Second East, Provo, Utah.

Word of mouth criticism is a thing over which we have no control. HOLLYWOOD Magazine does endeavor, however, to give “true” facts to its readers, and is first to make amends if it is in error.—Editor.

SWING ITI

Dear Editor:
I’d just like to utter a few words on that greatly debated subject called “swing.” I’ve noticed that in the few real swing numbers — and there have been very few — the theatre audience is held spellbound, and there is generally a good round of applause. The few swing scenes to which I am referring, are Benny Goodman’s, “Bugle Call Rag” in the “Big Broadcast of 1937”; Martha Raye’s “Mr. Pegenini,” and the jam session of “I’m An Old Cowhand,” both from “Rhythm On the Range” — also Fred MacMurray’s “Hold That Tiger” in “Champagne Waltz.”

I’m not trying to drag down the “finer music,” but it’s high time people began to admit they like those swing numbers. For the classical minded aren’t there enough for Grace Moore, Lily Pons, Gladys Swarthouts, and even a Leopold Stokowski to state their type of music “without” their lourish wall of “too much” swing, when there is a scene or two of it in a picture?

For my part, and I don’t believe I’m the only one, I’m wondering why we can’t have a real “swing” picture. Right now I’m hoping the “Swing High, Swing Low” picture is what I’ve been waiting for.

A Swing Fan,
Mr. John Meister
121 So. Marguerite Avenue, Alhambra, Calif.

Mr. Meister certainly “swings” into a snappy tiresome on the subject closest to his heart. We like such frankness. Do you?—Editor.

HAIR-RAISING SERIALS

Dear Editor:
As a movie fan I am becoming tired of seeing so many mystery serials so popular with the children who seem to crave horror, chills, and the far-fetched, artificial plot situations found in the majority of them. Such films also keep their minds keyed up in a false, high nervous tension. As one mother of a 12-year-old son remarked to me recently: “After my boy comes home from seeing such hair-raising serials his nerves are so on edge that he is just a bundle of nerves, especially at night.”

Of course, parents can refuse to allow their children to see such pictures, but that’s pretty hard to do when all the other kids go wild over them too. Why can’t they be made less terrorizing and still retain their interest for children.

Sincerely,
Roy Robert Smith
Ripley’s “Never Never Man,”
115 Sherman Street, Danver, Colorado.

Aware of the problems stated in the letter, producers have been gradually toning down their serial thrillers so that they will become less frightening to the children and yet be as exciting as ever.—Editor.

"WATCH YOUR STEP"

HE SAID...

SHE'S A WILDCAT!

WHAT a penalty people pay for being mean and nasty-tempered! They forfeit friends and romance! They’re their own worst enemies!

Still, they’re not always to blame. You know, yourself, that you can’t escape being nervous, irritable, crabby, if your system is clogged with poisonous wastes. So if you really want to be light-hearted . . .

popular, fresh-looking . . . be sure that your bowels move regularly. And whenever Nature needs help—take Ex-Lax.

Ex-Lax works by the “GENTLE NUDGE” system

The “gentle nudge” system is a simple, easy, effective method of giving you a thorough cleaning-out. Ex-Lax just gives your intestines a gentle nudge at the point where constipation exists. Evacuation is easy, comfortable—and complete. You’ll feel clean. You’ll feel more alive.

And you’ll be grateful for the absence of the strain and nausea that make the action of a harsh purgative so unpleasant.

Another thing—Ex-Lax tastes just like delicious chocolate. Children actually enjoy taking it, and Ex-Lax is just as good for them as it is for you. Available at all drug stores in 10c and 25c sizes.

FREE! If you prefer to try Ex-Lax at our expense, write for free sample to Ex-Lax, Dept. FG87, Box 170, Times-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N.Y.

When Nature forgets—remember EX-LAX

THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

WHEN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS, PLEASE MENTION AUGUST HOLLYWOOD
Joan Fontaine gave up her stage name for her own name for screen work... Dawn O'Day returned to Ann Shirley and the former Ann Preston has returned to Shaindel Kalish for radio. If the movie girls keep up the practice Mary Pickford will probably return to Gladys Smith before her next movie venture.

MICKEY ROONEY got that screen monicker because he reminded a studio press agent of Annie Rooney's brother... Diana Gibson was so-called because Rosemary LaBrie (her real name) didn't match her vivacity and beauty. The Diana came from Diana the Huntress; the Gibson from Rosemary's comparison to the beautiful Gibson girl... Arthur Jacobsen, according to his studio publicity department, was a composite of Henry Hull and Glenn Hunter (speaking of his talents) and so the fine young Universal player was called Henry Hunter... Craig Reynolds used to be Hugh Enfield... Michael Whalen didn't make an impression with producers or

Gypsies Rose Lee, late of the Minsky's and the Folies, found a new kind of strip in Hollywood. After finishing her dramatic acting role in 20th Century-Fox production You Can't Have Everything, Gypsy found the title fully descriptive for the studio stripped off her famous stage name and announced that as a screen actress (and Gypsy is a good actress, too) she would be known by her real name—Louise Hovick. Hollywood has Gypsy—(pardon me) Louise—so frightened she wears high-necked dresses and won't take off her coat in public.

Free For Asthma and Hay Fever

If you suffer with attacks of Asthma so terrible you choke and gasp for breath, if Hay Fever keeps you sneezing and snuffling while your eyes water and nose discharges continuously, 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., 217-R Frontier Bldg., 462 Niagara St., Buffalo, N. Y.
working in Samuel Goldwyn's Dead End. A gold miner in South Africa scratched his greeting on the smooth surface of a piece of gold-bearing quartz and sent it to the young star. . . . Helen Vinson was accompanied by two insurance company guards when she went to New York aboard the United Mainliner Skylounge with the jewels and wardrobe from the Walter Wanger production Vogues of 1938.

ALFRED LUNT and Lynn Fontanne of the royal family of the stage are getting a new screen offer every day now that they are in Hollywood. . . . Buck Jones is now the legal name of Charles Frederick Gebhard. After 20 years in pictures Buck had the court officially re-christen him . . . Garbo actually wears $500,000 in diamonds in Madame Walewska. . . . Lana Turner and Wayne Morris of Warners are kinda sweet on each other. . . . Now Mrs. Benny is having a feud. Shirley Ross walked out of the cast This Way Please because she and Mary Livingstone are "not in accord." . . . The Henry Fonda's expect their baby in October. The former Mrs. Fonda (Margaret Sullivan) now Mrs. Leland Hayward, expects her baby about the same time. . . . Ted Healy, the comedian, saved two men from drowning in a rip-tide at Santa Monica recently. . . . Warren Hull plays the male lead in Mrs. Wallace Reid's Monogram picture, Paradise Isle partly filmed in Samoa. . . . Trem Carr took cowboy singer Leland Tumbleweed from a Texas radio broadcast and will star him in six westerns at Universal as Bob Baker.

WARD BOND, who plays a featured role in Dead End says he has the most reasonable wife in the world, because when he recently accompanied Director John Ford to San Francisco for his departure on the China Clipper to Honolulu, he found a seat available and forgot to call his wife until he arrived in Honolulu. She didn't reprimand him, but told him to have a good time instead.

Cary Grant is a problem to make-up men during summer. He lives at the beach and tans so easily that it requires special facial make-up to prevent him looking like Stepin Fetchit.

ANDY DEVINE'S gravel voice gives him away every time. He phoned a theatre the other evening and asked the starting time of the feature picture. "Seven-forty-five, Mr. Devine," said the girl, sweetly. . . . Jack Oakie wears white tie, top hat and tails in his new picture, Super Sleuth. The outfit makes him look twice as large and girls around the lot are calling him "Man Mountain Oakie."

Gloria Dickson cries real tears in four different scenes of They Won't Forget her first picture. . . . Al Jolson, star of Jazz Singer, which revolutionized the business and Warner Brothers have called it quits. . . . The Merle Oberon-Brian Aherne romance has apparently ended.
"Anybody can get over shyness. Even if self-consciousness has ruined a lot of careers, there's no reason why it should. It's all a matter of stealing yourself, of doing the same thing over and over again, going a little farther each time—like easing yourself into cold water to take a dip.

"I'm still jittery. On the air, I get excited, talk faster than I should, muffle lines. But, before I get through, I'll have that licked, too."

There was a time, less than three years ago, when Fred almost lost an opportunity because he "couldn't take" the job of facing the lens and the microphone. A feminine star saved him. But we'll come to that later.

The event which occurred on that day in 1929, when Fred got cold chills up his spine, felt perspiration break on his forehead, and had a shaking feeling in his knees, was repeated several times—Fred is naturally a fellow directors would pick out in a crowd—before his career as an extra was ended and he joined the California Collegians, an orchestra, and went to Broadway.

"I was licked," Fred confessed. "I couldn't make the grade."

Fred's memory goes back to the days when he was in grammar school in Beaver Dam, Wisconsin. He sees the best of what has been his life problem. Teachers used to call on him for recitations.

"And I'd get up, and couldn't say anything," he declared. "I don't know what happened. I knew the answers—but my mind suddenly went empty. That continued through eight grades. Written examinations kept my grades up, so that I was promoted each year.

"I saved some money working in a cannery—canning peas, in Beaver Dam. I bought myself a saxophone. I could play the saxophone all right—until somebody found out I could play it and I was called upon to do a solo in the weekly high school assembly. I had all the symptoms of somebody being frightened to death. Luckily, I didn't have anything to say—I just had to play the instrument—and my hands managed to get over the stops.

"My next step," Fred relates, "after I'd learned to play the saxophone, was to get a job in an orchestra. I got away with that because I was one of a number of people all working together. I thought of myself as one of the orchestra, not as a separate unit, and that was my salvation."

FRED gets a lot of laughs out of his early jobs, painful to him at the time because of his shyness. Once he tried to sell vacuum cleaners, went from door to door, and never got inside of a house. Again, he was a salesman in a sporting goods store in Chicago, and it was only with the greatest effort that he managed to discuss the articles he had to sell. But on the latter job, he managed to triumph over his enemy and do his stuff.

When Fred got his job with the California Collegians, he was again just a member of the orchestra. But he was good. He had a sense of humor, a happy-go-lucky quality which was quickly recognized. And the Collegians capitalized on it.

"You've got a voice," the boys told Fred, "and you're going to capitalize on it. You know comedy, and you're going to be funny."

That was after Fred had put on a couple of impromptu acts for them. By this time he was able to clown if he knew his audience. But at this point, you'll give a pathetic little chuckle, perhaps.

Fred couldn't stand up and sing before the customers.

"They gave me a megaphone and let me sing sitting down," Fred explained. "I was willing to stand but my knees weren't. This went on for weeks. Finally, I began standing up for one chorus. It was that old business of wading in and getting used to the cold water."

About this time a little publicized figure walked into Fred's life—or perhaps it would be better to say Fred walked into his life. The man was Wallace MacMurray, Fred's uncle, a pianist of note. To Uncle Wallace Fred poured out the story of his shyness.

"I'll fix that," the uncle said. "First of all, your voice needs improving, and we're going to work on it."

Hours, weeks and months of training followed. Uncle Wallace finally opined:

"A voice is no good if you don't use it. We're going places."

THE pair started making calls. There would be parties. And, with Fred trying not to look as if he was going to be quillotted, Uncle Wallace would announce:

"Fred's got a swell voice. You ought to hear him sing."

Uncle Wallace at the piano, and Fred, fighting chills, fever, weak knees, and a tight feeling in his throat, stumbled through a piece or two.
"I was afraid of the way I sounded," Fred says today. "I think that was half my trouble. I imagined I was terrible. But I used to get some applause, and that heartened me. I began to figure I wasn't as bad as I thought I was."

Fred has never stopped being grateful to his uncle.

"He did more for me," he says, "than anyone, except possibly a star to whom I'll ever be grateful, and to whom I owe my career in pictures."

The star is Claudette Colbert.

But, before we get to her, it is necessary to record that Fred was a success in the California Collegians—that he understudied the leading man in the musical comedy Roberta when it was played on the stage—and that he became the comedy highlight of the orchestra.

It was only natural that the handsome young comic should be visited by talent scouts. One was Oscar Serlin, of Paramount. Serlin will never know until he reads this that the reason that Fred dodged him was because Fred didn't think he had the confidence to make a screen test.

But Fred finally took it after studying his lines for weeks. They gave him scenes from Michael and Mary and The Great Magoo. He studied in the Paramount talent school. He learned his lines between scenes in the theatre.

Came the crucial moment.

He had all the old symptoms again—but managed to crawl through what he had to do. He saw the test and announced:

"Terrible! I'm going to forget it."

A FEW weeks later, to his amazement, he was signed to a contract by Paramount, sent to the coast, coached by Phyllis Laughton in the west coast talent school. He was excited, nervous. But he kept all this to himself. No hint of it leaked out when he did a fairly large part with May Robson in Grand Old Girl.

Then, however, came the big moment. He was approved for the lead opposite Claudette Colbert in The Gilded Lily.

Fred had to walk down the street with Miss Colbert, holding her arm. The lights were readied. The camera was set. The microphone was lowered to pick up conversation. Wesley Ruggles, kindly, calm, sat in his director's chair.

He was confident that his knees were going to buckle under him.

"I can't do it!"

And then run. It was his finest attack of jitters. He was sure his legs couldn't carry him the distance he had to go. And the arm to which Miss Colbert clung so nonchalantly shook. He was about to make a break when he looked down at Miss Colbert.

She looked up and winked at him.

"That wink did the trick," he says. "I've been self-conscious since, but that all-engulfing awful feeling is gone. I can't tell you how much I owe to Miss Colbert."

And that's like Fred, too. He doesn't stop to think how much he owes to himself and the fine spirit which has carried him through. All he has is a word of encouragement for the millions of shy people whose tongues stick to the roots of their mouths, who stammer and stutter, who get weak in the knees, who feel as if they've just swallowed a mouthful of dry crackers, and who go hot and cold all at the same time.

"It's easy," he says. "I did it. You simply say that you can do something when something inside you says you can't—and do it a little harder each time."

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**RKO's NEW FACES choose this MAKE-UP**

Blonde or Brunette!... here is a new make-up to accent the color attraction of your type. Note coupon for make-up test.

**Lip Make-Up Lasts for Hours**

Because it's super-indissoluble... because it's moisture-proof, Max Factor's Lipstick will keep your lips the same lovely, alluring color for hours and hours...one dollar.

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Actual lifelike colors...that is the secret of Max Factor's color harmony rouge. Creamy-smooth in texture, it blends easily... fifty cents.

**Face Powder is Satin-Smooth**

Screen stars know, so you, too, may be sure Max Factor's Face Powder will create a satiny smooth make-up that clings for hours. In color harmony shades...one dollar.

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LAST CALL
for
MOVIELAND
TOURISTS!

Eddie Cantor (above) demonstrates the technique for taking snaps of the stars, while Fay Wray (left), your party hostess-to-be, poses with her pet spaniel in the patio of her lovely home.

special train you will be greeted at the depot by a welcoming committee of your favorite stars. The Clark Hotel, long-famed for its superb cuisine, will be the official headquarters for members of both Movieland Tours.

On Sunday afternoon the entertainment committee has scheduled a tour of Hollywood. The trip will give members of the Tours a chance to see the swanky residential districts where the homes of the stars are located. Late the same afternoon Basil Rathbone, famous film star, will be host at a cocktail party at his beautiful home and all members of the Tours are cordially invited to attend. If you prefer you can witness Eddie Cantor's broadcast over Columbia. Sunday evening you will be guests of Grauman's Chinese Theatre where you will witness a big feature program.

Monday morning's entertainment schedule begins with a grand tour of the Paramount Studio lots. Paramount, as you know, is the home studio of such well-known film celebrities as Fred MacMurray, Claudette Colbert, Bing Crosby, Jack Benny, Bob Burns, Martha Raye and scores of others. A luncheon in the Paramount commissary follows the studio tour. In the afternoon James Gleason will be your host at a second cocktail party at his home. As at the Basil Rathbone party, many stars will be in attendance to help make this party long remembered. In the evening back to Paramount again when studio officials have arranged a
special preview of a picture yet unreleased. Tuesday morning you will be taken on a tour through the famous Max Factor Make-up Studio and on leaving will be given souvenirs of the occasion. Tuesday evening comes the grand and glorious finale! A dinner-dance at the swanky Wilshire Bowl, long a popular rendezvous of the film colony. Warren Hull, popular young leading man, will be the master of ceremonies and has arranged for a large delegation of his actor friends to be present so that you may have another opportunity to greet and chat with your favorite screen celebrities.

Plans for the second tour are about the same as the first with the exception that the cocktail parties are scheduled at the homes of Edward Everett Horton and Fay Wray.

If circumstances prevented you from signing up for the first Tour, you still have a chance to get aboard the special train carrying members of the second tour which leaves Chicago, August 8th. More complete details of the 1937 Movieland Tours may be had by writing for the free, illustrated booklet. Better yet, assure yourself of a place in this cross-country vacation party by sending in your $5.00 deposit now. Fill in the coupon and mail today.

"Speaking to You from Hollywood"
[Continued from page 21]

his orchestra, and Don Forbes, announcer.

Joe Penner, Joy Hodges, Gene Austin, Phil Kramer, Jimmie Grier’s orchestra, Jackson Wheeler, announcer.

Rubinoff and his violin, Walter Cassell, with Bob Sherwood, announcer, and film stars.

Victor Moore and Helen Broderick, Mary Martin, Buddy Rogers and his orchestra and Carlton Kadell, announcer.

Eddie Cantor, Jacques Renard's orchestra, Saymore Saymooore (Helen Troy), Pinky Tomlin, Ella Logan, Igor Gorin, Eddie Stanley (Greek dialectician) and Jimmy Wallington, announcer.

An imposing list, surely, and to which will be added before the year is over, scores of other famous "big names" in various fields of entertainment.

Meet Hollywood, the radio center of the world!

Fawcett Publications, Inc.,
360 North Michigan Boulevard,
Chicago, Illinois

Without obligation on my part, send me your complete, illustrated booklet describing the Movieland Tours.

I enclose $............ Please enter my reservation for............ persons, to insure a place for us on Tour No. ............

(A deposit of $5 per person will hold your reservation. Please specify whether for Tour No. 1, to leave Chicago July 11, or Tour No. 2, to leave Chicago August 8.)

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The season's perfect match—Shredded Wheat and peaches—order this grand flavor combination from your grocer today!

"DID YOU SAY SHREDDED WHEAT AND PEACHES? WHERE?"

Shredded Wheat is 100% whole wheat. You get all the vital food essentials that nature put into wheat—the essentials that help build energy and keep you active and alert.

Young, blonde and beautiful Princess Galina Kropotkin, niece of Princess Alexandra Kropotkin, became the wife of Mala, the Eskimo actor, in Tia Juana on May 6. Princess Galina has been dancing in the movies for about a year under the name of Galina Liis

The Seal of Perfect Baking

Bakers of Ritz, Unceda Biscuit and other famous varieties

More Than a Billion Shredded Wheat Crackers Sold Every Year
She Wants to be an Actress!

[Continued from page 32]

Academy's selection. She really meant what she said.

But the members of the Academy meant what they said, too, when they voiced an emphatic "yes" in her favor. They're too hard-boiled to go around dishing up their coveted annual awards to Hollywood new-comers because of friendship, sentiment, or pull. They cast their votes for Gale because they felt she had earned the honor. Which is a great credit to the Academy's election procedure as well as to Gale's exceptional screen talents.

IF YOU happen to be one of the doubting screen Thomases who think that Gale didn't earn her award, draw up a chair and we'll take a look at the record.

As far back as her grammar school days in Philadelphia her determination to become an actress was glowing at a white heat. Just why the theatre had marked her for its very own at such an early age she can't explain even now. So far as she can recall, no near or distant relative of hers ever had been connected with the theatre in any capacity whatever. But here was—"a marked woman in pigtails," chiseling a career out of the hard road of experience at an age when she should have been playing with dolls.

"I wrote, staged, acted and directed my own plays even before I knew what the inside of a theatre was like," she says. "Why? I can't tell you. It was just one of those things. I had my mind made up to become an actress and I couldn't act unless I had a play, and I couldn't have a play unless I wrote it, and—well, there you are." That's right. There we are.

Gale moved from Philadelphia to Minneapolis where she attended high school, later entering the Minneapolis Conservatory of Dramatics. During this time she was careful to select courses that would give her a basic histrionic background. Her childish ambition had grown, now, into something as vital as her own life. Immediately after receiving her B.A. degree at the University of Minnesota, she joined a traveling Shakespearean company.

The training I received in this company was priceless," she says. "It gave me a chance to play a varied assortment of roles, including Jessica in Merchant of Venice, Desdemona in Othello and Hamlet's Grandmother. I was a trouper for the first time in my life and how I loved it!"

Following this tour, Gale joined the Jessie Bonstelle Stock Company in Detroit and for the next two exciting years she played every type of role from fourteen-year-old girls to eighty-year-old women. To project this worthy theatrical company into the Hollywood scene it's pleasant to remember that playing with Gale in this same company, were Melvyn Douglas and Lionel Stander, both unknown to the screen then, but climbing the cinema ladder, now, like a couple of steeplejacks.

A BOUT this time, the Theatre Guild, scouting the "sticks" for new stage personalities, finally decided that the nice things being said about Gale were true and handed her a three-year contract with a "sign here, please."

"I was so excited," Gale confesses now, "that I don't know whether I signed it right or left-handed—but I know I signed it, and I reached Broadway in the Guild's production of Faust. I began to think that I really was an actress, after all. Not a good one, perhaps, but an actress, just the same. And I was on Broadway. I almost broke an arm trying to put myself on the back!"

Gale followed Eve LaGallienne in Alison's House, and Judith Anderson in Strange Interlude—but Pulitzer Prize plays. When Strange Interlude completed its run at the end of six months, she created the role of Nina in Red Dust under the direction of, and playing opposite to, Herbert Biberman to whom she was married. Then, in rapid succession, came the role of Anna in Dr. Monica, Major Barbara, and the lead in Invitation to a Murder.

And then the invitation from Hollywood to play Faith in Anthony Adverse and later the invitation from the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences to stand up and receive its coveted award.

Not bad for a little Minnesota girl who so early in life determined to become an actress!

Following her introduction into motion pictures through Anthony Adverse came an important role in Maid of Salem with Claudette Colbert and this in turn was followed by her role of Nana, the jealous and brutal sister in Seventh Heaven, starring Simone Simon and Jimmy Stewart. You'll see Gale again soon as Mrs. Dreyfus in The Life of Emile Zola.

But with this difference.

You won't see her in this picture as the crafty, seductive, conniving, sex-appealing woman she portrayed in her first three pictures. So powerful and
so real were these characterizations that when she moved across the screen you felt like asking an usher to bring you a brickbat so you could knock some of the meaness out of her.

"The role of Mrs. Dreyfus is the exact opposite," Gale explains. "There is nothing mean or cruel or selfish about her. I'm going to be a lady on the screen for the first time and it's quite a relief. Besides, it's the entering wedge against the chance of being 'typed.' I don't want my screen life to be cluttered up with siren parts."

SMART lady, this Minnesota girl. Smart lady in many ways. For instance, she refuses to sign a studio contract, preferring to free-lance her services and so preserve her screen freedom. Smart, too, because she refuses to follow the usual Hollywood customs. She doesn't care for night clubs or parties. She likes to entertain occasionally in her own home, enjoys art exhibits and symphonies, and wants nothing more from life than time to devote herself to her husband and her career. One of her chief ambitions, she says, "is never to be called 'Hollywood's best dressed woman' although I will admit to an extravagant taste in my wardrobe." She has a fine sense of humor and frankly admits that she does not believe in doing today what can be put off until tomorrow—providing it has nothing to do with her work. Although of an exotic and exciting personality, Gale expresses a preference for the quiet life either at her beach house or in her rambling ranch home when she isn't working in a picture. But from the moment she is cast in a role, she devotes every minute of her time to a study of its characterization, refusing all social engagements until the picture is finished.

"I still want to become an actress," is the way she explains it.

Funny people, these ambitious, lovely ladies of the screen.

Evidently the 1936 Academy Award didn't mean a thing so far as her career is concerned. She still wants to become an actress.

Well, we haven't any complaint about that. The more she works the more we'll enjoy her on the screen.

At any rate, right now she's a welcome addition to the imposing list of Hollywood personalities.

And a real SOMEBODY who will bear watching.

**SEE THE DIFFERENCE WHEN SKINNY PEOPLE GAIN NEW POUNDS**

Why Thousands Have Gained 10 to 25 Lbs.

- QUICK!

If you look like the picture on the left—skinny, rundown, unattractive to the other sex—don't think for a moment that your case is hopeless. Thousands of men and women who never could put on an ounce before have gained 10 to 50 pounds of good, solid flesh in a few weeks with these wonderful new Ironized Yeast tablets.

In addition to their new normal attractive curves and feminine allure, they can also boast of naturally clear skin and lovely color, new pep, new popularity and joy in life that they never knew before.

Scientists recently discovered that thousands of people are thin and rundown for the single reason that they do not get enough Vitamin B and Iron in their daily food. Now one of the newest and best known sources of Vitamin B is cultured ale yeast. By a new process the finest imported cultured ale yeast is now concentrated 7 times, making it 7 times more powerful. Then it is combined with a kind of iron, pasteurized whole yeast and other valuable ingredients in little tablets known as Ironized Yeast tablets.

If you, too, need these vital elements to aid in building you up, get these new "I-power" Ironized Yeast tablets from your druggist today. Note how quickly they increase your appetite and help you get more benefit from the body-building foods that are essential. Then, day after day, watch chest develop and skinny limbs round out to natural attractiveness. See your skin clear to natural beauty. Note new pep and energy. Soon you feel like a different person, with new charm, new personality.

Money-back guarantee

No matter how skinny and rundown you may be from lack of sufficient Vitamin B and iron, try these new Ironized Yeast tablets just a short time. See if they don't add in building you up in just a few weeks, as they have helped thousands. If not delighted with the benefits of the very first package, money back instantly.

Only be sure you get the original Ironized Yeast tablets. Don't accept any substitute. Insist on Ironized Yeast.

Special FREE offer!

To start thousands building up their health right away, we make this FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets at once, cut out seal on 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., 2110 Dr. Ste., Atlanta, Ga.

**Well-Known Artist Shows by Dramatic Comparison How Extra Pounds Can Transform a Skinny, Unattractive Figure to Normal Alluring Feminine Loveliness**

Jean Arthur, Director Mitchell Leisen and two dogs take it easy between scene on Paramount's Easy Living in which the actress is co-starred with Edward Arnold

**GIL CREIGHTON**

One of New York's best-known Poster Artists and Art Consultants

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The Better Way to Better Jobs
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shorthand—is a unique op-
opportunity for better jobs
and larger success all your life.
This machine that types faster
than any one can talk is now used in
more than a hundred thou-
sand offices, in thousands of
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AND NIPPLE
SAFEST because
easiest to clean

TOM SAWYER,
NOTHING SACRED starring Carole
Lombard, Fredric March. (Technicolor.)
GRAND NATIONAL
GORGEOUS starring Anna Sten.
GAUMONT BRITISH
* GANGWAY starring Jessie Matthews.
SILENT BARRIERS starring Richard Arlen.
CHECK these Numbers with pictures on pages 30 and 31

HERE are a few of Hollywood's world
famous artists: (1) Luise Rainer of
M-G-M, outstanding actress of 1936;
(2 and 3) Jimmy McHugh and Harold
Adamson, The Great Ziegfeld, Top of
the Town and Banjo on My Knee song
writers; (4) Leopold Stokowski, famous
conductor of the Philadelphia Symphony,
now at Universal; (5) Jeanette
MacDonald, M-G-M's beautiful singing
star; (6 and 7) Gordon and Revel,
Fox's outstanding song writing team; (8) Paul
Muni of Warners, outstanding actor of
1936; (9) Cole Porter, whose musical
shows, Anything Goes, Born to Dance,
Broadway Melody and Red, Hot and
Blue, are great hits. He's at M-G-M.
(10) Harriet Hecot, premiere dansoue,
now at RKO; (11 and 12) Ralph Rainger
and Leo Robin, hit song writers at Para-
mount; (13) Nino Martini, famed opera
star now at RKO; (14) Allan Jones,
M-G-M singing star; (15) Grace Moore,
of operatic and radio fame, now a
Columbia star; (16 and 17) Johnny
Mercer and Richard Whiting, Warner
song writers; (18 and 19) Al Warren
and Harry Dubin, Warner song writers
and Academy award winners; (20)
William Wolfgang Korgold, famous
European composer, long associated with
Reinhardt; now at Warners; (21) Jerome
Kern, of Show Boat, Sweet Adeline,
Roberlo song writing fame, now free
lancing in Hollywood; (22) Werner
Janzsen, celebrated European conductor
and music writer now on radio in Hol-
lywood and composing for pictures; (23)
Boris Morros, Paramount musical head;
former European symphony conductor;
(24) Gracie Fields, England's foremost
singer, actress and radio star, soon to be
starring at Fox; (25) Igor Stravinsky,
Famous Russian composer, now at Para-
mount; (26) Mary Garden, for 20 years
a world famous operatic star, now a
talent scout and voice coach at M-G-M;
(27) Oscar Strauss, great Viennese waltz
composer now writing for Sol Lesser;
(28) Herbert Stothart, who composed
operatic arias for Maytime and heads
M-G-M's musical staff, runs over the
score for Firefly with the composer. (29)
Rudolf Friml; (30) Gladys Swarthout,
beautiful operatic and radio star now at
Paramount; (31) Sigmund Romberg,
composer of Maytime and other notable
operettas, now a staff composer at
M-G-M; (32) Irving Berlin, father of
popular song writing, moved from Top
Hot at RKO to Fox for On The Avenue
and other musical pictures; (33) George
Gershwin, composer of Rhapsody in Blue
and various Broadway musical shows,
who wrote the score for Shall We Dance?
and remains in Hollywood to free-lance; (34)
Lily Pons, noted European operatic
soprano, now an RKO star; (35) Max
Reinhardt, dean of European theatrical
producers who made Midsummer Night's
Dream for Warners, is soon to produce
another elaborate picture for the same
studio; (36) Nelson Eddy, concert and
radio star, now one of M-G-M's most
popular screen stars; (37) Gus Kahn,
writer of 100 hit songs, now at M-G-M,

There's no wife versus secretary problems in Bob Burns' household because his
secretary (the former Harriet Foster), is now his wife. Our candid cameraman
catched the couple relaxing from their work at the studio.
Kiss and make-up were "blended" when Martha (Oh Boy!) Roye and Hamilton "Buddy" Westmore surprised friends and family by eloping to Las Vegas.

FLASH! Walter Winchell and Gracie Allen snapped while dancing at the Cocoanut Grove during the 20th Century-Fox convention.

Alice Faye and Tony Martin departing from a famous night spot after an evening of dining and dancing.

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FREE Trial Bottle

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GRAY HAIR
and DON'T LIKE a
MESSY MIXTURE...
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As a Hair Color Specialist with forty years' European American experience, I am proud of my Color Impartor
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GOOD for the scalp and dandruff. It can't leave
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In the searching glare of summer sun
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loves—more than ever is your skin on
parade. Keep it looking flawless with
Miner's Liquid Make-Up. Apply to
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Enclosed find 10c (stamps or coin) for a
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WHEN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS, PLEASE MENTION AUGUST HOLLYWOOD 61
Amazing Episodes in Garbo's Love Life!

(Continued from page 27)

weeks they dickered back and forth. In the meantime I sold a play and left for New York. A few weeks after my arrival I was at the premiere of Greta, Einar and Stiller. Greta and Einar—according to Einar—had signed contracts paying each four hundred dollars a week.

"Those three months were without doubt very happy ones for Garbo and Einar. Together they went on sight-seeing excursions. They saw the shows—visited night clubs. As business called me to Hollywood two weeks before the triumvirate left, I was at the station to welcome them upon their arrival in Los Angeles.

"Without doubt the next four months were exceedingly lovely days for Garbo. A stranger in a strange land, she was left to herself day after day.

Einar—genial, handsome, generous, was immediately taken up by the gay set of Hollywood. The lad who refused to come to Hollywood without Garbo, now found gayer companions. Stiller, struggling under the handicap of a foreign tongue and strange American ways, was spending most of his time at the studio. It was during these weeks that Garbo gained the reputation for walking alone. Homesick and alone she filled in the days tramping along the beach or hiking over the hills.

"As time went on and Stiller found himself blocked in his attempt to carry out his foreign ideas in Hollywood, he commenced to remain at home. It was then that Garbo started to drop in to see him. When she received word that her first Hollywood tests were no good, it was to Stiller she turned for advice and consolation.

"Einar often salved his conscience for neglecting Garbo by saying, 'I am glad that Stiller and Greta seem to enjoy each other's company.'" Take it from me, there never was a romance between those two. A warm affection, yes. An understanding and devotion grew that eventually shaped Garbo's future.

"It was during these days that Stiller commenced to seriously coach Garbo. Garbo, who always looked upon Stiller as the Great Master, was an apt pupil. Among other things he kept continually pouting that she must diet. 'With your broad shoulders, narrow hips and sleek hands, you can take on the glamour of the Egyptian beauties of old,' he would say. 'But you must get slim. Slim as a match.'"

"It was Stiller who taught Garbo how to walk—the walk that no other actress has been able to imitate. He taught her how to carry her body with the grace of a panther. How to use her hands and her eyes. They discussed life and philosophy. In addition to his technical training, Garbo absorbed Stiller's outlook on life—his attitude toward people and the world.

"During this time Stiller told me that Garbo made around twenty-five tests at Metro, none of them good. When the verdict came that she was not considered screen material, it was Stiller who arranged for another test. It was due to his supervision that this test resulted in her being cast in The Tompopsis. From that time on her progress is a familiar story.

"Stiller's only satisfaction from his trip to Hollywood was the realization that his pupil had made good. He told me that in Garbo he saw the reflection of his art.

FROM that day the great art of Mauritz Stiller has lived in Garbo. That is the secret of her success. Here lies the explanation of her intangible charm. This is the answer to her devotion to the memory of the great director.

"By this time Einar had become in great demand in Hollywood. He was earning more money than he had ever earned before. But he was drifting farther and farther away from Garbo and Stiller. As both he and I were prospering, we rented Conrad Nagel's beach home on the Malibu road. To celebrate we gave a dinner, inviting Garbo and Stiller.

"It was to be an informal, old-time get-together on the cook's night out. The kind of evening we all loved. Garbo, who disliked dressing, came in her favorite brown tweed suit and low, heavy English walking shoes. Garbo was very gay that evening. She came in calling out her usual greeting to us—'Tjanare,' a slang expression of endearment meaning, 'Hello, my boys.'

"We had prepared Swedish meat balls, Garbo's favorite dish. That night she could not seem to get enough of them. Finally, Stiller protested. 'You are eating so many meat balls, Garza,' he frowned, 'that if you do not watch out you will turn into one yourself.'

"'Stiller never saw Garbo as slender as he wished her to be. If he could see her today I know that he would be satisfied. During this evening, which was to
be the last we four ever were to spend together, everything went smoothly until Einar commenced to partake too freely of Swedish punch. Garbo, without a word, abruptly got up and left. Stillier went with her.

"SOON after the door closed, Clara Bow telephoned, inviting us to join a party in progress at her house. When I declined Einar ran outside, jumped into his high-powered roadster and was off. At three o'clock that morning he was found pinned under his over-turn car in the ditch on Malibu road. He had been dead for more than an hour.

"Garbo was stunned. For a week she refused to leave her apartment. It was a terrible shock to Stillier.

"In a short time Stillier returned to Sweden. A few months later, he, too, was dead. Garbo was left in Hollywood to carry on alone."

"Do not these unknown facts of Garbo's life explain her aloofness, her attitude toward life, the secret of her success?" Nifford asks. "Is it not easier to understand why she lives so apart from Hollywood? Why is it that her native land will always be home?"

"And another thing—despite all reports to the contrary—Garbo has been taken into the exclusive circles of the finest families in Sweden during her visits to her native land. As far back as 1929, she was a guest of the Count and Countess Watchmeister. It is their eldest son who will inherit the title and the great estates that have been in the family since the eleventh century.

"Today, in Sweden, Garbo's close friends feel certain that before long she will retire from the screen, return to her native land, and marry young Count Watchmeister."

"But recently another of Garbo's devoted admirers arrived in Hollywood. He is Mr. Wallenberg, the son of the Wallenberg family, aptly called the 'Morgans of Sweden.' Mutual friends feel certain that he is here to plead his own cause for Greta's hand before it is too late.

"Strange story, isn't it," smiled Nifford as he looked about his exclusive Three Crowns Swedish Café, filled with groups of Hollywood's most famous celebrities.

Yes, it is strange. But more remarkable still is another chapter in the story—that Garbo now comes to this small little restaurant to enjoy food made from the recipes that Einar and Nifford, once a star and now a prominent restaurateur, prepared for her in the days when they were just struggling Swedes in a strange land.
Make Way for a Trouper!
(Continued from page 29)

SHE is not the easiest person in the world to interview because already she has learned a lesson about Hollywood. When she talks she speaks with the wisdom of her experience, yet—she has learned that sometimes what she says has an entirely different twist in print. A national magazine (not a fan publication) recently quoted her as saying that "there are no actors in Hollywood." What she actually said bore no reflection on Hollywood actors as she is now effortlessly trying to explain to her colleagues whom she greatly admires.

Like an artisan who has studied under masters and has had the experience of years to augment his talents, Gladys George knows her capabilities. She will talk candidly analyzing herself, telling what she knows she can do; what she hopes to do.

There is no egoism in her remarks. On that score she is very emphatic.

"Don't say egoism," she begs seriously. "It is egoism and you know what a vast difference there is in the two words. Without egoism nobody in any walk of life can succeed."

And there is no egoism when she says simply,

"Regardless of the success or lack of success of any role I portray, of one thing I am certain—my reading will be perfect. I may be miscast, the photography may show me to disadvantage, and many other things may be wrong but nobody will ever be able to say that my reading of lines was bad."

She makes that statement with the assurance of every master craftsman— as a carpenter would say that all the boards he saws will be sawed straight, or a brick-layer who states he will never build a chimney out of plumb.

Gladys George will never get out of hand in Hollywood. She is too steeped in the traditions of the stage for that. She is a trouper.

Many are the versions concerning her success in Personal Appearance but here is her story of the way she became a Broadway star overnight.

WHEN a New York show is not tried out in the "sticks" it is tried out on Broadway as an invitation affair in the manner of a movie preview. For weeks Gladys had rehearsed, playing part as the stage director told her to—not as she wanted to. She had not complained or revolted because a trouper uncomplainingly takes orders.

At the invitation presentations the show died. The audience was too bored even to razz it. At the last dress rehearsal the Brock Pembertons were the glumest of the glum. They had a turkey on their hands and stood to lose a lot of money. And Gladys George was in despair for this had looked like her big chance. She screwed up her courage and went to the Pembertons.

"May I play this thing the way I think it should be played?" she asked quietly. There was no raving and ranting of the prima donna; no ultimatums of I will or else—simply "May I?"

Brock Pemberton only stared at her, but Mrs. Pemberton spoke for them both.

"For heaven's sake yes!" she cried. "We're lost now, and we can't be any worse off."

And Gladys George, so sick with laryngitis that she should have been in a hospital bed, went on and played the movie star as she knew it should be played and at the final curtain the audience stood up and cheered and shouted "Bravo!" And that, my friends, rarely happens on Broadway—except in fiction. Gladys George was a star overnight because she had been a trouper since the age of three.

That was not the first time she had dared fate and, perhaps, the Grim Reaper. Once in Denver, when she was playing in stock at the Denham theatre, she suffered from an attack of appendicitis for days. Finally one Friday night it got so bad a physician remained constantly in her dressing room to keep her packed in ice bags between her appearances on the stage. She insisted on finishing the week but her condition became so grave that an operation at five o'clock Saturday morning became necessary. Two weeks later she was back with the company.

Which should be a lesson in troupers for those girls who beg the boss for the afternoon off because they have a headache!

SHE still bears a scar to remind her of another experience when she was young enough to be still thinking of beaus and dates rather than a career. Playing the real life role of a housewife, she was frying doughnuts one day when the grease caught fire. The flaming grease burned off all her hair, seared her horribly, and she was close to death for days. But she recovered and wore a wig in a stock engagement which she obtained on her own.

Let's get back to that age question. Gladys George frankly admits to
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Gladys
George
is
a
trouper!
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There is an answer to every beauty problem and Miss Vernon has helped thousands of girls to an attractive appearance. Why not write her today?
might long period to be away from the little woman.

"I CAN remember the time when working late was a joy. I'd hang around the studio for a while, and then drop by somewhere for dinner. Now, I go straight home, like a character man."

"Before I was married, if I missed a single night spot before turning in they'd call out the fire department. I made 'em all; and knew every busboy in town. Marriage changes things. They call me Homing Pigeon Oakie, now.

"Generally, we stay home nights. We live at the beach, you know—so if we want any of our friends to come down we have to invite 'em. About three or four evenings a week we have a couple or two in for dinner and cards, maybe, or just fooling around. I'm becoming the squire of Santa Monica. I think I'll get me a hoss, and plumed hat.

"Some of our friends still think we live at Toluca Lake. Those that do spend hours and hours driving around trying to find us. Maybe they think they can hear Venita and me having a big fight, or something else just as noisy—if we did fight. I don't know where they got the idea we live there unless they've scrambled up that incident a few years ago when Dick Arlen, Bing Crosby, and Bill Fields got together and had a lot of signs painted, 'Keep Poison Oakie Out of Toluca Lake,' and planted them around. I was considering buying a home there at the time, but I located in Beverly instead. The gag, though, got a lotta publicity and people got it into their heads that I lived out there.

"You should see the little woman and me play Russian Bank. It'd be worth your while, just to watch. Me, what never gave a rouble about the game before. Why, I'm as rabid about it now as I used to be about potatoes au gratin O'Brien.

"Now, THERE'S a dish, but the way of all flesh decrees that I desert them...that is, if I want to keep my boyish figure. I have to cheat now and then, though.

"I've gone through a lot of changes during the past year. Take radio...

"I used to be known as Mile-a-Minute Oakie when it came to talking. Now, I'm a man of a few million words. In the hour that I'm on my radio program I talk more than I've ever talked before in my life.

"WHY I stay in pictures when I can make more money and do less work on the air is beyond me. Radio, they tell me, is here to stay...and I hope that means me, too.

"Why, all I have to do is rehearse a couple of hours and have guest stars on my program. Then, I walk in occasionally, while the guests do all the work. Easy? Say, it's so easy I'd be happy if I didn't do a thing beside get in front of that microphone.

"When Venita and I were in New York on our honeymoon, we appeared twice on Ken Murray's radio hour. Venita was great, and I got a bang out of it myself. I'd been on the air before, but until then never seriously considered doing a program. That sold me.

"If I had to choose between the two, pictures or radio, I'd take radio every time. You know where you are, every minute. No re-takes. Once you've said it it's done, and when the hour or half-hour is ended you're through. No waiting around for lights, or for the director to finish with you. It's a cinch.

"I don't mean, though, that I don't still like pictures. I do like 'em, immensely. If I hadn't been on the screen for as long as I have, I wouldn't have any place in radio today. I know which side my bread's buttered...it's the name that I've made in pictures that radio is trading on in my program.

"Another change is that I've gone from Paramount over to Radio Pictures, and I'm making more pictures than I did. It used to be that I made only three a year...now, I'm in nearly twice as many.

"I was with Paramount for nearly ten years, and it was hard pulling up stakes. I'm happy here, though, and I'm looking forward to a busy season. The studio is lining up some mighty fine parts for me, they tell me.

"A couple of weeks ago, Venita and I celebrated our first wedding anniversary. I couldn't believe it, until the crowd we'd invited to our "Come With the Wind" party began to arrive like flies buzzing around a Greek restaurant.

"A year is a mighty long time, ordinarily, but these past twelve months have whizzed by faster than my money used to go sitting in a poker game with Claude Binyon. Not too short a time, though, for me not to have taken on a contented-calf look. Why say, I'm so contented now that my ears flap back and forth whenever anybody even looks at me. I'm a changed man—yas-suh—and how!"
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She's
England's
FAIREST!

Virginia Field, 20th Century-Fox star, doesn't care for herself on the screen because she doesn't think she has progressed far enough to be called a good actress. Movie audiences, however, seem to think differently.

By A. B. Whitney

She arrived in Hollywood at eight o'clock one morning, reported to 20th Century-Fox at eleven... and before an hour had passed she had been signed for an important role in Little Lord Fauntleroy.

That was Virginia Field's introduction to the film colony, and she's been on the go ever since.

If you caught Lloyds of London you'll most certainly recall Virginia as Polly, the beauteous bar-maid, who very nearly walked away with the feminine honors. Should you have missed her in this role, she appeared more recently with Peter Lorre in Think Fast, Mr. Moto, as the White Russian entertainer.

Typically British both in speech and thought, much of import has happened to this tall, golden-blonde beauty—not yet twenty—who avows allegiance to Hollywood, but swears she'll never desert her English citizenship.

"When Edward VIII ascended the throne, he elevated my barrister-father to the much-sought-after rank of King's Councillor," she announces, proudly.

"Only eighteen barristers were thus honored by Edward. So, you see, English stock is too deep-rooted in me ever to want to change."

Virginia was fifteen when she went on the stage, through a rather extraordinary channel. Born in London, she attended school in Paris until the age of fourteen, then went to Vienna to continue her education.

While walking along the street, a stranger seized her by the arm and dragged her impulsively to a sidewalk cafe table.

"Do you want to go on the stage?" he asked. It developed he was a Viennese impresario, and forthwith, in almost story book fashion, Virginia found herself cast in All's Well That Ends Well, at the Max Reinhardt Theatre.

Her decision to travel to America was as suddenly inspired. Gilbert Miller, the stage producer, two years later cabled her to come to New York immediately for the lead in Victoria Regina. And as for Hollywood... two weeks into rehearsal for Regina and a young actor begged her to work with him in a screen test. She did, and to her surprise was offered a contract with 20th Century-Fox. Miller, to whom she appealed, released her only with reluctance, because he considered her a young actress of unusual promise.

That Hollywood is all the richer for her presence here is seen in the fact that everyone who saw the picture recalls vividly her characterization of Polly in Lloyds of London. That the studio believes in her is evidenced in her elevation to leading ladyship.

This daughter of Britain holds no false illusions about herself. She doesn't care for herself on the screen because she doesn't think she has yet progressed to the point that she may be called a good actress. Hollywood, however, has other ideas upon the subject.
appraise themselves so coldly and how could each pattern her life after a campaign of studied behavior?

Take the case of Sonja. Hers is a thrilling story of precise and deliberate training for success. At seven years of age she was looked upon as a potential ice-skating champion and was the pride of her home place, Oslo, Norway. Since that time she has rhythmically soared ever onward to four Olympic triumphs, finally skated her way directly into screen stardom.

IT WAS after the last Olympics, when thousands of blasé New Yorkers stormed Madison Square Garden to see her perform her ice-ballet miracles, that Sonja decided it was time to capture Hollywood. So, with a keen comprehension of her opportunity, Miss Henie rented a Hollywood ice-palace at a cost of $800 and staged a three-day exhibition of skating, netting a $20,000 profit.

But this was only a preliminary to her real Hollywood campaign. Born with an unusual flair for showmanship Sonja, as a small child, insisted upon spectacular costumes, all white, and richly designed. Following immediately upon her triumphant exhibition at the Hollywood rink, Sonja leased an impressive all white house with all white interior decorations and furnishings, and purchased a huge custom-built automobile which she had painted white. All of which set Hollywood to talking, and pray tell me what could be sweeter for a movie actress than to have that right kind of publicity?

It was then that the studios awakened to the fact that here was a personality indeed, one to tie to. No less than five studios entered into competitive bidding for her services. The first offer was for $10,000, but soon there were others around $75,000. Playing one producer against another, Sonja boosted the ante and when she finally signed with Darryl Zanuck it is said that it was for $125,000 a picture, and a five-year contract for two pictures a year.

WITH Sonja it was a little different. Her publicity was not always favorable; and, besides, she had to lick Hollywood after she had already won a $2,000 a week contract, which she had signed while still in France. The heart-breaking experiences of many a European actress who had been forced to return home after bitter disillusionment in Hollywood were not unknown to Sonja. So when she entered the Famed City she had her mind all set. She would lick Hollywood! Now when Sonja has her mind set it's set.

At first she was sadly misunderstood due to her rebelliousness against situations which she could not understand, and because of her unfamiliarity with Hollywood and the English language. This very spirit of rebellion attracted attention from the press, and every time a newspaperman took a "crack" at her it merely served notice to the reading world that Sonja was a personality a little different from the common mold. Sensible as she was, Sonja took advantage of the situation to further her cause. The great blast of publicity which greeted her first day at the studio, when she walked out of the make-up department, typed her as a person of unusual temperament. Then a week later, when she suddenly retired to the loneliness of her home high up in the Hollywood hills, more fuel was added to the fire. "Is she going to pull another Garbo?" someone asked; and, without pausing for answer, the reply flashed "yes" in a thousand newspapers.

Yet Sonja was pulling no "Garbo." It was merely her way of making a sale to Hollywood—a very wise move which only tended to heighten the mystery which was enveloping her. Even though the self-imposed retirement put her out of circulation, the newsgatherers persisted in wanting to see her. Finally she agreed to talk, but with reservations.

Certainly few screen stars have had as fine an appreciation of showmanship as this little girl from France. She held on and in spite of all her adverse publicity scored a great success in Girl's Dormitory. She scored a greater one as Diane in Seventh Heaven. Now she is the sweetheart of all Hollywood; everyone loves Sonja. At present she receives $3,500 a week. From the $14,000 a month $150 is deducted for rent and $500 at the most for food, clothing, etc. The rest goes into a one-way bank and will remain there until her picture career terminates.

And so, within one short year, both Simone and Sonja have sold themselves to Hollywood in no small way. Which one is the better saleslady? That would be telling and we wouldn't say if we could.
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wood's beloved comedian is concerned, we're of the decided opinion that the scribblers have overlaid first base and should be called "out" by the umpire.

"Maybe," says Victor, "they're too young to know it, but it's on page 10 of the record book that I was here as far back as 1915. And furthermore, not only was I here 'in person' but before I returned East to play in vaudeville, I had made more than forty pictures. It's not for me to say how good they were—but forty pictures make a tough chore in any man's movie league. I'd be a lot smarter, perhaps, if I didn't employ that 'way back when' reference because I have a better than faint recollection that the majority of those pictures were not even class 'B' quickies and I've got a hunch that I'm going to be found stewing in a very pretty kettle of fish if they ever catch up with me like a man's sins are supposed to do."

"IT'S our hunch, however, that Victor's fears on this score are purely imaginary. He'll never be haunted by the ghosts of his cinematic past for the simple reason that, no matter how poor the pictures were, you can bank on it that his part in them were above par. He was too good an actor 'way back in 1915 to turn in a performance that he wouldn't okay himself.

Victor's arrival in Los Angeles in 1915 while on tour with the Owen Davis success, The Happiest Night of His Life, was far away from being as pleasant as the title of the play; for scarcely had he gotten accustomed to the smell of orange blossoms and the taste of avocados, than he was stricken with a severe attack of appendicitis, wheeled away to the nearest hospital, and operated upon before he had a chance to say "Oh, Doctor!"

"They opened the play to a capacity house," Victor revealed, "and they opened me with prayers. I had a star part, but believe me, it wasn't the happiest night of MY life! Being flat on my back I couldn't even stumble through my lines and right after the grand opening I was so close to the grand finale that the doctor thought it was a waste of time to sew me up. He did, though, 'just for the practice' he said afterward. I had HIM in stitches the next morning when he came into my room and found me alive. It's a funny thing about this motion picture business—a good many people break their necks to get a break in films—but me?—well, I'm different. All I had to do to see myself on celluloid was to rupture my appendix!"

IT WAS while recuperating from the operation that he met Jesse Lasky and, since he could not go back to the strenuous work of the stage at that period of his convalescence, he appeared for Lasky in five pictures, among them Chimmie Fadden, The Race, and The Clown, following these up with the thirty-five or so others.

"But," Victor admits, "working in front of the hot lights and cold cameras wasn't the stage by any measure of celluloid footage so it was back to New York and the 'sticks.'"

The "sticks" kept him occupied for almost two decades with the famous skit, Change Your Act, or Back to The Woods.

Victor hit Broadway with a bang when Owen Davis wrote another play for him, Easy Come, Easy Go, in which he shared acting honors with Otto Kruger. This success was followed with starring roles in Oh, Kay, Alley Oop, Hold Everything, Funny Face, Heads Up, and Princess Charming, and when the score was added up Victor found himself rated as Broadway's sure-fire comedian with his popularity increasing tremendously in three musical hits, Of Thee I Sing, Let 'Em Eat Cake, and Anything Goes.

In between these shows he also found time to play on the screen in Dangerous Nan McGrew for Paramount in 1930, in several of Warner Brothers' shorts in 1932 and 1933, and in Gift of Gab and Romance in the Rain in 1934. Right now RKO-Radio has his signature to a long-term contract to play opposite Helen Broderick in a series of pictures, the first two of which, Meet the Missus and Three on a Match-Key, are already finished.

WHILE it's true that a ruptured appendix got him openin' of a different sort that got him onto the legitimate stage.

"My father moved from Hammonmont, New Jersey, to Dorchester, Massachusetts, in 1891 and opened a restaurant. When he wasn't looking I opened the till and 'gave' myself enough money to attend the shows. Rather than become a till-tapping addict I got a job—two years later—as a super during a run of Babes in Toyland at the old Boston theatre. It took me that long to make up my mind about the show business, but once in it, even as a lowly super, there was no stopping me."

"For more than two years I played super and walk-on bits in various Boston
"I discovery role joined pimples.

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York that a bewildered Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce has never been able to solve the mystery.

Of course, when Fay left here as a child actress, Hollywood was one big orange grove and motion pictures were very much in their infancy.

(Thank heaven no one can pull that old bromide: "and they are still in their infancy" because the movies have grown up to be the finest entertainment in the world. Artistically speaking, too.)

At any rate, once Fay had become "Two-Year" Bainter, which happened in her late 'teens, there was no reason to leave the New York stage.

Speaking of child actresses, Fay Bainter should be a shining example to Shirley Temple and the other Hollywood kiddies. She is a brilliant refutation of the legend that "child wonders" never grow up to be famous adults.

HOWEVER, Fay's career as a child actress was far, far different than Shirley's. After making her debut in the famous old Burbank Stock Company in Los Angeles at the tender age of four, at a salary of five dollars a week, Fay's fame grew throughout the country by way of stock companies, air domes and even tent shows. Is it any wonder she is a troupers?

Her first Broadway success was Arms And The Girl which made her a star overnight. Highlights in her stage career, we believe, were also The Willow Tree, The Kiss Burglar, East Is West and Dodsworth.

But, to Fay the outstanding role of her stage career was Topsy in the all-star revival of Uncle Tom's Cabin a few years ago. It's hard to picture the immaculate Fay playing Topsy, but the critics said she was the best of them all.

THE farmer's wife, however, is actually her favorite role. While she blithely admits the truth of the story that one day when she was bragging about selling a batch of eggs for $33, her husband, with a wry smile, handed her the $35 feed bill—Fay insists she is a practical, down-to-earth farmer.

Despite the size of their estate, ninety-one acres, the Venables' still live in the old farmhouse. Those who have seen and know the wild beauty of those old estates overlooking the Hudson river; the rugged hills, deep woods and bubbling streams, can appreciate the love of a native of Los Angeles for a "foreign land."

We're thinking that Miss Bainter won't have much opportunity in the immediate future to pursue her life as a New York farmer. The picture producers and directors are very determined to keep her in Hollywood. Catching up to Fay in her disappearing act after each picture is as difficult as annoying. Leo McCarey had to call her long-distance and read the script of his very fine picture, Make Way For Tomorrow, in order to persuade her to return to Hollywood to play one of the featured roles. The RKO-Radio studio, which appears to have the edge in claiming Miss Bainter's talents, had to repeat the performance to secure her services for Vivacious Lady, which will be directed by George Stevens. This studio has lost no time in tying up the actress' services for the summer in another important picture.

We predict that in no time at all the Hollywood Chamber of Commerce will be announcing that "our own" Fay Bainter has come HOME. And, who knows? Even stranger things have happened.

After all, there is an old saying that "the place a person is born is always home, no matter if it is a rock in the middle of the ocean."
Jane Wyman, star in Mervyn LeRoy's Mr. Dodd Takes the Air, out to land a big one

Mary MacDonald, M-G-M school teacher, takes a stroll with four of her pupils. (Left to right)—John Arlington, Betty Jaynes, Miss MacDonald, Judy Garland and Suzanne Larson

Betty Timmons, Paramount cutie, in a goofy get-up greets Peter Arno, famous cartoonist

Fred Waring tries to come out of a water hazard in a crazy golf game played during a day off from the filming of Warner Bros. musical, Varsity Show.

Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy (right) are HOLLYWOOD Magazine fans

Grace Moore, Columbia songbird, arrives in Hollywood to resume her film career

Photographed exclusively for HOLLYWOOD Magazine
Do YOU carefully powder and rouge, and then allow pale, scanty lashes and scraggly brows to mar what should be your most expressive feature—your eyes? You would be amazed at the added loveliness that could be so easily yours with Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids!

Simply darken your lashes into long, curling, luxuriant fringe with the famous Maybelline Mascara—in either the economical Solid-form or the popular Cream-form—see how your eyes appear instantly larger and more expressive. Absolutely harmless, non-smarting, and tear-proof. Keeps your lashes soft and silky and tends to make them curl. At any cosmetic counter—only 75c.

Now a bit of Maybelline Eye Shadow blended softly on your eyelids, and notice how your eyes immediately 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.

Every time you squint or blink your eyes the tender skin around your eyes is creased, encouraging wrinkles. Help to avoid these crow's feet, wrinkles and laugh lines—keep this sensitive skin soft and youthful—by simply smoothing on Maybelline 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.
Look no further...

If it's **mildness** you look for

*take Chesterfields*

If it's **good taste** you like

*stop with Chesterfields... They Satisfy*
Watch THE MOVIE SKY!

Of course, the brightest lights announce great M-G-M attractions coming soon to your local theatre. Here are just a few, starting the greatest New Season Hit Festival in amusement history!

**JEANETTE MCDONALD - JONES THE FIREFLY**

Plus WARREN WILLIAM and Big Cast! Another grand musical romance from the producers of "Maytime"!

**Greta Garbo - Boyer Marie Walewska**

A grand romantic team in a spectacular drama. Garbo as the woman who won—and lost—the heart of the great Napoleon!

**William Powell - Myrna Loy Double Wedding**

That 'Thin Man' couple in their gayest, brightest romping romance... Bill's an artist in love with Myrna's sister—till Myrna comes along!

**Joan Crawford - Tone The Bride Wore Red**

A big star-jammed fun-fest for Joan and Franchot to gallivant through... with Reginald Owen, Robert Young and Billie Burke for extra laughs and romance!

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Famous star gives astonishing reasons why wives should work

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ARTISTS OF LAUGHTER . . .
To draw a laugh every time your face appears on the screen is some artistic achievement... and those zanies, the Yacht Club Boys (shown above giving a little support to radio’s funniest female, Judy Canova)... are some artists. Won’t you hear ’em go to town on that “Sasha Pasha” number, just one of the million mad moments in “Artists and Models,” the biggest gag and gal show of this or any year.

ARTISTS OF FAME . . .
Name the six leading American artists and illustrators and you’ll name the lads who chose the All-American Beauty Chorus for “Artists and Models”: Peter Arno, McClelland Barclay, Arthur William Brown, Rube Goldberg, John La Gatta, and Russell Patterson. Here you see them doing a little plain and fancy homage to their choice of the Most Beautiful Model in the World, Sandra Storme, just one of the million glorified gals in “Artists and Models,” the biggest gag and gal show of this or any year.
ARTIST OF WISE CRACKS ... BENNY'S THE NAME!

Radio’s Number One Entertainer, the biggest laughmaker the screen has ever seen—the one and only Jack Benny at his super-funniest heads the all-star cast of “Artists and Models.” Above you see him in an artistic moment, below, at the head of the parade in one of the huge production numbers. At the top right you see Ben Blue teaching Judy Canova how to swing that thing. At the lower right is Martha Raye going to town in blackface, giving you a glimpse of “Public Melody Number One.” Just one of the half dozen hit numbers Louis Armstrong and his Band and Andre Kostelanetz and His Orchestra help you to enjoy in “Artists and Models,” the biggest gag and gal, yes, and the biggest song and dance show of this or any year.
Limbering-up Exercise

WHAT honey-haired star was giving a swell but catty imitation of a rival star when in walked the rival star herself, and saw the whole thing? Hair-pulling was averted by force, but both glamour girls are still burning!

Business Ethics

C. HENRY GORDON tells a funny one about the producer whose son had just gone into the grocery business. The boy asked him what was meant by "business ethics." "A man comes into your store," says C. Henry, "to pay you the five dollars he owes you for a load of food, but he gives you, by mistake, two five dollar bills. When he goes out of the door, you wonder if you should tell your partner. That's where business ethics come in."

Crooner Trouble

CLAUDETTE COLBERT was playing some of her favorite Bing Crosby records in her dressing room the other day, when her telephone rang. The star herself answered. An irate voice yelled, "Listen! If you must make all that noise, which disturbs me in my dressing room, for heaven's sake play something better than those Crosby records. That guy's horrible crooning gives me a pain!"

"I don't know who you are," cried Claudette angrily, "but you can't make cracks to me about my friend Bing Crosby and his singing! If you had any musical sense you'd know that he has a fine voice, and doesn't croon!"

Then there came to Claudette's ears sounds of smothered laughter over the phone. Bing's own voice was saying, "Atta-girl, Claudette! Scuse me for riling you. But when I heard you playing my records, the temptation to pull a gag was too good to pass up."

Gable's Rival

CLARK GABLE and Carole Lombard told us this one. They were coming away from the tights the other night when a newsboy—age about ten—gave Carole a paper. Clark fished for a coin, but the boy stopped him. Giving the burly Gable—ordinarily a great favorite of youngsters of his age—a dirty look, he said:

"Keep your pennies, you big ham! I'm giving this paper to Miss Lombard—see?"

Camper Cooper

GARY COOPER'S wife, Sandra, has kept Gary pretty well civilized, but it isn't always easy. After their marriage they moved in from Gary's rough-'n-ready ranch to a nice town home. The star stopped keeping his saddles, chaps and boots in the den with his hunting trophies and guns. But—

The other day Sandra caught Gary studying auto trailer literature. Then she remembered how he'd gone to a big exhibit of trailers. She asked him what in the world he'd do with a trailer if he had one.

"Well," said Gary wistfully, "I think I'd put it in the back yard. Then once in a while I'd go out there and cook me a camp meal—bacon, eggs and flapjacks!"

Studio Feud

THE Robert Montgomery-Rosalind Russell feud is the real thing. Love Live and Learn was delayed because of it.

[Continued on page 10]
A Revelation in Entertainment

Set in a big, human, heart-story by the authors of "Boy Meets Girl" that will give you the greatest thrill in years! Girls... music... romance... stars... comedy... fashions... all done in Advanced Technicolor so dazzling it takes your breath away!

ALAN MOWBRAY—what a riot of laughs this guy gives you!
HELEN VINSION—alluring, but oh!... so aggravating!
MISCHA AUER—twice as funny as in "My Man Godfrey"!

WALTER WANGER'S VOGUES OF 1938
IN TECHNICOLOR

Warner Baxter
Joan Bennett

V with
Helen VINSION - Mischa AUER
Alan MOWBRAY - Jerome COWAN

Marjorie GATESON • Dorothy McNULTY • Alma KRUGER
Polly ROWLES • Victor Young and his orchestra
Directed by IRVING CUMMINGS

Original Screenplay by Samuel and Bella Spewack
Released thru UNITED ARTISTS

with "The Most Photographed Girls in the World"... those WALTER WANGER MODELS Wearing A Million Dollars Worth of Advanced Fashions

WHEN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS, PLEASE MENTION SEPTEMBER HOLLYWOOD
**WHAT AN AWFUL HEADACHE!**

- Splitting headaches made me feel miserable. I can't tell you how I was suffering! I knew the trouble all too well—constipation, a clogged-up condition. I'd heard FEEN-A-MINT well spoken of. So I stopped at the drug store on the way home, got a box of FEEN-A-MINT, and chewed a tablet before going to bed.

- FEEN-A-MINT is the modern laxative that comes in delicious mint-flavored chewing gum. Chew a tablet for 3 minutes, or longer, for its pleasant taste. The chewing, according to scientific research, helps make FEEN-A-MINT more thorough—more dependable and reliable.

- Next morning—headache gone—full of life and pep again! All accomplished so easily too. No griping or nausea. Try FEEN-A-MINT the next time you have a headache caused by constipation. Learn why this laxative is a favorite with 16 million people—young and old.

---

**Hollywood Newsreel**

[Continued from page 8]

*Unless Dan Cupid makes a sudden detour, the Elissa Landi-Nina Martini romance is headed directly toward the altar.*

**Rising Star**

CHARLES GORIN, the singer who was almost forgotten at M-G-M is so good in The Broadway Melody 1938 he is being rushed into The Ugly Duckling. Several other roles await him. Like Nelson Eddy, all he needed was a "break."

**Personal Appearance**

CAROLE LOMBARD says she makes so many personal appearances at M-G-M affairs with Gable she should get a fee. Carol is under contract to Paramount.

**No Movie Fan**

ACCORDING to John Boles, all of us dyed-in-the-wool movie fans forget that there are some people who just don't follow pictures. The other day we were talking to John on a busy Hollywood street corner. Quickly, there gathered an admiring little group of fans who recognized John from his screen appearances. Several asked for autographs.

Suddenly Boles glanced at a passerby, and his face beamed. "Hi, Ray!" he called. "Say, old boy, don't you remember me? We were in the army together."

The man stared questioningly. "Yes, your face is familiar," he admitted. "You're—"

"John told him. It was the stranger's turn to beam. He pumped the star's arm. Then he said, "Well, John, you're looking great. Prosperous, too. What business are you in?"

**World's Best**

WATCHING Sonja Henie making skating scenes the other day, we realized that the movie star pays a penalty for being the best in her line.

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**ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTES! ALWAYS INSIST ON THE ADVERTISED BRAND!**
A stand-in (herself a noted skater) was trying to go through a difficult ice routine of Sonja's to give the star rest between actual scenes. She had to attempt to duplicate what Sonja would do in the scene, so cameramen and electricians could adjust their equipment.

But she fell and was badly jarred, so another expert skater, a man this time, tried the same stunt. He crashed hard against the side wall. He was game to tackle it again, but Sonja wouldn't hear of it. So, that lights might be adjusted and cameras arranged, she went out and did her stuff between scenes—did it so skillfully that it looked easy.

Tamed!

LUISE RAINER is a much better girl in her new production Big City with Spencer Tracy than she was in The Emperor's Candlesticks. He-men Tracy and Frank Borzage, the director, seemed to have tamed her.

Loretta's Young!

LORETTA YOUNG'S visitor intended to be really charming when she said, "Why, Loretta, you look so young in person—no older than I am! I think you're remarkably preserved—really I do."

Loretta is so used to that sort of thing that she merely thanked the other girl, and didn't try to explain that she is only twenty-four, not exactly an age when "preservation" is talked about.

But that's the price Loretta has paid for letting her age be "advanced" when she entered pictures as a substitute for her older sister. She was then thirteen, but a few months later the studio began calling her seventeen, so she might play regular romantic leading roles!

Cute Custom

THE newest filmtown fashion fad is for romancing couples to dress alike. The other day we saw Bob Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck in matching gray slack suits and wearing the same type of moccasin oxfords. At a tennis party, Tyrone Power and Sonja Henie wore the same types of white slacks, initialed shirts, and sweaters of identical color and trimming. Carole Lombard and Clark Gable, out horsebacking, wore yellow turtle-neck sweaters, brown berets, brown riding breeches and brown English boots! A cute custom, we calls it.

Self-Caricature

IF YOU want to make Katharine Hepburn angry, tell her she hasn't the ability to laugh at herself.

As a matter of fact, she has that ability. We witnessed a good demonstration of it the other day, when Katie gave an imitation of an imitator imitating Hepburn. Her caricature was not only like Hepburn—you might suspect it would be that!—but it was the funniest and the most unsparingly satirical of all the Hepburn imitations we've seen.

And nobody laughed half so loud as Katie, when she got through lampooning herself!

Oakie Jokes

THE Hollywood police are wondering what to do about Jack Oakie. Not long ago, nearly every film star had a siren on his car, and a "Fire Deputy," or something of the sort on his license...
plate, so that he—or she—could go tearing hither and yon through the traffic and across stop signals, headed for a bite of lunch or a cocktail.

But a reform wave silenced the sirens. Now only Oakie has one, and while his is legal and he doesn't violate traffic rules, it sometimes scares folks, and makes timid drivers draw over to the curb.

As you may have guessed, Oakie's siren is merely a noise Jack makes with his mouth (you've heard small boys do it!) and there's no rule which forbids that sort of vocalizing!

Marlene's Maria

REPORTS that Marlene Dietrich objects to posing in snapshots with daughter Maria, because she doesn't want the public to know the child is "growing up," aren't true. On the contrary, Marlene is very proud of Maria, and takes her everywhere.

It is those in charge of the Dietrich glamour who object, and not for the reason that Maria is getting too big to be seen with Marlene. It is rather the contrast presented by the buxom, and very wholesome-looking daughter, and the hollow-cheeked, romantic mother. This, they think, might suggest to fans that Marlene's emaciation has been achieved by make-up.

Which, as you probably know, it has.

Spence's Charities

SPENCER TRACY may not like this. But somehow we feel he should get a hand for doing things for which many stars openly take credit. Spence, in addition to the usual contributions to various organized charities, is supporting what would constitute quite a colony of tubercular victims—if they were gathered in one spot. But that's just where the best part of his charity project comes in; the patients are scattered all over. Many tubercular people have a horror of being placed in sanitariums with other victims of the disease, and yet they can't afford to live in separate dwellings, in climates that will cure them.

Spence's fortunate beneficiaries enjoy life as rugged individualists in the California and Arizona deserts, and they're all doing nicely.

Antique Department

NEDDA HARRINGTON (Mrs. Walter Connolly) owns the oldest theatre program in existence. It dates back to 1753 and features the Hallam Family in Congreve's Love for Love. Nedda inherited it from her father, of Harrigan and Hart fame.

Bad Luck Sign

WHEN Esther Muir started on the stage the wardrobe mistress told her that she'd have bad luck if she tidied up her make-up box, so true to the tradition of the stage superstitions, Esther never straightens up her lipsticks, mascara, rouge, etc., when they get jumbled up.

Art By Anna

DOUBTLESS you've heard that Anna Sten is getting quite a reputation for herself as a painter of portraits of her fellow stars. And in Hollywood it's well known that Anna will not paint anyone unless she either likes them very much, or dislikes them. So stars she has painted look questioningly at the excellent likenesses of them Anna has turned out—seeking a clue to her feelings toward them!

Her next subject is to be Luise [Continued on page 52]
They called her a party wife. They said she "wasn't fit to be a mother." But you'll recognize Stella Dallas as one of the greatest, finest characters on the screen!

"SURE, I LIKE A GOOD TIME!"

SAMUEL GOLDFYN PRESENTS

STELLA DALLAS

WITH

BARBARA STANWYCK

JOHN BOLES - ANNE SHIRLEY

From the novel by
OLIVE HIGGINS PROUTY
RELEASED THRU UNITED ARTISTS

WHEN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS, PLEASE MENTION SEPTEMBER HOLLYWOOD
HOLLYWOOD'S radio business is growing so rapidly, that NBC, which opened a new million dollar studio less than two years ago, will soon have to move to larger quarters possibly the old Warner Brothers studios (about eight acres on Sunset Boulevard, in Hollywood). Columbia's new $1,800,000 Hollywood home will be opened this winter and now Mutual Broadcasting System is considering a site and planning to treble its Hollywood-originated network broadcasts. With most of the nation's radio talent and picture talent available for radio now in the film town Hollywood may have to change its name to Radio City, if things keep up. Some months ago Warners announced they might start a national radio chain but today it looks doubtful. Dick Powell who left Hollywood Hotel (CBS) to go with a prospective Warner radio unit is slated to go on a Packard hour.

Radio fans in the East will enjoy David Broekman who goes on a Saturday night Mutual broadcast with Hal Berger entitled In-Laws. Broekman, veteran symphony and studio arranger and conductor, is one of the best musical showmen the Coast has developed and Hollywood predicts a brilliant and well earned success for him on the national air lanes.

Rubinoff personally invited a hundred wounded war veterans to hear his final Hollywood broadcast. He tells me that his insurance policy demands that he have a bodyguard after 11 each night to protect his Stradivarius. The policy also forbids his taking the violin before the strong studio lights for more than three minutes at a time and no one is allowed to carry it but himself. (Some fiddle).

BEN ALEXANDER, who grew up with the movies and the radio now broadcasts his Hollywood Boulevardier program from San Francisco. . . . George Stoll, formerly with the Camel hour, will direct the music for M-G-M's Rosalie, starring Nelson Eddy. . . . Burns and Allen will appear in the new Fred Astaire movie, Damsel in Distress. . . . Tom Mix returns to the Purina hour for five nights a week in late September.

After a vacation trip to Europe, Jack Benny and wife Mary Livingston will return to the Jello program October 3. While his boss is away, Don Wilson, announcer, will make a picture entitled Behind the Mike at Universal.
PIKKY TOMLIN is sporting a pair of hand tooled cowboy boots which he got at the Texas Centennial for a song. That is, for singing several songs. Musical notes and clefts of leather are a part of the design. Pinky is working on a new tune entitled "You're Priceless," soon to be introduced by Glen Gray on the other waves. . . .

Al Pearce is in Hollywood with a specially built Ford and a Michigan license plate which reads simply "9 P.M. MICHIGAN" (his former broadcast time).

KEN MURRAY is making his life story on 16 mm film. His radio leading lady and wife in private life, Florence Heller, is most prominent in the half-sized movie. . . . Alice Faye of Fox films succeeds Kay Thompson on the Chesterfield hour, her first big role assignment since the Rudy Vallee days of three years ago. . . . Gene Austin, the crooner, will open at the new Sardis. Candy and Coco have re-signed for the new Joe Penner Sunday program. . . . Eddie Cantor scored a big hit at Arrowhead recently, not singing or cracking wise but by dancing with the young debs vacationing there.

DETROIT commentator calls attention to the fact that the "First Nighter" program has provided a prize class of movie talent—Don Ameche, Tyrone Power, Henry Hunter, Ann Preston (formerly Shainde Kalish), Barbara Luddy, Henry Tremayne, Don Briggs (now also on the Chase and Sanborn hour), Stanley Andrews, Vincent Hayworth, Cliff Soubier and Bob Fisk. Apparently Hollywood gets 'em all sooner or later.

VINCENT LOPEZ gave us a private "hearing" of his recordings and arrangements inspired by Japanese folk songs centuries old. The Japanese government (controlling all rights) has guaranteed a sale of 500,000 on each record and it is surprising how the Nipponese folk tunes resemble our own negro tunes in tempo and character. Lopez is restrained from playing the music on his own net work broadcasts until the Nippon government gives him approval. . . .

We're signing off now, folks. Goodnight!

A LOVELY DENVER BRIDE WRITES—"What a pity that every girl doesn't bathe with Cashmere Bouquet! For this deep-cleansing perfumed soap removes body odor so completely . . . keeps you so sweet and clean. And then Cashmere Bouquet leaves its flower-like perfume clinging to your skin. No wonder Cashmere Bouquet is called the lovelier way to avoid offending!"

MARVELOUS FOR YOUR COMPLEXION, TOO!
This pure, creamy-white soap has such gentle, caressing lather. Yet it removes every bit of dirt and cosmetics—keeps your skin alluringly smooth, radiantly clear!

NOW ONLY 10¢ AT DRUG, DEPARTMENT AND 5-CENT STORES

TO KEEP FRAGRANTLY DAINTY—Bathe with Perfumed CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP

WHEN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS, PLEASE MENTION SEPTEMBER HOLLYWOOD
EYE WITNESS PHOTOS BY RHODES

Ruth Hilliard and Rita Hayworth, two pretty Columbia players, disagreed over one at Umpire "Hap" O'Connor's decisions during the Leading Men vs. Comedians baseball game July 17th, and gave the hapless "Hap" the works.

Allan Jones, M-G-M star, was on his way to the Firefly set where he plays the swashbuckling Don Diego de Lara when sprinkler trouble gave him a chance to play mechanic.

Reading from left to right—Mrs. Pat O'Brien and daughter Mavourneen, Mrs. Dick Arlen and son "Ricci," Dixie Lee Crosby and son Gary, Irene Hervey Jones and daughter Joyce at "Ricci" Arlen's birthday party.

Pre-game practice before the Leading Men vs. Comedians game found Big Boy Williams, the palo-playing movie actor, trying out a unique batting stance.

Fred MacMurray, May Robson, Bette Davis and Johs. Beal ready to take their bows after a Lux broadcast.
CINDERELLA FROCKS inspired by Deanna Durbin New Universal Pictures' Star

Mrs. Allan Dinehart and Arthur Treacher were dancing partners at the Biltmore Bowl recently.

Douglas Fairbanks and his wife were "previewers" at the Warner Bros. production, The Life Of Emile Zola.

Freddie Bartholomew addresses his radio audience at a recent preview.

THEY'RE IVORY-WASHABLE

Back to school, looking pretty as a picture in Deanna Durbin Fashions! And they're sensible, too! Every print, every gay trimming has been Ivory-Flakes tested for washability. Follow the washing instructions tagged to every Cinderella Frack to be sure colors stay bright as new through a whole school year.

Psychologists say: "Teen-age girls should look their best. It creates a sense of well-being... makes studies easier." Give your daughter lots of these delightful Cinderella Frocks. Keep them sparkling with frequent Ivory Flakes tubbings.

Ivory Flakes keep fabrics new... colors bright... because they're pure.

WHEN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS, PLEASE MENTION SEPTEMBER HOLLYWOOD
ward, after a successful theatrical tour throughout the east and a wildly enthusiastic reception everywhere she went on tour in the British Isles. She was tired of travel, weary of the life that meant such long and arduous hours on the stage. She was coming home, to rest and enjoy herself for the remainder of her life. The idea of even going near a studio appealed to her not a whit.

She reckoned not upon her young daughter, however.

Although too young to remember her mother as a star, this little lady nevertheless had heard wondrous tales of those other days. About the house she listened to her mother’s friends discuss them, and her small playmates kept touching upon the subject.

"Mummy," she said one day, "can’t I see you in a movie?"

"But, darling," Esther replied, "I’ve told you I’m not on the screen any more. I’ve retired."

This, however, did not suffice to quiet Mary Esther. Particularly when her little friends continued to ask where they might see her mother on the screen.

Instead of dismissing the incident, as would the average child of five—and forgetting all about it as she played with her dolls—Mary Esther brooded, if a child her age could be said to brood. From a carefree doll-like creature, she became obsessed with the idea of seeing her mother once more an actress, a star of the screen.

Realizing that her continued absence from the screen was beginning to exert a serious effect upon her daughter’s health, Esther, with no thought other than to please Mary, determined to attempt a comeback. It was all too ridiculous, of course, that Mary should be plunged into such a slough of despondency, but since that was the case she’d do all in her power to remedy the situation.

That’s why Esther Ralston returned to pictures, and has appeared in such productions as Hollywood Boulevard, Reunion and As Good As Married. Were it not for this young lady who enjoys so prominent a position in the star’s life, Esther would still be a lady of leisure.
“Now there’s a girl who knows her way around”

MADELYN JONES

SALLEY, South Carolina, has supplied Hollywood with its newest screen hopeful, for Madelyn Jones, five feet of pulchritude and animation, has been declared winner of the nationwide Search for Talent contest conducted jointly by Fawcett Publications and the Hump Hairpin (Hold Bob Pins) Company of Chicago.

Miss Jones arrived in Hollywood two days after Walter Wanger, Joan Bennett, and Alex Gottlieb chose her as the most outstanding screen possibility among the eight talented divisional winners, and she is making her movie debut in Wanger’s current United Artists musical, Fifty-Second Street, and will later appear in Mervyn LeRoy’s Mr. Dodd Takes the Air. The divisional semi-finalists in the contest which took more than a year were: Jeanne Megerle of Fort Thomas, Kentucky; Gorda Egloff of Dallas, Texas; Jeanne Whitney of Duluth, Minnesota; Ruth Lucille Brink of St. Louis; Louise Kaye Karchmer of Chicago; Evelyn Earle Gresham of Chattanooga, Tennessee; Betty Middleton of Brooklyn, and Miss Jones. Irving Richard Green of Chicago supervised the making of the tests and the conduct of the talent survey.

“THAT girl has something!”

“And plenty of it. I’ve seen prettier girls and known smarter ones, but Janet will manage nicely with what she has.”

The girl who knows her way around men—what is her secret?

It’s the happy art of pleasing, of taking care always to consider masculine likes and dislikes.

She knows that one of the things men admire most in a girl is a fresh, sweet daintiness of person. And that they dislike nothing more than the odor of underarm perspiration on her clothing and person.

And so she takes no chances. For she knows it is easy to avoid—with Mum!

Takes only half a minute. Just half a minute is all you need to use this dainty deodorant cream. Then you’re safe for the whole day!

Harmless to clothing. Another thing you’ll like—use Mum any time, even after you’re dressed. For it’s harmless to clothing.

Soothing to skin. It’s soothing to the skin, too—so soothing you can use it right after shaving your underarms.

Doesn’t prevent natural perspiration. Mum, you know, doesn’t prevent natural perspiration. But it does prevent every trace of perspiration odor. And how important that is! Remember—nothing so quickly kills a man’s interest in a girl as disagreeable perspiration odor. Don’t risk it—use Mum regularly, every day.

ANOTHER WAY MUM HELPS is on sanitary napkins. Use it for this and you’ll never have to worry about this cause of unpleasantness.

MUM

takes the odor out of perspiration

WHEN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS, PLEASE MENTION SEPTEMBER HOLLYWOOD
WRITE JOE PENNER A LETTER AND WIN A RADIO!

A Regular reader of Hollywood Magazine himself, Joe Penner, popular comedian of radio programs and RKO pictures, has voluntarily offered the newest Crosley Super 11 console model receiving set as a prize for a novel letter writing contest during the month of August. Joe personally purchased the handsome Crosley four-band set (shown here) and this will be awarded to the Hollywood Magazine reader who, in the opinion of Penner and Editor E. J. Smithson, writes the best 100-word suggestion for Penner's next picture. Joe wants to know what type of picture his fans would like to have him do. He wants to know whether he should sing more songs, do more of his novel dance steps, play a costume character, a collegian or a "tired business man" type. Letters must be concise and constructive. They must not exceed 100 words in length and should be addressed to:


The contest will close at midnight, September 10. Only one letter from each Hollywood Magazine reader will be considered. Employees and relatives of employees of Fawcett Publications, Inc., are barred from this competition.

Letters should suggest characters Joe Penner should play; not comic gags. The competition is open to letter writers of all ages.

The new Crosley Super II has an exceptionally fine tone. Notched dial bands make tuning both simple and accurate. Foreign stations are easily and clearly "picked up" and perfect reception of all American stations is a matter of a simple twist of the wrist. The winner will enjoy this handsome, fine-toned new Crosley. A few minutes of thought and a few minutes devoted to writing your letter to the Joe Penner Contest, Hollywood Magazine, 6331 Hollywood Boulevard, Hollywood, may win this splendid gift. See Penner in New Faces of 1937, and hear his Sunday Coco Malt program and get an idea. Then write.

Here's your chance to win a Crosley radio! All you have to do is read what Joe Penner wants—and then sit right down and send in your idea.

Hollywood Magazine. Here's luck to you all!

Our Readers Write

$15.00 Prize Winner

Throwing a bone to the bow wows!

Dear Editor:

My applause goes straight to the dogs! Films innumerable have been rescued by the canny canine. That inquisitive, "May I help?" look in his eyes, his intelligent, "I'll stick by you forever," expression, and his pathetically obvious desire to please have undoubtedly supplied the necessary human element to dozens of films.

Take a run around your memory and discover for yourself just what I mean—Didn't the "purp" practically resurrect certain scenes in After the Thin Man, When You're in Love and Shall We Dance? Without a word the faithful little pooch has saved films without number, expecting no praise, and receiving very little reward. A friendly pat from his master is sufficient reward—for this simple reason, he strikes a responsive chord in thousands of hearts, and brings tears where human beings fail.

Sincerely,

Mrs. Preston Chapman, 711 Piedmont Avenue, Atlanta, Georgia.

Editor's comment: We agree with Mrs. Chap-
man that it is difficult to keep the pups in leash once they "put on the dog" and start stealing scenes.

$10.00 Prize Winner
Double Trouble

Dear Editor:
It used to be a pleasure to go to the movies, but no more. Why? The double feature program is a washout in more ways than one. You never get two good pictures, and you are forced to sit through a rotten one in order to see the good one. Secondly, the show is dragged out until 11:30 or 12 P. M., and people who come any distance have to leave the show before it is over to catch a bus, boat or train.

Two hours is long enough to sit on the hard seats in any theatre. If they gave one good feature, the news of the day and a comedy, more people would attend the movies, and while we are on the subject, how about having more pictures starring Wallace Beery, Patsy Kelly, Laurel and Hardy and Jane Withers? We go to the movies to forget our worries so why pay to see a picture full of tragedy and strife. Give the public something to laugh about and forget their cares. Make them feel happy enough to want to come back for more.

Sincerely yours,
M. Dennison,
154 Essex Street,
Hackensack, N. J.

Editor's comment: A feature argument of the day is the double-bill question. The majority of our readers agree with Mr. Dennison that one excellent picture would be received with more enthusiasm than two "B" pictures. Do you agree?

$5.00 Prize Winner
Taming The Wilds

Dear Editor:
Having just returned from the Cariboo country I feel I must try to tell the world (or at least, your readers) how much the movies do for the isolated districts in that region. For instance, in the many mines, radio reception is poor owing to the varied electrical equipment, but nearly every mining company has its "movie room" where films are shown several times a week. I was told that the men were twice as happy and contented where these films were shown, and that they much preferred to watch a picture to going to town, where and when possible.

So Movies for Miners are an unrivaled blessing, and though the gold may need digging for, the films on the silver screen are there for the viewing.

Sincerely yours,
Constance Cowell,
128 Hoy Park Manor,
Vancouver, B. C.

Editor's comment: It is interesting to hear of the effect movies have on the miners and we appreciate Miss Cowell's thoughtfulness in passing the good word along.

Letters From Across The Sea

Editor's note: In accordance with our published announcement that we would award a $5.00 prize to the author of the letter coming from the farthest distance, we are mailing the prize to Mr. Richard Brachwitz at Florastr. 11, Berlin-Pankow. Since Mr. Brachwitz's letter was written in German, we are printing our translation which reads as follows:

Dear Sir Editor:
As I am in the medical profession I would be interested in determining, if possible, what importance films have on the sick.
I feel that, in your close association to picture people, you might have some information on the subject, and could tell me if there has been any definite data on the power of pictures to aid the cure of neurasthenia.

Your magazine is widely read in my country and many of us feel it is an excellent medium for study of America and it's people.

Thanking you for your answer,
Richard Brachwitz,
Berlin-Pankow—Florastr. 11
(Ueckermann)

Editor's comment: We have never conducted a survey on this subject, but we judge from letters we have received that the right type of pictures do have a helpful influence on those suffering from nervous ailments.

A Fond Memory!

Dear Editor:
Do you know that the only actor or actress that ever packed our theatres, is the beloved Will Rogers, the one actor that reigns over them all—even now?
The people of Alaska just will not let him be forgotten. To us all he is a living memory. He was the grandest man that ever lived!

We are proud of the fact that we were the last to see and talk with him. Many of us will never forget how he laughed and joked about our rainy weather, and bought raincoats and boots by the loads.
The people clamor again and again for his old pictures. Last night the picture that he was the most proud of, State Fair, was brought to Juneau for the third time! It is needless to say every eye was filled with tears as we solemnly filed out of that packed theatre.
He is instilled in our hearts forever!

Sincerely yours,
Mrs. J. E. Brooks,
Juneau, Alaska

Editor's comment: The love and affection for "our Will" is a bond that unites people of every nation for he was a true friend to all.

A School-boy Speaks

As a school-boy living in this little island, the regular source of amusement is the movies. I have watched closely the career of Fredric March ever since I saw him in A Sign of the Cross, and I have seen nearly all of his films since then. Truly there is no greater character actor on the screen. My vote for the three best actors who portray their role with consistent sincerity are, in the order named: Fredric March, Charles Laughton and Paul Muni.
Your recent Star Popularity Contest was especially interesting to we islanders and I, for [Continued on page 53]
From Rudyard Kipling's heroic pen!

**Wee Willie Winkie**

starring

SHIRLEY TEMPLE

and

VICTOR McLAGLEN

with C. AUBREY SMITH - JUNE LANG

MICHAEL WHALEN - CESAR ROMERO

CONSTANCE COLLIER - DOUGLAS SCOTT

Directed by John Ford

Associate Producer Gene Markey

Darryl F. Zanuck in Charge of Production

The glorious adventure of the Scottish Highlanders in the land of the Bengal Lancers, and of the little girl who won the right to wear their plaid!

When the rifles crack and the tribesmen raid...when the bagpipes skirt and the regiment charges...you'll know you're seeing one of the greatest pictures ever made—with a Shirley Temple whose power to stir your emotions will be the wonder of your life!

Hollywood paid $2.20 to see it—and hailed it as one of the biggest hits ever to come from the 20th Century-Fox "Studio of Hits"!
GINGER FINDS HER LOST YOUTH

By Kay Proctor

Something revolutionary has happened to Ginger Rogers—She is now the gayest girl in town, and here's the reason!

UNTIL a few months ago the town hardly would have been aware there was such a person as Ginger Rogers were it not for her screen identity. You rarely saw her at parties and merry night spots and the things you read of her in the news and the gossip columns were nothing more exciting than word of the progress of her work. Now, suddenly, she is the gayest girl in town! She goes to all the big parties and gives them. She has more devoted swains at her beck and call than any other young unattached girl in filmdom. Men must make dates with her weeks in advance to be sure of her time and company.

What has happened to her? What is behind it all? Well, nothing much except Ginger is finding her lost youth!

Ridiculous, you say, for a lovely girl in her early twenties to have any lost youth to find? Not ridiculous. Tragic—and true.

When I saw Ginger in the midst of a merry, mad whirl the other night getting a rush from the stag line of Hollywood's most eligible young bachelors, [Continued on page 62]
"I'M JUST AN ORDINARY GUY"

says Warner Baxter. Respected for his dignity, plain living and his daring to be just "folks," this noted screen star is proud to be called Hollywood's Average Citizen No. 1

WITH some justice motion picture people have been accused of being attitudeiners. Garbo stresses the "hermit" attitude, Carole Lombard the "party girl," and Bing Crosby "horses." The whole credo seems to be: Be different, do something unusual, and do it in a big way.

So spot-lighted is the life of most film players, that when one, without thought of effect, lives conservatively, as an average American, it is news. Such is the case of Warner Baxter.

So without ostentation, so unspectacular, has been his conduct that he has become Hollywood's Average Citizen No. 1, respected for his dignity and daring to be just folks.

"What can you say of me?" asks Warner. "I work hard, I play a little—I have been happily married for nineteen years—and that lets me out."

"I figure," he said, munching a hefty club-house sandwich (he does not diet) as we lunched together on the Twentieth Century lot, "that excesses burn a fellow out. And what do they get you? Trouble, unhappiness to others, ill-health, and the loss of the respect of one's friends.

"Take my marriage and home." (Warner rarely talks of his marriage and writers are warned never to question him regarding it.) "My marriage is a perfectly normal thing. Let the others have their divorces, their love lives—"I'll keep what I have."

IN HOLLYWOOD, where beautiful girls are beautiful and plentiful, being married nineteen years is in itself no mean accomplishment. It speaks well for Winifred's charm and Warner's sense of values.

And Hollywood well knows the Baxters' devotion to each other, their mutual understanding. Mrs. Baxter never interferes with Warner's career, avoids the studio. They appear together socially, going to the quieter, more conservative functions. They neither seek nor avoid publicity.

"I always wanted a home," Warner continued.

[Continued on page 71]

By RAMONA BERGERE
WHEN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS, PLEASE MENTION SEPTEMBER HOLLYWOOD 25
All reports to the contrary, Paul Muni is not going to retire from motion pictures. The "Business as Usual" sign is still in front of his screen career.

If all you know about Hollywood is "what you read in the papers", you are about to enjoy one of the most pleasant disappointments you've ever experienced—that is, so far as news about a motion picture personality is concerned.

During the past few weeks, as you know, the public prints have employed a lot of dollar words in their announcements that Paul Muni was wrapped up in mothballs, shelved and tagged as Hollywood's soon-to-be-forgotten man. For some utterly inexplicable reason, so the papers said, he had voluntarily retired from the screen. They quoted him extensively in their daily columns to prove it.

Included in the recital of reasons why were such items as—

Paul Muni had earned enough money and so prudently invested it that he was ready, willing, and able, now, to enjoy the fruits of his labors on stage and screen in a life of ease and leisure.

Paul Muni didn't want to be alone, but he did want an opportunity [Continued on page 57]
WHEN Alice Faye arrived in Hollywood several years ago, she was often mistaken for the late Jean Harlow. At that time, she was a resplendent platinum blonde herself, and the resemblance was truly amazing.

There was the evening, for instance—and this only one of many, too—that two young gentlemen in their late 20s thrust their respective autograph books beneath her pretty up-turned nose and chorused, "Hiyah, Jean, howz for an autograph?"

"I'm not Jean Harlow," the young actress smiled. "I'm Alice Faye."

"Now don't try to give us that," the pair barked in return. "Of course, you're Jean Harlow. We've seen you on the screen."

"And when I wrote my own name they glowered at me as though I had done them a great wrong," Alice sighs in recollection. "Even then I don't think they were quite convinced I wasn't really Jean."

Time, as many people are wont to believe, marches on. But now the tables are turned. . . Alice herself is the victim of another who is constantly being taken for the blonde singer.

A MORE serious note, however, enters into this present case of mistaken identity.

Where Alice was being confused with Jean, the results were purely amusing. Now, they are more far-reaching in consequence, for this girl who looks like Alice is actually posing as her, and Alice is finding the situation an embarrassing one, to say the least.

Time after time, she has read her name linked romantically in the public prints with some man whom she has never even met, and on more than a dozen occasions she has been reported engaged to utter strangers. Moreover, the girl impersonating her is signing Alice's name to hundreds of requests for autographs, and even taking bows at night clubs and other gatherings where picture people congregate. Apparently, the similarity between the two is so striking that even many of Alice's friends cannot differentiate between them.

"It's gotten to the point that many men are actually afraid to call me up for a date for fear of the papers printing we are betrothed," declares the peaches-and-cream Alice. "So many men have had their name linked with mine in a romantic way, men whom I do not know, that it's no wonder they are a bit chary."

"Not so long ago, I met a man at a party. He looked at me, when the hostess introduced us, in a startled sort of way."

"Did you say your name was Alice Faye?" he asked.

"When I told him it was, he looked puzzled."

"It's very odd," he said. 'I met a girl at a friend of mine's the other night, and she claimed she was Alice Faye, too. The resemblance between you is really remarkable.'"

"At the Trocadero several months ago, a stranger sat next to me at a large dinner party. He seemed amused when he was presented. Then, a few moments later, leaned over and said:

[Continued on page 50]
There is nothing in our times that needs a rethinking more than the idea that women who are married should not have careers. The idea is not tenable. It totally overlooks that the majority of married women who have careers are as happy as those who don't. It is based on the fallacy that a wife is solely responsible for running the household—feeding, clothing, and sheltering the family. This is not true. In this day of change and growth, there is no reason why a woman should not have a career outside the home if she wants one. However, it is equally true that a woman should not have a career if she does not want one. The choice should be hers, not the society's.

There is another reason why the idea that women should not have careers is wrong. It is based on the idea that a wife is solely responsible for running the household. This is not true. In this day of change and growth, there is no reason why a woman should not have a career outside the home if she wants one. However, it is equally true that a woman should not have a career if she does not want one. The choice should be hers, not the society's.

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Melvyn Douglas is wrong declares glamorous Marlene Dietrich. A wife with a career has never been an asset to a happy marriage, she says. Men don't want competition—what they want is love

In view of my own employment, the fact that I urge marriage as the only career for wives may prove amazing.

My explanation is that my own work is keeping me from the establishment of a home, that I consider the loss a painful one. As one who has chosen a career, and who has followed it for more than ten years, I speak with a certain personal authority.

As it is impossible to roll back these years and make a fresh start, I cannot again select my course. If it were possible, perhaps I should not be Marlene Dietrich, film player.

Mr. Douglas sets forth that a career gives a wife freedom of thought and of action—domestic and economic independence. He calls this an asset. I list it as one of the most harmful elements.

I have domestic and economic independence—and all that goes with it. So many handicaps! We will consider only one—the rumor that my husband and I are separating, divorcing, which has recurred again only recently, and which brings to my lips a fervent denial. My husband is a good, a fine husband. We are forced to be separated, however, by our diverse employments.

I think this very independence spells disaster. In marriage, small quarrels, if nurtured, become big problems. The woman who has a career on which to depend, whether right or wrong in the argument, says:

"I'm going to leave my husband. I can make my own way."

The woman who has no career arbitrates with herself before she flies into trouble. Then she arbitrates with her husband and the little mole hill is smoothed over and marriage goes on its even and smooth course.

September, 1937
WHY I HAVE NEVER MARRIED

Eleanor Powell has been so busy tap-dancing her way to fame that she hasn't had time for marriage, but she has some very definite—and rather startling—ideas on the subject.

THERE'S really no mystery about it. I'd like to be married. To be a bit more emphatic, I'd very much like to be married. In fact, I'd very much like to be engaged even. I know, from looking at the matrimonial records of such famous tappers as Fred Astaire, George Murphy, Ruby Keeler, Ray Bolger, Charles Collins and others, all of whom are happily married, that I'd be happy, too, if I had a man of my own in a home of my own. It seems to be a domestic habit that dancers have. But I've been too busy for love. And before that I was too bashful. You may not believe it, but until I was in my 'teens I was too bashful to glance at a boy.

BY ELEANOR POWELL
as told to
TOMMY WRIGHT

HOLLYWOOD
As a matter-of-fact, it was to cure me of my extreme bashfulness that mother sent me to a dancing school in Springfield, Mass. Here, under the tutelage of Ralph McKerman, I learned my first "heel-and-toe" steps. And it was here, after months had passed, that I lost not only my bashfulness, but also my interest in other people. I had practicing dance steps to accept their attentions.

WHEN I was thirteen, I went to Atlantic City to visit my grandparents—a visit made forever memorable by two events. It was here that I met my first fellow. The romance, if one could call it that, lasted three days. It might have lasted longer, but on the fourth day Gus Edwards noticed me dancing on the sand, persuaded mother into permitting me to make a nightly dancing appearance at the Ritz Cafe. All that summer I practiced on the beach during the day and danced at the club at night. For the next two summers I returned to Atlantic City to dance in the cafe.

When I had completed high school, the big question in the mind of the Powell family was my future. Should Eleanor go to college or should she go to New York and take up a dancing career in earnest? Dancing won the Powell family vote, and at 16 I started to dance my way up the ladder of fame.

No dates, no boys, during those first

[Continued on page 56]
Give Clark Gable, M-G-M star, a respite from his picture work and you'll find him headed for a trout stream and plenty of open spaces. These pictures were taken in the Kaibab Forest in Arizona, Clark's favorite hunting and fishing spot.

—PHOTOS BY VIRGIL ANGER
NEVER LETS YOU DOWN

Pals, crooners, stockholders, relatives—all pay a happy allegiance to the beneficent Bing whose heart is as big as his fortune.

WHEN Bing Crosby and Al Rinker cruised down to Los Angeles from Spokane in a battered Ford at the start of Bing's career, the two boys sought out Everett Crosby, Bing's big brother.

"We've got something on the ball," said Bing and Al. "You're now our manager."

Everett heard the boys sing, saw them put on their act. Everett, when not selling trucks, was a man-about-town. He'd been to the night spots and knew all the orchestra leaders. Among them was Harry Owens.

"Give 'em a chance!" Everett pleaded. "I can't let 'em down."

Harry Owens gave them a chance and made history. He told Bing:

"You both can sing. You've got a style. You're hired."

Young Harry L.

Crosby, fresh from Gonzaga University, got his biggest thrill out of those words. He and Al sang. With the help of Harry Owens, they graduated to Fanchon and Marco. Counseled by the same Owens, they landed with Paul Whiteman, and accumulated Harry Barris, making the famous trio.

Time passes to find Bing the man of many interests, involved in producing his own pictures, building a race track, running golf contests, singing over the radio, editing a magazine, raising race horses, and heading a corporation bearing his name. He is in Honolulu enjoying a vacation with his wife.

[Continued on page 72]
His friends call him "Mad Anthony" because of those mysterious calls which come to this handsome son of an Irish mining engineer and an Aztec mother seemingly out of the blue. There is no other explanation for them except as Anthony himself says, "Some people might call them hunches, but whatever they are and whenever they come, I have no other course but to obey them blindly, the urge is so strong. So far, I have never regretted following any of them, especially the one which brought me back to Hollywood." It was only last year that two stalwart youths were sitting on the dock at picturesque Ensenada waiting to "ship out" on the steamer bound for Mexico City when one of them picked up a newspaper dropped by a Portuguese fisherman. In the drama section he read that Cecil B. DeMille was going to produce The Plainsman. Turning to his companion, Tony Quinn said, "I belong in that picture. I'm going back to Hollywood." A sidedoor pull-man was his coach-and-four.

It was three days before he discovered the whereabouts of the noted producer. When at last DeMille himself came through the main gate at Paramount, Tony walked up to him. And then a strange thing happened. DeMille discovered Anthony Quinn! "My boy," he exclaimed, before the tall dark youth could open his mouth, "where have you been hiding yourself? I've been looking everywhere for some one of your type." Again Tony Quinn had answered his call.

DeMille later confirmed his snap ap- [Continued on page 46]
The news that Ann Harding had married Werner Janssen gave rumor-wise Hollywood a between-the-eyes surprise as it had not had in years, because no one dreamed that Ann had fallen in love. Here is the exclusive story of their happy romance.
She passed up an opportunity to join Our Gang and never got another chance at film work until she was a mother, but when she did she began stealing the spotlight and continues to do so in every screen role. She falls into this thievery naturally. There's nothing dramatic about her scene pilfering—just a brand of more or less goofy comedy that lifts audiences out of their seats and lays them in the aisles.

Joan Davis is a name to conjure with. It's been known across the footlights for years. The "fall girl" is still counting her screen activities in months, but there's comedy stardom right ahead according to 20th Century-Fox officials.

You can't trace Joan Davis' histrionic ability to heredity. Her father was a Minnesota train dispatcher and her mother a housewife.

"I've explored the branches of my family tree," Joan smiles, "and the only professional I could find was my grandfather, who played a bass fiddle in a small orchestra."

People began laughing at Joan when she was three; for years they laughed at her in vaudeville; they are laughing harder than ever now that she's pilfering scenes in the movies.

By William K. Gibbs
Most people picture glamorous singers of blues songs against the exotic backgrounds of smoke-filled cabarets. Gertrude Niesen, night club singer exceptional, startled Hollywood by rounding up friends for a 3 a.m. start for the open ocean and pursuit of shy barracuda.

4 a.m.
Watch out fish! If she doesn't get you on the hook, she's a dead shot with the flounder.

7 a.m.
Craig Reynolds is still going strong, but La Bella Niesen takes time out to think it over.

6 a.m.
Not bad...and it's still before breakfast!
SONJA HENIE
AND
TYRONE POWER
together in Thin Ice
MILADY DRESSES FOR FALL

Toffeta, one of the most youthful of fabrics, is chosen in grey—polka dotted in bright blue and red and combined with navy blue crepe to make this suit worn by Rochelle Hudson, 20th Century Fox player. Scallops around the bottom of the fitted jacket and leg-o-mutton sleeves lend a note of quaintness. The shoes and bag are new-blue kidskin. The costume is designed by Herschel.

Sophisticated colors of chartreuse and sapphire are used for this sleek formal gown worn by Rochelle Hudson in the 20th Century Fox production, Born Yesterday. The halter neck is outlined by simulated sapphires, a note that is repeated on the belt. Rock draping falls from the shoulder to the floor and a cut-out slit in the front of the skirt are other features of this dress. It was designed by Herschel.

This smart daytime dress worn by Rochelle in her new picture adds interest by means of puffed and shirred bands of the fabric. Coronation blue crepe is the material chosen by designer Herschel, with accents of deeper blue in the accessories. A double silver Fox scarf lends a touch of color to the costume.

SEPTEMBER, 1937
Depend upon the ever glamorous Dolores Del Rio for the latest luxury for summer—a white mutton fur swagger coat of infinite softness and beauty to enhance this sports costume. A white flannel skirt, bright green sweater, gloves, and the new ankle-strap kidskin sandals in matching green are a perfect accent. LeLong's skull cap of flannel completes her ensemble.

Barbara O'Neil, charming recruit from the stage who makes her screen debut with Barbara Stanwyck and John Boles in Samuel Goldwyn's Stella Dallas, wears this hostess gown designed by Omar Kiam. It is of peach chiffon, high-waisted with sash which crosses in back and is held in front by an elaborate artificial corsage.

Another beautiful creation designed for Barbara O'Neil by Omar Kiam is this reddish-gold metal cloth dinner gown. Its individuality lies in the gracefully draped bodice and sleeves. The dress is fitted closely to the figure, bringing most of the fullness to the back where an inserted panel extends into a slight train.
THE beauty philosophy of Constance Worth, RKO starlet, is an interesting one. While she does not for a moment underestimate the vital importance of skin care, hair care, and other fundamentals of beauty, she thinks that the good work done by a religious attention to primaries of beauty can be nullified in its entire effect by neglect of those little "finishing touches" that distinguish the perfectly groomed woman from the merely pretty one.

She believes that just as a sculptor carefully smooths away the rough spots on his work of art ... just as a writer carefully polishes off the phrases on a completed novel ... so must the woman who wants to be truly well-groomed devote time and thought to the little finishing touches of beauty.

"Searching and experimenting until you have found the perfect powder for your skin won't do any good if
FINISHING TOUCHES

"The make-up must never be seen in the edge of the hair. Neither must the powder stop short below the hairline. . . . unless you want to convey the impression you are wearing a mask."

ILLUSIONS are fragile things and even the most devoted boy friend may have a change of heart if he sees you whipping out a compact every ten minutes to remove the headlight glare from your dainty little nose. Keeping noses and foreheads free from deglaminizing shine in hot weather is a problem, I'll admit. But it can be done, and easily too, if you apply a few drops of colorless liquid offered by a famous beauty house before putting on your make-up. You simply put it on your face with your fingertips, and before it is quite dry, powder over it to give a smooth, flattering finish that lasts for hours, without a trace of shine. A generous bottle costs $1.

While we are considering the likes and dislikes of men . . . and we might as well admit that most of this beauty business is for their benefit . . . it can't be stressed too pointedly that men admire the girl most who is always fresh and dainty of person.

There is a white cream deodorant for "last minute" use that takes only a half minute to apply, doesn't stain clothing, and is guaranteed to leave you as immaculate as if you were just out of your bath for the entire evening. It is soothing to the skin, and may be used immediately following a depilatory or shaving. Hot weather should find no girl without a quickly-applied deodorant.

[Continued on page 61]
Ramon Novarro and Lola Lane co-star in Republic Studio's special production, *The Sheik Steps Out*
A romantic scene between Sigrid Gurie, as the Tartar Princess Kuka-chin, and Gary Cooper as the dashing Marco Polo in Samuel Goldwyn's rollicking, historical romance, The Adventures of Marco Polo.
Freshening Up

This Way

Does More Than Clean Your Skin—It Invigorates the Skin!

Mrs. A. J. Drexel, III

At parties and dinners...in her simplest play clothes...or out for a brisk walk with her Sealyham "Daffy"...Mrs. Drexel always presents the same sparkling loveliness! Mrs. Drexel is an enthusiastic user of Pond's Cold Cream. "A Pond's freshening up leaves your skin more than clean," she says. "It's brighter...invigorated."

Freshening up is more than getting your skin clean. That's what beautiful girls who have found the Pond's way of freshening up say.

Before they make a single appearance, they give their skin the brisk toning up as well as cleansing that sends them forth with such fresh and vital-looking young faces.

Rousing Treatments Fight Off Skin Faults...

For this Pond's way of skin care, they find, invigorates their skin. It tones up faulty oil glands, chief cause of blackheads and blemishes...lives the circulation. Tones the tissues, so lines will soon be smoothing out, your skin be clear, fine textured, flawless!

Here is the simple method they follow. It's a method whose fame has spread around the world!

Every night, smooth on Pond's Cold Cream. As it softens and releases dirt, make-up and skin secretions—wipe off. Now pat in more Pond's Cold Cream—briskly, till the circulation stirs. Your skin feels invigorated. It is softer—smoother!

Every morning (and before make-up) repeat. Your skin is smooth for powder—fresh, vital looking!

Begin yourself to use Pond's. See your skin, too, grow clearer, brighter, smoother—admired for its youth and freshness.

Send for SPECIAL 9-TREATMENT TUBE and 3 other Pond's Beauty Aids

Pond's, Dept 8-C, Clinton, Conn. Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 3 other Pond's Creams and 3 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 75c to cover postage and packing.

Name
Street
City
State

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WHEN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS, PLEASE MENTION SEPTEMBER HOLLYWOOD 45
praisal by including Anthony in his selection of the ten best supporting actors of 1936.

The studio received so many letters from fans inquiring the identity of the unknown Indian in *The Plainsman*, that Tony was given a role requiring expert histrionic ability in *Swing High, Swing Low*. You all saw him sock and be socked by Fred MacMurray in the picture, and although he appeared on the screen for less than two minutes, the avalanche of fan mail piled high in his dressing room indicated that already Tony Quinn was definitely entrenched in the hearts of the great theatre going public.

As a result of this widespread acclaim, he was awarded a long term contract by Paramount. He next portrayed the young Kanaka friend of Bing Crosby in *Waikiki Wedding*, and was then given the most important role in *The Last Train From Madrid*, with Helen Mack and Dorothy Lamour.

DO NOT think for one moment that the road to cinematic fame lies in merely being seen by a Hollywood producer. Remember that Anthony Quinn had much more than that to offer. He has overcome countless obstacles and made many sacrifices. He discarded a college career and a chance to enter his stepfather's contracting business for the comparatively uncertain profession of acting. His faith in his hunches was responsible for that.

"I had just graduated from Polytechnic High in Los Angeles," Tony explains it, "and my father gave me the money to enroll in the University of Southern California. From somewhere came that urge to become an actor, so instead of the university I enrolled in a little theatre. I was doing fine until my father found out that I wanted to be an actor. Well, from then on I was on my own."

A ramshackle hut in the gulley on Maltman Street which rented for the staggering sum of $8.50 per month, unfurnished, was Tony's first residence. "And don't think that $8.50 wasn't important money to me those days. What I didn't do to pay the rent on time!"

"What did you use for furniture?" we asked.

"Made it from some old apple boxes," was his reply. "And the same pieces are still doing parlor duty for me."

"But you had to eat?" we asked.

"Easy," was the laconic reply. For an actor to find means of providing regular nourishment in the best of times is no small accomplishment. But it was easy for Tony!

"Four a.m. found me hard at work in the produce markets helping the boys load crates of vegetables. They used to give me a big sackful for helping them. How can you starve when you've got vegetables? By the way, drop around any night if you like vegetable soup. The Quinn cuisine is never without it. I make it myself."

"What did you do with your spare time?"

"What spare time?" Tony countered. "Remember that I also had to earn enough money for my clothing, and other incidentals during the day so I could continue with my little theatre work at night. I washed dishes to pay the rent."

TODAY, in spite of his meteoric rise on the silver screen, he is still the eager youngster, draining the cup of life by mastering in a short span of years as many of the creative arts as possible. His play, *33 Men*, is slated for Broadway production. He is a sculptor and painter of no mean ability and his works will soon be exhibited in a prominent San Francisco art gallery.

He is the only actor in Hollywood today who spends a greater proportion of his salary on books and records than he does on clothes.

A talk with him reveals that although the spirit of creative expression is strong within him, he is not aware of the impelling force behind it. That is his heritage. With the deep introspection and philosophy handed down by those ancient masters of culture—the Aztecs—Anthony searches the horizon of life and selects an ideal... a dream. Then the banshees of his Irish ancestry give vent to a war cry and show him the way to make this dream a reality. Else how can one account for the restless urges that spur this twenty-two-year-old youngster to accomplish over a short span of years, in four great fields of art, achievements that most of us never accomplish in one during an entire lifetime?

Much will be written about Anthony Quinn, the Actor, before another of those calls takes him from the realm of the screen into another field of creative art, because he will not be satisfied until he has contributed something thoroughly worth while in motion pictures. And from present indications it looks as though he will.

Fritz Leiber, veteran Shakespearean star now in pictures, exhibits his first seven Shakespearean masks of himself. Leiber's most recent film role was that of Father Andrew in *The Prince and the Pauper*. 
SUZANNE!

LITTLE Suzanne Lerson hitched her wagon to a star and arrived in Hollywood six years later under contract to the same studio as her idol.
Her parents had taken her to see Jeanette MacDonald in The Love Parade. The child was entranced by the beautiful star. Breathlessly she drank in the clear golden notes that floated from the screen. Back home, she could think of nothing else. For days she posed before a mirror singing fragments from the melodies of the picture.
That was the beginning of the development of a voice acclaimed as destined soon to astonish the musical world. For at the age of ten Suzanne could sing B above high C, an achievement which amazes all who hear her.

Suzanne had no training. But her mother recognized the unusual talent of her daughter, and one afternoon had an inspiration. Sitting through a performance at the Palace Theatre in Minneapolis, she heard Carl Johnson, director of the show, play Kiss Me Again on the violin. As the tones trembled in the air, she realised here was an artist who could advise her little Suzanne.

AFTER several days, she succeeded in meeting Johnson whom she persuaded to listen to the child. He declared himself astounded by the high clear voice of the girl, and began to coach her. In the meantime, he put her on his concert bill and she met with immediate success.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's scouts sent some transcriptions she had made to the coast, and she was at once signed up.
Though in Hollywood but five months, Suzanne feels quite at home. She now attends school with other famous screen youngsters such as Freddie Bartholomew, Mickey Rooney, Judy Garland, and Jeanette Quigley.
Born in Chicago, Suzanne has spent most of her life in Minneapolis.
She is wide-eyed and eager about the magical world which is unfolding before her—and Jeanette MacDonald is still her model.
"If I could some day sing as beautifully as she, and look half as lovely, I would be satisfied," she declares.

I WOULDN'T USE THIS GREASY DEODORANT IF I DIDN'T HAVE TO

YOU DON'T— THE NEW ODORONO ICE ISN'T GREASY AT ALL!

New Cream Deodorant
No Grease ... No Fuss ... Vanishes and Checks Perspiration Instantly

JUST as the permanent wave antiquated the old-fashioned curling iron, so does this miraculous new "Vanishing-Cream" deodorant put all the greasy old cream deodorants out of date!

Not only does Odorono Ice disappear into your skin without a trace of stickiness or grease—as easily and pleasantly as vanishing cream—but also it actually checks perspiration, as well as odor!

No more stained dresses, no extra cleaner's bills, no more embarrassing odors. You just smooth this fluffy, dainty cream in . . . , and forget the whole problem for as much as three days!

Odorono Ice has no strange smell to turn musty after a while. Just the clean, fresh odor of alcohol . . . and that evaporates completely the moment it's on!

It is so simple and pleasant to apply, and so effective, that 80% of the women who have tried it prefer it to any other deodorant they have ever used.

Odorono Ice is only 32¢ at all Toilet-Goods Departments. Don't risk your dresses and your charm another day . . . get a jar NOW!

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Dept. 9-47-27 191 Hudson St., New York City
(In Canada, address P. O. Box 2100, Montreal)

I enclose 10¢ (25¢ in Canada) to cover cost of postage and packing for generous introductory jar of Odorono Ice.

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City ____________________________ State ___________________
**THE ROAD BACK**

A WORTHY companion piece to Erich Maria Remarque’s *All Quiet on the Western Front* is Universal’s *The Road Back*, a somber, penetrating story of disillusionment that comes to a group of young German soldiers after the war. Returned to their homes after the Armistice they learn the emptiness of their heroism, discover the impossibility of rehabilitation, find that revolution has destroyed their dreams of peace and quiet and they can find neither happiness nor understanding. All this, as portrayed on the screen, is episodic in treatment—the battle scenes, the return of full-grown man to their schoolrooms, the pagenantry of the revolutionists, the violence in the public square, the killing of a profligate and the trial of the murderer—and are handled by Director James Whale in a brilliant manner. Outstanding performances are given by John King, Richard Cromwell, Gane Garrick, Andy Devine, Slim Summerville, Barbara Read, Louise Fazenda, Etienne Girardot, Spring Byington, and John Emery. In the short assignments Lional Atwill, Al Shean, Edwin Maxwell, Robert Warwick, William Davidson, and Arthur Hohl do excellent work. *The Road Back* is a truly great picture.

—Universal.

**REVIEWS of the MONTH**

**WEE WILLIE WINKIE**

PUBLIC FAVORITE NO. 1—none other than Shirley Temple—offers the finest performance of her screen career in *Wee Willie Winkie*. Relying not at all on the cute tricks and mannerisms she employed in former roles, Shirley steps out and establishes herself as a real, honest-to-goodness actress. Victor McLaglen as the Scottish sergeant and Shirley’s closest friend, scores splendidly. C. Aubrey Smith, Cesar Romero, June Lang, Michael Whalen and Douglas Scott contribute outstanding performances in supporting roles. *Wee Willie Winkie* is a grand picture. See it by all means. —20th Century-Fox.

**BETWEEN TWO WOMEN**

SMOOTHLY directed by George B. Seitz, *Between Two Women*, starring Frances Toma, Virginia Bruce and Maureen O’Sullivan, the picture is a convincing story of the loves, desires and heartaches of those who minister to humanity in the general hospital of a big city. Frances Toma as the hospital surgeon, Virginia Bruce as the daughter of wealth, and Maureen O’Sullivan as the nurse have never appeared to better advantage than in this powerful drama.—H.G.M.

**NEW FACES OF 1937**

RADIO stars become the screen stars of this merry-mad musical and the boys and girls of the other waves really go to town in front of the cameras. Joe Penner is perhaps the top entertainer of the group thanks to some cute songs and a running gag that knocks all of the seriousness out of the picture. Milton Berle in his Hollywood debut is very entertaining. Harriet Hillard is sweet and refreshingly wholesome. Her well-known radio singing voice is enhanced by some fine pictorial closeups and smart clothes. Parry O’Keeffe makes hamburger of the English language, but finishes strong among the brace of top comics who are competition. Eddie Rio’s imitation of a girl taking a bath is a howl. Ann Miller’s fast tap routine stopped the show. A middlet, a five-tan man, and a seven-foot-tall giant made the audience gasp in astonishment in their dancing. Also a four-year-old violinist, *New Faces of 1937* is new and bright and breezy and well worth your enthusiasm. Leigh Jason is the director. —RKO.
MARRIED BEFORE BREAKFAST

Robert Young and Florence Rice top a cast that puts this unpretentious M-G-M offering right up among the best of the comedy films offered in recent months. Punctuated with bright and breezy dialogue, spotted with enough rib-tickling comedy situations to fill a picture twice its length, Married Before Breakfast has the seal of audience satisfaction upon it, from beginning to end. See it—just for the fun of it!—M-G-M.

SLAVE SHIP

Telling the tragic story of the slave traffic in melodramatic style, Slave Ship offers to motion picture audiences an insight into one of the blackest phases of international history. Warner Baxter as the skipper of the slaver, Wallace Beery as his bucko mate, Elizabeth Allan as Baxter's wife, and Joseph Schildkraut as the slave broker, present impressive performances. Mickey Rooney as the tough cabin boy is provided with a role that gives this talented juvenile a chance to show just how capable he is and his characterization in Slave Ship is the best he has ever done.—20th Century-Fox.

Treat Yourself to

REST AND RELAXATION

- Can you think of anything more relaxing to the body, more refreshing to the spirit than the caressing smoothness of a LINIT BEAUTY BATH? Whether in the morning with a busy day's work ahead or in the evening with a night's entertainment to look forward to, fifteen minutes of complete relaxation in a LINIT BEAUTY BATH will bring to you the joy of living and the zest for going places. Merely swish a handful or two of LINIT in your tub of warm water and step in. You will find yourself enjoying a delightful and restful BEAUTY BATH that gives the thrilling sensation of bathing in rich cream. And the LINIT BEAUTY BATH leaves you with a fresh, rested appearance—your skin soft and smooth as the Gardenia petals of your evening corsage.

WILD MONEY

Edward Everett Horton in the role of a tightwad editorial auditor gives this newspaper story a bright and breezy pattern that never changes. Lynne Overman as the newshawk and Porter Hall as the managing editor, aid and abet Auditor Horton in making this picture worth your admittance money. —Paramount.

EVER SINCE EVE

Fast-moving and entertaining, Ever Since Eve, starring Marion Davies and Robert Montgomery, proves to be a delightful light
The Truth about Feminine Hygiene
CONSULT DOCTOR IF IN DOUBT

1. Happy and fortunate is the woman who finds the right answer to this grave problem... Happy when she knowsa method of Feminine Hygiene that is modern, safe, effective—and dainty... Fortunate in being free from dangerous germs!

2. Fear and ignorance are unnecessary. Medical research now brings you dainty, snow-white suppositories for Feminine Hygiene. Smart women appreciate the convenience and safety of Zonitea. For Zonitea embody the famous ZONITE ANTISEPTIC PRINCIPLE. They kill dangerous germs, yet are free from "burn danger" to delicate tissues.

3. Zonitea are safe and easy to use... greaseless, snow-white suppositories, each in a sanitary glass vial... no clumsy apparatus... completely deodorizing. Easy to remove with plain water. Instructions in package. All U.S. and Canadian druggists.

4. For your douche, after using Zonitea, we recommend Zonite. Its antiseptic qualities, proven by over 20 years of continuous use, promote feminine cleanliness—assures additional protection. Use 2 tablespoons of Zonite to 1 quart of water.

FREE Booklet containing latest medical information. Write to Zonite Products Corp., 354 New Brunswick, N.J.

Each in Glass Vial
$1 for Box of 12

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3,125,600 Used in 1936
MADE BY ZONITE

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MAKE EXTRA MONEY
Annually near to earn each day. Just show newest smartest Christmas Cards. 13 "Artists Award" qualities. Low as $6.95 for 100 cards, delivered with Personal cards. You save time and money. 

"GOLDEN TREASURE CHEST" Also sells 15 gorgeous Christmas Cards packed in Embossed Metallic Gold "Golden Treasure Chest" Brand new. Ka-bing! Best-selling Assortment. Write today.

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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 Bay 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 the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off.

Wallace Beery, Warner Baxter, and Elizabeth Allan have starring roles in the 21st Century-Fox picture, Slave Ship

THE LIFE OF EMILE ZOLA

BECAUSE of its splendid production, direction, and acting, the Warner Bros. picture, The Life of Emile Zola, easily and deservedly wins the title "the best picture of the month." It may become "the best picture of the year." It's that good.

Paul Muni, cast in the role of Zola, excels by a good margin, his characterization of Louis Pasteur, the role that won him the Academy Award for 1936. Never has Muni, by his skill and artistry as an actor, made a character so vivid, human, and memorable as that of Zola, the Frenchman of letters who fights the army cabal that sends Dreyfus to prison as a traitor to France. His defense of himself for his advocacy of an honest, impartial investigation of the Dreyfus crime as a masterpiece and because of the courtroom scene for sustained...
interest and drama is one of the greatest ever filmed.

Joseph Schildkraut, as Dreyfus, presents a brilliant impersonation of the convicted, exiled, and finally exonerated officer. Especially fine was his work when he learns that he can return home from Devil's Island.

Gale Sondergaard gives an outstanding performance as Dreyfus' wife. Vladimir Sokoloff as Cecanne, the artist and garret companion of Zola, never appeared to better advantage on

Robert Young and Florence Rice team up in a highly satisfactory manner in M-G-M's fast-moving film Married Before Breakfast

the screen. The same can be said for Henry O'Neill, cast as an officer on the French Army Staff, Charles Richman as the presiding court judge, Montagu Love as minister of war, Frank Sheridan as the prosecuting attorney help immeasurably to make The Life of Emile Zola "the best picture of the month."—Warner Bros.

GRAND WINNER in the
HOLD-BOB 'SEARCH FOR TALENT'

Hats off to Miss Madelyn Jones of Salley, South Carolina. She was selected by Hollywood judges as grand winner in the "Search for Talent" sponsored by HOLD-BOB bob pins, Walter Wanger Productions and Motion Picture and Screen Play Magazine! This charming and vivacious young southern belle is making her screen debut in Walter Wanger's new production—"52nd Street" at United Artists Studios.

Congratulations, Miss Jones! HOLD-BOBS are very proud of the part they played in making this glorious opportunity possible...first by being the sponsor of the "Search for Talent" contest...and secondly because these bob pins did their share in preparing you for a successful close-up and screen test.

You've discovered what Hollywood stars have known for a long time...what millions of women have found...that HOLD-BOBS will keep your hairdress always at its very best. HOLD-BOBS are invisible yet absolutely secure. They have small, round, invisible heads; smooth, round, non-scratching points; flexible, tapered legs; one side crimped and colors to match all shades of hair. Use HOLD-BOBS and your hairdress will always be ready for a close-up.

★ Look for the name HOLD-BOBS. It is your guarantee of the finest possible bob pin and strively coiffure. Sold everywhere—just ask for them by name...

THE HUMP HAIRPIN MFG. CO.
Sol H. Goldberg, President
Straight Style HOLD-BOB

HOLD-BOB

The perfect bob pin for the modern hairdress!

WHEN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS, PLEASE MENTION SEPTEMBER HOLLYWOOD
Precious Moments... Take Care!

An evening of romance with "him"... the intimate interlude after a walk—are you sure of yourself? Hearts beat faster at such precious moments... tingling emotions cause excessive perspiration. Body odors become noticeable!

Use DEW, the deodorant that always remains effective... protects your daintiness in spite of emotional excitement or physical exertion.

DEW stops perspiration instantly—keeps under-arms dry and sweet—guards frocks from ugly stains. Effective yet mild. DEW will not irritate sensitive skin. 25c, 50c, $1.00 at drug and department-stores.

---NEXT MONTH---
Frances Farmer, Paramount star, tells why "She Won't Put On An Act"! Read her story in October HOLLWOOD.

Keep lovely curls with

HOLLYWOOD RAPID DRY CURLERS

Whatever you do in the long, shining days of summer... keep your hair always neat and flattering. How? Take a tip from Hollywood's smartest stars... use Hollywood Rapid Dry Curlers. Keep an emergency supply. Roll your hair for a little while on them... and frame your face in new loveliness. Then you'll know why "the Curlers used by the Stars" are so popular, not only in Hollywood, where they are made, but throughout America and 52 foreign countries.

Insist on Hollywood Curlers!

3 FOR 10¢—AT 5¢ AND 10¢ STORES—NOTION COUNTERS

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Hollywood Newsreel

[Continued from page 12]

Astaire-Ginger Rogers team split-up on fans. Probably Hollywood has never received such a flood of rabidly partisan letters as those which were provoked by Fred and Ginger going their separate cinematic ways.

It is revealed unexpectedly that many patrons of the team were violently pro-Astaire and anti-Ginger, or vice versa. The split causes them to speak their minds, and either rejoice, or blame the partner they didn't like. They declare hotly that Fred's singing and dancing "carried" Ginger to stardom, or that Ginger's personality, acting ability and pep were responsible for Fred's movie triumph.

Behind it all seems to be a misunderstanding about the causes of the split. Each star is being accused of going high-hat and heartlessly "dropping" the other. Actually, it's merely a studio decision to star the two in separate pictures.

Rainer. In case you're wondering, Anna likes and admires Luise.

Nest Hunting?

ALICE FAYE and a certain boyfriend spend holidays enjoying what some of their friends regard as the strangest hobby ever—for a pair of movie celebs. They visit "open for inspection," newly-built homes. Sometimes they make notes about the location of goldfish ponds, sunrooms and so on. And it's said both these big-city reared, apartment-house dwelling film folk are also studying about cactus and flower gardens, and interior decoration.

Of course this may simply mean that Alice and the b. f. (can you guess who?) have become interested in architecture and landscape gardening as an art. But we think it means what you think it means.

Fan Furore

THE studio is keeping this dark, but it seems too bad not to divulge an oddity such as the effect of the Fred Cogney in a song-and-dance-man role Grand National's Something to Sing About finds James Cagney in a song-and-dance-man role...
Write a Letter and Win a Radio

[Continued from page 21]

one, should like to suggest that you have a
periodical voting for the best actor and ac-
tress as it is always interesting to see how our
opinions agree with the majority of fans.
Sincerely yours,
Corroy Allison,
Saratoga, N. Y.

Editor's comment: We have seriously con-
dered making our Popularity Contest Poll a
semi-yearly feature as we too, feel that it is
of great interest to our readers.

WANTED—Tips On Technique

Dear Editor:
Your magazine is grand! Being cheap in
price it is well informative. Whenever I get a
copy, my first attention is always in the
pictures because they tell half the story. How-
ever, I find that few pictures of the actual
shooting of a production find their way in
your magazine. Can't you print more pictures
where the camera, director, script man, prop
men, etc., appear? By these we can learn more
technique in picture making. Here in the
Philippines the movie art is still in its infancy.
We still have a lot to learn in shooting a scene.
Will Hollywood do it?
Sincerely yours,
Sergio San Agustin,
1939 Fuente, Samploc,
Manila, P. 1.

Editor's comment: We are making a earnest
effort to include more "off-stage" shots in each
issue of HOLLYWOOD magazine.

"Hub-bub!"

Dear Sirs:

As the greater majority of films shown in
London, the "hub" of the world, are American,
may I, as the "Voice of the People," voice my
opinions? Praise: I am very glad that most of
the films we see are American films. They far
superior to British films as yet. It is true, of
course, that your studios have had a start
ahead of ours, but I am afraid that British
films will never catch up on yours: they lack
something vital, "pep," I suppose you would
call it. In short, there is "just that little some-
thing" in American films, that ours will, I am
afraid, never attain.
Blame: One thing I dislike intensely in your
films is the raucous voice of the average player,
the lack of careful diction.
Your magazine is typical of America, beau-
tiful pictures, worthy of being kept, enticing
advertisements, interesting articles on the
screen stars, and in addition, the perfect color
photograph on the cover, all tend to make it
a superior periodical.
Yours faithfully,
Raymond S. Mangin,
58 Bartholomew Road,
London, N. W. 5, England

Editor's comment: In our judgment, Mr. Mangin
makes an excellent critic as his opinions are
unbiassed—his praise not too flowery.

MEN IGNORED HER
— SHE WAS SO SKINNY!

— then she gained
11 LBS. QUICK
and loads of
new popularity

New IRONIZED YEAST tablets
give thousands 10 to 25 lbs.
in a few weeks!

THOUSANDS of skinny, rundown men
and women who never could put on an
ounce before have recently gained 10 to 25
pounds of solid, naturally attractive flesh,
glorious new pep and popularity—in just
a few weeks!
They've taken this new, scientific for-

mula, Ironized Yeast, which although de-
voped and perfected at the cost of many
thousands of dollars, comes to you in
pleasant little tablets which cost you only
a few cents a day!

Why they build up so quick
Scientists have discovered that billions of people
are thin and rundown simply because they do not
get enough yeast vitamins (Vitamin B) and
Iron in their daily foods. These are the richest
sources of marvelous health-building Vitamin
B is the special yeast, used in making English
ale, world-renowned for its medicinal properties.
Now by a new and costly process, perfec-
ted after long research, the vitamins from this
imported English ale yeast are concentrated to
10 times their strength in ordinary yeast!
This 7-power vitamin concentrate is then com-
bined with three kinds of strength-building
iron (organic, inorganic and hemoglobin iron).
Pasteurised English ale yeast and other valu-
able tonic ingredients are then added. Finally,
for your protection and benefit, every batch of
Ironized Yeast is tested and retested biologi-
cally, to insure its full vitamin strength.
The result is these new easy-to-take but
marvelously effective little Ironized Yeast tab-
lets which have helped thousands of the skin-
niest, scrawniest people quickly to gain just the
normally attractive curves, natural develop-
ment and perky health they longed for.

Make this money-back test
If, with the very first package of Ironized
Yeast, you don't begin to eat better and to get
more enjoyment and benefit from your food—
if you don't feel better, with more strength,
pep and energy—if you are not absolutely con-
vinced that Ironized Yeast will give you the
pounds of normally attractive flesh you need—
your money will be promptly refunded. So get
Ironized Yeast tablets from your druggist
today.

Only be sure you get the original Ironized
Yeast tablet, not the inferior "Iron and
Yeast" tablets on the market on which the
druggist may make more money—but you lose.
Insist on genuine Ironized Yeast, with the
letters "TV" stamped on each tablet.

Special FREE offer!
To start thousands building up their
health right away, we make this FREE
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, re-
sults with the very first package or
money refunded. At all druggists. Iron-
ized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 268 Atlanta, Ga.

WARNING: Beware of the many cheap
substitutes for this tremendously suc-
cessful formula. Be sure you get the
genuine Ironized Yeast.
**Corns**

**W O U L D N ' T Y O U L I K E**

**TO K N O W**

**By Ruth Clayton**

The film colony has just about set a record for weddings this year. While outside the church the Jeanette MacDonald-Gene Raymond wedding had much the typical fan fare, inside it was a beautiful, but simple, old-fashioned wedding. Thousands of movie celebrities marveled at the organization that made it possible for the ceremony to last only fifteen or twenty minutes. This film wedding attracted the largest crowd of celebrities in years. Miss MacDonald had difficulty deciding on how to employ the services of her two singing co-stars, but her decision was made easy when Allan Jones, now with her in Firefly, offered to serve as an usher and Nelson Eddy sang two numbers, one preceding and one succeeding the wedding service.

**The Secretaries, Stenographers and Typists—Become an Expert Stenotypist**

Stenotypists win today's preferred jobs and better pay. Stenotype's machine speed, accuracy and ease make your work faster, better, easier—and you get the credit. Executives welcome this machine way of taking dictation faster than any man can talk. Stenotypy is easy to learn—easy to write—easy to read. We train you thoroughly at home in your spare time—at low cost and on easy terms. Write for interesting, free booklet, "Stenotypy, the New Profession," describing the many opportunities in Stenotypy and telling you how you may master it successfully.

**The Stenotype Company**

Dept. 91057 4328 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

**Will Your Eyes Thrill Him?**

**New Secret of Clear Eyes**

Wins Thousands! Will be used red wine...

clear, bright white? Thousands use EYE-GENE to clear eyes in seconds after intense hours, over-in- dungence. Eyes look larger, more lustrous. New scientifc formula; stainless, too; money back if it fails. At all drug and department stores; also 5 & 10c stores.

**Eye-Gene**

**Accept No Substitutes! Always Insist on the Advertised Brand!**

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**Secretaries, Stenographers and Typists—Become an Expert Stenotypist**

**Secretaries, Stenographers and Typists—Become an Expert Stenotypist**

**SECRETARIES, STENOGRAPHERS and TYPISTS—Become An Expert STENOTYPIST**

Stenotypists win today's preferred jobs and better pay. Stenotype's machine speed, accuracy and ease make your work faster, better, easier—and you get the credit. Executives welcome this machine way of taking dictation faster than any man can talk. Stenotypy is easy to learn—easy to write—easy to read. We train you thoroughly at home in your spare time—at low cost and on easy terms. Write for interesting, free booklet, "Stenotypy, the New Profession," describing the many opportunities in Stenotypy and telling you how you may master it successfully.

**THE STENOTYPE COMPANY**

Dept. 93057 4328 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

**Will Your Eyes Thrill Him?**

**NEW SECRET OF CLEAR EYES**

WINS THOUSANDS! Will be used red wine... of clear, bright white? Thousands use EYE-GENE to clear eyes in seconds after intense hours, over-indulgence. Eyes look larger, more lustrous. New scientific formula; stainless, too; money back if it fails. At all drug and department stores; also 5 & 10c stores.

**EYE-GENE**

**Accept No Substitutes! Always Insist on the Advertised Brand!**

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**Sylvia Sidney is Hollywood’s champion knitter**

**THE FILM COLONY HAS JUST ABOUT SET A RECORD FOR WEDDINGS THIS YEAR.**

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**Bobby (Bazooka) Burns**

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Radio and screen comedian, eloped by airplane to Las Vegas and married his secretary, Miss Harriet Madelia Foster. Marla Shelton failed to answer a call on Walter Wanger film set, but word came from Salt Lake City that she had married Jack Dawn, M-G-M make-up man.

... Martha Raye trekked to Las Vegas with Hamilton Westmore, another make-up artist. June Lang, 20th Century-Fox actress married Victor Orsatti, actors' agent at an elaborate church ceremony. Bill Boyd and Grace Bradley tied the knot and Colleen Moore, vivacious star of silent pictures, chose the nation's capital for her honeymoon with Homer.

**Henry Fonda returns to the stage**

**Henry Fonda returns to the stage**

Hargrave, Chicago banker... Dick Foran of radio and Western films took the step with Ruth Hollingsworth. They were married across the border at Tia Juana... Mary Pickford and Buddy Rogers' wedding was a very modest and very private service.

**Playing Host to Judge and Mrs. Ben Lindsay at a showing of Captains Courageous, Freddie Bartholomew slept through the entire last half (he had seen it four times before). Freddie also set a record by signing 500 copies of Rudyard Kipling's book at a Los Angeles department store and has had a cramp in his hand ever since.**

**Gregory Ratoff**

**Gregory Ratoff**

bought his wife, Eugenie Leontovich, a new automobile and then appointed himself her instructor. After several narrow escapes...
F L A S H—Ann Miller, whose rapid fire tap dance in R. K. O.'s New Faces of 1937, is slated to be Fred Astaire's next dancing partner. If this works out here's another well earned "break" for a talented newcomer.... Warren Hull, who left the radio two years ago for Warners and Warners two months ago to free lance, is back on the air-lanes and in the fall he'll do two big broadcasts each week....

T I T S a case of mutual admiration! Claudette Colbert and Irene Dunne finally got together at Claudette's house after living across the street from each other for a year. Their husbands are both medical men so they have a good deal in common.... When lovely Mrs. Jack Oakie visited her comedian husband on the Super Sleuth set at RKO she immediately became attached to Pete, a trained penguin which appears in the picture. She wanted to buy the bird for a pet, but Pete's owner said she'd probably have no place cold enough to keep it. When Mrs. Oakie told Jack this, he glibly replied: "How about a theatre filled with a Hollywood preview audience?"

H E N R Y F O N D A obtained leave from his studio when he finished Carelessly at Walter Wanger's to return to his first love—the stage. He stars in an Arthur Hopkins play, Blow Ye Winds, on Broadway this fall.... Walt Disney, creator of Mickey Mouse and Silly Symphonies has just completed the first few episodes on his first feature length production in Technicolor entitled Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs. Likewise the first picture in which humanized characters, not caricatures receive consideration. Sylvia Sidney, (Hollywood's most rabid knitting enthusiast) has combined business and pleasure on the set of Dead End. She knitted three sweaters during the filming of the picture. Many of the scenes required her to be at work with the needles, so she put them to practical use.... Tom Brown, who received his first starring part at Universal in Tom Brown at Culver, returns to that studio for the first time in four years to appear opposite Barbara Road (whose work stood out in The Road Back) in Too Clever to Live.

T oday's Cinderellas are those who perform their own beauty miracles. For instance, popular girls know that the true secret of personality is glamorous hair. BLONDES use Marchand's Golden Hair Wash to restore and keep alive the radiant, sunny loveliness everyone admires, BRUNETTES use Marchand's to rinse gorgeous, glowing high-lights in their hair.

Fastidious women use Marchand's to make excess hair on arms and legs invisible. Colorless. Odorless. Stainless. Complete directions with every bottle. On sale at all good druggists.
few months. Nothing but dancing lessons. Finally I was given a principal role in the musical, Follow Through. Now I had enough, just enough, money to buy the clothes I would need for social life in New York. But now that the clothes were in sight, I was too busy to find time to use them.

When Follow Through finished its New York run I went on the road. Living out of a suitcase, making one-night stands, always on the go, I found it impossible to make the kind of social contacts that I would enjoy. When I returned to New York again, I passed most of my waking hours in front of the footlights and in rehearsal halls. I appeared in Fine and Dandy, Ziegfeld's Hot Cha, The Varieties, George White's Scandals and in Crazy Quilt. By this time I was in love with dancing and nothing else. Men had stopped trying to get "dates" with me because the answer was always the same: "I've got to practice a new routine tonight."

Then I came to Hollywood to appear in the film version of the Scandals for 20th Century-Fox. This was just a small part, but it was my first motion picture and I was so busy getting accustomed to camera technique that I didn't even get a chance to visit the beaches, much less go to any of the Hollywood night spots in the company of the men of the film city.

IMMEDIATELY after I finished this role, I was tested by M-G-M. They liked my work so I was given the leading role in Broadway Melody of 1936. Acting and singing as well as dancing made it imperative that I almost live at the studio. Again I had no time for social life.

Returning to New York to fulfill my contract to do a leading role in the stage musical, At Home Abroad, I must have surprised my friends by having "dates". I was seen here and there with the orchestra leader, Abe Lyman. For me to have a date was almost the same as announcing that I was engaged, at least that’s the way the papers felt about it. But both Abe and I agree that it was just a friendship that had been going on for many years.

Back to Hollywood I came to play in the musical extravaganza, Born to Dance. Still unmarried, still unengaged.

Then my name began to be linked with James Stewart, who is also in the new musical. We had a few dancing dates, but we are just friends.

Now that I have signed with M-G-M, have my home in Beverly Hills and have moved my family and grandparents to the Pacific Coast, I have been thinking about marriage.

I feel that a career and marriage can be mixed if the couple have the correct personalities for such a combination. But I think it’s better if marriage is made the only and most important career of the woman.

I’ve decided one thing, and that is age. I want to marry an older man. I enjoy their company more because years seem to have made them more considerate than the younger men. If I were to marry a young man and continue with my screen career, I’m not sure that it would work out successfully. Young men are not inclined to realize that a woman can be just as tired at night from her work as a man from his.

During the few "dates" I’ve had, I’ve found that older men were better company. They seem to realize more clearly that there is more to life than always being on the "go".

I really have never tried to avoid love or getting engaged, but it seems that I have been too busy.

I could set a million rules as to when, where, whom and why I will marry, but I think I’m wise enough to let my heart rule my head. Only time will reveal the outcome.

I’m free, white and twenty-one. I can cook. I can sew. I’m agreeable—I hope. My face and figure are average. I have my own income. Perhaps the right man will come along and I’ll have a man of my own. Only time will tell.

Luise Rainer and Husband Clifford Odets had front row seats at a recent polo game.
to budget his own time as he pleased.

Paul Muni would sign no more movie contracts, nor would he ever again lend his talents to the legitimate stage.

Without a sigh, a smile or a tear, Paul Muni had divorced himself from Hollywood, said good-bye to a great and growing screen career—all this for the dubious pleasure of being a loafor for the rest of his life.

So or the public prints said.

But happily for all of us who have enjoyed the excellence of Muni's notable contributions to the screen (so notable, in fact, that in 1936 he won the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences Award for his work in The Story of Louis Pasteur) the report of his retirement, like Mark Twain's death, has been slightly exaggerated.

You don't have to take this with a grain of Hollywood publicity salt—you can take it from no less an authority than Actor Muni himself.

"There isn't a shred of truth in what the newspapers have credited me with saying," Muni declared to us over the lunch table in Warner Bros.' Green Room. "There isn't a shred of truth in any of it for the very simple reason that I never said a word about retiring. Frankly, I don't intend to retire. Why in the world should I? My association with Warner Bros. has been very pleasant; I enjoyed every minute in the making of the Life of Emile Zola just recently completed; I get what I consider good pay for what I do; and as for spending the rest of my life off stage, so to speak, that has been farthest from my mind."

Farthest from his mind for this reason: Ever since early childhood, he has been closely identified with the theatre. It's become so much a part of his life that he couldn't divorce himself from it if he tried. And there's another reason, too. He comes from a theatrical and musical family, his father and mother being actors, and his two brothers musicians. His own love of the theatre, his theatrical background, have patterned his thoughts and actions in definite grooves from which there is no escape.

"I never uttered one word about retiring from the screen during the interview that started all this," Muni continued. "I suppose, since I've been misquoted so many times before, that I shouldn't object to being misquoted again. But this particular instance is somewhat different. In the first place it's important enough so that the mis-

information forces me to deny something I never said. And in the second place when I do that I'm immediately placed in the disagreeable position of being regarded as being the party of the first part to what I consider a cheap publicity stunt."

Muni paused to light a cigarette.

"What I really said," he went on, "was that I did not intend to sign any more long-term contracts. How any one could twist that statement around to read 'Muni decides to retire from the screen' is beyond me. But that's the way it appeared in print, or words to that effect. I also said during the interview that I would not make more than two pictures a year—perhaps not more than one a year and not any during any stated year unless I could find a story that I thought suited me. That doesn't mean retirement, does it? It does mean, however, that I am going to find time, each year, to ride a few of my pet hobbies. I've worked hard."

That's true. Muni has worked hard ever since early childhood. He worked hard to obtain an education in the New York schools, his family having moved to this country from Vienna when he was very young. He worked hard to acquaint himself with the theatre and its allied arts because his one ambition as a child was to become a great figure on the stage. He worked hard with the Theatre Guild and other art theatres for several seasons and he worked harder than ever when the stage play We Americans brought him his first recognition in the New York theatre. And he has worked hard in Hollywood although his low average of 1½ pictures a year for the 13 years he has been in motion pictures would appear to prove otherwise. Against the low average, however, you can place Muni's intensive, careful 2 to 3 months' study on every script before the cameras turn.

Muni wants time to ride a few of his pet hobbies. Leading the list would be music which he has studied since he was four years old. He is a rabid fight fan and has expressed a desire to manage prize fighters. He likes to travel and manages to spend a part of each year in vagabond journeys with his wife. Music, athletics, vagabond journeys, reading—he wants time to enjoy all these things, but, as he says, he doesn't have to retire from the screen to do so.

The Muni "Business as Usual" sign is still up.
she lived across the street from a school and in her pre-kindergarten days the horizontal bars and other athletic equipment in the school yard held a strong attraction for her. She'd toddle into the school grounds and try to emulate what she saw other older children do. Nearly always she would fall and passersby would laugh. When she found the clowning stirred mirth, she got to falling anyway whatever the stunt she was trying happened to be too difficult or not. Right then and there her flair for comedy took root and clowning became her forte.

From the age of three she was singing and speaking pieces in church and other entertainments and when she had won twenty-seven first prizes for her entertainment work her father took her to Los Angeles. She auditioned for Sid Grauman and the late Alexander Pantages and the latter was quicker on the trigger then Sid and signed the seven-year-old Joan to cover his circuit as "The Toy Comedienne." Almost before the ink was dry on the contract Grauman called her to take a spot he had found for her in Our Gang comedies, but her vaudeville contract prevented.

But Joan never forgot that missed opportunity for film work. Through her childhood and adolescent years the screen was her goal, but producers never got very steamed up about her. Although she has good looks and an excellent figure, dramatics never appealed to her and she set about climbing to the heights of comedy.

"I studied the technique of every stage and screen comedian," says Joan in explaining her brand of comedy, "analyzing the slightest differences. I prefer the sympathetic type of comedy that carries the elements of surprise. I make my comedy seem accidental and I like to have my audiences think "poor girl, she tries so hard and everything goes wrong.'"

You might think the girl who was a "washout" as a nurse in Dead Yesterday, or who stole the spotlight from Ben Bernie and Walter Winchell in Wake Up and Live with her comedy rumba dance, was a clown twenty-four hours a day, but she isn't. When she takes off the grease paint at the studio and pilots her car up into the hills back of Beverly Hills, she becomes a mother, housewife and gardener. On a two-acre estate, the writer found "Hiland's No. 1 picture thief" clad in slacks and working in her garden with the precision of an expert. There was no comedy here.

Sitting in the "ruckus room," a Moorish adjunct to Joan's home, she sketched her brief career in pictures.

"Mack Sennett gave me my first film role in 1934," Joan said, "and the deal was made right here in this room. It might have been more like the storybook tales if I had been grabbed from across the footlights, but I wasn't. I was vacationing from vaudeville and giving a party for a group of friends, one of whom brought Mr. Sennett. He thought I was the type for a hill-billy short he was about to make and that's how I broke into pictures."

Joan Davis, who has lost count of the falls she has taken in her life, did a single—singing, dancing and falling—up to March, 1931. Then her manager teamed her with Serenus "S" Wills, another of his clients. Within five months the professional team became a matrimonial team.

Joan's urge to be near pictures, if not in them, made her seek California during her between seasons in vaudeville and she and her husband acquired a home in Beverly Hills. It's on Beverly Drive, and here in 1933 little Beverly Wills (that's no pun on Beverly Hills) was born.

In 1936 Paramount put Joan under contract and gave her a small role of an amateur in a tryout in Millions in the Air. RKO then began bidding for her, signed her to a long term contract, and then practically forgot she existed. Months of idleness palled on "the fall girl." She wanted activity, won her release from that contract and stepped into another contract with 20th Century-Fox the next day.

In eight months at Fox she has worked in seven pictures, each giving her more and more to do. First she was with Jane Withers in The Holy Terror. Others include Angels Holiday, Time Out for Romance, Dead Yesterday, Wake Up and Live, Sing and Be Happy and her latest in Thin Ice.

"I've been very lucky in comedy falls all my life," says Joan, with the exception of one that wasn't in the script for Sing and Be Happy. In that I am a window washer—a rather sloppy one—and while walking with a pail of sudsy water in my hand, both feet slipped out from under me and it seemed like I hit the ceiling, only it was my back that suffered and I went to the hospital for eight days."

When Darryl Zanuck asked her to do

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*A paste of dead corn root-tiles in form and position. If left may serve as focal point for renewed development.*

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**S. BINNER**
a rumba for Wake Up and Live, Joan told him she's never done a rumba and his comeback was "well, then, you ought to look funny doing it." The opinion is unanimous that she did.

JOAN has set such a vogue in accidentally knocking herself out in her peculiar screen antics that she has sent Orientals into spasms. She was made a very lucrative offer to go to Shanghai and make a personal appearance at one of the gay night clubs there. They tell her that the Chinese and Japanese rate her a great favorite and have begun slugging themselves in the jaw just to see if others will laugh at them as they do at Joan Davis on the screen.

For Thin Ice they have asked Joan to do a Russian song, a Russian dance, and to take Rubinstein's place as orchestra director. And according to reports she has taken care of her assignments in No. 1 picture-stealing style. Which ought to satisfy her bosses and her fans who claim right now that Joan is "the funniest girl in films." And the funny part of it is we think they're right!

RETURN OF THE NATIVE

MOTION picture fans have been asking, "Will young Fairbanks desert Hollywood for keeps?"

The answer is "No!" Although Doug remains sold on the future of London motion pictures, he has signed up for at least one picture a year with David O. Selznick at Selznick International Studio. He is back in the Hollywood fold, free to develop a company with an infant industry across the Atlantic if he so desires.

"Had it not been for a mass assault by pneumonia germs," Doug says, "it might never have happened."

He was in London, scanning the possibilities there, when he received a call from Ernst Lubitsch, asking him to come back to Hollywood for Design for Living. When Doug reached New York on his way back, he became ill with pneumonia. Fredric March took the role instead, so young Fairbanks returned.

There, after almost signing with Korda, Fairbanks went into the London stage play, Moonlight is Silver.

Then he decided upon entering a company in which he would have an executive post as well as a starring position, and Criterion Films, Ltd., was formed.

But Doug found himself thinking of Hollywood. There were executive differences, too, during the slump that struck British film circles.

"A couple of offers from Hollywood were made while Criterion affairs were being straightened out," says Doug, "but I had no thought of accepting. But when Mr. Selznick cabled that the part of Rupert of Hentzau was open I caught the next boat for Hollywood. Will I remain in Hollywood all the time? No, because I have my film company in London, and a home there. But I'll be spending most of my time in Hollywood. Playing in The Prisoner of Zenda, in the part of 'Rupert,' with such talented players as Ronald Colman and Madeleine Carroll, and under John Cromwell's direction, has convinced me it is impossible to divorce myself from Hollywood, no matter how extensive my career elsewhere."

HER SMILE WON HIM...
But her breath lost him

I HEAR TOMMY BLAKE FELL HARD FOR YOU TONIGHT, HELEN. LIKE HIM?

HES AWFULLY NICE! BUT HE ONLY DANCED WITH ME ONCE, PEG!

I THINK I KNOW WHY BEEN...BUT ITS HARD TO SAY IT! SOMETIMES YOUR BREATH...OH WHY DONT YOU SEE THE DENTIST TOMORROW?

MY BREATH WHY PEG, THAT CANT BE...BUT ILL SEE DR. ELLIS

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LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE'S AND PEG, TOMMY AND I WANT YOU TO BE BRIDESMAID!

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Non—No BAD BREATH behind her SPARKLING SMILE!

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Leaves hair soft, lustrous—easily curled or waved. Countless women use it. Men, too, for gray streaks in hair or mustache. Get full-sized bottle from druggist on money-back guarantee. Or test it Free.

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'Alice Faye Apologizes—
(Continued from page 27)

"You know, I'm supposed to be eng-
gaged to you."
"Why, I've never seen you before in
my life," I protested.
"'I know it,' he said, 'but some time
ago I met a girl who looks extraordi-
narily like you and we went to the
fights. The next day one of the
columnists had it that Alice Faye and
I were that way about each other and
we were on the verge of eloping.'

"That's what I've been up against," Alice con-
fesses, sadly. "Various men have
been seen with this other girl,
very pathetically my double, and the word
has spread that we are engaged, or,
be it not, are casting eyes at each other.
It's really terribly embarrassing,
for some of these men may get the notion
that I have broadcast the report my-
self.

"For this reason, I'd like to apolo-
gize to all those men whom I have never
met, yet whose names have been
coupled with mine in the newspapers and
magazines."

A LICE sat silently for a moment, in
a thoughtful meditation.

"A rather distressing thing hap-
pened some time ago," she continued.
"One of my best friends called me on
the telephone and started berating me
for having 'gone Hollywood.'

"'What on earth are you talking
about?' I asked her. I was puzzled,
and hurt, because I have never been
upstage in my life and it is farthest
from my thoughts to 'go Hollywood.'

"'I saw you last night at the Clover
Club and you snubbed me completely,'
she replied. 'I tried to speak to you
but you moved away, as though you
didn't want to see me.'

"And what's even worse... a di-
rector on the lot accused me of the
same thing, only a few days later. He
was pretty sore. He said I had de-
liberately upstaged him the night
before at a preview and told me I'd
better get back to normal, if I wanted
people to keep liking me.

"Of course, I had seen neither of
them. I'd be the last one on earth
ever to refuse to speak to my friends'

A short while back, an interviewer
printed the story that Alice no longer
haunted the night clubs, as she used
to do when she first came to town.

Quoting the youthful star, the story
went on to say that she spent little time
in the night spots, and many evenings
would remain at home.

"What's the idea of such cracks?" a
friend inquired. "Why, I've seen you
myself in half the clubs in town during
the past week."

"Despite all my protestations that I
hadn't been near any of the clubs my
friend named, I still couldn't convince
her that I hadn't been in them," Alice
says. "Naturally, she must have seen
this girl who looks so much like me.

"Whoever she is, this girl is making
it pretty hard for me to live a pri-
ivate life. I'm reported engaged to
strangers, my friends are accusing me
of snubbing them, and I'm supposed
to be leading a life that I no longer
live. It's enough to get one down,
isn't it?"

"Why, out at Jim Jeffries' ranch,
where amateur fights are held every
Thursday night by the old-time cham-
pion, I was introduced one night, took
a box and even made a speech. Every-
thing would have been fine... except
it wasn't me. I wouldn't have had
the nerve to make a speech." She
smiled at the thought.

"I'm just learning how to drive my
first car. I bought it only a few weeks
ago. On the very first day I was out
alone, a motor cop whom I knew drew
up alongside and said:

"'You must be taking in plenty of
jack, Miss Faye; that's the second
ew car I've seen you driving in the last
month.'

"There's a certain small night club
that I sometimes visit. I was there
about a month ago, but the orchestra
leader was decidedly cool to me.
Before, he had always been very friendly
and whenever he had asked me to sing
a song I had always complied.

"'On this particular night, he didn't
come near me, so I had a waiter ask
him if he would come over to my table.

"'What's the matter?' I asked him,
noticing how quiet he seemed. Then,
I learned that I was supposed to have
been there several nights before, and
when he had requested me to sing I
had been very short with him and refused.
He couldn't understand my sudden
change in attitude. I couldn't blame
him, either.'

Do you wonder Alice Faye is per-
turbed about her double? There can
be no doubt as to her sincerity when
she repeats:

"I do want to make it clear that I
am in no wise responsible for my name
being linked romantically with men
whom I have never met, but to whom I
am reported engaged. But since this
situation does exist, I want to apolo-
gize to them, and hope they will un-
derstand my position."
And for that final touch of daintiness, there is nothing like finishing off your bath with a generous dusting of talcum powder. It gives immediate freedom from stickiness and chafing and protects fragile undies. A great favorite with the dainty misses of Hollywood is the talc which comes in a tall red shaker-container and has a subtle, spicy scent. It bestows a delightfully elusive body fragrance, makes your skin feel soft and satiny and costs only 25c for a can that will last several months.

Have you ever had to face the world after a good cry? The cry may be good for your nerves, but oh, what it does to your eyes! I know an eye liquid that solves the problem. A drop in each eye, and redness disappears—and you go forth looking as if you had nary a care in the world. It enhances the brilliance of healthy eyes, too, and removes the ravages that are sometimes left by the night before. In addition to all of which, it's good for your eyes because it relieves strain. You can buy it at any good drug or department store.

There's no need to tell you of the dire things that befall the girl whose breath is not as sweet as the flowers of May. There's a very efficient oral antiseptic that's found in the medicine cabinets of many Hollywood stars which you can depend upon for the assurance of complete daintiness. It is safe, refreshing, and gives that naturally sweet breath men expect from ruby lips.

And at last we've discovered a remedy for that bane of woman's existence—the little blemish that appears on the end of your nose just when you want to look your best. The remedy is a cream that you can smooth over the bad spot... and presto! It has disappeared. It comes in lipstick form for the small spot or blemish, and is put up in jars for the covering of large birthmarks, bruises and other disfigurements. Then, too, there is a waterproof variety which can be used when you are swimming. Both sticks and jars are priced at $1.25.

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Just one application of Pond's Vanishing Cream and dry, flaky bits melt away. An instant later, powder goes on smoothly as silk. You'll be delighted with the way it clings!

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Miss Nancy Whitney

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ginger finds her lost youth

I could not help but recall the last time I had seen her away from the sound stages of RKO and the grueling work of making musical comedy pictures. It was in her hilltop home just a short time before she and Lew Ayres said adieu to their marriage.

She neither looked nor acted a girl in her twenties then. She was grave of manner, a poised young matron who was mistress of herself and home in every sense of the word. Of silly things like beads and balls she had had her fill and was full content to settle down to serious living.

THEN here she was, just one year later, a vision in filmy chiffon, laughing, dancing, coquetting—and loving it. It didn’t add up. I watched her more closely.

Suddenly it struck me there was a feverish note in her gaiety as if she was playing against time. I guessed Ginger was making up for something.

That guess came pretty close to the truth, I discovered. Ginger admitted as much to me the other day on an RKO set. Not in so many blunt words but more in what she hesitantly left unsaid did she reveal that she is seeking and finding what should have been hers some years ago—the normal fun of a normal girl growing from youth into young womanhood.

Let’s start in Fort Worth, Texas, home at the moment, when Ginger was fourteen. She had just begun to overcome the handicap of a heretofore rather nomadic life in making friends for she and her mother had lived there some five or six years. Born in Independence, Missouri, she was taken to Chicago, at the age of one week. Kansas City was home when she was seven, and Dallas from seven until nine.

In a hop, skip and jump existence like that there hadn’t been much opportunity for making or keeping friends.

A Charleston contest was staged at a Fort Worth theatre and Ginger walked off with the first prize. The upshot was, she and the two runners-up in the contest were offered a vaudeville contract to go on tour and display their talents. The offer was accepted. Mrs. Rogers, of course, went along to care for Ginger.

At first it was thrilling, this business of footlights, costumes, make-up and applause from audiences. New touches, new faces in quick succession. Then it became a weary grind of five, six, and even seven shows a day, seven days a week.

“I don’t regret it all now,” Ginger said. “I realize it was a means to an end, although at that time I certainly had no thoughts of Hollywood and pictures. A career on the stage was my goal. But I do regret that it meant I had no education in the usual way. High school and college, you know.”

“And parties, dances, sororities, and so on?” I asked.

Ginger thought a moment. “Well, I couldn’t have both.”

Oh, yes, she had dates now and then. But what kind of a date is it when you start out after midnight—the last show was over around twelve o’clock—and you’d been dancing your head off all day long to please customers who had paid money to see you full of pep?

So it went, from town to town, all over the country. When the vaudeville houses had been played, the act went into picture houses as a specialty. The tour wound up on Broadway. Then followed two shows, Top Speed and Girl Crazy. From these Ginger made her debut in pictures, working for Paramount at its Astoria studios on Long Island. Then to Hollywood, for Warner Brothers.

Certainly living in Hollywood should have given Ginger opportunities for normal fun and parties, you may argue. She’s had a home, was settled in one place, and there must have been scads of fine boys eager to bea her around.

Unfortunately, it didn’t work out that way. For one thing, Ginger was pouring all her thoughts and energies toward a new goal—stardom. She worked, worked, worked towards that end, always studying and practicing. Going to bed early that she might have greater strength and enthusiasm for the work tomorrow. Then too—

“I wasn’t well enough known for anyone to bother about,” Ginger modestly maintained. “A lot of girls may have the idea that it is a cinch to be popular in Hollywood if you are in pictures at all. It isn’t so. For every girl who is fairly attractive, there are ten who are well known beauties. Anyway, I didn’t go out much.”

Then she met Lew Ayres and married him in a little Pasadena chapel on November 14, 1935.

During their one year courtship and certainly after marriage it might have been expected that Ginger would be seen at the night clubs, the previews and premières and the swank big parties. She was young, beautiful, and by now, well on the way to stardom.
And as for herself! She began to acquire steady beaus with amusing facility, and to be seen at public functions with them.

Through no efforts of her own, she pulled off the coup that still rankles in certain quarters of Los Angeles and Hollywood. Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt, son of THE Vanderbilt, fell victim to her charm and made it pretty plain to hostesses and the public at large that he preferred the company of Ginger as his partner to any more glamorous star or society blue-blood the West coast could offer. He sought every available moment of her time—and there wasn’t much of it to spare with the rush a half a dozen other hand-some and eligible young men were giving her—and won one great privilege over the rest. She chose him as co-host at a big party she gave, the unique roller skating party to which every top name in Hollywood and the 400 clamored for invitations.

Business duties called young Vanderbilt east, but the rush of Ginger goes on, as mad and as merry as ever. Some new suitor for her time and company turns up every day.

To me, the swellest part of the whole thing is that none of it involves serious romance. It’s nothing but frivolous, light-hearted, grand play she should have had years ago.

No one, not even the girls whom Ginger has cut out with the beaus, begrudges it to her. There are only cheers. For if over a girl worked, sacrificed for, and deserved it, that girl is Ginger. Now you know the story.
time, they have comfort in knowing that should any tragedy overtake the husband, or the marriage, they can look forward to security through the ability to earn a living.

Where children enter into the situation, I firmly believe that they are better off when the mother is employed. Under competent tutelage these children grow up gracefully. They have their share of mother-love, but not too much. The most spoiled brats I know are those who have been indulged by doting mothers who believe that raising these children constitute their "careers." Too much mother-attention means a selfish girl-child, a boy-child unable and unwilling to cope with masculine problems. Children who have been taught by intelligent teachers are far more respectful to their parents, are much better mannered in the presence of company simply because they haven't been impressed with their own importance.

In my own marriage, I find that my wife, with new interests each day, is more beautiful because she is careful about her personal appearance. Time treats her with extreme tenderness because she has a youthful outlook and is always facing a new and fresh tomorrow rather than a routine today and has in memory a parade of routine yesterdays. This is true with other women as well. The woman who is employed cannot for an instant relax that vigilance which gives poise, youthful expectancy, eagerness for new problems with which to cope. The wife, faced with the endless, dulling pain of small trifles, soon relaxes, loses her freshness.

The argument is sometimes advanced that when a woman works the home is neglected. Perhaps this is true. And it is a good thing. For it makes the otherwise lazy husband pitch in and help with household duties and gives him a new and real understanding of what a wife is up against.

He consciously or unconsciously shares in home problems, just as his wife, through her career, knows of the demands which are made on him in the course of his business.

Should I have occasion to roll back the years and start over, I'd marry a woman with a profession—and, to be more specific—Miss Helen Gahagan.

![Image of Sophie Tucker]

**NO "SHORT CUTS" FOR SOPHIE!**

THOSE who have been working with her on Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's current Broadway Melody of 1938 starring Robert Taylor and Eleanor Powell say that her part (and the inimitable way she plays it) will make a new star of the veteran Sophie Tucker. In fact so much do her producers think of her work in this musical extravaganza that they recently ordered $250,000 worth of added scenes made and the box office Miss Tucker will have added things to do in the picture before the public sees it.

Broadway Melody of 1938 will present the Sophie Tucker that Sophie Tucker has always wanted to be. It's taken her 30 years to make up her mind that she wanted a motion picture career, but now that she has it Sophie is determined to "sell her audiences a bill of goods."

For years Miss Tucker has been crossing the continent and the Atlantic as a vaudeville star. "Coon shouting" some of them called her distinctive style of singing. In England she became a rage and was brought back time and again after vaudeville faded out of the American theatrical picture. A few novelty talkie shorts were among her movie experiences but no feature pictures until six months ago when she was cast for her current picture with Mr. Taylor and Miss Powell.

One day starting for the set Miss Tucker overheard a chorus girl complaining that movie opportunities were anything but fairly distributed. "Listen, child," Miss Tucker told the plaintiff, "don't expect any short cuts to success. It's more perspiration than inspiration sometimes, but if you've really got the stuff and the personality to match it nobody in the world can hold you back."

And, kissing the younger on the cheek, Sophie Tucker hurried on to the set with an inspired young girl added to the many thousands of admirers who wish a good trouper the break she's earned.
In motion pictures I think I find a certain wish-fulfillment. In such pictures as Morocco, Desire, Shanghai Express, and even in Angel, I am unemployed and the picture ends happily. In such pictures as The Blue Angel, in which I am employed, the picture ends unhappily. And these pictures are true to life.

In Angel, Mr. Douglas contends, there is a woman who is married and has no career who has nothing to occupy her hands and her mind so she gets into trouble. This is true. But Mr. Douglas overlooks one thing, and this is the husband, played by Herbert Marshall.

This husband is a very poor one. He is running around in diplomatic circles, to make a joke, and he has no time for his wife. He does not talk of love. He talks of big men and big things. And he is always going away places where he could very easily take his wife, who is a very devoted woman. This he does not do. So, you see, it is the man and not the woman and not the lack of career which is to blame for this painful domestic crisis.

Mr. Douglas says that today we have washing machines and house cleaning devices which give women much free time. But it is not a freedom of the hands a woman needs. It is a freedom of the mind. The thinking wife is always planning and scheming and mentally working to help her husband get ahead and it is here she is of service. One can employ menials to work with the hands. One cannot employ a mind inspired by love to do really helpful things.

Mr. Douglas says, too, that women who have careers are beautiful. I grant that many are. But surface beauty alone is not enough in a wife. What a man wants in a woman is poise, a feeling of restfulness. Beautiful women who work do not have this poise, this inside beauty which is so helpful to the husband.

From experience, I advise the woman of the early twenties to choose between marriage and career. If she chooses career, well and good. She should cling to it. If she chooses marriage, she should devote herself to this. The woman of the early twenties is not developed emotionally, she has no background of experience, what she does not know about life, love, homemaking, masculine psychology and other subjects is really remarkable.

From these years until the golden age of the thirties, she must study, improve, make a home, keep in step with the husband. All these things are a part of the marriage career and cannot be interrupted by those outside interests.

If there are children, she is to be doubly busy. She will find plenty to do, from advising her husband in his business deals, sizing up the people he brings home, making the home attractive to those who do come, properly training the children, to being calm and unruffled and consoling when he faces a crisis, which he will do often in his career.

Not only that, but the children need both parents for a baby. No mother is a mother who is away all day.

There are many things of interest to wives other than employment, including sports, such as tennis and golf, study of all kinds, from interior decoration to gardening, the making and developing of friendships. But I am not trying to preach. Each woman must turn to the things she likes best, to the things she feels she ought to do.

I am just saying that Mr. Douglas is wrong when he believes that good women can't make good wives unless they are out of the home most of the time, competing with the husbands, antagonizing them in offices, bossing them in factories, competing with them in professions, and trying to show how intelligent they are.

Men don't want competition—they want love.
Fred Datig, casting director at M-G-M for 18 years, has something very important to say to mothers who are headed toward Hollywood with their talented children.

 Thousand of mothers all over the country are pretty sure that if they could just get their little Marys or Tommies within a mile of a Hollywood studio they would be snatched up for stardom. Well—maybe they would be.

But there are thousands of mothers who already have gotten their little Marys and Tommies right inside the studio gates time and again—and nothing has happened. Why? Is there any sort of test by which you can see if a child really has a chance in the movies?

We asked Fred Datig, director of casting at M-G-M. During the last eighteen years he has been Santa Claus for many a screen hopeful, both young and grown up. "At least I can make a few suggestions," he offered, "and possibly they may prevent a lot of useless worry and heartache."

And here are the suggestions in the form of questions and comments:

"Have you given your child a chance to be completely his or her self?"

"We want natural children on the screen. Youngsters who are entirely unconscious. That's why they should not be entered in a professional training school when they're very young. It trains them out of all spontaneity. Mothers do that too when they keep telling them to 'speak your piece for the nice gentleman, dear. And smile!' . . . Let them follow their own inclinations (within reason, of course). They can be taught to be polite and still be natural—but any director would rather have them outspoken than with stilted manners.

"Incidentally, the more natural children look as well as act, the better their opportunity for succeeding. Little "darlings" with permanent waves, rouged cheeks, and fancy dresses or suits are definitely out . . . .

Edith Fellows, who made a very big impression in She Married Her Boss with Claudette Colbert and numerous other pictures, walked into the studio alone and very much in her everyday clothes for her first interview. (She had made the one concession of giving her hair an extra brushing, I believe.)

"When your child's picture is placed with a group of other youngsters' pictures, is it the one singled out for attention?"

"A vivid personality that the camera registers is as necessary for a child actor as for an adult. Now, most children are cute so it's not strange that many parents very
often get confused on this point. But if perfect strangers pick Mary or Tommy out from the crowd, it's fairly certain they have that 'something' that captures interest.

"Can your child 'make-believe' convincingly?"

"All kids love to 'pretend' but some use far more imagination about it than others—and imagination is essential in the movies for them to get a good grasp of their role. Little Juanita Quigley, for instance, was told in one scene to act as if she were a poor little girl lost in the woods. 'But I'm not lost!' she smiled confidently up at the director. 'You're here and Mr. Bill, the cameraman, and all the others.'"

"But you can make-believe you are,' he said. She nodded brightly at that. She knew all about the wonderful game of make-believe. And promptly she became a poor little girl lost in the woods.

"Has your Tommy or Mary any outstanding talent?"

"An exceptionally good voice has brought several children fame recently. But it has to be exceptional! Here at M-G-M we signed up eleven-year-old Suzanne Larson from Minneapolis a short time ago without ever having seen her. But we heard her really beautiful singing voice on a record and that was enough. Judy Garland, who has a part in Broadway Melody of 1937, is another small girl who sings with great ability."

"And there is Marcia Mae Jones who cries in such a way she steals a place under your vest pocket."

"Does your child WANT to act?"

"We had a five-year-old boy here who was perfect for Garbo's son in Madame Walewska, but he didn't want to 'recite pieces.' He wanted to fight! During the test he bit out the words as if they were so much cotton, so we had to send for someone else."

"The child has to like 'recite pieces.' Shirley Temple was never urged to go to the studio. She went because she enjoyed it and to her the movies were one big game."

As a final suggestion Mr. Datig says, "Don't try to make your children imitate child stars. Don't kill their individuality for that's the thing that counts most in Hollywood. If you still think Tommy or Mary could make good in the movies, the most feasible plan would be to contact your local theatre exhibitor and ask him to help you get in touch with a studio talent scout. There are many of them throughout the country and if the child has actual ability, they'll do their best to unearth it."

---

**SKINNY?**

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Prescription Tablets are based on this same
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tory. Their formula is published in every pack-
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this simple, easy way to get rid of excess fat.

---

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hearsal for his next broadcast

---

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Chicago
greet her late arrivals in the reception
room.

Janssen's eyes followed his charming
hostess all evening. They stared into
hers as they chanced to chat a few mo-
ments alone. He said little, but when
he was invited by Miss Harding to play,
Werner Janssen, the man whose musi-
cal genius the whole world admires, sat
down graciously.

And then he played. It was the soft
song of a land far off—a land of pines
and fjords, majestic mountains, mir-
rored lakes and tinkling streams, of
long twilights and mystic night. It was
the music of Sibelius, the great music
master of Finland.

When the music ended Ann Hard-
ing and her guests sat silent, spell-
bound, until he spoke.

"I shouldn't have played so long," he
said apologetically.

"So long!" exclaimed Miss Harding.
"You should play forever!"

Werner Janssen never forgot her
words.

Within a few days Ann Harding left
for London.

Janssen finished his Hollywood as-
signment, and sailed for Europe in
August, to conduct in Europe.

I T WAS not until months later that the
two met again in London. Miss Hard-
ing was just finishing Love From a
Stranger, for Trafalgar Films, and was
preparing for her appearance in
George Bernard Shaw's Candida on the
stage. They met at the home of a mu-
tual friend.

This time Ann Harding played the
grand piano, and Werner Janssen lis-
tened.

Then followed roses, telephone calls.
Janssen was conducting the London
Symphony Orchestra for the British
Broadcasting Company. Both working,
they had little time to see each other,
but the friendship grew. Their most in-
imate friends did not know of the ro-
mance. And then, on Sunday, January
17, 1937, they became Mr. and Mrs.
Werner Janssen in London, much to the
surprise of the world, much to the
amazement of even their closest friends
who knew not of the great love the ac-
tress and the conductor had found in
each other.

"Just recently Mr. and Mrs. Janssen
returned to Hollywood, he to conduct
the music of the Sunday evening Chase &
Sanborn Radio Hour, she to continue
her career in films. The men and women
of the press who write about Holly-
wood met them at a cocktail party.
They left charmed, intrigued, by the
deep love that Janssen revealed un-
blushing. But even here they refused to
tell how they had met.

It was weeks later, in a charmed mo-
moment, when they revealed the story
of their meeting, their romance.
"Must that be told?" the conductor
pleaded.

"Sometimes it must be told," said
Mrs. Janssen with gracious assurance
as she took his hand. "Let it be of
record." And so it is.

"Will you live in Hollywood?" they
were asked.

"Absolutely. This will be our home.
Will you follow your careers?"

"Our careers are just beginning,"
said Mr. Janssen. "Of course, the cli-
max of my career is Mrs. Janssen."

"You are very happy?"

"Really, truly happy, living in a new
world," said Mrs. Janssen. "You know,
what Mr. Janssen has done, it can't come
in the world very often. Better judges
than I have so stated. I can only real-
ize."

WERNER JANSSSEN blushed. But
he replied, "Mrs. Janssen is the world to me. She has such an amazing
aptitude and understanding!"

"Did you find time for a honey-
moon?"

"Yes, for a week," said Mrs. Janssen,
"then I had to go to Brighton with my
play, and Mr. Janssen remained to con-
duct the radio symphony concerts in
London."

"Do you accompany him to the radio
studio and watch him conduct?" she
was asked.

"No, I listened to my husband con-
duct over a portable radio in my dress-
ing room at the theatre in Edinborough,
and I was disappointed, because the
static was bad. I returned to London
with my play for a limited engagement,
but Mr. Janssen received an invitation
to conduct the Helsingfors Symphony
in an all-Sibelius concert, so I cancelled
my contract and went with him to Fin-
land. That was the first time I saw Mr.
Janssen conduct an orchestra, and the
only time until the Sunday afternoon
I sat on the stage in the NBC studios
in Hollywood with him while he broad-
cast. I never saw the audience. I
watched him every minute. I was too
fascinated," she declared.

"You have picture plans, Mrs. Jans-
sen?"

"Oh, yes, we both have. I will do a
picture soon, and Mr. Janssen already
is signed to do music for three different
picture companies, besides his radio
work."
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Frances Farmer tells why SHE WON'T PUT ON AN ACT

Read it in October HOLLYWOOD

HER TEARS HAVE WON FAME

BEING able to cry real tears on a moment's notice is one sure-fire way of children with aspirations to become screen players to break into the movies.

The case of Marcia Mae Jones, 13-year-old emotional player who recently had her most dramatic role with Josephine Hutchinson in Mountain Justice and who has just completed a small part in Warners' brilliant production of The Life of Emilio Zola is interesting proof of it.

Marcia Mae was one of the most important players in Mountain Justice because of her ability to shed real tears in as many emotional scenes as the day's schedule directed. All through her film career she has been a dramatic "stand-by" because of her ability to cry, win sympathy for her character and make all of the drama about her the more tense by virtue of her tears.

Marcia Mae Jones cried her way into films before she had passed her first birthday. In the arms of her mother, Mrs. Margaret Jones, Marcia Mae was quietly crying as James Cruze, famous director of silent films, passed by their car. Cruze had been unhappy over the fact that the child then appearing in his picture (as Dolores Costello in infancy) did not resemble the star. Marcia Mae's crying attracted the director's attention. Her resemblance of Miss Costello was not so marked but her crying so impressed Cruze that he "borrowed" the baby for a day. Other Day, Other Movie offers followed. With the coming of the talkies Marcia Mae's ability was aided considerably by sound recording. A year ago her performance in These Three won wide acclaim. Her tears won her a dozen engagements in quick succession.

Now Marcia Mae Jones is firmly established as one of screenland's truly fine child actresses. Her tears have kept her busy and made her famous. She has a remarkable power of concentration and as a result she can cry real tears whenever the director asks for them. Her smiles are equally childish, sweet and appealing but the tears are her chief stock in trade.

It pays to cry in Hollywood.

Don't look pretty for the movie camera—cry.

Werner Janssen will not talk about himself. But, at 37, he has the most enviable record of any man in modern music. In 1930 he was awarded the Prix de Rome for his composition, New Year's Eve in New York, and went to Rome. He conducted for five years and became internationally famous as a conductor.

He was the first and only American-born conductor to conduct the New York Philharmonic Orchestra under Toscanini. Just before his recent return to America he conducted his sixth concert of Sibelius music at Hollywood.

Janssen has conducted symphony orchestras in the following cities of the world: an unprecedented feat in the annals of music: Rome, Budapest, Turin, Berlin, Milan, Naples, Riga, Estonia, Prague, Vienna, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Tunis, Malta, Paris, London, Philadelphia, Chicago, St. Louis, Detroit, Rochester, Cleveland, and this summer will conduct in the Hollywood Bowl.

He has a degree of Doctor of Music from Dartmouth; is a fellow of the American Academy in Rome; was made a Knight, First Class, of the White Rose of Finland, for his interpretation of the works of Sibelius. He has limitless energy, can work 24 hours without fatigue, has memorized all the symphonies so he may conduct without scores. He is a student of the sciences, a linguist, an internationalist by career, but at heart an American.

His varied successes in music he considers as part of the past.

"If a man writes a thesis for which he gets a medal, he doesn't talk about that when he goes into business, does he? He goes to work. Then, why should I talk about the long dead past when I have work to do?"

That is a candid-camera view of the man who got Ann Harding to change her name to Mrs. Werner Janssen. Her friends still call her An—but she is Mrs. Werner Janssen—happy, contented, proud—a grand girl with a never fading smile for the man who wrote their symphony of love.

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"I worked for it. Now I enjoy it. We don’t entertain lavishly nor give wild parties. Our home is a place in which to relax, not a night club. Our friends are always welcome. Ronald Colman drops in whenever he feels like it and we have a special Ronald Colman Room where he can spend the night if he chooses."

The Baxter home in Bel Air is charming with its spacious comfort, its swimming pool and tournament-size tennis court where play the most expert racqueletes of the film capital.

"I rarely ramble on this way," he apologized, "but we really enjoy our home and friends."

"Also I have very definite views on keeping well. It takes sports, strenuous sports, like tennis and badminton to whip up the blood stream. I like hunting and fishing. It relaxes me after a picture and takes me away from the nervous tension and noise of town. I like to wear old clothes and rough it."

"I have a cabin up in the San Jacinto mountains where I often go. There are plenty of deer and other game there."

BUT having his own hunting lodge does not prevent Warner from hunting elsewhere. Recently, while hunting elk in Colorado, he slipped and broke his ankle. He has hunted wild boar on the Santa Cruz Island and his latest exploit is bow and arrow fishing off the coast of Lower California.

"Well, that’s about it," said Warner, lighting a cigarette, "I like to live simply, have a little fun, and work."

"But don’t think I’ve always figured as I do now," he hastened to assure me, waving his lighter for emphasis. "Years ago I had entirely different ideas. I thought success, money, and what I could buy, were terribly important. My conception of a good time was night-clubbing with a crowd. Oh, we still go occasionally where we can hear good music and have a few dances, but it’s not the greatest pleasure of our lives."

"Do you know what I get a bigger kick out of doing?" he waited for me to guess, grinning like a small boy expecting to be laughed at. "It’s gardening."

Encouraged by my lack of surprise, he continued.

"Some think gardening is for old men. It isn’t. It’s a he-man job and I get a thrill out of digging and planting and watching things grow. Believe me, it’s great. Much better than sitting in some stuffy, smoke-filled cabaret watching people drink themselves into fighting jags and scandals."

"I’m not against drinking and night-clubs. A certain amount is okay. It’s the excesses I’m talking about."

HE PUFFED his cigarette in silence, then began again.

"As long as I’m breaking down, I might as well confess I’m studying music, piano."

"Breaking down" he certainly was. For it is a rare thing for Warner or any other star to talk as frankly and about as serious a subject as he was.

And Warner Baxter taking piano lessons! That was, indeed, news!

"For years I wanted to study but didn’t have the time," he explained. "Oh, I fooled around, played by ear, could read some music."

Warner’s friends know of his love of music. If there is a piano around, he drifts to it and plays the old favorites—Trenamerie, Massenet’s Elegie. "Believe it or not," he chuckled, "I’m studying the chord method. I have a good teacher and have learned a lot."

"But, say," he broke off, "I told you there wasn’t anything to be said about me."

Warner Baxter is right. There is nothing to be said of him, if, to be worth saying, it must be sensational. But there is much to be said of his fifteen years of sane, balanced living in an environment which has a too-rapid tempo and many temptations.

It is not, however, as simple as that. Those who have the interests of Hollywood at heart know for what he stands. To them he is a substantial citizen, respected and respectable, a credit to the moving picture industry. They know his loyalty to friends as typified by his long friendship with Ronald Colman, and William Powell. His stand-in, Frank McGrath, is one of his best friends and is very close to Warner. In fact, Warner refuses to sign contracts unless one for Frank is included in the deal.

They know him to be generous and sympathetic, ready to fight for, or defend a principle. Some years ago, by his intervention, he prevented a ten per cent cut in the salaries of grips, carpenters and electricians. Needless to say, he is popular with "the gang." His charities are numerous, secret and wise.

He honestly deserves his title of Hollywood’s Average Citizen No. 1. "Listen, I’m just an ordinary guy," Warner concluded.

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**There’s A New Thrill To Skin**

*When cleansed with this amazing beauty treatment*

**EVERYWHERE** women are rating about a thrilling, new beauty cleanser that leaves the skin unbelievably soft, smooth and alluring. Colman, called Lavena, an ordinary beauty wonder because it is utterly neutral in action. Formulated with Lavina ingredients, water, dirt and make-up—it does not dry the skin as do virtually all alkaline cleansing methods in use today.

**Do These 2 Simple Things Daily**

Simply mix Lavina with warm water to a creamy consistency and rub over your face with gentle, circular movements. Do not use oil or cold cream. Then see how refreshed your skin looks. How beautiful, how velvety soft it feels.

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Mrs. F. M. E. (Penna.) thought it was too good to be true: "I read the ad in Confessions of Studio Nurses." Learned she could make an extra income. Felt a week’s trial would teach me how to care for the complexion. However, the fact that the booklet offered in the advertisement, and after such careful thought decided to order. Before she had completed the seventh lesson she was able to advertise her first case—three months she had earned $400! Think of the things you could do with $400!

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**CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING**

Dept. 88, 100 E. Ohio Street, Chicago, Ill. Please send free booklet and 30c sample lesson pages.

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**NEXT MONTH—** "Confessions of Studio Nurses" Read It in the October Issue of HOLLYWOOD Magazine
Dixie Lee Crosby. He is seated at a table, listening to Harry Owens' orchestra play. When Harry finishes he joins Bing.

"I've got to have a song for my next picture, Waikiki Wedding," Bing says. "Got anything up your sleeve?"

"Sure," says Harry. "It's Sweet Leilani. I wrote it for my youngest."

BING hears the song played by Owens' Royal Hawaiians, has Harry give him a copy, sends it back to the film capital with the notation written across the front page in the Crosby hand:

"This could be the love song he first sings to the girl, which becomes her love theme."

That's what happened. Sweet Leilani proved to be one of the most popular pieces in America and Harry Owens is in the top ranks as a song writer.

WHEN Bing and his crooning first really caught on while he was at the Cocoanut Grove at the Ambassador Hotel in Los Angeles, Bing was crooning ballads written for him by Arthur Johnston. Bing, being modest, knew that the words and music had a lot to do with the rise of his star.

So, when he began making motion pictures, he made sure that Johnston was hired to put tunes into them. All went well for a while. Then Johnston snapped under the strain.

First he lost his job at Paramount. Then he went into a hospital. He was there for months. Keeping a watchful eye on his progress was one Crosby. Finally, Johnston emerged. Hollywood, as usual, made a speech like this:

"Johnston's through. He's lost his spark. Nobody can go through what he did and have anything left."

Bing didn't feel that way. He asked Paramount to hire Johnston and got nowhere. He asked other studios to do the same and got the same place. He just bided his time until he invested his own money in Pennies From Heaven. Then he hollered:

"Get Arthur Johnston!"

Perhaps it was gratitude, perhaps it was the inspiration of having a friend but, whatever it was, Johnston delivered. It was Johnston's music in Pennies From Heaven.

A LITTLE over a year ago San Diego wanted a fair grounds. The county made a deal with the WPA and agreed to put up a certain amount of money. The county couldn't deliver as specified. Bing, rancher, is one of the most influential country gentlemen in those parts.

A group of commissioners waited on him one day.

"If you will lease the fair grounds track for ten years, giving us $10,000 and a percentage," they told him, "we'll be able to have a fair grounds."

"That sounds very nice to me," replied Bing. Whereupon he formed a company, sold stock to about 3,000 people, some of the group farmers and ranchers in San Diego County, others employed in motion pictures.

"But," Bing added, as he went into one of the oddest stock promotions in history, "although I want those people to benefit from the racing and get dividends on their stock, they mustn't take any risk. I don't want them holding the bag if the deal falls through."

The result of this thought was that the farmers and the picture people put their money in the stock all right. But the money was held in escrow and Bing Crosby actually put up the money—every cent of it himself—until the plant was ready to operate. When it got under way he withdrew his money, released that of the stockholders for operations expense.

CROSBY is technically known as a "pushover." Not only do thin faced bums get their hands into his pockets with such regularity that there has been the suggestion of getting a strong-arm man to carry his money for him and reject the appeals of both himself and the bums, but bigger things have been done.

Bing Crosby, Inc., is a very serious organization, designed simply to keep Bing's brakes properly lined. He must be stopped.

People with Rube Goldberg inventions, men with golf courses which would pay a profit if Bing would only invest $10,000, idiots with schemes for raising fur bearing animals, slickers with highly polished gold bricks in their pockets, tell Bing stories. Bing listens. Then, without thought of any profits accruing to himself, but with the motive that if he helps somebody'll be made happy, he says:

"Yes!"

Whereupon, he, as president of Bing Crosby, Inc., is summoned before the Board of Directors, consisting of himself, his brother Harry, his brother Larry, his father Harry, Sr., and John O'Melveny, the Crosby lawyer. A vote
is taken after the merits of the proposition are considered and the tallow inevitably is:

"One vote affirmative. Four votes NO!"

Bob Burns was singing a sad song in the ears of Bing at Santa Anita race track some meetings ago. Bob, it seems, had talent, but nobody appreciated it.

"Change your act and go to New York City," Bing advised.

Bob did. But Bing felt that his obligation didn’t cease when Burns began to click. He put the Arkansans into Rhythm on the Range with Martha Raye, whom he also thought had possibilities. He put Burns on the Kraft show.

Producers have been accused of nepotism which, in many cases, has resulted in the hiring of competent relatives. When Bing came to Los Angeles, Everett, his brother, went to bat for him. Everett is a fancy dresser, loves the good old bright lights, knows the night spots. Bing stays at home. But the business relationship goes on.

In spite of this social disagreement, the men are fond of each other, and Everett does a swell job. When the corporation was started, there was need for an auditor, a secretary and treasurer. Bing sent for Dad Crosby, who held such a job in Spokane. When a publicity and advertising spot opened, Bing demanded and got Larry, another brother, qualified for the position by years of publicity and advertising work.

Then there’s Loo Lynn, Spokane friend who stands in for Bing, and who, under Bing’s supervision, who does bits in Bing’s and other pictures—a string of fighters who work in Crosby pictures when not fighting—and scores of others who have felt and are feeling the kindly Bing’s helping hand.

Not very long ago the Crosby Board of Directors was in a dither. Bing’s radio contract was coming up. Bing’s motion picture contract was coming up. Hours had been appointed and set aside for deliberations which had at stake a cool million dollars.

Came a telephone call from the ranch, more than a hundred miles from Hollywood.

Bing grabbed his hat.

"I’m going to the ranch," he announced.

"You can’t do that!" said four voices.

"The heck I can’t," said Bing. "Listen—Bon Eva was my first horse. She’s just fooled. I’ve got to see how she and the colt are doing."

And he went.

HE MAKES WORRY PAY!

Worry and excitement are the things which tear down most people, but to Henry Armetta—well, he has worried his way into a fortune and when there is nothing for him to worry about he invents trouble.

Armetta is Hollywood’s No. 1 "explosion expert." He can worry like nobody’s business.

He wins howls where other comedians fret and stew for a month on some pet gag and win only a polite giggle. Armetta is dynamic to a picture—when he comes on the screen audiences start to laugh. Sometimes he doesn’t utter a word, but Armetta really knows how to look worried and the more excited he becomes the more audiences laugh—and love him.

Armetta never tries to be funny. He knows that a man who is upset, worried into a beauty perspiration, so excited he could fly, or so mad he cannot retain himself, is funnier than one who deliberately tries to be cute. So, Henry has developed his art of being worried and his worries have paid his bills and built up his bank account for years.

Coming to Hollywood ten years ago he had many lean days, a long, hard struggle before In Old Arizona, The Little Accident, Forsaking All Others, Cat and the Fiddle and a series of shorts made him famous. Armetta cancelled a personal appearance tour (in Toronto) to fly to Hollywood for four days work in John M. Stahl’s Magnificent Obsession, but felt it worth it. He was also in Stahl’s Imitation of Life. Armetta is a dependable "pinch hitter." He stays on the screen frequently for only a reel but—while he’s in a picture his worrying makes him the center of attraction. Just now he is with Bobby Breen in Make a Wish. He’s made his worry pay. By the sweat of his feverish brow.
Kay Francis finds her escort Delmar Daves a smiling and attentive listener at the "Troc"

Fredric March and wife with their two children, Anthony and Penelope, on the lawn of the Westside Tennis Club

The smile that won't come off! Vic McLaglen at the recent Wee Willie Winkie premiere

Photographed exclusively for HOLLYWOOD Magazine

Mary Pickford and Buddy Rogers leaving Hope Loring's home where they were married June 26

Cast as Tom Sawyer in the David O. Selznick production. The Adventures of Tom Sawyer is Tommy Kelly fresh from the Bronx

Shirley Temple, with Eddie Cantor standing by, speaks over the radio for the first time at the Wee Willie Winkie premiere
JUUL
ANOTHER "SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION" WINS

Claire, you look simply beautiful! I've never seen a bride with a lovelier complexion. It's so soft and smooth... so radiant!

Thank you, Mary! Haven't I been lucky? Think how nice I looked when I was just a few months ago!

Why, Mary! I thought you knew! I went to Ben of Fifth Avenue. He told me to change to Palmolive—because it is made with Olive Oil!

So that's the secret of your new "Schoolgirl Complexion"—then Palmolive for me, from now on!

Don't Risk "Middle-Age" Skin

How Palmolive, made with gentle Olive Oil, keeps your complexion soft, smooth, young!

By Beni of Fifth Ave., Famous Beauty Expert

"Is your complexion beginning to look the least bit dry, dull, slightly coarse-looking? These are the first signs of 'Middle-Age' Skin—the heart-breaking condition which adds years to even a young girl's appearance.

"Like thousands of other beauty experts, I advise the regular daily use of Palmolive Soap because Palmolive is made with a priceless beauty aid—Olive Oil. That's why its lather is really different—rich, soothing, penetrating. Palmolive gently cleanses the pores of dirt and cosmetics—softens, freshens and stimulates the skin, helping to restore attractive natural color."

The Same Gentle Soap Chosen Exclusively for the Dionne Quins

Palmolive, the safe, pure soap made with Olive and Palm Oils, was chosen by Dr. Dafoe for exclusive use on the tender skin of the little Dionne Quintuplets. Why not start today to let Palmolive's gentle, different lather help make your complexion lovelier!

To Keep That 'Schoolgirl Complexion' Use This Beauty Soap Chosen for the Quins
The act that is "always refreshing"

BEECH-NUT GUM

Most popular flavor of gum in America is Beech-Nut Peppermint. Try our Spearmint, too, if you enjoy a distinctive flavor!

SEE THE BEECH-NUT CIRCUS
Biggest little show on earth
A mechanical marvel, 5 rings of performers, clowns, animals, music & everything! Now touring the country. Don't miss it!
MORE NEWS ABOUT FILM FOLK THAN ANY OTHER MAGAZINE
STORIES ABOUT BETTE DAVIS • GEORGE RAFT • DOROTHY LAMOUR
HOLLYWOOD MOVIES IN YOUR HOME!

IMPORTANT NOTICE
For the first time in history, owners of home movie projectors can buy Hollywood Home Newsreels for their own 16 MM and 8 MM projectors.

Entertain your family, your friends, with home movies of your Hollywood favorites. These films taken by professional cameramen and completely captioned.
See Bing Crosby win Lakeside Golf Club's Movie Star Tournament. See Shirley Temple attending the world premiere of her own latest picture at the famous Carthay Circle. All the stars of filmdom are there, wearing the latest fashions.
See the stars informally—at play—at work and just resting. See them as they really are, not "in character" for a film role.
All this entertainment available at an amazingly low price. A 100 foot role of 16 MM film will be delivered to you for $5. The same subjects in a 50 foot roll of 8 MM film cost $2.50.

IMPORTANT: These are not rental prices. Once purchased, the film is yours. Clip the coupon on this page, attach your money order for the proper amount and place a checkmark (X) after the proper size. Send money orders and coupon to HOME MOVIE STUDIO. 22 West Putnam Avenue, Greenwich, Connecticut. Your film will be sent from our Hollywood studio. If you do not care to enclose coupon you may order by letter. Be sure to specify size of film and amount of money order enclosed.

Send coupon with money order to
HOME MOVIE STUDIO
22 West Putnam Avenue
Greenwich, Conn

For enclosed money order send size reel I have checked

100 foot. 16 MM, $2.50  ORDER YOUR
50 foot. 8 MM, $2.50  HOLLYWOOD HOME

Name
Street
City                           State

Send money orders to Greenwich office. Your film will be sent post-paid from our Hollywood studio.
She evades close-ups... Dingy teeth and tender gums destroy her charm... She ignored the warning of "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

"SURELY," you say, "surely the world's at this girl's feet." Blessed with beauty and dowered with grace—life seems to have given her its best.

But there is a thief that robs her loveliness, that steals away her charm. To be called "dull, dingy and unattractive smile." Tragic? Yes, but that's the price she pays for neglect—a penalty she could have avoided.

NEVER NEGLECT "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

Play safe—don't risk an attractive smile—don't pay the penalties of tender gums and dull and dingy teeth! When you see that telltale warning tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush—see your dentist immediately—let him advise you.

While there may be nothing seriously wrong, don't take chances—let your dentist decide. Often, however, he will explain your condition as a "simple case of sensitive gums—gums that are the victims of our modern menus—gums robbed of work by today's soft and creamy foods." And his advice will probably be "more work and resistance for lazy gums" and, often, "the helpful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage."

For Ipana, with massage, is especially designed to help the gums as well as keep teeth clean and sparkling. Massage a little extra Ipana into your gums every time you brush your teeth. Circulation quickens in the gums. Gums become firmer—your teeth brighter, more lustrous.

Millions of people already have adopted the Ipana Tooth Paste and massage dental health routine. It's one simple, easy way of helping to prevent dental disorders—and with your gums more vigorous and healthy, your teeth sparkling and bright—you never need be ashamed of your smile!

LISTEN TO "Town Hall Tonight"—every Wednesday night over N. B. C. Red Network, 9 o'clock, E.D.S.T.
She was a cabaret singer... Luck brought her a chance to go to a mountain resort for a month, posing as a society belle. Two youths fell in love with her! Wait till you see this exciting story on the screen... with Joan looking like a million dollars in the kind of glamorous production that only M-G-M makes!

The BRIDE WORE RED

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

Directed by
DOROTHY ARZNER
Produced by
JOSEPH L. MANKIEWICZ

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CONSTIPATED?
STOMACH UPSET?

Remember both
when you choose a laxative

E
ever notice how often constipation is accom-
panied by an upset stomach? It's doubly
important then, to choose your laxative as you
would your food. Avoid heavy, greasy indigest-
ibles. Take FEEN-A-MINT, the delicious chew-
ing gum laxative. It's not a heavy, bulky dose.
Has nothing to further burden an already over-
taxed digestion. On the contrary, the very act
of chewing increases the flow of mouth juices
that aid digestion.
Moreover, FEEN-A-MINT's tasteless, laxa-
tive ingredient does not act in the stomach. Acts
only in the intestine, which is where constipa-
tion exists—where you want the right results.
No griping, nausea, discomfort, or lost sleep.

Why didn't I find out about FEEN-A-MINT sooner?

Do you feel dull, headachy, out of sorts, due to
constipation? Let FEEN-A-MINT help put the
sunsine back in life. You will like its delicious
flavor, and you'll find that no other type of laxa-
tive can do exactly what FEEN-A-MINT does.
Discover for yourself why more than 16 million
people have already switched to FEEN-A-
MINT! At all druggists, or write for generous
FREE trial package. Dept.167-I, FEEN-A-
MINT, Newark, N.J.

No other type of laxative can do exactly what
FEEN-A-MINT does.

hollywood newsreel

Chased from pillar to post the past few months by candid camera-friends, Gary
Cooper took a few seconds off between scenes of The Adventures of Marco Polo
to pose for this authorized camera shot of himself sucking his thumb, something
the lens hounds hadn't managed to get. The actor hopes this candid co-opera-
tion may end his troubles.

Guess Who Dept.

What brunette charmer, famous for her sophistica-
tion, is so afraid she will find
herself alone in a room with a
man that she insists on bringing
a friend along to studio confer-
ces, portrait sittings, and the
like?

1,000 Times No!

As SOON as Mae West admitted
that Frank Wallace was her hus-
band, a certain promoter in Hollywood
propositioned Mae. Would she make
a personal appearance tour, co-star-
ing with her husband? Mae's reply
isn't on record, but it's probably just
as well—but anyway what its sulphur-
ous four or five minutes of steady
verbiage boiled down to was "NO!"

Daffy-nition

ACCORDING to Wayne Morris,
the fast-climbing young actor on
the Warner lot, a HONEY-BUNCH is
a queen bee who can enter a fur shoppe
with an old drone and exit with a
yellow jacket.

Carole Tells 'Em

AN ACTOR who thinks he's Cre-
tion's gift to women accosted
Carole Lombard in the studio park.
He started his campaign by admiring
the Pekinese Carole held in her arms.
First he complimented the dog,
then Carole. Then he petted the dog.
Annoyed, and anticipating his next
move, Carole stepped out of reach.
"Don't take him away," said the actor,
referring of course to the dog. "Surely
you don't think he'd bite me, do you?"
"Not at all," said Carole sweetly,
walking away. "He hates ham!"
[Continued on page 8]
Warner Bros.
take pride in presenting

Mr. Paul Muni
this year's Academy Award Winner in one of the few great pictures of all time

THE LIFE OF
EMILE ZOLA

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

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

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6 P.M. Performance Sunday: 1.50, 1.00, .77 plus tax. • Mail orders accepted.

* Coming, in early fall, to leading theatres throughout the world.
A bovine visitor interrupts a scene between Mischa Auer and Madeleine Carroll in Columbia's It's All Yours while being filmed on location.

Agricultural Note

A PRODUCER and Robert Taylor bought tracts of land in San Fernando valley with the understanding that both would build to improve the location. Taylor's stables are completed. He is drawing plans for his home. The producer has backed out. Bob is holding a very empty sack.

Ball Playing Cuties

STUDIOS aren't advertising a fact we've lately discovered, because they fear box office competition from soft ball parks. Just the same, the major flicker plants all have their scouts looking over the young girls who play on the various soft-ball teams around Southern California.

[Continued on page 10]
How a Society Bride's Sensational Dance Stopped a Divorce

Park Avenue Had Convulsions When Wealthy Lucy Warriner Stopped At Nothing (Well, Almost Nothing) To Break Up Her Husband's Engagement Party for His Next "Wife"

"Don't tell me you got that sun-burnt tan in Miami!" stormed Lucy.

"Why did his wife have to hide Jerry in the bedroom when her best friend visited her?"

Who'd have dreamt that lovely Lucy Warriner would ever shock society—even to save her marriage.

Still happy socialites—still debutantes and divorces interfered.

Irene Dunne plays the wife, Lucy Warriner, and if you saw "Theodora Goes Wild", you have some idea of her comedy capabilities. In one scene, Lucy is stopped on the road by two motorcycle cops because her radio is going full blast. She's lost the control knob and can't turn it down. The policeman tries to fix it. "We don't have to do this", he says. "It's only a favor to you".

"I'll no favor", says Lucy "We enjoy the music."

COP: "Have you people been drinking?"
LUCY: "No. Have you people?"
COP: "What's your license number?"
LUCY: "I don't know. They change it every year. What's the license number on your motorcycle? No fair looking now!"

And so it goes merrily on. Cary Grant is Jerry Warriner—handsome, debonair, and with a charming wit that gets him out of the tightest places. You'll be quoting and quoting his clever lines.

Don't miss "The Awful Truth". It's a grand screen play, the work of Dwight Taylor and Vina Delmar, author of "Bad Girl", remember? And none other than Leo McCarey, of "Ruggles of Red Gap" fame, directed. When is it coming to your theatre? You'll see it in the papers. Keep your eyes peeled for the announcement.
Charles Winninger and Warren Hull ready for another of the popular weekly Maxwell House Showboat programs over NBC

Among them, they hope to find new acting talent.

The ball-playing beauties are attractive and don't hide it. They wear form-moulding uniforms consisting of satin shorts and shirts. Any time now, we'll be hearing of some real acting "find" discovered on a night diamond. But as in the case of a blonde ball-playing cutie who was given a screen test recently, the lucky studio may just forget to mention her athletic past.

Sour Note

RUBY MERCER, operatic star, hurried from New York to Hollywood to fulfill her contract with M-G-M. As soon as she arrived, she was given a four-week's lay-off.

Retakes?

WILLIAM POWELL'S performance in Double Wedding was so lifeless, there was some talk of doing the entire picture over again as soon as Bill had completely recovered.

Home Girl

MARY DEES, the girl who finished the Jean Harlow picture, Saratoga, could earn herself a lot of money making personal appearances. Instead, she is satisfied with less than $100 a week at M-G-M. It is doubtful if she is ever given a featured role.

Deserved High Pay

THE slightly egotistical male star of a new movie was a bit irked when he accidentally learned that Edward Everett Horton, playing a supporting role in his picture, was making nearly twice the salary he did. When he fuzzed about it Eddie snapped: "Well, they should pay me plenty to appear in supporting parts with players like you!"

Job For Guide

FRIENDS of Gene Raymond and Jeanette MacDonald are still kidding the newly weds about the size of their Bel-Air love nest.

Having a mansion as large as theirs is so unusual for film stars these days that it evokes many a witticism such as: "What if some of your guests or servants get lost in here—do you just let them perish, or send out searching parties?" [Continued on page 12]
"FRANKLY, I DON'T SEE WHY ANY WOMAN WOULD RISK A SUBSTITUTE FOR KOTEX."

THE PROOF IS IN THE WEARING!

Wherever you go... whatever you do... *Kotex Sanitary Napkins stay Wondersoft... Can't Chafe... Can't Fail... Can't Show

Only Kotex has 3 types
Because one-size napkin will not do for every woman—no more than one-size hat, dress or pair of shoes. Besides women's personal needs are different on different days. Only by trying "All 3"—Regular, Junior and Super Kotex—can you meet each day's exact needs!

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

*Trade Marks Reg. U. S. Patent Office

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FACTORY TO YOU

NEW REMINGTON NOISELESS PORTABLE

10¢ A DAY

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE.

10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER

AT LAST! The famous Remington Noiseless Portable that speaks in a whisper is available for only 10¢ a day. Here is your opportunity to get a real Remington Noiseless Portable direct from the factory. Equipped with all attachments that make for complete writing equipment. Standard keyboard, Automatic ribbon reverse. Variable character. Designed with the convenience of the finest portable ever built. PLUS THE NOISELESS feature. Act now while this special opportunity holds good. Send coupon TODAY for free trial.

YOU DON'T RISK A PENNY

We send you the Remington Noiseless Portable direct from the factory 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 the slightest fear of disturbing others. And yet it is so light and so compact that it can be carried anywhere. The Remington Noiseless Portable is equipped with a special action that makes the words seem to flow from the machine.

FREE TYPING COURSE

With your new Remington Noiseless Portable we will send you absolutely FREE—a 10-page course in typing. It teaches the Touch System, used by all expert typists. It is simply written andcompetently illustrated. Instructions are as simple as A, B, C. Follow this course during the 10-day trial period and we give you with your typewriter and you will wonder why you ever took the trouble to write letters by hand. You will be surprised how easy it is to learn to type on the lightning-fast Remington Noiseless Portable.

FREE CARRYING CASE

Also under this new Purchase Plan we will send you FREE with every Remington Noiseless Portable a special carrying case sturdy built of felt-wood. This handsome case is covered with fancy red felt fabric. The top is removed by one motion, leaving the machine firmly attached to the box. This makes it easy to use your typewriter anywhere. No concerns or worry about trains. Don't delay... send in the coupon for complete details.

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Please tell me how I can get a new Remington Noiseless Portable typewriter, plus FREE Typing Course and Carrying Case, for only 10¢ a day. Also send me, without obligation, new illustrated catalogues.

Name:
Address:
City:
State:

We Hope So

NORMA SHEarer has been having secret make-up tests for Idiots Delight and Marie Antoinette. Her return to screen seems very close.

Two Of A Kind

SEEN as how your reporter believes the rumor that Tyrone Power and Janet Gaynor are romancing, he shares the chuckle of a good many other Hollywoodians. Both Janet and Tyrone have piled up a reputation, deserved or not, for fickleness. Neither has encountered a correspondingly fickle heart interest. But now each has found a worthy opponent in the other, and they're off to a nice even start—if, as we suspect, they're really cooing.

Filched Photographs

I HAD to happen, with this great demand for candid camera snaps. Verree Teasdale, a miniature camera addict, began to notice snaps she had taken at intimate Film Colony social events appearing in the photo magazines. She thought friends to whom she had given prints had handed them out—until one day someone whose pic-

Pat O'Brien, Warner Bros. star, on location at San Diego for Submarine D-1, with his young daughter, Mavourneen

Tear Gas Awakening

THE studio doctor got a hurry call to come to Alice Faye's set. Someone—the secretary thought it was Miss Faye—had fainted. "Doc" dashed over in nothing flat, because not long before the star had been slightly injured and he was afraid he'd overlooked some unforeseen result.

Sure enough, there was Alice, lying on her cot in a dressing trailer on the stage. "Doc" broke an ammonia capsule under her nose without ado, and Alice sat up instantly, sneezing. Several persons who had seen the incident, thinking the M. D. had been playing a joke, laughed loudly.

"Fainted? Naw, Alice didn't faint—she was just takin' a nap," someone informed the bewildered medico at last. "It was an extra girl who fainted, but she's all right now."

Jimmy Cagney's bosses are just recovering from a first-class case of the jitters. It seems that while Jimmy's contract prevents the star from flying, automobile racing, and indulging in a variety of other dangerous activities during production, nothing is said about strolling on the girders of a skyscraper-to-be! That's where actor William Haade, a former steel worker, took Cagney during the making of Something to Sing About.

Haade (of the stage Iron Men and screen Kid Galahad fame) and Jimmy strolled about on the 'narrow naked girders atop the thirteenth story—not as high as the New York skyscrapers on which Haade used to covet, but plenty tall enough to make Jimmy's employers turn white when they heard about it.

"Nothing to worry about," Jimmy told them. "I found it just as easy as walking on the ground. All you have to do is keep your balance!"
ture had appeared protested to Verree. So-o-o, Verree as a test made some tempting shots and sent them to her usual developing place. When they were printed she put all films and prints carefully away—and yet, in due time, some of the shots appeared in the foto mags.

Verree has a new photographic finisher now!

Serious Art Note

CAVORTING on the set of Big City the other day were a man and a woman acknowledged to be two of the greatest players in movie history, Luise Rainer and Spencer Tracy. As we watched them vieing with each other and various movie electricians and "grips" at imitating barnyard animals, steam boats and what-not, we thought—but not sadly—how the business of being a Great Artist of the Theatre has changed.

Robert Taylor, captain of the Leading Men baseball team arrives at Wrigley Field ready to assume command against the Comedians, headed by Joe E. Brown. The game, which ended in a tie, was played before 38,000 paid admissions all of which went to charity.

Imagine if you can the late, great John Drew and the late famed, tragic figure of Eleanora Duse giving imitations in competition with the stage hands! Personally, we'd much rather be the modern sort of player and take prospective Immortality lightly.

Now only 10¢

LONG AFTER YOUR BATH, ITS FRAGRANCE Lingers...surrounds you gloriously! It's no wonder that men prefer girls who bathe with Cashmere Bouquet Soap. But don't think that ordinary scented soaps will give you this same protection. Only Cashmere Bouquet's rare perfume has this special lingering quality. So, insist on Cashmere Bouquet!

MARVELOUS FOR COMPLEXIONS, TOO! This pure, creamy-white soap has such a gentle, caressing lather, yet it removes every trace of dirt and cosmetics—keeps your skin alluringly smooth, radiantly clear!

TO KEEP FRAGRANTLY DAINTY—BATHE WITH PERFUMED CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP

WHEN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS, PLEASE MENTION OCTOBER HOLLYWOOD
Quickly... Correct Your Figure Faults

Perfolastic Not Only CONFINES, It also REMOVES Ugly Bulges!

IF YOU DO NOT Reduce
3 INCHES in 10 DAYS
... it will cost you nothing!

BECAUSE so many Perfolastic wearers reduce more than 3 inches we believe we are justified in making the above unqualified statement. Thousands of women today owe their slim, youthful figures to this safe, quick way of reduction. "Hips 12 inches smaller," says Mrs. Richardson, "lost 60 pounds and reduced 9 inches," writes Mrs. DeH.

Immediately Appear Inches Smaller
- You appear inches smaller at once and yet are so comfortable you can scarcely realize that every minute you wear the Perfolastic garments, you are actually reducing at hips, waist, thighs and diaphragm. Every movement you make puts the massage-like effect to work at just the spots where fat first accumulates.

No Diet, Drugs or Exercises!
- You do not have to risk your health or change your comfortable mode of living in any way... and with the loss of fat come increased pep and energy.

Why not test Perfolastic NOW... and prove what it will do for you? You do not risk one penny. If it does not reduce your waist and hips 3 inches in 10 days it will cost you nothing! Learn the details of our 10-Day Trial Offer in the FREE illustrated booklet!

TEST Perfolastic at our expense!

SEND FOR TEN DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

PERFOLASTIC, Inc.
Dept. 710, 41 E. 42nd St., New York, N.Y.
Please send me FREE BOOKLET in plain envelope, also sample of perforated material and particulars of your 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

Name
Address

ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTES! ALWAYS INSIST ON THE ADVERTISED BRAND!

Hollywood Radio Beam

ALICE FAYE attained one of the high points in her career when she began broadcasting for Chesterfield (with Hal Kemp) and emoted before the camera In Old Chicago, her biggest role to date. It was a case of bringing the band (16 pieces) to the girl, because the girl couldn’t go East. Tony Martin, (Miss Faye’s heart throb at the moment) blushed a dark crimson when she sang Goodnight My Love, and he sat in the first row.

JACQUES RENARD celebrated his twelfth radio anniversary recently. His first commercial program was with Morton Downey and ran for a year. Since that time he has been on eight commercials. (At one time Renard paid $185 for a program spot but it started him on his road to success.) Renard and family live next door to Lupe Velez and Johnny Weissmuller. Jacques’ eight-year-old son (being a Tarzan worshipper) climbed the huge wall separating the two yards and gave the Tarzan yell; Lupe hearing him rushed to her window and answered the call. Now they go to market together every day. The Tarzan call brought results. Young Renard is learning to play the violin like his pappy. ... Kathryn Cravens of New York (Hollywood Through a Woman’s Eyes program) was a little upset when upon her first broadcast, the organist failed to appear. Harvey Harding, announcer for the program was able to fill in,

IMAGINE Burgess Meredith’s great embarrassment when he lost his place in The Play’s Thing; especially since every one was ordered to count his pages just before the program went on the air. Meredith managed to ad lib until he found it and few in the radio audience could have noticed it.

AL PEARCE and His Gang have been having lots of fun chiding Eileen Harris over a false rumor in a nationally known newspaper column that she was "blessed evening."

They presented her with a large Dresden china plate inscribed "MOTHER"... Ken Murray says: "A funny voice is the real trade-mark of any program." He has two on his CBS program—one Oswald, who draws, "Oh, Yeah," and Marlyn Stuart, who says, "Oh, Mom, that man’s here again."
Rudy Vallee arrives in Hollywood October 5, for a stay at the Coconut Grove, a picture at Warner Brothers, and the continuation of his weekly radio broadcasts. Vincent Lopez returns to Hollywood and the airplanes September 27, after a swing around the country.

Although M-G-M studios turned down a $25,000 a week contract with Palmolive for a regular nationwide broadcast in late September, Bill Bacher has been signed by that studio as a radio producer and almost all M-G-M screen players are on call for radio when a new deal is set. Bacher first produced the Show Boat hour and for the past three years has produced Louella Parsons' Hollywood Hotel. He is generally recognized as radio's outstanding producer. Miss Berg, producer and player (Molly Goldberg) of the famous radio Goldberg program has left Hollywood after working on S. I. Lesser's Make a Wish, and has signed a new contract which brings the Goldbergs back to the ether waves in late September. Edgar Bergen is writing a series of lessons in ventriloquism for film salesmen who will sell The Goldwyn Follies, his first feature film, to theatremen. Later the book will be available to the public.

Werner Janssen's radio programs scored such a hit that he was engaged to conduct at Hollywood Bowl's famous Symphonies Under the Stars. He is the third radio maestro so honored, Raymond Paige and David Broekman both of CBS having been elected last year.

Virginia Verrill of Showboat hour fame sang the late Jean Harlow's songs in two pictures (dubbing in the voice it is called) and says that Miss Harlow was the most appreciative screen star she ever knew. Ben Alexander's Not for Ladies—an intimate NBC broadcast from Hollywood goes national as it enters its second year on the air. Connie Boswell returns to Ken Murray's network program three weeks in September. Abe Lyman, California band leader, is beginning his fifth year on a nationwide Waltz time program. Meredith Willson and Robert Armbruster, former buddies in the orchestra pit, are now conducting rival coffee programs on the air. Marion Claire, operatic songbird, finished with Bobby Breen's current film has returned East for a season of radio broadcasts.

The new movie season officially

LOVELY FASHION MODEL REVEALS FIGURE-SECRET

My girdles always hold in my figure because I wash them often with Ivory Flakes. It prevents "girdle-bulge"

118 lbs. of allure! Divinely slim yet divinely rounded. Nature didn't do it all! Like all smart models, this girl finds that clothes simply will not fit unless she wears a girdle. "My girdles fit perfectly for months!" says Alicia Quigley, famous model, "because I restore the shape by washing my girdle often with pure Ivory Flakes."

"GIRDLE-BULGE" CURED OVERNIGHT

This "sloppy girdle" with unusually bulges is the result of too few washings. The same girdle...its shape restored overnight when washed with Ivory Flakes.

"Use flakes of pure soap" stores tell me

"When I ask salesgirls in fine stores what they mean by pure soap, they always say 'Ivory Flakes'," explains Miss Quigley. "They say Ivory Flakes are the only soap flakes made of pure Ivory Soap that's safe even for a baby's skin. Ivory revives elastic and other fine materials."

Alicia gives you washing hint: "Wash girdle in lukewarm Ivory Flakes suds, using soft brush. After rinsing, roll in towel to remove water. Shake and hang up at once! Girdle will be dry by morning—as snug-fitting as if new!"

IVORY FLAKES

When answering advertisements, please mention October Hollywood
A DEVASTATING WAY TO DESCRIBE A GIRL

A GIRL might just as well wear a tag when people refer to her as "Oh, that girl!"

For she is marked as a person unpleasant to be with—a person to be avoided because she carries the ugly odor of underarm perspiration on her person and clothing.

You can't expect people, men especially, to tolerate this in a girl, no matter how attractive she may be in other ways.

The smart modern girl knows that her underarms need special daily care. Soap and water alone are not enough.

And she knows the quick easy way to give this care. Mum!

Quick to use. Harmless to clothing. Half a minute, when you're dressing, is all you need to use Mum. Or use it after dressing, any time. For Mum is harmless to clothing.

Soothing to skin. It's soothing to the skin, too. You can use it right after shaving the underarms.

Doesn't prevent natural perspiration. And you should know this—that Mum prevents every trace of perspiration odor without affecting natural perspiration itself.

Don't label yourself as "the girl who needs Mum." Use it regularly every day and you'll be safe! Bristol-Myers Co., 630 Fifth Ave., New York.

MUM

takes the odor out of perspiration

USE MUM ON SANITARY NAPKINS, TOO and you'll never have a moment's worry about this source of unpleasantness.

IF YOU wonder why Jimmy Wallington always says: "Good night, Eddie Cantor!" at the end of each summer Texaco broadcast, it's a plug to let folks know that Cantor is still associated with the program even though not appearing on it. Catch on? . . . Phil Baker, the radio ham and bacon salesman, is in Hollywood for pictures. . . . Joseph M. Schenck of United Artists is in London aiding the promotion of a $10,000,000 Radio City patterned after New York's great monument to the air industry (costing $100,000,000). . . . The daffy Marx Brothers are set for radio and now RKO has offered them a quarter of a million for their next picture appearance . . . The Ben Bernie-Walter Winchell radio feud which carried on for five years seems to have brought results. 20th Century-Fox announces that Wake Up and Live was so successful because of featuring BB and WW that two more movies are to be produced before Christmas . . . Charlie Winninger has appeared on exactly 500 Showboat radio broadcasts and having played 1,700 performances of the play and also the Universal picturization of it one would think he has a right to the title of "Cap'n Henry" which he uses.

We're signing off now until next month, folks!
DANCING IN THE FLASHLIGHT—Joan Blondell and Hubby Dick Powell are doing the light fantastic of Cocosnut Grove, but the distinguishedlooking lady in the foreground is more interested in the camera.

TRYING TO GIVE PAULETTE A BREAK—is Charlie Chaplin, sober-faced comedian, here helping Paulette Goddard look her best for the cameraman at the Stella Dallas preview.

Hollywood's cameraman catches Mr. and Mrs. Donald Woods having lunch at Sardi's.
Stand up for your rights, men...adopt the KLEENEX* HABIT during Colds

- When sniffles start, every man knows how important it is to adopt the habit of using Kleenex Disposable Tissues. Keep a box of your own at home, another at the office.
- Soft, soothing Kleenex is easy on the nose. It saves money; costs less than handkerchief laundering. What's more, Kleenex Tissues tend to retain germs, thus check the spread of colds through the family.
- And men—don't forget Kleenex to wipe spectacles, to clean pipes, to dry razor blades.

Keep Kleenex Tissues in Every Room
And in the Car, too.
To remove face creams and cosmetics...To apply powder, rouge...To dust and polish...For the baby...And in the car—to wipe hands, windshield and greasy spots.

KLEENEX* DISPOSABLE TISSUES
(Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Patent Office)

When George Brent and Constance Worth were married Hollywood lifted an arched brow and said in an undertone: "We didn't know they knew each other," and quietly waited for something to happen. They didn't have to wait very long.

A week later George went on location for a picture. Constance stayed home, which is unusual for a new bride—especially when she's not working.

Rumors began to fly. Soon after Mr. Brent announced that he planned to seek an annulment. In the meantime Mrs. Brent was giving out interviews about her new husband and herself and vigorously denying that all was not well. After George's announcement she was stunned but staunchly declared she couldn't understand what had happened; that when George had left everything had been all right. She also emphatically added there would be no separation action.

Though no one actually knows what did happen Dame Rumor has it that George Brent, who is one of our town's most lonesome people, met Miss Worth, and they were married principally because George wanted a companion.

On the other hand, Miss Worth says that she and George have gone together for sometime...and the only thing she knows that could have happened is that when George went away he decided that he liked being a bachelor better than a husband.

In either case this I know, one week before George was married he called another Hollywood star and asked her to go out the following week. She had a previous engagement so had to refuse. He promised to call again the next week—and two or three days later she picked up a paper and saw that he was married.

TOM BROWN and Natalie Draper are busily breaking records for marriages. So far they've had two—both to each other and are preparing for the third. The first one took place aboard the yacht Arbutus at 3:45 in the morning, twelve miles at sea on July the fourth. Aboard the yacht were their close friends, namely, Johnny Downs, Anne Shirley, John Payne, Paula Stone, George Mason, Bert Kalmar, Jr., Bubbles Draper, Carol Stone, Jimmy Bush, Dorothy and Warren Hull, and the writer. The marriage was supposed to be a secret but Tom told Dixie Dunbar—who said she wanted to get married, too. So...Sunday night after the wedding, Dixie appeared on Walter Winchell's broadcast and he carried the flash that Tom and Natalie were eloping—but she failed to tell Walter that she, too, had been seriously thinking of taking the step.

When Tom and Natalie came back to town they were quietly married again by a justice of the peace and now that their families know, the newlyweds are going to be married again, this time in a church.
GERTRUDE MICHÆL’S favorite sayings are, "I love you a million times" . . . "I knew your mother." Neither makes any sense but she repeats them over and over on the slightest provocation.

JACK COOGAN is now flying in town week-ends from his orchestra tour to see his fiancee, Betty Grable. Betty says that they will be married in December. . . . Anne Shirley and John Payne’s wedding will take place in October or November. . . . Lucille Ball and Al Hall, the director, are a constant twosome . . . and they say that Alice Faye and Tony Martin are still very much in love, but Tony wants to become an orthodox member of his church before he marries.

LEW AYRES has bought almost the whole top of a mountain to build a home for himself. He is going to seriously study astrology there, too. Walter Catlett modestly calls himself, "The Prince of Comedians." . . . Regardless of reports, mother-in-law trouble is not the only reason for the June Lang-Victor Orsatti surprise split-up.

WHY AREN’T BABIES BORN WITH BLACKHEADS?

7 out of 10 women blame their skin for blackheads, when they should blame their cleansing method by Lady Esther

Everywhere I go I hear women say "Oh! well, there’s nothing I can do about it, I guess I was born with this kind of skin?"

They’re referring, of course, to hateful, mocking, stubborn blackheads. But stop a minute and think! Did you ever see a baby with blackheads? Of course not. Then where do those blackheads come from?

These blemishes are tiny specks of dirt which become wedged in your pores.

How do they start?
It’s sad but true, blackheads take root because your cleansing methods fail. You know you can’t wash blackheads away. And they only laugh at your surface cleanser. The longer these blackheads stay in your skin, the blacker and more noticeable they grow.

Switch to a Penetrating Cream
See with your own eyes, the amazing improvement in your skin when a cream really penetrates the dirt in your pores.

Let me send you, free and postpaid, a generous tube of Lady Esther Four Purpose Face Cream, so that you can prove every statement I make. It is an active cream. It’s penetrating, because it penetrates pore-dirt. You can see the results. You can feel the difference.

When your free supply of cream arrives, smooth on enough to cover your face and neck. At the very first touch your skin will perk up. Why? Because my cream is a cooling, soothing, refreshing cleanser.

When you wipe it off, you may be shocked to see how grimy the cloth looks. But it’s a sign this penetrating cream goes after deep-down dirt that causes those blackheads.

Write now for your free supply
Just send me the coupon today, and by return mail I will send you my generous gift tube of Lady Esther Face Cream. I’ll also send you all ten shades of my 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.

MEET THE PREZ AND MRS. PREZ—Robert Montgomery, president of the Screen Actors Guild, having a night off, takes his wife stepping at the Trocadero

(You can paste this on a penny postcard)
Lady Esther, 2000 Ridge Ave., Evanston, II.
Please send me a free supply of Lady Esther Four Purpose Face Cream; also all ten shades of your Face Powder, free and postpaid.
Name _____________________________
Address ___________________________
City _____________________________ State ____________________________
(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ontario)  

WHEN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS, PLEASE MENTION OCTOBER HOLLYWOOD
Things 'n Stuff!

SKINNY, PALE SICKLY? EATING ENOUGH DOESN'T PREVENT DANGEROUS "Multiple Deficiencies" VITAMIN AND MINERAL SHORTAGES

Keep You from Getting the Real Good Out of Food—Often Leave You Skinny, "Half-Sick", Weak and Ailing.

Gains of 5 to 15 lbs., New Strength, New Energy Reported Regularly by Skinny, Sickly Thousands Who Have Helped Correct These Multiple Deficiencies with Kelpamalt Minerals and Vitamins.

If you are skinny, weak, tired out, sickly—unable to gain an adequate weight, or gain one ounce in strength—no matter what you eat, you may actually be suffering from slight uncorrected deficiencies of vitamins and minerals that may often easily be corrected. Unless the root you eat contains ALL the minerals and vitamins essential for the body's chemical processes, even a little bit of food can fail to yield adequate nourishment. The body needs ALL these certain vitamins and minerals to be able to utilize food. Often it is the lack of minerals and vitamins in your diet that is the cause of most ailments. Everyone knows what happens when the body is short of even a small bit of vitamin and iron. The most common result is anemia, an iron-deficiency disease, which is now known to be vitally important to the health and proper functioning of the blood, liver and glands.

MAKE THIS TEST

Try Kelpamalt for a single week. Thousands report they are amazed at the improvement. Kelpamalt may be bought there. Gains of 5 to 15 lbs. in a few weeks are not uncommon. You get better sleep, better digestion and elimination—in case due to common mineral deficiencies. Try and see. Better, say better, and almost invariably say they now feel fine. Kelpamalt costs but little to use and results are guaranteed or money back. Sold by all good stores.

SEEDOL Kelpamalt Tablets

SPECIAL FREE OFFER

Send for FREE Fascinating Instructive 50-page Book on How to Build Strength and Add Weight. No obligation. Kelpamalt Co., Dept. 1286, 27 West 23rd St., N. Y. C. 

20 ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTES! ALWAYS INSIST ON THE ADVERTISED BRAND! 

T WENTIETH Century-Fox has abandoned plans for making a picture with the Dionne quintuplets this year. The quintuplets, just turned three, are past the age when they can entertain an audience as babies and are not old enough to talk, sing or emote as actresses are supposed to do. . . . Sonja Henie's next picture will be Bread, Butter and Rhythm, a musical to go into production after Miss Henie returns from a long-deserved vacation in Norway. . . . Lily Pons is back in Hollywood to make her annual picture for RKO. Her new vehicle is now called A Girl in a Cage after being previously titled Born to Sing.

BUDDY EBSEN, who is barred from barber shops while making a picture, has a rival in Franchot Tone who plays a humble but gallant mountain man, in The Bride Wore Red. . . . Myrna Loy was presented with a streamlined, portable fireplace, to be used in her dressing room as her headquarters appearances in the works of the Bard. . . . Quietly, Clark Gable has been studying motion picture production and the technique of screen writing for three years. Recently he confessed that he had written two screenplays now up for sale. One has an oil field background, a subject he knows by actual experience. The other is a sort of Horatio Alger story.

John Boles gracedy writing autographs at the Malibu Inn, took time to tell us how proud he is of his eldest daughter. She is at an Eastern school specializing in the study of bones. . . . Gertrude Niesen seen with escorts Owen Davis, Jr., and Elisha Cook. (Where's Craig Reynolds?) . . . Scott Kelk is collaborating on a new screen name, Scott Colton. . . . Fay Wray on a shopping tour on the Boulevard stopped to sign 50 autographs in a department store.

LITTLE Caesar is deviating from his usual gangster roles. Edward G. Robinson is going in for Shakespeare and will soon be seen in The Taming of the Shrew. . . . Janet Gaynor signs for one picture a year.

Clark Gable studies technique of screen writing

Janet Gaynor signs for one picture a year

Allen Brook gets good assignment at Columbia

bracelets which are made of Spanish coins 400 years old. (If you look carefully you'll see them in the gypsy sequences of The Firefly).
PREXY Harry Cohn of Columbia is giving the young players at his studio a real break this year. The latest to get a good assignment is that handsome, young Bostonian, Allen Brook, who is featured with Jean Parker and Douglass Montgomery in Life Begins with Love. The son of a wealthy family, young Brook has preferred to go it on his own and in spite of riches which might be his, he has chosen the struggles of the average Hollywood beginner to the influence of friends. Hollywood likes that type of boy.

Jon Hall is a cousin of James Norman Hall, who, with Charles Nordhoff, wrote those virile sagas of the South Sea Islands, The Hurricane and Mutiny on the Bounty. When the novel, The Hurricane, was finished (three years ago) author Hall sent one of the first copies to Jon Hall's parents. Jon read the book, expressed the belief it would make a great picture, but considered it too presumptuous to voice a secret wish that he might play the native hero, "Terangi." Then Samuel Goldwyn sent for him and his dream was realized.

PAUL MUNI will make one more picture for Warners before a long vacation. Mrs. Muni is persuading him to take his holiday, because Muni takes his roles more seriously than almost any other actor. Most of his roles have been historical, and he labors, for months ahead of time, reading up on the character and studying details to shape his characterizations. Mrs. Muni is always with him on the set and he has the utmost confidence in her judgment and relies upon her reactions. His next role will probably be a modern story.... Don Ameche's wife, Honore, always accompanies him to his broadcasts, but never goes in to the broadcasting room. She sits in the automobile and listens to the car radio, jotting down critical notes.

JANET GAYNOR made such a hit in A Star Is Born that David O. Selznick has just signed her to a new contract calling for at least one picture a year and her first, The Angel of Broadway, (authored by Russell Birdwell with her in mind) is to be done in Technicolor.... Louis Hayward has straightened out the contract trouble at Universal and is having a holiday in England with his mother. (Poor, lonesome Ida Lupino!).

When the God of Sleep is playing hide-and-seek and you just can't seem to get your much-needed rest, there is one pleasant way to entice him.

Merely swish a handful or two of LINIT in your tub of warm water—step in—and relax for fifteen minutes. As you lie in the enveloping luxury of its velvety smoothness, close your eyes and think of a rose bathed in the moonlight of a June evening. Now step out, dry off and slip into bed!

How delightful it is to let the results of a LINIT BEAUTY BATH caress your skin and relax your body into slumberland. You, too, will agree that the world’s most pleasant remedy for fatigue is a restful, soothing LINIT BEAUTY BATH.

THE BATHWAY TO A SOFT, SMOOTH SKIN

When answering advertisements, please mention October Hollywood
THE
ROMANCE
OF
RED PEPPER

By EMILY NORRIS

LEO CARRILLO was giving a party. Which means that a good third of Hollywood was streaking it over to the Carrillo ranch for supper, while the other two-thirds, mouth watering, enviously awaited turns at the next invitation affair.

Because, when Carrillo invites people to supper, he invites people. Ten hungry guests constitute a very small gathering, in his opinion, for which to get out the soup kettle and the coffee pot; he prefers ten times that many. Merely hint that "company" is in the offing, and his dark eyes begin to glow with the spontaneous hospitality he's inherited from the spacious times of his Early Californian ancestors; one of whom, Governor Carlos Antonio, was almost as famous as Leo himself for the feasts he spread before his friends.

Carrillo in his recent film, Fifty-Second Street, found himself decked out by Warner Studios in a chef's cap and apron. They told him to act as if he were a cook. "Act!" cried the descendant of the earliest aristocracy in America, "I AM a cook!"

Senor Leo Carrillo lets you in on some of the secrets of his justly famous Spanish dinners in which red peppers play the part of the hero

He is, too. In spite of his talents for acting and writing, his flair for Spanish antiques, and his college training (in Boston, incidentally), Carrillo numbers proudly among his accomplishments the ability to whip up as fine a meal as you ever tasted anywhere. He's one of the authorities on Spanish food; one of the best preparers—and providers—of it in the country.

"And why not?" he will contend in that mellow Spanish
voice, his brown glance twinkling, his attitude gay as befits a man speaking of victuals, "is there a subject more important than food? Is there a subject more entertaining?"

He was standing near the generous barbecue pit where, because the night was mild, some of the food would be roasted. But while the Castilian conquerors of California cooked their food over wood and charcoal fires, much of it in the open or in open shed-kitchens, it's possible (as Carrillo pointed out) for moderns with fireplaces or with gas stoves to adapt the old era recipes to the new era devices.

HIGH among the Santa Monica hills, with a wide vista of rolling country starred with distant lights and of black sea with a track of golden moon, the house that Leo built is a perfect example of the architecture and furnishings that pleased his forebears.

The Carrillo home, for instance, is of adobe; mud bricks dried in the sun—an ideal construction for a sub-tropical land because the four-foot walls insure cool rooms shaded from sun glare. Scooped in these walls are deep-set windows and, inside the rooms, lots of huge fireplaces. This "ranch house" ranks as a palacio, really, with its strongly tinted draperies, its great rugs on wood and tiled floors, its carved oak and mahogany Spanish furniture, most of it centuries old.

Beyond the kitchen doorway, Carrillo was busy over the soup. Around him he had collected copper pots and earthenware dishes, as well as an array of steel wire spits for the barbecue.

From the red and green peppers, the Mexican spices and herbs, the meat, the garlic cloves, the rice and chicken, he was concocting a variety of viands. They included "caldillo." The name is an endearing diminutive which means, as it were, a "nice little soup." He reached out for the "oregana" accented on the second syllable with a short "e"—with which to season the mixture; oregano, or Mexican sage.

BUBBLING with humor, as the soup bubbled on the stove, his wit pungent as the herbs about him, Carrillo said blithely that another logical dish after soup would be arroz con pollo; rice with chicken. There'd be carne asada, likewise; broiled meat, barbecued—with two kinds of sauce. Sometimes one might have a tamale pie instead of, say, the frijoles. Plenty of tortillas, naturally, the Mexican griddle-cake equivalents of bread.

"You make a small cornucopia of the tortilla," he explained, "you fill it with frijoles. And you have a Spanish ice cream cone!"

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**Save Big Money on WINDOW SHADES**

**LOOKS LIKE LINEN...COSTS 15¢!**

---

**Buy 15¢ CLOPAYs**

**AT 5 AND 10¢ AND NEIGHBORHOOD STORES EVERYWHERE**

**Only CLOPAYs Have These Amazing Advantages***

*IMAGINE having fresh, lovely-looking shades at every window all the time, for a fraction of what it used to cost! Yes, you can! Actually get 10 window shades for the price of one...and they look like costly linen! Wear 2 years and more. No wonder thousands of women everywhere are switching to 15¢ CLOPAYs...the gorgeous new window shades made of an amazing new cellulose material that looks like costly linen. CLOPAYs won't crack, won't pinhole, won't fray or curl. Everybody mistakes them for expensive shades...yet CLOPAYs cost only 15¢...in full 6-foot lengths...ready to attach to old rollers in a jiffy with CLOPAY's patented gummed strip...that needs no tacks or tools...Buy beautiful 15¢ CLOPAYs at 5 and 10¢ and neighborhood stores everywhere. Your choice of many lovely patterns and plain colors. Ready to attach to roller, only 15¢ each. Roller and brackets, 15¢ extra. Write for FREE color samples...to CLOPAY Corp., 1250 York Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.
For dessert, little Spanish panches or apple turnovers; some preserved rind, pumpkin rind, and preserved fruits. A good meal, no? Coffee—but, mind you, made exactly right. And then, to top off: "A Spanish cigarette rolled about the size of a soda fountain straw. Finally, a siesta. And dream of those you care about."

Here are some of the recipes handed down in the Carrillo family since the far days when highdagoes owned the Pacific shore line from Santa Barbara to San Diego.

Caldillo
Frijoles con Queso Aroz con Pollo
Carne Assada
Tortillas Olives
Panches
Preserved Pumpkin Rind
Preserved Fruits Coffee

CALDILLO
Wash jerked venison (or dried beef); drain in collard, put in oven and roast it to dry well. Mash with hammer to shred it. Meanwhile, you've chopped together a large pan of green onion, a little garlic, and green peppers to taste; fry this with the shredded jerked meat, adding a small can of solid packed tomatoes. Cook about ten minutes, add water and let it boil like soup. Add, for extra flavor, oregano or Mexican sage. You will need a deep pan, of course. If there's a Mexican section in your town, you can probably buy jerked beef there, and possibly jerked vension, and certainly oregano.

FRIJOLES CON QUESO
Buy the small, Spanish, pink beans—the frijolets. Soak the night before, two inches of water over the top of them. Next day you may have to add a little water, but don't take any water out—put in a pinch of soda and boil for about three hours, "till you can bust one between your fingers and thumb." A mess of these beans ought to last a week, if you want to make it for your meal. You can put a ladle full of them into a frying pan of hot lard, squash them so that they exude moisture, and let them simmer slowly. Add salt, pepper, garlic, and a big piece of American cheese in the middle of the dish.

AROZ CON POLLO
Remember that a couple of cups of rice are enough for four people. Wash the rice well in collard until all the white water disappears. While rice is draining in collard, braise about two handfuls of onions, a pinch of garlic, and a few green peppers; do not fry these too much. In a pan of very hot lard, fry the rice to a golden brown and mix the two together. Or you can fry the rice first and then add the rest in the same pan.

Meantime, you have parboiled a chicken about ten to twenty minutes; it depends on the chicken. Add to the rice a can of tomatoes, let simmer about twenty minutes and cut down the fire toward the end; never stir it. When rice is about half done (after ten minutes), put in the chicken in small pieces—each about half the size of your hand. Flavor all Spanish dishes of this kind with oregano or quilantra; both are varieties of sage.

CARN ASSADA
(broiled meat, barbecued)

Use your own choice of meat. Carrillo uses shortribs, the kind with the most meat on them. For preference, thread the meat on a five-foot skewer ("assabor" in Spanish) and—whatever you thread it on—cook over a hard-wood fire after the fire has been reduced to coals and has no flames; if the fire blazes up, sprinkle a little water to reduce the flame. Turn the meat slowly—and now comes the trick. You have chopped a couple of handfuls of parsley very fine with a small amount of garlic; salt it; float it in a bowl of olive oil. Take a small green twig, the size of your finger and about two feet long, and make a swab by wrapping cloth around the end of it; with this, dipped in the olive oil bowl, occasionally paint the meat as you roast it.

Prepare a sauce, called "salsa," from peeled green chile peppers, solid packed tomatoes, and onions. Chop all these very fine; the onions should be chopped to about the size of your little fingernail. Add salt, one tablespoon of vinegar, and serve with the meat.

Another sauce for this barbecue: Scald red, dried chiles, or boil them a little bit; put them through a collard or a sausage machine, then extract the juice by squeezing through cheesecloth. The night before, or a couple of days before, take very big olives and puncture each with fork, chop garlic to size of a pin head, put garlic in jar with the olives and let stand in olive oil. Add these olives with chopped onions to the red sauce (or the chiles), add salt, and serve with meat.
Lucky old Highlander

First Chief of his Clan—tradition says this old Highland warrior never had a toothache! Tough, chewy foods gave his teeth ample exercise—kept them in prime condition! His descendants eat soft, refined foods, giving teeth too little exercise.

WISE MODERNS CHEW DENTYNE — because Dentyne’s firmer consistency invites more vigorous chewing—gives teeth and gums the active exercise they need! It stimulates circulation in gums and mouth tissues, helps make them firmer, healthier—and wakens the salivary glands, promoting self-cleansing. Dentyne helps keep your teeth stronger, healthier—and cleaner!

IT TASTES SO SPICILY TEMPTING — you’ll be keen about Dentyne’s fragrant and delicious flavor! And the flat Dentyne package (an exclusive feature) is so exceptionally handy to slip into your pocket or purse.
Your eyes will open wide with wonder!

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

SONJA HENIE • TYRONE POWER

ARThUR TREACHER
RAYMOND WALBURN
JOAN DAVIS
SIG RUMANN • ALAN HALE
LEAH RAY • MELVILLE COOPER
MAURICE CASS • GEORGE GIVOT

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

Associate Producer Raymond Griffith
Screen Play by Boris Ingster and Milton Sperling
From the play "Der Komet" by Attila Orbok
DARRYL F. ZANUCK in Charge of Production

Your guarantee of the best in entertainment!
Barbara Read and Tom Brown carry the romantic roles in Universal's mystery drama, Too Clever To Live.
Hollywood's newest glamour girl! That's what they call Dorothy Lamour since her sensational climb to motion picture stardom within a year!

By WHITNEY WILLIAMS

LET an exotique wear a sarong (pareu, to you, if you're French) in a picture, and she's bound to captivate the cash-customers.

Let that exotique be talented and beautiful, possessed of a lovely singing voice and a figure to dream about—let her, in short, be Dorothy Lamour—and she's little less than sensational.

If you think back a bit, to The Jungle Princess, you'll readily recall Dorothy as the native girl who sang so hauntingly "Moonlight and Shadows." That was her initial screen appearance, and in that first picture Dorothy proved beyond doubt that she possessed that elusive quality so essential to success on the screen.

Without any of the mannerisms that ordinarily brand the newcomer as such, she sang her way into the hearts of all who saw her. Quietly, yet convincingly, she evinced a charm that at once rocketed her to a favored position among the more glamorous ladies of the screen.

That was why, when Samuel Goldwyn began casting for the part of Marama in The Hurricane, he immediately selected Dorothy Lamour for the muchly-coveted leading feminine role.

When Dorothy elected to don the sarong of a Polynesian once again in a picture, many of the wiseacres in Hollywood sadly shook their heads.

"Too bad," they mumbled in their beards. "She'll be typed, certainly, doing another native girl role."

Dorothy, however, entertains other ideas on the subject.

"I wouldn't have dared pass up the chance," she declared. "It's the sort of opportunity that strikes once in a lifetime."

"When I finished The Jungle Princess, I never wanted to see another abbreviated costume. I was afraid producers might think I couldn't do anything but native girls, and be known as a player with more curve appeal than acting ability. But that was some time ago. So here I am, gone native once more and enjoying it." [Continued on page 66]
GERTRUDE MICHAEL
as she appears in her new Paramount picture, Sophie Lang Goes West
Hollywood Magazine again scoops the field—this time with the only story you'll ever read expounding Gary Cooper's views on parenthood and his plans for his baby!

"THE KID"

AS TOLD BY
GARY COOPER
TO S. R. MOOK

Outside, the sky was blue, the birds were singing. Inside, on the set of Souls at Sea, all was gayety and laughter. Gary Cooper was being repeatedly dunked in the make-believe sea, following the shipwreck at the end of the picture. Each immersion was followed by shouts and gales of laughter from the extras who thought it was all too, too funny.

Between takes Gary and I went outside so he could drip and dry off in comfort.

"Hey, Gary," I said, "what about your baby?"

"Well, what about it, Dick?" he asked finally.

"What plans have you made for it?"

"You mean the baby?" he inquired vaguely, as though he was not at all sure what I was talking about.

"Yeah, sure—the baby," I replied patienty.

"Well, no plans at all. We're just waiting—waiting until September." And then he burst out, "Gee, Dick, you don't just make plans. I guess kids more or less make their own plans. You don't get up a schedule for them—or anything like that. They might think you were trying to put something over on them and start bawling. If you were foolish enough to make plans, they'd change them for you."

Gary's outburst was not as coherent as it sounds. The shy, stammering, hesitant Cooper is still shy, stammering and hesitant. Approaching fatherhood hasn't changed him.

"No plans at all?" I persisted.

"None," he averred positively.

"Then where's he going to sleep?" I demanded triumphantly.

Gary looked at me with something like alarm. "Oh," he muttered vaguely, "we're putting up an extra room right next to our bedroom. You [Continued on page 78]"
YOUNG love has lifted its bright head in Hollywood. Anne Shirley and John Payne are in love. They will be married in the autumn.

"Tell me about it," I said to Anne. Anne, nineteen, in blue slacks and woolly blue sweater and little jacket with a sailor collar, her red-brown eyes, her red-lily hair as bright as the diamond she wore on her "promised" finger. And Anne told me all about it, guileless and glad, no shadows across that love nor her talk of it.

"I fell in love," Anne said, simply. As if, saying so, she had said it all. She added, laughing, "we fell in love. Do you know Johnny? Have you seen him? Don't you think he is—well, sort of a combination of Jimmy Stewart and Ray Milland? All himself, of course. Not like anyone else, not like anyone else in the world. But if I had to try to describe him to someone who had never seen him, just to give an idea of him, that's what I'd say... he's wonderful, he's perfect. He's really perfect! He's so big and strong.

"Well, we met first, about a year ago, at a party at Lee Bowman's. Lee is a very nice boy. I'd been out with him occasionally. He played the part of Claudette's sort of sappy suitor in I Met Him In Paris, you know. Well, we met at Lee's. We were both in make-up, Johnny was making Hats Off then. He said 'how do you do' and I said 'how do you do'—and that was all. Then we met again, a few months later, at my birthday party. Johnny didn't ask me to dance. I never thought about whether he did or not. I didn't think about him afterwards, either. It wasn't love at first sight at all. But it will be love at last sight, though, and that's the best.

THEN, just eight weeks and five hours ago today, we met again. For the third time. And again at Lee's. That afternoon Johnny said to me 'do you ever eat?' 'Now and then,' I told him. He said, 'Let's have dinner together.' [Continued on page 74]
BECAUSE she is a woman with a remarkable strength and tenacity of purpose — because she has intelligence to follow a given course once she has set it — Frances Farmer, at this writing, gives indication of becoming the most misunderstood woman in Hollywood.

At present she is definitely a dual personality, the real Frances Farmer, with whom few people have troubled themselves to become acquainted and, on the other hand, a mythical person created by ignorance and heedless gossip.

Therefore, it's time to get acquainted with the real Frances Farmer and to forget the woman who is merely a creation of idle minds.

Frances, with the tenacity of a bulldog as one of her characteristics, is not only going to make good in motion pictures, but she's going to make a name for herself on the stage.

The idea of becoming an actress came to her when she was 14 years old — a stockish, not very attractive high school sophomore. She forthwith went to the attic of her family's Seattle home, exercised to banish the stockiness until she was exhausted, sought out her very practical mother in the kitchen and announced:

"I'm going to get thin. I'm going to be an actress. You just wait and see."

"You'll forget that," replied her mother. But her mother was wrong. Frances didn't forget. And, from that time on, an acting career was the definite, sincere goal of her life.

TODAY, in Hollywood, people say that Frances has a tremendous ego, that she is temperamental, that she won't cooperate. Let's consider all of these charges, any one of them apt to spell ruin to her.

The charges of ego can be dismissed with a short story.

The other day I drew an assignment and went to Frances with it. In explanation of what I wanted, I began: "Frances, I've got to have some material from you and the other stars —"

She smiled.

"Then you'd better go and see the stars," she replied.

There was no ring of false modesty. There was no thought of not co-operating. That was just a plain statement of fact.

You never get anything from Farmer but fact. She won't, for the sake of a publicity story, say things that she doesn't feel. She wouldn't do things which in ordinary life she wouldn't do, for the sake of attracting attention.

And she won't enter into any of the other Hollywood fol-de-rol for the purpose of being seen.

(Continued on page 70)

Because she has a mind of her own — and uses it — Frances Farmer is the most misunderstood woman in Hollywood.
Enshrined in the heart of Hollywood is Lionel Barrymore who, as writer, director, and actor has spent twenty-eight of his fifty-nine years in making motion pictures and making friends.

By MARY SHARON

IN HOLLYWOOD, a man is known by the friends he keeps. Lionel Barrymore's friends are legion and they come from every walk in life, yet all have this much in common. They are without pretense, honest and sincere. At the head of the list, stands Frank Stevens, his stand-in, and Clark Gable, the star.

Clark is his closest friend. Lionel discovered him and started him on his way to fame. Clark has not forgotten and whenever a role appears in his scripts that seems to fit Lionel, he insists that he be cast for it.

We had talked with Lionel one afternoon during the filming of Sarafoga. He told us that he had been suffering considerable pain from an old knee injury. And he had spent the previous day in the dentist's chair.

Sitting there, waiting for his call, made up like an old man, he seemed so worn, that we wondered secretly if he would be able to go through his lines. Then the director called him to take his place and he was just like a firehorse waiting for the signal. He completely dominated the scene. After it was over, Clark patted him on the back.

"You old hoss thief!" he chided, as they crossed the sidelines for a moment's rest.

While we waited for his return, we talked with Frank Stevens, his stand-in.

"I am the only stand-in Lionel has ever had," he told us proudly, "I have worked with him for eleven years. In the beginning, I used to free lance around the studios. Whenever I had a chance to work some place else, Lionel would do his own standing-in, so the studio would not put some other man in my place."

During his years in Hollywood, Lionel has helped so many people over little bumps, that he is universally beloved. Yet he is quiet to the point of being self-effacing.

HE DOESN'T care for publicity and can count on one hand, the interviews he has given. Yet one of the studio publicity writers is one of his best friends.

This writer tells me that Lionel does not despise publicity by any means, but he has lived long enough to know that fame and acclaim are not too important. He gets far more actual joy from his etchings and his music, than he does from premieres or banquets in his honor.

When the Academy gave him their coveted award for his role of the father in A Free Soul, this writer hunted all
Lionel Barrymore, Clark Gable and Cliff Edwards in a scene from Saratoga, the M-G-M racetrack picture in which Gable and the late Jean Harlow are co-starred.

Lionel excels in father roles. Perhaps he has gained his understanding through the manner in which he has fathered the Barrymore clan. They all look to him in emergencies and he never fails to see them through.

His studio-dressing-room is filled with prints and landscapes, mostly marine studies. One of his etchings was included last year by the Society of American Etchers in New York, in the "Hundred Best Prints of the Year."

There is a story behind his studio dressing-room. He discovered it while he was directing. Originally, it was used as a store-room for props and Lionel moved in an easel and worked there. When the studio wanted to give him some reward for his fine work in A Free Soul all that he wanted was permission to fix up this little room for his art studio.

It is reached by an arduous climb, which is not so good for his knee sometimes, but it does give him sanctuary and quiet when he wants to be alone.

When he was a young man, he was athletic and the majority of his friends were prize-fighters and wrestlers. He liked to box and wrestle with them in friendly fashion.

It is his one boast that he was knocked out once by John L. Sullivan. They were great friends [Continued on page 68].

Lionel Barrymore as he appeared in Devil Doll.
MEN WHO

LOUIS B. MAYER'S decisions and moves have more than once determined a trend for the whole picture industry. Therefore the big, transatlantic game he is now playing has Hollywood sitting up nights figuring.

Here are important facts, gleaned as the M-G-M studio head boarded a plane for New York to catch a fast liner for England:

Robert Taylor is due, quickly, to go to London and star in Yank at Oxford, in the giant, modern M-G-M studio opening there. Bob's comment is brief: "It's okay with me, so long as I play an American part. I'd make a poor Duke or a poor Welsh miner. No matter where I go or what I do, I suspect I'll always remain plain American."

Spencer Tracy's first picture abroad is set. It will be Shadow of the Wing, with full co-operation from the British Royal Air Force. This ought to be duck-wing soup for Spencer.

It's definitely decided that Clark Gable will follow his famous pals, but Clark's story hasn't yet been picked.

A dozen questions arise. Important ones include:

1. What lucky girls will play opposite these three top-of-the-world male stars?
2. Will the American M-G-M studio receive top-ranking English stars to try their talents in Hollywood?
3. And will our girl stars go abroad?

IT SEEMS sure that the most popular women actresses in England and Europe will receive tests to determine their suitability for these marvelous roles. That may mean new glamour girls for world-wide fame! Garbo, Dietrich, Rainer—many other scintillants—came to us from abroad.

It's reasonable to suppose that, with studios running full blast on both sides the Atlantic, M-G-M will make the swapping of stars a two-way matter. Look for an English vogue in Hollywood!

Metro's galaxy of women stars—some of the best of them—will take picture-making trips to England. Details are not decided yet.

Another certain fact: British-made Metro pictures will sparkle with the technique and snap-pace of American production methods. Directorial, writing, artistic and mechanical genius will

THE STARS

be loaned from Culver City to London—in quantity.

What does this new development mean in the future of motion pictures?

LOUIS B. MAYER is famous as "the man who can't be interviewed." About his company's policies he talks less than Ol' Man River. However, the day he left for England he did say, exclusively for this magazine:

"Hollywood brings the world to the United States and the United States to the world. This interchange—of writing brains, talent, music, traditions—is important to world peace. It is equally important to good entertainment which knows no geography and has no international boundary lines."

That stirs the imagination. Will Hollywood some day be a sort of clearing-house, a talent-exchange station, for picture-making in every country? The English experiment is being watched with held breath, because the idea is big and because its author has a record for doing big things—successfully.

"L. B." is an old ocean-jumper. When his company was first formed, in 1924, one of the assets was a picture being filmed in Italy. One million dollars had already been spent on it, Mayer crossed the ocean, took a look, fired the scenarist and hired Frances Marion. He ditched a world-famous star and put in an unknown extra—Ramon Novarro. A new ace director crossed the ocean. Ten thousand critics called Mayer crazy.

After another year's work in Italy, Mayer transported the whole company to Hollywood, built a Coliseum that made Nero's seem cheap, and finished Ben Hur. The most daring gamble in movie history, that single picture put the new company on a solid financial basis, where it has stayed.

AT THAT time one company was spending millions for famous writers, and advertising them. Another was placing its main hope in great directors. Mayer said: "The stars. the thing!" People laughed at Metro's motto: "More Stars than There Are in Heaven," but the policy of developing and exploiting vivid screen personalities has helped keep Mayer's studio always in the top flight.

How about [Continued on page 76]
times before—and those fights had ended with him on the losing end. The man in his corner saw his rising wrath, tried to cool him down, but they failed.

He went thoroughly, blindly mad as the next round opened, advanced swinging wildly. His calm opponent watched for an opening, found it, whipped a left hook to the stomach. The black-haired boy doubled. The crowd, seeing the end approaching, rose, cheered the victor. As the mad fighter buckled, the tranquil one swung and clipped him on the point of the jaw.

George Raft folded neatly to the canvas and was counted out.

Today, we relived that scene in his dressing room, George and I. George was busy explaining himself by incident, anecdote and allegory, which is his manner of getting his points across. It's very graphic—and highly successful.

"Now, I get to the point," he said. "First, that beating was the last one I ever took. I knew I should quit before I got slaphappy. But that wasn't the important part of it. It taught me that if I was going to get along in the ring or out of it, I had to hang onto my temper. I had a wow of a temper. I've still got most of it, but it's getting more and more under control.

"A fighter learns never to fight when out of the ring. He learns it isn't good business. Since I've come into pictures, I've held my punches plenty. I want peace. I don't want to fight, either with words or with fists. I want to give the other guy a break. I don't start burning until I think the other fellow is wrong, whether the other fellow happens to be somebody I work with or a whole studio."

"Then," says George, [Continued on page 72]
They're gambling a two-million dollar production at the Goldwyn Studios that slim, blonde Sigrid Gurie who has never acted before a motion picture camera in her life, will make good in The Adventures of Marco Polo! Meet the new star of the North!

SHARING responsibility for a two million dollar production with Gary Cooper is a slim little blonde who has been in Hollywood less than a year from Norway and who never before has acted in a motion picture.

She is Sigrid Gurie and she is unimpressed by the size of the stake Samuel Goldwyn is gambling that she will make a striking success in The Adventures of Marco Polo. She is pleased with her own American adventure and delighted with the strange and fascinating work which keeps her engrossed at the studio. But flabbergasted? No.

Not only has Sigrid brought new, golden beauty to Hollywood with truly regal grace, she is a princess of the screen who lives incognito in the cinema capital. "I have no social life here," she said with a smile that expresses cordial charm and which never quite leaves. "I am asked not to make new acquaintances in Hollywood and not to go out evenings to night clubs and not to go to parties. So I have just kept to myself. Except for the friends I have made at the studio, of course."

Since her arrival in Hollywood last September, Miss Gurie has lived her hermit's life at Goldwyn's request. No, she isn't planning to follow the example of her fellow Scandinavian, Greta Garbo, whom she has not met. Sigrid does not want to be alone. When the film is finished, Hollywood society can expect the debut of a gracious, friendly miss who is eager to meet the charming people she has heard so much about.

"Mr. Goldwyn explained that he wanted me to appear in The Adventures of Marco Polo, exactly as I was when we signed our contract," Sigrid said. "It is hard for me to imagine how I might change by making more friends, but it is natural, I suppose, to be influenced by people one likes. Since I've said I would, anyway, I can wait."

Accepting a bargain without rebellion seems to be characteristic of Sigrid.

"OF COURSE it is lonely sometimes," Sigrid admitted. "My maid is nice company and I have exchanged home dinners with my studio friends, to be sure. I'm not in solitary confinement. But there are hours when I would like to be with someone—and there is nobody. I read a lot."

All that will be different when Marco Polo is finished. Unless all the town's eligible [Continued on page 67]
THE MOST DANGEROUS MEN

EDWARD EVERTT HORTON: American, Height 6 ft., Age 48. Shifty grey eyes; excitable; single; assumes role of neurotic, meddlesome, irresponsible society type. Uses double-talk. Well mannered, soft spoken but particularly dangerous to romantic scenes where the heroine and hero wish to be alone.

HENRY ARMETTA: Italian-American, Height 5'10, Age 49. Extremely nervous, fidgety, always worried, veteran assassin of the blues. Never fails to throw others into utter confusion and so clever is he that he immediately dominates every scene the moment he enters picture. Married. Children. Dangerous. (At large)

ERIC BLORE: English, Height 5'10, Age 49. Usually works as butler or valet to become intimate with associates then ruins serious scenes with his skilful manipulation of laughs. Has gained access to best social circles in Hollywood studios. Frequently seen with the ex-gangster Edward Arnold. (At large)

CHARLES RUGGLES: American, Height 5'11, Age 48. Grey hair; blue-grey eyes. Frequently plays role of a drunk or a tramp to gain entrance to better pictures then proceeds to steal best scenes by tricks and smart talk. Dangerous in any society. Long record for picture stealing. Lost seen at Paramount.

ALAN MOWBRAY: English war veteran, Height 6 ft., blue eyes, Age 43. Married. Employs wide variety of disguises. Frequently seen as mad inventor or butler. Poker face and assumes dumdness to gain inside information on romantic scenes. Prankster, life of the party type. Extremely dangerous. (At large)

BEN BLUE: American, Height 5'08, Age 36. Former musician and dancer. When vaudeville died took up residence in Hollywood and operates with comedy gang at Paramount. Plays dumb, working men characters. Unexpectedly turns up in comedy-drama and always walks off with scenes. Frequently violent. (At large)
IN HOLLYWOOD

Filmland's Rogue's Gallery Contains Many Famous Faces. When These Scene Stealers Get to Work Taylor, Gable and Power Haven't a Chance. (Watch Out For Them)

IN HOLLYWOOD

LEO CARRILLO: American, Height 6 ft., Age 45. Descendant of early California family and admitted bandit and badman. Assumes light-hearted, care-free attitude to meet leading stars in pictures and then steals scenes with abandon providing clever alibis when caught. Has terrorized many quiet dramas. (At large)

HERMAN BING: German-American, Height 6 ft., Age 48. Usually seen as excitable, sputtering shopkeeper or cook. Adopts various disguises to get into best pictures then steals scenes feigning ignorance when caught. Recently left Hollywood, but threatens another attack on gloom when he returns. (At large)

FRANK McHUGH: Irish-American, Height 5 ft., Age 38. Married. Children. Usually seen at race tracks, aboard ships and backstage in theatrical productions where his carefree manner gains him advantages. Best known for stealing serious scenes with untimely appearance in gleeful state. Dangerous. (At large)

ANDREW DEYINE (alias Gravel Throat): From Arizona, Height 6'01, Age 31. Former life guard, football player, radio croaker, golfer and "heavy". Popular with athletic stars at pictures. Fast worker. Recently known to have stolen Jack Benny radio show and war film, Road Back. Dangerous comedy character. (At large)

HUGH HERBERT (alias Waa-Waa): American, Height, 5'08, Age 49. Given entire life to stealing scenes both stage and screen. Usually works as good-natured, paternal, business man. Inventive mind and frequently uses own creations to ruin seriousness of dramatic scenes. One of famous Warner comedy mab. Dangerous

DICKIE MOORE: American, Height 4'03, Age 9. Raised as scene stealer from infancy. Because of extreme youth usually given warm welcome into best pictures then proceeds to steal scenes and hearts of audience employing filmdom's most beautiful brown eyes with devastating effect. Must be watched. (At large)

OCTOBER, 1937
ANOTHER HOLLYWOOD MAGAZINE SCOOP!

FREDDIE AND I—
THE TRUTH

AS TOLD EXCLUSIVELY BY

GUY K. AUSTIN

ON APRIL 4th last Freddie Bartholomew legally became my adopted child with the consent of his parents. This is the first time that I have ever told something of the truth behind the litigation that has unfortunately centered around his young head during the past fifteen months and which I am afraid is still unended. All the lawyers expenses of the entire case have been placed upon his young shoulders and this state of affairs I am contesting.

I have no wish to re-open the matter of the case which Freddie's father and mother brought against me last year. Suffice it to say that the courts decided that it would be in the boy's interests to remain with me—and that since that decision was made the parents have done their best to show that they now have Freddie's happiness and welfare at heart.

Before this case I had already set aside from Freddie's earnings about twenty-six thousand dollars for his future. I was happy in the knowledge that my fight for recognition for him that I had waged without ceasing ever since I first took care of him at the age of four, had succeeded. David Copperfield had established him in the hearts of the motion picture fans here and abroad. Within a year I saw his earnings leap from $135 to more than $1,200 a week. We were happy together. His future was secured. But now...

FREDDIE is my adopted son. He is happier today than he has ever been in his life in the certain knowledge that I whom he has loved (as a mother) all through the past ten years of his childhood, am now really his. But at what a sacrifice!

You may sit back and feel envious of his position—and more. Freddie Bartholomew, a film star at 131! Earning $1,250 a week! What a fortune! Many a family lives for a year on what he makes in a week! That is only too true. Yet I am forced now to realize, unless my present fight is successful, that in a few years time many of those 25 a week families may be better off than we.

Let me state my side of the case to correct those erroneous state- [Continued on page 62]
THE SCREEN'S BEST

Contrary to gossip, Bette Davis is not the great star determined to have her own way regardless of others—she's as "regular" as a trouper

By ARTHUR JANISCH

WOULD you believe that Bette Davis spends her spare time pinching tender plants to see them shrink and wither, scowling fiendishly at gentle old ladies, and making babies cry?

Of course not, yet—some people seem to think that the reason Bette makes such a success of roles like that in Of Human Bondage is because that is the way she is in real life.

Bette Davis, more so, perhaps, than any other star in Hollywood is unchanged by the roles she portrays on the screen.

She would not, could not, be the great actress she is if she were like her screen characters in real life.

Authority for that statement is none other than Paul Muni.

"One must look at the character he is to portray," says Muni, "with the detached, analytical viewpoint of the intelligent observer. A real thief on stage or screen would not look like a real thief. He would not be an actor; he does not understand why he is a thief. The actor analyzes the character of the thief; he is great as an actor because he can project the personality of the thief over that of his own personality."

"It is ridiculous to assume that an actor in real life is like the character he portrays. Being an actor, he discards his character when he discards his make-up. Were he not to do this he would not be an actor and there is no place on stage or screen for those who are not actors."

Bette Davis is a fiery individual, determined in her likes and dislikes, yet kind and considerate.

A NEW man assigned to work on one of Bette's pictures often is ready to admit that he is prepared to dislike her. Bette is not unpopular in Hollywood, but Hollywood is a city of gossip and legends. Her contract disagreement with Warner Bros. studio—which cost her at least $50,000—now happily settled to the satisfaction of all concerned—and other things occasionally are distorted to the detriment of Bette.

But the new man meets Bette, convinces her he is a "regular" and comes back extolling her praises.

To return to her acting ability—she looks at all pictures with a keen, analytical mind. If things are not to her liking she gets what she wants by her determination which knows no obstacles. She is not the great star determined to have her own way regardless of the rights of her demands; invariably she is right, as all who have worked with her will testify.

In That Certain Woman, she portrayed a secretary in the smart offices of a dignified corporation. It was decided that Bette was to wear her hair in a page boy's bob, smooth and sleek with the... [Continued on page 65]
1. A coat any co-ed would like to own is this grey kidskin with narrow turned down collar worn by Priscilla Lane in Warner Bros. Varsity Show.
5. For the leisure hour Priscilla Lane wears wool challis lounging pajamas, of navy blue with a clever Dutch boy and girl motif in watermelon, Nile green and white—an ensemble indispensable to the fair co-ed's wardrobe.

2. The necessity for a sleek, sophisticated formal is answered in this steel blue satin with intricate neckline, and smooth hipline. Priscilla Lane wears with it a corsage of a single orchid combined tastefully with lilies of the valley.

3. An ideal dress for the college girl's wardrobe is this dance frock of tissue paper taffeta, modelled by Rosemary Lane. Sparkle is added with silver stitching in a floral pattern.

4. Just the thing for the football game is this fur coat of cream and brown tones with intricately cut collar, broad shoulders and belted sleeves. It is modelled by Rosemary Lane.

6. Indispensable to the co-ed is this sweater and skirt outfit. The sweater Rosemary Lane wears is a carmel shade, the skirt is made of wood brown wool, and the jacket is old gold suede.
BARELY out of her teens, and after having supported her family since the age of twelve, little Miss Rochelle Hudson finds herself a Fox star, earning a salary of four figures a week, and yet so wretchedly unhappy that she can’t sleep at night!

At first glance this would seem to be a treatise on “Uneasy Lies the Head that Wears a Bank Account,” but Rochelle finds nothing amusing or superficial in her situation. The troubles of this diminutive brunette are very real to her. As real as the doubts that assailed Joan Crawford in 1932; for oddly enough there is a certain strong parallel between Rochelle’s career and the career of the dynamic Joan.

Our most vivid recollection of Miss Rochelle Hudson dates from early in 1931, when she was under contract to RKO. She was a rather gangling, wide-eyed kid of thirteen or fourteen, then. Previously she had been signed by Fox; signed because of the intriguing loveliness of her face and her fine singing voice. And then she was dropped, without having sung a song. Whereupon RKO gave her a contract. We found her youthful enthusiasm contagious although clothed with a dignity strange in one of her age. She was sure of herself, but not cockily so. Rather it seemed that her sureness emanated from a deep inner faith in her eventual success, a strong life-giving belief that she simply could not fail.

WHEN next we interviewed her, she was wondering rather wistfully if ever she would be allowed to sing. “After all,” she pointed out, RKO also signed me because of my voice! Of [Continued on page 54]
Irene Dunne, "Gracious Lady of the Screen," reveals the secrets of lovelier hands—their care and their training.

IRENE DUNNE'S hands look exactly as you would expect them to look—don't they? Beautifully shaped, perfectly groomed, graceful.

It is no exaggeration to say that hands reveal even more of one's characteristics and personality than the face or eyes. And while their structure remains unchangeable, the impression which the hands create depends for the most part on grooming, suppleness and the manner in which they are used. Fortunately, these are attributes which can be cultivated or corrected.

All modern girls appreciate the importance of soft, smooth hands tipped by glistening nails. Lovely hands are as much in the fashion picture as autumn hats. But many girls do slip into lazy habits of care, with unfortunate results. . . and a great many more never take the trouble to school their hands in graceful gestures. It is day-by-day care that keeps the hands youthful and unlined, the cuticle smooth, and the nails strong and healthy. And it is thoughtful attention to mannerisms that creates poise and grace.

Irene Dunne keeps her hands always perfectly groomed with at least one manicure a week and systematic home care. While not working, she lives a simple, average life—manages her house and her child, gardens, and indulges in her

By ANN VERNON

October, 1937
favorite sport, golf. But her hands are never made to suffer by these activities. "The texture of the skin is of utmost importance to attractive hands," Irene says, "and I wear gloves at all times when this is endangered. I do my gardening with gloves and also wear them when playing golf. For driving I wear a pair of white, cream-impregnated gloves which not only protect but help to soften the hands. "The use of a bland soap that does not rob the skin of its natural oils is another important consideration," she continued. "After washing and drying my hands I always shape the cuticle around my nails with a damp towel and then apply an old-fashioned hand lotion, rubbing it in thoroughly."

Irene feels that regular massage and intelligent exercises for suppleness are a necessary part of hand care. She does the piano-scale exercise with precision and thinks this is the best. (Do this by crooking the finger, raising it as high as possible and bringing it down with a sharp tap, flexing each finger in turn.) She also inter-laces the fingers, stretches them as far and as hard as she can and then does the piano exercise with her fingers still interlaced. Besides being an exercise, this gives finger control.

One thing which she never, never does is to pry with her nails or use them for a lever. She says it gives her the creeps when she sees other girls doing it.

Irene keeps her hands in repose as much as possible and seldom makes an unnecessary gesture. She explains that although she is never conscious of her hands, all gestures should come from the mind. Nervous, fluttery movements indicate lack of mental poise.

If you will watch Irene's hands on the screen, I am sure you will be charmed with their grace and beauty. Her current picture is titled The Awful Truth, a Columbia production.

"I suggest that the girl with a special date take the time to change polish and manicure her nails," Irene says. "It will do as much for the pick-up feeling as fresh make-up."

"I, myself, use the lighter tones of polish, as I feel that they suit my type. However, others can wear the brighter and gayer tones to advantage and in perfectly good taste. Even for active sports I feel that bright polish is in good taste and adds to the gayety of the occasion."

Although Irene has professional manicures, she always files her nails herself, because she can shape them to her liking better than some one else. She believes that the length and shape of the nails should be in keeping with the general contour of the hand and that exaggeratedly long nails detract from hand beauty. She never allows her cuticle to be cut but controls it with cuticle oil and gentle shaping. Using a buffer regularly before applying polish helps to keep her nails exquisitely smooth.

**Winning Hands**

If you are inspired to follow Irene Dunne's rules of hand care, remember, first, your gloves for tasks that threaten the texture of your skin (rubber gloves should be used for sloshy kitchen work) and, second, the frequent use of an emollient to replace natural oils lost through exposure and constant cleansing. Dry hands soon become wrinkled hands—and wrinkled hands are "old" hands! So keep a bottle of hand lotion near the kitchen sink, if you are doing housework, and another bottle in the bathroom.

A lotion that has proven its worth by many years of popularity is one which you will find non-sticky and quick-drying as well as delicately fragrant. It works wonders on rough, red skin and is an excellent preventive against chapping for hands or face when winter winds begin to blow. The lotion, which is translucent, comes in a familiar crystal bottle with green cap and can be purchased at department or drug stores. Drop me a note if you would like to have the trade name. This is a dandy family item for year-round use.

If nail brittleness is a problem which makes you despair of ever having really attractive hands, don't give up yet. If you have tried a conscientious campaign with a nail and cuticle cream designed to banish this bugaboo, the cream should be massaged liberally into the sides and base of the nails each night before going to bed and after every manicure. It not only helps to make your nails resilient and strong but is beneficial to the cuticle in keeping it pliable and free from hangnails. The cream which is nominal in price, comes in a small, white-on-black labeled jar, and you may have the trade name upon request.

Frequently girls ask me if nail brittleness is caused by the use of liquid polish. According to the best scientific opinion, the use of nail polish has nothing whatsoever to do with this condition. If your nails are unusually "papery" or scaly, it is quite probable that your diet is lacking in certain important minerals. In that case you should ask a physician to prescribe a diet for you.

Here let me urge that you follow Irene Dunne's advice in foregoing the use of scissors on your cuticle. A good cuticle remover of the oily type should be used to..."
S U C C E S S
S T O R Y
BY GLADYS W. BABCOCK

Hollywood had almost forgotten Leon Janney until it learned that this modest young man had come into a $300,000 fortune. Here is an amazing success story that is a tribute to modern youth.

WHEN an enterprising Hollywood reporter recently found out that various trust funds had dumped some $300,000 into the lap of Leon Janney there were a few folks who looked blankly at each other. Hollywood had almost forgotten Leon Janney.

Swiftly the news of a young man's good fortune spread and by nightfall there were a hundred different versions of how this quiet and unassuming young gent had acquired his wealth on his twenty-first birthday. Suddenly a young actor's money had made him important again and fair-weather friends began to scratch their heads hopeful that they might "remember when" and find it profitable to renew an old acquaintance-ship.

To refresh the memories of those who may have forgotten, or never heard, this little resume of a persevering young man's success story is written. One reason so many in Hollywood had forgotten Leon Janney was that he had never been a blow-hard, a show-off or a braggart. Another was that he was pretty much a thoroughbred and his boyish smile hid the emotion of an aching heart about as often as it gave evidence of good health and boyish enthusiasm.

AT THREE Leon was in vaudeville with his mother and father reciting with unusual skill while his parents made wardrobe changes—that is, when local labor boards did not forbid the exhibition of his infant talents. Tutored by his parents, and attending schools in Utah when the show season was over, little, curly-haired Janney showed such a liking for the movies in his early years that when he reached nine Mother Janney felt there must be a place in Hollywood studios for her son to impress the whole wide world with his brilliance. Mrs. Janney was not the only proud mother with this thought she soon learned. Day after day she made the rounds of the studio casting offices searching for work for herself and planning to exhibit Leon at every opportunity hopeful that some director might see him and cast him for a part. Casting directors, however, were either polite and evasive or blunt and disinterested. "You can get kids like that for a dime a dozen," one casting director told her, then changed his tune and gave Leon his [Continued on page 64]
They told Jane Wyman that she had one chance in a thousand of ever becoming an actress—so she took it and now she takes her place as a screen leading lady!

By Gene O'Brien

Jane Wyman read the first sentence in her studio biography.

"Jane Wyman and Jesse James are St. Joe's two most famous contributions."

The winsome, black-eyed Missouri miss thought that over for a minute or so.

"I see the publicity boys were kind enough to give me top billing over Jesse," she grinned, "but all the same, I like to believe that there is some distinction between notoriety and fame. The only train I ever held up in my life was the one out of St. Joe to Los Angeles and that was only long enough for me to get on. Maybe the name of Jesse James will last a lot longer than mine, but the way he got the claim to fame—I mean notoriety—he's welcome to it."

Welcome to it or not, Jane had to employ a bit of the James' technique to get her start in pictures. Arriving in Hollywood about the first thing she was told was that her chances were about one in a thousand of ever getting into a studio as an actress. She practically blackjacketed an agent into accepting her as a client. His reply to what he considered a bad bargain was to order her to take off twenty-five pounds.

"The pounds gradually vanished, but only after a terrible battle," says Jane, "and as a reward I found myself playing in My Man Godfrey, and shortly afterward, I signed my name to a long term contract with Warner Bros."

To Producer Mervyn Leroy goes the credit for detecting "star" possibilities in the St. Joe beauty. When the time came to cast for The King and the Chorus Girl he found a place for Jane as Babette, a French coquette. She did so well in that role that when the producer began looking around for a leading lady to play opposite Singing Kenny Baker in his first starring vehicle, Mr. Dodd Takes the Air, Jane was the only girl tested for the role. [Continued on page 81]
JOEL McCREA

does the finest acting of his career in
Dead End, a Samuel Goldwyn production
ZAMBOANGA

PROBABLY not one American movie fan in a thousand knows that Manila, the Far East’s miniature Hollywood, is the headquarters for several large motion picture producing units and many lesser ones, and it should be a matter of great pride to know that Americans, as far away as the Philippines, are turning out meritorious films, the latest of which is Zamboanga, produced by the Philippine Film Productions, Inc., headed by two former circus men, George F. Harris and Stewart Tait. They have a modernly equipped studio.

Starting early in 1933, they developed their technicians from among the native Filipinos and have built up five or six native names until they now are potent enough marquee ammunition to vie with American stars for the Filipino “fan” mail and plaudits.

The native language features are produced in “tagalog” (the most widely spoken native language) and are usually well-known Filipino stories. The cinema patron likes heavy drama and a picture is usually judged a success when it will bring tears streaming down the faces of the theatre patrons.

To date, thirty-six “tagalog” features and forty-three shorts have been completed by this company. The shorts comprising comedies, native ceremonies, special newsreel events and a series of native life shorts made in color.

Early in June, 1936, knowing their ability to produce authentic pictures of the Far East, they transported twenty-five tons of equipment, a full staff of technicians and their director to the islands of the Sulu Archipelago. Actors were recruited from among the Nomadic Moro Sea Gypsies, who are wont to leave their homes for months at a time and remain at sea pearl diving and fishing.

Rushes were sent back to Zamboanga by boat and then trans-shipped to Manila where the lab developed them. The lab would wire the agent in Zamboanga and he in turn would send the report out to the location unit by Moro fishermen.

During the months of filming, many accidents and a few fatalities occurred among the Moro actors. One pearl diver was trapped by a giant mollusk, weighing over three hundred pounds and died vainly trying to extract his leg from its tenacious and powerful grip. Others were dangerously hurt when too much enthusiasm in the battle scenes on their part, swung their Kris or Baring too lustily and their opponents paid dearly for it. The production unit was forced to set up a field hospital to take care of the wounded.

Zamboanga will soon be shown to the American public. Further productions are planned for the Igorote country and Borneo.

A scene from Zamboanga showing Moro girls playing in a small waterfall amidst the vegetation peculiar to the Islands.

Cast in leading roles are Damas, the pearl diver and Mindo, daughter of the ruler of Tictauban.

The wives of one of the fishermen shown preparing his fish basket which is woven by hand.

Pearling Vintas as seen in Zamboanga coming home in the late afternoon breeze.
our readers write

Deanna Durbin sings to the accompaniment provided by Adolphe Menjou and Mischa Auer, two top tooters in Universal's 100 Men and a Girl.

ROPING 'EM IN!

$15 Prize Letter

Dear Editor:

May I interrupt all the braves for our famous "first name" stars just a moment to get in a little handclap for a group of stars that are known perhaps only to the boys and girls of America?

Buck Jones, Tom Tyler, Ken Maynard and all the boys of the boots and saddles.

Do my two boys and one girl rave about Myrna Loy or Robert Taylor? They do not . . . emphatically. But ask them about Buck, or Tom, or Ken [Oh, yes, they are on very intimate terms with their favorites] and they can tell you all about them, the name of their last ten pictures, the names of their horses.

Well, I say, thank Heaven for these stars who cater to the youth of America. My little Tommy doesn't have to be told to wash his hands before coming to dinner. No, no . . . you see, Buck Jones wouldn't do it . . . And Bobby vows he'll never smoke because he wants to be a big swell man like Ken Maynard.

Any Saturday afternoon, just go to any of the neighborhood theaters, and the kids (bless 'em) are there rooting, and yelling and crying, "Ride 'em Cowboy."

So I say too, "Ride 'em Cowboy" and thank you for giving my kids . . . and I'm sure all the kids of America, such grand entertainment . . . and such splendid heroes to look up to.

Mrs. M. Marsich,
1708 Filbert Street,
San Francisco, California

Editor's comment: Judging from the number of letters we receive each month, a great many western fans are grown-up kids.

HERE'S HOW!

$10 Prize Letter

Dear Editor:

I think we are all sick and tired of reading authorized articles by the movie stars about how to keep a man interested, how to win a husband, how to keep that said husband, how to keep your man from running after other females, how to be happy though married, how to prevent a divorce in your love nest, etc., etc.

Maybe the public is too eager and gullible and the press agents are working themselves overtime to secure all the opinions in these articles. After all, movie stars are only human beings and full of faults as the rest of we mortals are, so why set them up as so full of the perfect advice? Surely no class of people have more divorces, more romances, and more evidence of what not to do in order to be content and stay happily married. It is quite a let down to read an article by some noted star on how to secure the great Perfect Romance of your life and in a few weeks or months to read of that same star securing a divorce from the husband she referred so devotedly to in her writing.

Edith Minch,
Box 45,
Belmont, Ohio

Editor's comment: As Miss Minch says: "Movie stars are only human beings." Their reactions to romance and marriage is news to them and news to us.

A CURE FOR ACHES

$5 Prize Letter

Dear Editor:

When will Hollywood producers realize that they cannot skyrocket their pot proteges to fame overnight? By casting them opposite high-ranking stars of the motion picture industry they are not helping them one single bit. They are merely disappointing the movie-goers.

These selfsame producers instead of giving them roles equal to new-comers' talents, insist on handing them parts that the players can't handle. They are hurting the younger players chances and it is the surest road to ruin any potential actor or actress can take. I, for one, want to enter my plea for the "up-and-coming."

Let them earn their fame the slow, but safe way.

Barbara Roache,
Allston, Mass.

Editor's comment: Right you are, Miss Roache, many young players would be well on their way to stardom today if they had had the proper start, with reasonable competition.

Dear Editor:

Bob Taylor and Clark Gable have been before the public eye long enough. I admit that Taylor and Gable are good actors, but so are some of the other stars.

Just because all the gals think they look like Greek gods is no reason for every magazine in the United States to have their pictures, opinions, likes and dislikes in every edition they have printed. Maybe we [the readers] would like to read about some other stars, but we seldom get the chance.

No matter what magazine one may pick up he most always finds either Taylor's or Gable's picture in it. Don't get me wrong—I do like these stars, but I dislike the idea of seeing them continually as an insect under a microscope. Give them a chance to be free. They are human.

Dorcas Carwin,
258 Partridge St.,
Elmira, New York

Editor's comment: It's a nice thought to give newcomers a break and we are including more stories on new players each month. To completely ignore the favorites, however, would bring the wrath of thousands down upon this old gray hair. [Continued on page 77]
LABORATORY TESTS on rats were conducted for over three years...

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

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

Now—this new Cream brings to Women the active "Skin-Vitamin"
FINDLY we gave Pond's new "skin-vitamin" Creams to women to try. For four weeks they used the new creams faithfully—women who had been using other creams before. Three out of every four of them asked for more. And these are the things they said: "My skin is so much smoother." "My pores are finer!" "My skin has a livelier look now."

"Lines are disappearing"...

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

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

They found that certain harsh, dry conditions of the skin are due to insufficient supply of this vitamin in diet. This was not the "sunshine vitamin." Not the orange-juice vitamin. Not "irradiated." But the "skin-vitamin."

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

Of great importance to women

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

For over three years they worked. Their story is told you above. Also the story of the women who used the new Pond's "skin-vitamin" Creams!

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

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

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FOR OVER 30 years, millions of people have been proclaiming Ex-Lax “the ideal laxative”. "Ex-Lax is everything a good laxative should be!" they told us.

But, in the world of science, there are no such words as “good enough.” Skilled chemists are constantly at work, seeking new means of making good products better! And in the Ex-Lax laboratories the “impossible” has been accomplished!

After a long period of patient effort, a way has been found actually to improve Ex-Lax... to make it even better than ever before. A more satisfactory and efficient laxative in every way!

- TASTES BETTER THAN EVER! No matter how much you may have liked Ex-Lax before, it tastes even better now! Its delicious all-chocolate flavor is smoother and richer than ever!

- ACTS BETTER THAN EVER! Always dependable in action, Ex-Lax is now even more effective! It empties the bowels more thoroughly—more smoothly—in less time than before.

- MORE GENTLE THAN EVER! Ever famous for its mildness, Ex-Lax is today so remarkably gentle that, except for the relief you get, you scarcely realize you have taken a laxative. No shock—no violence!

Ex-Lax works by the “Gentle Nudge” system. It simply and gently stimulants at the point where constipation exists, emptying the bowels thoroughly but easily and comfortably!

Ex-Lax won’t upset your system or disturb your digestion. It won’t cause stomach pains, nausea or weakness. Ex-Lax affords as near a natural bowel movement as any laxative can give.

If you are suffering from headaches, biliousness, or that dull "blue" feeling so often caused by constipation—you’ll feel better after taking Ex-Lax! And you’ll be grateful for the absence of "forcing" and strain that make the action of a harsh cathartic such an unpleasant experience.

Your druggist now has the new Scientifically Improved Ex-Lax in 10c and 25c sizes! The box is the same as always—but the contents are better than ever! Get a box today!

FREE! If you prefer to try Ex-Lax at our expense, write for free sample to Ex-Lax, Dept. T1010, Box 170, Times-Plaza Sta., Brooklyn, N.Y.

She’s Queen of the B’s
(Continued from page 44)

FORTUNATELY, not once during this period of adversity did Rochelle actually give up hope.

She was loaned to Warners where she made a decided hit in Harold Teen, and what’s really amazing, she sang a song! She was loaned to Paramount where she played in Poppy, with W. C. Fields and wowed the customers with her singing of Rendezvous with a Dream. In this connection it might be mentioned that after the picture had received national release Rendezvous with a Dream, was voted the most popular song in the country. Finally Rochelle went to work on the home lot. She turned out swell jobs of acting in Curly Top, imitation of Life and Les Miserables.

At this point Fox merged with Twentieth Century and Darryl Zanuck was put at the helm. Wisely Zanuck took up Rochelle’s option, gave her a big increase in salary and a good part in Show Them No Mercy.

Rochelle acquitted herself with her usual aplomb. A month or so later she was promoted to stardom. Critics lauded her. Friends acclaimed her. Directors wanted her.

BRIEFLY it looked as though Rochelle’s career were finally assured. But that’s only the way it looked. What actually happened was this: she was suddenly and unaccountably relegated to a series of Class B program pictures depicting gun molls and gangsters.
We asked her not long ago how she was getting along with her gangster pictures. "Me?" she smiled sweetly, "I'm the Queen of the B's! Honestly, I've played Cops and Robbers so much that every time a car backfires I rush for my make-up kit!" A little later, however, Rochelle was deadly serious. "I don't understand why I've suddenly been demoted to the underworld! It isn't as though I'd made a smash hit as a moll! I haven't! And there are so many other types of roles I could do and be of real value! It isn't as though I'm not appreciative of my salary—I am. But just as sure as you're alive my career is slowly but surely being submerged in a slough of melodrama and pop-guns."

We feel, however, that Rochelle's hour is bound to strike soon: for two excellent reasons. First, outside of Shirley Temple, she gets more foreign publicity than any star on the Fox lot! And although in America she seems to be getting less publicity than a leg-man for Burpee's Seed Catalogue, her fan clubs are on the increase, and her fans grow daily more rabidly prejudiced. But the most important reason adds up to Darryl Zanuck, considered by many to be the smartest production executive in Hollywood. Zanuck is too astute a producer not to catch up with Rochelle's box-office potentialities. He is too wise a business man not to capitalize on it. When the opportunity comes along he'll be the one to give Rochelle her real break... and then she'll be "The Queen of the B's" no longer—but rather, an intriguing "Queen of the A's."

"Gee, I'd hate to be you, Jocko! That get-up may be peachy for collecting pennies, but you couldn't hire me to wear it on a day like this. The prickly heat breaks right out on my neck to think of it!"

"Boss won't let you take it off, eh? Well, that's life... many's the time I've been rammed into a sweater. Only thing makes 'em bearable is Johnson's Baby Powder. It always fixes those prickles!"

"I could stand a sprinkle myself—this carpet's itchy... How about some soft silky Johnson's Baby Powder for both of us, Mother? Jocko will do his best monkey-shines for you. And I'll do mine!"

"Notice how satiny Johnson's Baby Powder is... It keeps my skin like satin, too!... Perfect skin is the best protection against skin infections, Mothers! Johnson's Baby Powder helps prevent prickly heat, rashes and chafes. It's made only of finest Italian talc—no orris-root. Try Johnson's Baby Soap, Baby Cream, and the new Baby Oil, which is stainless, pleasantly fragrant, and cannot turn rancid.

Johnson & Johnson
New Brunswick, N. J.

JOHNSON'S BABY POWDER

When answering advertisements, please mention October Hollywood
REAL FREEDOM FOR WOMEN

Feminine Hygiene Necessary

CONSULT DOCTOR IF IN DOUBT

FEMININE HYGIENE EXPLAINED

1. Happy and fortunate is the woman who finds the right answer to this grave problem... Happy when she knows of a method of Feminine Hygiene that is modern, safe, effective—and dainty... Fortunate in being free from dangerous germs!

2. Fear and ignorance are unnecessary. Medical research now brings you dainty, snow-white suppositories for Feminine Hygiene. Smart women appreciate the convenience and safety of Zonitors. For Zonitors embody the famous ZONITE ANTISEPTIC PRINCIPLE. They kill dangerous germs, yet are free from "burn danger" to delicate tissues.

3. Zonitors are safe and easy to use... germless, snow-white suppositories, each in a sanitary glass vial... no clumsy apparatus... completely deodorizing. Easy to remove with plain water. Instructions in package. All U.S. and Canadian drugstores.

4. For your douche, after using Zonitors, we recommend Zonite. Its antiseptic qualities, proven by over 20 years of continuous use, promote feminine cleanliness—assures additional protection. Use 2 tablespoons of Zonite to 1 quart of water.

FREE Booklet containing latest medical information. Write to Zonite Products Corp., 1935, New Brunswick, N.J.

Enjoy WINTRY DAYS with Indera FIGURFIT SLIPS

Even on the coldest winter days, INDERA FIGURFIT (figurful) Knit Prince Slips and Under-skirts keep you warm and Comfortable. Knit by a special process, these smartly styled slips lie smooth and close without bunching or crowding. Choice of beautiful colors in cotton, wool mixture, rayon and wool, 100% wool worsted, silk and worsted. Easy to launder, no ironing necessary. Exclusive STA UP shoulder straps. Ask for INDERA FIGURFIT by name at your favorite store. Correct sizes for Women, Misses, Children.

Write for FREE Descriptive Catalog No. 31.

INDERIA MILLS COMPANY
Winston-Salem, N. C., U. S. A.

REVIEWS of the MONTH

STELLA DALLAS

MEASURED by any motion yardstick of excellence, Stella Dallas is one of the few notable screen contributions of the year. It is doubtful if any other production in 1937 will surpass it for intelligent direction, stirring drama, or honest craftsmanship. It is better, by far, than the memorable silent version produced in 1925 by Samuel Goldwyn and directed by Henry King.

Barbara Stanwyck as the mill girl who "marries above her station" delivers a portrait of this character that will astonish even her most ardent admirers. It is the best work this capable actress has done in her entire screen career.

Anne Shirley's splendid work as the daughter of Stella Dallas definitely marks her as one of the screen's ablest actresses. Her portrayal of the girl whose love and loyalty for her mother rises above shame and embarrassment is done with a depth of tenderness and simplicity that can be classed as sheer artistry.

As the crude and jovial horseman, Ed. Munn, Alan Hale stands out in singular clearness. Nothing he has ever done before can match the skill he employs to blend the humor, pathos and comedy the role demands. If Alan doesn't get "bigger and better" opportunities to match this brilliant characterization, there is definitely something wrong with the movies.

While we are tossing out verbal bouquets we are not forgetting John Boles for his skillful and sincere work as Stella's husband—an exacting role handled flawlessly. We are not forgetting Barbara O'Neil, either. As Helen, the woman who becomes Anne Shirley's stepmother, she delivers a performance that can be marked "completely satisfactory." In brief roles, Jimmy Butler, Jack Egger and Dickie Jones, cast as Barbara's three sons, stand out sharply with splendid characterizations. Cast in the romantic spot opposite Anne Shirley, Tim Holt's work is an indication that this young star is going far in his screen career.

King Vidor has directed many fine pictures, but in none of them as in Stella Dallas has he shown such mastery of his craft. It probably is apparent, by now, that your reviewer likes Stella Dallas. He does. And he knows that you will too, when you have an opportunity of seeing it.—United Artists.

FIREFLY

LAVISHLY beautiful musical extravaganza is worth to give you great enjoyment. The music is inspiring, the setting is impressive and the acting marvelous. Jeanette MacDonald has never appeared to better advantage than in a scene-the exquisitely beautiful lady as in "Firefly." Both in voice and in pulchritude, she surpasses all her previous performances. Allan Jones makes great progress as to acting ability and is heard with fine effect in his duets with Miss MacDonald. Warren William, Henry Daniell and Douglas Dumbrille add all to the general excellence of the film with marvelous performances in the supporting roles. If you saw the stage play, you won't recognize this story, but don't let it bother you. The substitute is better than the original. Robert Z. Leonard deserves a hand for his skillful direction.—M.G.M.

HIGH, WIDE, AND HANDSOME

PRESENTING a page from Pennsylvania history of the oil industry in the late 50's, High, Wide and Handsome moves along in a vigorous if not, at times, a coherent manner. Irene Dunne and Randolph Scott top the cast and save for a few spots where they try to be coy do a creditable job. Paramount took a year
and spent a fortune on this film. Elizabeth Patterson as the testy grandmother wins top acting honors with Raymond Walburn as the medicine peddler running a close second. Dorothy Lamour, as the shantyboat entertainer, Charles Bickford, Akim Tamiroff, Ben Blue, Alan Hale and William Frawley handle their assignments nicely in supporting roles.—Paramount.

THE TOAST OF NEW YORK

A STIRRING drama of post-Civil War days built around the spectacular life of Jim Fiske, the peddler, who rose to power in Wall Street. Edward Arnold enacts the role of Fiske and his characterization of the gallant, ruthless rogue who tried in vain to corner the American gold market is beyond question the best he has done to date.

Cary Grant and Jack Oakie as Fiske’s partners deliver impressive, convincing characterizations. Frances Farmer as Josie Mansfield presents a performance that is one of her best. Donald Meek, cast in the role of Daniel Drew, owner of the Erie Railroad and bitter financial enemy of Cornelius Vanderbilt, (played by Clarence Kolb) almost steals the show. His deft caricature of Drew is, by far, the best he ever has done and seldom has the screen presented a character so genuine and interesting. The Toast of New York is a MUST SEE picture.—RKO Radio.

EXCLUSIVE

AN ADAPTATION of John C. Moffitt’s original play dramatizing a violent feud between two rival newspapers one of which is operated along the line of approved press ethics with Fred MacMurray as the city editor and Charles Ruggles as the veteran star reporter, and the other, a blackmail sheet owned by Lloyd Nolan and his muscle men with Frances Farmer lined up with Nolan as the sheet’s star reporter. With these top-notch actors turning in impressive performances, Exclusive proves itself to be lively and entertaining screen fare. Best
Don Ameche and Gypsy Rose Lee in a scene from You Can't Have Everything

comedy gag—the maudlin argument between MacMurray and Ruggles over the icebox light.

—Paramount.

YOU CAN'T HAVE EVERYTHING

Don't be misled by the title. When a picture gives you Alice Faye at her best, the Ritz Brothers at the dizziest, Don Ameche, Tony Martin, Charles Winninger, Arthur Treacher, Gypsy Rose Lee, (pardon us, Louise Hovick) Wally Vernon and the Tip Top Toe Colored trio, you’ve really got EVERYTHING that goes to make up a sparkling, smart musical. Songwriters Mack Gordon and Harry Revel deserve special praise for their tuneful melodies they turned out for this screen gem.—20th Century-Fox.

FRANCES FARMER, EDWARD ARNOLD AND CARY GRANT IN A DRAMATIC SCENE FROM THE TOAST OF NEW YORK

THAT CERTAIN WOMAN

Written and directed by Edmund Goulding with sincerity and vigor, That Certain Woman, co-starring Bette Davis and Henry Fonda, proves itself an impressive, highly dramatic picture bound to win a world of praise from any screen audience. Telling the story of a gangster’s widow (played by Bette Davis) who wins the love of three men who need her more than she needs them, That Certain Woman packs an emotional wallop seldom shown in dramas of this type. Ian Hunter, Mary Phillips, Anita Louise, Donald Crisp and Hugh O’Connell in their various assignments deliver grand performances.—Warner Bros.
IT'S LOVE I'M AFTER

But it's laughs you are after, put this picture on your movie menu of the week! It is tuned to a laugh a minute from the opening sequence in which Leslie Howard, in the role of a self-satisfied Shakespearean actor, and Bette Davis in the role of his leading lady, carry on a private lover's quarrel between the lines of the death scene from Romeo and Juliet. Olivia De Havilland is one of the Shakespearean actor's many idolizing followers whose infatuation he cures by his boorishness at the request of her fiancé, Patric Knowles. Eric Blore gives one of his best performances to date as the gentleman's gentleman, protector and confidante, who is an expert imitator of bird-

MARY'S HAD A BABY

We speak so blithely about the beauty of Motherhood!

And so little about its pain—dismissing it almost casually as the good news is passed around among relatives and friends:

"Mary's had a baby!"

Of course, through the ages, women learned to endure silently, so we take their courage for granted. But, actually, there is no need for silence.

For, 61 years ago, a woman shattered this myth that her sex must suffer silently. She devoted her life to aiding the relief of their pain.*

Today, the name of Lydia Pinkham is blessed throughout the world. Mother tells daughter, friend tells friend, how, when the ordeal of motherhood approaches, it can usually be made easier with the use of Lydia Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Think what that signifies. If the burden of child-bearing can be eased, that often means a stronger, healthier mother. That, in turn, often means a sturdier, healthier baby.

Through the years we have received more than a million letters telling us of the aid that women have received through the use of the Compound. Young girls passing into womanhood, wives, mothers—they tell us of bitter suffering that has been relieved, of nervousness that has been soothed, and, as a result of this, of unhappy times that have been made normal once again.

Lydia Pinkham's Vegetable Compound may help you also to go "smiling through." Try a bottle today.

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

The Three Ordeal of Woman

1. Parting from girlhood into womanhood.
2. Preparing for Motherhood.
3. Approaching "Middle Age." (Functional disorders)

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

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound
WHAT AN AMAZING Improvement
Maybelline DOES MAKE!

BOTH the same person — you’d hardly believe it, would you? A few simple stroke-strokes of Maybelline Mascara make all the difference in the beauty-world. Pale, scanty, unattractive lashes—or the long, dark, luxuriant fringe that invites romance—let your mirror help you choose.

No longer need you risk the bold, artificial look of lumpy, gummy mascaras, when you can so easily have the natural appearance of beautiful dark lashes with Maybelline Mascara. Either the popular Cream-form or famous Solid-form lasts all day—and through the romantic hours of evening. Tear-proof, non-smarting, harmless. Obtainable at your favorite cosmetic counter.

Try Maybelline — and see why 11,000,000 beauty-wise women prefer it.

Try Maybelline’s exquisite, creamy Eye Shadow. Blend a delicate harmonizing shade on your lids—to accent the color and sparkle of your eyes.

Form your brows into swift curving lines of beauty—with Maybelline’s smooth-marking Eyebrow Pencil.

Generous introductory sizes of the world’s largest selling eye beauty aids are obtainable at all 10c stores. Introduce yourself to thrilling new loveliness — insist on Maybelline!

over, chooses a very entertaining method of curbing the temper of an adventurous American heiress who selects a poor method of buying Prize Arabian horses. Deep in the desert Shaik Navarro arranges a fake bandit attack, then he forces the girl (Lola Lane) to marry him in what seems a pretended Arabian marriage ceremony. Later the girl runs away from Navarro, goes to Paris, and, as she is about to wed another man, in walks Shaik Navarro with proof that the girl is already his wife. Navarro looks fine and sings well (as he did in the memorable The Pagan) and Miss Lane plays her best screen role to date with spirit. Gene Lockhart, Kathleen Burke, Stanley Fields, Billy Beran and Charlotte Treadway are well chosen for their respective roles. Irving Pichel, former, actor, directed.—Republic.

BACK IN CIRCULATION

SPLENDID performances by Joan Blondell and Pat O’Brien push this newspaper comedy story up into the top-notch screen entertainment brackets. You can mark this picture down as a Blondell—O’Brien hit. Never have these two excellent actors shown to such fine advantage and it’s well worth any motion picture fan’s time and money to see them. Margaret Lindsay as the woman falsely accused of murdering her husband plays her role in splendid fashion. Craig Reynolds, George E. Stone and Eddie Acuff in support of the three principals are outstanding.—Warner Bros.

DEAD END

IN SWIFT, sharp, dramatic strokes, Dead End, the story of New York tenement life, comes to the screen with all the highly effective power of the original stage play, and is thoroughly up to the high standard of Samuel Goldwyn productions. Sylvia Sidney as the girl who aspire to better things, Joel McCrea as the penniless architect, Humphrey Bogart as the gangster, Wendy Barrie as the rich girl, are brilliant in their respective character portrayals. Appearing in only a single sequence, Claire Trevor makes a deep and lasting impression as the girl of the streets. Allen Jenkins as Bogart’s gangster pal gives a fine performance. Long to be remembered is the superb bit of character acting by Marjorie Main in her role of the tragic mother of Bogart. A world of credit goes to Director William Wyler for his splendid guidance of the six boys from the original Bel Geddes production. Dead End is a great picture. See it, by all means.—United Artists.

WHAT more could you ask for than the beautiful and charming Madeleine Carroll in the role of the Cinderella secretary who inherits a fortune; the handsome and debonair Francis Lederer as the playboy who was left penniless when his uncle favored his secretary in his will; the comic antics of Mischa Auer, the Baron who makes marriage his business? Not to mention a story that fairly bubbles with clever comedy. It’s all yours for an hour’s pleasant entertainment.—Columbia.
The best musical comedy Paramount has fashioned in many a moon. It has the Yacht Club Boys for rhymed melody, Connie Boswell for the blues, the Canovas for hillbilly humor with Judy Canova a show in herself. It has Ben Blue, Louis Armstrong and his trumpet. It has Martha Raye, famous illustrators and England’s Sandra Storme. And besides Ida Lupino and Dick Arlen for the romantic leads (and very very good they are, too.) Artists and Models has Gail Patrick, Donald Meek, and Cecil Cunningham who do very well for themselves. And it has JACK BENNY to give the comedy the famed Benny polish. And if that isn’t menu enough for an evening’s movie fare you’re mighty hard to please.—Paramount.

WALTER WANGER'S VOGUES
OF 1938

MARK this picture down as the best of all Technicolor films. Mark it down, also, as the best parade of fashions ever projected on the screen. If there ever was a riot of sheer beauty in dress, accessories, salons, boudoirs, furs and fashions it is to be found in Walter Wanger’s Vogues of 1938. The picture has a good story, too, with Warner Baxter and Joan Bennett sharing acting honors. Alan Mowbray is his usual scene-stealing self and Helen Vinson never better than in her assignment as Baxter’s wife. Then there’s the capable Mischa Auer, another scene stealer de luxe, and Georgie Tapps who tap dances his way through one sequence in a style that should make Fred Astaire more than a bit envious. Virginia Verrill, the radio songbird, sings two songs, the Olympic Trio, Rocco and Sauter, Victor Young and his orchestra, the Weire Brothers, and the Cotton Club dancers all contribute handsomely to the entertainment value of the picture. SEE IT.—Walter Wanger.

MIRACLE AT THE DRESSING TABLE!

I’VE seen too many girls lose their beauty and popularity through neglect of the sunny, golden loveliness nature gave their hair,” says Marion R. “So I’m not going to take any chances—I use nothing but Marchand’s on my hair. It brought back all the glorious blonde shadings and radiant life my hair used to have.”

Thousands of enthusiastic Marchand users say, “Only Marchand’s can restore and retain the true glamorous beauty of BLONDE hair. Marchand’s keeps hair soft, healthy, lustrous.” BRUNETTES also use Marchand’s to highlight their hair—without lightening the color.


For more than 50 years, Marchand’s Golden Hair Wash has been used all over the world. It’s guaranteed. Accept no substitute. All reputable druggists carry and recommend Marchand’s. Complete instructions for use with every bottle.

FREE—The professional beauty secrets of ROBERT OF FIFTH AVENUE.


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Sirs: Please send me a FREE copy of ROBERT’S BEAUTY SECRETS. I enclose 3c stamp for postage.

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WHEN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS, PLEASE MENTION OCTOBER HOLLYWOOD 61
EDITOR'S NOTE—As this issue of Hollywood Magazine goes to press Miss Bartholomew has lost the first tilt in the court battle she hopes will free Freddie from financial worries.

I DO not feel that there is any need to be a million-dollar child. He has too much initiative, too much ambition for that to be necessary—but he must, in the short life given to a child actor, achieve security otherwise I would be utterly wrong in allowing him to remain in motion pictures.

No child of his age in this or any other country has been thrown before the lions of the law as has Freddie Bartholomew, though I have fought with every fibre of mind and body to save, or at least curtail, this appalling drain upon his earnings. And I shall continue to fight to the bitter end so that when his days as a child star are over he shall have something to fall back upon, something on which to found a future for his mature years. The opposing lawyers representing the parents charged $12,500. Felix Cunningham and Dan O'Shea representing the boy charged $10,000 plus all expenses.

"But," the cynical may say, "it's your own fault if you have spent the boy's money, lived like Hollywood millionaires, thrown away thousands."

Let me tell you how Freddie and I have lived since we came to Hollywood.

WHEN I succeeded at last in winning the boy the coveted role of David Copperfield, we took a small apartment near the studio at a rental of $40 a month. We spent carefully so that I could start at once to save some of his money for a rainy day. After about a year at a salary of $135 and $200 a week, we signed a term contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer at $1100 a week. We moved to a small but comfortable furnished house in Beverly Hills for which we paid $185 a month. Mr. L. B. Mayer generously gave us a car. Of necessity I had to hire a colored couple to do the house cleaning. I could not drive a car. Freddie had to have someone to take him to the studio, a bodyguard, if you like, to look after him when he was out of my sight. For over a year we lived happily and secure.

Then in London started the prelude to the fifteen months of financial and domestic worry that threatened to tear Freddie and me apart, to destroy his financial future, to wrack his health and happiness. The boy's mother had published in a London newspaper a series of articles entitled, "My Fight For My Child." Almost immediately afterwards, with every newspaper in America picking up the story and replaying it from coast to coast, Mrs. Bartholomew, my sister-in-law, arrived in New York on her way to fight for Freddie. A few months later after protracted litigation, the lawyers I had engaged to handle our case, and the lawyers engaged to argue the parents case, presented themselves in Superior Judge Archbald's court in Los Angeles. They had a proposition that both sides agreed to. By this time both Freddie and I were on the verge of a nervous breakdown. There were signatures all round. I found that when the smoke of that legal battle had cleared away and the lawyers fees were announced that between them they claimed practically all Freddie's savings — more than $25,000. His mother and father had returned to England. All I knew — and for which I could be truly thankful — was that I continued to be Freddie's guardian. Months later I took steps to adopt Freddie. His parents, home again, gladly assented to my request to adopt the child.
FREDDIE continues to receive his $1,100 a week. But every penny of it is turned over to trustees appointed by the court to handle his affairs. Out of his salary is taken approximately $1,000 a month for state and federal income and other taxes. From the balance his parents and sisters get their share. As Freddie's legal guardian I am allowed under the court order the sum of $800 a month on his behalf. From this sum I have to provide his home, food, clothes, and pay all the expenses of our life together.

We live now in a small house in Westwood Hills that I am buying on a Federal Housing Loan. For the first six months after we moved there we could not afford to furnish more than three rooms. We did not have a rug on the floor. In fact, I've had to borrow part of the money to pay the down payment for such furnishings. Month by month we are getting our home together. Yet what about Freddie?

He is happier now than at any time in his life. He does not worry about money. His greatest worry is no more. He knows now that nothing can separate us. Pathetically enough his one great ambition is to keep free of debt! At a Los Angeles furniture store where I looked with longing eyes on some upholstered chairs and a set of lovely chine dishes, the salesman did his best to persuade me to take them on credit. Freddie nudged my arm. "No, Cis, please! Don't buy them unless we can pay cash, and we couldn't do that!"

A week later in Freddie's dressing room I waited for him to come back from class. In the mail that morning had arrived for him a check from a Hollywood magazine for an article he himself had written. As he came into the room I waved the envelope at him. "Your check's come, darling!"

He tore it open, his eyes sparkling, his hands trembling in his excitement. Out came the check. He gazed at it. Then he jumped up and down in boyish glee. "Think of it, Cis! This is the first money I have ever earned in my life!"

FREDDIE, who had earned $50,000 in the past year, was almost hysterical with excitement at handling a check for $75!

He came over to where I sat and kissed me. "We're going straight down into Los Angeles and I'm going to buy you a chair like the one you saw," he almost shouted. "And a lamp and table for Mother's Day."

That is my adopted son for whom I have fought and shall continue to fight.

Can you wonder that I doubt whether it is any use letting him continue to work merely to pay for accumulated legal costs.

He spends hours in his dark room and with his camera, on his motor scooter, weeding our garden, and horseback riding. But all the time he longs for the free and easy life of "the other kids." A month ago he was invited by a friend to go to Grand Central Airport to look over a private passenger plane. The child had a mischievous grin on his face as we clambered inside and the pilot took the controls, "to show me," Freddie said, "how they work." But the next second there was a whirr of propeller blades, the sputter of an engine, and we were off the ground. I had been shanghaied for my first—and I sincerely hope— my last airplane ride. But for Freddie it was one glorious thrill.

I am fighting for his freedom—his financial freedom from the shackles that bind him now—and, God willing, I shall succeed.

YES, I'M STILL SINGLE

DO YOU LIKE TO BE SINGLE, MISS ELLEN?

TO TELL YOU THE TRUTH, JUDY,
I DON'T—I'D LOVE TO HAVE A LITTLE GIRL LIKE YOU!

THEN WHY DON'T YOU DO WHAT MAMA SAID? SHE SAID YOU WOULDN'T STILL BE SINGLE IF YOU ASKED THE DENTIST ABOUT YOUR BREATH.

MY BREATH! WHY, JUDY! IS THAT...

RECENT TESTS PROVE THAT 75% OF ALL PEOPLE OVER THE AGE OF 17 HAVE BAD BREATH. AND TESTS ALSO PROVE THAT MOST BAD BREATH COMES FROM IMPROPERLY CLEANED TEETH. 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!"

NOW—NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HER SPARKLING SMILE!

THREE MONTHS LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE'S

...AND NO TOOTHPASTE EVER MADE MY TEETH AS BRIGHT AND CLEAN AS COLGATE'S!

AND MISS ELLEN SAYS I CAN HAVE THE BIGGEST PIECE OF HER WEDDING CAKE!

WHEN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS, PLEASE MENTION OCTOBER HOLLYWOOD
**Success Story**

Continued from page 47

first part, dancing about in a miniature leopard skin in Kalla Pasha’s final Mack Sennett comedy.

Leon’s second part was in one of Ben Stoloff’s comedies at Fox and so well did he do it that in the next years that he was signed for four animal comedies and given daily schooling at the studio. Then came more weeks of unemployment.

Early 1927 saw little Leon playing various roles as children. First it was Reginald Denny, then Ricardo Cortez, then Conrad Nagel as a boy.

**During** 1927 and 1928 things were very slow. There were small parts with Lillian Gish in Annie Laurie, and Marion Davies in Quality Street and The Red Mill. A death in the family back in Utah took Mrs. Janney east and Leon sold papers on two street corners at once and delivered hand bills for Grocermy Daly to make about $12 a week.

One day Leon heard that Abie’s Irish Rose, started by Vic Fleming as a silent film for Paramount, was to be partially remade as a talking picture. Surely, he reasoned, having played Buddy Rogers as a boy in the silent version, he was certain of work in the re-made film; but Director Robert Milton had arrived from New York with different ideas and for weeks refused even to see the boy. Apperaring at a Hollywood theatre benefit at 3:45 one Sunday morning, Janney gave one of his dramatic recitations and was called back for two auditions. The following Monday Director Milton sent for him.

"He’s me in the silent picture and now I’ll get my old part again," Janney said to himself. But, he was only partially right. Milton hadn’t seen the silent picture and didn’t know Janney had been in it.

“I heard you at the benefit last Saturday,” Milton told him, “and I think you are ideal for the part of Buddy Rogers as a boy. You have just the voice and emotional ability for it. See the silent picture and study that youngster does with the part.”

“I won’t have to do that, Mr. Milton,” Janney replied, "I know his performance. I played that part.”

After finishing in "Abie," Leon found the going tough again. So did Mrs. Janney but they kept trying and finally Archie Mayo cast the boy for a big part in Courage, with Belle Bennett and Marion Nixon and an excellent performance led to a term contract with Warner Brothers. George Arliss put Janney in Old English; then came Doorway to Hell, with Lew Ayres, the memorable Father and Son, in which he was "son" to "Father" Lewis Stone, a role in the German version of William Dieterle’s Sin Flood, a part with Warner Baxter in Their Mad Moment, and the role of Booth Tarkington’s favorite character, Penrod, in Penrod and Sam. By this time Janney’s voice had begun to change and when he was called back to Fox (ten months later) for re-takes which brought vital changes to the middle reels of Their Mad Moment, the finished picture revealed him talking as a boy soprano in one scene and as a baritone in the next.

**Realizing** that he had reached the so-called "awkward age," young Janney planned to do something about it. He couldn’t remain idle so he worked out a vaudeville act and after starring in Police Court, at Monogram, embarked upon a year and a half of personal appearances all over America. In late 1932, Janney was in Boston in the title role of the stage play Tommy, with a follow-up engagement of seven months at the Golden Theatre in New York.

1935 brought Janney the featured lead in George Bernard Shaw’s Simpleton of Unexpected Isles, (see portrait) and in the Theatre Guild sponsored Parade, with Jimmy Savo. When summer came again he went back to Ivoryton for Ah, Wilderness, then to Westport for You Never Can Tell, and on to Minneapolis with Ian Keith. Fall found him back on Broadway starring in Mulatto, an intensely dramatic play which ran nine months.

Back in Hollywood Janney’s immediate concern is a new national radio program, a series of radio transmissions and offers from several studios. Also Booth Tarkington has written a play for him—This Boy Joe, and movie and stage scripts are being written simultaneously.

Janney has a business agent now. He doesn’t have to worry about gruff casting directors or about selling papers on two corners at once but "young man 21!" is just as eager as the boy of 11 to keep busy and employ his talents and his remarkable success story is a fine tribute to the spirit and mental balance of a modern boy.

Leon Janney has really done pretty well for himself.
ends turned under—until Bette heard about it.

"Nothing doing," she said. "If I came to work with my hair fixed like that in those dignified offices I'd be fired so quick my head would swim."

Director Edmund Goulding saw the wisdom of Bette's reasoning and she wore a hairdress in keeping with the scene.

A STUDIO worker dropped into the wardrobe department at the moment the head was giving some instructions to an assistant.

"She wants those mules and sandals dyed to match her robe," said the wardrobe head. "In those scenes she is going to wear the mules when she gets up and the sandals later on when she is lounging. She says no one would put on sandals when she got out of bed and that it would not be proper to wear mules while she is lounging—"

"Don't tell me," said the studio worker, striking an exaggerated pose. "You're talking about Bette Davis."

"Right," said the wardrobe head.

It would have been equally obvious to anyone else who knew Bette Davis intimately—for only Bette Davis pays such close attention to what, to others, might seem inconsequential details in the delineation of a character.

THE casual visitor to That Certain Woman set might have seen Bette painstakingly mani curing and applying enamel to her finger nails. And that casual visitor might have been subjected to a casual inspection by Bette's great eyes.

Bette is not giving herself a manicure to deprive someone of a job, for a make-up man, a hairdresser, and her personal maid is on the set at all times. She is giving herself a manicure because she enjoys it.

Bette Davis is, in real life, as much unlike her screen roles as—sunlight is like a cloudy day.

Sally Sage, who has been her stand-in for nearly four years, knows her better than anybody with the exception, perhaps, of Harmon Nelson, her husband. Harmon recently gave up a profitable career as an orchestra leader, incidentally, to be with Bette in Hollywood and is now enjoying great success in the agency business.

Harmon and Bette long since have learned to laugh at Hollywood and its cruelties. Not since the time they exchanged an expensive car for a flivver and were accused of doing it as a publicity stunt have they taken Hollywood seriously.

Sally Sage sees Bette at her best and at her worst. She knows what it is to have Bette stand-in for her—Bette's stand-in—when the stand-in is physically unable to work.

She also knows what it is to be scolded by Bette for being negligent in her duties as stand-in—such as being absent from the set when Bette needs all her energy for a forthcoming scene but has to stand in for herself. She also knows what it means to be encouraged by Bette to better herself, for Bette is giving her elocution and drama lessons and endeavoring to fit her for a career as an actress. But Sally Sage is so satisfied to be just Bette Davis' stand-in that she cares little about becoming an actress.

Sally Sage belongs to the I'm In Love With Bette Davis Club.
Dorothy really should have no quarrel with a sarong. She wears it as though to the costume born, and has the sort of figure that lifts it into the class of a really superior style creation.

NO EASY road has this twenty-three-year-old Southern beauty tread in attaining the screen prominence she occupies today. While attending her first year of high school in New Orleans, she walked into the principal's office one day and announced she was withdrawing.

"Mother was working hard, earning the money to send me to school," she relates, "and I decided to help. I took a six months' business college course, then got a job in a real estate office."

It was during this period that her dearest friend, the late Dorothy Dell, who was struck down in death just as she was on the verge of screen stardom, persuaded her to enter a beauty contest. Her friend won, became "Miss New Orleans of 1930," and Dorothy Lamour placed second. They went to Galveston together, where Dorothy Dell captured the title of "Miss Universe." Because Earl Carroll and Florenz Ziegfeld, both of whom offered her contracts, refused to include her chum, Dorothy Dell turned down their offers to go on the Broadway stage, and the two girls instead signed with Pan- chon and Marco and toured the West for six months.

WHEN the tour ended, Dorothy Dell went east, and Dorothy Lamour returned home. 1931 whirled around, and this year she won the title of "Miss New Orleans," in the annual contest. But she progressed no farther—she was left behind in the finals at Galveston. Then—

"Mother and I went to Chicago, looking for work. I walked into Marshall Field's store, and was a little dazed when within ten minutes I had been offered a job modelling. When the summer slack season started I was asked if I would be willing to fill in with odd jobs. A job was a job, so I agreed. I did everything from wrapping packages to operating an elevator."

One day, Dorothy Dell came to town with a road show.

"Now, look here, Dottie," she advised her friend, "you're too good to be running people up and down in an elevator. If I can make the grade on the stage, you can, too. You're going to be an actress, and I'm going to see that you are."

As good as her word, she insisted that Dorothy enter an amateur singing contest that very night at the Morrison Hotel.

"I was so scared," confesses Dorothy, "I forgot the lyrics of my song, and right in the middle I had to borrow a copy of the music from the orchestra leader."

Herb Kay, the well-known band leader, was in the audience, and he straightway offered her a job with his orchestra.

DOROTHY sang with Kay's outfit for three years, at the same time having her own sustaining program on the National Broadcasting System and frequently being heard on other programs, as well. It wasn't until she left Chicago for Hollywood, to sing over the radio from that outlet, that she allowed herself to think of pictures.

And she thought of them only when Paramount insisted she make a screen test, and she was offered her role in The Jungle Princess!

"I was so happy I cried there in the office," she tells. "I telephoned mother the good news...then, as soon as I got home, long-distanceed Herb in Chicago. He was as excited as I."

Herb Kay had a right to be thrilled. He is her husband, having married her after a whirlwind courtship in New York.

Despite her sudden rise to fame, there's small likelihood that obsolescence will go to Dorothy's head. As it does to so many newcomers in Hollywood.

"Just because I'm tasting a bit of success at present—more than I ever dreamed of—is no reason why I should change," she avers.

Acting right now consumes her entire interest, but, young as she is, she is looking to the future.

"I would like," she confides, "to be a producer some day. But that," she explains, "is a long way ahead. I have a lot to learn about this business."

If you liked Dorothy in The Jungle Princess and caught her, too, in Swing High, Swing Low and Last Train From Madrid—you'll like her a hundred-fold better in The Hurricane. The picture is going to stamp her as one of the most glamorous-appearing actresses in Hollywood. A glimpse of her off-screen furthers that impression.

"I don't want to be glamorous," she insists. "I'm too down-to-earth and practical, for that." But you can't change nature. Glamour is Dorothy Lamour's middle name.
young men are wiped out in some incredible disaster, the only thing prophets could disagree about is the size of the stampede of swains at Sigrid's door. And the first one to get a date had better plan on visiting the Trocadero during the evening.

"While night clubs have never been a special enthusiasm of mine," Miss Gurie said, "I do want to see what that one looks like. I've heard about it and I drive past. What's it like?"

"All I've really seen of Hollywood is buildings, you know. I thought Hollywood would be a place of broad avenues and marble villas and palm trees—like the Riviera. It isn't though. The few people I've met are just as I expected them to be. My brother told me about Americans. He studied at Massachusetts Tech and he talks most of the time about the friends he made and his fraternity, Theta Chi? Is that right? He said Americans were gay and friendly, and I think so, too."

Sigrid's brother is Kнут Haukelid. That's also Sigrid's surname, the ones she uses professionally being her given names. With their parents, Sigrid's brother lives in Oslo and in sight of the wooded slopes of the Haukel Mountains, which have served members of their family as landmarks of home for a thousand years.

In those dense pine forests, six-year-old Sigrid played at really being the Valkyrie Armed For Victory for whom she was named.

When she was sixteen, Sigrid's parents sent her to finishing school for two years, and then to Paris for a year and then for another to Biarritz. Just as you thought, Sigrid is not working to lift any mortgage on the old homestead. To her studies in French, English and German, she added those of drama, music and art and of court etiquette to prepare for life.

For a while, Sigrid's enthusiasm centered on painting. She persuaded her parents to let her study portraiture in London, but the Thames was as reluctant as ever to be set on fire. Sigrid went home to spread her pigments until the Norwegian National Theatre offered an outlet for her energies. Her debut was in the Christmas Play and painting was forgotten in the new success.

Hollywood remained just a spot on the map, however. Sigrid visited friends in London, after the play's run ended, when Goldwyn also was in the city during his annual European trip. They met at a dinner party.

"Interested in motion pictures?" he asked.

"No," said Sigrid.

"You may be," observed Goldwyn. "And if you ever are and come to Hollywood, please see me first."

The suggestion went in pretty far and out the other—almost. At any rate, Sigrid returned home presently instead of rushing to buy one steamer passage, two lipsticks and three dozen fan magazines, as many girls would have done at once. When she finally got around to visiting America, it was as a tourist.

"We sailed from Norway via England for Chicago on a pleasure cruise," she explained. "By 'we' I mean Liv and Karl Jørgen Bjørge, a young couple who are my friends. They own an interest in a line of small freighters which also have room for a few passengers and it was on one of those we sailed.

"The weather at sea was dreadful. Twelve days of it. The ship pitched so badly that we were thrown from our bunks one night. It seemed to me the walls bulged in under the weight of the waves. It was fine to see the St. Lawrence and the Great Lakes, I can tell you."

While in Chicago, the Bjørge's thought it would be nice to see Hollywood, so they all got into an airplane and soared west. Of the three, only Sigrid knew any one in Hollywood and Goldwyn was that one. So he got his wish to be called on first and he remembered their London meeting perfectly.

In the casual schedule of the sightseers, time was made for a screen test of Miss Gurie. Nobody set much store on it, fun as it was, until Goldwyn started having contracts drawn up and otherwise expressing enthusiasm as only Goldwyn can. His salesmanship was irresistible, even to making Sigrid promise to pretend she was a hermit whenever she wasn't at the studio pretending to be a Chinese princess in the high comedy spectacle Robert Sherwood wrote.

Sigrid liked the stage and she likes making motion pictures. Playing opposite Gary Cooper, moreover, finds her making her first venture in the company of another Goldwyn discovery who was able to hold the star-dom he won from his opportunity eleven years ago.

So, I think, can Sigrid Gurie.
and John L. had a habit of making playful passes at his acquaintances. Once he made such a pass at Lionel, and Lionel ducked the wrong way, getting a right to the jaw that knocked him out.

LIONEL BARRYMORE is one of the oldest actors in Hollywood in point of working years. Hardly anyone can match reminiscences with him. He worked in The New York Hat, Mary Pickford’s first success; in The Perils of Pauline, with Pearl White and in hundreds of other melodramas, in which he was always cast, either as the comedian or the villain. He played both with equal ease. However, he has never played a love scene on either stage or screen, which is something of a record for an actor of his repute.

He used to write scenario plots for Griffith for $25 each, which was $5 more than Anita Loos was getting at that time. However, he eventually preferred acting to writing. Just as he later preferred acting to directing.

We asked Clark Gable what he thought of Lionel.

“He is the salt of the earth.” Clark told me simply.

We like that description of him.

Sincerity is the keynote of Lionel Barrymore’s character. He is a man of few words, but he speaks a language that everybody understands. And he means what he says.

He lives simply and his wants are understandable and few. During his spare time (and he hasn’t had much of this for ten months now, having appeared in twelve pictures) he reads, plays the piano or works on his etchings. When he works late at his little art studio, he likes to munch potato chips and drink beer.

He smokes Virginia straight-cuts. Is always out of matches and borrows from the workers on the set. He calls the sound technicians the “Science Department.”

He loves to grumble, but doesn’t mean a word of it. Nobody takes his grumbling seriously. The twinkle in his blue eyes gives him away.

He hates to comb his hair, so brushes it straight back.

As this is being written Lionel is in bed recuperating from a hip injury suffered while working in his garden, but take his word for it, it won’t be long before he’s back on an M-G-M set waiting impatiently for a director to yell “Action! Camera!” And that is as it should be.
keep the outline of your nails neat and immaculate.

ONE manufacturing house famous for its nail polishes has a particularly fascinating array of new autumn shades, ranging from a soft ashes-of-roses to the clear rich red of tulips. They give the nails a smooth, hard-surfaced brilliance and do not chip or peel. An economy note lies in the fact that the polishes do not dry in the bottle and may be used for the last brushful. Priced at 35c.

Lacy hose worn with evening sandals makes it imperative that we keep our toes as attractive as our fingertips. But whether they are on display or not, it gives a comfortable feeling of well-being to know that our toes are properly groomed, and a weekly pedicure should be on every girl's beauty routine.

If you have ever longed for a gadget to keep your toes comfortably separated while you are applying polish, your wish is fulfilled by a rubber device now on the market which fits across the bottom of the foot and has an open "stall" for each toe. It eliminates smearing and fleshting the polish and permits you to walk around (the telephone always rings at this crucial moment) while the polish is drying. A pair is priced at $1—and lasts a lifetime.

Another new item which fits delightfully into the fall scene of new clothes and party nights is a gold-tone compact offered by a famous Hollywood manufacturer. It has a generous sized mirror, rouge and compartment for loose powder with puff for each, and is oblong in shape. The simplicity of its design and the richness of its material makes this an ideal compact to carry either in your business purse or your evening bag—or in both. A dandy value at $2.

Since I have reached the face by way of the compact, I would like to tell you about a preparation that will help along the reconditioning of your skin after summer exposure. It is a velvety soft powder, containing the beauty-giving qualities of oatmeal, which you mix with water to form a paste before applying. Left on the face for just a minute or two it helps to smooth rough dry skin and to normalize large pores by ridding them of impurities. It is also beneficial in arising sluggish circulation when used as a facial and dries in a twinkling. Available in 10c, 50c and $1 sizes and packaged in attractive container. Lest we forget the hands, this preparation is excellent for whitening and conditioning them when used for a massage. Want the name?

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She Won’t Put on an Act

(Continued from page 32)

“My husband, Leif Erikson, and I go out when we want to because we want to go out—not because we’re trying to make an impression,” she told me, to illustrate. “If I can’t see where anything I do won’t help me go where I want to go in life, I won’t do it.”

In almost the same breath she defined another speedily growing piece of fiction. “People say that Leif and I are hermits,” she continued. “That’s not true. We’re not trying to shut Hollywood, or Hollywood people out of our lives. We go where we please when we please, whether it happens to be the annual Academy dinner, a night club or the home of a friend.”

“On the other hand, we like to get away now and then. One retreat we have is some distance from Palm Springs, a rough road and we have to ford a mountain stream three times to get there. We are apt to show up at Mojave, or some other place on the desert. But we’re not playing hermits.”

Frances does a very hot ”burn” when she sees things printed about her which are not true.

HERE are some of the stories which have very definitely started some of the current misunderstandings about her.

“One writer said that I stood on my head, and that I ate carrots,” she complained. “Another reporter made an Amazon of me by printing an unfounded tale that I had thrown a door-knob with such force that I had knocked out my director, Alexander Hall, during the making of Exclusive. Another reporter tried to build a story around the false premise that college graduates are hard to direct and was going to use me as a horrible example because I’d been graduated from the University of Washington. Photographers wanted to photograph me in bathing suits, snap me doing silly things which hurt my career more than helped. I put my foot down. So the word has gone around that I’m hard to handle.”

JUMPING back a few years, Frances told me something about her last year at the University of Washington which amazed me, and showed me why she balked at anything which she thought would hinder her career. She has worked to get where she is and she wants to stay there.

During this year, Frances decided that to become an actress she’d have to get to New York City. So, in order to get money, she did the following in addition to attending classes:

Worked under the provisions of the Federal Student Employment Project. Ushered in a theater in Seattle. Typed scripts in the university drama department. Rehearsed and appeared in college plays. Entered into and campaigned in a subscription contest which, if she won, would send her to Russia and back to New York City. Played in dramatic skits on a Seattle radio program.

“Now, perhaps,” she said, “you see why I’m so careful about my career. When it comes to you in a way as hard as that, it’s pretty precious. I’m heading for something, and I’ll get it no matter what happens. I’m for anything which will get me places and against anything that will damage.”

Just at present, the word is going around that Frances is very hard to see, very hard to interview. She dodes newspaper people, according to a wild-fire rumor.

“I dodge people on the set,” she reveals. “I have to. It’s hard for the layman, who has never faced a camera or never has been beneath a microphone to understand. But I’m new and green to motion pictures. Remember that I’ve never been on the legitimate stage in a professional role. Remember, too, that I’ve been in only five pictures. I have to concentrate. I can’t divide my attention. It’s not fair to the interviewer—and it’s not fair to the producer.”

WITH all this singularity of purpose and downright hunger for success, you may think one thing is lacking—a sense of humor. Frances has it—one of the finest in Hollywood. And she’ll poke fun at herself just as quickly as she’ll make some humorously intelligent criticism of her co-workers or of motion picture making in general.

Much has been made of that trip to Russia which she made as a correspondent of a Seattle newspaper. The idea behind it was to get subscriptions. The aim, supposedly, was to find the most popular girl in Seattle. Frances wanted that trip to Russia, as we’ve disclosed, so that she could get back to Broadway on the return trip. She had to have her fling on the stage.

When she saw interest lagging she got another girl and they went out and sold subscriptions themselves, casting the votes for Farmer. Not because Farmer wanted to be popular, but be—
cause she had to get to New York and this, at the moment, looked like her only chance!

The truth is that the trip was a hardship. She traveled third class. It has never been revealed that she didn't get enough out of the contest to make the trip and was forced to borrow to do it.

Does Frances like Hollywood? You'll probably have to take her word for it, since she was ill at the time of the contest. She says: "I had that childhood idea of going on the stage. I'm going to be a successful actress."

Romance? Frances has found time for it, doesn't discuss it publicly because she feels it's her own business. She and Leif Erikson met when neither was getting much attention from the studio. They attended acting classes given by Phyllis Loughton, talent coach. Soon they found they had many mutual interests, including music. Frances has an excellent voice, by the way.

A LITTLE FISH STORY WHILE THE SUBMARINE IS SINKING—At least that's what it looks like as Wayne Morris and George Brent have a bit of an illustrated talk between scenes for Warner's Submarine D-1

"One day Lief proposed and I accepted him. It was all over before anyone knew it was going to happen," she explains. And, with the singularity of purpose which marks her screen career, she is making the same splendid go of marriage.

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He doesn't want to fight

He either gets stubborn, or mad, or both. And he certainly isn't to blame. Raft is an amazing man. Amazing because he has pulled himself out of a hard, brutish, survival-of-the-fittest world that few know anything about except by hearsay to become one of the outstanding box office attractions. He's had to fight every inch of the way from the tenements of 42nd St. and Ninth Ave., New York, to a penthouse atop a Hollywood apartment building.

"My GRANDFATHER was German. He sailed around the horn to California. He was a carnival man. He brought the first merry-go-round to America. He handled carnival men. He was tough—and he was stubborn," George says. "My father ran a warehouse, and they didn't serve tea at 4 o'clock in the afternoon there. Either my father was tough, and stubborn, too. "My mother is Italian. She's fiery. You know the nation as well as I do. What does that make me?"

The answer is this heredity, plus early environment—a environment which made George scrap his own way through a hard boyhood, a ring career, an interlude of dancing to stardom under the Paramount banner—has turned out an unusual product. And a product which very easily can be mis-understood. George worries about that.

"It's getting so around Paramount, they 'Mister Raft' me," he complained. "It's getting me down. I'm supposed to be hard to handle. Every time anybody asks me to do anything lately, I can see kid gloves on his hands. Why don't they come to me and say, 'George, I want you to do so-and-so at five o'clock! I like to be talked to that way. If the deal's right, I'll be there on the dot.'"

GEORGE is famous for his fights with the studio. He and Paramount have had a continual series of disagreements since he went under contract six years ago. Yet George, in most of his fights, has been actually motivated by loyalty to the studio. This seems strange until you talk to George—and he proves it!

His most famous clash is his most recent. He walked out on a picture. The studio turned around, suspended him for six weeks. Here's his slant:

"A name is an asset, after a studio has built it up for six years. I don't care what the name is, whether it's George Raft, or Bob Burns, or Shirley Temple. Okay. You wouldn't destroy an asset, would you? But, right after I was signed to a new contract, the studio gives me a story which I don't like, with a brand new, untried director, a girl who has only been in one picture. I think this over, and I decide the odds are against this being a good picture. I'm afraid it's not going to be a success. So what do I do? I walk out!"

Soul's at Sea brought George back into the Paramount picture.

"I'm proud to be in that production," he says. "You can say for me that this guy Cooper is one of the swellest guys I know. I think the story's great. Henry Hathaway's a fine director. I like guys like Hathaway. I like them because I like guys who are fair and square and know their business.

"When I make a noise that I don't want so-and-so working on a picture with me, I'm figuring it this way: I know I don't know everything. I figure this guy doesn't, either. And if neither of us is so bright, the picture has big odds against it. But if I get smart fellows surrounding me, not only do I respect them for what they know, but they make a good picture. The odds are for that picture's success."

RAFT, at times accused of being temperamental and an egoist. actually considers himself a corporal surrounded by generals. There is nothing of the big shot about him. He feels definitely that he is a very small part of a very big organization. And he has that organization at heart because he is grateful to it.

"Sometimes I make suggestions," he explained. "I'm sincere about them. I want to help. But, because of this phoney reputation of mine, a lot of people think I'm trying to be tough and give the orders. They think I'm thinking of myself, when I'm really thinking of the studio. Why shouldn't it? It's done a lot for me. And there have been times when my tips have been pretty valuable."

George becomes strangely reticent when you ask him how he's helped the studio. This is because he doesn't like to sound off about himself. However, others know what he has done.

First of all, George is something of a talent scout. He probably could make a pretty good living at it if he wasn't one of the most valuable players in Hollywood.
IT WAS George who first became interested in Margo. He was dancing with her in New York at the Waldorf. At this point, George became sold on her—long before anybody else even guessed she had possibilities. My informant told me that George could have signed her to a personal contract and could have profited heavily. But he didn’t. Later, he started a Margo campaign which finally ended in her being signed.

George sold pretty little Olympe Bradna in Souls at Sea, Executives wanted some one older, for the little French girl is very young.

"But French maids are always young," George insisted, buttonholing Hathaway, the director, and every other executive thereabouts, again with his customary single-mindedness. "Did you ever see an old French maid?"

He finally put across his logic.

Another quality which he has, beside being straightforward to the extent that sometimes his very frankness is mistaken for belligerency, is his painstaking attention to detail as far as his work is concerned. For example, when he finished Souls at Sea, he learned that he was to play opposite Sylvia Sidney in You and Me, and with Fritz Lang directing. He plays an ex-convict and already he knows his costumes by heart.

"Because the guy I play is an ex-con," he says, "and because he works in a store—in the stockroom, where he makes $25 a week—he's going to dress plainly. Being out of stir, he doesn't want to attract attention. Second, he can't afford much class. This guy has two suits of clothes, one of 'em dark, the other a gray sack. He'll be neat as a pin. He'll wear a belt but no suspenders. Black shoes, not tricky. Plain shirts. A quiet bow tie. How do I know? Say, I've known plenty of guys like him."

There may be efforts to change George's mind on this. But George knows he's right.

"And I won't pick a fight, either," he told me. "I don't like to fight. No good fighter gets into a brawl unless he's on the defensive."

Wrong Again—No, dear reader, Groucho Marx isn't changing tooth, he's merely replacing his stagie with a stall of celery far diversion and for the entertainment of lovely Gloria Stuart, at the Screen Writers ball.
tonight," I said, "All right. We had dinner. We didn't dance. Because I had been a strenuous day on Stella Dallas and was tired. We got home at nine o'clock. I introduced Johnny to my mother and went to bed. Johnny had told me he would call me. I didn't think he would and I didn't think he wouldn't. I just didn't think about it at all. We hadn't said one romantic thing. But he did call, the next night. We went to dinner again and we have gone to dinner every evening since and have been together as much as possible of every day.

"I don't remember," said Anne, "I don't believe there ever was such a special, startling moment when I knew. I don't think my heart stood still while some voice whispered, 'This is it! Here it is! You are in love! This is for all your life!' It was more than we just sort of lived into love.

"And when Johnny proposed . . . well, we were driving along the beach. We were talking of anything and nothing and everything in the world, as we always do. Suddenly, Johnny said, 'Will you marry me?' And just as naturally and suddenly I said, 'Yes, of course.' And there we were. Just at first, the first thing he said it, I thought he was kidding, that it was a gag. That's what Hollywood does for you. There are so many gags in Hollywood, even about sacred things. You can't tell . . . all of us kid all of the time. Paula Stone and Phyllis Fraser and Tom Brown and Lee and I, all of us . . . we're apt to burst into a group and announce 'I am married' or just anything. So, when Johnny first said it, I thought that he was kidding. Then I stole a look at his face. Just one, quick look. And I knew that he wasn't kidding. I knew that he was a very long way away from kidding.

"And everything," said Anne, "is so the way it should be with us. Everything we have is so right and so good. People think that I am too young to know what it is all about. I know what it is all about, right. I know what I want. I know that I have got what I want. More perfectly than I ever dreamed I could have. And so, all fancy free and everything, I—just walked into it. Into happiness. Into love.

"DID I tell you about the very first time I ever laid eyes on Johnny? Before I'd ever met him or even knew just who he was? Well, this is the most
dramatic part. Mother and I went to New York last year to see the plays. We arrived on a Sunday and there were, of course, no plays to see. So we went to a movie. We went to see Dodsworth. We arrived rather late, just in time for the scene where Johnny, who played Dodsworth's son-in-law, is kneeling by the bed of his wife and their now baby.

"Oh, and did I tell you about the day I got my ring? That was very dramatic, too. For the very day I got it, the day we were truly and publicly engaged, I did the wedding sequence in Stella Dallas. I was 'marrying' Tim Holt, Jack Holt's son. I felt so queer.

"I know," said Anne, "that some people don't believe I am really in earnest, really going to be married. My mother knows that I mean it, of course. And so do my best friends. But I know that there are some people who think, 'Oh, Shirley is off again.' Well, that's all right," laughed Anne—but the steady look in her eyes belied her laughter, "that will be all the more surprise for them when they know that I do mean it, that we are going to be married in the fall. We can't set a definite date because we don't know whether we'll be working, either of us, or both of us. You can't set dates in Hollywood; but it doesn't matter much, the exact date, because we're not going to have a regular formal wedding, anyway. We're just going away and get married... somewhere far away from Hollywood. Mother will go with us, of course, and some of our friends. We haven't decided where we will live, at first. Mother and I are going to sell the house we are living in now and mother will live in our other little house. Johnny and I may take an apartment. We don't want to settle down—not yet. We're not old enough for that. We want to be able to go, whenever we can, wherever we please. We want to have fun together, lots of carefree fun.

"I'm not fiercely ambitious," Anne told me. "I don't want to be a great star. I don't want to have more than I have now. Johnny is more ambitious than I am. Which is another part of the rightness of it all. Because a boy should be more ambitious than a girl. I just want to get along, we both just want to get along and have fun and be together in everything. It wonderful," sighed Anne, "how together we are... that's what makes me know, more than anything else, that it's love, that it's my first love, that it's for all our lives."
Men Who Boss the Stars

[Continued from page 35]

the English? How will they react to this Hollywood American, who began life as a deep-sea diver and salvager of sunken ships from the ocean's bed? The test of a man's ability to get along with people usually lies among his own employees. In 1924 Metro, new and ambitious, hired approximately 1,100 men and women (excluding stars, directors, and writers) in its various departments. Today the number is 2,200, but 1,000 of the original 1,100 staff members are still on the job!

"L. B.'s" power of personal friendship and securing loyal cooperation extends far outside Culver City. People of all faiths and political parties like and trust him. For example: himself of Jewish birth and upbringing, he is an honorary member of the Ancient Order of Hibernians in San Francisco. For the past three years they have invited him to make the annual St. Patrick's Day address!

J. N. NATIONAL life he is widely respected for diplomatic ability. When the late King Albert of Belgium, during a Republican administration, visited Hollywood, Mayer entertained him. When the new Italian Ambassador, during the present Democratic administration, journeyed west, Mayer again entertained.

With his stars Mayer is warm, genial; he probably has less "star trouble" than any other producer.

When Robert Taylor, whom Mayer has selected, contracted and watched through two years of careful instruction, became a smash hit, "L. B." tore up the old agreement and handed the boy a dazzling new one. "But I won't let you sign this, Bob," he added, "unless you arrange for a large proportion of your income to go into trust funds." Clark Gable received the same sort of good advice, long ago, and can never be "down and out."

One of the finest stories of Hollywood is how Mayer, during the last months of Marie Dressler's life, when recovery was impossible, took a long railroad trip each week-end, carrying a brief-case full of stories, which he discussed and argued through with her, just as if he expected her to resume starring roles any minute!

Mayer is warm, human, diplomatic—will get along with the English. They will cooperate.

But what of the significance? What will be the future?

Here's what all Hollywood asks:

"Is L. B. again about to change the course of movie history?"

Fat Girl Laughs and Grows Slim

Without starvation diets, or back-breaking, bending and rolling exercises.

Here's a way to get rid of ugly fat that works hand in hand with Nature. Millions of people are losing millions of pounds of flabby flesh and putting back slender figures, without the need of starvation diets or back-breaking exercises.

Medical science has discovered that one of the causes of too much fat lies in a little gland. Doctors correct this condition by feeding this little gland the substance it lacks—and Marmol Prerogative Tablets are based on this same method. Millions are using them with success. They are prepared by a famous medical laboratory. Their formula is published in every package so you know what you are taking.

We don't waste time and money with starva-
tion diets or back-breaking exercises. Go to your druggist today and get a box of Marmol. Try this simple, easy way to get rid of excess fat.

---

**KILL THE HAIR ROOT**

Remove the hair permanently, safely, privately at home. Your money back, guaranteed, if not entirely satisfied. Send for sample box. Experiments proven to those who bought. Give yourself this new benefit and save. The finest and best treatment ever devised—easy, trouble-free, wonderful results. Money back the first bottle used.

Your trial now of 'Herbst of Hollywood'...

**HARRIET OF HOLLYWOOD**

4527 Wilshire Blvd.
HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.

**ATHLETE'S FOOT**

Responds Quickly—Unfailingly to Urdo Oil, a healing, refined, liquid oil, famed in the mountain fastness of western Colorado. Penetrating, saltless, harmless to the most tender skin, Urdo Oil is sold with a money back guarantee. Write for Free circular or send 75c for trial size bottle, sufficient for ordinary cases. Urdo Products Co., Beaver Island, Lake City, Utah.

**Help Kidneys Don't Take Drastic 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 Pain, Circles Under Eyes, Headaches, Backache, Swollen Joints, Excess Acidity, or Burning Passages, don't rely on ordinary medicines. Fight such troubles with the doctor's prescription Coxs. Coxs start working on the inside and must prove entirely satisfactory in 1 week, and be exactly the medicine you need or money back is guaranteed. Telephone your druggist for Coxs (Nyss-65) today. The guarantee protects you. Coxs, 1937

The Knox Co.
Our Readers Write

[Continued from page 51]

Male Stars for Sale!

Dear Editor:

HOLLYWOOD'S covers are the acme of perfection and beauty. Its hues are so intriguing that I never pass it up. Its beautiful colors, in the first place, started me reading it and now it is a confirmed habit.
The female stars seem always to get the cover honors. I feel that the male players should have a chance. Their faces would be just as attractive to the readers, both male and female, for who could pass by Tyrone Power without stopping to buy him for five cents.

Mildred L. Reed,
124 Orchard Street,
Somerville, Mass.

Editor's comment: Don't give up hope. We may have a pleasant surprise for you within a short time.

Double Or Nothing

Dear Editor:

I have read the many letters complaining about double feature bills.

I would like to defend this phase of the moving picture business. Compared to the people who do not like double feature bills, think of the very, very many who do. The greater majority, of course, are the younger boys and girls. They are, as a rule, not so well supplied with money. If they, therefore, get a chance to see two pictures for the price of one, they will go. Not that it is a question of money with me, but some of the best pictures I could hope to see were at a double feature theatre. If I get a few hours of joy, a little time of contentment—then I don't mind sitting through a picture not quite so interesting. And nobody else should. After all, they use them and they know full well what they are in for.

Bettie Jane Earle,
144 Ravine Street,
East Liverpool, Ohio

Editor's comments: Still the battle continues, with Miss Earle all in favor of the two-in-one program.

News Scoop!

Dear Editor:

The news reel has catapulted to first place on the movie program for two scoops that are deservedly worthy of Academy Awards. Sensation of sensations was exemplified in the Hindenburg disaster. It was so pulsating that since then thrill scenes in pictures are boring.

Then the second big scoop. We have watched riot and mob scenes in features and felt chilled to the marrow but we realize their tidiness after viewing the news reel shots of the Chicago trouble. I am willing to bet that future thrill scenes will be patterned after these ace-high accelerators of stark realism.

John E. Thayer,
18 Craghton Street,
Cambridge, Mass.

Editor's comments: We heartily agree with Mr. Thayer's suggestion regarding a special award for exceptional news reel scoops. They deserve some special mention.

Now—Accept FREE

AT ALL STORES SELLING INK

(Offer limited to U. S. A.)

WEBSTER'S DICTIONARY


WITH THE PURCHASE OF A 15c BOTTLE OF PARKER QUINK

—the amazing new writing ink that cleans a pen as it writes. Made 2 ways—WASHABLE for home and school—PERMANENT for accounting and permanent documents. Made by The Parker Pen Co., Janesville, Wis. Get Quink and free dictionary at any store selling ink.

CHRISTMAS CARD BARGAIN

Earn up to $22.50 in a Week!

Take orders from friends and others for amazing new Christmas Card valued Made-to-order with sender's name. You sell 50 folders for only $1.00.

FREE Samples. Liberal earnings.

Men and women earn up to $3.00 per hour. No experience needed. Also sell 1 assortment of 23 Christmas Cards; others $1.00. Make big money every week now to Christmas. Full or part-time. Send today for Free Selling Outfit. General Card Co., 400 S. Poirie St., Dept. P-133, Chicago, Ill.

STOP... WORRY OVER TELL TALE GRAY HAIR

Now, without any risk, you can tint those streaks or patches of gray or faded hair to gorgeous shades of blonde, brown or black. A small brush and Brownatone does it. Prove it—by applying a little of this famous tint to a lock of your own hair.

Used and approved—for over twenty-six 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. Is economical and lasting—will not wash out. Simply retouch as the gray appears. Imports rich, beautiful color with amazing speed. Just brush and comb it in. Shades: "Blonde to Medium Brown" and "Dark Brown to Black" cover every need.

BROWNATONE is only 50¢—at all drug and toilet counters—always on a money-back guarantee.

RELIEVES TEETHING PAINS in 1 Minute

WHEN your baby suffers from teething pains, just rub a few drops of Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion on the sore, tender, little gums and the pain will be relieved in one minute.

Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion is the prescription of a famous baby specialist, contains no narcotics and has been used by mothers for over fifty years. One bottle is usually enough for one baby for the entire teething period.

JUST RUB IT ON THE GUMS

Buy Dr. Hand's from your druggist today

WHEN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS, PLEASE MENTION OCTOBER HOLLYWOOD
The Kid

[Continued from page 30]

know, just fixing up one of those rooms you fix up for a kid. We don't even know how to paint it—whether to fix it up for a boy or a girl. So we're just fixing up a regular kid's room.

"You say you don't know whether to fix up the room for a boy or girl," I tried to lead him on another track. "Which do you want?"

Gary's long arm shot out and rested on my shoulder. "Wait a minute, Dick," he began earnestly. "What is this an interview?"

Knowing how Gary shies away from anything pertaining to his private life—his wife, his marriage, etc.—I knew that anything remotely approaching a discussion of the expected heir would be equally distasteful. I felt a twinge of conscience. So I sought refuge in Coop's own method of evasion. I suddenly became dreadfully shy and stammered and stuttered and ended by saying nothing.

"Is it?" he insisted.

"Well, yes, in a way," I finally admitted.

"Take it easy, Dick," he cautioned me. "You know how I feel about those things. I don't want any stories about the baby, or anything like that."

"Look, Gary," I exclaimed desperately, "a story on that baby is going to be written. If you don't give it to me some enterprising writer is going to write it from an editorial viewpoint. I can just see the headlines— 'Gary Cooper As A Father,' etc.

"Golly, Dick," he muttered in real distress, "I just don't want to do it."

"But why, Gary? Why?" I persisted doggedly, wondering if ever, in the history of interviews, anyone had had as tough a time dragging a few words from between human lips.

"For several reasons," he announced.

"To begin with, it's the most important thing in my life right now. And there are some things a fellow wants to keep to himself."

I KNOW you agree with me because I remember once you wrote a story about Clark Gable. You had been poking around trying to find out a lot of intimate, human interest anecdotes to live up your story. When the story was all finished, Clark said to you, "I'll tell you now, there are a lot of things that have happened to me such as you were trying to get me to tell you. But they belong to me. And I like to take them out, in my mind's eye, and sort of look them over every once in awhile and then put them away again. If I told you about them and you spread

END
them across a page of print, everyone would read them. They wouldn’t mean anything to the people who read them, except a few minutes’ entertainment and they would be spoiled for me because they wouldn’t be exclusively mine any more.

"You know, Dick, that’s one of the things I’ve always liked about Clark. It showed me a hidden side of him. Ordinarily you’d never suspect Clark of being a sentimentalist. I feel pretty much the same way about things that are close to me. I don’t see why I should have to share them with the world.

"Another reason is that latterly my experiences with the press have been none too happy. It seems to me the first year or two you’re in this business everybody lends you a helping hand and gives you a boost. Then they concentrate on picking at you and tearing you down. There have been writers whom I’ve trusted—who had been nice to me when I was on the way up. They’d come to me and want to know the whys and wherefores of certain things. In order to make my reactions or feelings clear I’d confide in them and tell them a lot of things I never expected them to print. But when the story came out all those intimate little details that would better have been left unsaid were right there in the full glare of print.

"So, in the end, you come to the conclusion that if you don’t see anyone—don’t say anything—then you can’t be misquoted or have your confidence betrayed. They can write about you—but they can’t quote you."

IT WAS my turn to be distressed.

"Gosh, Gary," I blurted out, "I hope you don’t regard me as just another writer. We’ve known each other a long time. I’ve visited in your home and I hoped you felt more towards me like a friend."

"I do, Dick," he assured me, "if I didn’t look on you as a friend I wouldn’t have been discussing this matter with you at all. But there are some things that are just hard to talk about.

"Gary," I said, "do you mean to tell me it’s hard to talk about your future plans for your whole life is bound up in? You must have some plans."

He shook his head. "No," he reiterated. "I don’t think any parent should plan a future for a child until it has had a chance to grow up a little and sort out its personality and talents, its leanings— and preferences."

"Wouldn’t it be awful for a parent to plan or decide that his son would make a great doctor and force the child to study with that end in view all during its formative years and then discover its talents or inclinations led towards law

---

**Free for Asthma**

If you suffer 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 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., 355-B Frontier Bldg., Buffalo, N. Y.

**HAPPY RELIEF FROM PAINFUL BACKACHE**

**Caused by Tired Kidneys**

Many of throbbing, 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 excess acids and poisonous waste 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 material stays in the blood. These poisons may start nagging backaches, rheumatic pains, limbato, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dimness.

Don’t wait! Ask your druggist for Doan’s Pills and use them successfully for years and then discover its talents or inclinations led towards law

---

**WHEN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS, PLEASE MENTION OCTOBER HOLLYWOOD**
— or being an actor—or a painter—or a musician?

"You see what I mean, don’t you, when I say you can’t plan for a child. Don’t you agree with me? I have an idea the best way is just to keep the kid straight, and help him along with whatever he feels he ought to do—or wants to do. I believe in guidance rather than direction.

"But I hope," he added wistfully. "any child of mine will always feel close enough to me to come to me with any problems he has. And I hope I’ll always be able to help him iron them out. Right now, that’s about the only definite feeling I have—the hope that there will be a bond of sympathy—of companionship—between us."

"You keep talking about this child as a ‘him’ or a ‘he’,” I interposed. "You are hoping for a son, aren’t you?"

"Maybe," he hedged briefly. "And it’s only a figure of speech—or a subconscious desire. I’m telling you the truth, Dick, I don’t know. But I do know this—boy or girl, I’ll be a pretty happy guy."

"You think you haven’t any plans," I remarked, reverting to our earlier discussion. "haven’t you thought about what schools you’ll send him to or anything like that?"

"No. You can’t start picking out colleges until you know whether you’ve got a boy or a girl. As far as early schools are concerned, I only know there won’t be anything private—no private tutors or private this or that. I don’t think it’s good for a kid. A youngster ought to get around with others of the same age. That makes for healthy experiences, provided you knew the company they’re keeping. Right. And it makes for self-reliance, too."

"WHAT provisions are you making for his future?"

"I queried. "You mean money?'' he countered. "Yes."

"Very little, because the child will start with a nice home and the assurance of everything he will actually need. Don’t misunderstand me, though. I don’t mean by that that he’s going to be smothered in luxuries. I’ll hope to give him a small allowance later on and teach him the benefits of saving."

"For a guy who won’t talk," I grinned, "you’ve certainly said a lot in a few words. And for one who hasn’t made any plans, it certainly seems to me you have things pretty well worked out."

"How are things with you, Dick?" he asked, ignoring my inferences.

"Fine," I enthused, realizing I’d got the story I’d come after. "Just great with me, Gary."

And then the assistant director had

**ASTHOMATIC ATTACKS**

*If you are in constant fear of Asthmatic Paroxysms, try Dr. Schiiffmann’s ASHMACID. This prescription is preferred by thousands of sufferers. A powder, caplet, or tablet in an attractive 3D paper book. Published at 25c, with a 5c discount. Ask for FREE trial sample at all stores. R. SCHIFFMANN CO., Los Angeles, California, Dept. D*

**FREE ENLARGEMENT**

Just get acquainted with new customers, we will beautifully enlarge one snapshot negative (film) to 8x10 inches—FREE—free you enclose this material ad with 10c for return mailing. Information on hand tinning in natural color sent immediately. Your negative will be returned with your free enlargement. Send it today.

**LOVELIER BLONDE HAIR**

NEW CINEMA CREAM METHOD

Everybody blonde are mostly unhandable! Now you can have silvery—blonde—beautifully blonded by this beautiful cream method! Every hair is frizzing freely up!—all hair. Lightens your hair to any extent you wish. Free sample, just send 10c for 5 packages, or 25c for 25 packages, direct to us. Money Order or Postage Stamps. addressed, "Leclerc Laboratories."

**POOR BUSINESS ENGLISH**

How much is it costing you in wasted opportunity?

Every day your business failures are putting you by what you say and how you say it! How you subtract, having confounded simple but meaningful words—these are marks a manako of thinking. Thoughts clear-cut, words that give sharp shape and striking relief to the actions in the world that are fraught with power and originality—these proclaim a business ability, win for their owner good advancement. But forprodigality for poor English—it’s inadequate! In the quiet of your home with Leclerc’s help you can learn to speak and write with real distinctness, learn to make the words you utter as effective as the ones that are written. Nothing is easier, a power to reconcile with in the business world. This wonderful book in an attractive 3D paper book, "Leclerc’s English," sent free upon request. Ask for it today.

LaSalle Extension, Dept. 108-B, Chicago

**PHOTOGRAPHY**

7 Jewel Movements WRIST WATCH with metal bracelet and beautifully designed thumb-rolled case. Or big black enamelled. YOURS for SIMPLY GIVING AWAY! Buy the natural peppers with the blue clearol CINEMA SALVE made for such use, and your watch is given FREE. Present it to a musician. For address, 1503 California Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

**Spare Time Money**

Sell Personal Christmas Cards and Stationery

Order handsome, illustrated Christmas card and stationary now. Will continue same line, always at lower prices. Send 10c each for Christmas catalog. Name—Address—Age—City.

**WALLACE BROWN, INC.**

255 Fifth Avenue Dept. F. G New York, N. Y.

**HAIR KILLED FOREVER**

Killed Permanently

From face or body without harm with this special drug. Our electric hair remover is provided with a safety mesh. Your electric current is protected. Only 25c extra charge. Lasts all day until removed. 10c additional charge. Sold at all Drug, Department and General Stores, Dealers at Wholesale.

**CLEAR-LOOKING SKIN FOR EVERYONE!**

New Cream Hides Blemishes!

**HIDE-IT** Hides Blemishes Ten Cent Store.

**GRAPHIC DESIGN**

46 COLUMBUS AVENUE, Boston 16, Mass.

**LAUREL STREET**

55 ELM STREET, Boston, Mass.

**LADIES & GIRLS**

Send name and address to:

Laurel Street, 55 Elm Street, Boston, Mass.

**FREE SPARE TIME MONEY CATERING BUSINESS**

**SAMPSON FRENCH**

99 W. 40th Street, New York City.

**CINEMA SALVE**

Here is a valuable aid to the business man—musician—actor. For drug store use among sick list—dreaded, in thousands of places. Ask for a sample. All orders shipped to you direct. Ask for Catalog. R. SCHIFFMANN CO., Los Angeles, California, Dept. D.
to spoil everything by calling him back to the set. 
"I'll be seeing you," I promised as I started for the gate.

"Wait a minute, Dick," he called. 
"Was this an interview or wasn't it?" 
"What do you think?" I parried. 
"As far as I'm concerned, it wasn't," he retorted. "I told you I don't want any stories about the baby."

"Look, Gary," I protested. "You have a large and loyal public. They're interested in you and in everything pertaining to you. It isn't going to hurt you and it isn't going to make the baby less yours if I let them know how you feel about these things. I think your views on parenthood—considering you've never had any children before—" 

"...are pretty fine and you ought to be proud of them, instead of trying to hide them."

"Well," he began doubtfully, and then his voice took on a firmer note. "But remember this: I didn't give you any interview. I thought we were just chewing the fat like a couple of old friends. Judas, if you want to print it, I can't help it—but it wasn't an interview."

"Okey, dokey," I nodded. "It wasn't an interview." 

Once more I started off and once more I was halted by Mr. Cooper. This time he was at my elbow. "Say, Dick," he began diffidently. "After the baby comes—will you come out and see him?"


"If you'll promise me I can be the next one after you and Rocky to hear him talk for the first time. I'm just curious to see if he can say as much in a few words as his old man. Why, I'll bet that kid will be able to say 'Daddy' by only pronouncing the 'D!'"

"Get out of here!" Gary yelled.

And I got. And maybe you can understand why this will be the only story you'll read expounding Gary Cooper's views on fatherhood and his plans for his baby.

Conservative Praise

NOT long ago Connie Bennett, who has both the courage and humor to laugh at jokes on herself, was listening to a radio commentator's remarks about one of her pictures. The critic lauded all the other members of the cast most lavishly, but the star he damned with this faint praise, "—and Miss Bennett was all right."

Connie took it with a smile. "What, no kisses?" she exclaimed. "Either he's slipping, or I'm improving!"

Cherchez La Wyman

[Continued from page 48]

Not bad, by any standard of success, for a little girl who, in her struggle to get somewhere has been a secretary, manicurist, switchboard operator, hairdresser, model and radio singer. She credits her first opportunity of any kind to the teacher who cast her in School Days when she was eight. She wants not to be "just an actress" but very definitely to be the best actress on the Warner lot. If she left the screen she would try to make a living as a fashion artist and writer. Under a nom-de-plume she has had two stories published in a national weekly.

The little girl who is striving to make St. Joe proud of her is five feet, five inches tall, weighs one hundred and twenty-one pounds. She is brown-eyed, brown haired and is occasionally called "Dynamite" at the studio. She is a demon on gems and collects antique jewelry pieces. She has one important philosophy—"Have fun."

You may indeed "Look for the Wyman," in pictures from now on!

For the benefit of the 8 and 16 mm. home movie fans, Fawcett Publications' staff of cameramen have prepared strips of film showing the stars at work and play. The above picture of Bing Crosby and Bill Frawley is taken from a strip shot while the two stars were playing golf. For further details see Home Movies ad on the second cover of this issue of HOLLYWOOD Magazine.
PERFECT SPECIMEN—says Physical Trainer Lewis Heppi as he measures Errol Flynn for his leading role in Warner's The Perfect Specimen.

He wanted the little pig to make a hog of himself—but this trick porker in Carnival Queen seems to be snubbing the offer of Dave Oliver.

Voted "the most typical American girl" in a recent contest staged by True Confessions Magazine, Miss Eleanor Fisher of Chicago is in Hollywood to start her movie career in "Grand National" Song and Dance Man.

OVER THE TOP—goes Fred Astaire, after finishing a tennis game on the RKO backlot between rehearsals for A Damsel in Distress.

Now that Norma Shearer is to return to the screen again autograph hunters have begun to flock around her. This little girl was first in line at a recent preview.

THEY'RE ENGAGED—Percy Westmore, head of Warner's makeup department, fell in love with Gloria Dickson the first time he "made her up" for They Won't Forget.
No More Worry

ABOUT DRY, LIFELESS "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN!

Every girl should read Peg's story!

LOOK, PEG—BE A SPORT, AND TELL US WHAT YOU'VE DONE FOR YOUR COMPLEXION! YOUR SKIN'S SO SOFT AND SMOOTH NOW—SIMPLY LOVED! AND...

YOU MEAN IT USED TO BE SO DRY AND LIFELESS? WELL, YOU'RE RIGHT—I REALLY HAD MIDDLE-AGE SKIN, BEFORE I LEARNED ABOUT PALMOLIVE!

PALMOLIVE SOAP!

YES! A BEAUTY EXPERT EXPLAINED TO ME THAT PALMOLIVE IS SO GOOD FOR DRY SKIN BECAUSE IT IS MADE WITH OLIVE OIL—THAT'S WHY PALMOLIVE GIVES YOUR COMPLEXION SPECIAL CARE—KEEPS SKIN SOFTER, SMOOTHER...

PALMOLIVE IS THE ONLY SOAP I'LL USE FROM NOW ON.

AND HERE'S ONE GIRL THAT'S GOING TO PROFIT BY YOUR BEAUTY LESSON! PALMOLIVE IS THE ONLY SOAP I'LL USE FROM NOW ON.

YOUNGER-LOOKING, TOO, I'D SAY! YOU HAVE NO IDEA HOW MUCH PRETTIER PALMOLIVE HAS MADE YOU, PEG!

YOU CERTAINLY HAVE ALL THE BOYS DAZZLED WITH THAT LOVELY SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION!

AT LAST, I GET A DANCE WITH YOU! BEEN TRYING ALL EVENING, BUT COULDN'T GET NEAR YOU! YOU CERTAINLY HAVE ALL THE BOYS DAZZLED WITH THAT LOVELY SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION!

WHY PALMOLIVE, MADE WITH OLIVE OIL, GIVES COMPLEXIONS A SPECIAL CARE...

...KEEPS SKIN SOFT, SMOOTH, YOUNG!

Palmolive is made from a special blend of Olive and Palm Oils—nature's finest beauty oils. Naturally, a soap made with these beauty oils has a different and very special lather. Palmolive's lather is so soothing, so kind to your skin. It cleanses gently, yet with thoroughness that removes every bit of dirt and cosmetics. Keeps your skin soft, smooth and fresh...alive with beauty!
The Three Musketeers of Smoking Pleasure

...refreshing MILDNESS TASTE that smokers like Chesterfields SATISFY

Chesterfield
Everything about her is LOVELY

Naturally her Silverware is LOVELY

Her charming personality... her clothes... her background of glamour—all inspire to beauty. And naturally if you follow the starry leadership of Hollywood, you, too, will choose the silverware that is the Service of the Stars... you will share this beauty with lovely Madeleine Carroll. Right now—your dealer is making an offer that is touched with Hollywood Magic—the PALM SPRINGS CHEST. Because of the Quantity Saving of $4.75, this 60-piece Service for 8 can be yours for only $29.75. And you receive the $5.00 value tortoise-proof Wood Chest... and a beautiful $2.50 Pierced Pastry Server to match your pattern, ABSOLUTELY FREE!

Ask your Dealer to show you

The
Palm Springs Chest

1881 ROGERS
MADE BY ONEIDA LTD.
How often such neglect leads to real dental tragedies... give your gums the benefit of Ipana and Massage.

"SUCH LOVELY HANDS," her friends exclaim. Why shouldn't they be the envy of others, for she lavishes hours of time and patience upon them.

But look at her smile—her dull, dingy smile—then watch how quickly her beauty fades, how her charm disappears. Shocking, yes—but shockingly true! Yet she's like thousands of other girls who might have possessed a radiant smile—who might have had bright, sparkling teeth—had she only learned the importance of care of the gums. What a price to pay for neglect—what a pity she failed to heed nature's warning, "pink tooth brush."

Don't Neglect "Pink Tooth Brush"
If your tooth brush "shows pink," see your dentist at once! Very often he'll blame our modern menus—soft, creamy foods that deprive the gums of healthful exercise. And usually his verdict will be, "Strengthen those gum walls with harder, chewier foods"—and, as many dentists suggest, "the helpful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage."

For Ipana, with massage, is especially designed to help gums as well as keep teeth sparklingly bright. Massage a little extra Ipana into your gums each time you brush your teeth. Gradually, as circulation increases within the gums, they become firmer, healthier.

Change to Ipana and massage today—see how sparkling, how lovely, how much more attractive your smile can be—a smile that will be your proud possession for the years to come.

LISTEN TO "Town Hall Tonight"—every Wednesday, N.B.C. Red Network, 9 P.M., E.S.T.

Remember a good tooth paste, like a good dentist, is never a luxury.
NO PICTURE HAS EVER EQUALLED "CONQUEST"!

GRETA GARBO
CHARLES BOYER

IN CLARENCE BROWN'S PRODUCTION

Conquest
THE LOVE STORY OF MARIE WALEWSKA

Even Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer—with the greatest productions in motion picture history to its credit—has never before made a picture on so lavish a scale as this. Its grandeur will dazzle your eyes... as its romance fills your heart. Garbo, as the temptress who is used to ensnare Charles Boyer as Napoleon; a glorious seductive pawn in an amazing international intrigue. A cast of thousands including Reginald Owen, Alan Marshall, Henry Stephenson, Leif Erickson, Dame May Whitty, C. Henry Gordon. Directed by Clarence Brown. Produced by Bernard H. Hyman... Screen Play by Samuel Hoffenstein, Salka Viertel and S. N. Behrman.

A GIANT PRODUCTION IN THE BRILLIANT M-G-M MANNER
Hollywood

W. H. FAWCETT
Publisher

EDWARD J. SMITHSON
Editor

NOVEMBER, 1937
Vol. 26, No. 10

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John Leroy Johnston, Managing Editor
John Grandjean, Art Director
Charles Rhodes, Staff Photographer

"It was the best show in town!"

Mrs. Jack Greene of Des Moines writes letter to friend at home

Hello Helen Darling,

Naturally we have been all the big shows, but believe it or not, the best show of all was the moving picture — "High, Wide and Handsome." Jack had to pay two dollars apiece for the tickets, but they were worth it. It has the most wonderful music by Kern and Hammerstein who wrote the music for "Show Boat." You've probably heard the tunes on the radio — Can I forget you and the "Folks who live on the Hill." The romance is absolutely thrilling.

Today, I'm going shopping and Jack is going up to see a ball game.

Best to everybody.

Martha
and it’ll be the best show in your town... and you won’t have to pay two dollars!

Two dollars apiece for the tickets... but no wonder Mrs. Greene says they were worth it!!!

*The show which New York, Los Angeles, and London audiences have paid top prices to see is now on its way to your favorite theatre at popular prices, so you can enjoy the picture which audiences in these three theatre capitals have cheered as one of the greatest pictures of all time.

"The best show in town."—N.Y. Times
"It's magnificent entertainment."—N.Y. World-Telegram
"Best described by its title, 'High, Wide and Handsome!'"—N.Y. Herald Tribune

Irene Dunne
"HIGH, WIDE and HANDSOME"
Randolph Scott
Dorothy Lamour • Akim Tamiroff • Raymond Walburn
Ben Blue • Charles Bickford • William Frawley • A Rouben Mamoulian Production
A Paramount Picture • Directed by Rouben Mamoulian
Gracie smiles, while Georgie Burns!

"It looks like we're going to start the day all right, eh, Gracie?"

"Uh-m-m, seems like this door doesn't want to open, my dear."

"Maybe I had the wrong stance, Gracie. I'll try it again."

"Better try this, Georgie. It might help, my big strong-arm man."

"Gracie—the key? Why didn't you say that the door was locked?"

"Well, you see, Georgie, I didn't want to be called a key-bitter!"

Photos by Blumenthal-Phillips
This time you will cheer him to the echo. —Screenland

The most distinguished and most important contribution to the screen this year.
—Kate Cameron, N. Y. Daily News

The finest historical film ever made and the greatest screen biography.
—Frank Nugent, N. Y. Times

Warner Bros. supreme effort to garner with one picture virtually all of the next academy awards. —Motion Picture Daily

When answering advertisements, please mention November Hollywood
**GIRLS! TEACH YOURSELF TYPING**

Easy! With Royal’s free Instant Typing Chart and a latest model Royal Portable with full-sized keyboard and other “big machine” features.

**MOTHERS! SEND YOUR CHILDREN THROUGH SCHOOL FASTER**

Students with Royal Portables win higher marks—stand a better chance for higher-paid jobs. Let them try a Royal at home free!

**WIVES! HELP YOUR HUSBANDS IN BUSINESS**

Help him get ahead faster, make more money—with a Royal Portable. See what a help it is—in your home at Royal’s risk!

**ACT NOW! free home trial**

**WHY WAIT?** Today you can own a factory-new, latest model Royal Portable on your own terms . . . try it out at home free—prove to yourself what it will do for your whole family . . . then pay cash, or as little as only a few cents a day! Royals are the finest portables made! Beautiful lines and finish. Sturdy. Simple to use. Standard full-sized keyboard and smooth, easy action. The coupon brings full details. No obligation to buy.

**ONLY A FEW CENTS A DAY**

FREE CARRYING CASE. Handsome, durable, instantly convertible. Remove the typewriter and have a perfect week-end case.

**OWN A ROYAL Portable**

**Typewriter on your own terms**

ROYAL TYPEWRITER CO. Inc.  
4-291 2 Park Ave., New York City  
Tell me how I can own—for only a few cents a day—a latest model Royal Portable—with Carrying Case and Instant Typing Chart, FREE!

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**Limbering Up Exercise**

WHAT noted movie couple agree so perfectly to disagree, that for years most folks have been thinking their marriage one of Hollywood’s happiest?

**Accent on Gracie**

THOSE oddly-assorted pals, Gracie Allen and Lily Pons, enjoy their practical jokes. The latest was one Gracie played on Lily. Her talking voice is remarkably like the opera star’s, so she telephoned several of the latter’s friends, imitating Lily’s accent. This both fooled and surprised recipients of the phone calls, for the singer herself hates telephones and seldom uses them. Then Lily sought revenge by calling a group of Gracie’s friends. She invited them in Gracie’s name—and, she thought, Gracie’s voice—to a party. But she reckoned without her Parisian accent. When she said, “’Alleladies! thees ees Gracie Allen!” nobody believed her!

Wed in Haste

WE PROMISED not to name the well-known judge from whom we got the following comment on the George Brent-Constance Worth annulment case. But here is what he said: “Hollywood celebrities are prone to take too many of society’s rules and regulations lightly, and to feel that being public idols automatically exempts them from obligations that bind the rest of us. When they begin saying of a marriage ceremony ‘Oh, we were only fooling,’ it is time to call a halt.”

Anyway, co-census of Hollywood opinion on this affair, and such quick marital wrecks as the June Lang-Vic Orsatti one, is [Continued on page 12]
HAIL! the conquering hero comes!

Hollywood hails Atterbury Dodd...the timid soul who took the studios to town! Are there laughs? Is there romance? Are there thrills? Clarence Buddington Kelland, the Saturday Evening Post author who gave you "Mr. Deeds" and "Catspaw", never wrote a funnier adventure...and with this star-studded cast tossing the excitement together...Wow!

WALTER WANGER presents

LESLEY HOWARD • JOAN BLONDuell

"Stand-in"

with HUMPHREY BOGART

ALAN MOWBRAY • MARLA SHELTON
C. HENRY GORDON • JACK CARSON

Directed by TAY GARNETT
Screenplay by GENE TOWNE and GRAHAM BAKER

Released thru United Artists

WHEN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS, PLEASE MENTION NOVEMBER HOLLYWOOD
GOOD NEWS TO MILLIONS

SCIENTIFICALLY

IMPROVED

EX-LAX

NOW BETTER THAN EVER!

TASTES BETTER
THAN EVER

Ex-Lax now has a
smoother, richer chocolate flavor—tastes like a
choice confection! You'll like it even better than
you did before.

ACTS BETTER
THAN EVER

Ex-Lax is now even
more effective than it
used to be. Empties the
bowels more thoroughly,
more smoothly, in less
time than before.

MORE GENTLE
THAN EVER

Ever famous for its mild-
ness, Ex-Lax is today so
remarkably gentle in
action that, except for
the relief you get, you
scarcely realize you have
taken a laxative.

...and you'll
FEEL BETTER
after taking it!

People everywhere are praising the new
Scientifically Improved Ex-Lax! Thousands
have written glowing letters telling of their
own experiences with this remarkable laxative.

"I always liked the taste of Ex-Lax," many
said, "but now it's even more delicious!"...
"It certainly gives you a thorough cleaning
out!" was another popular comment... "We
ever dreamed that any laxative could be so
gentle!" hundreds wrote.

And right they are! For today Ex-Lax is
better than ever! A more satisfactory laxative
in every way!... If you are suffering from
headaches, biliousness, listlessness or any of
the other ailments so often caused by consti-
pation—you'll feel better after taking Ex-Lax!

Your druggist has the new Scientifically
Improved Ex-Lax in 10c and 25c sizes. The
box is the same as always—but the contents
are better than ever! Get a box today!

FREE! If you prefer to try Ex-Lax at our
expense, write for free sample to Ex-Lax, Dept.
FB17, Box 170, Times-Plaza Sta., Brooklyn, N.Y.

Now improved—better than ever!

EX-LAX

THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

(Continued from page 10)

Lily Pons and Andre Kostelanetz receive a golden cup for drawing the biggest crowd (39,000)
of the year at the Hollywood Bowl

that they will make the film boys
and girls a bit more careful about when
and where they say, "I do."

Not His Public

REGARDLESS of the status of Tyrone
Power's romance with Sonja Henie,
Tyrone is still the gallant gentleman in
talking about her.

For instance, he tells the anecdote about a
young couple he heard talking in a movie
theatre. Between pictures, they began praising
Sonja, and saying they'd like to see her newest
film. The boy asked what leading man played
opposite the star, and his girl friend couldn't
remember. Then they tried to recall the lead-
ing man in Sonja's first film, and didn't place
him, either.

"They certainly ought to give her somebody
one could remember as a leading man!" both
agreed indignantly.

Ribbing Routine

ELEANOR POWELL embarrassed
shy George Murphy no end the
other day on a crowded test set at
M-G-M. Winking at Josephine
Hutchinson and various others present,
she asked George to show her a cer-
tain tap routine. George obliged.
"I don't get it, George," said
Eleanor. "Will you do it again, and
slower?"

George tried it again, slower, and
then again, still slower. That last agon-
izing slow-motion routine was so funny
the spectators burst out laughing, and
George realized he was being
"ribbed."

Three's A Crowd

A CERTAIN young actor whom we won't
name, thinks he's irresistible to the
ladies. During the filming of Wells Fargo his
head swelled more than usual, because he
seemed to be making progress with the ordi-
narily so-aloof Frances Dee.

Frances, with a guileless smile, even accepted
his suggestion to, "slip away from the studio
somewhere for a quiet luncheon." She ar-
 ranged to meet him in front of the studio.

Imagine the actor's chagrin when Frances
turned up with her hubby, Joel McCrea. Both
of them grinned impishly at the would-be Don
Juan, and Frances remarked, "We're all ready
for that luncheon! Shall we go in our car, or
yours?"

Golf Scandal

GING CROSBY and Don Ameche set
looking out over a beautiful green
expanse of

ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTES! ALWAYS INSIST ON THE ADVERTISED BRAND!
"Some day they're going to cut you open and find a rock where your heart ought to be"

They Fight It Out!
Terry Randall, born with a silver tongue in her mouth, and Jean Maitland, jobless song and dance girl with a gift for barbed wire cracks. What strange fate made them room mates in a theatrical boarding house?

Those amazingly wonderful penniless girls who exist on dreams and live on hopes and maybes, while awaiting the call of footlight fame that comes to one in a thousand!... The deep-down story of their burning hearts, and the low-down record of their flashing wit, has been told for the first time in the play masterpiece of Edna Ferber and George S. Kaufman... now an RKO-Radio Picture.

DIRECTED BY GREGORY LA CAVA
who made "MY MAN GODFREY" • Produced by
PANDRO S. BERMAN
Screen Play by MORRIS BYKIND and ANTHONY VEILEB
golf course. As we approached, we felt certain they'd be discussing tournaments, mashie shots, hooks and slices.

But we should have known better. Of course, Hollywood's two proudest papas were swapping tall stories about the bright sayings of their children!

Boudoir Secret

NOW we know what that mysterious-looking gadget in Ginger Rogers' bedroom is used for. It seems Ginger likes to read herself to sleep. But with the light on, she wakes up presently and has to fight insomnia all over again. So an ingenious friend made her a clock-like time switch, which she sets like an alarm. It turns off her light half-an-hour or so after she expects to drop off to sleep.

Once, says Ginger, a spine-chilling mystery yarn kept her awake after the estimated time. At the scariest moment in the story her light clicked off, as though turned by an invisible hand. Her scream, she declares, was heard in Chicago.

Twin Frocks

ANNE SHIRLEY, who deserves an Academy Award for her great work in Stella Dallas, wearing a party frock that thrilled her to the marrow, noticed that Loretta Young was wearing one just like it. Far from being annoyed (you've heard of stellar anger in cases like that!) she was delighted, for she has always admired Loretta.

But suddenly she began to wonder how Loretta would take this duplication of an expensive, supposedly exclusive frock. Would she think it had been deliberately copied? Anne actually began to consider slipping away from the party, to spare Loretta's feelings. Just then Loretta saw her, and presently both girls were giggling heartily.

Mysterious Myrna

ADD to your list of stars not recognized by fans, our jolly, freckled, red-headed friend, Myrna Loy.

A rubberneck bus stopped in front of Myrna's new house, just as the star, wind-blown, slack-and-sweatshirt clad, returned from a walk. Myrna found herself locked out, and didn't remember that it was servants' afternoon off until she rang the bell.

Then she went out of sight to a rear entrance, but not before she heard the tourists laughing at this crack by the megaphoner in the bus: "Yes, folks, and there goes an unusually bold autograph seeker—or maybe a saleslady. Apparently she's determined to get in to see the star, but she won't succeed!"
Lady in danger...
OF LOSING HER MAN!

Isn't it a shame she doesn't know this lovelier way to avoid offending?

Before every date, wise girls bathe with Cashmere Bouquet. For this deep-cleansing, perfumed soap not only keeps you sweet and clean, but also alluringly fragrant. No need to worry about body odor, when you bathe with Cashmere Bouquet.

You feel more glamorous when you guard your daintiness this lovelier way. Long after your bath, Cashmere Bouquet's flower-like perfume still clings lightly to your skin—keeping you so completely safe from any fear of offending.

Now only 10¢ at all drug, department, and ten-cent stores

Marvelous for complexions, too!
This pure, creamy-white soap has such a gentle, caressing lather. Yet it removes every trace of dirt and cosmetics—keeps your skin alluringly smooth, radiantly clear!

TO KEEP FRAGRANTLY DAINTY—BATHE WITH PERFUMED CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP

When answering advertisements, please mention November Hollywood
wrangle, and the Marlene Dietrich-Herbert Marshall coolness happened to leak out. Others, fortunately for the best interests of all concerned and the public's enjoyment of cinema love scenes, remain secret.

Actually, modern screen lovers are more likely to quarrel than any others

Charles Winninger, left, has the perfect stand-in, his brother Adolph, with whom he is seen here on the set at Selznick International during the filming of Nothing Sacred starring Carole Lombard and Fredric March

in the cast. Each romantic partner is the other's hottest professional rival in a given picture. In times past, a big star was usually paired with a considerably lower-ranking player. That lessened rivalry. Today, it is more common to pair screen lovers of equal fame. And that promptly brings up the question of who's face—and the back of who's neck—will most often be toward the camera.

Needed: A Liner

GLADYS GEORGE had heard that for every guest you invite to a Hollywood party, at least ten will show up. But she didn't believe it until it was brought home to her with an awful wallop.

A friend who went East loaned Gladys and her husband his yacht, so the star invited nine friends for a little party on the boat in the harbor. Thirty-three showed up!

Worse, the uninvited guests resented the fact that the yacht, which they had imagined was a big one, was really a trim little craft with room for about half their number!

So they went off in a huff, looking for another party to "crash."

Ruby Keeler and Al Jolson at the preview of Varsity Show. Shortly after this picture was taken Ruby was rushed to a hospital for an appendectomy operation
Punchy Tale

BARBARA STANWYCK, enthused over boxing as the result of a recent film in which she socked Herbert Marshall, has installed a punching bag beside her badminton court. Now if Bob Taylor ever shows up with a black eye, he'll not be able to give us that I-ran-into-a-door explanation.

IS THAT "PAINTED LOOK" SPOILING YOUR HAPPINESS? DON'T LET IT! USE TANGEE—THE LIPSTICK THAT ISN'T PAINT, THE ONLY LIPSTICK WITH THE MAGIC TANGEE COLOR CHANGE PRINCIPLE! MAKES YOUR LIPS IRRESISTIBLE!! SEND THE COUPON NOW!

SEND COUPON for TANGEE'S MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET, containing generous samples of Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge, and Face Powder... 10¢ FREE CHARM TEST!—an amazing new chart that actually measures your charm! Reveals your personality, gives you self-confidence, ability to attract men. Approved by an eminent psychologist. Sent FREE with Tangee's MIRACLE MAKE-UP Set.
THE busiest radio season in Hollywood's history is here and keeping this writer fairly dizzy trying to keep pace with the last minute changes and developments which in radio (as in pictures) occur without warning. Just now the most active topic in Hollywood is the race between NBC and CBS for the completion of new quarters. A year ago NBC opened a million dollar home here. Already it is far too small. CBS, in pretty much the same position, has the edge on NBC, for the new CBS studio is now lifting its walls above ground. NBC plans to buy a plot which was the original Paramount studios (two blocks from CBS). Mutual, it is said, may buy the present NBC studio. There is every indication that Hollywood will be America's foremost radio broadcasting center as well as the heart of the movie world before long.

ONE Man's Family, top ranking radio "continued story," with a Sunday broadcast for the Pacific Coast and a second Coast-to-Coaster on Wednesday, has moved to Hollywood after years in San Francisco. Because few people know much about the actors in this well written show (Carleton E. Morse) it is only fair that we introduce the players now that they are among us. J. Anthony Smythe plays Father Barbour; Minette Allen is Mother Barbour; Page Gilman is Jack; Bernice Barwin is Hazel; Michael Rafetto is Paul; Barton Yarbrough is Clifford; Kathleen Wilson is Claudia; Richard Svirhus is Pinky; Ann Shelley is Joan; Winifred Wolfe is Teddy; Walter Patterson is Nicky; Barbara Jo Allen is Beth Holly; Helen Musselman is Ann Wolfe and Bert Hops is Bill Herbert.

THE new Packard hour will be without Fred Astaire but will feature Charlie Butterworth, Lanny Ross and a delightful new singing miss, Florence George, who was also signed for pictures the moment she finished her first Hollywood audition. Miss George has facial beauty as well as a refreshing vocal distinction and many happy hours seem assured with this combination. The Log Cabin Hour will present Jack Haley, Virginia Verrill and Warren Hull (recently featured with Charlie Wynninger on the Showboat hour, and Bing Crosby, his summer at the Del Mar race track behind him), will return to Kraft Music Hall in October. Jack Benny and Mary Livingston back from Europe are on the Jello show again, and Irene Rich, for years a favorite Hollywood screen star, is back in town at the head of the Welsh Grape Juice radio program.

In addition this month will find the greatest galaxy of talent NBC ever offered the other waves gathering for Werner Jansen's Fleischmann hour; Chase and Sanborn continuing toward top honors with W. C. Fields, Nelson Eddy, Charlie McCarthy and Edgar Bergen, Dorothy Lamour, Don Ameche and guest stars with Armbuster's orchestra (which is quite some combination).

Arion Talley in the Rykrisp Sunday show, Walter Winchell with his Jergen program, Jimmie Fidler and Hedda Hopper hard at their commenting, Tyrene Power, Jr. (20th Century-Fox's big heart beat) heading a new Woodbury show and Rudy Vallee and his Connecticut Yankees out here for a spell in behalf of Royal gelatin. Add to this Amos and Andy's Peppardent program (they go Campbell soup in January) Lum and Abner's Hatrick program, Burns and Allen's new show, and a tri-weekly "How to be Charming" broadcast, and one gets a fair idea of how busy Hollywood's NBC wave bands really are... And of Amos and Andy (whose real name is Charles Carroll) flew his new bride to Del Monte in his private Stinson plane over the week-end and for their honeymoon. Andy had to be back in time for the broadcast... Elinor Harriot, who plays four parts (Ruby Taylor, Mrs. Kingfish, Little baby and little girl) on the Amos and Andy program, recently married Frank Nathan, Los Angeles business man, whom she met in Palm Springs. They sailed on the Mariposa for Honolulu for their honey-moon after a private wedding.
ONE of the features of the new Columbia Broadcasting Building will be a broadcast theatre seating 1,020 persons. Most of the studios and engineering departments will have heavy glass partitions which permit all activities to be watched by the curious without interference to technicians. Following the acoustical theories of Dr. Vern O. Knudsen, sound expert from the University of California, no two walls or sound panels or windows will be set at exactly the same angle (a revolutionary idea) and sound will be deflected from the microphones and interfering echoes eliminated. There will not be an old piece of equipment in the entire building.

EDDIE CANTOR, now president of the Radio Artists (he formerly was president of the Screen Actors) is back on the Texaco hour; Joe Penner is CoCo Mailling each Sunday; the popular Lux Hour is back again with screen stars galore, and Al Jolson and George Jessel are adding zest to the Lifebuoy-Rinso hour at CBS.

Jack Oakie and Benny Goodman, who proved such a popular collegiate attraction for the Camel hour last year, are again with us and Ken Murray and Oswald and Hollywood Hotel, with movie star guests, are plugging Campbell’s Soup. Jeanette MacDonald is the star of the new Vicks’ show and Phil Baker has moved his Armour hour to Hollywood; the International Silver hour show is also new in the local CBS field. Perhaps the most unique Columbia show is emanating from Hollywood is the Bissquick program “Hollywood in Person” which takes its portable broadcasting equipment to the homes and sets where movie stars join others in impromptu programs for morning and noon-tide listeners.

JIMMY WALLINGTON and Warren Hull went deep sea fishing with Saymore Saymore and came back empty handed. Saymore talked two large bass onto her hook. . . . Frances Langford, singing star of the Hollywood Hotel radio program for two years, plays the same part in Warners’ film version of “Hollywood Hotel” . . . . Feg Murray, the sport cartoonist, is the latest radio star . . . . Rita Whitman made an audition for a singing spot in a Hollywood radio show by telephone. She got the right number—and a contract . . . . May Robson is making a series of radio transcriptions which will make her a regular broadcaster on more than 200 stations . . . . George [Broadway Melody] Murphy will soon be a regular radio attraction . . . . Ozie Nelson will arrange to broadcast from Hollywood while wifey Harriet Hilliard is busy at RKO in pictures . . . . W. C. Fields is new amid the luxurious comfort of a new Bel Air home [Charlie McCarthy is forbidden entrance] . . . . Norman Spir, football prophet, is set for a new series of broadcasts; also Lloyd Pantagos, commentator on things cinematographic . . . . Igor Gorin may soon join the Metropolitan Opera Co., a dream of years—and a lot of hard work . . . . Ken Higgins of a local station has married Lucille Lund, former Wampas baby star and Columbia studio screen player.

Certainly by this time you must be convinced that Hollywood has taken radio to its bosom (or vice versa) and the film village which fought off radio for quite a long time is now displaying a rare co-operative spirit.

To your smart fall clothes and your lovely self

Don’t think cold weather frees you from the threat of
UNDERARM PERSPIRATION ODOR

The first chilly days of fall and winter should bring this warning to women: Don’t take it for granted, now that summer is past, that you have no further need to worry about perspiration.

It’s true, you may not need to worry about perspiration moisture. Few of us are troubled with an annoying amount of moisture in cold weather. But perspiration odor—that’s a different story!

Heavier clothing, tighter sleeves shut air away from the underarms. Tense indoor recreations in overheated rooms are apt to result in unpleasant underarm odor. Your daily bath is powerless to prevent it. The best a bath can do is merely to cleanse the skin from past perspiration.

To be sure of protection that lasts all day, use Mum after your bath. Takes just half a minute. Smooth a bit of Mum under this arm, under that — and you’re ready for your dress. No bother of waiting for it to dry and ringing off.

Harmless to clothing. Use Mum any time and don’t worry about your clothing. The American Institute of Laundering has awarded Mum its Textile Approval Seal as being harmless to fabrics.

Soothing to skin. Mum is soothing and cooling to the skin — so soothing you can shave your underarms and use at once!

Does not prevent natural perspiration. Mum does just what you want done — prevents disagreeable odor without interfering with the perspiration itself.

Make Mum a year ‘round habit, winter and summer, and you can dismiss all fear of perspiration from your mind!

Bristol-Myers Co., 630 Fifth Ave., N.Y.

USE MUM FOR THIS, TOO. Mum is a proved friend to women in another way — for its protective deodorant service on sanitary napkins,

MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

WHEN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS, PLEASE MENTION NOVEMBER HOLLYWOOD

19
Buccaneer De Mille Celebrates

Producer-director DeMille receives the congratulations of his boss, Adolph Zukor, Paramount president, Franciska Gool and Frederic March, who have the leads in The Buccaneer.

William C. deMille, stage and screen director, writer and brother of "C. B." and his wife, flew from New York to attend Paramount's luncheon honoring the producer-director of The Buccaneer. In this group are William C. deMille, C. B. DeMille, Mrs. C. B. DeMille and Mrs. William deMille.

PROVING that a movie studio can be a gracious host as well as a fascinating workshop Paramount feted Cecil B. DeMille on his 56th birthday and 35th wedding anniversary, recently with a real Creole luncheon to which some 250 friends were bidden. A 60 pound cake topped by a pirate ship (DeMille is now making The Buccaneer, you know) was among the features of the intimate party but the least important. From New Orleans came pralines wrapped in miniature cotton bales for souvenirs and the luncheon followed recipes which Edwai Jones brought from the South expressly for the occasion.

Adolph Zukor, Paramount president, Mrs. DeMille, Daughter Katherine DeMille, Brother William and Mrs. deMille, Star Frederic March, Franciska Gool, Akim Tamiroff, Margaret Graham, the Earl of Warwick and Bill Pine flanked the guest at the head table and studio waitresses who have been serving Mr. DeMille's table for many years presented the luncheon which was hot in spices as well as hot from the serving kitchen.

Muskmelon cut like baskets with centers filled with blackberries, cherries, orange, grapefruit and pineapple slices covered with powdered ginger provided the first course. Then came the balance of the meal for which the following recipes are provided that Hollywood readers may later enjoy a similar party:

Gumbo Fève

One Small Chicken - One Pound Beef cut for stewing - One Cup Fresh Okra diced - One Tablespoon Butter - One Onion - One Cup Tomatoes - Three Pints Water - One and One-half Teaspoons Sassafras Leaves - Salt and Pepper.

Cut chicken and stew with beef and okra with three pints water. When strong broth is obtained and meat is tender remove bones from chicken and dice meat. Add pepper and onions which have been browned in butter. Add sassafras leaves and cook slowly one hour.

Jambalayah Buccaneer

One and One-half Cups Louisiana Prawns
One Cup Boiled Rice - Two Large Stalks Celery
One-half Bell Pepper - One Large Onion - One and One-half Cups Stewed Tomatoes - Salt and Pepper - Battered Crumbs.
Mix together cooked prawns, rice and tomatoes. Cook ten minutes, add chopped onion, celery and pepper. Turn into baking dish, cover with buttered crumbs and bake one hour in moderate oven.

Salad La Fitte

One Cup Cold Diced Meat - Six Tablespoons Cold Diced Potatoes - Six Tablespoons Diced Carrots - Six Tablespoons String Beans - One-half Cup French Dressing - Two Chopped Sweet Pickles - One-half Cup Mayonnaise - Two Hard-boiled Eggs.

Mix vegetables and meats with dressing. Let stand for one hour. Add sweet pickles and eggs and mayonnaise. Serve on lettuce leaves.

Southern Corn Bread

Two Cups Cornmeal - One and One-half Cups Sweet Milk - Two Cups Boiling Water - One Teaspoon Salt - Three Tablespoons Butter - Three Eggs.

Sift cornmeal three times and dissolve in boiling water until smooth. Add melted butter, then milk. Separate eggs. Beat whites until light. Add yolks, then whites. Pour in buttered pan and bake thirty minutes.

Yam Pudding Mulatre

Grate One Large Cooked Sweet Potato - Mix with one cup sugar, one-half cup butter and two large eggs. Thin with sweet milk, flavor with one-quarter teaspoon cinnamon, nutmeg and ginger. Beat eggs well before adding to mixture. Bake in moderate oven very slowly.

Have you tried the New Magic Milk Mask?

No waiting for results when you use the NEW LINIT MAGIC MILK MASK

HERE is a new, complete twenty-minute beauty treatment that begins its gentle, toning action as soon as it is applied, and leaves the skin looking soft, smooth and refreshed.

If your complexion is dull and sallow, the Linit Magic Milk Mask will help to clarify it through natural stimulation, and will heighten the natural bloom.

Look how easy it is for you to make the Linit Magic Milk Mask at home: *Simply mix three tablespoons of Linit (the same Linit so popular as a Beauty 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.

Feel your face—the petal-like smoothness and softness; observe the enchanting bloom of youth. The Linit Magic Milk Mask leaves the skin with a velvety “film” that is an excellent powder base, as it eliminates shine and helps to keep make-up looking fresh for hours longer.

Why not try Linit Magic Milk Mask NOW? If you do not have Linit at hand, your grocer can supply you.

A newcomer to the screen, but one who will soon be known to motion picture audiences everywhere, is Mary Russell, lovely blonde actress who is Columbia’s latest addition to its roster of talent. Her first role is in Park Avenue Dame with Fay Wray and Richard Arlen.

WHEN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS, PLEASE MENTION NOVEMBER HOLLYWOOD 21
Quickly... Correct These Figure Faults
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MAY IT PLEASE THE COURT

All her life Gail Patrick has dreamed of opening her own law office—and of becoming the governor of Alabama!

EVEN when she won the Panther Woman Contest, and left her law course at the University of Alabama for Hollywood, Gail Patrick retained in the back of her mind the determination someday to return and realize her ambition to become a lawyer.

By BRADFORD NEWLANDS

Success on the screen, however, delayed this intention, but she was never more serious when she announced she would be a gubernatorial candidate in the year 1952.

"I think every woman, regardless of who or what she may be, should interest
herself in some sideline," she declares. "In my case, this is the study of law and all its problems ... but it represents far more to me than a mere side-interest. I find that after four years on the screen this subject appeals even more strongly than before I came to Hollywood."

In line with her declaration, Gail not only dreams of the day she will be a lawyer ... she is actually preparing herself for that day.

At THE University of Alabama she had completed two years of her law course—following an A. B. degree at Howard College—when she signed her Paramount contract. Since then, she has studied many phases of the legal profession, particularly the histories on a vast number of celebrated cases.

In addition to her individual studies, she expects to enroll in the law course of the University of California at Los Angeles. Naturally, with her screen work, she will not be able to carry as many subjects as though she were devoting her full time to it, but over a period of years she will prepare herself for examinations for the bar.

"I feel that I will be in an unusually advantageous position, then, to carry on as an attorney," she says. "I will have the poise every lawyer should possess, and a confidence I could not have owned had I not spent considerable time before the camera. Thus, when I retire—and I am sincere when I say this—I will be ready to step into the profession for which I think I am best fitted."

Are you missing good times—suffering needless embarrassment—because of a pimpy, blemished skin? Then this true story from real life is meant for you! It's an actual experience, not an advertising claim.

It came to us, a simple letter written in pencil—just one of many from grateful girls who have regained their natural beauty with the aid of pleasant-tasting Yeast Foam Tablets.

Let Yeast Foam Tablets help rid your system, too, of the poisons which are the real cause of so many unsightly skins. This pasteurized yeast is rich in precious natural elements which often stimulate sluggish digestive organs—help to restore natural elimination—and thus cleanse the system of beauty-destroying wastes.

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Now, with this new Double-Value size bottle available at drug counters, you can actually get the full value of the 30-day course for one-half of the former cost! Remember to ask for the 250-tablet size of Yeast Foam Tablets—and refuse substitutes.

Ask your druggist today for Yeast Foam Tablets—and refuse substitutes.
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PHOTO-FACTS

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our readers write

Busier than a one-armed paper hanger with the hives is Lyle Talbot in this scene from Universal’s Westbound Limited

$15 Prize Letter

MR. P. A.—MASTER CRAFTSMAN

Dear Editor:

May I speak a word of appreciation for that muchly maligned gentleman, Mr. Press Agent? How adroitly he handles one of the most important, most difficult jobs in Hollywood, yet he never receives any Oscars or orchids! As contact man between studio and paying public, he must sell the movie commodity to fans, and make 'em like it! But fans want personalities—so he must sell pictures in terms of individual stars. Critics yell "exploitation," "bad taste," "cheap publicity stunts!" But rather aren't his activities a justified act of self-preservation for his stars?

Picture stars are only human beings living goldfish lives, often innocently entwined in lawsuits and convivings, their reputations endangered, careers threatened. Then the press agent must work his magic spell, must re-gild the lily, re-build and restore injured prestige and career. To us, the fans who demand our movie stars glamorous, unreal and undefiled, Mr. Press Agent is not only a master craftsman, but a veritable godsend. Give him room, friends, and let him work!

Sincerely,
June Cunniff,
1714 29th St., Ensley, Ala.

You certainly may speak a word of appreciation for the press agent, and we hasten to print it for you. It isn't very often that we hear from the movie fans praising the 'master craftsman's' fine work.—Editor.

$10 Prize Letter

LET'S LIVE IN A WORLD OF DREAMS

Dear Editor:

Let me say first that your magazine HOLLYWOOD is the biggest nickel's worth on any newsstand.

I have attended picture shows since the days when Theda Bara vampied the footlights out, and I still like them. But please, Mr. Producer, give us fewer gangster and prison stories, and more love and glamour pictures. Let the young hero and heroine look into one another's eyes and fall hard. Give us gorgeous gowns in technicolor, and turn the Cinderella from Woolworth's basement into a fairy princess. Give us the love-light that glowed in Margo's eyes in Winterstet.

Give us the love and loyalty of Carole Lombard as Maggie, in Swing High, Swing Low. Give us love, beauty, thrills. I am tired of realism. I've had enough of that in my own life. Give us beauty as expressed in Lost Horizon, A Star is Born and Wings of the Morning. Let's have romance by proxy, if we can't have it any other way.

But I give my hearty thanks and sincere congratulations to the people who made possible
so many happy hours spent in the movies in the last twenty-five years of my life.

Sincerely,
Hazel H. Pickett, 226 Cheyenne Ave.,
Colorado Springs, Colo.

Here is another letter in answer to the old debate Realism versus Glamour. Someday, perhaps, the producers will find the solution, but to date it remains six of one and half a dozen of the other.—Editor.

$5 Prize Letter
FIRST OFFENSE

Dear Editor:

Oh, Nora! Nora! what would Nick say if he knew? If he discovered you had lost your sense of humor? No doubt the dear old lady would take the drink in earnest, and break all past records in "elbow-bending!"

What made you do it? Pass through that Kitty O'Shea interlude, during which time you walked around as one in a trance. . . . Nobility adding weight to your steps—patience dragging down that quizzical smile of yours—gentility hiding the naughty light in your eyes. There was only the pert little nose to remind us that you were Myrna NORA LOY. (We'll not speak of your partner in crime, Saint Farnell; we'll let Carole handle him).

Since this is your first offense in years, we've decided to be lenient. If you will promise to reform—to regain that precious light touch, we'll forget the whole thing, and not tip Nick off to your alarming lapse.

For it was a lapse, wasn't it? And you will return as your old halo-less self again? Please say you will, Nora, we and Nick and Asta couldn't bear to lose you!

Sincerely,
D. H. Chapman,
1000 S. Grandview St.,
Los Angeles, Calif.

It occurs to us after reading D. H. Chapman's letter that Myrna Loy will have a hard time living down a good reputation if very many of our readers agree with him. Do you?—Editor.

A COMPOSITE MOVIE STAR

Dear Editor:

Recently I experienced the Hollywood influence on masculine fashions. I grew sideburns similar to the ones Clark Gable wore in Farnell. My hair was waved according to Gene Raymond's and my eyebrows were plucked Tyrone Powerish. Patiently I practiced the MacMurray grin. I sprouted a Fernand Gravet mustache. I borrowed my wife's lipstick and carefully molded my lips like Robert Taylor's.

Said I: "Now I'll land in the movies."

Said my wife: "You resemble Boris Karloff at his worst."

I gave up!

Very truly yours,
Henry O. Pruett,
RT. 2, Box 72-A,
Clayton, New Mexico

If it's any comfort to you, we might say that with those attributes of the male rages of the screen, you should have at least resembled Boris Karloff at his best.—Editor.

THEY are an improvement... for the makers of the famous HOLD-BOB bob pins know what girls have been looking for in better hair waving aids. You'll find all the features you want in the revolutionary new HOLD-BOB CURLERS, HOLD-BOB WAVE CLIPS and HOLD-BOB WAVESET PINS!

HOLD-BOB CURLERS, for instance, have an exclusive "self-fastening" feature which makes them so easy to use and so effective. You just roll up the ends of your hair as you would with an ordinary curler... and then with one hand and from any position snap the fastener clased with one simple motion! No pins, no adjustments... quite the easiest and most effective curler you've ever used!! Four sizes—Midget, Small, Medium and Large.

And HOLD-BOB WAVE CLIPS form much deeper, more natural-looking waves than ordinary clips can, because of their patented "mesh-lock" feature. Yes, HOLD-BOB WAVE CLIPS do more than hold the wave—they pull the hair up into a beautiful wave and hold it there! Three sizes—Small, Medium and Large.

The new HOLD-BOB WAVESET PINS are the very smartest way to keep your waves fresh and deeply set. They are curved to fit the head and hold with just the right amount of pressure. Three sizes—Small, Medium and Large.

Try these new, superior hair waving aids—you'll be delighted with them. If your dealer cannot supply you—use the coupon below.

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Those merry-manics of melody! That three-Ritz circus! Madder and merrier, wilder and whackier than in 'Sing Baby Sing'... 'On the Avenue'... and 'You Can't Have Everything!' The fastest, funniest, tuniest hit that they or anybody else ever made!

The Ritz Brothers
"Life Begins in College"
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Directed by William A. Seiter
Associate Producer Harold Wilson • Screen
Play by Karl Tunberg and Don Ethinger
Suggested by a series of stories by Darrell
Wore • Ritz Brothers Specialty Routines by
Sam Pokross, Sid Kuller and Ray Golden

Maybe it's football... maybe it's screwball... but it's screwier by far than 'Pigskin Parade', no maybe about that!
"I'LL NEVER RETIRE"
SAYS
ROBERT TAYLOR
TO
VIRGINIA WOOD

W E HAD heard that Robert Taylor planned to retire. We had heard that Robert Taylor did not plan to retire. We had heard that he was contemplating resuming his study of medicine so he could follow in his father's footsteps. We had even heard that he had set a time limit for his retirement—five years. And we had heard that it was all a lot of poppycock and that he'd never give up the screen.

So we went out to Metro to talk to him about it.

"I don't know where all these rumors come from," Bob told us, shaking his head sadly. "In the first place, I'm tied up to a contract which doesn't expire for seven years. In the second place, I loathe and despise medicine. Never did like it. Science and physics and all that sort of thing bored me to death. The only reason I went in for it was because my father was a doctor and I thought I could take over his practice. It's the last thing in the world I'd ever want to do—now."

"Why 'now'?" I wanted to know.

"Oh—you know — after being an actor," Bob lit a cigarette. "It's really the most exciting business in the world," he went on, meditatively. "There's something stimulating about the constant changes and activity on a studio lot that is hard to explain. I come over here all the time when I'm not working, just to see what's going on. It's fascinating—much more so than Hollywood swimming pools and tennis courts. For that matter, I find that there's nothing more relaxing than watching other people slave away while you loaf and murmur gentle little encouragements."

"Don't you ever have a desire to go on the stage?" I asked.

"Nope!" he said, emphatically. "Don't think I'm a good enough actor," he laughed. "Why, they'd boo me off the stage in a really high-class show. I wouldn't have a chance!"

Which was really something, coming from the lips of the screen's greatest attraction since the days of Rudolph Valentino and Wallace Reid!

"Would you live in Hollywood if you weren't in pictures?" we persisted.

"Nope!" he answered, emphatically. "I'd get me a ranch some place. Maybe in Northern California or Wyoming or some place like that. I like the seasons.

You know—winter, spring, fall—the sort of thing you don't get here."

"What would you have on the ranch?" I queried.

"Oh—cattle, dogs, horses. Mostly horses, I guess. The thing is, I don't like city life much. Don't care about night clubs, parties—that hey-hey stuff."

"Haven't you any hobbies?"

"Nope. I don't do any of the things I'm supposed to do. I like to take trips in the car—and ride. That's about all I do."

At this point, we had a very definite idea things weren't working out as they should be. We had a distinct feeling that this Bob Taylor we'd been hearing about—the matinee idol, the high-hat individual who considered himself so important he kept quite aloof from the common herd—was not running true to form.

"But don't you want to travel—or do any of the things screen stars are supposed to want to do?" we insisted.

"Sure. There are a lot of things I want to do—but not now."

W E BEGAN to realize that Bob is just a little bit scared of the position he's in at the moment. He can't for the life of him understand why people make such a fuss over him. He doesn't want people to make a fuss over him, what's more.

He also discovered that the reason he only spent a day and a half in Honolulu when he went there recently, on a long-anticipated trip, was because he found himself so deluged with invitations to do a lot of things he didn't want to do that he wasn't going to have time to explore any of the out-of-the-way spots he'd been dying to see. Instead of seeing things, it was reversed. He was being seen.

"The studio is sending me to England pretty soon. I told them I wouldn't go unless I could live in the country. I can't stand the idea of living in London or any other metropolis." Bob laughed.

"Of course they'd probably have sent me anyway, no matter what I said, but I thought I might as well ask. They said okay."

We were suddenly aware that this Bob Taylor was a pretty miserable sort of fellow. In fact, Bob has found himself in the unenviable position of being a small town. [Continued on page 81]
"YES," said Claudette Colbert, airily waving her hand to indicate a Warner Brothers sound stage. "It's just about time for me to take some time out for romance."

Her dark eyes twinkled.

"Know where I'm going? I'll take trains, a boat and an automobile fourteen thousand miles to introduce my husband to a bowl of fish. I'm going to go so far away that the people I'll meet will think that moving pictures is something you do when you re-arrange your house."

She sighed.

"So motion picture players have everything! Did you ever hear that? Consider me. Haven't I? I haven't. Where's my honeymoon? Have you seen anything of it? Married December 24, 1935. Honeymoon missing. Well, I'm going to find it. I'm going to shake the celluloid out of my hair and tour France with my husband for two months. Starting date, January."

"That's positive," I ask. "You might change your mind."

"Not Colbert. Look around you. This is a colorful and expansive picture called Tonight's Our Night, the former Tovarich. Note Charles Boyer, Anita Louise and others. Next comes Bluebeard's Eighth Wife with Gary Cooper, and then comes January. Add up the score and you find that Colbert has worked without a real vacation for eight years. Excepting two trips to New York. And if New York's a vacation for anyone in motion pictures,
I'm Shirley Temple. New York's just East Hollywood. We'll have to go through it. New York's a lovely place, too. I can imagine nothing better than seeing it after being shipwrecked on a two-by-four island. But when you enter from the Hollywood side, that's something else again. And Hollywood's nice, too," she continued. "I like going out. It has some nice surroundings. Consider Pebble Beach, Del Monte, Carmel. But they're just around the corner, after all.

"Or the cafes and night clubs. I can see where out-of-town visitors love them. But after eight years, it's like taking a vacation in a studio commissary."

HER attitude isn't hard to understand, after all. Work's work, and even if you're behind a soda fountain, you find the ice cream gets tiresome.

"Consider the highways and byways of France," she went on. "Consider me on a pair of skis floundering down the Austrian Alps. Maybe yodeling a bit, even. Visiting Paris and Le Blanc, both places filled with childhood memories. Recapturing and reliving things the years have taken away."

Claudette confesses that though she was born in Paris and spent five summers in the quaint little town of Le Blanc, on the banks of the river La Creuse, she doesn't know the French countryside—and wants to get acquainted with it.

Entering into this delightful scheme for escape, of course, is Claudette's husband, Dr. Joel D. Pressman.

"It's not my trip, but our trip," she explains. "Jack, born in Philadelphia and educated in the east, has never been abroad. Not only that, but he hasn't had a vacation in fifteen years.

"We've got our honeymoon coming to us. We slipped away, remember, one December day—Christmas Eve, some two years ago—and drove to Yuma. It was an elopement, and we dodged reporters, hurried home so I could go to work in Under Two Flags and Jack could fulfill his professional obligations.

"It seemed ironic when, after rushing back to work, I found myself ordered to return to the Yuma desert and live there for two weeks while making Under Two Flags. Jack couldn't get away to come down to see me."

But back to the proposed honeymoon. I asked about the fish she mentions. "Bouillabaisse," she replies. "The trip'll end in Marseilles. Jack'll eat bouillabaisse there. I've been telling him about it for years. He'll get to sample it at last."

"How do you spell it? Can't I just call it fish?"

She writes it down for me. "You can get fish anywhere. You get bouillabaisse only in Marseilles."

She had a faraway look in her eyes. I think France has her again. But no.

"Funny the way, when you love someone," she confides, "you think of places you've been alone, and talk about them, and want that person to see them. I've been talking Paris and France to Jack for months. There are so many things I not only want to see for myself, but show him." She smiles.

"Jack has to see La Blanc," she says. "I haven't been there since I was five. Or six. We used to leave the apartment in Paris in the summer time and go to grandfather Chauconin's place in 'la villa haute,' or the high part of town. The river cut the village in half, and 'le village bas' was on the other side of beautiful La Creuse, the river."

She laughs suddenly.

CLAUDETTE has places in Paris to show her husband. Quaint little places which have gathered mellowness with the passing of the years.

"We lived in an apartment near the Bois de Bologne," she recalls. "It was like Central Park—a little bit—and I used to play there. In later trips I saw other places, other things, all beautiful. There's another thing I want to do, and that's call on a friend of my father's named Pascaud.

"Not long ago he sent my mother and me a picture of my father, who died in 1924, as a young man. We treasure it, and I want to thank him. And I want to talk to him about my father, too. There'll be other old friends to see, other pleasant hours to be brought back to life."

Claudette feels a common emotion—an affection for the place of her birth.

"I'm a little afraid, though—" she says. "Maybe I've told Jack too much about it, and maybe, when he sees it, he won't have the feeling I do because there won't be any strong associations attached to it. I hope I haven't over-talked it all."

Claudette and her husband are really going to tour France. They're shipping over their small coupe, and they're going to stay off the main highways.

"He'll probably gain about twenty pounds," she says. "He loves to eat—and when he gets some real French food—"

She pauses and eyes me rather skeptically.

"Do you realize what a thrill I'm getting just thinking about all this—and how I really feel?" she asks.

"Of course I do," I reply. (Continued on page 68)
With the coming of cooler weather comes Grace Moore to present another operatic revue in her current Columbia picture, "I'll Take Romance." In her first picture Miss Moore found movie audiences liked certain operatic arias and so she has been permitted the choice of a few for her newest production. From Madama Butterfly she sings a duet with Frank Forrest.

At extreme corners of this group still she is shown in costume with Director E. H. Griffith and her Japanese hairdresser. At the upper left she appears as "Martha" and at the lower right the singer, dressed for La Traviata, turns the camera on her make-up man, costumer, hairdresser and maid.
Hollywood has suddenly decided that there must be something to Gene Autry, the singing cowboy who, in no time at all, has crowded his way among the first ten boxoffice favorites. And there is, as this story proves . . . .

By JESSIE HENDERSON

"YOU'VE got to help us out of a jam!" cried the Pullman conductor. "They's five day-coaches on behind and ev'ybody in 'em hollering for your autograph! Threatenin' to bust in here—"

So Gene Autry arose, a blond-haired, blue-eyed six-footer in high boots and a great white hat, and strode back laughing to the five day-coaches. There he stayed, signing autographs and singing cowboy songs, for over two hours. Other movie stars were aboard the train en route to a recent broadcast on a Rudy Vallee hour, but it was Gene the people wanted to see.

Know why? Well—and it's going to give Hollywood kind of a shock—because he's a star in Westerns. Yes, sir, Westerns.

Horse operas don't register much with most of the studios. So while for the past three years other towns have quivered to the horsemanship and baritone of Autry, this young man is still so unknown in Hollywood itself that he could probably stroll the length of the Boulevard and not be recognized. His pictures are made at the Republic lot out in San Fernando Valley, never previewed in Hollywood, and shown at just one neighborhood theatre there.

Yet since his first "singing Western" late in 1934, Autry has been receiving an average of three thousand fan letters each month, the majority of them from adults. He was among the first ten box office favorites in the latest official checkup. And in a popularity contest the other day at Dayton, Ohio, Nelson Eddy ran second to him.

As a matter of fact, the long-legged Texan with the white hat keeps four careers going at once. It would be five except that he gave up vaudeville to enter pictures. He's a movie actor, a radio star, one of the most sought-after singers for phonograph records, and a composer of songs. From the time he was a lad on the Texas range, warbling and yodeling (he can yodel, too) around the campfire and to the cattle, Gene has "made up" most of his ditties.

Not long ago a popular radio sketch team couldn't understand why a certain dialogue among their recordings had such phenomenal sales. One day they turned the record over and found on its back Gene Autry's That Silver Haired Daddy of Mine. Gene's profits from song sheets alone equal many an actor's income; Silver Haired Daddy, for example, has sold more than a million copies in sheet music, aside from records.

But, shucks, as Autry would remark—for he talks off the screen much as he talks in picture—it isn't the money; it's the fun. Autry gets a good time out of his work, and his work shows the benefit of that fact. But there's plenty of work. He's had to hire a secretary and an office to take care of. [Continued on page 70]

HOLLYWOOD
"Actors are swell people," says Mary Carlisle, "but when I get ready to choose a husband I'm going outside of the profession—for several reasons." Here they are—frank and honest!

This will probably come as a shock to Mildred Smith of Kenosha, Agnes Brown of Ottumwa and several thousand other gals. Those starry-eyed damsels who look worshipfully at pictures of Clark Gable, Fred MacMurray and Robert Taylor, and other movie males.

But the sad and disillusioning truth is that Mary Carlisle, the very glamorous and very eligible Mary Carlisle, has just told us: "I won't marry an actor!" Mary knows them all. She's been out with many. Her name has been linked to several. Suggestions of marriage have been whispered in her ear beneath the Hollywood moon. "No!" Mary says. "Why?" we asked.

"Because, of several different reasons," she replied. "I like actors. But, when it comes right down to marriage, I'll take someone outside the motion picture industry. I think—let me see—a lawyer would just about suit me. You can skip business men. They're too busy chasing dollars.

"Why a lawyer? Because a lawyer has time out for romance. Between cases. And [Continued on page 66]
UP UNTIL the day Gloria Dickson discovered that one did NOT have to be on relief to join the Federal Theatres Project theatricals, she was, to use her own words, getting along nowhere, very, very fast in her stage and screen career; and, since she had dreamed and planned from early childhood on being a great actress, getting along nowhere, very, very fast just wasn't in the book. So, being as level-headed as she is ambitious, she took another hitch in her determination and set out to see what she could do about this "progress-in-my-career" business.

As far back as 1934 and 1935 this young lady who, because of her brilliant work in her first picture, They Won't Forget, is still stirring the Hollywood welkin with praise, and who now is accepted as the most promising actress of the year, was giving frequent dramatic readings at social clubs and over radio station KFOX at Long Beach, Calif. These readings were good and Gloria's Long Beach admirers kept asking for more, but Hollywood, which is only thirty miles away as the sea gulls fly, wasn't much impressed—if any. What to do about it was Gloria's immediate problem and to help solve it if she got herself a job with the Hart Players of Long Beach. She was still thirty miles away from Hollywood, but for the first time in her young life she was in a seasoned troupe of players and gaining a world of experience from it.

"It was my first professional engagement," says Gloria, "with a salary that ranged from seventy-five cents a week when business was poor, to three dollars a week when business was good. More often than not business was poor and I had to get along on six-bits. I've heard of rubber dollars and how far they'll go—but it's really surprising how far you can stretch a ten-cent piece."

As a matter-of-fact, Gloria kept stretching those dimes during the following two years, studying harder, acting more, and loving her choice of a career more intensely each passing day.

FINALLY, in April, 1936, (on the day she learned that one did NOT have to be on relief to join the Federal Theatres Project theatricals) she applied to the Los Angeles headquarters, was granted an audition. [Continued on page 68]
The amazing story of a young man who suddenly landed FEET FIRST INTO FAME

That supposedly sage advice; "Use your head to save your heels," isn't so sage after all, if you ask Buddy Ebsen. He has reversed it, and that's no slap at Buddy's mentality either. He did a lot of thinking under that ragged chrysanthemum thatch of his before he elected to educate the other end of his anatomy.

His feet, like those of all the other young Ebsens, were the beginning of his education, principally because the Ebsen sire is, and long has been, one of Florida's leading terpsichorean teachers. In his early years Buddy was convinced that feet are fine for walking, or running in baseball games, but that tap dancing and its kindred capers were "sissified," so finally he convinced his paternal ancestor that something should be done for his other extreme, now six feet, three inches above his toes.

If Buddy—christened Christian Rudolph—had carried on in his ambition to be a doctor, the world would not have known about that funny shock of hair that now has become so much a part of his personality that he has to go around looking like an Airedale. When the Florida boom burst it shook the very foundation from under the Ebsen bank- roll and wrote finis to Buddy's "upstairs training." A job that would pay immediate dividends was essential, and the question in Buddy's mind was where to find it.

Jobs were scarce, even in New York where he had gone hunting for work. He found a job, finally, as a soda jerker in the Pennsylvania Station. He never had to work so fast either before or since as he did dishing out sodas and other fountain specialties to commuters and [Continued on page 74]
1. Jeanette MacDonald and Gene Raymond with their Skye terrier, Stormy Weather

2. Deanna Durbin, Universal singing star, has literally "gone to the turtles" for pets

3. An inseparable companion on Aubrey C. Smith's walks is this worried-looking canine

4. Freddie Bartholomew has the time of his young life teaching Stodge, his pet Cairn terrier, tricks like this

5. Joan Bennett has a soft spot in her heart for her two cocker spaniels—the Duke (left) and the Duchess, (right)

6. Muriel Evans' heart interest in the bow wow world centers in this English bulldog

7. Boris Karloff doesn't go to the bow wows for pets. He prefers these wise quackers

8. Helen Mack and Paul Kelly ready to give Six-Bits, their prize polo pony a truck ride

9. West Basin, Evalyn Knapp's thoroughbred pointer, points fish by eye as well as bird by nose—believe it or not!

10. Warren William enjoys his daily petting party with his wirehairs—Jack, Jill, and Babs
11. Edith Fellows spends her "off-the-set" time in coaching her 205 pound St. Bernard, Jerry, in his "dialogue"

12. Even a prize that's not to be sniffed at fails to entice this wirehair to share a swim with its owner, Randolph Scott

13. Jack Oakie and his lovely wife Venita Varden on the grounds of their home with their favorite "doggy" pets

14. Songbird Marion Talley showers her affections on her prize-winning Siberian sled dogs, King Frost and Taz

15. A duet by Mr. Cary Grant and "Mr. Smith." Mr. Smith is really Asta of motion picture Thin Man fame

16. Between pictures Wallace Beery enjoys nothing better than hunting and fishing trips with his favorite dog

17. This may be a bit "catty," but Glenda Farrell wouldn't give up these Siamese cats for all the dogs in the world

18. Spencer Tracy's hobby is that of training horses. He is seen here giving lesson No. 1 to one of his new colts
Robert Montgomery has long been the puzzle man of Hollywood.
Bob, the gay one—the rebel—the student—the gentleman farmer—the fellow who refuses people one glance at the real Montgomery. Readers are all familiar with this whimsical character, and puzzled by it, too.

So, curious about the real Montgomery, and believing that others are, too, we asked the glamorous Joan Crawford what she thought of the man with whom she has played in so many pictures.

And Joan, gracious as always, gladly complied with our request.

"Bob Montgomery is one of the most serious persons I have ever known," said Joan as she waited between scenes of The Bride Wore Red in her portable dressing room. Her blue eyes were earnest.

"It is strange when you think of it, isn't it? That a person as earnest as he should have to fight so hard to be taken seriously.

"And yet it is obvious to any one who knows Bob, how hard he strives in any work he undertakes. I am terribly happy to know that he has at last convinced people that he can do more than shake a mean cocktail and utter breezy banalities. Night Must Fall proved it beyond a doubt!"

[Continued on page 69]
T WENTY-TWO years ago a beautiful infant less than a year old caught the adoration of the movie-world in a Universal picture, *Hearts Aflame*, starring Jack Clark and Jean Guantier.

Fifteen years ago this lovely baby had grown into a child actress who had appeared in feature roles with such favorites as Ethel Clayton, Mary Pickford and Charlie Chaplin.

Five years ago the lassie of the child parts had developed into a leading ingenue playing opposite such stars as William Haines and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.

Two years ago this talented veteran actress who had just gone into her twenties "quit Hollywood forever."

NOW picture audiences will soon see her in a leading role in the latest Jones family picture, *Too Much Limelight*, and as the newspaper gal heroine of the next Charlie Chan—in which the wily oriental, as usual, does not take it on the chin. She also has a starring role in *Life Begins at College* with the Ritz Brothers.

After that? Joan Marsh doesn't know for sure, but 20th Century-Fox, where she is under a long-term contract, think they have a real addition to their musical stars for the tune-hits that the Westwood plant so consistently turns out.

What made Joan quit Hollywood in disgust?

"I was sick of the place," she said during our luncheon date at the studio cafe. I was fed up with pictures. The incessant grind of always being charming. On set, off set, I was under scrutiny. If I went to a dance and looked a bit tired, I was slipping. If I got weary with the affair, I was 'going Hollywood.' People didn't realize that I was still a kid in my 'teens, and merely a normal girl who had the good fortune to be successful in pictures.

"I WAS never on my own. Someone was always telling me how my hair should be, what dresses I must and must not wear, what people I should be seen with and what people shouldn't be seen with me.

"Temperament? Nothing of the sort. It was just a case of nerves and a needed opportunity to be on my own.

"The industry had gone mad. Singers were being brought in from radio and stage and signed at big contracts.

"Ever since I was a child I'd loved music and the idea came to me, 'Joan,' I told myself, 'if other people can make a go of being on their own, so can you.'"

"But," we broke in, "you say you always loved music and we've heard that when your mother would sing children's songs to you, you'd burst out crying."

"You can bet your last lottery ticket, I would," Joan answered, "Did you ever hear my mother sing?"

JOAN laughed. "I guess I was a contrary kid. The family would try to make me appreciate better music, but I'd keep the victrola records twirling with the light stuff. Now I know I was wrong, even if I have become a fair singer of popular tunes and ballads.

"I'll admit that Victor Herbert is superb, that Charles Cadman and Irving Berlin are excellent, but the truly great artists are Europeans." Joan reeled off a list of names that included Rimsky, Korsakov, Respighi, and Borodin.

"When I broke with pictures, she went on, "I took $200 and went to New York. I studied in an effort to improve my voice which had been almost ruined by improper training in California. I lived in a girls' club and hoped for a break in big-time radio.

"True, I had appeared on the air in the west, as a gag over KHJ, and a sponsor heard me.

"He signed me up and if there was any gag to this, I must have pulled it on him. [Continued on page 80]"
BILL'S back! Bill, of course, is W. C. Fields, that maestro of comedy whom everybody—whether he knows him personally or not—loves. So, the news that Bill had returned to health, after his long illness, was music to the ears.

The comedian was stricken nearly a year ago during the filming of Poppy. Like a true trouper, however, he carried on in the face of doctors' protests and warnings that he could not live unless he took a long rest. For months on end, it was feared that Bill was losing his game battle against death. Reports filtered back to the film colony that he could not hold out much longer, that that stout old heart of his was slowly growing weaker.

Once, Bill was declared on the mend. Then double pneumonia sneaked up on him. But Fields, like the grand old fighter that he is, rallied.

And now he's back! and how!

NOT only is the screen going to see him in the near future ... he's on the radio, now, as well, and wowing air audiences the country over.

When the program on which he appears launched its new show early in May, Bill had been signed only for the initial broadcast. The producers weren't at all certain how the public would take the Fieldsian humor, and awaited his air debut with more than a little trepidation. They were not to be held long in suspense; the moment the comic stepped to the microphone the program definitely—VERY definitely—was his!

"I had one great fear, and that was," Bill confesses, "would I start yawning when I got up in front of that mike?"

"Ever since I've been home from the sanitarium, along toward the middle of every afternoon I get drowsy; can't seem to hold my eyes open. No matter what I do, I can't keep from yawning. I was in mortal dread that would happen just as I got going on the broadcast."

Inasmuch as Fields goes on the air about four o'clock, there seemed ample grounds for his anxiety.

Appearing with Fields— it's the Chase & Sanborn hour, presented every Sunday.
She was just another Wall Street typist who took dictation.
Then she took a dare.
Eventually she took a train and came to Hollywood.
This was back in 1931 and since then Astrid Allwyn, the feminine "meanie," has appeared in more than forty motion pictures.
Which isn't such a poor record for a girl who had no intentions of ever becoming an actress, or who never would have become one except for taunts of two girl friends who accused her of shyness.
"Just to be doing something," Astrid reveals, "I accompanied them on a Cook's Tour of the booking agencies one afternoon. I had no interest in the theatre except from a center aisle seat (and that was seldom on a typist's salary) so I'd wait outside while they went in. Finally, after the 'nothing today girls' had been repeated a dozen times they began to pick on me. 'Why don't you try to get a part in a play?' they asked. 'You're too bashful, that's why. We dare you to try it.'"

Bashful or not, that was a challenge that couldn't be taken behind a typist's desk and the next day and the next and next Astrid "lone wolfed" the booking offices. Well, it was just as the copy books say—perseverance wins. She was given a chance to try out for a stock company in Passaic, New Jersey, and almost before she knew the difference between a "cue" and a "side" she found herself playing four different roles in her first play Lulu Belle. After that there was no stopping her. When Lulu Belle had its theatrical burial Astrid played bits, leads, and dual roles in various stock companies about New York with a salary range of from $15 to $100 a week—if and when she got it.

Then came Broadway with a minor part in Elmer Rice's Street Scene, the theatrical hit of the season. This was followed by a more important part in Young Sinners and an even greater role in Once In A Lifetime. So impressed were the talent scouts from the film factories with Astrid's stage performances that they couldn't get to her fast enough with contracts. She signed with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and came to Hollywood in July, 1931. When her contract expired she signed with Pathé where she played a second feminine lead with Constance Bennett in Lady With a Past, and followed this up with a good role in Love Affair starring Dorothy Mackaill. A long series of ingenue and leading roles in indepen-
dent pictures came next and then came a severe attack of bronchitis that sent her to the desert for several months. When she had fully recovered she signed a long-term contract with Fox. At present she is freelancing and enjoys the independence that this gives her. And if there is any actress who enjoys her independence more than Astrid we're ready, willing and, we hope, able, to pin a gold medal on her. All this, mind you, in face of the fact that Astrid up and got herself married about six months ago to Robert Kent, 20th Century-Fox star, and a mighty good actor in his own right and a chap who is going places in the picture business before he is through.

"Frank Morgan can take credit for the start of our romance," Astrid reveals. "We were shooting a scene in the Shirley Temple picture Dimples where John was supposed to kiss me. Whether it was because he was shy or because he scarcely knew me, he suggested to Bill Seiter, the director, that he merely kiss my hand. Bill had some suggestions of his own—and John was told to kiss me the way a boy should kiss a girl. Well, the cameras began to grind and we began to kiss. Frank Morgan was supposed to interrupt the embrace with a bit of dialogue but as he said later 'I didn't have the heart' so we kept it up until Bill finally yelled out. From that time on—thanks to Frank Morgan—we began a friendship that ended where we are now—happily married"

WHERE Astrid got the theatrical blood in her veins she doesn't know. Because of religious scruples her parents frowned upon the theatre. It was a year after her father learned that she was playing in Broadway shows. What he said when he found out that his daughter was cutting capers before the footlights would fill a book—maybe two. But like all fond fathers, he gave up, finally, and let daughter Astrid carve out a theatrical career. That she has been [Continued on page 78]
HER hair tied tightly into a stupid, drab knot, full on the nape of her neck; a nurse trim in starched linens; a mother perennially waiting—those are the first screen impressions of Dorothy Peterson. But here she is in person and different.

When you first see Dorothy Peterson in the living room of her smart and modern Hollywood home, she is the very epitome of the New Yorker on vacation. Dressed in the manner made proper for sophisticates by the dictates of fashion, she is every inch at ease in her surroundings.

Within the first five minutes you are completely captivated by her spontaneous smile, the humor of her sparkling eyes, her complete lack of affectation. The camera unfortunately has submerged much of her amiable charm.

Yet Dorothy has no complaint. She is one of those persons who is truly unconscious of her own personality. Since her arrival on the Coast she has been completely immersed in the more dramatic roles of the character actress.

"I expected to be typed as a nurse for the rest of my life after Country Doctor," she explains, "although I had never taken care of a child in my life. The role was such a far cry from those I had done on the stage in Dracula, The Cobro, and All God's Chillun. Or for that matter, such film roles as I had played before the birth of the blessed quints."

STRANGE to hear this serenely sophisticated person say that her favorite film role to date is not the nurse by which so many people remember her, but the very unlovely one of the insane woman in Life Begins.

A check-up on Dorothy's film career would find her stepping from one role to another in rapid succession. She is much in demand. Immediately upon the conclusion of her role in Confession, with Kay Francis and Basil Rathbone, she was cast in Fifty-Second Street. Before that, Two Shall Meet, Love Trop, Devil Is a Sissy, Under Cover of Night and numerous other important pictures.

A check-up on her personal life finds her thrilling to the music of a good swing orchestra...never missing a Ballet (she declares she is an "inhibited premiere Danseuse") playing a whacking good game of golf or tennis...an enthusiast in the raising of tropical fish...or sending a group of friends into hysterics with her Swedish imitations.

Romance? Well, she is one girl in Hollywood who refuses to discuss the subject. One hears rumors of a single red rose delivered daily to her hilltop home or wherever she may be. Of orchids meeting her enroute on her last visit to New York, of a hamper of dainty foods surprising her on location. And of many other romantic gifts finding their way to her hilltop home. But when asked about them, Dorothy Peterson, sophisticate, winks a twinkling eye at her screen double and answers, "Oh, we're just friends, that's all."

DOROTHY PETERSON—SOPHISTICATE

By CAROL WILLIAM

Dorothy Peterson in reel life and Dorothy Peterson in real life are two personalities as widely separated as the poles.
WHAT with Wings Over Honolulu, Thunder Over Mexico, and Fire Over England, it was easy to guess that sooner or later there would be a Storme over Hollywood.

And there is if you care to take the artistic judgment of six of America's foremost illustrators who were quick to name Sandra Storme, the beautiful English model appearing in Paramount's Artists and Models, "Lady Perfection." That may be drawing a pretty fine line even for illustrators, but Sandra's initial screen appearance pleased Paramount Studio officials so well, that she's been cast in The Big Broadcast and will share acting honors along with Jack Benny, Burns and Allen and other stars.

Not bad for our overseas cousin who came to America resigned to being a model and ended up by being signed to a movie contract!

"From my sixteenth year on," says Sandra, "I began to spend the winter seasons in London and devoted myself to the task of getting into motion pictures. The best I could do, for a while, was to get employment as a model and I became known as 'England's most photographed girl'—if that means anything. I modelled everything from gowns and hats to 'advice on beauty' subjects. Finally, along with modelling, I appeared with Elizabeth Allan in The Lost Chord, with comedienne Gracie Fields in This Year of Grace and a few other pictures." Sandra is pretty modest about those English films. "I just stood around," is the way she puts it.

[Continued on page 59]
“Jack-o’Lanterns all over the place, fit to scare you to death. Ghosts in dark corners with phosphorescent eyes, and every time you open a closet there’s a skeleton—”

Chico Marx speaking. Of course any lunch with three Marx Brothers is in itself a Hallowe’en party of the first degree—or maybe the third degree—but it really was of Hallowe’en that they wanted to talk. They were planning a Hallowe’en celebration for Harpo’s new house at Beverly Hills, but the more they planned the more Harpo grimaced and squeaked till the whole M-G-M lunchroom paused to watch him. Off the screen, Harpo can talk all right, only he wasn’t getting a chance.

“What if we do smear a little phosphorus on the walls by mistake?” Groucho argued in response to a more flurried squeak than usual, “what do you care? You want your brothers to have fun, don’t you? We listen to your harp playing, don’t we? O.K., then we can swing from your chandeliers.”

Harpo’s celebrated grin split his face like the jack-o’lanterns of Hallowe’en in six counties. “No chandeliers,” he said in a pause between mouthfuls of salad, “indirect lights. Aha.”

“Listen, fellows,” interposed Chico, “quit kidding. We’re planning fun. This is serious.”

“I’ll say!” Harpo broke out across the head lettuce, “sure it’s serious. Fun! In my house! Who pays the repair bill?”

“Lis-sen, lis-sen, not rough; good, clean fun, and refined.” Groucho did his best glare at Harpo. “Refined, see? A word in a dictionary. First we hire somebody’s laundry wagon—I mean, what we want is the kind of party anyone can give on Hallowe’en, anywhere. You don’t have to have the laundry wagon, but that’s what we’ll have.”

“Take your guests to the cleaners,” Chico agreed.

Groucho wiggled his saturnine moustache in denial. “We collect our guests in this laundry wagon and it not only gets ’em to the party but indicates we’re going to keep the party clean. First impressions are important, see? But each guest has to be waiting on the corner.”

“Why?” asked Harpo.

“Because,” Groucho explained, “each guest comes disguised as something, he disguises the voice, too, and the gag is not to let anyone guess who anybody is till near the end of the evening. Pick ’em up at their own doors, and it’s a giveaway to everyone else in the wagon.”

“Disguised as what?” Chico interrupted, “Don’t tell me! I’ll tell you—as the skeletons in their own family closets. Oh, of course, if it’s a bank robbery or something, maybe not so good. But if it’s how he won’t let her throw away his old suits, she can get herself up like an old clothes man—”

“Not in my parlor,” mumbled Harpo, “my parlor’s a nice parlor. Old clothes men go round to the back door.”

“Yeah, and [Continued on page 62]
1. A striking effect is gained in this daytime dress worn by Pat Peterson by the double scrolled bands encircling the neckline and belt. The flare-back coat has full length fox fur revers ending at the shoulders.

2. There is drama in this crinkly gold cloth gown and emerald velvet coat worn by Betty Douglas in Walter Wanger’s Vauges of 1938. Gold kidskin sandals, headpiece of lacquered fishnet and twin bracelets of rubies and diamonds complete the costume.

3. Simplicity and black velvet spell drama in this gown Pat Peterson wears in Walter Wanger’s 52nd Street. The full skirt that dips in back is a graceful note that is beginning to gain a great deal of popularity.

4. A study in browns is Pat Peterson’s ensemble. Her dress and brief jacket are of cinnamon brown wool crepe. Veiled hat and twill pumps match the brown of her sable scarf, while bag and gloves are darker.
1. Scarlet chiffon is given added delicacy when it is smocked. Loretta Young wears this scarlet hostess gown, designed by Gwen Wakeling, in her new Twentieth Century-Fox film, Wife, Doctor and Nurse. The only trimming is a band of matching velvet ribbon.

2. This black taffeta formal gown is changed to a dinner dress by the addition of a quilted taffeta jacket which is made gay and individual by a sprinkling of bright embroidered flowers, and a ruffle of orange taffeta at the neck. Florence Rice wears it in M-G-M's Double Wedding, which is co-starring William Powell and Myrna Loy.

3. Singularly suitable for the subtle simplicity of her "page boy" hairdress is this chiffon gown worn by June Lang. Panels of pale yellow, soft pink, grey and mauve form the gown which is worn over a very full slip of white crepe. The same colors are used in the corsage of chiffon flowers. Miss Lang will be seen next in Twentieth Century-Fox's Ali Baba Goes to Town, starring Eddie Cantor.

4. Joan Woodbury wears an evening coat in Radio's Forty Naughty Girls that took its inspiration from the lavish grandeur of the Far East. Heavy black bengaline is decorated with weighty embroidery of gold and white, and the full sleeves are cut to show the luxurious lining of gold metallic cloth.
The girl of charm is the one with the winning smile! Read how the screen's loveliest players achieve mouth beauty.

TASTES in beauty, as in everything else, differ. Hollywood long ago discovered that mere perfection of feature does not guarantee screen popularity.

But there is one facet of beauty which, yesterday, today, or tomorrow, is a prerequisite of success before the cameras... and that is a winning smile.

Youthful Lana Turner, Warner Brothers player, is a newcomer who may well smile broadly at her prospects of fame, as no small share of Lana's beauty lies in her dazzling teeth and appealing lips. Kay Hughes and Jean Rogers of Universal Studios are two other starlets whose natural mouth beauty indicates a captivating charm.

To a great extent, every girl is typed as a personality by the expression of her mouth. She may, for instance, have a laughing mouth, a cynical mouth, a sad mouth... and for no other reason create an impression of gayety, cynicism, or gloom. Although spoken words can be controlled, the expression of the mouth tells a story all its own. Grief, discouragement, worry—and that bane of beauty, carelessness—reveal themselves in taut lips and unlovely drooping lines. What to do about it?

Well, training your mind to dwell on the more pleasant aspects of life is helpful, and keeping the corners of your mouth curved upward (do it deliberately if you must) is helpful, too. But perhaps the greatest benefit to mouth beauty is exercise.

Unfortunately for our teeth and the muscles which control the contour of our lower cheeks and jaw, most of the food we eat these modern days requires little chewing. For this reason gum chewing has become a popular mouth beautifier. [Continued on page 60]
B A B Y  G A R B O

Ann Sothern may not be a second Garbo, but this Hollywood glamour girl is fast taking the Silent One's place in the hearts of her admiring countrymen

By William Whitney

HAS a trim, blonde lovely taken Greta Garbo's place in the hearts of her countrymen? Is the Silent One in danger of losing her crown in her native land?

However startling a possibility this suggestion may be, it none the less would seem to be indicated by actual figures. There is another star in Hollywood whom those Scandinavian folk favor, even to the degree enjoyed by Garbo. You'll be surprised, no doubt, at mention of her name, for, at first glance, the two actresses share little in common. It's . . .

ANN SOTHERN!

For months, Ann's fan mail from the northern countries has rivalled that of the Mysterious Swede. Fans in the Scandinavian group regarded her with unusual interest at the very outset of her screen career—when she portrayed a little Swedish girl in Let's Fall in Love—and ever since that initial picture faithfully have followed her acting.

It's not so surprising.

Ann is of Scandinavian blood herself. Her mother, Annette Yde, is a Dane, born and reared in Copenhagen.

Born in North Dakota, Ann later moved to Minnesota, and there formed an intimate knowledge of the Viking people. Swedes and Danes and Norwegians the little girl came to know, and love, and understand . . . and she liked nothing better than to mingle with them and listen to their homely style of expressing themselves. This was the reason why she appeared so much at ease as the Swedish girl in Let's Fall in Love, and why her dialect was sufficiently distinctive to pass muster with those nationals themselves.

CERTAIN parallels may be drawn between Ann and Greta Garbo which are significant.

Each started her screen career rather ingloriously. Neither, under studio contract, could get a chance to show what she could do. Once their separate careers were begun, however, they climbed rapidly . . . Greta turning to heavy, emotional drama, Ann to roles in a lighter vein. While Garbo became the exotic, the mystic, the charmer, Ann developed into one of the most effervescent and glamorous girls in Hollywood.

Even before she ever appeared in a picture, this glamorous quality that attaches itself so firmly to the blonde beauty had attracted attention. Ann had come to Hollywood in 1929 to visit her mother who was training actors and actresses to fulfill the voice requirements of microphone work, and found herself a job as a dancing girl to occupy her time. She was spotted by Ivan Kahn, discoverer of stars, who straightway got her a contract at Metro-Goldwyn. There, however, in a studio where so much glamour and beauty ran rampant, she was lost in the shuffle, and soon afterwards went to New York upon Florenz Ziegfeld's invitation and undertook the second leading role with Marilyn Miller in the producer's Smiles.

FOLLOWING a number of other musical shows, Ann returned to Hollywood to co-star with Edmund Lowe in Let's Fall in Love. Her work in this was so refreshing that within one hour after its first preview her signature was affixed to a long-term contract at Columbia. Immediately thereafter requests from every studio in town poured in upon Columbia for her services, directors and executives everywhere recognizing in her a potential star. [Continued on page 77]
Leopold Stokowski and his symphony orchestra provide the musical background for Deanna Durbin in Universal's One Hundred Men and a Girl.
BETWEEN SHOTS ON THE MOVIE LOTS

By the Studio Snooper

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER

JOAN CRAWFORD halted in the midst of a scene on Stage 16 at M-G-M Studios. Franchot Tone heard the excited talk and came out of his dressing room. So did Robert Young. Then, every member of the Bride Wore Red company began moving around a huge ballroom set, looking downward, peering under chairs and tables. At last Robert Young yelled in triumph. He held up a sparkling gem.

All this confusion surrounded the search for a one-carat diamond which Ronald Rondell, an extra, had dropped from his ring. Rondell explained that the stone was worth $500 but had far greater sentiment attached to it. His grandmother, who was a famous prima donna, had been presented the stone as one of a pair of earrings by the composer of an opera in which she registered her greatest operatic success.

ROBERT BENCHLEY weighs 188 pounds, normally. He weighs no more or no less on Stage 24 at M-G-M the day Rosalind Russell helped Bob Montgomery carry Benchley for a scene in Love, Live and Learn.

The scene, in which the two stars carry the unconscious comedian from the room in which their honeymoon is about to start, will be fine fun for audiences, but it was just hard work for Rosalind. She had to carry Benchley's feet.

Between the many rehearsals and "takes," Rosalind rested—and jokingly protested at the weight of the comedian's feet.

"Well," Benchley remarked after listening to her complaint at great length, "It will do no good for you and Bob to swap ends. I weigh the same thinking or walking!"

REGIS TOOMEY and Eddie Quillan have "ribbed" Spencer Tracy constantly on the Big City set at M-G-M. In the cast are many old and new stars of the sports world: Jim Jeffries, Bull Montana, Joe Rivers, Frank Wyckoff, Jimmy McLarnin, George Godfrey, Man Mountain Dean, "Cotton" Warburton, Gus Sonnenberg, Jackie Fields, Jim Thorpe, et al. . . Regis and Eddie, knowing Tracy's weakness for athletics, introduced Tracy to extras and visitors, telling him they are celebrated sports heroes. When Tracy starts a long-winded conversation with the "Stooges," Toomey and Quillan walk away and leave him flat.

Not long ago, Regis introduced Tracy to a Chicago film critic and Tracy, thinking it was just another "rib," walked away from the critic who had planned to do a feature yarn on the Tracy boy!

WARNER BROTHERS

ALMOST any adventure seemed ready to pop up when I visited an ancient lighthouse ready at Warner Brothers Studios in Burbank. As I dodged a bat which flew out of the darkened recesses of the lighthouse tower, I brushed against a mass of cobwebs.

"Quiet, everybody!" boomed the assistant director and snapped me back to reality to see Director William McGann grinning in anticipation of the scene about to be filmed for the new mystery screamer, Sh-h-h! the Octopus!

A prop man unceremoniously [Continued on page 52]
Now—this new Cream brings to Women the Active "Skin-Vitamin"

Applied right on the Skin—this special Vitamin helps the Skin more directly

"IT'S WONDERFUL," says Mrs. C. Henry Mellon, Jr., one of the first women to use Pond's new "skin-vitamin." Cold Cream. "It's wonderful," she says. "My skin is so much brighter—and finer textured. The new cream is even better than before. Congratulations to Pond's—and to all women."

This new cream does more for the skin than ever before! It contains a certain vitamin found in many foods—the "skin-vitamin."

When you eat foods containing this vitamin, one of its special functions is to help keep skin tissue healthy. But when this vitamin is applied right to skin, it aids the skin more directly.

Here is great news for women! First doctors found this out. Then Pond's found a way to put "skin-vitamin" into Pond's Cold Cream. Now everyone can have Pond's new "skin-vitamin" Cold Cream!

Famous beauty cream now has "Something More" Pond's Cold Cream has always been more than a cleanser. Patted into the skin, it invigorates it, keeps it clear, soft, free from skin faults.

But now this famous cream is better than ever for the skin. Women say its use makes their pores less noticeable, softens lines; best of all, seems to give a livelier, more glowing look to their skin!

Same jars, same labels, same price Already this new Pond's "skin-vitamin" Cold Cream is on sale everywhere.

The cream itself has the same pure white color, the same delightful light texture. But remember, as you use it, that Pond's Cold Cream now contains the precious "skin-vitamin." Not the "sunshine" vitamin. Not the orange-juice vitamin. Not "irradiated." But the vitamin which especially helps to maintain healthy skin—skin that is soft and smooth, fine as a baby's!

Badminton and horseback riding are Mrs. Mellon's favorite sports. Both of them mean the out-of-doors, and the out-of-doors dries your skin, Mrs. Mellon says: "The new Pond's Cold Cream with 'skin-vitamin' in it keeps my skin better than ever. It's never dry or rough now, in spite of sport."

SEND FOR TEST IT IN 9 TREATMENTS

THE NEW CREAM!

Pond's, Dept. 6-cl, Chelsea, Conn. Bank special tube of Pond's new "skin-vitamin" Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with samples of 2 other Pond's "skin-vitamin" Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. Enclose 10c to cover postage and packing.

Name ___________________________ Street ___________________________
City ___________________________ State ___________________________

Copyright, 1937, Pond's Extract Company

WHEN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS, PLEASE MENTION NOVEMBER HOLLYWOOD
EXTRA POUNDS-
NEW STRENGTH-
NEW ENERGY-
SURE!

Between Shots on the Movie Lots

...But You're Still Not Telling the Story I Think is Best About Kelpamalt! ...It's This...

"IT MAKES YOU FEEL SWELL!"

By Miss H. R., Bridgeport Conn.

Hours of Thin, Sicky Tired-Out Men and Women Find This New Sea-Plant Iron, Iodine and Vitamin Concentrate Adds Extra Pounds, New Strength and Energy the First Week! Results Guaranteed or No Cost.

Don't be discouraged if you are weak, skinny, tired-out, feeling miserable, unable to gain an ounce of fat or strength, no matter what you do, or what you eat. I had been tired-out, sickly, pale and underweight. I literally had been a 148-pounder; I finally took Kelpamalt, with completely wonderful results. You can feel instantly the difference in your tone of voice, your bodily strength. It has but I still think you are not telling the most important thing, which is that it makes you feel swell.

Malnourishment is insufficient supply of minerals and vitamins often existing when you are thin, ill, under- or overweight, with weakened resistance. Persons know appetite satisfaction, and may not realize lack of vital minerals and essential vitamins needed for body building. You don't get them all out of the food you eat and your system lacks in strength, energy and weight.

Many thousands of sickly, pale, ailing folks have found natural relief with Kelpamalt. This amazing iron, iodine and vitamin concentrate is rich in vital elements necessary for the body's chemical processes. It contains available iron, copper, phosphorus, and abundant vitally needed for blood and those body buildings. Important, too, is Kelpamalt's natural iodine (don't confuse this with ordinary liquid, colloidal iodine) a substance which not only grows and is vitally important to the health and normal functioning of the body, also a natural iodine, is one of the world's richest sources of natural iodine.

In addition to these precious minerals, Kelpamalt contributes to the supply of the necessary vitamins A, C, D and E. It is only when there is an adequate supply of vitamins plus minerals that you can get the good out of your food.

MAKE THIS SIMPLE TEST
Try Kelpamalt for one week. See if, like thousands of others, you don't feel better. Keep a record of your food and water intake and compare it before and after the trial is free. It costs you nothing. Your own Doctor will advise you. Get Kelpamalt at your druggist. It is good to the last drop. Be sure of your tablet. Beware of cheap substitutions. Ask for the genuine.

Kelpamalt Tablets

SEEDOL

SPECIAL FREE OFFER
Send for sample tablet on page 50; page back on How To Build Strength and Add Weight, facsimile plan of Minerals, Iodine and Vitamins and their Effects on the Body. Enter for your daily newspaper. Not objectionable, Kelpamalt Co., Dept. 1322, 27 West 20th St., N. Y. C.

HUGE circus tent was erected on the 20th Century-Fox lot to accommodate extras working in scenes shot in Chicago. One day I watched hundreds of men and women line up in front of the tent, enter one by one and emerge carrying costumes of 70 years ago.

Following them to Stage 17, I learned that the picture, in addition to all others under production, had so taxed the capacity of the wardrobe department that the tent necessarily was put up as an emergency annex.

The set on which the extras were working represented a salon of the 1860's in Chicago, with a bar almost a city block long, tables which could seat about 300 persons, and a stage on which musical shows could be presented. Confusion reigned while assistant directors placed extras at tables and at the bar.

While Director Henry King supervised everything, the scene began to take shape. Then the principals arrived for rehearsal. Tyrone Power walked in with Alice Fay, with Don Ameche, Brian Donlevy and Andy Devine trailing after them.

Tyrone is excited over his starring role which, he says, gives him more opportunity to "act" than has any previous role. Director Hathaway insists that the story is strong enough
to make a thrilling picture even without the great Chicago fire which forms the film's "punch" finale. After watching the thrilling fire scenes in work, I am anticipating the sequences in which flames, fanned by high winds, reduce the thriving little Chicago of 1871 to smoking embers.

"Prop" men have constructed replicas of Mrs. Molly O'Leary's (Alice Brady, in the film) French Laundry and the barn in which "Daisy," the historic heifer, kicked over the lantern which started the fire that destroyed the city.

- - -

UNITED ARTISTS

JOAN BLONDELL's role in Walter Wanger's Stand-in is worth a chuckle. Although she has been a real star for several seasons, Joan is starring in this greased-lightning comedy as a STAND-IN ... Marla Shelton, a newcomer (but a comer!) portrays the la-de-da movie queen ... Tay Garnett, the cane-carrying director, is megaphoning the screenland satire ... Alan Mowbray (as the panicky Russian producer) is keeping the company floor-rolling with his kinzing, holding up production with gags, yet squawking volubly about being forced to wait for his turn before the lens.

- - -

FANCY blue velvet sleeves, adorning one of Gary Cooper's stunning costumes for Adventures of Marco Polo at Samuel Goldwyn studios, caused the laconic Cooper to whisper to me: "This is the first time I've ever worn blue, and at that. I feel like a damned bluejay!"

Archie Mayo, after many years with Warner's, took over the Marco Polo directorial assignment after E. H. Griffith had walked off the set in a huff. (He's now directing Grace Moore at Columbia.) Archie started the whole picture over again and is as excited as a kid over results. He has great faith in young Sigrid Gurie who has the feminine lead. Basil Rathbone affects ornate and weird draperies and turbans for his role as Ahmed, the Mohammedan prime minister of Kublai Khan's court. He's the rat who tries to poison Marco Polo's (Gary Cooper) cheese ... and who shows Gary the torture chambers of the Khan's palace, as a warning to the adventuresome young man.

- - -

PARAMOUNT

HOLLYWOOD is going down to the sea in ships ... First large production to be made under sail was South of Sea followed by Lucien Hubbard's Ebb Tide, a technicolor drama of the South Seas and more specifically the island of Tehua ... In this is seen the first torridal rain storm ever to be recorded for the screen in technicolor ... Researchers discovered apple cider can be jacked up to the social strata of champagne when mixed with an equal amount of carbonated water ... Frances Farmer was visited three times weekly by husband Leif Ericson who would water taxi from the mainland to Catalina Island late at night only to return the following morning to report at work at M-G-M ... Lloyd Nolan lost his footing on a hillside during filming and rolled down embankment to land in large cactus

- - -

JOHNSON'S BABY POWDER

NOW wait a minute, Mrs. Zebra. What's your hurry? Stop and catch your breath. Look at your poor little colt—he's winded and all of a lather! You really shouldn't let a baby get so hot.”

- - -

JOHNSON'S BABY POWDER

- "I love the feel of Johnson's Baby Powder—it's so much softer and finer than lots of powders. Keeps my skin just perfect." ... And perfect condition, Mothers is the skin's best protection against infection. Johnson's Baby Powder contains no coarse, scratchy particles—it's made entirely of finest Italian talc—no oiltur or rancid. Your baby needs Johnson's Baby Soup and Baby Cream, too—and if he's very young, the new Johnson's Baby Oil, which is stainless, pleasantly fragrant and cannot turn rancid.

JOHNSON'S BABY POWDER

WHEN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS, PLEASE MENTIONS NOVEMBER HOLLYWOOD

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Pat O'Brien, who is really steamed up over his role in Warner Brothers' super sea thriller, Submarine D-1, talks things over with Director Lloyd Bacon as they relax for a moment between scenes.

**RKO-RADIO**

After a lull during June, July and early August production at RKO-Radio is now progressing at a rapid clip and with Ginger Rogers back from a refreshing vacation in Banff, Alberta, for Vivacious Lady; Ann Sothern back from visiting hubby Roger Pryor in Chicago; Gene Raymond back from a Honolulu honeymoon with Jeannette MacDonald; Lily Pons here from New York to make her one picture for the year, and La Hepburn showing a kindlier feeling toward her fellow beings, Mr. Britkin's "room pitcher loft" has quite some sparkle these days. Just like magic the studio converted a blueprint into a massive Tudor castle set with lots of long, winding stairs—for Fred Astaire in Damsel in Distress—practically over night. In his first picture without Ginger Rogers, the dancer plays a dapper American who gets into London society and falls in love with the daughter of a British lord [who happens to be Joan Fontaine in her best role to date]. Astaire plays a Sir Walter Raleighish character in this new one and it is pretty much a give and take affair.

Katharine Hepburn [who was simply grin-and-in Stage Door] has a wild hilarious comedy for her next vehicle, Bringing Up Baby is the title of this new film and la Hepburn has a pet leopard [weight about 100 pounds] who runs through the scenes with her. The leopard has a passion for perfume and taking no chances with the animal suddenly becoming a candid cameraman Katie comes on the set well armed with "Evening in Paris" [a perfume—not a theme song] and the jungle cat fairly melts in her arms.

Probably the busiest man in town is Frank Lloyd whose production scale is so tremendous he has two units filming scenes simultaneously for Wells Fargo, starring Joel McCrea and Frances Dee. The studio's inability to reach them one morning on a hurry call disclosed the season's oddest paradox . . . while in the picture, their lives are wrapped up in the development of more rapid communication as a means of advancing civilization, in private life they live on a ranch where there is no telephone.

Makeup people copied producer Lloyd's eyebrows for Bob [Bazooka] Burns, third principal of the cast, who portrays a plainsman and guide. While on location at Kernville, Burns was set upon by a leading citizen named Woford who resented the comedian's habit of naming his screen pig after him.

**PROBABLY THE BUSIEST MAN IN TOWN IS FRED ASTAIRE.**

For teeth that gleam with jewel-like lustre gums must be cured for. So don't trust to ordinary tooth pastes. Get the two-way protection so many dentists advise:

1. Clean teeth by brushing all surfaces with Forhan's in the usual manner.
2. Massage gums briskly with 1/2 inch of Forhan's on the brush or finger.

Results are amazing! Gums are stimulated, soon teeth show new brilliance.

Forhan's Tooth Paste was originated by Dr. R. J. Forhan, eminent dental surgeon, to do both vital jobs—clean teeth and safeguard gums. It contains a special ingredient found in no other tooth paste. End half-way care. Buy a tube of Forhan's today!

**FORHAN'S**

**DOES BOTH JOBS**

**CLEANS TEETH**

**SAVES GUMS**

Send coupon for 3 Lipsticks.

AND REJUVIA MASCARA CREAM.

It's our treat! Let us send you 3 full trial sizes of the famous FLAME-GLO Triple Indelible Lipsticks FREE...each in a different fascinating shade, so you can discover the color most becoming to you. To introduce our newest achievement, we will also send you a tube of REJUVIA Mascara Cream, with brush. It's Guaranteed Waterproof and Smear-proof; perfectly Harmless! Just send 10c in stamps to cover mailing costs. For beauty's sake, send coupon TODAY!

**REJUVIA BEAUTY LABS**

35 East 12th Street, New York, N.Y.

Special Offer

10c and 20c at leading drug stores.

Send coupon for REJUVIA Mascara Cream.

10c and 20c at leading drug stores.

PROBABLY THE BUSIEST MAN IN TOWN IS FRED ASTAIRE.
REQUIRING several days more than originally planned to read, sort, and decide upon the winner of Joe Penner's handsome new Crosley Super II radio set. HOLLYWOOD Magazine's editors have finally chosen Miss Urline Sargent, 1495 Wager avenue, Lakewood, Ohio, as—the winnah!

Miss Sargent not only put her suggestions for Mr. Penner's future comicalities into concise, comprehensive form but also in rhyme and made the first letter of each line contribute to spelling out "Joe Penner" which was no easy task. Runners up in this novel contest were Miss Lone Williamson, Redwood City, California, and Carl R. Pennington, 4718 Astral avenue, Jacksonville, Florida. Mr. Penner is mailing personally autographed portraits to each of the three winners and Miss Sargent will soon be listening to Mr. Penner's broadcasts over the latest model Crosley receiving set realizing that it pays well to be able to have ideas and the ability to put them into letter form with originality and grace.

"Oh, boy, what a mail storm!" said Penner when E. J. Smithson, editor of HOLLYWOOD, showed him the huge stacks of letters that have fairly poured into the HOLLYWOOD editorial offices during the month of the contest. Letters came from England, France, Mexico, Canada, Guatemala, Hawaii, the Philippines and virtually every state in the union.

The idea proved conclusively that Mr. Penner's radio and screen comedy is much appreciated by his fans.

It's slimming smoothness skillfully guides your figure to youthful firmness. You'll adore the artful uplift designed in lace on the all-in-one. Never an unrestrained curve or impudent tummy to mar your silhouette or break the flowing, clinging lines of your Autumn wardrobe. Two-way stretch Lastex urges your contour to greater grace and new comfort... delightfully disciplines and flatters your new Fall frocks!

Foundation (for formal)—$5.00
Girdle (for about-town)—$3.50

Please send us the name of your coiffure if she hasn't the exact Hickory Foundation you want... we'll welcome the opportunity to be of service to you.

Address: Miss Ruth Stone, 1144 West Congress Street, Chicago.
CORNs

PAIN STOPS IN ONE MINUTE!

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads will give you relief in one minute. These soothing, healing pads stop the cause by lifting nagging shoe pressure off the irritated nerves. Result—no more pain, sore toes or blisters from new or tight shoes.

Remove Corns and Callouses

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads quickly, safely loosen and remove corns or callouses when used with the separate Medicated Disks included for that purpose. Get this sure relief today, by using Corns, Callouses, Bunions and Soft Corns between toes. Cost but a trifle. Sold everywhere.

BROADWAY MELODY of 1938

With George Murphy and Eleanor Powell dazzling in dancing numbers superior to anything you've seen on the screen in a long time; with Bob Taylor scoring heavily in a romantic role, with Sophie Tucker putting over a smashing hit as an old-time Broadway favorite; with Buddy Ebsen stealing every scene he appears in; with Judy Garland never better; with Igor Gorin, Robert Benchley, Binnie Barnet, Charlie Grapewin, Barnett Parker, Helen Troy, Robert Wildhack and Willie Howard brilliant in their respective roles—without a shadow of a doubt, Broadway Melody of 1938 is TOPS in Rulimusicals. See it.

M.G.M.

THIN ICE

The second of the Sonja Hanie's ice-skating pictures and, in many respects, better than the first, One In A Million. Ice skating ballets, Sonja's own extraordinary skill on the slippery blades, skating episodes, spectacular production numbers, a romance that places Tyrone Power opposite the skating star, help no little in fashioning Thin Ice into the smart, fast-moving, thoroughly acceptable film that it is.

Arthur Treacher, Raymond Walburn, Alan Hale, George Givot, Melville Cooper and Maurice Cass in supporting roles turn in splendid performances. Special mention to comedienne Joan Davis for her up-to-the-minute comedy role as the leader of an orchestra—20th Century-Fox.

ALL OVER TOWN

Featuring the comic team of Olson and Johnson, All Over Town moves merrily along propelled by the usual brand of the O. & J. humor. Fred Kelsey, Franklin Pangborn, James Finlayson, and Blanche Payson contribute the principal comedy support. You'll find plenty of laughs all through All Over Town—Republic.

MAKE A WISH

Provided with music by Oscar Straus and lyrics by Paul Webster and Louis Alford, Bobby Breen's latest screen vehicle, Make A Wish, offers satisfactory film fare. Bobby's fine soprano voice is particularly effective in Music In My Heart, Compfire Dreams, and Make A Wish, the three outstanding songs of the picture. Marion Claire, making her screen debut from the stage and radio, carries out her assignments in splendid fashion. Basil Rathbone, cast in the role of composer, hasn't a part that offers him an opportunity to exercise his splendid acting talent, but does well in what is required of him. Louis Armita and Leon Errol provide the comedy relief, with Ralph Forbes, Donald Meek, and Herbert Rawlinson in supporting roles—RKO-Radio.
storesaid Mr. Tracy is the most natural actor on the screen—and the best.

In the supporting cast, Charley Grapewin, Janet Beecher, Eddie Quillan, Victor Varconi, Clem Bevans, Quinn Williams, Regis Toomey and Edgar Dearing present notable character-

izations.—M-G-M.

SOMETHING TO SING ABOUT

SOMETHING TO SING ABOUT is something that Grand National should crow about, for this sparkling, bright and breezy new Cagney picture is packed with the kind of

screen entertainment that motion picture audiences like to see and hear. Something to Sing About is a sort of travesty on Hollywood life, and Cagney, surrounding himself with a capable cast, presents it in a clever fashion. Evelyn Daw, Bill Frawley, Gene Lockhart, Mona Barrie, William Davidson, Phillip Ahn, Richard Tucker and others in the supporting cast contribute fine performances. As for Actor Cagney himself—this young man is never better.—Grand National.

PRISONER OF ZENDA

This "royal romance in a mythical kingdom" comes to the screen under the David O. Selznick banner, leaves nothing to be desired in the way of thrilling entertainment. Ronald Colman turns in a brilliant performance as the swaggering Englishman who becomes "king for a day." Madeleine Carroll complements Colman's impressive efforts with as splendid a character-

ization as this capable and charming young actress has ever given. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., as Rupert of Hentzau, the soldier of fortune, presents an outstanding performance as Colman's antagonist. Mary Astor as the un-

willing accomplice of the would-be usurper of the throne, Raymond Massey, handles her difficult assignment with sincerity and a depth of feeling that will surprise her many admirers.

F R E E D

Woman's place was in the home!

Not many years ago, it was un-

thinkable that women would ever com-

pete with men in business, in

sport, in art! The ordeals of her sex

made it apparently impossible.

Yet today, woman is freed. Every-

where, in every field, she competes on

a basis of strict equality. Her's is a new

life.

And the greatest contribution, per-

haps, to this new freedom, was one

woman's courage in defying tradition.

She dared to say that women were not

meant to suffer. She dared to claim

that no wife or mother must spend

one-quarter of her life wracked with

pain. She dared to assert that the

ordeal of motherhood could be eased.

We know now that Lydia Pinkham was right. And it is doubtful whether, throughout the entire world, any sin-

gle aid to woman has won more eager

gratitude than Lydia Pinkham's

Vegetable Compound.*

We have received more than a mil-

ion letters blessing Lydia Pinkham

for enabling the writers to go "smiling

through" the ordeals of a woman's life.

The bitter aches and pains, the ter-

rific mental and nervous strain that

so many women undergo, are often

needless. As wife, mother, daughter,

you owe it to those about you to test

whether Lydia Pinkham's Vegetable

Compound will not help you, also, to

go "smiling through." Why not get a

bottle today from your druggist?

*For three generations one woman

have another how to go "smiling

through" with Lydia E. Pinkham's

Vegetable Compound. It helps Na-

ture tone up the system, thus lessen-

ing the discomforts (functional dis-

orders) which must be endured, ex-

pecially during

The Three Ordeals

of Woman

1. Passing from girlhood into woman-

hood.

2. Preparing for Motherhood.

3. Approaching "Middle Age."

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

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

WHEN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS, PLEASE MENTION NOVEMBER HOLLYWOOD
INVIZ-A-GRIPS
ASSURE SMOOTH SILHOUETTE

Don't mar that lovely silhouette of your close-fitting gown with unsightly garter bumps. Modern Inviz-a-grips assure a sleek waist-to-toe line because they're flat. Inviz-a-grips, too, save on hosiery—eliminate garter-button-strain that causes garter ruts. Easier to fasten and much more comfortable; no garter knob to sit on. Anchor foundation garment securely.

Choose The Foundation Garment Equipped With Inviz-A-Grip.—It's A Smarter Buy!

INVIZ-A-GRIP® HOLLYWOOD

MOTHER OF THREE EARNs $32-$35 A WEEK

"THANKS to CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING, I have been able to support my three children and keep my home together," writes Mrs. P. K., of Chicago. "All three of my children are registered nurses, and so is my husband! As a matter of fact, one of thousands of men and women who have found that C.S.N., training opens the way to a well-paid skilled profession."

C.S.N-trained practical nurses all over the country are earning as much as $23 to $35 a week in private practice, in hospitals, and sanitariums. Others, like Mrs. C. H., earn nursing-home. This easy-to-understand course, successful for 30 years and endorsed by physicians—sturdy men and women 18 to 60 to prepare themselves at home and in their spare time, for any type of practical nursing. Best of all, it is possible to learn while earning—Mrs. P. K. took her first class before completing the 7th lesson and earned $400 in three months!

High school not necessary. Complete nurse's education for $1,000 at cost including all books and fees. Develop your opportunities immediately. Write us for FREE illustrated illustrated illustrated lesson book! Which shows you how you can win success as a nurse.

CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING
Dept. 811, 100 East Ohio Street, Chicago, Ill.

Please send brochure and 22 sample lesson pages.

Name

City

State

Age

C. Aubrey Smith, Ronald Colman and David Niven present outstanding performances in the David O. Selznick production, Prisoner of Zenda

C. Aubrey Smith, as the stalwart Capt. Zapt, and David Niven as Tarlenheim stand out in their respective characterizations. John Cromwell deserves special praise for his intelligent direction.—Selznick-International.

100 MEN AND A GIRL

INTRIGUED by Three Smart Girls, Deanna Durbin's multiplying host of fans have waited impatiently for a year for her second picture. They will be happy to know 100 Men and a Girl surpasses their expectations. Backed by a splendid symphony directed by no less than Leopold Stokowski, America's maestro No. 1, and supported by Adolphe Menjou, Mischa Auer and a huge cast, 14-year-old Deanna takes rank among the first singers of stage or screen in this new film. The story might be told on your five fingers but the music and the acting are superb. Elaborately mounted, the second Durbin film presents the little star in five operatic selections and two outstanding songs "It's Raining Sunbeams" by Frederick Hollander and "The Heart That's Free" by Robbins and Riley. Every mother and every mother's daughter will find delight in this super-musical.—Universal.

Basil Rathbone and Bobby Breen in a sequence from the RKO-Radio motion picture, Make A Wish

58

ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTES! ALWAYS INSIST ON THE ADVERTISED BRAND!
FINALLY she got tired of standing around and on January 13, of this year, she left New York for New York. Then she left New York for Miami. A short vacation in this winter resort and then back to the Big Town until April 13, when she left for Hollywood where [numerologists please note] on the 13th of the following month she went out for a social evening which proved to be the prelude to her American screen debut.

Dancing at the Cocoanut Grove with a friend, and having no thought of the unusual succession of "13's" in her life, Sandra attracted the attention of Lewis E. Gensler, producer of Artists and Models, and of the six distinguished illustrators who were his guests—Peter Arno, McClelland Barclay, Arthur William Brown, Rube Goldberg, John LaGatta, and Russell Patterson.

To make a short story shorter, as a result of the interest of the producer and the illustrators, Sandra was given a screen test and later signed on the dotted line of a movie contract.

"Ironically enough," declares Lady Perfection, "after trying for years to progress from modelling to pictures and then winning a chance to make my American screen debut within a month after arriving in Hollywood, I was cast in the picture as—a model."

Since you're going to see a lot of this English girl in coming productions, a few vital statistics are in order:

Sandra is five feet, seven inches in height, weighs 120 pounds and is the only blonde in her family. She has a complexion which artists describe as "golden." Her eyes are blue in the daytime and green at night. She neither smokes nor drinks.

Definitely, there's a Storme over Hollywood!

---

**FAMOUS N. Y. MODEL TELLS HER SECRET OF POPULARITY**

"I was born blonde," says Miss H. C. "but my hair gradually darkened as I grew older. Then, one summer vacation, overexposure to sun and water caused my hair to become lighter in streaks. In desperation, I went to a famous beauty specialist for advice and he recommended that I use Marchand's Golden Hair Wash—to restore my hair to its original, natural sunny, golden shade. Now I'm more popular than ever and everyone admires my hair."

Thousands of other smart, successful, popular women use Marchand's regularly—to restore and retain the glorious lighter shades of hair everyone admires. Marchand's is guaranteed safe—always gives perfect results and is easy to use. Marchand's Golden Hair Wash will lighten any color hair to any attractive shade desired.

All good druggists carry and recommend Marchand's. Get a bottle today—and treat yourself to beauty. P.S. Fastidious women use Marchand's to make arm and leg hair invisible. Colorless. Odorless. Stainless. Cannot leave stubble. Complete directions with every bottle. For perfect results always use Marchand's Castile Shampoo.

---

**MARCHAND'S GOLDEN HAIR WASH**


**CHARLES MARCHAND CO., 521 W. 23rd St., New York City**

Sirs: Please send me a FREE copy of "Help Yourself to Beauty." I enclose 3¢ stamp for postage.

**NAME**

**ADDRESS**

**CITY**

**STATE**

**FREE—Send in this coupon today—for valuable Beauty Guide—FREE**

---

Don Hulbert, sensational ten-year-old accordionist, appears in Make a Wish, starring Bobby Breen

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"TREAT YOURSELF TO BEAUTY— the way I do!"
Lip Lore

[Continued from page 47]

ing exercise. Anytime you have a few odd moments—when taking a bath, dressing or performing household tasks—you can enjoy this little beauty exercise. The thing is to forget you're a lady while you're chewing. Take two or three sticks at a time, and attack them with vigor. Fifteen minutes a day devoted to the right kind of chewing will do wonders for sagging jaw lines as well as for lips inclined to be stiff and unrelaxed, or loose and flabby.

A manufacturing house, which has a long list of delicious flavors in high quality gum, has worked out a routine of exercises helpful in warding off parenthesis wrinkles about the mouth and in keeping your neck firm and young. I'll be glad to give you more information about these exercises if you will send stamped, self-addressed envelope for reply.

This is the era of the natural mouth—for which let us be thankful. The too, too generous mouth of a year or so ago is as past as the cupid's bow of the last decade. Of course, nature hasn't endowed all of us with the kinds of mouths best suited to our particular facial contours. Many girls, as a matter of fact, find that their appearance can be improved a hundredfold by changing the shapes of their mouths just a little. For this purpose, Hollywood stars use the indispensable lipstick brush and a heavily pigmented lipstick that will be certain to conceal the revealing edge where art has improved upon nature. If you cannot readily procure a lipstick brush, the pointed end of an orangewood stick tipped with lip rouge will serve adequately to outline your lips.

If your mouth is too small, arch the color on the curves of the upper lip and carry it out to the very ends of your lips. This will tend to make your mouth appear larger and softer.

If your lips are too thick, apply your lipstick with a light hand and always keep the color well within the edge of the lips.

To improve the appearance of a thin mouth, let the rod of your lipstick extend a little above and below the natural line of your lips.

Always blot your lipstick by biting onto a piece of cleansing tissue after you have finished making up your mouth. This not only removes any excess lipstick but sets the color on your lips.

A lipstick that is particularly recommended for "putting on and blotting off"—while the color remains tenaciously on your lips—may now be had in a new junior size at 50c. Since all greasiness is wiped from the lips after the color is set, the mouth has an appearance of loveliness, natural coloring. There are several smart shades from which to choose, ranging from excitingly vivid red-orange to the rich warmth of blood tones, and the stick comes in a neat silver and black container which will be at home in any purse.

To keep your lips soft and youthful, the manufacturer of the lipstick offers a product for this exclusive purpose. It contains Vitamins D and F and a small amount smoothed on your lips before going to bed guards against any danger of parching, chapping or roughness. Even a single night's application will prove beneficial in bringing a youthful smoothness to your lips. The price is 35c. If interested, I'll be glad to send you the trade name.

Hollywood's picture players recognize the importance of lovely teeth by having any deficiencies immediately corrected by a competent dentist. (If they didn't, I can assure you that they wouldn't be picture players very long.) Braces are used to straighten crooked teeth, while porcelain caps are fitted over imperfect or uneven ones. Never, never does one see a filling in the mouth.

Thanks to modern dentifrices, no one need detract from mouth beauty with dull, filmy teeth. To merit constant use, a toothpaste should be an energetic cleanser of the gums as well as the teeth and should be pleasant to the

In the December issue
Read details about the
$100.00 cash prize contest
sponsored by Jane Withers

HOLLYWOOD
Rapdry CURLERS

When you star in your own romances, take a tip from the romantic stars of cinema town...look your loveliest and best with a flattering hairdress made with Hollywood Curlers! Whether many curls or just a few will frame your face most becomingly...you can have them quickly, easily...right at home...with the "Curlers used by the Stars." Insist on Hollywood Curlers.

3 FOR 10¢—AT 5¢ AND 10¢ STORES—NOTION COUNTERS

taste. A wide favorite for these two important reasons, is the toothpaste which comes in familiar red and yellow tube at a nominal cost. A thrice-daily brushing with this dentrifice will help to bring a new gleaming beauty to your teeth and a healthy glow to your gums... besides leaving your mouth cool and pleasantly flavored. Would you like to have the trade name?

However, remember that just brushing your teeth isn’t enough—they must be brushed correctly and the gums well massaged to keep them in condition.

A toothbrush to make history is a brand new model which makes correct brushing a fool-proof procedure. A special feature of this brush is a uniquely twisted handle which give you a grip on the brush which insure the right kind of movement—that is, you brush up and down automatically. I know this sounds a bit intricate, but if you will write me for the name of this new brush, I’ll be glad to give it to you and let you discover its excellent qualities for yourself.

If you are casting about for a really effective oral antiseptic, I’ll be glad to recommend one that has proven its worth through years of popular use. It is effective in action even when diluted with three parts water—an important economy note on an item which is used several times daily. It is a near-colorless liquid which comes in a round crystal bottle, is coolly refreshing to the taste and guards against infection while defeating any suggestion of unpleasant breath. It has, of course, many uses as an antiseptic other than that of mouthwash and will prove one of the most popular “first aid” items on your bathroom shelf. A seven-ounce bottle is priced at 50c. Want the name?

For trade names of items mentioned in foregoing article, send stamped, self-addressed envelope to Ann Vernon, HOLLYWOOD Magazine, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

**FREE BEAUTY SERVICE**

Is some beauty problem making you self-conscious and unhappy? Then bring that problem to Ann Vernon, HOLLYWOOD’s beauty expert, who has had years of experience in helping girls to make the most of their appearance. She will advise you on the care of your skin, hair or figure—or recommend new make-up and hairstyles. This service is FREE to all our readers, the only requirement being that you enclose stamped, self-addressed envelope for Miss Vernon’s personal reply. Address Miss Ann Vernon, HOLLYWOOD Magazine, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

“'T've got it! Biggest lot of flavor ever sold for a nickel! A smooth, zesty flavor that slides along your tongue as satisfyingly as cream, yet refreshing as a cold shower. You get this flavor fresh—in scientific, airtight packages—in Beeman’s, the gum so many people buy to aid their digestion but chew often because it’s so downright good.”

Beeman’s AIDS DIGESTION...

For three years one of radio’s most popular singers of popular songs on Columbia’s Hollywood Hotel hour, petite Frances Langford is likewise one of the outstanding entertainers in Woman’s movie version of Hollywood Hotel. Dick Powell, who headed the radio bill for two years, is also the “hooch man” in the film production with Lola and Rosemary Lane also among the list of singers in this gay tunefilm
and the party isn’t in your parlors!” Groucho informed him, “of course if you didn’t have any other room, O.K. But you have a cellar and that’s where this party is; plants on barrels for tables and chairs, round the heater. All the phosphorescent ghosts we want, and it won’t hurt the walls, who cares anyway, and a barrel of cider in the corner. And a tub of water to bob for apples.”

“Chafing dish?” Harpo inquired brightly.

“The boy’s crazy about chafing dish food,” Chico explained, “yes, you can make curried eggs in your chafing dish.”

“I want sausage smacks,” added Groucho.

“Gingerbread,” said Chico.

“With whipped cream or I don’t come,” said Groucho.

“Who invited YOU?” asked Harpo.

“and salad with faces in it.”

“And bread with bumps,” said Chico.

The three of them sighed and looked at me in great content, as if they tasted the goodies already. Salad with faces in it? I queried, glancing at Harpo whose face was once again in his salad.

“With cloves,” Groucho explained, “I’ll tell you how in a minute. But, to begin, every guest has to do a stunt; an act, or a song or dance. To pay for the ride in the laundry wagon. See? Then at the end of the evening, everybody has to tell the story of why this family skeleton he portrays really is the family skeleton. Lot of laughs.”

“Lot of bones,” muttered Harpo prophetically.

“And the cake with lucky tokens in it,” Chico proceeded, “a ring, a thimble, a dime; or they could be in gingerbread. I like gingerbread. There’s a hat, too—”

“Whose?” demanded Harpo with instant suspicion.

“Your wife’s.”

“No!” yelled Harpo, a bridegroom not so long ago.

“And folded papers in the hat,” Groucho went on, “so everybody takes one and has to do what it says. Like a scavenger hunt, see? Bring back within a certain time a wishbone or a raw cabbage with the roots on or the bed Napoleon slept in at Waterloo.”

IF YOU want to listen to a din, listen to the Marx Brothers on the subject of dinner. From the melee, however, emerged this menu. Harpo, who likes chafing dish things, supplied the instructions for Eggs Calculata; Groucho those for Sausage Smacks and Ghost Salad; Chico for Bump Bread. But they had to call up their cooks a couple of times, at that; and they agreed that the caterer could supply such extras as the fancy jack-o’-lantern ice cream, the individual pumpkin pies, and even the gingerbread.

Halloween Supper

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Eggs Calculata

(for 6)
6 hardboiled eggs
2 tablespoons flour
2 tablespoons butter
1 cup milk
1/2 teaspoon curry powder
1/2 cups boiled rice
Seasoning, plus a little paprika

Make a sauce of butter, flour, seasonings, milk; bring to scalding point in chafing dish (or on stove), add rice, add eggs cut in quarters. Serve hot.

Sausage Smacks

(for 6)
1/2 lb. bulk sausage
1 cup milk
2 eggs
2 heaping tablespoons flour

Divide sausage into 6 portions, roll into mounds, place each in lightly greased muffin tin. Beat eggs till light, then add milk, then flour, beat till smooth; pour over sausage mounds; bake in medium oven 45 to 60 minutes, till sausage is well done and tops nicely browned.

Bump Bread

2 cups flour
1/2 teaspoon salt
4 teaspoons baking powder
3/4 cup milk
3 tablespoons shortening
1 cup brown (or maple) sugar in lumps

Sift the flour with the salt and baking powder, work into this the shortening, then add gradually from three-quarters to one cup of milk—don’t let the dough too damp. Work into the soft dough the cup of lumpy maple sugar or brown sugar. Fit the rolled out dough into a greased frying pan, brush with melted butter and sprinkle with more of the sugar. Bake in very hot oven.

Ghost Salad

Lettuce, salad dressing, and any kind of pale, roundish fruit (like canned pears) that resembles a face when you, eye, mouth, etc., are added with leaves or bits of cinnamon stick—at various crazy angles.
With all the "It" that once sent her skyrocketing into stellar heights, Clara Bow returns to Hollywood after a three-year sojourn on her 600,000 acre ranch in Nevada, to take over, with her husband, Rex Bell, the Cinnebar—retitled the "It" Cafe.

---

I HEAR SHE AIN'T DOING SO WELL IN THE CITY

I JUST KNOW THAT'S WHAT THOSE GOSSIPS ARE SAYING—AND I WON'T GO BACK HOME WITH YOU AND LET THEM SNEER AT ME!

NONSENSE, AMY!

SUE, WE CAME TO NEW YORK TOGETHER, YOU'VE HAD THREE RAISES, BUT HERE I AM OUT OF A JOB AGAIN! WHY?

SOMETIMES IT'S BAD BREATH THAT HOLDS PEOPLE BACK, AMY, WHY DON'T YOU TALK TO DR. BROWN?

YOU SEE, TESTS PROVE THAT 70% OF ALL PEOPLE OVER THE AGE OF 17 HAVE BAD BREATH, AND TESTS ALSO PROVE 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!"

THREE MONTHS LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE'S

AND SUE, I'VE SAVED ENOUGH FROM MY RAISE TO BUY CLOTHES AND A ROUND-TRIP TICKET HOME, TOO!

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 NOVEMBER HOLLYWOOD
TO WOMEN, AGE 27!

What does it cost to dress yourself smartly?

This is a very young woman... age 27... she might be you. She probably has the same clothes problems you have... she wants smart, well-made clothes at a sensible price... how will she do it?

Let us solve this problem for you. In your spare time at home you can learn to express your personality in clothes style. Mail this coupon for complete information -- free.

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Dept. 86-Y, Scranton, Pa.

Mail order form which describes courses available. Write for catalog and complete list of courses.

How to Make Smart Choices in Shopping
How to Become a Professional Dressmaker
Hair Styling Tips
Gardening
|

This book free for a limited time.

ACCOUNTING
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Thousands needed, about 10,000 certified public accountants in U.S. Many earn $10,000 to $15,000. We train you thoroughly at home in your spare time for C.P.A. examinations or executive accounting positions. Previous bookkeeping knowledge unnecessary--we prepare you from ground up. Training is personally given by staff of experienced C.P.A.'s. Low, easy terms. Write for valuable free book, "Accountancy, the Profession That Pays.

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adult
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The school that trained over 100,000 P.A.'s
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special introductory price

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We will send postpaid, postcard requested.

DOROTHY BOYD ART STUDIO
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Write for catalogue of wonderful kimonos and other Oriental Articles from $2 to $10.

HOLLYWOOD YOUNGSTARS

By PHYLLIS FRASER

PERSONALITY of the month:

GINGER ROGERS. Ginger is five-feet-four. In her stocking feet, weighs only a hundred and eight pounds and has "ginger" colored hair... does caricature work with charcoal... writes songs and stories, and reads in her spare time. Never starts anything she doesn't eventually finish... When she's trying a typewriter out she writes the words, "Find that woman" and over again. Her favorite song is "Night and Day." She likes to sing with the radio. She always harmonizes with the vocalist... She drives her own car... and does it very well... she prefers convertible models and drives an inexpensive make. When she's dressing she takes more time with her hair than anything else... She's fond of all kinds of sports but excels in tennis and ping pong. Always slices her drives when playing golf... She likes to learn new words and is constantly poring over a dictionary... is never moody... has a keen sense of humor... She sleeps with her head at the foot of the bed so she can get her face in a draft... can't stand for it to be warm... She's a fixer and a putterer. She's very well liked and has many friends. She's seldom seen in Hollywood night spots.

WAYNE MORRIS has become the rage of the movie goers as well as Hollywood girls... they all have secret, some not so secret, crushes on him. I first met Wayne two years ago. At that time he was a stock player at Warner Brothers and hoping for a break. It was at a kids party and Wayne came in a wig of long blond curls and rompers... Imagine "Kid Galahad" going to a party that way now.

... 

PICK UPS... Johnny Downs dances the same off the screen as he does on... without the taps of course... and very good too... Vic Orsatti is trying to get Lana Turner's phone number and June Lang, who Vic recently divorced, is being seen places with another Vic... McGlennen is the last name... Mary Carlisle was watching a group of the younger set acting silly at Paula Stone's beach party and kiddingly said, "I guess I'm getting too old for you all." They grabbed her and rubbed cake in her face, just to prove she wasn't... Constance Worth is keeping Hollywood puzzled by the actions she's taking in George Brent's
fight to get an annulment of their marriage... She refuses to take his money, or a settlement of any kind, has returned all of his gifts but refuses to give him a divorce... The autograph hunters never bother Sylvia Sidney simply because they never recognize her... She was out dancing with Willie Wyler. She wore a beret which she soon discarded... and horn rim glasses which she never took off... and no make-up...

... 

Paula Stone and George Mason who surprised a great many people with their engagement are going to be married at Mrs. Will Rogers' ranch instead of Santa Barbara which they had originally planned... Cary Grant and Phyllis Brooks are seeing all the night spots together... Carole Stone and Jimmy Bush are together constantly and it wouldn't surprise this writer if they soon joined the rest of our newlyweds... Frances Robinson, new Universal contractee, can't make up her mind which she likes best, John King, or Dick Cromwell so she goes out with them both every other night... and Jean Rogers, who has darkened her blond hair to brownette and looks lovely twosoming it with Robert Wilcox... 

Riddle me these: What young actress is being pitied and ridiculed by the way she acts with her boy friend in public places?

What actress' friends after trying to get her to take the "cure" for drinking are now avoiding her?

---

"TO BE SURE YOUR MAKEUP MATCHES," Binnie Barnes says

"CHOOSE YOUR MAKEUP BY THE COLOR OF YOUR EYES"

It's the new way to beauty explains lovely Binnie Barnes... Marvelous the Eye-Matched Makeup. For it's...

Makeup That Matches... face powder, rouge, lipstick, eye shadow, and mascara, in true color harmony. And it's...

Makeup That Matches You... For it's keyed to your own personality color, the color of your eyes.

Are you a Binnie Barnes... with dark brown eyes? Then wear Marvelous Parisian type powder, rouge, lipstick, eye shadow, or mascara. Are you blue-eyed? Wear the Dresden type. Are your eyes gray? Patrician type. Hazel? Then Continental type is right for you.

Your own drug or department store recommends Marvelous Eye-Matched Makeup, full sizes each item only 55¢ (Canada 65¢).

Copyright 1937, by Richard Hudnut

Marvelous Eye-Matched Makeup

by Richard Hudnut

Paris... London... New York... Toronto... Buenos Aires... Berlin

When answering advertisements, please mention November Hollywood
time for the things I like to do. Golf, tennis, motor trips, swimming. I hate to admit this, but I'm very selfish about the whole thing. Someone outside pictures would be a more Romeoish husband—because I'm an actress. To actors, I'm just another actress.

MARY, now 22, surrounded by a dozen courtly leading men, says she considers Claudette Colbert, married to Dr. Joel Pressman; Irene Dunne, married to Dr. Francis Griffin; Jean Arthur, who has Frank Ross, Jr., real estate operator, for her husband; Gail Patrick, widowed to the Brown Derby's Bob Cobb, the luckiest young matrons in Hollywood.

"To their husbands they're glamorous, because they're on the screen," she says. "They're always receiving attention from them. Their husbands can take time off for trips and sports. It's perfect. Just think! They don't have to talk about pictures all the time!"

Mary makes another confession: "Actresses receive a lot of attention when they're single. They get used to it. After a while it becomes necessary to their happiness. Actors are up against the same circumstance. Women are always going out of their various ways for them. Imagine a woman who demands attention married to a man who wants attention, and you have another reason why I'm matrimonially going to skip actors."

Just at the moment, even the lawyer's chances seem just a little bit thin. Mary is launched on a new career, moving steadily toward the top. She returned from Europe, did a small role in Hotel Haywire to get the feel of her work, is reported to be excellent in Double Or Nothing with Bing Crosby, her favorite actor, and she's just about set for another Crosby picture.

"If I had to marry an actor, and Dixie Lee hadn't gotten there first, I think I'd choose Bing," she admits.

"There's another angle on the problem, and that's financial security. There's very little of this. Salaries come in big lumps—and then, one day, they don't come at all. A lawyer, for instance, usually has a gradually growing business which reaches a peak long after the average actor knows where his next check is coming from. Lots of girls, outside of Hollywood, probably wouldn't consider it, but Hollywood does. So do girls in Hollywood. Because they've seen what has happened," Mary says.

Children?

Mary would like to have them.

"And that's another reason why I don't want to marry an actor," she says. "Having spent my young girlhood in pictures, and knowing now that there's a great deal of artificiality in the life, I'd like to have any children I might have grow up outside of the Hollywood circle."

BECAUSE Mary has seen her own childhood go up in smoke, so to speak, she wants plenty of time for real romance. Like the shop girl who longs for surcease from counter work the whole day through, she likes to think of getting away from sets, forgetting about them completely, and finding relaxation, even love, amid different and more stimulating surroundings.

"Maybe that's why I like to travel so much," she confides. "I like to get away from Hollywood and the things that are Hollywood's. Not because I don't approve of them, not because I don't like them, not because I'd have them any different, but because I have had too much of them."

She thinks her hypothetical lawyer will supply much of the change she wants and needs.

"I hope," she says, "that he talks about the people he meets, the cases he handles, the problems he faces. And I think I'll break down and have a good cry the first time he shows enough interest in my work to want to know all about it."

"When that happens the honeymoon will be over."

And so, Mildred Smith of Kenosha, Agnes Brown of Ottumwa and you thousands of others who dream of having an actor for a mate, consider the case of the ash blonde girl from Boston who has seen Hollywood from the inside and now, running true to type, would like to meet the kind of man whom you, and you, and you meet every day.
afternoon from Hollywood—is Don Ameche, who acts as master of ceremonies. Edgar Bergen, the famous ventriloquist, contributes his bit, and his equally-notable dummy, Charlie McCarthy, accompanies him.

REMEMBER, some years ago, that Fields carried on a feud with Baby LeRoy, on the screen? How the two would battle, and even in his interviews Bill would never fail to mention his rivalry (?) with the film baby? That was nothing compared to his other raves against Charlie. It's an air vendetta that promises to be the radio brawl of the year!

It all started on the first program. Charlie—he may be only a dummy, but he's as human as you'd like him—led with some quip, to which Fields replied in that nasal monotone of his: "Aw, you're just carved out of wood."

"They'd have to use REDWOOD for YOUR nose," Charlie struck back, and the imbroglio was on. Fields' schnozzle, as you probably know, is both bulbous AND red.

Well, that was all that Bill needed. That remark was sufficient to ignite the flame that burns continually in Mister Fields' manly bosom, and in righteous indignation he went to town.

Every time thereafter—both in that first and subsequent broadcasts—that the dummy would try to be friendly—Fields would let him have it, threaten him either with a woodpecker or termites. When he told Charlie he was "nothing but a second-hand piece of wood with paint on," Charlie boiled over and returned in kind.

From all appearances, it's going to be a very pleasant season. It's the kind of fracas radio audiences love, and although thus far it has progressed only a comparatively few weeks it bids fair to outshine the feud existing between Walter Winchell and Ben Bernie, and Jack Benny and Fred Allen. The whole thing is so ridiculous as to intrigue the popular imagination, and if there's even a ghost of a sense of humor in your soul you're bound to get a terrific kick out of the battle.

These radio excursions into hysteric always are written by Fields himself. For many years he has been composing his own dialogue, and when the air-lanes called he agreed to their terms only if he could fashion his own lines and situations.

While Fields enjoys the radio as a new experience, he still prefers the screen, unlike so many picture personalities now going on the air.

"When I appeared first on the screen—that was back in 1915—I liked the stage better. I couldn't use my voice. And that again interfered, for I always play to an audience with my voice as well as my hands. Maybe I'll come around to liking radio as well as I do the screen now."

By the time this story reaches the stands, Fields' initial film since his illness probably will be about ready for release. Things Began to Happen is its title . . . and with Fields enacting a role that takes him, an average American business man, to Europe with his wife, and sees his embroilment in the affairs of an English family over there, things will begin to happen.

At any rate, get ready for a treat. Bill Fields is back!

A VANITY BOTTLE
OF AMERICA'S NUMBER ONE
Skin Protector

for anyone who has not tried it!

Right now, cold weather and raw winds are making many a pretty woman's skin coarse, red and unpleasant in appearance. And there's no need for it because you can enjoy the nation's most widely-used skin protecter, Italian Balm, for a cost of far less than 5 cents a day.

Italian Balm prevents chapping. For more than a generation, this famous skin preparation has been "first choice" among your outdoor-loving neighbors in Canada. And in the United States, too, it has no equal in popularity. Women who use it have a chapped skin regardless of weather or housework. And thousands of professional people, too—physicians, dentists, nurses—are enthusiastic in their praise of this scientifically made skin softener.

Try it! Send for FREE Vanity Bottle!—enough to give you several days' supply. Mail coupon today.

Campana's
Italian Balm

"America's Most Economical Skin Protector"

CAMPANA SALES CO.
111 Lincolnway, Batters, Ill.
Gentlemen: I have never tried Italian Balm. Please send me VANITY Bottle FREE and postage.

Name
Address
City State

W hen answering advertisements, please mention November Hollywood
and signed to join the troupe at the Mason Opera House. Her first F.T.P. role was that of Diana, the lead in Seven's Heaven. Then came the Jane Cowl role of Moonie in Smilin' Through. A Warner Bros. scout saw her in The Devil Passes, offered her a screen test that proved good enough to win a picture contract. Shortly after, Director Mervyn LeRoy, who not only kept his eyes but his ears, nose, and throat open for new talent and who knows it when he sees it, looked over the test and immediately signed Gloria for the feminine lead in They Won't Forget.

The title is an apt one so far as the scores of critics who witnessed Gloria's screen debut are concerned. Despite the fact that critics are credited with very short memories, it's going to be a long, long time before they forget the splendid performance Gloria gave them in her first motion picture. And, unless all signs and prophecies fail, they aren't going to forget future performances, either, for this earnest, hardworking, easy-to-look-at young lady, now less than two years out of high school, isn't a flash in the well-known Hollywood pan. She's made this far the hard way as the boys who watch the galloping dominoes say, and she's more than willing to travel the same road toward future progress. Long Beach is only thirty miles from Hollywood as the sea gulls fly—

"But," admits Gloria, "I wouldn't want to go back to Long Beach. However, I am going to New York where I'm going to play on the legitimate stage again for a little while in Wise Tomorrow. I'm deeply grateful for all the nice things said about me—but I'm smart enough to know that one picture doesn't make a permanent success. I'm not a good screen actress yet, and there's a lot to learn before I am. New York will help."

That, certainly, is turning the movie mirror on yourself in a level-headed, practical fashion and Gloria, for one, isn't afraid to do it.

There's another reason why she doesn't care to leave Hollywood for long. She's called time out for romance and the lucky man is Perc Westmore, head of the make-up department on Gloria's home lot, Warner Bros.

"I'll answer your next question before you ask it," Gloria smiled over our table in the studio Green Room. "Marriage isn't going to interfere with my career any more than it is with Perc's. Why in the world should it? I know he is going to be as proud of my progress as I am going to be of his. We're both 'in the movies,' but we're in different fields, and so far as ever being bored by 'talking shops' is concerned, we really ought to—and will—learn a lot from each other. Frankly, I think romance—and marriage—are the greatest things in any actress' life—if the right man comes along. And in my case I'm more than certain that he has."

GETTING down to a few vital statistics, Gloria, whose real name is Thais Dickerson, was born at Pocatello, Idaho, where as a small child she sponsored, managed, directed and starred in childish theatricals staged in the basement of the family home. After her father's death in 1929 she moved to Long Beach, and graduated from Junior High School in 1932. She entered Polytechnic High, majoring in dramatics under Arthur Gleditsch and Lillian V. Breed, and graduating in 1935. Then radio broadcasting over KFOX, then the Hart players, then the Federal Theatres Project plays in the Mason Opera House—and then Hollywood and her screen debut in They Won't Forget. If you're interested in weights and measures, Gloria tips the scales at 107 pounds and stands five feet, three and one-half inches in her stocking feet. So much for that. Now getting down to the title of this story. Considering what's happened to her so far this year—stardom and romance—Gloria says she's the luckiest girl in the world. Being always the gentleman we've waited until now to disagree. Personally, we think she's

The Happiest Girl in the World!
Hollywood "Smoothie" [Continued from page 38]

JOAN paused thoughtfully, "with all his seriousness, Bob has another side," she continued. "He likes to clown. Does it mean the time when he isn't working. People mistake this method by which he relaxes as being the real and only Robert Montgomery.

"You would hardly expect one as poised and self-assured to be easily hurt. But Bob is very sensitive, and I know for a fact that when he is gayest it is often when he has been deeply hurt by some careless thing someone said or did.

"If Bob is silent, it is because people would rather hear something other than what he likes to discuss. His private life, for instance. I know for a fact that Bob refuses to make public his domestic affairs. And can you blame him? It isn't indifference, either. He often tells me about his children—what they've said or done. But it isn't for publication. He will discourse hours on end about subjects of world interest, give opinions and arguments."

A	THIS point Joan was called back to the set. As she walked across to her place in the Italian garden, it occurred to us that she never looked better. Her hair, in page-boy fashion, was straight, shimmering dark copper. And in her crisp brown peasant dress she looked like a sixteen-year-old.

After the "shot", she returned. "Where were we?" she asked with a smile.

"You were speaking of the things Bob was interested in—"

"Oh, yes," she resumed. "Bob is such a busy person. For one thing, he is president of the Screen Actor's Guild. He is very serious about his work here. His sense of justice is keen, and no problem of a small player or extra is too minute to escape his interest and attention.

"When I am working, I find it impossible to attend the Guild meetings. But not Robert."

Asked if Hollywood changed the actor in the five years that she has known him, Joan replied:

"If you mean as far as gaining fame, no. Bob's attitudes and feelings concerning himself are practically as they were when I first met him. Of course, he has matured. That is the only change I have noticed. Not long ago there was an opportunity to discover this.

"We were making a scene in The Last of Mrs. Cheyney. The script called for my throwing a glass of wine in Bob's face. I simply hated to make that scene. Bob in immaculate full dress there before me, and I having to dash cold, red wine right at him. First it seemed impossible, I just couldn't. But pictures have to be made, and finally I mustered up the courage. Something went wrong with the sound and the scene had to be retaken!

"I went up to him, and pleaded with him to forgive—since I had to do this thing all over again.

"Please don't think anything about it," he told me. 'Throw it again—it's all for the scene!'"

"And so again, I dashed the wine in his face—which must have been hard to take, picture or no picture—but he took it with magnificent good grace. Bob Montgomery is one of the most sincere, warm-hearted and intelligent individuals that I could hope to meet."

THE MEN RAN AWAY FROM HER SKINNY SHAPE!

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10 to 25 lbs. gained quickly with new IRONIZED YEAST

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Why it builds up so quick: Doctors now say thousands of people are thin and rundown only because they don't get enough yeast vitamins (Vitamins B and iron) in their daily food. Without these vital elements you may lack appetite and not get the most body-building good out of what you eat.

Now, by a new process, the vitamins from the special rich yeast used in making English ale are concentrated to twice their strength in ordinary yeast. Thus 7-power vitamin concentrate is combined with 3 kinds of iron (organic, inorganic and hemoglobin iron). Pasturized

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—Celia Stonaker, Houghville, Pa

English ale yeast is then added. Finally, for your protection and benefit, every batch of Ironized Yeast is tested and retasted biologically, to insure its full vitamin strength.

The result is these new easy-to-take but marvelously effective little Ironized Yeast tablets which have helped thousands of the skinniest people who needed these vital elements quickly gain the normally attractive curves, natural development and pep for health they longed for.

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Special FREE offer: To start thousands building up their health right away, we make this FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets at once, cut out the word on this page and mail it to us. In the next paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book in return. "How Fats Affect Your Body". Remember, results with the very first package—no money refunded. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 2811, Atlanta, Ga.

WARNING: Beware of the many cheap substitutes for this successful formula. Be sure to get genuine Ironized Yeast.
business details and fan mail. When a picture isn’t in production out at the studio, J. A. M. finds Gene at the office in a tall business building that rises from the very center of Hollywood.

H E TAKES the fan mail very seriously. He hands good advice to the kids who want to come West; he considers the advice of their elders, whose letters, as has been said, are far outnumber the kids. One woman fan regularly criticizes his pictures, scene by scene, for points she likes and points she doesn’t; sometimes Autry and the studio executives run the picture again in the projection room to see if she was right. To another pair of fans, twin girls injured in a motor accident on their way to an Autry film, he writes weekly without fail.

Gene was born in a log cabin. Yes, just like Abraham Lincoln and Daniel Boone. A log cabin in Tioga, Tex., the town which in planning to change its name to “Autry.” The inhabitants recall mirthfully how Gene as a child used to go to church with his mother and, to her embarrassment, try toouting the choir. Often he succeeded.

“Westerns?” Autry repeated in his quiet voice when we dropped in at his office the other forenoon. “Well, like Westerns. Always did. They’re clean. Wholesome. The whole family can go ‘em, because there’s no double meanings, and cowboys never swear—you know, on the screen. And another reason I like to make Westerns—they keep you out in the open air.”

“Besides, they’re full of horses and I don’t think people will ever get over loving a horse. A beautiful horse is about the most beautiful thing anyone ever saw. Then, from a practical point of view, a Western’s good because except for sound—you could run an old Western right now, some of Bill Hart’s, for instance, and it’d be pretty well in style. Run any other type of film from the silent days and the clothes are old-fashioned, and so are the automobiles, and the thing’s outdated.

NO, AUTRY added, he didn’t believe the movies could ever put cowboys into motor cars and speedboats and airplanes—as some of the super-Westerns have occasionally done—and get away with it for long. “A cowboy could use a car to get to town and back,” he conceded, “but there’s only one place a cowboy going somewhere really belongs. That’s in a saddle on a horse.”

Autry should know. He didn’t have to remain a cowboy, nor did he have to return to being a cowboy through any effort other than the love of it. Once he left wrangling cattle to become expert telegrapher for the Frisco Railroad at Sapulpa, Okla. Before this he managed to win permission from his mother to travel for a season with a medicine show, an adventure he craved because the show had lots of music. It was music eventually that brought him back to his cowboy beginnings, even though it brought him there through the medium of the screen.

For even the click and rhythm of the telegraph instrument turned to music in Autry’s mind. He made up songs to that rhythm, and took his guitar to the depot to while away the hours of the “graveyard shift” from midnight till 8 in the morning. Finally, on the advice of a few fellow telegraphers he went to New York during vacation to try for an audition with a phonograph recording company. He had no appointment, so for days he sat in the outer office. On the fourth day he brought the guitar and crooned to himself while he waited. That’s when an official, rushing through—Nat Shildkret, now of RKO Studios—heard him and stopped. The results were a contract with radio station KVOO in Tulsa, Okla., where, as “the yodeling cowboy,” Autry was immediately swamped by fan mail; then a vaudeville tour in The National Barn Dance sketch; and—Hollywood.
**What Two Things Happen When You Are Constipated?**

When you are constipated two things happen. **FIRST:** Wastes swell up the bowels and press on nerves in the digestive tract. This nerve pressure causes headaches, a dull, lazy feeling, bilious spells, loss of appetite and dizziness. **SECOND:** Partly digested food starts to decay forming gas, bringing on sour stomach (acid indigestion), and heartburn, bloating you up until you sometimes gasp for breath.

Then you spend many miserable days. You can't eat. You can't sleep. Your stomach is sour. You feel tired out, grouchy and miserable.

To get the complete relief you seek you must do TWO things. 1. You must relieve the GAS. 2. You must clear the bowels and GET THAT PRESSURE OFF THE NERVES. As soon as offending wastes are washed out you feel marvelously refreshed, blues vanish, the world looks bright again.

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**Adlerika**

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Color of your hair ___________________________

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Cary Grant and Irene Dunne having a terrific argument in a courtroom scene for The Awful Truth, while the judge pounds for order, and Asta the famous dog of The Thin Man, barks until he is declared in contempt of court. Cary is seen a great deal with Phyllis Brooks.

Eleanor Powell is leading a double life. During the day she works with scenes for Broadway Melody of 1938, and at night she rehearses her dances for M-G-M's Rosalie, with Ray Bolger . . . Joe Penner calling at the fan mail department and kid- dingly asking if any fan letters have been put in his box by mistake . . . Fred Astaire has his heart and soul in his work all right! Observed while passing the RKO barber shop, Astaire sitting in the chair unconsciously tapping out a routine while the barber works on him.

The Hurricane set when she gets a day off; when she's working Hall manages to be on hand to drive her home. Jon has a new watch, but won't admit it's a gift from the lovely lady.

Duglass Montgomery and Whitney Bourne are

Things 'n Stuff

by Ruth Clayton

An innovation for introducing a star was a hunt breakfast given in honor of Rosita Diaz, Spanish actress, here to make pictures for Canfielda Films, filmed entirely in Spanish. Pretty brown-eyed Rosita has family members on both sides of the fight in Spain. She appears in La Vida Bohemia co-starred with Gilbert Roland and in which Barry Norton resumes his film career. Miss Diaz is now busy taking lessons in English and is doing very well for a beginner.

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DOUGLASS MONTGOMERY and Whitney Bourne are

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SO in love—it may be a trip to the altar before this print is dry... Every year on their wedding anniversary Dolores Del Rio and Cedric Gibbons make a pilgrimage to the Santa Barbara Mission where they were married. Mr. Gibbons, art director, has just drawn a new long term contract with M-G-M.

EARLY calls from the studio forced Joel McCrea and Frances Dee to desert their distant ranch and take up residence closer to Hollywood during filming of Frank Lloyd's new Paramount picture, Wells Fargo, in which they are featured. Imagine the director instructing Joel how to make love to his pretty wife!... Mary Phillips is divorced from Humphrey Bogart. He says "married life is a bore"... Joan Bennett will next be seen in Paramount's Money From Home, opposite Bob Hope... Lionel Barrymore goes to England to appear in M-G-M's British production, Yonk at Oxford.

AFTER finishing Taming of the Shrew for CBS, Frieda Inescort goes to Republic for Portia on Trial. Hobart Bosworth, who recently celebrated his 70th birthday, also appears in the Republic picture, his 526th film... Cesar Romero dancing practically every dance at the Trocadero with Virginia Bruce, which is probably one reason why this night club doesn't have to hire a dance team for the audience to watch. Judy Garland joins Mickey Rooney and Douglas Scott team in M-G-M's Thoroughbreds Don't Cry... Reginald Owen has one of the finest wig collections in Hollywood. He has 103 wigs, many of which he has worn in screen and stage productions. They are valued at more than $3,000.

AN OIL painting of Gladys George, four and a half by five feet, painted to decorate a wall of the set in Madame X, will be presented to the star by the studio art department... Because of his outstanding performance in Sorority, Walter Pidgeon, Broadway star, has been placed in the top spot of My Dear Miss Aldrich, at M-G-M. The stage star plays opposite Maureen O'Sullivan in the comedy... On the strength of her hillbilly performance in Paramount's big new Jack Benny musical, Artists and Models, Judy Canova has won for herself a nice, shiny new contract and her next work will be in Summer Romance, which is being made by the famed woman producer Fanchon.

BE MOUTH-FRESH... AND IT'S FUN TO CHEW WITH A PURPOSE

3 ways to mouth health
1. ORALGENE is a firm, "chewier" gum. It gives your mouth, teeth and gums needed exercise.

2. ORALGENE contains milk of magnesia (dehydrated). It helps to mouth freshness.

3. ORALGENE helps keep teeth clean — and fresh-looking throughout the day. Chew it after every meal.

WATCH FOR
The announcement of the Jane Withers' $100.00 cash prize contest in the December issue of HOLLYWOOD MAGAZINE

LEMONS HAVE AN ALKALINE FACTOR

(IMPORTANT TO COLD RESISTANCE)

So have LUDEN'S Menthol Cough Drops 5¢

From a MEDICAL JOURNAL
"The researches of these doctors led them to believe that colds result from an acid condition. To overcome this, they prescribe various alkalis."

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Easier
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T o the perplexed woman seeking to do away with the bother of measuring and mixing solutions, we suggest Boro-Pheno-Form. This forty-six year old product is widely preferred for its ease. It contains water or accessories for its use. Each dainty suppository is compact in itself. No danger of "overdose" or "undertose." Soothing, harmless, odorless. At all drug stores.

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FREE! Mail Coupon today for 1952 answer—an informative booklet on Marriage Hygiene.

Dr. Pierre Chemical Co., Dept. M-10
162 N. Franklin Street, Chicago, III.

Feet First Into Fame

(Continued from page 35)

others rushing to or from trains. When you see him doing some intricate steps in one of his picture routines, chalk up part of the speed to footwork of a soda fountain.

No matter how hard and fast Buddy worked, he couldn't keep ahead of expenses. Among the things he did without were haircuts. He insisted he wouldn't get a haircut until he got a better job. He knew there were easier ways of making a living than jerking sodas and he kept his eyes open for possibilities. One came along in the form of an advertisement for chorus men dancers "of the country boy type" for the Eddie Cantor show. "Whoopie.

Buddy's long locks made him stand out among all the types that applied and won him a stage job.

When he knew he had the job he suggested maybe he had better get a haircut, but met opposition then just as he does today if he even hints he might visit the barber. That massed matter of hair has become almost as essential to holding his job as his highly-trained feet.

"I actually do sit in a barber chair once in a while," confided Buddy, "but I have to keep close watch on the barber to see that he don't rob me of my country-boy look."

Long locks have become as much a part of the Ebsen personality as are his gestures and his drawl. Life in the South gave him his drawl, Eddie Cantor started him off with a "sheep dog" hair dress, and that graceful clumsiness came as the result of effort to make his dancing different from other dancers.

Buddy admits he looks a lot funnier than he feels. He enjoys parts where he can play himself, but says there are trials and tribulations in being a funny-looking guy. After each picture is finished he confides that a Dillah-like inner voice frequently whispers, "get a haircut!" But the few times he has mentioned it everybody from the script girl up wants to know how scenes could be matched up if there had to be retakes, "so Buddy waits and when he is assured there will be no retakes, it's time to prepare for his next role which always calls for him to be shaggy. So life goes on and the Ebsen locks flow where they may.

Somewhere in his ancestry were hair

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FREE RED & BLACK VANITY protects tube from sharp objects in your purse.

RUN-R-STOP
Camille, Inc., 49 E. 21 St., N. Y. C.
Norsemens and Buddy loves the sea. As a sailor in Born to Dance, he was right in his element, even if the setting was a bit synthetic. He feels "shut in" unless a breeze from the briny can reach his nostrils. Most of his life has been spent close to the sea.

"While my sister and I were on route to Monte Carlo to fill a summer dancing engagement," said Buddy, "I looked at my feet and smiled as we passed Gibraltar, because it was my feet that made that trip possible. If I'd stayed with medicine, I might never have gotten beyond the limits of some small Florida town."

Buddy Ebsen's religion is: "Do no harm to any one," his success formula: "Do some one thing better, or different, than any one else does it."

He declares that there is nothing new left to do in dancing only redesigning

of what has been done. What some might call "polite thievery." Buddy calls "adapting for your own use." He thinks a dancer has as much right to use dance steps as a writer has to use words. Others may have used the dance steps, or the words, but each puts individual meaning into what he has taken by fitting them together according to his individual mental picture.

Not being a dancer, this author has no definite means of knowing whether or not Buddy is right in his philosophy of hoofing, but he does know that the young man is regarded as "taps" in the "taps" field.

MODERN women no longer give-in to functional periodic pain. It's old-fashioned to suffer in silence, because there is now a reliable relief for such suffering.

Some women who have always had the hardest time are relieved by Midol. Many who use Midol do not feel one twinge of pain, or even a moment's discomfort during their period.

Don't let the calendar regulate your activities! Don't "favor yourself" or "save yourself" certain days of every month! Keep going, and keep comfortable—with the aid of Midol. These tablets provide a proven means for the relief of such pain, so why endure suffering Midol might spare you?

Midol brings quick relief which usually lasts for hours. Its principal ingredient has often been prescribed by specialists.

You can get Midol in a trim aluminum case at any drug store. Two tablets should see you through your worst day.

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FOREST FIRE RADIO LAMP

Forest fire in full colors seems to really burn. Smoke and flames rise through the trees—reflect on the lake. This striking effect is created by an automatic revolving cylinder inside. Amazes and delights everyone. A novel and beautiful lamp. Picture is a handsome reproduction of oil painting on cardboard. Artistic metal top and base. Full size. Complete, ready to plug in.

Now Only $100

Send $1.00 bill or money order for prompt shipment, postage paid. PRINT your name and address plainly. No lamps shipped C. O. D. or on approval.

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Special discount to those who order several. Dozen lots, $10. Six, $5.50. Shipped postpaid to you or to separate addresses.

IGNITION COMPANY
86 Templeld Bldg., Omaha, Neb.
Nine years ago when he was beginning to make a dent in Broadway's consciousness, a New York producer told him he liked his work and that he would have a part for him "one of these days." That promise is coming true. Later this year, when he will play a role in The Girl of the Golden West, for the man who promised him a part in 1928, is finally giving it to him in 1937.

Buddy hates to think what might have happened to him if he had waited for that particular part these last nine years.

Buddy's sister, Vilma, who teamed with him in much of his stage work, and who came to Hollywood to work with him in his picture debut in The Broadway Melody of 1936, married Bobby Dolan, orchestra leader, to celebrate the first Ebsen victory over Broadway, and Buddy followed suit by marrying Ruth Cambridge, Walter Winchell's "girl Friday."

While Buddy and Vilma were dancing at an Atlantic City club, Winchell caught their act and gave them an orchid in his column. Overnight nearly a hundred job offers swept the Ebenses off their trained dancing feet. From then on they hit the high spots and wound up on Broadway in Flying Colors, which established them in Manhattan, but cost Winchell his first efficient secretary.

The Monte Carlo trip was a honeymoon-business jaunt for the Ebenses. They sent casino patrons away singing their praises, and when the season ended Buddy and Vilma returned to America in time to join the last Ziegfeld Follies. When that closed they toured with Abe Lyman's band and then were booked as the featured act at the Central Park Casino in New York, where an M-C-M talent scout spotted them, arranged a test, and the gates of Hollywood opened.

That was more than two years ago and Buddy hasn't played a footlight engagement since, although he admits he gets hungry at times for a live audience.

"It will be a fairly safe bet for you to wager a few shekels that Buddy Ebensen isn't entirely lost to the stage. Like the postman who goes for a walk on his day off, Buddy can think of no better holiday between films than a stage engagement, unless it would be sailing the briny.

But stage or screen, there'll be no haircuts for Buddy—maybe a few trims—and when he's at sea—well, that ragged chrysanthemum thatch never leaves him uncertain which way the wind blows.
Baby Garbo

[Continued from page 48]

Ann suggests everything a star should be. Essentially feminine in every particular, there is a warmth and friendliness about her that draws one instinctively to her. Shapely figure, starry eyes, an inviting presence, all these combine to crystallize one of the most glamorous actresses in Hollywood.

Greta Garbo most certainly is being challenged... and by another Scandinavian... for high honors in her own country. Whether by coincidence of design, she has announced a desire to

do comedy... which causes one to wonder if she recognizes the hold that Ann Sothern exerts on her people.

To Ann, Garbo is the ultimate in artistry.

"Why," she exclaims, "it's sacrilege to mention any other actress in the same breath with Greta Garbo. There is no one like her. No one," she adds, decisively.

Ann's ideas, though, do not alter the fact that she ranks with the Swedish star among her own people. Ann is...

THE BABY GARBO!

WEDDING BELLS

An addition to the Hollywood newly-wed colony now includes Miriam Hopkins and Anatol Litvak, married Saturday, September 4th, in Yuma, Arizona. Reading from left to right: Fritz Land, Miriam Hopkins, and Anatol Litvak

Saturday, September 4th, also marked the wedding day for Alice Faye and Tony Martin who flew to Yuma for the ceremony.
Actress by Accident

[Continued from page 41]

pretty adept at her carving is attested by her stage and screen record. Actress by accident! If Astrid had not accepted the challenge of her two girl friends during a tour of the booking agencies to win a part in Lulu Belle she might today be recognized as a top-notch concert singer. As a child of 13 she made a concert appearance in Springfield, Mass., her home town, and later was offered a scholarship at the Boston Conservatory of Music but she turned it down because she didn’t want to live away from home. On graduating from high school she went to New York in search of a career only to discover that young concert singers weren’t much in demand—and when they were you could buy them for a dime a dozen. When she found that out she attended a business college and obtained a typing position in a Wall Street office. And then it wasn’t long before she quit pounding away at the typewriter to pound away at the door of opportunity marked “Stage and Screen.”

Now it may be that this blonde, ambitious young lady became an actress by accident but it’s no accident that brought her where she is today. That can be credited only to hard work and talent.

Good For Kidney and Bladder Weakness

ALL over America men and women who want to cleanse kidneys of waste matter and irritating acids and poisons and lead a longer, healthier, happier life are turning to GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules. Since you know the way the medicine works you know the way and stop getting up often at night. Other symptoms are backache, muscle weakness—dull or smarting passage—puffiness under eyes—nervousness and shuffling pains.

This harmless yet effective medicine brings results—will feel better in a few days. So why not get a 50c 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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Relieve Pain in Few Minutes

To relieve the torturing pain of Neuritis, Rheumatism, Neuralgia or Lumbago in few minutes, pet NURITO, the Doctor’s Formulary. No opium, no narcotics. Does the work quickly—must relieve worst pain in 30 minutes. If you value your satisfaction in few minutes or money back at Drugstore’s. Don’t get trustworthy NURITO today on this guarantee.
ANN RUTHERFORD is one in a million!

During the past thirty-odd years, a million or more people have attempted to crash the movies. Most of them failed. But not Ann Rutherford! She chose the one entrance that offers the quickest and surest achievement of the goal of the one success out of 1,000,000.

She knew her motion picture history, she knew that great stars like Gloria Swanson, Charlie Chaplin, Harold Lloyd, and Wallace Beery had received their initial experience in one and two-reel pictures. She learned that Robert Taylor stepped up the ladder from a "crime-does-not-pay" short subject, Buried Loot.

Most of all, she knew that short subjects offered opportunities for good roles, because their casts were small. A player in a short subject, with any kind of a speaking part, would command the entire attention of the audience while on the screen.

Bit players in big pictures would be overshadowed by big names and powerful roles. Any excellence in the player's performance might go unnoticed.

She knew, too, that studio executives, realizing the importance of short subjects as testing grounds for new talent, study them in their ceaseless search for promising personalities.

Ann Rutherford went to Jack Cher-
Dandruff, shades of dandruff. From "TOM MIX'S" horse.

"Jean Paul King, the ace announcer, called me one day and said he knew of a spot for a singer and that he'd take me over to the sponsor's office.

"My reception at the office was none too warm. 'Movie star! We certainly don't want any movie people. We've heard about their outburst of temperaments and we want none of them! Anyway, we've got a singer and all she had to do is sign the contract.'"

But the sponsors finally agreed to let Joan audition. They made her harmonize, something she'd never done before. Then they asked her to do some of her songs. "But there's no piano," she responded. "Sing," they replied.

So Joan sang.

She did the numbers she'd made such a hit with when she'd made personal appearances in such towns as Gotham, Ind., Chicago, Ill., and Washington, D. C. Then she went into her finale, a specialty on Little Man You've Had A Busy Day.

The sponsors were almost in tears but Joan didn't know whether it was because her singing was good or bad. For some time she wondered what was to be the real finale to the audition.

One afternoon Joan was sitting at a counter-lunch down to her last five bucks.

She thumbed carelessly through her New York paper and, as a matter of habit, glanced at the radio section. There staring at her was a picture of the radio singer to be starred on Andre Kostelanetz' program.

"Ah, you know whose picture it was. And so it was that the actress entered into a new phase of her career. After her triumphs Joan came back to Hollywood to visit her family.

Today the twenty-two-year-old actress is back in major motion pictures because she believes that she has something besides a pretty face, a swell figure, and average dramatic ability to offer.

She has the background of radio and stage appearances. She has the valuable confidence that being her own boss has given her. She has a feeling for the great musicians and their work. So with Joan, it's Forward, Marsh!
boy turned loose in a most sophisticated environment and not liking it at all.

"You know," he said, "it's the hardest thing to explain, all this fuss. People are so darned kind to you, everywhere you go. And it isn't that I don't appreciate it. I'd probably be awfully sore if they weren't. But sometimes a guy feels like he just has to cut loose and do at least some of the things he wants to do in the way he wants to do them. Half the time you can't be yourself for fear of hurting someone's feelings."

At this moment, the assistant director called Bob away to the set. Things hadn't been going so well that day. One of the actors had been having difficulty in getting his lines right. So far, they'd tried at least ten times to get one scene. He came back presently and flopped down in an easy chair.

"Tell me," we asked, "Do you act mostly because you want to act, or for what you'll be able to get out of it materially?"

He grinned.

"So that's what you've been getting at—a barb in every interview! Okay—here's your answer!

"Both! I like acting better than any other profession. But like everything else, you have to take the bad with the good. In my case, the bad part of it is all this celebrity business—having to be an actor twenty-four hours a day. In most other jobs, you put in your eight hours a day and then quit being a bookkeeper and start being yourself. In Hollywood, you can't do that.

"So my plan is that when I've run out of parts that I can play—I'm not good enough to be a character man, you know—I'll retire to that blessed anonymity, raise my live-stocks on whatever I've been able to save out of the material proceeds of the game and then start traveling about on the balance.

"And then will I have the fun! I'll be one of the guys that does the staring. I'll be able to rubber all I want to. I'll take snap-shots of my fellow man, the leaning tower of Pisa and the surfboarders at Waikiki."

He fished in his pocket for a bit of paper.

"Please, Ma'am—c'n I have your autograph?"

And right then and there we got the idea that the interview was over!

Among the screen celebrities who attended the Fawcett Movieland Tours supper dance at the Wilshire Bowl were Craig Reynolds and Gertrude Niesen. Jimmie Fidler, radio commentator, is shown introducing them to the guests.
CANDID SHOTS OFF THE MOVIE LOTS

Photographed exclusively for HOLLYWOOD Magazine

Our candid camera lenser got this picture of Gary Cooper and his wife at the preview of Souls At Sea

On the Nothing Sacred set, Carole Lombard warns the cameraman not to shoot—but he does!

Dapper William Powell as he looks in one of his style creations in M-G-M's Double Wedding

Leslie Howard snapped as he dodges tomatoes during an exciting sequence in Walter Wanger's Stand-in

Joan Cagney, 18-year-old sister of James Cagney, ready to cut Jimmy's birthday cake
"We're so happy—and we've been married almost a year! I often sit by our big window after breakfast, and think back how it all started...how we worked out our problem of getting married without much income. Bob was making only $21 a week, then, and I had just finished high school and was working as a stenographer in an office. We were terribly in love, but everything seemed so hopeless as we looked into the future—our future!

"Bob often had to work until 8 or 8:30 at night, and I'd sit around waiting for him—wishing there was something I could do in that extra time to help out the finances. And then one night the idea struck me! Why not work during those longer hours? I didn't say a word to Bob about it at first. I bought a Royal Portable Typewriter—paid just a few pennies a day—and went into 'business.' I typed restaurant menus, bills for a drug store, typed two medical papers for our family doctor— you'd be surprised how things mounted up. I'll never forget the night I showed Bob the savings book with my 'extra' earnings in it! We were on our way!

"Bob got interested, too. Soon he was typing as much as I was...only his was in connection with his regular job. He typed all his reports, and sent in typed suggestions to the boss about ideas he had for the business. It was this extra work that showed the company what I knew Bob had—and he got a raise—and another in three months.

"After marriage, too

"We've called that Royal Portable our 'Golden Chariot' ever since—and I honestly believe I wouldn't be in Bob's arms tonight if we hadn't had it two years ago. I still make all our 'dancing' and entertainment money on the Royal—and have swell fun doing it! I should think every married woman, too, could profit by my experience. It's so easy to make 'pin-money'—and there's nothing like a Royal Portable to help her husband get ahead— I know!"

You, too, can earn the extra money that rings "Wedding Bells"

ONLY A FEW PENNIES A DAY buys a ROYAL PORTABLE

"The Typewriter Everyone Can Use"

FREE CARRYING CASE. Mail the coupon for complete information on how to buy a brand-new Royal Portable for only a few pennies a day. Also how to get a beautiful CARRYING CASE FREE, and the famous Tangora Touch Typing Course FREE. Send the coupon.


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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 Course.
□ 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.
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NTED U. S. A
Carole Lombard* prefers Luckies because they're easier on her throat

When I had to sing in a recent picture,” says Carole Lombard, “I considered giving up smoking. But my voice teacher said I needn’t if I’d select a light smoke—Luckies.

“I soon found that even when singing and acting 12 hours a day, I can smoke as many Luckies as I like... without the slightest throat irritation.”

The reason Luckies are easy on Miss Lombard’s throat is because the process “It’s Toasted” takes out certain throat irritants found in all tobacco—even the finest.

And Luckies do use the finest tobacco. Sworn records show that among independent tobacco experts—auctioneers, buyers, warehousemen, etc.—Lucky Strike has twice as many exclusive smokers as have all other cigarettes combined.

In the honest judgment of those who spend their lives buying, selling and handling tobacco... with men who know tobacco best... it’s Luckies—2 to 1.

*Star of the new Paramount production “True Confession”

A Light Smoke

Easy on your throat—“It’s Toasted”
Sigrid Gurie
Gary Cooper

EXCLUSIVE STORIES ABOUT ROBERT YOUNG • JOAN CRAWFORD
STUART ERWIN • ALICE FAYE • RAY MILLAND • CAROLE LOMBARD
FACTORY TO YOU

NEW REMINGTON NOISELESS PORTABLE

10¢ A DAY

AT LAST! The famous Remington Noiseless Portable that speaks in a whisper is available for only 10¢ a day. Here is your opportunity to get a real Remington Noiseless Portable direct from the factory. Equipped with all attachments that make for complete writing equipment. Standard keyboard. Automatic ribbon reverse. Variable line spacer 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 you the Remington Noiseless Portable direct from the factory with 10 days' FREE trial. If you are not satisfied, send it back. WE PAY ALL SHIPPING CHARGES.

FREE TYPING COURSE

With your New Remington Noiseless Portable we will send you—absolutely FREE—a 10-page course in typing. It teaches the Touch System, used by all expert typists. It is simply written and completely illustrated. Instructions are as simple as A, B, C. Even a child can easily understand this method. A little study and the average person, child or adult, becomes fascinated. Follow this course during the 10-Day Trial Period we give you with your typewriter and you will wonder why you ever took the trouble to write letters by hand.

MONEY-MAKING OPPORTUNITIES OPEN. Hundreds of jobs are waiting for people who can type. A typewriter helps you put your ideas on paper in logical, unexpressive form...helps you write clear, understandable sales reports, letters, articles, stories. A Remington Portable has started many a young man and woman on the road to success.

FREE CARRYING CASE

Also under this new Purchase Plan we will send you FREE with every Remington Noiseless Portable a special carrying case sturdily built of heavy plywood. This handsome case is covered with handsome Dark Olive fabric. The top is removed by one motion, leaving the machine firmly attached to the base. This makes it easy to carry your Remington anywhere—on knees, in chairs, on trains. Don't delay...send in the coupon for complete details.

GREATEST TYPEWRITER BARGAIN IN 10 YEARS

The gem of all portables. Imagine a machine that speaks in a whisper...that removes all limitations of time or place. You can write in a library, a sick room, a Pullman berth without the slightest fear of disturbing others. AND in addition to quieter and more perfect performance that literally makes the words seem to flow from the machine. Equipped with all attachments that make for complete writing equipment, the Remington Noiseless Portable produces manifolding and stenciling of truly exceptional character. Furnished in black with shining chromium attachments. Mail coupon today!

CLIP COUPON NOW...


Please tell me how I can get a new Remington Noiseless Portable typewriter, plus FREE Typing Course and Carrying Case, for only 10¢ a day. Also send me without obligation, new illustrated catalogue.

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Address_________________________________ 
City____________________ State__________

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER

PRINTED IN U. S.
Apple of the Hollywood eye now is none other than that chip off the old block, that wisecracking gallant... CHARLIE McCARTHY... Charlie, you know, is W. C. FIELDS' nemesis on his radio program—all right, he's a dummy, if you insist, but to Hollywood he's more than human—and so sensationally did he go on the air that Samuel Goldwyn decided he and his papa, EDGAR BERGEN, should be on the screen. So, you'll be seeing them, Charlie particularly, in The Goldwyn Follies.

A gay blade, and a bold one, is Charlie. He's already hired a Filipino valet—honest!—and the things he doesn't think up... ZORINA, the dancer, who appears in the film with him, made her first scene with Charlie on her knee, so ever since Charlie has been shouting, to the delight of the company and Zorina's confusion, "Where's Zorina, she's my girl."

Panic note: Andre Kostelanetz, LILY PONS' orchestra-leader-beloved who's been flying to Hollywood from New York every weekend to see her and returning east regularly on Mondays... changed his mind about leaving the diva and remained in Hollywood an entire week! Airline officials simply couldn't stand the strain, so Kostelanetz had to explain to each individually that no, he really wasn't hopping east until next week.

We've heard of all manner of gifts that stars present fellow workers upon finishing a picture, but those of ELEANOR POWELL, when she completed the big chorus number in Rosebud, take the cake.

In this number, two hundred chorus boys assist her. Eleanor asked one what he thought they would like, and without hesitating a moment the chap cracked, "They'd like a kiss."

"Oke," twinkled the dancing star, and a moment later two hundred delighted young men, grinning to a man stood in line while Eleanor went down the line implanting a hearty smack upon the lips of each.

Mention of kissing brings to mind the case of one ALLEN CURTIS, JOAN CRAWFORD'S new leading man in Mannequin.

For several weeks young Mister Curtis had maintained a calm bespeaking years of practice and experience. But... came the day when Joan was to kiss him, long and passionately.

It was another young man who came out from under that clinch. He was inarticulate, perspiring, a bundle of raw nerves. So jittery did he wax that he required an hour to regain composure sufficiently to continue with the glamorous star.

LIFE IN THE HOLLYWOODS:

JEANETTE MacDONALD always wears a wig, to protect her hair from the glaring set lights, whenever she makes a picture... you've never seen her real tresses on the screen... ordinarily, CHARLIE CHAPLIN is a retiring soul, but invest him with the mood and he's the gayest of the gay... he and PAULETTE GODDARD staged an impromptu Rumba at one of the night spots that will be the talk of the town, lo, these many, many months to come... RICHARD ARLEN... WILLIAM GARGAN has purchased the home occupied by JEAN HARLOW before her death... PHIL BAKER lost twenty-five pounds for his role in The Goldwyn Follies, only to discover that he had to wear Eskimo raiment for his first scenes in the picture... and so he dropped another ten, just like that... because she just loves thrills, MARGOT GRAHAME subscribes to twenty-two—yes, 22—detective magazines... nebebe that's why she always looks so mysterious!... AND because she wanted atmosphere, and plenty of it, for her role with CAROLE LOMBARD in True Confe... UNA MERKEL spent three days visiting the Los Angeles and Hollywood jails... OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND is having trouble with her eyes... even though studies no longer use Kliegs, lights are so powerful that the dainty starlet was forced to remain in a darkened room for several days... to look at her you'd never suspect it, but JANE WYMAN, for all that baby—appearance, is a poker fiend... and she ALWAYS wins... WE KNOW!

He'll probably maim us for mentioning this, but ARCHIE MAHY calls his life his own in his very own home. And Archie, as you probably know, is as hard and as touch as the pictures he directs.

Reason: The little woman has furnished several rooms in cream satin and taffeta... and if she finds Archie lolling at his ease on any of the pieces he's in the doghouse FOR DAYS. Archie, our heart bleeds for you... we have a new green rug ourselves that we can't even WALK on!

BRITISH CORONATION ECHO: Since his return to England DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JR., has sent a number of his friends in Hollywood complete sets of Coronation phonographic records. It takes an entire evening to play them.

Pals of WALLACE BEERY, once satisfied that the actor wasn't dangerously injured by that accidental gunshot wound incurred during the filming of [Continued on page 8]
Something to stand up and cheer about!

M-G-M'S HAPPY FALL HITS

"FIREFLY"...Now at POPULAR PRICES...M-G-M's roadshow sensation—direct from its triumphant New York run at $2 admission. Gigantic spectacle, romance, drama, and melodies by Rudolf Friml. Starring Jeanette MacDonald, with Allan Jones, Warren William and a cast of thousands...

"THE LAST GANGSTER"...The season's melodic hit!...Starring Edward G. Robinson (“Little Caesar” himself)...A grand cast including beautiful Rose Stradner (the new star-discovery who provides thrilling, romantic moments), James Stewart, Louise Beavers and others...

"BAD MAN OF BRIMSTONE"...Starring Wallace Beery in his greatest role since "Viva Villa"...Not since "The Covered Wagon" such a glorious epic of the West. With Virginia Bruce, Dennis O'Keefe (new star find), Lewis Stone and Bruce Cabot.

"THOROUGHBREDS DON'T CRY"...What a cast!...Sophie Tucker, Mickey Rooney, Douglas Scott, and Judy Garland, the girl you loved in "Broadway Melody"...Introducing Ronnie St. Clair, a grand youngster you'll take to your heart...A wildly exciting story of loyalty and love.

"NAVY BLUE AND GOLD"...A rousing romance at Uncle Sam's Naval Academy! Football—love—and drama—with a top-notch cast of your favorite stars including Robert Young, James Stewart, Florence Rice, Lionel Barrymore and Billie Burke in the leading roles—and a cast of thousands...

"MANNEQUIN"...Joan Crawford in the love story of a beautiful model...with co-star Spencer Tracy better than in "Captains Courageous"...It's Katharine Brush's famous story. Wait till you see those gorgeous gowns!

"ROSALIE"...starring Eleanor Powell and Nelson Eddy with Ray Bolger, Frank Morgan, Edna May Oliver and lots of others...Ziegfeld's greatest triumph becomes M-G-M's mightiest musical, surpassing even "The Great Ziegfeld" itself...Beautiful girls...new song hits by Cole Porter...Directed by W. S. Van Dyke II...WOW!

Accept No Substitutes! Always Insist on the Advertised Brand!
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Every medicine cabinet needs one! Shows teaspoons and tablespoons. Ends all guesswork whenever you measure medicine.

FREE MEASURING GLASS WORTH 35¢

Offer limited. Get yours while they last—at your druggist!

FREE WITH 6 OUNCE BOTTLE OF ZONITE

Use Zonite For —

1. BAD BREATH—Gargle, rinse, brush teeth with Zonite dilution. Zonite removes causes of halitosis—kills tobacco breath, even onion breath!

2. DANDRUFF—Zonite actually destroys dandruff and all scalp germs—at contact! Ends nasty scalp odor. Use Zonite scalp treatment when washing head.

3. CUTS AND WOUNDS—Zonite kills many kinds of dangerous germs, not just one or two. Then tissues heal in less time! Apply Zonite wet dressing at once.

4. SORE THROAT—Zonite kills "cold bugs" at start! At first sign of irritation, gargle every 2 hrs. with Zonite dilution.

5. "ATHLETE'S FOOT"—Zonite treatment gives quick relief from itching. For prevention, bathe feet in Zonite solution.

DRAMA LESSON

Eleanor Fisher, chosen "Miss Typical America" in the contest conducted by True Confessions magazine, won a week in Hollywood. But producers saw her, and she is starting a screen career in Paramount's True Confession, starring Carole Lombard.

Offer limited. Get yours while they last—at your druggist!

FREE WITH 6 OUNCE BOTTLE OF ZONITE

Use Zonite For —

1. BAD BREATH—Gargle, rinse, brush teeth with Zonite dilution. Zonite removes causes of halitosis—kills tobacco breath, even onion breath!

2. DANDRUFF—Zonite actually destroys dandruff and all scalp germs—at contact! Ends nasty scalp odor. Use Zonite scalp treatment when washing head.

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5. "ATHLETE'S FOOT"—Zonite treatment gives quick relief from itching. For prevention, bathe feet in Zonite solution.

Accept No Substitutes! Always Insist on the Advertised Brand!
Huish, the little Cockney, had sobered up long enough to take a fling at stopping this madman with the rifle. Now he lay, dying a rat’s death in a pool of vitriol. Thorbecke, outcast of the Seven Seas, had done the same. Now his hands pointed in mute surrender at the cobalt heaven of this island of pearls. Only Herrick was left to defend the girl against this man who thought he was God. Herrick! University man turned beach-comber. The madman’s gun lifted again, cocked. The girl saw his eyes, the eyes of a devil. The gun leveled... the shot rang out to shatter the somnolent quiet of the island... forever.

Had the madman won? Had Huish’s pitiful little life been tossed on the lap of the gods in vain? Had Thorbecke brought them through the fury of the hurricane for this? Was Herrick to lose his one last chance to prove himself a man? Was this beautiful white girl to descend into the pit of a madman’s private hell forever?

The South Seas... Robert Louis Stevenson’s South Seas, with all their haunting beauty... with all their primitive, soul-searing adventure... with all the vicious fury of their mighty ship-destroying typhoons... now at last brought to the screen as Stevenson himself saw them in this greatest of all adventure-pictures, produced in natural color... Another thundering triumph for the company which gave you the first natural color adventure-picture, “The Trail of the Lonesome Pine”... PARAMOUNT!
Bad Man of Brimstone, framed the her- 
man of the movie. The day after he was 
taken to the hospital, large and elaborately 
tied packages began to arrive at the bed- 
side of the disgruntled star. Opened, they 
revealed all manner of toy pistols and 
other juvenile western regalia. Wally was 
all for getting up then and there and beat-
ing up—in a nice way, of course—the kind 
donors.

Here's a new idea for husbands and 
wives...

EDDIE CANTOR never knows where 
he's going upon completion of a picture 
until he's actually there. No, we're NOT 
talking in riddles... Eddie's wife, Ida, 
the celebrated Ida, packs his bags herself 
and drives him to a destination known 
only to herself and a hotel manager. That's 
her way of making Eddie take a much-
needed rest.

ROMANCE? NOW YOU MAY KNOW:

LORETTA YOUNG and JOE MAN-
KIEWICZ still that way... so, too, 
MARGO and FRANCIS LEDERER, and 
IDA LUPINO and LOUIS HAYWARD... 
both NAN GREY and WAYNE MORRIS 
swear they'll marry soon, despite all re-
ports to contrary... JOHNNY DOWNS 
now headman in MARY CARLISLE'S 
life... but occasionally Johnny's still 
glimpsed with ELEANORE WHITNEY... 
evidently MICHAEL BARTLETT'S war-
bling has found response in FLORENCE 
RICE'S heart, for she seldom goes out 
with another... JUNE LANG and 
MORRIE MORRISON, polo player, spat-
ting... then making up when Morrie sent 
er a baby lime tree for her garden... 
it's young JACK WARNER now who's 
quiring pretty, dark-orbed MARY MA-
GUIRE about town... and mere mention 
of VIC ORSAFFTI, JUNE LANG'S recent 
ex-spouse, bringing soft blushes to the 
cheeks of VIRGINIA FIELDS... MAYO 
METHOT and HUMPHREY BOGART 
claim they'll merge as soon as their re-
spective divorces are final... SIMONE 
SIMON always seen with GENE 
MARKES of evenings... and ANITA 
LOUISE confining herself to one BUDDY 
ADLER... MICKEY MOUSE still mak-
ing google-eyes at MINNIE!

DOROTHY LAMOUR, despite her 
calm and serious face, is one of the 
greatest ribbers in the film colony. During 
filming of The Hurricane, in which she en-
acts the leading feminine role to JON 
HALL'S male, she drove young Mister 
Hall nearly to distraction by refusing to 
believe he did the high diving in the pic-
ture. She claimed—loudly, too—that he 
used a double.

Hall, from Tahiti and practically born in 
the water, burned. Long and earnestly he 
tried to convince Dorothy that he per-
formed all the diving and swimming him-
[Continued on page 12]
The favorite play of America is THE SCREEN HIT OF THE YEAR!

A year of preparation—3 months before the cameras—production costs breaking all studio records—and now the love-and-laughter show that enthralled New York and London stage audiences for two seasons is ready to flash its glories on the nation's screens.

"Tonight's our night—there may never be a tomorrow."

WARNER BROS. present:

Claudette Colbert
Charles Boyer

in the most lovable, laughable comedy of a decade!

"TOVARICH"

supported by a huge cast of famous stars including

BASIL RATHBONE
ANITA LOUISE
MELVILLE COOPER • ISABEL JEANS

MORRIS CARNOVSKY • VICTOR KILIAN • Directed by Anatole Litvak • Screen play by Casey Robinson • Adapted from the play by Jacques Deval • English Version by Robert E. Sherwood • Music by Max Steiner • A Warner Bros. Picture

When Answering Advertisements, Please Mention December HOLLYWOOD
Jane Withers is singing with pleasure because she thought up the happy idea of giving a piano just like her own one to the winner of this contest.

Jane Withers, talented little starlet at 20th Century-Fox studios, has played a great many roles to the vast delight of motion picture audiences in this country and abroad, but none has given her such pleasure as the one of “Miss Santa Claus” which she is playing for Hollywood Magazine readers this month.

Playing Santa Claus means, of course, giving things away—and that is exactly what she is going to do! And here’s the reason why!

Jane has just finished a starring role in her latest picture, 45 Fathers, and in a short time will begin work in Checkers with Stuart Erwin and Una Merkel. When this picture is completed she is scheduled for a great part in Salome Jane.

Like adult movie stars, little Jane is curious about the kind of roles her admirers like to see her in and to satisfy her curiosity she has decided, since Christmas is just around the corner, to sponsor a contest among Hollywood Magazine readers.

As “Miss Santa Claus,” Jane is going to give away the following presents to the winners:

1st Prize
A $120 miniature piano—an exact duplicate of the one her mother recently gave her.

2nd Prize
A standard make radio.

Consolation Prizes
Ten of the famous “Jane Withers” dolls

These are the prizes—and here’s the way to go about winning them!

All you have to do is to write a letter addressed to the Jane Withers Santa Claus Contest, and state, in TWENTY-FIVE WORDS OR LESS, the kind of role you prefer to see Jane play in future motion pictures at 20th Century-Fox Studios, and why.

You can write your letter in pen, pencil, or on the typewriter—the main idea is to WRITE. And since this contest will close December 10th there isn’t much time to do that if you want Jane to play her “Miss Santa Claus” role in your home.

This contest is OPEN to ALL readers, young and old!

Address your letters to the:
Jane Withers Santa Claus Contest,
c/o Hollywood Magazine,
Fawcett Publications, Inc.,
1501 Broadway, N. Y. C.

Sole judges of the contest will be Jane Withers and the editorial staff of Hollywood Magazine.

No entries will be returned. In case of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded.

Now that you’ve read the rules and details of this easy contest, learned what grand prizes the talented and generous Jane is offering, the next step is to SEND IN YOUR LETTER TODAY!

And a very merry Christmas to the winner!
Not since the days of Chaplin and Harold Lloyd has so much money, talent and creative effort been devoted to pure comedy—zestfully spiced with music, youthful allure and romance.

THE NEW UNIVERSAL presents

MERRY-GO-ROUND of 1938
A TEN-STAR FUN FROLIC

with BERT LAHR · JIMMY SAVO · BILLY HOUSE
ALICE BRADY · MISCHA Auer · JOY HODGES
LOUISE FAZENDA · JOHN KING · BARBARA READ · DAVE APOLLON and His Orchestra

Screenplay by Monte Brice and A. Dorian Otros
Directed by Irving Cummings
Original story by Monte Brice and Henry Myers

Produced by B. G. DE SYLVA
CHARLES R. ROGERS
Executive Vice-President in Charge of Production

HIT SONGS!
"In My Glory", "You're My Power To You", "You're My Power To You", "Where Are You?"

When Answering Advertisements, Please Mention December HOLLYWOOD
self. In sheer desperation, he finally had frames from the picture blown up (enlarged), to prove it really was he who took all the risks.

EDUARDO CIANNELLI, screen villain par excellence seen in such films as Winterset and Marked Woman, always takes his nine-year-old son to see his pictures himself, so that he may explain to the boy just why he took such menacing roles. The first time the son ever saw his father on the screen he returned home with wonderment in his eyes, and regarded his father with awe, and some little suspicion. Ciannelli pere sees to it that his son views his pictures only when he himself is with him.

No column of this nature is complete these days without some mention of JOHN BARRYMORE. Generally, such mention is made in regard to ELAINE BARRIE.

Just to be different, we’re offering the following incident that occurred recently . . .

A lady visitor on the Paramount lot, arriving at the Barrymore set, whispered loudly to the boy escorting her that she wanted to shake hands with the star.

“Nothing doing,” quoth her guide.

Barrymore, sitting nearby, chanced to overhear the request, and perked up his head, indignantly, at the boy’s retort.

“Of course, she can shake hands with me,” he declared, and, turning to the lady, thrust out his hand and inquired, “How are you?”

Reports have it that the entire company swooned dead away.

We’re continually hearing acts of kindness on the part of the stars, but none warms our heart this month as does that concerning TYRONE POWER.

As an investment, Tyrone purchased the apartment building that housed him when he was a struggling young actor in Hollywood, still to be discovered and still to soar to the heights. Sentiment, too, played some small part in his choice of this particular building, but in the main the transaction was made because it seemed like a sound business proposition.

But . . . that isn’t all. Not by ANY means. The first thing Tyrone did upon taking the apartment over was to demand a list of the names of tenants . . . and issuing a paid up receipt to another young actor he knew who was in arrears on his rent! Pretty swell, don’t you think?

LITTLE LOOK-SEES:

HUMPHREY BOGART is the only film-gangster not fearful of firearms. The majority—like EDWARD G. ROBINSON and JAMES CAGNEY—are scared to death of the guns they handle, despite the fact they don’t show it visibly.

[Continued on page 14]
From the pages of Faith Baldwin's GREATEST STORY COMES THIS TENSE, MOVING DRAMA OF A WOMAN WHO FACED THE WORLD, ALONE, FOR LOVE.

The picture with the perfect cast!


Directed by George Nicholls, Jr. Original story by Faith Baldwin Associate producer Albert E. Levoy.
SHIRLEY TEMPLE insists upon playing "Holy Night" on the piano every time a caller drops by the Temple home. She's quite a trial to Mama Temple, at times... with ALL her good points.

VICTOR McLAGLEN'S fifteen-year-old son, Andrew, towers over him by several inches. Andrew is six feet six inches tall.

JOAN CRAWFORD is the most imitated actress in South America. A writer recently returned to Hollywood from a jaunt through our neighboring continent and everywhere, he declared, he saw girls trying to emulate Joan. Especially in the way of lip stick, may Heaven help them.

BUCK JONES, the western star, who owns one of the largest yachts in the film colony, ALWAYS gets sea-sick the first day he puts out to sea for a cruise.

FRANCES FARMER is scarcely the popular conception of a movie star. She owns a single evening gown, drives an old rattle-trap car and lives with her husband, Leif Erickson, in a very modest apartment. Her interest lies exclusively in acting, and learning how to improve her technique.

BERT WHEELER is planning a tour of the English music halls, where he will appear alone for the first time in several years.

IRENE DUNNE cut short her Canadian vacation two weeks so that she might return to her newly-adopted daughter, Mary Frances. The star always carries pictures of the baby around with her, and upon the slightest provocation produces them... along with a whole string of anecdotes about the child.

Hollywood has a bit of old England all to itself in the eating line. ROSCOE KARNS has opened a picturesque little restaurant which he's named BIT O' ENGLAND, and specializes in typical English dishes.

Back of this venture there's an amusing story.

Roscoe always has been a dodo for big mutton chops, but nowhere in Hollywood could he find one. You know the kind, twelve inches long and even more, and broiled on an open charcoal grill fit for kings.

Well, sir, to remedy this disheartening prospect of going through life without mutton chops, Roscoe was seized with an idea. He was inspired, no less. He would start a restaurant where nothing but mut-
ton chops—and, oh, yes, other English dishes—were served. Hence, BIT O' ENGLAND was born, and Roscoe has his chops and is clearing a pretty penny in addition.

Another mighty nice gesture that's come to our attention concerns the MAUCH TWINS. Billy and Bobby had an interview date with a prominent writer. Only Bobby, with his mother, showed up.

"Billy will be a few minutes late," Mrs. Mauch vouchsafed. "He insisted upon going up to the front office. He wanted to ask them to build up Bobby's part in the picture they're making."

We're glad to be able to report that his efforts were successful. The executives DID listen to his plea, and the reason you'll see so much of Bobby in Penrod and His Twin Brother is because Billy is so devoted.

While on the subject of juveniles, the twelve kids playing in The Adventures of Tom Sawyer—six boys and six girls—have organized a Ten-Years-From-Now-Club. Its object is to meet for a banquet exactly ten years from the date of completing the picture, to see what has happened to the various members. Among these are TOM KELLY, who plays Tom, Jackie Moran, Corn Sue Collins, David Holt and Marcla Mae

Freddie Bartholomew, veteran of legal battles, also is a veteran of boyish mishaps, and seldom is seen without a bandage or two on his exposed portions. This time, his knee lost the decision to the sidewalk in a soap-box scooter race. His Aunt Cissie does not look worried, however

![Popular Model Gives Tip on Saving Stockings!](image)

POPULAR MODEL GIVES TIP ON SAVING STOCKINGS!

S cut my stocking bills IN HALF by using Ivory Flakes one minute each night!

Here's the girl you see in lots of fashion photographs—lovely Evelyn Kelly. "I furnish my own stockings," she says, "and Ivory Flakes save me money. Stockings washed with pure suds wear twice as long."

Pure soap prevents weakening of silk stockings

"Protecting the freshness of silk is the whole secret of getting real wear from stockings," say fine stores. "That's why we advise the soap flakes made from the famous pure Ivory Soap—the soap that protects even a baby's young skin."

Don't pile up stockings you've worn—don't use any soap less pure than Ivory Flakes—don't let your stockings get stale. All these make silk grow weak and old.

Start tonight with Ivory Flakes. One minute of daily care can add weeks of wear—Ivory Flakes are pure economy!
STOP THAT COLD!
Curb It Before It Gets Going!

A cold once settled is a hard thing to dislodge. You want to treat it quickly. You want to treat it seriously.

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine (LBQ tablets) are what you want to take for a cold.

First, they are no cure-all. They are made expressly for colds and for nothing else.

Secondly, they are internal medication. A cold is an internal infection and should be treated as such.

4 Important Effects!
Grove's Bromo Quinine tablets do four important things in the treatment of a cold:
1. They open the bowels.
2. They check the infection in the system.
3. They relieve the headache and fever.
4. They tone the system and help fortify against further attack.

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, turn to Bromo Quinine tablets. Taken promptly, they'll usually break up the cold in 24 hours—and that's the speed of action you want.

Ask for Grove's Bromo Quinine tablets and accept nothing else.

A Cold is an Internal Infection and Requires Internal Treatment

GROVE'S LAXATIVE
BROMO QUININE

Listen to Gen. Hugh S. Johnson on Radio!
NBC Blue Network. Mon. & Thurs. 8-9:15 p.m. EST; Tues. & Wed. 10-11:15 p.m. EST.

Accept No Substitutes! Always Insist on the Advertised Brand!

Yes, it's hard work they do in the movies. Here are the Sultan and the Sultana putting in a strenuous day's labor in All-Boca Goes to Town at Twentieth Century Fox. Come out from behind that beard, Roland Young, we know you. The beauteous lady beside him is Louise Hovick, better known as Gypsy Rose Lee Jones. It's interesting to note that all the girls want to be actress, while not one of the boys cares a whoop about it.

So now you know how styles are born, especially hats...

Directly following the premiere of Emile Zola five budding stars accosted MILO ANDERSON who designed all the costumes for the pictures, and asked him to design hats for them, "like Muni's in the picture."

At a loss, at first, Anderson asked for particulars.

"You know," came back the reply, "Muni's NIGHTCAP, the one with the tassel!"

Ohmigosh!

HOLLYWOODINGS:

Whenever ANN SHERIDAN wants to rib her husband, EDWARD NORRIS—you saw him in They Won't Forget—she uses his real name and introduces him as Septimus Norris... and he comes right back with her, Clara Lou... CRANE WILBUR, the erstwhile motion picture favorite, is directing for Warner Bros... CLAUDETTE COLBERT spoke French throughout the filming of Toward to Director ANATOLE Litvak, in all her dealings with him... and on the same set ANITA LOUISE tried to keep cool by rubbing her wrists with ice... it was that hot... LUPE VELEZ, at the harbor to see about having her boat painted, got more paint than she bargained for... she walked under a ladder—and Lupe's SO superstitious, too—and received a spray-gun full of green paint head-on... little Melinda Markey, JOAN BENNETT's younger daughter, will accompany her famous mother on tour with the Stage Door company... the girls are baby-showering again for DIXIE LEE CROSBY... Dorothy McNulty, playing the lead with HUMPHREY BOGART in Swing Your Lady, is a niece of Postmaster-Chief James Farley... JOAN CRAWFORD's niece, three-year-old Joan Le Sueur, insists that she be called Joan CRAWFORD... MOVITA (Mrs. Franckon Tone in Mutiny On the Bounty) is starring in a series of pictures for Monogram... great excitement at the MISCHA AUER manse when Tony, the young hopeful, fell out of bed trying to mimic his father's now-historic monkey act, and broke two teeth... ANDREA LEEDS is the most rushed young lady in town, and with reason... she is one of the most fascinating, not to mention one of our most promising actresses... SHIRLEY TEMPLE now cooks IRISH STEW on her miniature electric stove... give WARNER BAXTER a few days off and he's bound to hire a boat and go fishin'... ANN DVORAOK really incontrollable after her pet bird, Benito, that she had nursed up to young manhood, decided he'd see a bit of the world, and flew away... Ann had raised him from a pup... JIMMY DURANTE—can you stand it?—will CROON in College Follies of 1938... GERTRUDE NIESEN, ensconced in her new home in Holmby Hills, ripped out the elaborate staircase she had had put in and substituted a mammoth marble staircase... JAMES CAGNEY turned over his Beverly home to Edward L. Alpersen, president of Grand National—to whom he is under contract—when he went east on holiday... since appearing in Thia Ice, ARTHUR TREACHER has received a lot of "crush" fan mail... ANN SOTHERN gave her husband ROGER PRYOR a pair of platinum and sapphire cuff links, notes of music being etched in sapphires...
those who enjoyed FERNAND GRAVET in The King and the Chorus Girl will hear him sing several songs in his new flicker, Food for Scandal . . . the PAT O'BRIENS so crazy about green that their entire house is an orgy of that color . . . china, linen, bric-a-brac, tiles, all green . . . BARBARA REED such a candid camera fiend that she snapped the officer arresting her for speeding.

Two former stars, MARY MILES MINTER and CLARA BOW, have gone into business. Mary now is an interior decorator and has a swanky shop filled with antiques, and Clara, with REX BELL, recently opened the IT Club, directly across the street from the Brown Derby. It is a night spot . . . done modernistically—to which the film crowd is flocking, and thrice a week Clara puts in an appearance, to greet old friends and welcome new.

GRETA GARBO has nothing on DEANNA DURBIN, when it comes to guarding her address. Only two men in the entire Universal studio know where she lives. Reason for this lies in fact that Deanna's parents don't want a bodyguard for their daughter—they think it's too undemocratic—and by closely guarding the whereabouts of the home, Deanna won't be bothered by kidnappers.

Fury note: Since an item appeared that CAROLE LOMBARD planned building on some ranch property, she has received in the neighborhood of forty calls a day from contractors and other building men. And all the while Carole wants to SELL the place!

ANTHONY QUINN, remembered as the young officer in Last Train from Madrid, is the reason for KATHARINE DE MILLE'S standing luncheon date, while LEE BOWMAN is the latest high-

[Continued on page 63]
Hold on to your turbans, folks!
Fun-making Eddie Cantor and hit-making 20th Century-Fox now go to town together! And it's a Cantornado of laughs!

Eddie CANTOR
ALL BABA GOES TO TOWN
WITH ALL THESE MERRY-MAKING ENTERTAINERS

TONY MARTIN • ROLAND YOUNG
JUNE LANG • LOUISE HOVICK

JOHN CARRADINE • DOUGLAS DUMBRILLE
VIRGINIA FIELD • RAYMOND SCOTT QUINTET
ALAN DINEHART • PETERS SISTERS • JENI LE GON

Directed by David Butler • Associate Producer Laurence Schwab
Screen Play by Harry Tugend and Jack Yellen • Based on a story by Gene Towne, Graham Baker and Gene Fowler

1001 SIGHTS!
1002 LAUGHS!
...as Eddie turns Bagdad into gag-dad and streamlines the Sultan's swingdom!
Hundreds of dancing harem darlings! (Whoopsie doops!)
About a million wild-riding Arab horsemen (all after Eddie!)
The Raymond Scott Quintet (putting the heat in swing!)
Countless kisses under the desert moon (as Tony sings to June!)
1938-model Magic Carpets (with floating power!)
A hundred or so other hi-de-highlights!
Gorgeous, spectacular, tuneful, surpriseful Cantertainment!
Yes! You've got something here!

NEW GORDON and REVEL SONG HITS!
"Laugh Your Way Thru Life"
"Vote For Honest Abe"
"Swing Is Here To Sway"
"I've Got My Heart Set On You"

Darryl F. Zanuck in Charge of Production

Accept No Substitutes! Always Insist on the Advertised Brand!
DEANNA DURBIN

plays a determined whirlwind of a little girl who finds jobs for an entire symphony orchestra in Universal's charming comedy-drama, 100 Men and a Girl
LEAD WITH YOUR LEFT IN LOVE

The battle of the sexes goes on and on, but here is one way to have romance without tears

BY JESSIE HENDERSON

"In love," said Robert Young, "it's a good idea to lead with your left. Oh, not literally! Psychologically."

Munching a sandwich in his shiny new dressing-room at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, ear alert for the call back to the set, Bob was talking about the several recent pictures in which he's played the role of carefree joker. Played it especially with the girl whom he's supposed to love.

"It's a mental angle," he made clear, "that's very important. Courtship ought to be a joyous game instead of a series of raptures and quarrels. I say it ought; I don't say it ever will be, except on the screen. Off the screen, people don't have to obey a director, more's the pity."

"At that, why can't the boy friend take a tip from the movies? Why doesn't the Boy lead with his left and keep the Girl guessing? The best scenarios work it out that way."

Young assumed a posture of self-defense. Protected by his right, he made playful, dabs at an imaginary adversary with his left, jerking his head from one side to the other as if to dodge return dabs coming thick and fast.

"See?" he inquired, "only do it conversationally, not with your fists. Keep her guessing because you're funny, like that character I played in I Met Him In Paris. He always spoke lightly. He always joked, and the result was that she never felt sure of him. He never let her take the lead.

"It should work the same way for the girl. No reason why she can't always dance lightly through a courtship, too; no reason why she can't lead with her own left and save herself from being hurt, if there's even the remote possibility of disillusionment or disappointment. The heroine of I Met Him In Paris was all right, you remember, so long as she didn't let herself get too serious in her humorous affection for the two men."

"Now," admitted Bob, resuming his chair and his coffee, "I think I can qualify as an expert in giving advice of this kind—a screen expert, so to speak. You see, I've led with my left in several pictures. I've been the playboy frolicking a bout—fond of the girl, but never without a laugh on the lip and a jest on the instant, no matter how crucial the situation. In fact, the more crucial the situation, the more the scenarist made me joke and jape and clown... And I believe life (and certainly love) would be better if people went about it with a lee-heel more merriment."

As he intimated, Bob Young ought to know—cinematically—if anyone does. Consider his cinema record of late. He laughed at fac in Married Before Breakfast, with Florence Rice as the girl. He positively guffawed at fate in The Bride Comes Home and I Met Him In Paris, with Claudette Colbert as the girl both times. And he's still jauntily tweaking the nose of fate in The Bride Wore Red, with Joan Crawford as the bride of whom Young, engaged to another, is enamored.

"But you can overdo it," Bob gave warning. "I mean, in real life. Once I knew a fellow who tried to follow out what he'd watched succeed on the screen. He forgot that the success of these debonair characters on the screen is due to what the scenarist puts in the plot.

"Instead of being fairly subtle, he went in for practical jokes. The girl was rather dignified. He wanted her to catch the spirit of play. When he pretended to be deaf, and let people yell at him all evening at a party, it bored her. When he collected a bunch of firecrackers somewhere and set 'em under her window at three o'clock on Christmas morning, it made her mad. But when he sent a beautiful white box on her birthday and she opened it and found it full of beautiful white mice, it scared her half to death and she broke the engagement with a bang you could hear in the chatter columns clear across the country.

"That's a case of being too darned funny. It's much worse than not being funny at all."

But if only the Boy can be joyful and lightsome in the right degree, and the Girl can respond in kind, there's nothing more enjoyable than courtship. Let them both spar pleasantly, neither one gaining a chance for a swift right to the jaw, and it's an ideal engagement. The trouble with most lovemaking is that instead of leading with his left, the Boy leads with his chin. I guess the Girl does, too.

[Continued on page 65]
By John Leroy Johnston

At the peak of one of the world’s most brilliant careers Joan Crawford admits she is counting the days until she can prepare herself for a second career—the ultimate career of her dreams. For Joan Crawford aspires to the opera and to the concert stage, and when Joan Crawford sets her mind to a thing she usually accomplishes it.

Joan Crawford’s great passion is music. Few actresses have surpassed her in the ranks of movieland’s famous stars; in popularity; in beauty or industry, but Joan is far from satisfied with her attainments. By 1940 she wants to win the plaudits of her friends and critics, not by her motion picture work, but by the sheer merit of her singing voice. To reach such heights Joan Crawford has quietly but consistently carried out a well organized plan to perfect herself for the singing roles she hopes to play a few years hence, and she sincerely looks upon her brilliant movie career as a mere prologue to what is planned for the future.

No star in the history of the screen has evidenced a more honest love for music or has taken greater inspiration from the finer works of musical composition, of interpretation and of individual expression than the star of The Bride Wore Red, and Mannequin.

In her home the restful music room contains a huge combination piano and orthophonic phonograph which is switched on most of the time the actress is at home. There are special musical selections for early morning when she makes ready for the studio, others for breakfast, others still for evening. Hers is not an artificial or affected love for music but a deeply genuine dependence upon music and a true appreciation of its influence.

At the studio, her portable Colonial dressing room is never more than ten feet from a special phonograph and Eddie Claremont, whose sympathetic understanding of music and of Joan’s moods has kept him steadily employed at that phonograph for nearly four years.

In 1933 Eddie Claremont came to Miss Crawford’s dressing room to deliver 20 operatic records the star had ordered by phone. His manner and his interest in the records impressed his customer. Today he has 5,000 records catalogued (most of them memorized and within easy reach) and without instructions he proceeds, as Joan says, “to work out a musical score for every day of the picture.” He senses Miss Crawford’s moods by her morning greeting. Throughout the day he plays recordings which he feels will help build the spirit in her work.

“One day recently I had some excited, staccato scenes to do,” says Joan. “Scenes that forced me to act mentally upset, impatient, cranky. Miss Arzner, our director, explained the tempo. I went to my room to read over my lines and rehearse by myself. Suddenly Eddie started playing Poor Johnny One Note. He played it and played it until I thought I would go frantic. When I was called to the set I gave him a willing look but he smiled and played the song twice more before the scene was shot. I was certainly in the mood for that scene! We finished the whole thing in a minute or two! Eddie kept out of the way for a few minutes afterward, but he knew he was really helping me, even though I didn’t appear exactly pleased by the song.”

Miss Crawford has a standing order for 200 recordings each month and frequently orders 50 and 100 English, French and German records from Europe. She has 2,000 European records. She has every record Bing Crosby has made; the last records made by the late Russ Columbo. Her file on Henry King, Benny Goodman and Eddie Duchin is complete. She likes Gertrude Niesen’s throaty recordings and the records of Frances Langford and Ruth Etting. Ray Noble’s recordings put her in a dancing mood and when she appears in romantic scenes there are always a dozen Gene Raymond (British) or Wayne King records near the studio phonograph. Henry King’s recent My Day Begins and Ends With You is a favorite. She is thrilled by the singing of Paul Robeson and Lawrence Tibbett, and a negro choir always wins her enthusiastic applause.

Among her most played records are La Traviata, Rigoletto, La Tosca, Madame Butterfly, de Bussey’s By the Light of the Moon, Tristan and Isolde, Overture to Rienzi, Schubert’s Unfinished Symphony, Walk to Paradise, Afternoon of a Faun, Sibelius’ Swan of Tuonela, and most any instrumental number chosen for recording by Stokowski. Her supreme favorite among songs is When I’ve Swung My Songs to You. Verdú’s Genevieve is possibly her second choice, None But the Lonely Heart and Andante Cantabile, Broken Heart and Whisper and I Shall Hear are others which rank high in this music lover’s favor.

Joan Crawford on the set of The Bride Wore Red with Eddie Claremont who delivered some records to her four years ago, and who has been playing music for eight hours a day ever since.

She aspires to sing many notable religious songs in concert when she is ready and says that few singers have thrilled her as Marlon Anderson, the negro contralto, in her program of spiritual numbers.

“Franciot should be ready for opera in two years,” says Joan. “He has a splendid voice and is studying all the time. My concert ambitions must wait for the completion of my movie contract but I hope to be ready for an honest trial in three years. No person can give proper attention to two careers at once so I don’t attempt it. I take my screen work very seriously and try very hard to bring something new into each new picture, but, when they turn out the lights on my last picture, then I’m off to Europe for broader study and I hope—a new success.”

Both Joan and Franciot Tone have been studying voice for some time with Signor Morando, a well known operatic voice coach in Los Angeles. They have daily vocal exercises that are never neglected. Only a few close friends have ever heard Joan Crawford sing because she refuses to sing even before friends until she feels she is ready, but Joan Crawford is still a very young woman and a very talented one.
The important thing,” Stu Erwin said pontifically, “is to use finesse.”

“Hold on,” I reminded him. “We’re not talking about bridge. We are discussing the famous Erwin System for Social Success.”

“Exactly,” he continued, nonchalantly polishing a signet ring on the cuff of his pants. “I must ask you not to confuse the issue. Now, for example: your host’s seven-year-old daughter clutches your freshly cleaned white flannels with sticky fingers. It is a situation, granted. You are justly irked. But do you clop the little darling on the head then and there?

“Certainly not! Wait until her papa goes to the kitchen to mix another round and then let fly. That, my dear, is finesse! Again. Take the matter of family arguments, the backbone of the American home of today. Never take sides, unless, of course, you have advance dope on the winner. Above all, don’t try to stop it. That absolutely spoils the good, clean fun. Besides, it is disconcerting for your hostess to aim one at her husband and connect with you by mistake; it throws her off balance for the next swing. See what I mean?”

“I’m beginning to get the idea,” I admitted. “It’s really quite simple, no?”

“Quite,” he agreed, carefully unraveling his hand-knitted tie. “Moreover, I might point out that the Erwin System covers an unusually wide range of subjects, all for the price of one. “What subjects, for instance?”

“For instance,” he said, drawing a No. 3 needle from his pocket and beginning to reknit the tie. “For instance like being meticulous about returning to your hostess any stray silverware you may find in your pocket next morning. Unless, of course, you have determined it to be something in the meantime.

“Or refraining from teaching your host’s parrot to swear unless you have ways of knowing his mother-in-law has prolonged her visit beyond the agreed time.”

It might not be a bad idea at this point to clear up how we happened to approach Mr. Erwin on the subject of social success and how to achieve it. A few days before we had sat next to a table where three young men were sipping something palely yellow in medium tall glasses. Quite by accident we over-
heard part of their conversation. They were audibly lamenting they couldn't figure something out.

"It isn't as if the guy was good looking," the first said scornfully. "He could haunt people with that face."

"He has no sex appeal," the second said positively.

"As for his figure!" the third added mournfully. "My tailor says his shoulders are impossible."

And yet, they had to admit, he was the social lion of Hollywood, this guy with no looks, no lure, and no shoulders! They finally decided he must have a system. It turned out they were talking about Stu.

We wouldn't go so far as to concur in that triple indictment of his failings, but they were right no end about his social success. For paradoxical as it may seem, quiet Stu, who could double for Mr. Rural America, is the delight of Hollywood's most exacting and sophisticated hostesses. Printers keep slugs reading "Mr. and Mr. Stuart Erwin (June Collyer)" ready to slip into all society stories because guest lists of swank soirees and important affairs that don't include their names are the rare exception.

He looks like a home-body who ought to be puttering around in his garden or tending to his philately of an evening. No argument there. Yet night after night he's a home-body—but always in somebody else's home. Time after time you'll bump into him where the night life is gayest, the pet of the party. It's amazing how that quiet little guy gets around.

We put it to him on the set at Columbia where he is playing in the new Grace Moore picture, I'll Take Romance. How did he account for his colossal popularity as a guest? Did he, as was so darkly hinted, in truth have a system? He said he did, and that started things.

"I call it Erwin's Advanced Etiquette," he said flatly. "Now you take Emily Post. She's a nice gal and she's got a good system too. I recommend it for all beginners. Only one trouble with it; it doesn't go far enough. It's all well and good to know that the little butter spreader is not the knife proper for peas. But you must have the opportunity to use that knowledge. That is where my good work comes in.

[Continued on page 59]

Center, man-about-town Erwin demonstrates how much wiser it is to do one thing at a time. Don't put in that long distance call while you're washing the dishes... or any other time.

Below, if your host's pets take a fancy to you, don't take it personally... they may have a sense of humor, too, you know.
In this day of hit-and-run romances it's pretty hard to tell the Real Thing.
Is it love—or infatuation? Little Danny Cupid is in the driver's seat and his visibility isn't always good!

"A modern girl has to follow the Stop, Look, and Listen system," said Alice Faye. "It doesn't take a bit of the glamour away to stop and consider, look before you leap, and listen—a little."

"Every part I've played on the screen has taught me something about love," mused Alice. "The things that make it beautiful and lasting—and the things that kill it. The right technique—and the wrong. This girl I'm playing in In Old Chicago, for instance, she has all the answers! She knows the Sign Posts that help you steer a straight course in any romance!"

And knowing them can save many a heart-break. They're a short cut to happiness!

So Alice has worked them out in the form of a test, a Romance Test.

Try it and see if you're really in love...if you're using the proper technique.... All you have to do is answer "YES" or "NO" to each question. (Be honest now!) And then turn to page 50 to get your scoring.

Twosome Technique

1. Are you just a little hard to date—at first?

2. Do you make him feel he's Head Man even though the Local Hero enters the scene?

3. Do you (a) sing at frequent intervals when you're with him?— (b) tell him about your other boy friends to show you're popular?

4. Every once in a while do you go misty-eyed on him and ask gently, "Do you remember when we heard this tune the first time?"

5. Are you (as a rule) on time?

6. When he makes some complimentary remark, do you (a) laugh?— (b) say, "I'll bet you tell that to all the girls"?— (c) smile and murmur a soft "Thank you"?

7. Do you let him do most of the telephoning?

8. Supposing he takes you to the neighborhood movie when you'd hoped for a Gala Evening, can you grin and bear it?

9. Do you think a rapt look accomplishes far more than conversation?

10. If you beat him at golf or bridge, do you give him advice on his game?

11. What if you had planned a very Special Dinner (for two!) and things go wrong... Can you get up a meal with him (maybe a fried egg for two) and make it seem a lark?

12. Are you really interested in what he does—and do you show it?

Love—or Infatuation

1. Is he as attractive to you in his workaday clothes in a rain storm... as he is in his Best Suit on a ballroom floor?

2. Do you ever feel lonely anymore?

3. After that altaration, would you like to "make him over"?

4. Are you cuh-razy about him because he looks like Somebody Else—Lindbergh, for instance?

5. Do you pity him instead of respect him?

6. Would you wear last year's hats (the acid test).... and cook for hours over a hot stove.... just to be with him?

7. Do you feel just a teeny bit superior to him?

8. Does being "that way" about him often [Continued on page 58]
SO HE TOOK THE $50 AND THREW IT AWAY

Ray Milland's formula for success is a strange one . . . but it works!

By CHARLES D'AGGETT

"Starvation tastes the same on Monday as it does a month from Monday. Besides, on a month from Monday you've got nothing to show for it—you're just as hungry."

That's a maxim out of the Ray Milland copybook. Going hungry isn't a very original experience, but Milland has had wrinkles in his stomach so many times that he's evolved a little philosophy all his own, though he doesn't have to worry—at the moment—about the next meal. He's too busy working, anyway.

The natives of Madagascar have the same idea about an unbalanced budget. If one is on the verge of bankruptcy one simply takes one's store of cash, spends it and throws away the merchandise. Milland's point of view is a little different. When he has enough money left for one lavish evening, or for one month of dreary malnutrition, Ray takes the lavish evening. Then he waits for the worst to happen. Funny, but the best has always followed one of Ray's glittering, expensive "last suppers." That's how he got in the movies.

Before he grew to the ripe old age of 22 and stepped, with the aid of his last $50, right into a screen role, this young Welshman had nursed a passion for the sea. He was born and reared at Neath, Glamorgan, just inside the border of Wales. His father was a steel construction engineer and had the usual notion of a Continental parent that the sprouting branch of the Milland tree would also grow up to be a steel construction engineer with a comfortable income and a comfortable home in Neath, Glamorgan, Wales, where he would live for the rest of his days. But Ray, given to an avid reading of adventure books and some salt water in his veins, inherited from a few sea-going ancestors, developed the desire to be master of a sailing vessel. He admits now that he never thought much about the lack of sailing ships. Just let him scamp up the rigging and make the main-sail fast at the height of a terrific gale, saving, incidentally, the crew, the ship, the cargo and the life of the owner's beautiful daughter, and pretty soon he'd own the company. He'd still command the flagship, though.

Outside of this cloud-castle building, Ray lived an uneventful life. When he reached 16 the family packed him off to Cambridge to prepare for the University. Along with him he took his automobile, a gift from his father, and a fair-sized allowance. Although it was against the rules for a young first-year Cambridge student to maintain an automobile, Ray kept his car in a nearby town. On week-ends he'd dash over to the place where his car was stored and drive up to London. Somebody reported him for breaking the rules. He was called on the carpet and finally quit Cambridge, determined to be a sea captain in real earnest.

His harassed mother thought an ocean voyage to Australia might get the wanderlust out of Ray's system. So she booked very comfortable passage for... [Continued on page 50]
IF YOU BELIEVE ALL YOU HEAR!

A wonderful thing is our language, and if you have any doubts about it, take a look at the pictures on this page and see if you can guess what expressions, used constantly in
everyday speech, are being illustrated for your amusement in their literal terms by Glenda Farrell, Hugh Herbert, Una Merkel, Lee Tracy and Fred MacMurray. The answers are to be found on page 60. Just to give you a hint Miss Farrell is "batting her eye" in the first picture.
MEN WHO

If your favorite theatre distributes headlines from this morning's newspaper as a program for tonight's show, don't be amazed. They're probably screening one of the pictures conceived and produced by Darryl Francis Zanuck. The 128-pound dynamo, who can make a crack polo pony say "Papa!" and seventy feature pictures a year neigh "Box Office!" rides the news of the world. He knocks production ideas through entertainment's goal.

Even comedy can have—should have—a tie-up with what's novel, exciting, up-to-date. So believes this young, blond, nervous, whirlwind producing head for Twentieth Century-Fox.

When Ali Baba Goes To Town, John to your town, will you see old Baghdad with all the Persian oomph and trimmings? You will, but you will also see the hilarious consequences of the American New Deal transferred back to that ancient hot spot. Wait until you glimpse Grand Vizier Eddie Cantor organizing a Federal Project for Oriental Dancing. Wait until you learn how Inflation can save a man's life. Laugh at Yesterday and Today at the same time. Be up-to-date. That's Darryl Zanuck's approach to pictures.

The lad with the fancy name is partly of Swiss extraction and partly English. His mother's family name was Torpin. There's a yarn that, way back in England, the name was changed from Turpin so that the pre-Darryls wouldn't be confused with Dick Turpin, Britain's No. 1 highwayman-gangster—but that's an opposition line.

There's no highwayman blood in Zanuck. He's an honest man. He has never denied he was born in Wahoo, Nebraska.

His mother came West for her health when Zanuck was eight. He ran away from school and knocked off fifty cents a day as extra on the old Essanay lot. He played Indian kids. One day they sent him on a street-car to a costume store, to get a new head-dress. He was dressed as Little Lord Hiawatha, all except the topper. Mrs. Zanuck happened to catch the same street-car. A great actor—maybe—left Hollywood.

He didn't get back till he was eighteen. He wanted to be a writer. He caught on. For three years he was in demand. Then the "great novelist" craze hit Hollywood. Every other type of writer was out. At twenty-one, the bold Indian's career was over.

Not much is recorded about that bitter period, but the writer of this article has heard Zanuck say: "I walked the long distances from studio to studio, because I couldn't afford carfare. I'd have thought thirty-five a week a fortune."

The young man's vitality, honesty and charm had made him many friends. He buttoned his lip for the most part, but he did moan once to D. W. Griffith.

"Well," Griffith countered, "Why not be a novelist?"

Zanuck had another friend, a hair tonic manufacturer. This man agreed to put up $1,100 for the publication of a book, if it plugged Yuccatan. The budding author wrote a melodrama, with plenty of build-up and the promised plug. He combined it with three rejected stories, so as to make a thick book. He had it bound in cloth-of-gold and sent out engraved announcements. Personally he took seven gold-leaf-bound, specially-inscribed copies to important producers. They fell. He was in again. Neither fads nor fashions have checked him. He has stayed a mallet-length ahead of fads, fashions—and news.

After useful comedy experience (he was scenario editor for Mack Sennett and writing partner to H. C. Witwer) he began a rapid rise at Warner Brothers. He galvanized the country with the first gangster pictures, then blasted the gangster cycle out of existence with the swearing realism of Public Enemy. He seized hard-to-handle topics, as in the case of I'm a Fugitive from a Chain Gang, and made the newspapers seem pale.

Success and more success. Then—zut!—he quarreled over policy with the Brothers Warner; walked out of a $4,500 a week job; formed 20th Century Films in partnership with Joseph M. Schenck, and proved he could handle classics and biography as brilliantly as comedy and spot news.

The House of Rothschild, startling the film world, was an historical film, but it keyed to the modern problem of international bankers. One of the best gags credited to Darryl Francis concerned Les Misérables. He said: "It's I'm a Fugitive From a Chain Gang in costume." Clive of India was the beginning of Zanuck's passion for biography—ever-living news.

In a year came the merger with the giant Fox organization. Zanuck brought as his biggest asset his brains, his drive and his news sense. He became top of the combined studio, at one of the fanciest executive salaries in the business.

Thus we see why the Bernies—Winchell feud suggested a picture to Zanuck. Why? [Continued on page 56]
"Do you realize," said Loretta Young as they called her to go on the set, "that acting before a camera is only one-quarter of the job of being a star? And do you realize what a player has to give up—the ordinary privileges and comforts other people enjoy—in order to gain star rating?"

With this, in an extraordinary and very handsome pair of hostess pajamas ending in a long train that swished, she swept to that spot beneath the hot, white lights where a scene of Second Honeymoon was in progress. She left me at the doorway of the trailer-dressing-room to digest her words, to figure out the other three-quarters of the star job as well as the strange sacrifices at which she hinted. Loretta had spoken seriously. She was in dead earnest.

Yet to see the lady, gay and lovely, joking with other players before the sequence began, nobody would suppose she had a care in the world. Surely, being a star is one of the nicest jobs imaginable. Beautiful face, beautiful figure—and hovering beauty experts at hand to keep them so. Beautiful clothes, and the right people to design them. Beautiful income. Not to mention beautiful waves of idolization and envy from every sector of the globe. The darling of unnumbered million fans.

"Yes, it's inspiring, it's splendid," Loretta acknowledged when she returned to the dressing-room, "I'm thankful for it, and it makes me glad. But, on the other hand, what does all this involve in sheer surrender of the things a human being most desires?

"Do you realize that to be a star, a girl frequently has to forego the things dearest to any woman's heart? Not love, but the privileges of privacy when that love comes along? Not decency and high standards, but (only too often!) personal reputation, unfairly clouded, no matter how straight and decent she may in reality be?

"I'm well aware of the gratitude a star owes for the fact that she is a star. But I'm also aware of the malice that stardom seems to bring out as candy brings out ants. A conspicuous position seems to attract this malice whether the victim's a star or a statesman.

"Idols pay for their pedestals! They pay in cruel and unjustified whisperings circulated about them; they pay for public prestige with their private peace of mind, no matter how crazy and unfounded the gossip may be. In politics or pictures, and especially in pictures, the moment a man or woman achieves a pedestal the whispering campaign begins. I don't know why. Perhaps psychologists do. Not for the majority of people, because most people are good and wholesome, but for the cynical, the comparatively few, a star is a target. And unfortunately the cynics have the loudest voices."

She flung out shapely fingers in a philosophic gesture. No bitterness darkened her shining eyes; she has too much sense to grow bitter about an annoyance that befalls each and sundry when Fame arrives, for Fame never arrives without Gossip tagging at heel.

But while no bitterness gleamed in Loretta's look, there gleamed no resignation, either. What gleamed was the determination for once to speak her mind on the subject. Calmly, but completely.

"My little sister came home crying not long ago," she said. Then she paused and again flung out her fingers, this time in a motion indicating many varied threads caught up into one handful.

"It's all mixed together," she explained, "that part of the star job which doesn't involve acting before a camera, and that phase of it which involves"—her voice supplied quotation marks—"what they say. One's bound up with the other.

"Well, my little sister came home crying. She ran to her room and threw herself on the bed and cried as if her heart would break. Darling, what is it?" I asked.

'Oh, do you know what the girls at school said [Continued on page 44]
With amused despair, Carole Lombard makes a loud outcry against whispering campaigns

By EDWARD CHURCHILL

All was quiet and tranquil when I arrived at Paramount Studios, where she is making True Confession, to find out what Carole Lombard had on her mind. But all was not kindliness and light for long as I greeted Carole with:

"I didn't think I'd find you here this morning."

Carole's eyes widened and her eyebrows lifted an inch or so. "Heard you were running amuck last night on the Venice pier."

"And where did you hear that?" she asked, with a calmness that frightened me.

"I really—don't know," I faltered. "I—just picked it up on my morning rounds. Somebody said—"

"Get me Fieldsie!" she ordered, waving her arm as if it were a red flag.

Fieldsie was produced. This stopped Carole's pacing. Carole eyed me coldly. "Repeat what you just told me," I did.

"Where was I, Fieldsie?"

"At home in bed."

Carole turned to me. "You see?"

I wasn't quite sure. But I nodded and wished I'd gone fishing instead. When Carole burns it's a four-alarm event. In comparison, the Chicago fire just smouldered.

"Where did it start and who started it?" she demanded. "Where do rumors come from? How could I be in bed and at the Venice pier at the same time?"

"So we're playing riddles?" I mumbled.

"It has me stumped," Carole continued, unmindful of my interjection. "I tell you, I'm afraid to do anything and afraid that if I don't do anything somebody'll say I did."

"Consider my case." I moaned. "Certainly, I'm taken for Shirley Temple."

Carole turned to her amanuensis, fixer, lady-in-waiting, et cetera. "You tell him, Fieldsie."

"You tell it better, Carole."

"Very well. Fieldsie and I were sitting at home playing cards. One of the big social shindigs was on. We had the radio tuned on to a station that was broadcasting the doings. Very colorful. Very beautiful. Until the announcer said, 'And, folks, there's Carole Lombard.' Well, Fieldsie and I forgot the score. That baby described what clothes I wore, who I was with, what a swell time I was having. It was really something. Sometimes I surprise myself at the way I get around."

Carole's quite healthy, but there are times she doesn't believe it herself.

"Six times in six months," she complained, "the rumor goes out that I'm dying with pneumonia. People must think that I'm a walking, all-year round resort for germs. They can't resist me and I can't resist them. I was making a picture last winter and asked Mitchell Leisen, the director to give me a day off. Some fun! The word started bouncing around that I had a cold, the next thing it was pneumonia. And this is the worst of it—"

Mother was actually seriously ill. She worries when anything is wrong with me. The rumor grew and grew until I was supposed to be gasping my last. In some way she heard the wild story, and she became so upset her recovery was set back several days. It just goes to show you the damage that idle gossip can cause.

Carole burns because every time anyone gets away with a gag she is blamed for it. True, she has a reputation for pulling a few harmless ones on Clark Gable, Barbara Stanwyck, Mitchell Leisen and a few others.

But now it's getting pretty tough. Just as nearly any ungrammatical joke is attributed to Sam Goldwyn so many gags she never heard of are credited to Carole.

"A gag can be mean, it can be unfunny, it can be thoughtless," Carole said. "It's not very nice to find myself blamed for all the gags in Hollywood, and some that don't happen at all. Who thinks up the gags that don't happen and who puts my name on them? What do the fans think? I have a reputation for giving crazy parties because I staged one or two a few years ago. I pull a few gags and I hate practical jokers. Judging from some of my fan mail I must be a first-class nitwit by the time the phoney stories reach good old Pawtucket."

Carole reveals that she is so afraid of the false stories which never get into print but which have such a huge and damaging circulation that she has gotten rid of her collection of star sapphires.

"I used to love them," she said, "but I've heard so many untrue stories that I've sold them all. Why? Because heavens only knows what might happen if the tales keep circulating. My collection was small, very modest. But word of mouth advertising had them growing like weeds in a California subdivision. Both in numbers and size. The last reports I heard—the ones which frightened me into getting rid of them—sounded as if I'd cornered the star sapphire market. You can't enjoy things and be afraid of the consequences of having them at the same time."

Rumors concerning herself and Clark Gable have worried Carole to such an extent that she won't mention his name within a mile of anyone who might be apt to gossip. She and Hollywood admit that she and Gable see each other. Jack Benny, on his last broadcast of the current season, made that clear when he said he thought Carole was wonderful but that he was afraid of Clark Gable. He was kidding about the whole thing, of course, but there may be some who took him seriously and have fabricated rumors about a triangle involving Benny, Gable and Carole. That may sound farfetched but it isn't.

Carole, through me, makes a serious plea to all her fans to believe nothing which doesn't come through definite and legitimate news channels. "I think that should go for rumors concerning everyone in the industry, or out of it," Carole said seriously.

[Continued on page 37]
Here are clothes for the outdoors as Hollywood likes them. Below, Muriel Evans, star of a score of western pictures, sponsors "Striders," the newest in corduroy velvet dresses for active sports. The collar buttons up or down. The sleeves are long for protection from the sun or chilly breezes, and roomy for swinging that car around. Buttoned, the skirt becomes sedate for everyday wear. But look to the right, and see Ruth Mix, daughter of the famous cowboy star and herself an actress, uses her "Striders" for hiking.
On this page Lyda Roberti, soon to be seen in Hal Roach's 'Road Show,' poses in two effective winter costumes. Above, box pleats, reminiscent of a school girl's swinging skirts, are of soft beige, brown and maroon plaid which is used for trimming the beige blouse. Right, grey and claret are the colors of this striking costume of pin cord velvet. The top coat is reversible. A saucy cap and suede shoes complete the practical and very different ensemble.

DECEMBER, 1937
Above, also featured in The Goldwyn Follies is the glamorous Helen Jepsen, Metropolitan Opera star. She is wearing the smart half length evening wrap, fashioned in brocaded satin.

Right, Vera Zorina, lovely ballerina who will make her American debut in The Goldwyn Follies, poses in a sophisticated and graceful evening gown of black and white. A simple bodice, a full skirt and smooth lines through the waist allow the design full value. Miss Zorina is 20 years old, Norwegian, and won fame in Europe as première danseuse of the Ballet Russe.
Now this New Cream with  
"Skin-Vitamin"  
Helps Women's Skin More Directly

"It keeps skin faults away more surely"  
—ELEANOR K. ROOSEVELT

A NEW KIND OF CREAM is bringing more direct help to women's skin!  
It is bringing to their aid the vitamin which especially helps to build new skin tissue, the vitamin which helps to keep skin healthy—the "skin-vitamin."  
When there is not enough of this "skin-vitamin" in the diet, the skin may suffer—become undernourished, rough and subject to infections.

For over three years Pond's tested this "skin-vitamin" in Pond's Creams. In animal tests, skin became rough and dry when the diet lacked "skin-vitamin." Treatment with Pond's new "skin-

Eleanor K. Roosevelt on the steps of Roosevelt Hall, her ancestral home, at Skaneateles, N.Y.  
(Right) Sailing with a friend on the lake beyond the sloping lawns of the estate.

"It is bringing to their aid the vitamin which especially helps to build new skin tissue, the vitamin which helps to keep skin healthy—the "skin-vitamin.""

"Skin-Vitamin" cream made it smooth and healthy again—in only 3 weeks!

When women used the creams, three out of every four of them came back asking for more. In four weeks they reported pores looking finer, skin smoother, richer looking!

Same jars, same labels, same price
Now everyone can enjoy these benefits. The new Pond's "skin vitamin" Cold Cream is in the same jars, with the same labels, at the same price. Use it your usual way for daytime and nightly cleansing, for freshening-ups before powder.

Every jar of Pond's Cold Cream now contains this precious "skin-vitamin." Not the "sunshine" vitamin. Not the orange-juice vitamin. Not "irradiated." But the vitamin which especially helps to rebuild skin tissue. Whenever you have a chance, leave a little of the cream on. In a few weeks, see how much better your skin is.

SEND FOR  
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TEST IT IN 9 TREATMENTS
Pond's, Dept. 6-CM, Clinton, Conn. Rush special tube of Pond's new "skin-vitamin" Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with samples of 2 other Pond's "skin-vitamin" Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose $1.00 to cover postage and packing.

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**FASHIONS IN FRAGRANCE**

Hollywood has a new approach to perfume, and its all very upsetting if you thought you had that problem solved

**By ANN VERNON**

**An era of elegance is upon us. No gown is too glittering, no wrap too sumptuous for this heyday of befurred and bejeweled feminine splendor. And how we love it!**

With the art of being "utterly feminine" in revival, perfumes catch the attention of the fashion-minded as a significant accent to charm.

However, lavish collections of perfumes are no novelty to Hollywood's glamour girls. Captivating scents have always been as much a part of their beauty ensembles as smart coiffures and flattering make-up ... and we can learn much in perfume experience from them.

First of all, they disprove the theory that perfumes should be chosen according to personality. If you are the "modest violet" type of girl, you must choose instead of a shy or quaint perfume something bewitching and heady—something to live up to! That is Hollywood's new perfume principle. Accordingly, if you are the vivid or exotic type, you can well afford to be conservative in your choice of perfumes ... delicate flower fragrances, perhaps, to subdue instead of startle.

Fiery little Lupe Velez, for example, chooses the modest Jasmine as her favorite scent, and prefers a perfume made especially for her in France. She uses it abundantly and applies it to the back of her neck as well as to her hair.

Helen Vinson, golden haired and ultra feminine, prefers [Continued on page 46]
Bored and Rumors
[Continued from page 30]

"The best way to spike a rumor is to ask the one who passes it along, 'Do you know that to be a fact? How can you be sure? Who told you?' Usually the rumor spreader will back down with the admission that he or she heard it from so-and-so, who knows so-and-so, who heard so-and-so say."

Carole let me in on a new angle as far as she is concerned—something which is not rumor, but fact. You hereby have it on good authority that she is going to take things easy from now on. In spite of rumors of parties galore and gags and other things, she’s had plenty of work to do and has done it. The last ten years have been a constant struggle for improvement, and she claims that she’s forgotten how to have fun.

"I'm going to have a little now," she asserted. "I take a lot of pride in making my home a real home. I like to fool around in it, buy knick-knacks for it. I'm going in for more riding and more tennis. I own a ranch in the San Fernando Valley. I've never owned a house of my own and I'm thinking of building there. I'd like a farmhouse type of place with a couple of horses. Besides, I've got to do something with my personal manager. My rented place is getting too small for several dogs, a burro, cats, a rooster and a couple of hens."

Carole's face brightened as she considers this prospect. Then, of a sudden, her face clouded. She sighed heavily. "Nope," she said, "it might not work out—the word might get around that I was giving up my career and going in for the simple life. The gossips might have me all washed up. Poor Carole! No jobs, no future. So she has to build a ranch and retire to it."

The thought got her down for a moment.

"Maybe I ought to take a trip around the world instead?" she said doubtfully.

"On second thought, no. Can't you see the stories? Carole Flees From It All—" She weighed the matter.

"Maybe I might take a few weeks off."

"Try that," said Fieldsie, "and the report'll go out you're having your face lifted."

"Then how about a week-end in the mountains?"

"Nix," said this writer. "They'll have you eloping to Yuma with Freddie Bartholomew."

"Fieldsie," she said weakly, "will you please call the newspapers and tell them that I wasn't romping on the Venice pier last night?"

"What's the use?" asked Fieldsie, wearily. "I'll only have to do it again next week."

NEXT MONTH
—you'll get some chuckles out of Jimmy Durante's impassioned claim that he is the first crooner, and that all other warble-boys are imitators!

Romance never came her way

...Until She Learned
This Lovelier Way to
Avoid Offending...
Fragrant Baths with
CASHMERE BOUQUET
SOAP!

Why Risk Offending?
Don't forget that nothing gets you "in wrong" with a man so surely as just the slightest taint of perspiration odor! So don't start "going places" until you've bathed with Cashmere Bouquet! This lovely perfumed soap keeps you so safe from fear of offending—ever!

Be Fragrantly Dainty!
That's the way you feel after your bath with Cashmere Bouquet Soap! For its rich, luxurious lather is so deep-cleansing! It removes every trace of body odor. You step from your bath so sweet and clean... so fragrantly dainty!

How Glamorous You Are!
And how much more alluring—when you guard your daintiness this lovelier way! For Cashmere Bouquet's subtle scent lingers for hours... gives your skin a delicate, flower-like fragrance men adore! And this wonderful soap costs only 10¢ a cake!

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Use this pure, creamy-white soap for both your face and bath. Cashmere Bouquet's lather is so gentle and caressing. Yet it gets down into each pore—removes every bit of dirt and cosmetics. Your skin grows clearer, softer... more radiant and alluring!

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Merrill Hard, in the latter's kitchen. Mr. Hard is really a very noted inventor. His latest being the Gravi-matic chair. In putting around the kitchen, the pair of them claimed to have invented a greaseless potato chip.

"I hope it is true, but if my kitchen could have been used for evidence, the potato chip is greaseless only because all the grease is on the ceiling."

This will give you readers a general idea of the sense of humor that runs rampant in the Hale household. Ordinarily, a fellow feels a bit touchy about his pet hobby, but Alan has too grand a sense of humor to resent the Little Woman's ribbing.

"Gretchen is my balance wheel," admits Alan, "she helps keep my feet on the ground. At times I probably get a bit visionary. Today, when I speak of the million or so we hope to make on the theater chair, Gretchen usually suggests, dryly, that it might be a good idea to get some of it back first."

(Approximately $200,000 would cover the Hale investments in various inventions in the past twenty years.)

The Alan Hale we know in Hollywood is as rare and colorful a character study as one might find in a book. He, himself, is stranger than fiction.

More than six feet and 200 pounds of boundless energy and restless urges, his tremendous mental and physical vitality is truly amazing. He literally throws himself wholeheartedly into everything he does.

He has played every sort of role in his twenty-seven years of motion pictures, but he has never been an extra. He started back in 1910 at the old Lubin company in Philadelphia, where he had been attending school at the University of Pennsylvania. He was born in Philadelphia . . . studied all sorts of things, including osteopathy . . . before going on the stage in New York.

Alan's first picture was a comedy called Uncle Tom's Cabin In Ragtime. Alan played both Uncle Tom and one of the bloodhounds. (Mrs. Hale said the latter is true. "He chased himself."

He first came to Hollywood in 1915 with the old Biograph company. Of the old silent pictures Alan considers that a role in Pudd'nhead Wilson with Theodore Roberts and Thomas Meighan was his first real break . . . that The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse, Robin Hood and The Covered Wagon were his outstanding pictures.

Recently, switching from "heavies" to comedy . . . by way of diversion . . . Alan has achieved the feat of portraying featured roles in no less than four of the most important pictures of the year . . . in rapid succession. These are High, Wide and Handsome with Irene Dunne, Stella Dallas with Barbara Stanwyck, Thin Ice with Sonja Henie, and The Adventures of Marco Polo with Gary Cooper.

Sometimes, Alan talks of buying a ranch. Then Gretchen tells a funny story of the time years ago when all he wanted was a Hollywood bungalow with a big yard, trees and flowers. On a day off he started to cut the lawn. When Gretchen departed to do some shopping, Alan was leaning on the lawnmower talking to a passerby on the street; when she returned two hours later, Alan was still leaning on the lawnmower talking to the same passerby. She claims he hasn't touched a blade of grass since.

Despite his gregariousness, there are times when he likes to be alone. Breakfast, for example. When he wishes to be detached, to think out the proper portrayal of a role, or details of an invention, he lies himself off alone to breakfast somewhere.

Or, he drives home the long way. He believes that everyone should be alone at least one hour a day.

His Gravi-matic chair will probably make him rich. We happen to know that scores of theater owners are planning to install this oscillating chair which will not only economize on space, but greater comfort for patrons.

But, about that greaseless potato chip, we are in the same boat with Mrs. Hale—we wouldn't know.

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"OKAY OFFICER...HERE'S A TICKET FOR YOU!"

**Then She Makes That Crack About My Breath and Hands Me This Dentist's Address. What Do You Make Of It, Joe?**

**I'd Take A Tip, Dan—Better So I See That Dentist!**

**That's The Story. So I Came To See You. Well, Dan, Tests Prove That 75% Of All People Over The Age Of 15 Have Bad Breath, And Tests Also Prove 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!"

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When Answering Advertisements, Please Mention December Hollywood
On Hosiery

Inviz-a-Grips Prevent Garter Runs!

Women throughout the nation are changing over to Inviz-a-grips this season. Economy is one reason: the disastrous garter-button-strain is eliminated, and hosiery lasts longer. A smooth silhouette is another: Inviz-a-grips are flat, can't show underneath the closest-fitting gowns. No uncomfortable garter-knots to sit on. Inviz-a-grips are quickly and easily fastened, reduce stocking twisting, and anchor the foundation garment securely.

Choose the Foundation Garment Equipped with Inviz-a-grips... It's a Smarter Buy!

Busy Housewife Earns $400

Mrs. F. McE. (Penna.), thought it was too good to be true when she read that Chicago School of Nursing students were often able to earn $35 a week while learning practical nursing. However, the sum for the booklet offered in the advertisement and after much careful thought decided to enroll. Before the end of the seventh lesson she was able to answer her first case—in three months she had earned $100! Think of the things you could do with $100!

Chicago School of Nursing

Can train you as it has trained thousands of men and women, at home and in your spare time, for the desired, well-paid profession of Nursing. Course is endorsed by physicians. 30th year. Lessons are simple and easy to understand. High school education not necessary. Complete nurse's equipment included. Easy to follow program. Decide today that you will be one of the many men and women, 15 to 60, earning $35 to $60 a week as skilled practical nurses! Send the coupon for interesting booklet and sample lesson pages. Learn how you can win workers, win friends, stalk them into a nurse. No charge—no obligation.

Chicago School of Nursing

Dept. 912, 100 East Ohio Street, Chicago, Ill.

Please send free booklet and 25 free lessons pages.

Hollywood

Frank McHugh, who was reared on a theatre stage, can't forget the days when he was a kid actor. His father ran an itinerant stock company which toured the country, staging heart-rending mellerdrammers that soaked the handkerchiefs of the yokel seatpressers. There were six children in the McHugh family circle and as each child grew old enough, he was put to work in the plays.

HUMAN HEARTS, the pride and joy of the McHugh players, came to life recently at Frank's home during a party. Dick Powell, Joan Blondell, James Cagney, Gloria Blondell, Al Hackett (author of Thin Man), and Frances Goodrich were Frank's guests. When he told them of the old gas-light drammer, everyone wanted to see the script.

Frank dug the play out of a trunk in the storeroom, handed out the scripts and the party was turned into a theatre. Cagney was the heroic tramp; Dick Powell was the blue-shirted and honest blacksmith; Joan Blondell was the adventures from the big city; Gloria Blondell was the unsullied heroine; Hackett was the villain; McHugh was the 'prompter' and Frances Goodrich was the kind-hearted mother of the piece.

The crowd had such an hilarious time with HUMAN HEARTS, that they are planning another get-together soon, at which A Spy at Gettysburg will be the play of the evening. Sounds like a bus man's holiday to me!

Jokes are sometimes very costly. A recent 'rib' on The Hurricane set caused Jon Hall a sleepless night. In scenes depicting his escape from an island, Hall was to be shot while swimming under water. Three famed marksmen who have put bullets within an inch or two of many of the most famous heads in Hollywood, were to do the shooting. Knowing their reputations, Hall wasn't the slightest worried until the night before the shooting when the three musketeers appeared to be very, very inebriated. Finally the sharpshooters, all actually, tetotallers, were carried away to bed. When tired-eyed Hall appeared for work next morning, the first thing he saw was the three marksmen oiling their guns with shaky hands and not until he was about to go into the water for his scenes did Director John Ford (instigator of the joke) let him know that it was all in fun.

Hearing of the birthday of the daughter of her Tovarich stand-in, Claudette Colbert arranged a surprise party for the youngster and twenty of her friends... Janet Gaynor and Tyrone Power are everywhere together these days: Tyrone even helped her rehearse her lines for the diminutive star's first Lux broadcast... Karlof, the bogeyman of the screen is broken hearted. Violet, a 125 lb. pig given him by a director of friends when two weeks old, decided to call it a day, curled up his toes and died at the actor's Cold Water Canyon Rancho. Proving that the studio was broad-minded. Twentieth Century-Fox gave Alice Faye a birthday party at Universal where the actress is starring in Young Man's Fancy... Charlie McCarthy is no dummy when it comes to making a movie contract. Not only will Charlie and his mouth-piece, Edgar Bergen, get $50,000 for their Universal picture, but their contract provides for the best director on the lot.

Reciprocity is not a forgotten thing in Hollywood. At a recent preview, Producer Mervyn LeRoy personally met all the critics and asked them to be sure to credit Director Al H. Green when writing their reviews. Thirteen years ago Green gave Mervyn his start and used to call the attention of critics to his clever gags in pictures... Fred Stone is having sketches made of scenes of his various musical comedy hits to be incorporated in a wall paper design for the den of his new home which will be called Stone House.

Craig Reynolds visited a ranch in San Fernando Valley near Hollywood owned by an English couple. Craig was all sympathy when they announced that one of their cows had a "cawl," which seemed to puzzle the couple greatly. Then he realized that though over here we...
call a throat spasm a "cawf," the English refer to a small cow as a "cawf." Mae Robson is back in Hollywood after a New York vacation and writing her memoirs. Her 54 years in the theatre and in pictures would make a large and very interesting volume. Shirley Ross played her long role in Blossoms on Broadway, dressed in buckskin and wearing heavy leather boots. Much of her work was during an "unusual" California hot spell. "They may blossom on Broadway this way but they only wilt in Hollywood," quipped the actress who lost nearly ten pounds during production. Those two funny looking things bobbing up and down in Jimmy Gleason's pool are Frankenstein, pardon me, Boris Karloff and Russell Gleason in their homemade diving helmets. They're staging a stay-under-without-drowning contest with air furnished by bicycle pumps manned by Jimmy and Don Woods. C. Henry Gordon saves golf tees scrupulously, and spends a fortune on balls and clubs.

There were just two reasons why little Mary MacArthur, daughter of famed actress Helen Hayes, wanted to visit Hollywood. One was to meet Shirley Temple and the other to hear Lionel Barrymore "Ir-m-m-phil." While working in Behind the Mike, Don Wilson spent a great deal of time between scenes on plans for his new home. He was especially interested in keeping the design of the den exactly as he had it and so marked the rough drawing which he sent to his architect insisting that whatever other changes were necessary he should not change the den. A few days later Wilson received the following note from his architect: "It's a grand plan for a den, but unless you plan to hibernate you will have to allow for a door by which to enter and leave." Whereupon the architect went ahead following his own ideas.

Lady Charles Cavendish, the former Adele Astaire, Fred's sister, is now making her movie debut with Jack Buchanan and Maurice Chevalier in a production being filmed at Pinewood Studios, Buckinghamshire, near London, England. We found out today it's actually true that Bing Crosby will do a movie based on his career, which Wesley Ruggles and Claude Binyon are working on, and it will follow The Badge of Policeman O'Roon. The yarn depicts all of Bing's sidelines and personal idiosyncracies.

The most inconspicuous person at the Stage Door preview was Ginger Rogers in black coat and dark glasses, hidden in the middle of the balcony loges. The most conspicuous was Adolphe Menjou in a smartly tailored checkered topcoat with his pretty wife, Veree Teasdale.

At the premiere of 100 Men and a Girl (which was a very elegant dress affair) we saw John Barrymore with sport shirt and no tie and Elaine Barrie seated in the gallery. They had come directly from their Shakespearean broadcast and did not have time to dress.

Paul Kelly spends a great deal of time commuting these days between his Rancho in San Fernando Valley and the M-G-M studios where he plays the role of the coach in Navy, Blue and Gold, with Lionel Barrymore and Richard Arlen. Richard Arlen had to paint a new name on the dinghy of his cruiser the "Dijo." The name is "Ridijo," adding the first two letters of his son's name to those of Dick and Jobyna. Ricky insisted on the billing tool.
Success at 16

By Helen Bunch

You are seeing Olympe Bradna, a little French girl, on the screen in Last Train from Madrid, and Souls at Sea, and you hear she is just sixteen. Perhaps at first you don't believe it. Then you begin to say, "Isn't she lucky!" and "Aren't motion pictures amazing!" and "It couldn't happen anywhere but in Hollywood," and "That girl's getting the breaks," and "I'll bet I could do just as well if I tried to get into the movies."

Summing it all up, it seems very easy—from the outside. Olympe is just junior high school age, but she has lived a couple of life-times.

I think you'd like Olympe, although she would amaze you. You feel that you are meeting and talking with someone who is very young and very naive, and yet someone who is very, very wise, and is just one jump ahead of the questions you ask her. You say to yourself, "Here is an infant," and at the same time you say to yourself, "Here is a person who knows more than I do."

Olympe, physically, is brown. Her skin is brown from the sun and the sea. Her eyes are brown. Her lashes are brown. Her hair is brown. She has a voice still softened with a quaint French accent.

"How does this accident of mine being in pictures happen to me?" she asks. "Accident? It is no accident."

Olympe is called Olympe because she was born between the matinee and evening shows at the Olympic Theatre, in Paris, an only daughter. Her father and mother, now in California with her, jealous guardians of her career and her future, were proprietors of a dog act.

At eighteen months of age, Olympe started her career—an amazing career which has as its background a series of hotels from Stockholm, Sweden, to Rome, Italy, and from Prague, Czecho-Slovakia, to Marseilles, France. Olympe Bradna is old today, far older than her years, for she was raised with older people, always—the worldly-wise, shrewd, sophisticated people of the stage.

"At eighteen months," she says, "I am dressed as a soldier, and I carry the French flag and I lead the dozen dogs, all dressed as soldiers, and marching in file, across the stage."

"Later, my father promotes me and I become Jackie Coogan. Jackie is the rage in Europe, so my clothes imitate him. I am the trainer of one of the
dogs in a boxing match on the stage."

This is the start of success at sixteen. Grüellings? Certainly. Music rehearsals in the morning whenever the Bradnas open in a new theatre. From one to five shows a day, starting at two o'clock and ending at nearly midnight seven days a week. At six and seven, Olympe gets a tutor, who works with her on German and French and English, and at seven she begins her acrobatic dancing, which leads her to fame.

"We will learn to dance," says Joseph Bradna, who knows acrobatics from years in an equestrian act.

From now on, it's real work. While most children have dolls, make mud pies, and play with the children next door and down the street, Olympe is preparing for that moment of the "accident" which sends her skyward. Her childhood is washed out at seven and eight with dancing instruction from Robert Guinault, and with acrobatics taught her by her father in the morning—a long subway ride to the School for the Children of the Theatre in Paris to study from twelve-thirty to four-thirty, and stage appearances in the evening as her fame grows. "I do not mind this," she says, "it is my life."

Her success actually starts when she is eight, for she does a specialty and acrobatic dancing in the French version of Hit the Deck, and she is tagged "the smallest sailor in France." She tours Europe with her own act—a solo acrobatic dance number, with her father, her mother and her fox terrier, "Bobbie." "The dogs of the act, they are given away," Olympe says. "They go to friends who will love them and will not use them on the stage any more. Bobbie, he is given to me by a stage manager."

Olympe remembers hotels, and she hates them. Always she has wanted to stop traveling, and have a home of her own. She recalls a year and a half with the Folies Bergère, her stardom at the French Casino is still bright in her memory, and she was a favorite performer for Gustav, king of Sweden, after appearing for six months at Ernest Rolff's theatre in Stockholm. "And I am only fourteen when this happens," Olympe says.

And she is only fourteen when she appears in two French motion pictures, dances and sings at Cannes, Biarritz, and Monte Carlo, talks to a man from Chicago about a contract to appear at the Rainbow Gardens in that American city, goes there from the Riviera to appear eight weeks and stays six months, hurries to New York to appear at the French Casino, signs a Paramount contract and comes to the coast to make motion pictures. "Work?" she asks. "Oh, yes. I am very busy."

- Thirteen hours a day for seven years. This is the "accident" which brings success to the Bradna girl. From rehearsals starting at nine, through school, through the shows until ten o'clock at night, Olympe emerges so practical you laugh at her.

"How did I get my contract to go to Chicago?" she repeats. "You should know. You perform, someone sees you. That someone comes to you, and says, 'I have a proposition.' You say, 'What is it?' That person tells the story and you say, 'I am interested' or 'I am not interested,' depending on whether the work is good, and you have faith in the man, and the salary is worth while. If you decide to work for him, you get the best price you can. Then you shake hands and he brings a contract, and you sign it. That is the way I got to Chicago."

When Olympe hit New York, she worked at the French Casino and the Earl Carroll Theatre, Winchell, Sobol, Sullivan and the other columnists all raved. Oscar Serlin, who was a Paramount scout, had already caught her act in Chicago, so he moved onto the ground floor, so to say, when she arrived at the entertainment capital. He tested her and she signed. "Of course," she explains, "I cannot work in pictures right away then because my French accent is terrific, and I must overcome it. This I am doing now, with
Idols Pay for Their Pedestals

(Continued from page 29)

about you?" she sobbed, and she told me the silly, stupid falsehoods they'd been putting into her mind. Fortunately, she knew me too well to believe them. "But I can't go back," she kept saying. "I can't go back any more!"

"She didn't have to go back. We sent her to a different school.

"Now, the point is that if I hadn't been in pictures those children would never have heard their elders talking me over. My little sister would never have been grieved, with a shock she may always remember, through having these untruths repeated by her young friends. And what if she had believed these things? It could have been real tragedy for both of us.

"When I say that acting is only a quarter of the business of being a star, I don't exaggerate. Acting's the least of it. Acting's important, of course. Only, in addition to work before the camera, here's what a star has to consider:

"She must be seen often in the right places with the right people, and in the right clothes. If she's a child-star, of course that's a different ballgame. If she's a public personage, and must continue to frequent well known cafes and whatnot with well known people.

"She must be available to her public, which is more than right. She must think out what kind of pictures she ought to appear in, and likely as not she must try to persuade producers to let her appear in them. For years I've been arguing at various studios for a chance to play comedy. Oh, no; I had to be romantic. Finally, I got that part in Love Is News; remember?

"So everybody said: There! We always knew you could play comedy! As if they'd thought up the idea themselves!

"The first time it was brought home to me that there were penalties attached to being a picture player," she recalled, "was not long after I got my first movie contract. They—those anonymous creatures—began to talk. They said truly horrid things; they said I had designs on one of the important producers, was trying to marry him. I happened to be only fifteen years old at the time! I ask you! It made me furious—I hadn't learned then that 'they' talk the same way about everyone.

"And just now I went on a visit to New York. A boy took me to dine and dance, a nice boy; we were practically in love—I believe I might have married him, except—

"Except that as we sat at the table, some..."
man recognized me. I'd never seen him before, but he came across the room and asked me to dance with him. In the course of the evening, four other men came to our table and asked me to dance. It was quite all right. They were fans. They were gentlemen.

"Still, if I hadn't been a picture star, none of those men would have dreamt of asking a girl he hadn't met for a dance. You see?"

"The boy with whom I was supposedly spending the evening, the boy I liked so much—he was first disturbed and then desperate. For the first time it struck him that the girl in whom he felt interested happened to be a person on whom the public thought it had a claim. Her time wasn't her own, nor his. He protested. I said: 'But it's nothing. They mean it as a compliment.' Another request for a dance interrupted us.

"'I can't compete with this,' he said finally. He saw how it would be in the future; that my leisure would belong largely to the public rather than to him. We talked it over, and over. But there was no way to change it. Things simply were like that. It broke up our friendship.

"One evening in Paris, in a charming private home belonging to a wealthy young aristocrat, I suddenly became aware that the young man's mother was opening her heart to me. But opening it!"

When the younger generation steps out, it's now. Maxine Jones (daughter of Buck Jones) and Noah Beery, Junior, are rumored engaged. Certainly they look pleased, but maybe it was the preview of 100 Men and a Girl.

Actually, she felt afraid that I would try to marry her son; she was, adroitly, trying to fend me off, to keep me from luring him! I was a picture actress, he was rich, and accordingly—voila!

"This proved the last straw. 'Why should I want to marry your son?' I asked as gently as possible, 'he's hardly more than a youth, he isn't even well known outside his own circle, and I earn a salary probably as large as his income. I don't need to marry for money. Exactly why should your son interest me?"

"Well, she said, I was a 'cinema actress.' That seemed to account for everything.

"'I don't say stardom isn't worth while,' Loretta summed up.

"But, it isn't all sugar, by any means. In exchange for the sugar, the chief thing you give up is what nearly everyone else takes for granted, and consciously or subconsciously, prizes above everything else. If you're a star, you give up your private life. You give up your independence."

An assistant director approached as she turned toward the lights. "Telephone message," he reported, "they say don't forget about those photographs in the portrait gallery tomorrow." "Tomorrow!" cried Loretta, aghast. "but I was going again."

The man spoke firmly. "Portraits at 2."

Loretta threw me a look of humorous resignation. "See?" she said.

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**How Constipation Causes Gas, Nerve Pressure**

Many Doctors Now Say It's Nerves, Not Poisons That So Often Cause Headaches, Dizzy Spells, Coated Tongue

When you are constipated two things happen. **FIRST:** Wastes swell up the bowels and press on nerves in the digestive tract. This nerve pressure causes headaches, a dull, lazy feeling, bilious spells, loss of appetite and dizziness. **SECOND:** Partly digested food starts to decay forming GAS, bringing on sour stomach (acid indigestion), and heartburn, bloating you up until you sometimes gasp for breath.

Then you spend many miserable days. You can't eat. You can't sleep. Your stomach is sour. You feel tired out, grumpy and miserable.

To get the complete relief you seek you must do **TWO** things. 1. You must relieve the GAS. 2. You must clear the bowels and GET THAT PRESSURE OFF THE NERVES.

ADLERIKA is one of the few products on the market that gives you the DOUBLE ACTION you need. This efficient cathartic relieves that awful GAS almost at once. It often removes bowel congestion in half an hour.

No waiting for overnight relief. Adlerika acts on the stomach and bowels. Laxatives usually act on the lower bowel only.

Adlerika has been recommended by many doctors and druggists for 35 years. No griping, no after effects. Just QUICK results. Try Adlerika today! We believe you'll say you have never used such an efficient intestinal cleanser.

**WARNING!**

All REPUTABLE DRUGGISTS know that Adlerika has—no substitute. Always DEMAND the genuine.
"I Couldn’t Sit, Couldn’t Stand.

Couldn’t even Lie Down!"

WHAT a terrible affliction, Filex! What they do to pull you down physically and mentally! The worst part of it is that Filex is such an embarrassing subject, that many people hesitate to seek relief. Yet there’s nothing more serious than Filex, for they can develop into something malignant.

There is no more satisfactory treatment of Filex than Pazo Ointment. Pazo supplies the needed effects. First, it is soothing, which relieves pain, soreness and itching. Second, it is antiseptic, which makes passage easy. Third, it is astrinrent, which helps to reduce the swollen blood vessels which are Filex.

RESULTS!

Pazo comes in Collapsible Tube with Detachable Filex Pipe which prevents 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.

All drug stores sell Pazo-in-Tubes and Pazo Suppositories.

Fashions in Fragrance

[Continued from page 36]

a beguiling mystic scent and always puts a drop on her lips before she applies her

lips. (Something to remember for your next dancing date!)

Joan Bennett loves all kinds of perfumes that have a flower scent. Although

she is a heavy perfume user, she makes every drop count. She sprays her perfu-
monto her hair, puts a drop on each

eyebrow and on the lobes of her ears and 

also uses it on all her handkerchiefs.

Madge Evans has a vast collection of perfumes and uses them profusely. Her

tastes are fickle and she confesses to fall-

ing in love with every new master-
piece of the perfumer’s art. At present, she tells me, she is partial to a very new

scent that is expressive of youth

and chic.

Mary Boland uses her perfume conservatively but in a most effective manner. She puts

two or three drops on her hands and

rubsthem together until

so much as she would wash her hands, so

that it is thoroughly absorbed.

□ Although the

stars have fa-
vorite scents

which they use

frequently, their

perfume selections

vary according to their mood, their

dress and the oc-
casion of wearing.

The second per-
fume theory,

therefore, to be

explored by Hol-

lywood is that you

must identify

yourself with any

particular frag-

rance.

A perfume, ac-

cording to

the screen’s most gorgeous sophisticates,

should be chosen as an accessory, as one

would select a pair of gloves. A heavy

oriental fragrance may be devasting

with a standard gown but entirely

unsuitable, even ridiculous, when worn

to a football game.

And speaking of football games, if you

are a devoted fan you are going to want

an outdoorsy perfume to wear to the

games this season—something crisp and

youthful that won’t "blow away" the

minute you go in the open.

Just such a perfume is the one offered

by a famous manufacturer which was

created especially for the American girl

with her liking for outdoor sports. It

has a tangy freshness and unusual last-

ing qualities and is well within the reach

of modest pocketbooks. I’ll be glad to

send you the trade name if you are in-

terested. A month or so more and you’ll

be using it for skiing and skating parties

and, of course, it’s equally suitable for

golf and tennis if you live in southern

climes.

This would also make a dandy Christ-

mas gift for any girl and an easy-to-buy

item for your shopping list.

Another Christmas item about which

I am prompted to tell you—and an

answer to what to get for boy friend

or brother—is a new eau de col-

ogne created exclusively for men.

It is redolent of seasoned leather and

cedar forests and imparts a radi-

ation of well being without being the least bit “sissy.” Because it gives an assur-

ance of finer grooming, the man in your life will dote on it for use after a shave or shower. The cost is $1 for a two-

and-a-half ounce bottle or $2 for a six

ounce bottle. Let me know if you would like to have the name.

□ Taking a key-

note of eleg-
nance from fash-
i ons, make-up to blend with both pastels and rich tones is receiving meticulous atten-

tion. Here again Hollywood comes to

the fore with a new line of "type-
harmonized" cos-

metics created by five brothers who for

years have been famous as directors of

make-up in major Hollywood studios. Included in the line are creams, refresh-

ants, cosmetics and make-up brushes with jars and containers in green and gold de-

cor.

Worthy of special mention is the pow-

der base of this new line—a tinted smooth blending cream which creates a "mat" finish and forms the basis for the entire make-up. It comes in five shades to blend with your natural coloring and not only gives the skin a glowing even tone but keeps make-up in perfect condition for hours on end. The price is $1.50. This
foundation is one developed by the manufacturers through long experience with screen make-up and justifies the pride which they take in it. Delightful, too, is the cream rouge which comes in delicate pastel and rich blood tones. It gives a lasting, realistic effect and is designed to blend into the skin with utmost delicacy. The price of the rouge is $1.

You may also procure through the manufacturers of the cosmetics a cleverly illustrated booklet which analyzes basic face types and shows clearly just how you should apply your make-up and arrange your hair to make the most of your particular assortment of features. I’ll be glad to send you the name of the manufacturer, with Hollywood address, so that you can avail yourself of this information.

Soft, white hands are so characteristic of feminine loveliness and so necessary to elegant grooming that you must be particularly faithful in their care during the winter months to guard against chapping or roughness. However, this requires only the faithful use of an emollient each time after washing your hands to keep the skin well lubricated and to counteract the effects of exposure.

A brand new hand beautifier to come to my attention—recently developed by a famous manufacturing house—is a "vanishing lotion" which really does vanish on application without leaving any annoying stickiness or dampness. Just a few drops are needed to soothe dry or chapped skin and, if used regularly, will keep your hands in a permanent state of ladylike well being. The lotion can also be used on the face with excellent results as it proves a tenacious powder base. The 50 cent size has a top dispenser which ejects just enough lotion for one application. There are 10 cent and 39 cent sizes, too.

For trade names of products send stamped, self-addressed envelope to Ann Vernon, HOLLYWOOD Magazine, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

RELIABLE BEAUTY ADVICE
If you have wished for someone to solve your beauty problems—someone who has had years of practical experience, who knows the make-up secrets of the stars, who is fully informed on the latest developments in cosmetics—bring your problem to Ann Vernon, HOLLYWOOD'S beauty expert. She will be glad to help you FREE OF CHARGE. Write her today on any question pertaining to beauty and she will give you expert, personal advice. Kindly send stamp (3c U. S. stamp) self-addressed envelope with your letter and address Ann Vernon, HOLLYWOOD Magazine, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

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3. ORALGENE helps keep teeth clean—and fresh-looking throughout the day. Chew it after every meal.

ORALGENE
pronounced oral gene (mouth health)
A DELICIOUS BEECH-NUT PRODUCT
SOLD WHERE BEECH-NUT GUM IS DISPLAYED

The Ritz Brothers feel very strongly that readers of this magazine should have benefit of their experience in receiving Christmas gifts and giving appropriate thanks. So they have illustrated the various degrees of warmth and different kinds of embraces suitable for thanks at the holiday season. You’ll find this funny feature in next month’s HOLLYWOOD Magazine, on the stand December 10.

BECAUSE . . . THEY ACT
3 WAYS

1. Soothe inflamed membranes.
2. Menthol helps clear the head.
3. Build up alkaline reserve. (Important to cold resistance.)

From a MEDICAL JOURNAL: "The researches (of these doctors) led them to believe that colds result from an acid condition. To overcome this, they prescribe the various alkalites."
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 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 the bile flow without shocking the intestinal system.

Help guard against constipation.
Use Olive Tablets. At all druggists, 15¢, 30¢ and 60¢.

Poor English!
How much is it costing you in wasted opportunity?
Every day your associates are judging you—by what you say and how you say it! Hazy ideas, illogical words, half-baked sentences, crude, stilted speech—these make a man as lame in thinking. Thoughts clear-cut, words that give true shape and color, sentences ablaze with power and originality—these are the things that proclaim ability, that win for their users swift advancement. Stop apologizing for poor English—it’s inexcusable! In the quiet of your home with LaSalle’s help—you can learn to speak and write with real distinction, learn to make the words you utter and the letters you compose stamp you as educated, cultured, effective. Look into the contents of an attractive 32-page booklet, “Effective Business English,” sent you free upon request. Ask for it TODAY. LaSalle Extension University, Dept. 1230-BE, Chicago. 

Free for Asthma During Winter
If you suffer with those terrible attacks of Asthma when it is cold and damp—if rain, Wintry winds make you choke as if each breath were 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.,
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No one ever kissed her
GOOD NIGHT

Virginia Verill's three cousins, Virginia Bradley, 16, and her two brothers, Larry, 18, and Billy, Jr., 12— are the Show Boat singer's inseparable companions. They have been Virginia's closest friends since each of their every wish is a command for her. . . . Tommy Freebairn-Smith, announcer for the Jeanette MacDonald show astounds the natives at each broadcast by wearing a new bright-colored outfit. At one broadcast he'll show up with a bright orange wool sport coat, at another he'll wear red sport shoes with yellow socks. Smith was announcer for Nelson Eddy last year on the "Open-House" program.

Radio audiences on the west coast won't have to decide whether they should listen to music by Jeanette MacDonald or the comedy of Jack Benny—they are fortunate enough to be able to hear both, but in the East they will have to choose one or the other. A check-up revealed a fifty-fifty break, but Miss MacDonald is ahead in the box-office of pictures.

Pretty blonde Camille Soray (one-time mystery singer on the air) has replaced Joy Hodges on the Joe Penner program. She was called the mystery singer because she always appeared with a mask and never revealed her pretty face. She is now appearing "straight". Miss Hodges is on the New York stage in Hold Your Hats, Boys . . . The well-known pair, Coca and Candy will now be named Cocoo and Malt on the Coca Malt program with crooner Gene Austin. They were with Austin last year . . . Joe Penner is quite proud of his 126-pound catch. 126 pounds might not sound like much to a lot of fishermen, but Penner says if you tried pulling in a marlin swordfish of that weight, you'd get a thrill too!

Frances Langford, Louella O. Parsons, Ken Niles and Raymond Paige of "Honeymoon Hotel" program will all be seen in the Warner Brothers picture of that same name. This will be Raymond Paige's first appearance before the cameras. For the Orchid Room, Warner Brothers have imported orchids from South America and other places to make it realistic.

Here's news! Martha Raye will do no more hotcha songs or stills, but will sing songs of a more soothing nature. Too, she has dieted and exercised and lost a lot of weight to become a "glamour girl" for radio. . . . Mel Ruick, announcer on the hour, tossed aside his nest, white linen suit for a day to become a swashbuckling pirate in The Buccaneer which Cecil B. DeMille directed.

Three summers ago, Henry Hunter was on ten different NBC programs a week in Chicago when a Universal talent scout saw him and induced him to come to Hollywood. Now he runs from movie studio to radio studio because he's back on the ether waves with a desire to know more about navigation because of a new cruiser which he recently purchased.

W. C. Field's most prized possession is a picture of himself taken with Will Rogers and Wiley Post just before they took off for their fatal flight. It
hangs above his desk in his Bel Air hilltop home... Virginia Verrill has had her picture on 86 different songs in the past six years. Some record we call it!

If you want our candidate for the softest job in all radio we give you Joseph Galliechio, violinist, late of Chicago, now of Hollywood and Palm Springs. Signor Galliechio is the leader of the orchestra which plays the same eight or twelve bars of "The Perfect Song" each and every night on the Amos and Andy program. It goes without saying that Galliechio can play his portion of the program with his eyes closed and his fiddle thrown over his shoulder. He has played the same strains six nights a week for over six years and they have become a short, sweet symphony to him. Incidentally this theme song was written originally for The Birth of a Nation by Brelo, a Hollywood arranger for D. W. Griffith. It is not determined whether Galliechio will go with Amos and Andy on their new broadcast January 1, but at least this chubby, good natured, musician doesn't look worried.

All during the hot summer months Miss Nudine Conner wore a dress of the Civil War period with many petticoats, ruffles and pantalones. Now that cooler weather has set in, Miss Conner will change her costume to something a little more modern and no doubt cooler.

Frequently seen together are Simone Simon and Gene Markey, producer and former husband of Joan Bennett. Here they are shown leaving the preview of Angel. Notice Simone's bulky short silver fox jacket for a hint on the Hollywood fad in furs.

At Hollywood Waffle Parties they're serving LAKE SHORE HONEY

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WHEN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS, PLEASE MENTION DECEMBER HOLLYWOOD
So He Took the $50 and Threw it Away

[Continued from page 25]

him and for herself and they set out for the Antipodes.

Ray liked the trip but that wasn’t his idea of going to sea. In Australia he saw the full-rigged Cecile Herzog, famous old Finnish four-master which was used as a government training ship for naval aspirants, and insisted upon returning aboard her to England. His mother consented.

That trip was enough for Ray. His ardent love for the sea disappeared after 88 days around Cape Horn from Port Lithgow in to England. Ray wanted the most exciting job in the world—deekhand aboard a sailing vessel—won the argument.

Several months of working in his father’s office irked him, however. He hated a desk job. The family sent him off to the stock farm of his uncle, a breeder of horses. To this day Ray is an ardent riding fan. He broke, trained and exercised racers and jumpers, winning cups and medals in many contests.

After a year Ray joined the Cheshire Yeomanry, an army cavalry, where he improved his expert horsemanship and learned to handle firearms. Later his horsemanship helped win him a place in the ranks of the British Household Cavalry—the King’s personal bodyguard.

He was an excellent shot, once winning the British Army championship with a rifle.

Riding, shooting and swanking about in elegant uniforms which fetched the girls like honey brings ants finally became a bore. Being one of the King’s escorts was pleasant, socially, but it didn’t seem to have any future.

In England every boy of good family has an Aunt. When one is young this Aunt invites him to give him extra cakes to eat; fills his pockets with spending money and spoils him in a hundred small but charming ways. Young Ray had an Aunt, a lovely lady who paid him all the traditional attentions and then left him some $17,000 when she died. That inheritance came to him just as he began to find army life monotonous.

The small fortune looked inexhaustible to Ray. He quit the Army, bought a splendid wardrobe, and set out to conquer the night club sector of the Continent.

“All I wanted to do,” he laughs tolerantly now in telling the story, “was to make every headwaiter in France call me by name. The height of my ambition was to impress every headwaiter in France call me by name. The height of my ambition was to impress every headwaiter in France call me by name. The height of my ambition was to impress every headwaiter in France call me by name.”

Ray was soon back in England, still re-

splendent, to all outward appearances. In his pocket was $50. And that was all he had in the world.

“l couldn’t go home. I’d disappointed my family. I was a ne’er-do-well—but boy, I had some memories!”

■ When in doubt, and if you’ve still got $50 in your pocket take a pretty girl to dinner, if you follow the Milland formula. Ciro’s was the best restaurant he knew in London and Estelle Brody, a movie picture actress, was the prettiest girl he knew. The combination was irresistible, expensive, and, as it turned out, highly profitable. Miss Brody invited him to the British International Studios as her guest next day to watch her work. Broke, and with nothing else to do Ray went to the lot. There the casting director asked the young sportsman if he wouldn’t like to work as an extra “just for fun.” He did. And it was fun.

After that experience as an extra, Ray thought he was an actor. For four months he alternately starved and lived high, waiting for a better job. The high living periods, brief though they were, came each time his family sent him money from Wales. In one of his moments of affluence Ray met an actor’s agent and hung around the agent’s office, hoping to pick up tips on possible studio jobs. One day, he heard the agent talking on the telephone to a studio which was trying to locate an expert marksman.

Ray was off like a bolt of lightning. He got the job, which was vastly better than being an extra, for it paid $12 a day. He liked to tell the story:

“The director handed me a type of rifle I’d never used before and pointed out a target, the size of a small coin, painted on a wall, 135 feet away. My first shot was just a bit low. The next 13 shots were bullseyes!”

Ray didn’t get in front of the camera with his marksmanship. He cut quite a figure on the range with his rifles and pistols, though, and the director who had given him his first extra job asked him one day to take a test as the lead in The Flying Scotsman.

The part was a natural for Ray. He played the role of a cocky, devil-may-care type. The picture was highly successful.

■ That was the beginning. J. Robert Rubin, one of the big men of Metro-

Goldwyn-Mayer, happened to be in Lon-
don and saw Milland lunching at the Carleton. He offered him a job in Holly-

wood. Ray shrugged. He was having a good time in London, and Hollywood seemed pretty far away. The next morn-
ing at nine o’clock M-G-M’s English office telephoned his apartment, insisting that he come down and sign a contract. Ray went back to sleep for a couple of hours. But he did go down and he did sign the contract.

“Now,” he said, “all I’ve got to do is to get out of my stage contract with Andre Charlott.”

“I really had to put on an act,” Ray says about that episode in his career. “Charlott refused at first, because he thought I could develop into a first-rate
dancer. So I just burst into tears. Finally, he said he'd throw the contract out the window if I'd give him $100 for the Actor's Orphanage and quit crying.

Then I came to Hollywood and died on the vine. That was in 1921. M-G-M put me in a picture, Bachelor Father, with Marion Davies and in Bought, with Constance Bennett, then forgot that I was on earth.

So back he went to England only to learn that he'd forgotten the formality of cancelling his contract with M-G-M. Tears, particularly cabled tears, he knew wouldn't do any good, so Ray sailed to America for the second time, settled up the contract and returned to England.

"Funny how little things will change the course of your life," Ray said at that stage in the interview. "England, after California, was too darned cold. I couldn't find a laundry that could do my dress shirts without fraying them and chafing my neck, so I went back to Hollywood. The first job I got was at M-G-M, where I promptly died again. Then England looked attractive once more.

"But those visits to America were too much for me. American cigarettes were 60 cents a pack in London and I couldn't get any orange juice. I had no prospects in Hollywood, but I knew I'd soon be broke again anyway if I kept on smoking American cigarettes, so I took one more trip to California."

It didn't take him long to go through his spare cash. A friendly drug store proprietor let him eat on credit—$35 worth at 55 cents a meal—while he hunted a job as a gas station attendant.

"One week," he says, "I got as far as the Standard Oil personnel manager's office in Los Angeles. He took my name and address and told me I'd hear from them when a job was open. The next day, Saturday, Joe Egli, the casting director at Paramount, called me for a job in Bolero. I interviewed Wesley Ruggles the director, and was told to report for work at ten o'clock Monday morning. I went back to my room and found a special delivery from Standard Oil telling me to start to work at eight o'clock Monday morning!"

"Monday morning, I was at the Standard Oil office at eight o'clock. I figured that if my part in Bolero was bad I'd better have a little job insurance all ready. I told the oil company manager that my mother had died in Omaha and asked if he'd hold the job open for three weeks. He did. At ten o'clock I was working at Paramount. Since then things have been okay. And if things go wrong, I've still got a chance—I hope!—wiping windshields!"

THINGS EVERY DOG SHOULD KNOW

Have you a problem pup? And would you like to know how the stars train their dogs? Judy Garland had a puppy with great charm of character but no manners, and the story of how she trained him makes fascinating reading. Next month in HOLLYWOOD Magazine.
PULL UP A CHAIR AND
SHARE THE JONES FAMILY’S

THANKSGIVING

Spring Byington, screen mother of
the famous Jones Family, gives a
few timely pointers on how to pre-
pare your “Turkey Day” dinner

“There’s an art in eating,”
remarked Spring Byington.
The topic of conversation was
Thanksgiving Day. “To dine
is to do better than gulp down
food. You should eat the kinds
of food that go gracefully
together, served in a graceful way.”

The screen “mother” of the Jones
Family, that captivating collection
of celluloid parents, brothers and sisters
native to the 20th Century-Fox Studios,
gave a decided wag of her shiny blonde
head. She stood in the hall between
the living room and dining room and pointed
out what would be the final arrangements
for the Thanksgiving dinner to which the
“Joneses” are bidden.

Certainly she didn’t look like any-
body’s mother, but since the scenarists
have presented her with five lively off-
spring, Miss Byington intends to live up
to her maternal duty. “The family” alone
constitutes rather a handful.
There’s “Dad,” you remember
(Jed Prouty); “Grandma”
(Florence Roberts); “Bonnie,”
the older daughter (Shirley
Deane); “Jack,” the oldest son
(Kenneth Howell); “Roger,”
the next son (George Ernest); “Lucy,”
the young daughter (June Carlson); and
“Bobby,” the baby (Billy Mahan). And
of course “Mother” herself.

“Planning the table is almost as im-
portant as planning the meal,” Spring
went on, “and there are as many ‘don’ts’
as ‘do’s.’ For example, don’t have paper
bonbons with hats inside; they look ri-
diculous, and they are. Yet you do need
something humorous to start people talk-
ing with each other. There’s nothing any
worse than the strained silence when
strangers are seated around the table.
Well, I’m having a funny favor for each
guest. It breaks the ice.
"You know those log cabins in the toy departments? There's to be a fair-sized log cabin on the middle of the table, a brown cabin on a cloth of coarse, natural-colored linen. Round the cabin stand little Pilgrims and Indians and turkeys that add a dash of red, blue, green; and the dishes, ivory with an old-fashioned Delft blue figure, add color, too. From the cabin windows run yellow and bronze ribbons, a ribbon to each place.

"Pull the ribbon, and out pops a mechanical toy. They're funny animal toys that you can wind up and send prancing across the tablecloth, for the guests to play with while the turkey's being served. First aid to conversation.

"Instead of a lot of preliminary appetite-stealers on the table, I'll have a big bowl of chopped ice in the living room, with sliced raw carrots, Utah celery, radishes, both kinds of olives, and little pickled onions. Appetizers, not fillers. No crackers, absolutely! Save their appetites for the turkey dressing.

"When the guests come to the table, I'll serve the turkey immediately with lots of chestnut dressing. Cranberry jelly in large moulds; asparagus—not tips, but the fattest possible stalks. A grapefruit salad with French dressing. Floating Island. Or nice, old-fashioned Indian pudding. Crystalized ginger. Cider, and black coffee. The pumpkin pie I'll save till later—it's so rich.

"That," said Spring, drawing a satisfied breath, "is a really good dinner. And really good because it doesn't cloy or overload.

"Oh, about the pumpkin pie: before the folks leave for home, I'll serve it, with good old American cheese and cider."

This is the menu which Miss Byington planned:

Chilled Carrots Olives Utah Celery
Pickled Onions Turkey with lots of Chestnut Dressing
Currant Jelly in Moulds Asparagus
Grapefruit Salad French Dressing
Floating Island Crystalized Ginger
Cider Black Coffee

And these are the recipes:

CHESTNUT DRESSING
(For a 12-pound turkey)
2 lbs. fresh chestnuts
8 cups medium bread crumbs
2 cups boiling water
2 eggs
1 cup melted fat
1 large onion, minced
2 teaspoonsful parsley, minced

Over crumbs, in mixing bowl, pour the 2 cups boiling water (or enough to moisten well), let soak 20 to 30 minutes; squeeze all excess moisture from crumbs. Add eggs, beaten lightly and melted fat (butter is best). Add onion, parsley and chestnuts. To prepare the fresh chestnuts: put in hot water to crack open; then blanch them; chop into fairly big pieces.

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SOUNDER, WHITER. You find your- self chewing more vigorously because of Dentyne's specially firm consistency. Mouth and teeth get wholesome exercise, salivary glands are stimulated, promoting natural self-cleansing. Dentyne's proved aid to stronger, whiter teeth!

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DENTYNE CHEWING GUM
HELPs KEEP TEETH WHITE
MOUTH HEALTHY
DELICIOUS CHEWING GUM

When Answering Advertisements, Please Mention December Hollywood 53
FLOATING ISLAND

(4 large portions)
3 eggs
6 tablespoons sugar
pinch of salt (small)
2 cups milk
vanilla
a little jelly

Beat the 3 egg yolks slightly, add the sugar, and salt. While stirring, add 2 cups scalded milk. Cook in double boiler till it thickens and forms coating on spoon. Pour at once into shallow baking dish. Beat eggs whites, add 6 tablespoons sugar, vanilla, place in spoonfuls on the custard and set jelly on each island. Brown for 12 or 15 minutes.

INDIAN PUDDING

(6 good portions)
5 cups milk
1/2 cup cornmeal
3/4 cup molasses
1 teaspoon ginger
1 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoonful cinnamon

Pour milk not too fast on cornmeal, cook in double boiler 20 minutes. Add the rest of the materials; pour into greased baking dish, set in pan of hot water and bake two hours. Serve with cream.

PUMPKIN PIE

(2 fair-sized pies)
2 cups pumpkin
3 egg yolks
1 cup brown sugar
1/4 teaspoon salt
1/2 teaspoon grated nutmeg
3 egg whites
1 teaspoon ginger
1 teaspoon ground cloves
1 teaspoon allspice
1/4 teaspoon cinnamon
3 cups scalded milk

Peel pumpkin, remove seeds, cut into pieces, steam till tender. Drain, mash through sieve. (Canned pumpkin is all right.) To 2 cups pumpkin, add the egg yolks, brown sugar, salt, nutmeg, ginger, cloves, allspice and cinnamon, and mix well. Add 3 cups scalded milk and fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites. Have pie plate lined with pastry and coated with white of egg. Pour the mixture in; bake in hot oven 10 minutes; reduce heat and bake 30 minutes longer.

RELIEVE ACID INDIGENCE WITH AMAZING SPEED

YES, TUMS, a remarkable, new 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 neutralize excess acid conditions. Acid pains are relieved almost at once. TUMS contain no laxatives, no harmful drugs. Guaranteed to contain no soda. Over 1 billion TUMS already used prove their amazing benefit. Try TUMS today. Only 10c for 12 TUMS at all druggists. Most economical relief. Chew like candy mints. Get it handy 10c roll today, or the three roll economy package with metal container for only 25c.

IT'S YOUR MOVE

Is the provocative title of a story about Rosalind Russell's new home in Hollywood, and anyone who ever has joyously set out for a new house, only to discover that the light hasn't been turned on, and the movers stopped for a three-hour lunch will enjoy her adventures.

In next month's HOLLYWOOD magazine

Has Anyone Ever Told You

When a whole city was given as a wedding present?

Why we raise our hats?

What the Massacre of Balangiga was?

The answers to these questions, with hundreds of other fascinating, amusing and educational facts, will be found in the December issue of PHOTO FACTS

Out October 15th • on all newsstands

Don't Miss This Number!
QUILLAN QUITS
THE WAITING GAME

Oh, the boredom of it all! Eddie Quillan posed for this camera study of a young man waiting in Hollywood, and says that it is a fine piece of work, though he complained bitterly about not having a few artistically draped cobwebs as a finishing touch.

When Eddie Quillan first arrived in Hollywood, some well meaning souls told him that patience was a virtue; that everything came to men who waited. The moon-faced comic believed it, acted on it.

Now, several years older (and wiser) Eddie says, "Patience may be a virtue but not in Hollywood. From now on I'll Eddie is a go-getter." And Eddie's fans will be happy to know he's getting his movie legs again and is chasing old man opportunity all over the lot.

After years in vaudeville with his Dad, Brother Johnnie and the several other versatile Quillans, Eddie came from the "two-a-day" theatre circuits to Mack Sennett's in 1926 for short-reel comedy stardom.

Hopeful of getting into feature pictures young Quillan quit Sennett to wait for the lead in Harold Teens because Carl Ed, the creator of the cartoon character, thought he was ideal for it. But — producers thought differently. After a few months Quillan found himself under contract to Pathe studios and starring in The Sophomore instead. As a smart cracking, boyish, collegian Quillan was a great favorite. Big Money and Night Work won him even greater success. Sweepstakes, Tip Off and Big Shot followed before Pathé was absorbed by RKO and Quillan waited placidly for the next opportunity to seek him out.

About this time Harold Lloyd had an idea that he might retire as a screen actor and become a producer of comedies instead. He had long admired young Quillan and when Eddie returned from a season of personal appearances throughout the country he gave him a long term contract. But Lloyd found that Paramount, which released his pictures, and millions of fans who patronized them didn't want the bespectacled comedian to retire. Lloyd deferred his production plans, Eddie Quillan waited, became an exceptional golfer — and waited.

Over a year the young comedian was off the screen. Finally he got a release from his agreement with Lloyd and went out on his own. He admired Lloyd and Lloyd admired him but they had both waited too long. Lloyd could make a single picture a year and still remain a big star, but with Quillan it was different.

Back on his own feet Quillan found out how quickly Hollywood forgets a face and a reputation. He appeared in Broadway to Hollywood with Frank Morgan and Alice Brady and in Hollywood Party and then waited another several months for a break. After Gridiron Flash and Strictly Personal he waited for a time to play his memorable role of Ellson in Mutiny on the Bounty. This performance brought his old followers rallying to his cause again.

Now Quillan is well started toward new recognition. Recently he completed London By Night with George Murphy and Rita Johnson at M-G-M and The Big City starring Spencer Tracy at the same studio. Meanwhile he is putting some comedy ideas into script form and one of these days don't be surprised if The Sophomore returns as one of our Senior college comedians.

BY GLADYS W. BABCOCK

When Answering Advertisements, Please Mention December

HOLLYWOOD 55
Men Who Boss the Stars

(Continued from page 28)

Sonja Henie's world fame made him scent a new star. Why big news on his own lot—romance between Tyrone Power and Sonja—made him pare in this ice

When five tiny babies wiggled pink toes to the front pages of the world's newspapers, a reporter in Chicago jotted on one page his idea of a screen plot to dramatize them. A major studio turned it down. Who ever heard of starring five infants?

The reporter had met Harry Brand, genial publicity chief for Zanuck. He mailed the one-page idea to Brand.

Brand exploded into Zanuck's office. Before the blond dynamo finished reading the one-page, he reached with his free hand for a long-distance telephone. Result: there were Quinluplets pictures, clinking profit enough in themselves to make any production chief up-sadisey with his Board of Directors.

One asset every top producer must have, to survive: the nose for a star. Zanuck made him pare in this. Tyrone Power, Don Ameche, Alice Faye, Sonja Henie and the Ritz Brothers are recent proofs.

In earlier days he whammed James Cagney from hoofer to star in one picture, Public Enemy. He pleaded with an employer to sign Clark Gable, but was overruled. "Just wait" was the verdict. "His ears are too big. An old-fashioned gangster type"...Oh, my!

Zanuck's capacity for work is incredible. His day begins at 8:30 a.m. and frequently lasts until the following 3:00 a.m. Each day, when at Westwood H.11s, he confers with Associate producers, checks writing progress on each story in preparation; sees all rushes from the day before; talks with casting and budget di-
rectors.

Zanuck is married to the gracious, attractive Virginia Fox, former screen actress. They have three children.

Among his characteristics on the lot, an important one is the ability to let his millions of dollars worth of surrounding brains think for themselves. His own mind spools speed, speed, speed. He thinks so fast that he keeps dictographs all about him, at the office, and at home, so he can dictate thoughts immediately and make room for more.

Zanuck himself says: "Entertainment must always be alive, never dead. When we use the rich past it is for those dramatic emotions that are ever new. Unless something applies, deep down, to living of the people today, it doesn't belong in pictures."

One of these days (I may register this idea with the Screen Writers' Guild) a rival company will scoop all Hollywood. They'll make the fastest, most exciting biographical film in history. It should be better than any of the Century-Fox's. It will be titled, "The Career of D. F. Zanuck."
### Movie Crossword

#### Across
5. — of Old Wyoming.
10. Lucie Dreyfus in Life of Emile Zola.
11. Initials of Dorothy Lee.
13. —— Good —— Married.
14. He is better known as "Alfalfa."
15. Joan Davis is married to —— Wills.
16. Stage ——.
18. Slave ——.
19. —— Can't Last Forever.
20. —— Over Town.
21. His last name is Huston.
22. —— Wide and Handsome.
24. First name of Miss Pringle.
27. First name of Miss Gordon, character actress.
28. Something to amuse Charlene Wyatt.
29. You Can't —— Love.
32. Director of Wee Willie Winkie.
33. Boroff in S.O.S. Coast Guard.
34. —— Faces of 1937.
36. Initials of Robert Young.
37. Irene ——.
38. Singing star of Rosalie.
39. Short for Mr. Lowe.
40. Rodents such as Disney's Minnie and Mickey.
41. Think Fast, —— Moto.
42. Initials of Shirley Mason, former star.
43. Conrad Nagel starred in —— Alarm.
44. Nana in Life of Emile Zola.
46. Feminine lead in The Awful Truth.
47. What heroine feels for the villain.

#### Down
1. First name of Miss Hopper.
2. Love —— On The Air.
3. My —— Miss Aldrich.
4. —— All Yours.
5. Harpo plays it.
6. Mary Astor's native state (abbr.).
7. Mervyn —— Roy directed They Won't Forget.
14. Janet Gaynor has a dimple here.
15. What Mr. Rumann is called (poss.).
18. Gloria's last name.
21. Beulah Potts in Meet the Boy Friend.
22. He was the manager in This Way Please.
22. —— Captives.
25. Rita Johnson had feminine —— in London by Night.
28. Miss Belinda in On Such a Night.
29. He had title role in Hopsalong Rides Again.
30. That Man's —— Again.
31. His last name is Sparks (poss.).
32. Flora Jackson in One Mile from Heaven.
33. Bulldog Drummond Comes ——.
35. She had romantic lead in Mr. Dodd Takes the Air.
37. —— Women and Horses.
38. Male lead in Here's Flash Casey.
40. The —— Who Cried Wolf.
41. The Last of —— Cheyney.
43. Sing and —— Happy.
45. The Girl Said ——

(Solution on page 64)
*Romance Test*  
[Continued from page 24]

make you melancholy and distrustful and a little nervous?___
9. There's a gorgeous goofiness to thinking you're in love—but are you sure (careful now!) that you couldn't be happy again if you didn't marry him?___
10. Would you turn to him as a good friend, somebody you could count on, even if he were not your beat?___
11. Have you felt that he was the One and Only for more than five months?___
12. Do you feel at your most exciting Best when you're with him?___

What's He Really Like?

Is he apt to haggie loudly over the dinner check with the waiter?___
2. Has he any line of talk except soft talk (you may be listening to him the rest of your life remember)?___
3. If you want to go dancing and he wants to go to the fights do you usually end up at the fights?___
4. Do other men (especially your brother or father) like him?___
5. Does he have IDEAS (such as sending you a gardenia once in a while or arranging a picnic) instead of a single-track mind that's glued to the stock market and football scores?___
6. When other men find you attractive, does he get all sulky and bothered?___
7. Does he interest and amuse you nine-tenths of the time?___
8. Has he made any definite plans for his career—and is he sticking to them?___
9. Does he like most of your friends?___
10. Does he like your family?___

Romance Insurance

1. Have you more than three of the following things in common with him? Love of sports; love of movies; music; dancing; books; gay parties; home life.
2. Do you save your wisecracks for your girl friends?___
3. Does his career interest you as much—or more—than your own?___
4. Do you try to make a habit of looking your best—instead of "glamourizing" only for a party?___
5. If he says some other girl is a Wonder, can you keep from playing her down?
6. Do you act the hostess graciously for his pals?
7. Are you a good sympathizer?___
8. Do you avoid (a) talking baby talk to him? ; (b) making suggestions more than twice? ; (c) cutting in on his best jokes with, "But you told that before"?
9. If business keeps him from keeping a date (and you know it's business!) do you show annoyance?___
10. Do you tell him you love him? (But not more than once a day)!___

Here's the way to score!
Compare your answers with those given below and give yourself TEN for every one you have right. The highest score is 490.

<table>
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<tr>
<th>Tuxesome</th>
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<td>7. Yes</td>
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<td>8. Yes</td>
<td>8. No   (There's something wrong if it does!)</td>
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<td>9. Yes (Oh my, yes!)</td>
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<td>11. Yes</td>
<td>11. Yes (Time is the one sure proof!)</td>
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<td>12. Yes</td>
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150 points 120 points

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100 points 120 points

If your score is between:

- 450 and 490—THAT'S ROMANCE! Grade A and ultra plus!
- 410 and 450—ROMANCE. Grade B.
- 370 and 410—Romance (skimmed milk variety).
- 330 and 370—It's De-lovely—but will it last?
- 270 and 330—No altar-ations...
- 200 and 270—False Alarm!
- 120 and 200—"Let's Call The Whole Thing Off!"
- 0 and 120—"Pick yourself up, dust yourself off—and start all over again!"

How to be a Howling Social Success

(Continued from page 23)

"My system insures your having a table to sit at as the guest who knows his knives because it brings the invitations. That's the crucial thing, the invitation. Or rather, the repeat invitation to the same table."

"Seriously," I said, "that's what I really wanted to talk about. Granted there is an art in being a perfect host or hostess, isn't it likewise true that there is an art in being a perfect guest? The kind who becomes more welcome with each succeeding visit?"

Stu dropped his clowning banter at once. "Gosh, yes, if there is anything I know that would help somebody," he said warmly.

As a starter in advice, Stu said there was a certain amount of truth in his gag about not taking sides in unexpected family arguments, however innocuous they seemed at the time.

"It's a funny thing, but you come out loser even if you are on the winning side," he said. "After the argument is settled, even the winner starts getting resentful of your intrusion because you stuck your nose in something that was none of your business."

"Next, remember you are expected to pay your way at the party by being as entertaining as you can. Contribute your share willingly. If, for instance, you can amuse others by playing the piano, do it graciously and promptly without a lot of false modesty cracks when you are asked to play. But stop playing before you have worn everyone out; it's better to leave them wanting more than thankful you finally have quit."

"Whatever you do, don't try to be the life of the party; particularly if you are a comedian or think you are," he warned. "People can walk out of a theatre if they don't like your humor but at a party they must suffer in silence. And boy, have I seen them suffer!"

When it comes to general conversation, there are a few basic do's and don'ts to remember, Stu said. Don't monopolize it. Don't interrupt others, even if your particular gem of wit or information eventually gets lost in the shuffle. Don't use the word "I" to excess. Don't pretend you have read some book, seen some play or heard some music you haven't. Admit frankly you haven't, but are interested in what others have to say of them.

"Be a good listener," he advised, "and you'll be invited back. It's astounding how many people want to talk and how few are willing to listen. A good audience is a joy forever."

Stu listed the next "Don'ts" under Miscellaneous.

"Don't insist on playing your pet game," he said. "Don't even suggest it unless requested. But if your hostess suggests some game, play it with enthusiasm and good grace if it kill you. Don't bank any gambling game, however small the stakes; let somebody else be the sucker for the dark suspicions that a little juggling of the books was done to lose track of that thirty-seven cents."

"Don't play practical jokes. Don't en-
for your favorite radio programs on others. There is nobody more poisonous than the guy who rush in, says 'hello' and then beats it for the radio to catch the tail end of a serial. Or the social blight who interrupts a bridge game or nicely flowing conversation with 'Pardon me, do you mind?' It's time for Kiddie Kut-ups; I never miss them if I can help

• Don't bring your dog, however well behaved he may be at home. Accidents will happen, and some people are funny about not liking hair all over their clothes. And don't feed your host's dog!
• Don't criticize your host's liquor, clothes, home, pets, children or wife, even if asked to express your honest opinion. That way lies social suicide.

Don't order or deliberately underdress for an occasion. One is embarrassing, the other insulting. Determine in advance your host's wishes in the matter and respect them.

Don't fail to arrive at the designated time if it is humansly possible. If you find you are going to be late, have the decency to call and inform your host of the fact. That lets him out of a tough spot and he can give you more than you probably expect for being away from you.

Don't be careless with his possessions, but don't keep harping apologies if an accident happens. Say you are sorry, show you mean it, and let it go at that.

Don't ignore his children, but don't patronize them or make too much of a fuss over them. Greet and treat them exactly as you do other guests. Don't rough-house with them on the floor. Both they and their parents secretly will think you silly—and be right!

Don't be the last one to go home.

In other words, Stu summed it up, be yourself.

"Because there is nothing more deadly—or unwelcome—than a phony."

If You Believe All You Hear

1. She batted her eye
2. The weight of the world on his
shoulder.
3. They chewed the rag
4. He fell for her
5. They put the finger on him
6. She cried out eyes
7. He swept her off feet
8. Her eyes fell
9. She glued her eye to the
door
10. They hold up the bank
11. He burned
12. Angry enough to bite nails
13. He hit the nail on the head
14. He blew up
15. He placed her on a pedestal
16. He broke his word
THE GREAT GARRICK (Warners)

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[Image 0x0 to 500x675]
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When Count Armallia decided to prove that all humans are equal, he picked a girl (Jean Crawford) from a waterfront dive, dressed her lavishly, and sent her to a fashionable resort to demonstrate that she could get by in unaccustomed surroundings. The girl determines to make her exciting luxury permanent by marrying playboy Robert Young, even though she is more than attracted to the village postmaster, played by Franchot Tone. Billie Burke, Reginald Owen, George Zucco and Mary Phillips help confuse matters and build a very funny film.

OVER THE GOAL (Warner Brothers)

```
When you spend your 50-paise a day, you're saving up for Kelpamalt. After all, the duping is done by a small group of the most sagacious and enterprising characters. With the Kelpamalt your health will not go down. But your health will improve if you take Kelpamalt.
```

DANGEROUSLY YOURS (Twentieth Century-Fox)

If you like guessing games, see if you can find the crooks separate from the innocent victims of this jewel-thief yarn. Cesar Romero, Phyllis Brooks, Jane Darwell and Alan Dinehart are kept busy trying to get possession of the diamonds.

FIGHT FOR YOUR LADY (RKO)

Jack Oakie as a bankrupt sports promoter, helps John Bales, as a concert singer, out of one romance into another. Ida Lupino as a dance-hall singer and Erik Rhodes as the champion duellist of Europe add to the fun and the pleasantly satirical over-tone.

DANGER—LOVE AT WORK (Twentieth Century-Fox)

It started out to be work for Jack Haley, as the junior partner of a law firm, to get signatures from an erratic family played by Mary Boland, Ann Sothern, Walter Catlett, Margaret Seddon and Margaret McWade (better known as the pixilated sisters). But it ended up as love for our hero and fun for audiences, especially when Edward Everett Horton enters the scene as a jealous rival.

THERE GOES THE GROOM (RKO)

The whimsical good-nature of Burgess Meredith as the rich man from Alaska who visits his school girl sweetheart and falls in love with her younger sister, Ann Sothern, is in direct contrast to the grim unhappy role he played in his first picture, Winterset. Here is something new in film heroes. See it and add your name to Burgess Meredith's fan following.

THE PERFECT SPECIMEN (Warners)

Young Gerald Wicks (Errol Flynn) was the heir to thirty millions and was to inherit factories employing thousands of men. So gruff, opinionated grandma (May Robson) decided to make him the moral, mental and physical superior of everyone of his employees. Max Baer taught him how to box. Barney Oldfield's assistant taught him how to drive. But life was dull behind the high fence of the Wicks estate.

Lots of fun if you have nothing on your mind and want to stay that way.

Read this actual Letter... . . .

```
"It is with great pleasure that I wish to tell you of the remarkable changes in my health since I started taking Kelpamalt. "All my life I have been overweight. I tried every available medicine, but all failed to remove the excess. In fact, I found it impossible to regain my strength. For several years I was in a very bad state, I had advice from several Doctors both in England and the United States. I spent a large amount of money in medicines but without result. I had almost decided that I would never feel well again when I read of Kelpamalt. I got a bottle from a friend and was delighted to be able to change almost at once. I became thinner, my appetite returned, my complexion improved, my general health improved. I have been a Kelpamalt用户 ever since. Where my money used to stand, I now less flesh, and after 2 bottles of Kelpamalt I have gained 20 lbs.
```

SEEDOL Kelpamalt Tablets

```
SPECIAL FREE OFFER

Write today for FREE booklet. Free booklet written by Dr. John H. Thomas tells how to get the most from your Kelpamalt. Give your Kelpamalt to your friends. It could be a real help to them. It could be a real help to you.
```

When answering Advertisements, please mention December Hollywood

When answering Advertisements, please mention December Hollywood

When answering Advertisements, please mention December Hollywood
light in LANA TURNER'S extremely busy romantic existence. And, for more RO-
MANCE, JOAN BLONDELL and DICK
POWELL finally got away for a few days
in their trailer... ALONE. They camped
on the beach of Ensenada.

■ When NINO MARTIN'S Music for
Madame, in which she appears as lead-
ing lady, was previewed, JOAN FON-
TAIN didn't attend. She was too fright-
ened and nervous. Instead, she and a boy
friend sat at a table in Lucy's, where, dur-
ing the unreeling of the film, she brooded
in a quiet way.

For two days, even after reading the
very complimentary reviews, Joan roamed
the city, trying not to think of the picture.
But all to no avail... she couldn't stand
up under the strain, and had the studio
run the picture off for her. Joan has so
pronounced a case of inferiority that she
was afraid even to look at herself on
the screen. Now WHY?

■ Similarly, BETTE DAVIS feels so
strongly about the character she in-
terpreted in Human Bondage that, though
she has looked at the film at least a dozen
times, she refuses to watch certain scenes
of herself, particularly in the closing re-
es of the production. Incidentally, she has
purchased a print of Human Bondage.

■ CECIL B. DE MILLE'S views on
bright red nail polish on women are
well-known in Hollywood, but never has
he been so scathing in his sarcasm as
when he asked a secretary assigned to
him for special dictation... "Is all that
paint necessary to take shorthand?"

■ Strange indeed are the ways of child-
hood. JANE WITHERS had a day
off from the set of her latest starring pic-
ture, 45 Fathers, and Papa Witzers sug-
gested going on a long-promised fishing
trip, one that Jane had looked forward
to for weeks. But would Janie go... not
on your tin-type. She protested she
couldn't miss the current chapter of the
Dick Tracy serial running at the neigh-
borhood theatre!

■ One of the most amusing incidents
of a recent preview was PRESTON
FOSTER losing his wife. No foolin'.
Pres induced several friends to aid in the
search, and finally the missing frau was
located across the street from the theatre,
calmly watching the antics of a little me-
chanical man stand on his head.

■ The first of the approaching Italian
hajra arrived in Hollywood in the
person of beauiful ISA MIRANDA, who
will support FRED MacMURRAY in
Lady of the Tropics. Isua landed in the
film city with twenty-eight pieces of luggage,
maid, manager and a Hungarian sheep-
dog that already is the wonderment of the
Hollywoods. There's nothing small about
Isa, except her trim figure... she imme-
diately engaged three large apartments
at the Chateau Elseyse, and seriously is
considering renting a fourth. She needs
room, does Isa...

■ When you read this, LEW AYRES
probably will be in India. At least,
that's his plan, as this note is being writ-
ten. While we're on the subject of India,
did you know there are more than three
hundred separate motion picture studios
in that far-off country?

■ PATRICIA ELLIS has fallen so in
love with rural England and its ar-
chitecture that she intends building a
home in Hollywood the exact replica of
the cottage she lived in while visiting in
Bucks County, during her recent sojourn
in the British Isles. She had the plans
copied, and a Hollywood architect already
is at work preparing erection of the new
home.

■ A vast number of movie-famous are
moving into new homes. Little
OLYME BRADNA discovered a small
cottage in San Fernando Valley and took
her family there to complete negotiations,
while NELSON EDDY and his mother are
taking over a large, formal establishment
with five bedrooms and a mammoth gym-
nasium. TILLY LOSCH and HER
mother have packed, too... to move next door,
and others with the moving bug include the
ROBERT MONTGOMERYS, VIR-
GINIA BRUCE and ELOISILUS-
SELL. Last, but certainly not least, is
the fact that FANNY BRICE has taken a
year's lease on the COUNTESS DI FRAS-
SO'S house... which should mean plenty
of something or other.

HITHER, THITHER AND OTHERS:

■ LORETTA YOUNG breaks out in a
rash whenever she eats strawberries,
and in her two past pictures she's had to
consume huge handfuls of the fruit... NORMA SHEARER is going in for goofy

Here's why the new
Scientifically
improved
Ex-Lax
Offers you greater
benefits than ever!

Tastes better
than ever
Ex-Lax now has a
smoother, richer cho-
colate flavor—tastes like a
choice confection! You'll
like it even better than
you did before.

Acts better
than ever
Ex-Lax is now even
more effective than it
used to be. Empties the
bowels more thoroughly,
more smoothly, in less
time than before.

More gentle
than ever
Ex-Lax famous for its mild-
ness, Ex-Lax is today so
remarkably gentle in action
that, except for the relief you get, you
scarcely realize you have
taken a laxative.

... and you'll
FEEL BETTER
after taking it!

Now improved—better than ever!

Ex-Lax
The Original Chocolate laxative

Touch up
Grav Streaks

Any color
Light Brown & Black

Gives a natural, youthful appearance
Easy as penciling your eyebrows in your own
home; not greasy will not rub off nor interfere
with curling $1.50 all drug and department stores.

FREE SAMPLE—
Brookline Chemical Co.,
79 Sudbury Street, Boston, Mass.
Name
Street
City
State

Give original hair color.

Farr's for Gray Hair

When Answering Advertisements, Please Mention December Hollywood
WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Ranin' to Go

The liver should purge out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If the bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas builds up in your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, unkempt and the world looks pink.

A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else at all drug stores.

ANY PHOTO ENLARGED

Size 8 x 10 inches or smaller if desired. Send photo and Jow within a week you will receive your beautiful enlargement, guaranteed free of charge. 9x12 for $3.50, 10x13 for $4.00. Send with name of any picture. Big 16x20-inch enlargement only $5.00. Any size or odd size and we will price. Take advantage of this amazing offer now. Send your photos today.

104 A Jefferson St., Dept. 227-W., CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Who doesn't like the crack made by Paul Muni when they told him at Warners that he was to be billed as

Mr. Paul Muni in THE LIFE OF EMILE ZOLA

and he replied, quietly, modestly and intelligently, "It should be Paul Muni in THE LIFE OF MR. ZOLA."

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912.

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2. The complete postal address of the publisher is A. Fawcett, 60 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

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Lead With Your Left in Love

[Continued from page 20]

"If the lady of your heart playfully suggests that she'd like to swipe a red lantern from a street excavation, don't swipe it for her—that's crude, and besides you'd get arrested—but next day send her a red lantern in a nest of gardenias. If she speaks well of milk, have a cow embellished with ribbons delivered at her front door. If she complains that you're never serious, send her a bound copy of a year's Cornelia Records.

"Be elfin, the complete playboy, the perfect prankster. That's the proper attitude. Not snickering all the time, you know, but always a gleeful turn of mind and an airy outlook.

"If she wants to consider things gravely, break out some quip that makes her burst into laughter. Or if you can't wring a laugh from her, at least don't let her make you consider things gravely, unless you want to leave yourself wide open. It's obvious, isn't it, that when you won't be serious about anything—no matter how much you're interested in the girl—then you can't be hurt. There's nothing to worry about when you laugh, is there?"

There's wrinkles, I reminded him. "A sour face gets as many wrinkles," Young responded, "and worse ones. Take a face that laughed all its life, and a face that's scowled, and which would you rather have?"

"Vanilla," I said; getting into the spirit of play.

"Listen," Bob expostulated, "don't go talking like a scenario. Love's like a world war. It's O.K. if you don't take it too seriously. But who can help taking it seriously?"

"That's the real difficulty about the gay and glosseous stuff. There's nothing more enjoyable than not taking anything seriously—until you begin to get serious about a girl. The moment you're truly interested. You can't take courtship lightly any more. Love's no joke the minute it's actually love.

"Oh, certainly you can laugh even when you're engaged. And you and she can be merry and bright every time you talk with each other. But in your heart neither one of you can regard your romance merrily. Other people's romances, sure; but your own is something else again. What romance needs, I'm thoroughly convinced, is more laughs. But it won't get them, except as usual from people on the sidelines.

"As a matter of fact, more laughs are the greatest need of modern civilization. You ought to have a sense of humor for your romance, and also for your marriage. I'm thankful that my wife has a swell sense of humor. We had plenty of laughs when we first met, but the minute I realized here was the girl I wanted for my wife, I began to grow solemn.

"A man is more likely to lose his sense of humor when he falls in love. Perhaps sometimes it's just as well. A man may be the irresponsible cutup as much as he likes on first acquaintance, but if he's going to marry the girl he'd better know when to stop being so fearfully funny.

"Because, at these times humor can be dangerous. There's no greater weapon than a laugh. A well-timed chuckle can break up an international crisis, or an engagement. That's why these carefree playboys and laughter-loving tomboys have to know when to stop laughing. People in love have sandpapered nerves. Kidding remarks that would hardly register ordinarily, will nearly kill them then, and a misplaced giggle can start less repartee than riot. The girl who yesterday would cap your whole classical sarcasm with a scintillating retort is ready, as your future wife, to crown you for it with a brick. And just because she loves you!

"Naturally, the same goes for the man. He becomes a sensitive creature, easily wounded by a word. Does he caper through his romance with mischief in his eye and a smart handful of epigrams for every occasion? Ha! Courtship is like any other game; lots of fun as long as you're taking part for the fun of it. But as soon as you begin to care awfully about whether or not you're going to win—try and think up an epigram?

"I don't say it ought to be so. In fact, I oughtn't. I think love should be full of laughter, the way the scenarios arrange it. Only—perhaps I'm prejudiced—I think the boy should laugh first. Perhaps this means that the girl will laugh last; but she will, anyhow."

Bob finished the coffee. A slow smile spread over his face.

"So? So I laughed in Married Before Breakfast, and the heroine married the other fellow. The same thing happened in The Bride Comes Home, I Met Him in Paris, and The Bride Wore Red. Be funny, eh? Be carefree, though lovesick. Keep your left out and your chin down. That's what I did in all four pictures, and it's a beautiful theory. But, look—I didn't get the girl!"

Who would think that a nickel could buy so much relief? Cure a cold? No! But a single package of BEECH-NUT COUGH DROPS BLACK OR MENTHOL can give welcome relief from "throat tickle" that comes from a cold.

Be Your Own MUSIC Teacher

[Continued from page 20]

[Advertisement for Beech-Nut Cough Drops with an offer of a free book and a coupon for a new curler.]

Next month, just in time for Christmas, read Hollywood's newest ideas for wrapping gifts and decorating packages in starry style.

When Answering Advertisements, Please Mention December HOLLYWOOD
LAST MINUTE PHOTOS

Perhaps you think lovingly of Mischa as a comedian, but he likes to think of himself as Man-Mountain Auer. Here he demonstrates his mighty muscles to Howard (Hangman) Cantonwine, famous wrestler, who appears with him in Universal's *Merry-Go-Round* of 1938.

Above, Wallace Beery having fun with toys from his pals while he recovers from the accidental gunshot incurred in the making of *Bad Man of Brimstone*. Below, "What is this I see in my dressing room?" asks Robert Montgomery of propman George Lee. The visitor in mittens is Robert Benchley.

Above, Cliff (Ukulele Ike) Edwards tunes up for M-G-M's *The Women Men Marry*. Below, "Why did they name me Gracie, except I can dance something divine?" demands the little lady. Fred Astaire seems less than convinced as he and the Burnses rehearse for *A Damsel in Distress*.

Left, Joan Bennett, very smart in a tailored suit, left Hollywood to start her stage engagement in *Stage Door*. Right: Here's a funny one for the column, and W. C. Fields removes his toothpick long enough to whisper in Walter Winchell's ear.
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Maybelline does Make!

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Improvement MAYBELLINE
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Now a bit of Maybelline Eye Shadow blended softly on your eyelids, and notice how your eyes immediately take on brilliance and color, adding depth and beauty to your expression.

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Maybelline Eye Cream—to soften, protect and smooth the tender skin around your eyes.
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