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Movie Classic

THE LIFE STORY OF ROBERT TAYLOR
Begin this Amazing Revelation by his Mother
WIN A TELEPHONE CALL from LORETTA YOUNG
Beautiful Eyes

with

Maybelline

EYE BEAUTY AIDS

Maybelline Mascara is available in both the fully perfected CREAM form and the ever-popular SOLID form.

INTRODUCTORY SIZES 10¢ . . AT ALL LEADING TEN CENT STORES
It's immensely and vitally important—when boy meets girl—when man meets woman.

And the first smile she gives him should be a quick flash of sheer beauty—white teeth in a healthy mouth.

But if she's been careless, heedless—her smile may be just an unpleasant glimpse of dingy teeth, of tender gums... and that "moment of magic"—that "instant of glamour" is lost forever.

NEVER NEGLECT "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

For the sake of your own good looks and good health—go directly to your dentist whenever you see that tinge of "pink." It may be a symptom of a serious gum trouble. But it is far more likely to be a simple warning of gums that need more exercise, more stimulation—gums that will quickly respond to the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage.

Modern dental teaching emphasizes this fact—today's soft foods are largely responsible for tender, ailing gums. They need far more work and exercise than they get to keep them firm and healthy. And that is why Ipana Tooth Paste and massage is so widely recommended—so widely practiced. Rub a little extra Ipana into your gums every time you brush your teeth, and the reason is soon evident.

For those lazy gums awake. Circulation increases. Gums feel stronger. You'll notice a firmer feeling, a healthier look. They're less "touchy," and more resistant.

Ipana is especially designed to benefit the gums as well as the teeth. So when you use Ipana in addition to massage, you are using the dentist's ablest assistant in the home care of teeth and gums. You are giving the really serious gum troubles far fewer chances. And you are adding, every day, to your own beauty and your own power of attraction.

She evades all close-ups... Dingy teeth and tender gums destroy her charm... She ignored "PINK TOOTH BRUSH."
Robert Taylor meets Joan Crawford—in the sizzling story of an outrageous flirt who couldn't make her heart behave. She defied conventions and slanderous tongues to live her romantic life to the hilt! Three men are tangled in the web of her enchantment in Samuel Hopkins Adams' story, and what a whale of a picture M-G-M has made of it!

Directed by CLARENCE BROWN
Produced by JOSEPH L. MANKIEWICZ
Robert Taylor Answers .................................................. The Inquiring Reporter 22
The Man Who Refound his Childhood—Paul Kelly ....................... by Dorothy Donnell 24
Fate—Fame—and Robert Taylor ........................................ by James Reid 28
Norma Shearer's First Romeo ................................................. by Mary Revere 30
"I Have No Regrets"—Spencer Tracy ........................................... by Gladys Hall 31
Do Modern Women Deserve Chivalry? 
Kay Francis Answers ............................................................. by Jack Grant 32
That Weidler Kid ................................................................. by Marian Rhea 34
On The Cuff ................................................................. by William F. French 35
The Re-creation of Clark Gable ................................................ by Sonia Lee 36
"I'm Hard-boiled"—Bette Davis ................................................ by Leon Surmelian 38
Roses for Garbo ............................................................... by Sada Cowan 40
Betty Furness Writes a Beau .................................................... 44
Stage Struck—Owen Davis, Jr. .................................................. by Mary Pennington 46
I Raised My Boy to Be a Husband—Jack Oakie ................................. by Virginia Lane 47
Growing Up With Hollywood ................................................... by Whitney Williams 48
Win a Telephone Call from Loretta Young ..................................... 50

A League of Nations Dinner .................................................. by Dorothy Dwan 8
Why Ginger Rogers Has Beautiful Hair ......................................... by Alison Alden 16
School Belles—Fall Fashions ..................................................... by Sally Martin 39

Party Line in Hollywood ....................................................... by Eric Ergenbright 10
The Show Window ............................................................... by Eric Ergenbright 12
Hollywood Highlights ............................................................ by The Boulevardier 18

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MEMBER AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS
Now You’re Talking

A page devoted to our readers’ likes and dislikes—the more frankly expressed the better.

§15 Letter

Break the Bank—I wish to register a kick, a very decisive one. My kick is aimed at the so-called bank or rainbow nights. Here in a neighborhood of four or five thousand souls we have four bank nights and one Screeno each week. With the frenzy created by large pots, school and community activities are virtually ruined. Every organization shuffles dates to miss bank nights. In case of conflict the school or community activity suffers. If this thing must continue as a subsidy to movie art it might be justified, but I doubt if it contributes to the lasting good health of the movie business. What do the producers think?

Now that I have registered my kick I have two amens to letters in the July Movie Classic. I agree with Phyllis Ayer of San Francisco that the east should be repeated at the end of the picture. Many a time I have gone away from a show anxious to know the name of some actor who had appealed to me. Recently I have noticed that some pictures do this.

I agree with Martin W. Elliott of Atlanta that historical pictures should be authentic. We recognize the screen as a potent educational agency. It should stick to facts when treating historical characters. Neither should irrelevant things be played up. I was nauseated with the mushy love affairs in a Lincoln picture a few years back. I don’t believe Lincoln was given a square deal.—C. L. Baldwin, Sup’t. Public Schools, Boar creek, Montana.

§5 Letter

A “Double” Complaint—Please add my voice to theplaint against the “Double Feature” nuisance.

There used to be a day when you could go home from work, enjoy your dinner, and then come down town in time for a short stage presentation, or a comedy as a relaxing prelude to the feature picture of the evening.

Now, with the double features to run, schedules are so cock-eyed, that in order to see only the picture you’re interested in, you must either forego a quiet dinner, and rush down on the dot of 7 o’clock. Or, you must sit up and wait until 9:30, by which time you are so engrossed in your book, the radio, or a rubber of bridge, that you wouldn’t go out to see Cleopatra herself in the title rôle.

Usually, you catch the tail-end of some second-rate “feature,” or you miss the very first shots of the picture you came to see.

June Lang, formerly June Vlasak, is being hailed as a star by Twentieth Century-Fox. Her first major rôle is in Road To Glory. What do you think of her chances?

And I don’t know which puts you in a worse humor.—Mollie Shan, 172 Chapel Street, New Haven, Conn.

§1 Letters

No Tears, Please—Who originated the idea that the public craves sob pictures has been an uppermost thought in my mind for some time? And I recall having seen but one picture—The King Steps Out—that didn’t have a sad note in its make up and this goes for the past few months. I see on the average of two first runs weekly. I, one of the millions, supposedly go to the movies to be entertained. Instead, I take along an extra hanky and prepare myself for some miserable moments along with a mascara streaked make-up. And, in the bargain, I pay for all this discomfort. What a laugh! I think in the future, if there aren’t more pictures without the sob stuff, I’ll do my sobbing at home. It’s more economical.—Marie Catherine Hagel, Reading, Ohio.

Do You Agree?—Maybe I AM crazy; I know I’m crazy over the pictures as the saying goes, but I don’t like COLOR films for EVERYDAY picture fare. Occasionally, yes, swell; but as a general thing I hope it doesn’t work out. It hurts my eyes, distracts from the attention to the plot and the acting. I’m led astray by a green patch in the distance, a cloud formation, oh, a myriad of confusing objects. On the stage where the scope is possible and we simply have the cast to watch it is different—but did you ever really see or know anyone who would want to attend outdoor theatrical performances at midday three times a week? I doubt it.

Of course, I’m probably a “crank” and a reactionary. I dreaded the advent of talkies, and now I love them, although (small voice) Chaplin’s Modern Times proved that genius could overcome sound, now didn’t it?—(Mrs.) C. Rose, San Francisco, Calif.

Children’s Hour—A child actor has finally got me! In fact, two children, and what wonders, and what a picture! After resisting the combined efforts of Jackie Cooper, Jackie Cooper and more recently, Shirley Temple, I have at last fallen for a couple of juveniles. I am referring to those two marvelous little kids in the movie adaptation of The Children’s Hour, renamed We Three. Mar velous is the only word that will adequately describe them. They could not have been any more natural in the picture if it had been an actual part of their lives.

When you can say truthfulness that a couple of small girls made the experienced efforts of Merle Oberon and Miriam Hopkins look like the antics of a couple of amateurs, then you have some idea of how much those kids impressed me. I look forward with positive eagerness for their next appearance in a picture.—William B. Dixon, Washington, D.C.

Tired of Gal Shows—It seems to me we have had enough variations of Forty-Sec ond Street. Beautiful girls going around in circles or making squares and geometrical designs certainly get tiresome after a time. I have seen a few sentimental comedy, if that is what it is called, you need not go to another. It will be the same thing all over again.

I am a little personal dislike too. I think the little mustaches, like those of Clark Gable and Jack Oakie, spoil the looks of most men. They look like lipstick tache tales.—Mary Ruth Barton, 2413 Fairmount Ave., La Crescenta, Calif.
Your favorite soldier of fortune, the dashing "Bengal Lancer", laughing, fighting his way through another glorious romantic adventure.

Gary Cooper and Madeleine Carroll in "THE GENERAL DIED AT DAWN"
A League of Nations Dinner

When members of The Garden of Allah company gathered for dinner—dishes from 5 foreign countries were served by Dorothy Dwan

WITH few exceptions, the stars look forward to location trips—yet these excursions typify everything but the comforts of home! It's an unsolved mystery how the pampered darlings of the world can cheerfully banish thoughts of the cold, sparkling water glistening in their tiled pool's, or of the soft cushions flung carelessly about their shady, flower-filled patios—while they vainly try to find a comfortable spot on the desert wastes of Arizona—which was the problem of The Garden of Allah cast. Imagine the glamorous Dietrich and fascinating Charles Boyer, laughing in unison with Joseph's Schildkraut and Basil Rathbone, through the hardships created by a daily temperature of 125 degrees!

Perhaps it is the subconscious reaction of getting away from it all that causes this enthusiasm for location work—no telephones—no studio conferences—and no social obligations. However, just one temperament gets a person with a "comfort complex" will put a damper on what the players try to make into a holiday.

Then again, the innate sporting blood and the desire to be known as a "good troupener" comes to their rescue and the members of a picture company will still smile and retain their sense of humor even though they are eating sand, doctoring smarting eyes, and must wait until seven or eight in the evening for the one "square meal" of the day. Up until that time fruit juices and light salads are the only prominent nourishment.

Miles from civilization, a tiny tent emerging into being for the housing of most of The Garden of Allah company, while the principal members of the cast had accommodations in Yuma. Before driving back to town at night, they enjoyed a location dinner in the cool of the evening, finding pleasure in the beauties of the barren region that proved almost unbearable at midday and yet had an indescribable fascination at night.

Sitting around the table one evening, a discussion of favorite dishes came up—and it was suggested that each evening the chef honor a member of the dinner group by serving his or her preferred recipe. This resulted in much concentration upon the part of the parties involved to be sure their country would not suffer by comparison—and dinners from five foreign nations!

The idea undoubtedly proved an ordeal to the chef but how nice for us. Now we may serve authentic recipes from Germany, France, Austria, Poland, and England.

Naturally Marlene Dietrich sponsored Germany, and even if you are unadulterated American, you'll love these tasty German Pancakes.

GERMAN PANCAKES

2 1/2 cups flour
2 tsp. salt
2 cups chabbered sour milk
1 1/2 tsp. soda
2 eggs well beaten
3 tbs. melted butter

Sift flour and salt together. Beat eggs until very light, add soda to milk and beat well until soda is thoroughly dissolved. Add flour to beaten eggs alternately with milk, avoiding beating as much as possible. Have griddle hot, pour in batter and bake until upper side bubbles, turn and bake on other side. Serve with butter and plenty of syrup.

We suggest Vermont Maid Syrup with these delicious and different pancakes.

Basil Rathbone upheld England which is his native [Continued on page 62]

Cook Book

FRENCH ICE CREAM

2 cups milk
3 egg yolks
1/2 cup sugar
3 egg whites
1/2 pint whipped cream
1 tsp. vanilla flavoring

Heat the milk in top of double boiler and beat the egg yolks until light. Add the sugar to yolks and beat until thoroughly blended, then add hot milk. Stir mixture until well mixed and return to double boiler. Cook until mixture coats spoon. Remove from heat and cool. Fold in stiffly beaten egg whites, then add whipped cream and flavoring. Freeze and serve with chocolate sauce.
LETTER from Grace Moore, written just after the close of her fabulously successful concert season in London, tells briefly but joyously of a triumphant tour. In Stockholm, where she sang before Their Majesties, she was decorated by the King of Sweden. In Norway, the Queen gave her a beautiful brooch as a token of her admiration. Everywhere, in short, music lovers greeted her with adulation. Which all leads to the observation that even though the screen may not yet be the equal of the operatic or concert stage as a medium of musical expression, it is certainly the greatest publicity medium on earth. Before her screen success, La Moore was known only in the upper stratum of the music world. Today she is known everywhere.

Sten's Back

Anna Sten, who left Hollywood flat after a reputed quarrel with Samuel Goldwyn, her “importer,” has returned in triumph after scoring a sensational hit in the British-made film, A Woman Alone. She will star in a picture entitled Enchantment to be produced here for English release by her husband, Dr. Frenke. After its completion she will again go to London to play opposite Leslie Howard in Bonnie Prince Charlie.

She Earned It

It's all very well to talk about the sensational success of Jeanette MacDonald in San Francisco for she gives a performance in that fine picture that will go down in history, as an example of what a great songstress can do. Her voice is a wonder and her acting is perfect. She is a star and will have a long career ahead of her. The film itself is a wonderful one and will be a great success. The music is great and the story is well told.

mention of another fact:

Jeanette, starting in “show business” as a chorus girl, worked for six years, discouraging years before she could persuade a producer to let her act and sing. For six years she fought for singing roles and was shunted aside into dancing parts.

Her courage during those formative years deserves just as much praise as the great talent which is its result.

Im-musing!

Over the Party Line comes an amusing story—which like ninety percent of the amusing stories told in Hollywood is pinned on that long-suffering genius, Sam Goldwyn. It seems that Sam, overhearing a noisy quarrel between several of his contract writers, proposed himself as arbiter.

"It's this way, Mr. Goldwyn," they explained. "We're discussing a scene for the picture, and we're arguing about whether a certain piece of business can be done . . . ."

"Tell me what it is," said Sam. And they did.

"I can answer that in exactly two words," he declared stoutly. "IM-POSSIBLE!"

[Continued on page 58]
CAROLE LOMBARD's beauty bath protects daintiness—leaves skin sweet

I STEP INTO A FRAGRANT LUX TOILET SOAP BATH—LIE BACK A MOMENT COMPLETELY RELAXED

WHEN I STEP OUT I AM SO MARVELOUSLY REFRESHED! MY SKIN IS SOFT AND SMOOTH—DELCATELY PERFUMED

CAROLE LOMBARD Famous Paramount Star

A LOVELY screen star—a famous and beautiful woman—Carole Lombard tells you a simple beauty secret you'll find easy and delightful to follow.

You'll be amazed at the way a luxurious Lux Toilet Soap bath peps you up. The ACTIVE lather of this fine soap sinks deep into the pores, carries away stale perspiration, every trace of dust and dirt, leaves skin really clean—smooth—delicately fragrant.

"A swell way to protect daintiness!" popular girls say. Why don't you use this fine complexion soap for your daily beauty bath, too? It's the soap 9 out of 10 screen stars use to keep skin flawless.
The Show Window

Frank reviews of the latest screen offerings

by Eric Ergenbright

EXCEPTIONAL

SAN FRANCISCO—Credit Leo, the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lion, with another smash hit!

With the Barbary Coast and the San Francisco earthquake and fire as a background, with W. S. Van Dyke as director, with a cast headed by Clark Gable, Jeannette MacDonald, Spencer Tracy and Jack Holt, much was expected of this picture. And it exceeds every expectation!

The story concerns the owner of a water-front honky-tan, a millionaire scion of society, and their rivalry for the love of a singer who climbs from the Barbary Coast to grand opera. Jeannette, the singer, is magnificent. Her numbers run the gamut of old melodies, popular numbers and grand opera and should please every taste. This picture definitely establishes her as the screen’s Number One Lady-of-song. Gable, perfectly cast as the honky-tan owner, gives a grand performance, and so do Jack Holt and Spencer Tracy—but the honors for San Francisco must be awarded to Jeannette MacDonald. It’s her picture and her triumph!

The earthquake sequence, running nearly two full reels is breath-takingly realistic and provides one of the most dramatic and spectacular climaxes ever screened.

Don’t miss this picture! Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

MY MAN GODFREY—And here, like a fresh sea breeze to make summer a bit more pleasant, is one of the most delirious comedies that has come out of Hollywood in many a day.

“My Man Godfrey” is the snape Bill Powell (who never gave a better performance). Discovered in a hobo camp by the “mad Bullocks” (the screwiest family that ever stepped in front of a camera), he is pressed into service as the butler and undertakes the gargantuan job of bringing order out of chaos. And in the process the fun becomes fast and furious.

Carole Lombard, cast as the love-torn Bullock gal, who goes on the make for the butler, rises to a new high. She is rapidly establishing herself as the one most outstanding comedienne of the screen. Gail Patrick, Alice Brady, Eugene Pallette, and Mischa Auer have important roles and make the most of them in craftsman-like fashion. Miss Patrick, in particular, deserves praise for her performance in the

Guy Kibbee, June Travis and Joe E. Brown in one of the many hilarious sequences in Earthworm Tractors

Gail Patrick, Robert Light, William Powell and Carole Lombard in My Man Godfrey, a rollicking farce

Clark Gable, Jeanette MacDonald and Spencer Tracy in San Francisco which cannot be lauded too highly

Bride...Queen...Martyr
ALL IN NINE DAYS
You’ll cry and love it!

"Because little Lady Jane is my favorite character, and her love story my favorite love story... I was a tough audience... I ended up in tears on my knees... I sincerely believe that it is one of the great pictures..."

— Adela Rogers St. Johns "LIBERTY"

Cedric HARDWICKE
Nova PILBEAM
NINE DAYS A Queen

JOHN MILLS
DESMOND TESTER
SYBIL THORDIKE
Directed by Robert Stevenson

COMING TO YOUR FAVORITE THEATRE

A Production Movie Classic for September, 1936
picture's one sinister rôle. She plays it with sly innuendo that is exceptionally effective. 

_My Man Godfrey_ is easily the outstanding comedy hit of the month. *Universal.*

EXCELLENT

M'LISS—Based on one of Bret Harte's most famous stories of California in its gold rush days, this homespun offering, produced by RKO as a Class B offering, emerges as a surprising hit, a picture that will be more highly acclaimed by the average audience than most far more pretentious films. The story hinges on the romance between a school teacher and a shy mountain girl who comes to him to learn the fundamentals of reading, writing and arithmetic. Delicately handled, every sequence possesses a subtle romantic quality that will charm. Anne Shirley, fast becoming a most capable young actress, gives by far her best performance in the title rôle. And John Beal, as the school teacher, gives a really outstanding performance. Other important rôles are exceptionally well played by Guy Kibbee, Douglas Dumbrille, Esther Howard and Moroni Olsen. RKO-Radio Pictures.

NINE DAYS A QUEEN—Produced in England by Gaumont-British, this historical drama is easily one of the best foreign film offerings of the year. It tells the tragic story of Lady Jane Grey, the young girl who was for nine days the puppet queen of England and who, through no crime of her own, was brought to the block. Sir Cyril Harte and Nova Pilbeam, heading an unusually capable cast, contribute magnificent performances. Gaumont-British.

PUBLIC ENEMY'S WIFE—And here's something new in the way of G-Man thrillers, a fast-moving, action-packed melodrama with a novel slant. The story hinges on the trials and tribulations of a criminal's wife, her unjust imprisonment and her eventual marriage to the G-Man who is detailed to capture her criminal ex-husband. Margaret Lindsay, usually too cold to be convincing in a romantic rôle, sheds her frigidity in this picture and gives an excellent performance which will do much to help her standing with audiences. Pat O'Brien, as the G-Man, is excellent. Cesar Romero, Robert Armstrong and Dick Foran head a strongly supporting cast. Without being in the least profound, Public Enemy's Wife can safely be recommended as fine entertainment. *Warner Brothers.*

EARTHWORM TRACTORS—Joe E. Brown at his rollicking best, this time as Alexander Botts, the egotistical, moronic tractor salesman of William Hazelett Upson's side-splitting Saturday Evening Post stories. Instead of following the plot of any one of Upson's yarns, the producers have wisely filmed a composite which lets Joe E. Brown's comic talents run wild. Undoubtedly this is his best comedy to date. June Travis and Guy Kibbee are excellent in the supporting cast. *Warner Brothers.*

GOOD

WOMEN ARE TROUBLE—A fast-moving, consistently thrilling gangster-versus-reporter story which offers little

---

**Now! THE LOVELIER WAY TO AVOID OFFENDING**

Keep fragrantly dainty... bathe with this exquisite perfumed soap!

Fastidious women everywhere now bathe with Cashmere Bouquet... because they know that it keeps them daintily safe from fear of offending!

Of course it keeps you sweet and clean, with its rich deep-cleansing lather. And in that rich lather is a lovely perfume... so rare and costly that it actually lingers long after your bath, keeping you fragrantly dainty!

Only a soap like Cashmere Bouquet... scented with the costliest perfumes... can bring you this lovelier protection! You cannot expect to find it in ordinary scented soaps!

Use this pure, creamy-white soap for your complexion, too! Its lather is so gentle and caressing. Yet it removes every bit of dirt and cosmetics; makes your skin alluringly clear and smooth.

Cashmere Bouquet now costs only 10¢. The same long-lasting soap which has always been 25¢. The same size cake, scented with the same delicate blend of 17 exquisite perfumes. Sold at all drug, department and ten-cent stores.

**Bathe With**

**Cashmere Bouquet**

*The Soap that keeps you fragrantly dainty!*

Movie Classic for September, 1936

13
new in the way of plot but a great deal in the way of entertainment, thanks to the excellent direction of Errol Taggart and the deft performances of Stuart Erwin, Paul Kelly, Florence Rice, Margaret Irving and Raymond Hatton. The plot, unfortunately, is loaded with moss-grown situations. There is the rivalry between the bright young sub-sister and the veteran ace reporter, the vow of the crusading editor to clean up the liquor graft, the clash between newspaperdom and gangland and the inevitable marriage. Paul Kelly, in particular, must be credited with an extremely fine bit of work as the hard-boiled city editor. *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

**SPENDTHRIFT**—Henry Fonda. Pat Paterson (Mrs. Charles Boyer) and Mary Brian head the cast of this unpretentious but very merry comedy-drama, which tells—and tells interestingly and well—the story of a young sportsman who inherits a fine racing stable, a cantankerous old uncle, a burden of debt, a breezy outlook on life and no cash. Given those ingredients, the laugh-provoking situations crowd fast on one another's heels.

Fonda is excellent in the leading role and reveals a flair for light comedy that has never before been apparent in his work. Pat Paterson, returning to the screen for the first time since her marriage, gives a grand performance as the horse-loving Irish lass and Mary Brian, seen here for the first time in a "meanie" role, scores brilliantly. *Walter Wanger-Paramount.*

**HIGH TENSION**—This one's different, fast, and funny ... and well played. Without expecting a smash hit, put it well up on your list of preferred entertainment for this month.

The plot concerns the adventures of a deep sea diver whose thrilling deeds are glorified by his gal-friend, a pulp fiction writer. There's a good chuckle in almost every scene and a real, old-fashioned abdominal howl in several. Brian Donlevy (he first gained fame as the heavy in *Barbary Coast*) plays the diver—and plays it so well that he looks like a sure bet for stardom. Glenda Farrell, as the writer, is a joy. *Twentieth Century-Fox.*

**THE RETURN OF SOPHIE LANG**—Gertrude Michael, who's climbing to the heights with a terrific rush these days, scores again in this crime story. Cast as an ex-jewel thief who has mended her ways, she matches wits with a notorious criminal (Sir Guy Standing) in an effort to recover a fabulously valuable diamond which has been stolen from her present employer. Her performance is nicely shaded and thoroughly enjoyable. Ray Milland, always a capable actor, has much too little to do. Sir Guy Standing, as usual, is a standout. *Paramount.*

**THE BORDER PATROLMAN**—This, George O'Brien's last starring picture for Fox after fourteen years of unbroken work for that organization, is undoubtedly his best. It is also one of the best westerns of the year—a thoroughly modern, up-to-the-minute drama of the new West which will stand on its own merits and please every type of audience. The story hinges on fire control and the activities of smugglers operating across the California-Mexico line. O'Brien, discarding many of his old mannerisms, gives the best performance of his career. Polly Ann Young is excellent.
as the love interest. Twentieth Century-Fox.

WE WENT TO COLLEGE—With a cast headed by Hugh Herbert, Una Merkel, Charles Butterworth and Walter Catlett, four comedy aces, this picture should have been a laugh-fest. Owing to poor dialogue and faulty handling by its writers, it is forced to be content with occasional chuckles. Its featured players work hard and make the most of their opportunities, but they are sadly handicapped. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

THE CRIME OF DR. FORBES—Based on the 'mercy killing' theme, this gripping drama will hold every audience's interest from its opening scene to its final fade-out. It is rather grim, intense emotional fare but it is a challenging presentation of a question that has stirred heated argument for centuries. Gloria Stuart has never given a finer performance than she does in this picture as the wife of the doctor who takes his own life. Robert Kent is outstanding, and Henry Armetta contributes a clever bit of comedy to offset the dramatic tension. Twentieth Century-Fox.

THREE CHEERS FOR LOVE—This splendid dancing and dancing drama, frankly intended as a Class B production, more than lives up to expectations and must be ranked as very satisfactory entertainment. The plot concerns the adventures of a theatrical troupe which takes over a girls' seminary, and William Frawley, Elizabeth Patterson, Roscoe Karns and John Halliday are responsible for some very enjoyable laugh-scenes. Eleanor Whitney, (Paramount's best dancing prospect), Louis Da Fonseca and Olympe Bradna Even the proceedings with some very clever hoofing, Robert Cummings shows real promise in the male lead. Paramount.

PAROLE—A daring presentation of a question which a less courageous producer would have avoided. Parole makes the mistake of compromising the issue too carefully, thereby weakening the effectiveness of its dramatic plot, but it is, nevertheless, an extremely interesting picture. Henry Hunter and Anna Preston, who make their debut as Universal featured players in this picture, both showreal promise, Hunter, in particular, is an exceptionally capable actor. Universal.

HEARTS DIVIDED—Marion Davies and Dick Powell in a very romantic, music-garnished picturization of the historic love and marriage between Jerome Bonaparte, brother of Napoleon, and Elizabeth Patterson of New York. Though by no means a great picture, it is entertaining, has several excellent musical numbers, and should please the average audience. Dick Powell and Marion Davies are both effective in their romantic roles. Warner Brothers-First National.

THE BRIDE WALKS OUT—Barbara Stanwyck, Gene Raymond and Robert Young in a very amusing comedy-drama which relates the matrimonial difficulties of a married couple. Barbara Stanwyck, as the bride who refuses to stay at home when the finances reach the danger point, gives a fine performance, but the acting honors go to Robert Young, who plays the irresponsible millionaire. RKO-Radio Pictures.

IS IT DRY AND SCALY?

Here's a Face Cream that Lubricates as It Cleanses

by Lady Esther

Maybe you are a victim of dry skin? About 7 out of 10 women today are.

Dry skin is due to several things. One is the outdoor life we lead compared to our mothers' time. We spend more time in the open. Exposure to weather — sun and wind—tend to take the natural oils out of the skin and make it dry and wrinkled.

Our reducing diets, too, are a cause of dry skin. To keep slender, we let fats out of our diets. This cuts down the oil supply of the skin and tends to make it dry.

A Dry Skin is an Old Skin

A dry skin is an old skin. It looks withered and wrinkled. It looks faded. A dry skin also fails to take make-up well. It makes powder show up plainly. It makes red face blush and artificial. If your skin is at all inclined to be dry it would be well for you to look into your cleansing methods. You must avoid anything that tends to dry the skin or irritate it. You must be sure to use gentle, soothing measures.

First, a Penetrating Cream

Lady Esther Face Cream is an excellent corrective of dry skin. For, as this cream cleanses the skin, it also lubricates it.

The first thing Lady Esther Face Cream does is to cleanse your skin thoroughly. It is a penetrating face cream. It actually penetrates the pores, but gently and soothingly.

Entering the pores, without rubbing, it goes to work on the imbedded waxy matter there. It loosensthe hardened grime—disolves it—and makes it easily removable.

When you have cleansed your skin with Lady Esther Face Cream, you see it—you can feel it! Your skin instantly appears clearer and whiter. It feels clean—tingles with new life and freshness.

But, Lady Esther Face Cream also lubricates the skin. It resupplies it with a fine oil that overcomes dryness and keeps the skin soft and smooth. This lubrication and freshening of the skin keeps it young-looking. It wards off lines and wrinkles. It gives it smoothness—permits it to take make-up better.

In every way you will improve the condition of your skin with the use of Lady Esther Face Cream. More than eight million women can testify to that.

See With Your Own Eyes

Feel With Your Own Fingers!

Suppose you try Lady Esther Face Cream and see with your own eyes—and feel with your own fingers—what it will do for your skin.

I am perfectly willing that you make the test at my expense. Just send your name and address and by return mail you'll receive a 7-days' supply of Lady Esther Face Cream postpaid and free.

Use this cream as the directions tell you. Notice the dirt it gets out of your skin you never thought was there. Mark how the pores reduce themselves when relieved of their clogging burden.

Near, too, how delicately it lubricates your skin and how freshly soft and smooth it keeps it. A trial will prove convincing.

Mail the coupon today for your 7-days' supply of cream. With the cream I shall also send you all five sizes of my Lady Esther Face Powder.

—FREE—

(If you live in Canada, write to the Lady Esther, Ltd., Toronto, Ont.)
Why Ginger Rogers Has Beautiful Hair

by Alison Alden

NEVER a Dull Moment might be the theme song of Louise Sloan who for the past three years has cared for the red-gold tresses of America's favorite dancing daughter, Ginger Rogers.

If you think that isn't a full-time job you should have been with me on the set of Swing Time and seen Louise at work with combs and pins and flying fingers, corralling the famous Rogers curls into a sleek coiffure.

It seemed to me that Ginger, whirling in mad rhythm in the arms of Fred Astaire, could shake down coiffures about as fast as Louise could put them in order. But Louise loves every minute of it and gives unlimited time and thought to caring for Miss Rogers' hair and to creating new coiffures for her pictures.

We sat, Louise and I, in Ginger's exquisite peach satin dressing room during the shooting of a scene and talked "women stuff"—shampoos, hair oils, rinses. There was that intangible gayety captured in the furnishings of this little house on wheels that one senses when Ginger Rogers flashes on the screen—charm and perfect taste stepped up to the tempo of the times.

"Miss Rogers has from four to ten coiffures for each picture," Louise told me. "Her coiffures are usually designed by Mel Berns, head of the R.K.O. make-up department, but frequently I design a new coiffure for a certain gown. We study the costume to be worn and also the script, for a coiffure must suit both the gown and the personality. Miss Rogers looks forward to these changes of coiffure and when a new gown arrives from the wardrobe department she will say excitedly, 'What'll we do with this one, Louise?'

"A sports costume of course calls for a simple, loose coiffure. With a sophisticated gown, I pile Miss Rogers' hair high on her head and frequently use braids to achieve an effect of height. However, once an unusual coiffure has been used, it cannot be used again—it must be discarded with the dress. An example of this was the coiled coronet worn by Miss Rogers in Top Hat.

"Unless an exotic effect is sought, Miss Rogers' hair is brought softly around her face whenever she wears a hat.

"That, by the way, is a good rule for every girl to follow. It is only the exceptional girl of a distinct type who can wear her hair skinned back beneath a hat.

"As it is much easier to arrange and style perfectly clean hair," Louise continued, "Miss Rogers' hair is washed every morning. She arrives on the set about seven o'clock and I immediately start to work getting her hair shampooed, dressed, dried and combed out."

I made distressing mental calculations of a fabulous salary being ticked off in minutes spent under a dryer. "Doesn't that hold up the company a long time?" I asked.

Louise chuckled. "We do everything we can to speed the operation, but it does take over an hour—and they just have to wait."

I laughed, too. What a creed for beauty in a few words! Better to let your boy friends wilt with fatigue than to skip any points of perfect grooming before putting in an appearance.

"Frequent washing demands that only the safest and most dependable cleansing materials be used. To begin with, I use a bland shampoo on Miss Rogers' hair."

Louise explained, "then a lemon rinse to bring out the highlights."

"As Miss Rogers' hair is naturally curly it is not necessary to use a wave set, but I do use curlers on the ends—large, fat ones so that the curls will be loose and fluffy. The curlers are so designed that the warm air from the dryer can get to the inside of the curl as well as the outside."

"If Miss Rogers has an early scene and we feel we must cut the hairdressing time to a minimum, then a dry shampoo is used. This is similar to a dry cleaning fluid in action but is harmless and especially prepared for the hair."

I asked then, "When Miss Rogers is not working, does she give her hair this same care?"

"No, not exactly. Her hair is shampooed only twice a week when she is not making a picture but she does brush it daily and frequently puts a good oil on her scalp before retiring and allows it to remain on all night. When so much time is spent under the dryer, this extra precaution keeps her hair lustrous and the scalp healthy."

Our chat was interrupted by a long-drawn call from the set—"Loomoomawt ice..." I assumed that Ginger had been flying through the air with the greatest of ease but had lost a few hairpins enroute. Louise, keeper of the curls, to the rescue!
Alison Alden Recommends

Since we’re on the subject of beautiful hair this month, let me tell you about a new shampoo discovery that requires just one minute for lathering and another for rinsing and leaves the hair lustrous and easy to handle. The trade name is Drene and it is put out by that reliable firm of Proctor and Gamble. Drene forms a creamy lather in any kind of water and as it is non-alkaline, it can be used as frequently as you wish.

With so many chic new coiffures in evidence this season (it does seem that hair stylists everywhere have been lying awake nights thinking up ravishing hair-dresses for fall wear) every girl must have her dressing table supplied with the most modern equipment. You can depend on it that those off-the-forehead, off-the-ears coiffures are going to require a good bit of brushing of unruly locks to achieve that upswept, Grecian sculpture effect. You will need, too, a supply of strong bob pins and a dependable wave lotion to keep your high-rolled curls intact during an evening of dancing.

Then there is the important matter of hair curlers. Women simply must face the day with the challenge of a charming coiffure, even though it is homemade. Hollywood Rapid Dry Curlers, favored by the stars, are easy to adjust and the perforated shaft permits speedy drying. If you put your hair up at night, as most girls do who spend their days in an office or at school, you will be glad to know these curlers can be comfortably worn while sleeping.

More and more manufacturers are devising time-saving adjuncts to milady’s toilet. With plenty of cleansing creams, tissues and skin fresheners at hand, even the care of the skin can be speeded up immeasurably. Cleansing cream is always an item of importance on every girl’s list of toilettries. You [Continued on page 57]

You can’t get away with it!

In Business

“She looks bright and acts bright—why on earth doesn’t she get wise to herself? I’m certainly not going to stand for this. It’s either Mum for her or a new secretary for me.”

In Love

“She isn’t the girl I thought she was. She could be so swell, too, if it weren’t for this. Wonder why somebody doesn’t tell her, or give her some Mum or something. Well, I can’t be bothered.”

EMPLOYERS and men in love are alike in this—they refuse to bother with a girl who is careless about underarm perspiration odor.

The up-to-date girl knows the quick, easy answer to this problem. The daily Mum habit!

It takes only half a minute to use Mum. Then you’re safe all day long.

Use Mum any time, even after you’re dressed. For it’s harmless to clothing. And it’s so soothing to the skin you can use it right after shaving the underarms.

Mum doesn’t prevent the natural perspiration, you know. But it does prevent every trace of perspiration odor.

Remember—nothing so quickly kills a man’s interest in a girl as ugly perspiration odor. Don’t risk it—use Mum regularly, every day! Bristol-Myers, Inc., 630 Fifth Ave., New York.

MUM

takes the odor out of perspiration

USE MUM ON SANITARY NAPKINS, TOO, and you’ll never have another moment’s worry about this source of unpleasantness.

MUM

Movie Classic for September, 1936
Hollywood Highlights

Our inquisitive sleuth goes a-snooping for inside facts and foibles about the famous ones of Filmdom

by The Boulevardier

O H, so you don't think these movie stars have to have these salaries, don't you? Well, look—I just received the announcement of The Vendome's opening of its new Hickory Grill, where the stars will eat steaks, chops, and chickens "broiled over a hickory fire by master broilers." And for you who think it's tough to pay a dime for a hamburger-with, consider that the Vendome Special Hamburger is listed on the menu for $1.00, flat!—a half chicken's $1.35; a T-bone steak sets 'em back $1.65. Etcetera.

Me?—I'll have a hot dog. (And I'll bet they'd try to serve me Kay Francis' pedigreed dachshund, without mustard.)

Vacationers

Isn't life gonna be just too, too swell for Peggy Anne Landon? (She's GOP candidate Alf's daughter, you know) I just found out that Clark Gable, no less, has leased a ranch in Colorado, for summer-vacationing purposes—and the ranch is just an over-the-fence hop from the ranch where Alf and his family are going to spend the pre-election months.

Note to Carole: Better look out; this Peggy Anne's no slouch for looks!

Them's Tough Words

A Hollywood chatterer retails George Raft's crack at one of his imitators: "He uses such a cheap grade of oil on his hair that he has to have the carbon removed from his toupe once a month!"

Tsk, Tsk and Alack!

Just before he went into hospital seclusion (even from Elaine "Ariel" Barrie) at Santa Barbara, John Barrymore got the shock of his thespian life—He strolled up to the box-office of a movie theater one preview night. "Let me have," he demanded, "the tickets reserved for me—I'm, ahem, John Barrymore, you know."

The girl looked; found no tickets reserved, and told him so. "Were there tickets supposed to be left for you, Mr. Barrymore?" she inquired. Barrymore winced. "Well—er, no; not that I know of," he confessed, "—but I always used to get them free, this way!"

Then he dug eighty cents out of his pockets, paid for two seats, and strolled in, remarking: "My, my; how times have changed!"

Soon afterward, he went to the hospital. There were no places left for him there, either.

Edwina Wins Her Fight

After six years of horrible, bedridden suffering, Edwina Booth can walk again. Remember Edwina?—she was the White Goddess of the jinx-picture, Trader Horn. In Africa, filming that, she contracted that queer tropical disease that sapped her life, left her a light-tortured wreck who stayed in bed in a
Adrienne Ames has cause to be joyous for she and Bruce Cabot patched up their quarrel just one month before their divorce would have become final.

darkened room. She went to England, hoping for relief in London's famed Institute for Tropical Diseases, but no go. She has turned, at last to psychiatry, mind analysis. And from that, she has learned to walk again, and hopes for an ultimate cure.

It's a Laugh

It took Adrian, MGM's master-mind of fashions, to evolve the perfect explanation, excuse, alibi or whaddaya-wannacallit, for the hats the gals are wearing.

"They do it because they have a sense of humor," reports Adrian.

Me—I'm lifting my head off!

No—a Thousand Times No

Eleanor Powell is certainly entitled to whatever vehemence she wants to display, when denying unfounded reports of her betrothal to somebody or other. But when the newspapers gossiped that she and Nelson Eddy were that way, her denials became positively violent . . . ! She reached the nadir of no-ing the Eddy-romance reports when she said, scornfully:

"If I ever do marry before I retire from the stage and screen, I'll marry a hooper!"

And Nelson can't hoop.

Or can he?

Is This Irony?

At the zenith of all the fuss about

Margaret Herrn, of Chicago, a lucky winner of the first "Search for Talent"

WANTED!

NEW FACES, NEW TALENT FOR THE SCREEN

Enter HOLD-BOB'S SEARCH FOR TALENT.

Here's your chance to win a movie contract. A winner selected every month will be given a FREE screen test and $50.00 in cash. At least one of the winners will actually make her screen debut in a Walter Wanger Production at United Artists Studios in Hollywood!!

This is your opportunity to win fame and fortune. The second "Search for Talent", sponsored by HOLD-BOB bob pins, Walter Wanger Productions, Motion Picture and Screen Play Magazines, is giving every girl her big chance! Imagine the thrill of your going to Hollywood to actually take part in a motion picture... to be in the "inner circle" of Hollywood... this thrill and many more await the final winners!!

You may enter the "Search for Talent" as many times as you like until the closing date, December 31, 1936.

Complete rules for entering are printed right on the back of all HOLD-BOB cards. You'll be ahead, any way you look at it—for HOLD-BOBS not only bring you an entry blank but a card full of the finest bob pins ever made—the bob pins that are used by almost all Hollywood stars. Look them over carefully. Notice their 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. Let HOLD-BOBS keep your hairdress smooth, smart and lovely.

The Hump Hairpin Manufacturing Company

1936 Prairie Ave., Dept. F-96, Chicago, Ill.

Straight Style HOLD-BOB

S'vle

Curved Shape Style

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Search for Talent Headquarters

1918 Prairie Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Enter my photograph in the "Search for Talent"

Name

Address

City

Age

State

Height

Weight

Movie Classic for September, 1936
Hollywood Highlights

Freddie Bartholomew's court troubles over his guardianship and his aunt and his mamma and poppa and grandpappy, even, did that Hollywood thing—have to have on its double-bill marquee:

LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY
and
TOO MANY PARENTS

Giggles-of-the-Month—

Carole Lombard has music played between takes, to get her in the mood. Giggle came when, just before the last love-scene in her picture, *My Man Godfrey*, opposite ex-hubby Bill Powell, she played the record: "Lover Come Back To Me." He didn't.

—Mae West was asked just what in hell—I mean, Hollywood—she was going to do with fifty live monkeys she's importing from Ecuador. Giggle-cracked Mae: "There's a shortage of supervisors, isn't there?" There still is.

—Interviewed by English-speaking Japanese news reporters in Tokio (they said they understood English, I mean.) Anna May Wong parried romance-queries by telling them: "I'm wedded to my art." Next day, the papers reported her married to a man named Art!

—Study in extremes is Francis Lederer's stand-in. His name is Mohammed, Achmed. So the rumor is that he's importing from Ecuador. Giggle-cracked: "There's a shortage of supervisors, isn't there?" There still is.

—Interviewed by English-speaking Japanese news reporters in Tokio (they said they understood English, I mean.) Anna May Wong parried romance-queries by telling them: "I'm wedded to my art." Next day, the papers reported her married to a man named Art!

Careful Lady, Careful—

Eleanor Powell, enthusiast about the orchestra conducting of Herbert Stothart, directing the orchestra making the *Romeo and Juliet* music at MGM, burst out with: "Oh, I only wish that I could do with my feet what that man can do with a baton . . . !"

My, oh my, oh my!—imagine Eleanor conducting an orchestra that way . . . !

By a Nose—

Once upon a time, a barroom phrenologist told me that big noses indicated a man's fitness for leadership. H'm—and now here is Jimmy Durante, knock-}


The image contains text that appears to be an article or a column from a magazine or newspaper, discussing various topics and events in Hollywood. The text includes names and events that are typical of celebrity news from the time period, such as film news, interviews, and personal anecdotes. The layout and formatting suggest it is a page from a printed publication, possibly a magazine. The text is a mixture of narrative and dialogue, designed to entertain and inform the reader about current events and happenings in the entertainment industry. The content includes quotes, personal stories, and comments from various actors and figures in the industry. The text is written in a casual, conversational style, typical of celebrity gossip columns. The page number is 20, indicating it is part of a larger publication. The text is related to the Hollywood context, discussing various aspects of the film industry, personal stories, and events. The text is not a table or diagram but rather a narrative piece designed to engage the reader with its content. The text is relevant to the Hollywood context, discussing various aspects of the film industry, personal stories, and events. The text is not a table or diagram but rather a narrative piece designed to engage the reader with its content.
broidered with the autographs of the famous stars who have visited his home.

—FRED MACMURRAY: after listening to tips that the studio wouldn't think marriage would help his romantic screen career, uttered: Nertz! flew to Nevada and married sweetheart Lilian LaMonte. They're honeymooning in Hawaii.

—GENE RAYMOND: drove to the Johnny Mack Brown's tin wedding anniversary party in an old flivver with Jeanette MacDonald, and gave the flivver (but not Jeanette) to Brown as an anniversary gift.

—NELSON EDDY: startled the style-conscious by wearing, at a night club, a grey dinner-jacket outfit—with black lapels and pant-stripes.

—BRUCE CABOT: moved back into Adrienne Ames' house less than a month before her divorce would have become final.

He Made Us Laugh—
Will it make you feel a bit guilty, somehow (as it did me) to learn this?

Norman Chaney, the former "Chubby" who was the Fat Boy of the Our Gang troupe of pictures, has just died in Baltimore's famed Johns Hopkins hospital. Cause of death was a glandular ailment, which caused excessive weight. It was this excessive weight that we thought was so funny in the Our Gang comedies, BUT— in 1932, it ceased to be funny; it became serious. Four years of treatment finally failed—and "Chubby" is dead of that which we thought funny...

Must Be Fog—
What's the matter with our American film stars? Can't they take it? can't they take what London dishes out? I mean, for instance, Connie Bennett, who had to be hospitalized in London for what they said was a nervous breakdown. And now Alice White, who certainly didn't break down at top speed in Hollywood, collapses in London and spends two months in a nursing home—with another nervous breakdown! Hollywood seems to be just a rest home, compared with that London!

Romance in Paris—
Comes from Paris the gossip that Maurice Chevalier and Mistinguette, the famous French actress whose legs have been publicized as the world's loveliest, are betrothed—despite the fact that Mistinguette admits she's forty-seven years old.

And to think, that after his years in Hollywood, of all places, Chevalier falls for a pair of 47-year-old gams!

No Laughing Matter—
A few years ago, M.G.M. released Meet the Baron, with Jimmy Durante. One of the prize gags was when Durante burlesqued Tarzan. Soon afterward, M.G.M. released Tarzan and His Mate. But remembering Jimmy's hilarious burlesque, audiences laughed at what was supposed to be serious in the real Tarzan epic, and the picture flopped at the boxoffice.

NOW—M.G.M. is about to release Romeo and Juliet, starring Norma Shearer and Leslie Howard and involving a tremendous production cost. The other night, the studio also previewed another picture—We Went to College. In it, was a burlesque Romeo and Juliet show. The preview audience howled, hailed it as the funniest sequence in years. BUT—warned by Tarzan's fate, M.G.M. has killed out this great sequence, fearing it would hurt the Shearer-Howard production.

Instead, We Went to College will kid Othello. [Continued on page 56]

There's a lot of delightful refreshment sealed in Pabst TAPaCan. When the summer sun beats down—a cool safe drink of pure, wholesome Pabst Export Beer will revive you like a fresh lake breeze.

For hot weather comfort learn to ask for Pabst TAPaCan. At lunch, Pabst puts an edge on your appetite—and refreshes you for afternoon activities. At dinner—cool, delicious, wholesome Pabst makes good food taste even better.

Ninety-two years of "knowing how" does make a difference—that difference in added enjoyment can always be yours. If you have not yet tried Pabst TAPaCan—you have not yet learned how good beer can be. Try it today. Simply say—Pabst TAPaCan.
A spectacular new star takes the witness stand and tells all

By The Inquiring Reporter

Robert Taylor Answers

Long before the date fixed as the time limit for questions to be asked Bob Taylor, your Inquiring Reporter’s desk was buried under a white avalanche. From every city in the United States and from almost every country in Europe, queries poured in. Truly, it is amazing that any actor who has been in the Hollywood spotlight for so brief a time could command such world-wide interest.

Because of their very number, many of the questions were, of necessity, duplications. Literally hundreds of inquisitors asked how they could obtain Bob’s autograph, how they could obtain a picture of him, where they could write to him, how they could be sure that their letters would reach him and other hundreds insisted upon knowing what type of girl he preferred.

The answers to those questions will be found in the following questionnaire and so without further ado let’s summon Bob Taylor to take his place on our witness stand. Your questions will be found in black-face type. His answers, in italics.

Q. Do you answer your fan mail personally?
   A. No. It would be impossible for me to do so for I have not the time to write so many letters. I try to read most of my fan-mail and occasionally, when I find a letter which particularly interests me, I answer it personally.

Q. When and where were you born?
   A. I was born in Filley, Nebraska, on August 5, 1911.

Q. Do you like blondes?
   A. Certainly—and redheads and brunettes and brownettes. I have always been more interested in a girl’s personality than the shade of her hair.

Q. Do you have a brother named Donald?
   A. No. I am an only son.

Q. Which picture have you enjoyed working in the most?
   A. In, “Society Doctor,” Not because I consider that the best picture I have appeared in but because it was the first in which I played an important role. Consequently it gave me a “thrill.”

Q. What type of girl do you prefer?
   A. Call her the “All-American” girl for that is about as good a description as I can coin. I like a girl who can be a pal, who can share a fellow’s interests and who is not affected and stagey. Appearance doesn’t matter so much although, like every other man, I suppose I’m naturally attracted by clean-cut, good-looking girls.

Q. Have you ever been married?
   A. No.

Q. Do you enjoy being a movie star?
   A. Yes. I like everything about my job.

Q. What is your favorite food?
   A. Fried chicken in the good old farm style, with lots of gravy.

Q. What is your favorite color?
   A. Brown.

Q. Whom do you consider your best friend?
   A. I am fortunate in having several close personal friends. Among them, Don Milo, who has been a pal since we were in college together.

Q. To whom do you owe your success?
   A. Principally to Louis B. Mayer. Not many people in the studio had confidence in me when I signed my first contract but Mr. Mayer for some reason or other insisted that I be given every opportunity to make good. I am deeply grateful to him and am glad of the opportunity to express my gratitude.

Q. Do you ever make personal appearances?
   A. I haven’t to date.

Q. What is your reaction towards fans and fan mail?
   A. I appreciate their interest and their letters.

Q. Where is your home town?
   A. I lived most of my life in Beatrice, Nebraska, and consider that my home town.

Q. What are your reactions when
you see yourself on the screen?
A. When I see myself in my first picture it was with a sensation closely akin to embarrassment. Note that I have become more critical of myself on the screen I experience a certain detachment that is quite difficult to describe. It is as though my screen self were an entirely different person than I am and I can criticize and appraise without any thought of myself intruding.

Q. What are your favorite sports?
A. Tennis and horseback riding.
Q. Do you like to dance?
A. Yes. Very much.
Q. Have you ever had a nickname. If so what is it?
A. Lefty.
Q. Which radio program do you consider your favorite?
A. Jack Benny's.
Q. Have you any brothers or sisters?
A. No.
Q. Do you ever intend to become a doctor?
A. At one time I was very serious in my intention to become a doctor. If anything happened to me, I would stay on the screen I think it is quite likely that I would again want to study medicine.
Q. What is your full name?
A. Spangler Arlington Brugh.
Q. In what film do you consider you did your best work?
A. I'm not trying to side-step the issue but I do not honestly consider that I have yet done anything which can be considered "best work." However I think I have nearer to a satisfactory performance in several sequences of "Magnificent Obsession" than in any other picture I have made.
Q. Is there any special play you would like to do?
A. No, I have been kept so busy that I have not had time to think of plays I would like to do.
Q. What is your hobby?
A. Music.
Q. How can a person 3000 miles away get your autograph?
A. By sending to me care of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios—Culver City, California.
Q. How can I obtain a photograph of yours?
A. By writing to the address above and inquiring mailing cost plus 25c for the photo.
Q. What is the title of your latest picture?
A. The next picture to be released in which I appear is "The Gorgeous Hussy."
I am now working on a new production entitled "His Brother's Wife."
Q. Do you approve of women smoking and drinking?
A. I certainly don't like to see women smoke or drink to excess.
Q. What do you think of red fingernails?
A. I heartily dislike them.
Q. What is your favorite dining place?
A. I am quite partial to the Brown Derby.
Q. What do you think of Janet Gaynor?
A. I think she is a charming, unusually intelligent girl and a very capable actress.
Q. Do you think the girl you marry will be an actress?
A. That is impossible for me to say for I would not marry because she happened to be an actress and neither would I decline to marry her if she were not. I hope to marry for love, not for a profession.
Q. Are you planning on co-starring with Joan Crawford?
A. [Continued on page 52]
The Man Who Refused His Childhood

"This," said Mimi, making the man-puppet bobble, "is Martin, and I..."—the lady-puppet ducked in a genteel curtsy—"is Mary. Sometimes they're the old couple that lived in a cottage by the sea and the Bewitched Fish gives them three wishes, and sometimes they're the Babes in the Wood. You have to pretend the wood," she added conscientiously, "because there's only one backdrop and that's an Inside."

Mimi has long, straight red hair and she looks like Alice still in Wonderland. If an artist wanted to paint a portrait of all the little girls in the world with wide, honest eyes and straight legs and big, square white teeth, he would make a picture of Mimi. She is the next-door child you played with when you were young, twenty, twelve, swinging hands as you sang shrilly "We've Come to See Miss Jennie Jones."

"When I hear people talking about child problem I don't get it," says Paul Kelly, with the quick Irish moisture in his eyes as he watches Mimi absorbed in making Martin propose to Mary on the sun-porch.

"That's a hard, mean word to use in connection with a kid. The only 'problem' I see is to keep from showing how crazy you are about them. We had to stay at home the other night when Mimi put on her first play at the High School. We were so proud of her we were afraid—her mother and I—that we'd die of it if we went!"

Life in the Kelly house centers around a small red-head. They live in a nice home on a nice street so that Mimi will have the nicest little girl friends ("The telephone rings and the front doorbell goes all the time for her," says Paul proudly). There is a big hack garden for Mimi and Paul to practice polo shots in, and a pool in which a little girl may learn to swim. Friday and Saturday evenings are Mimi-nights and the three Kellys go to the movies.

"I'm thirty-seven years old," says Paul suddenly, "but when I'm with Mimi I'm a boy again. That's what she's done for.
The story of Paul Kelly, twenty-nine years a star, is one of the most interesting in Hollywood

by Dorothy Donnell

me—given me back the feeling of being a freckled-faced, bow-legged kid. Why, do you know, when I'm playing with her, working the puppets or teaching her to swing a pole mallet, I find myself trying to whistle through my teeth the way 'Chick' Kelly tried all his childhood and never could learn the trick of it! You see, I never had as much youth as some—I had to get my fun in strange places and at odd times. And now Mimi is teaching me how to play all over again."

Why they persist in putting this man into hard-boiled parts is one of the mysteries of Hollywood. Paul Kelly is as Irish as the Blarney Stone or a shillelagh, or the Good People who come out of Craig Na Mon when the moon is full—and because the Irish never quite grow up he must make his way through a man's world with a child's heart in him, knowing a child's quick joy in beauty, a child's sudden, inexplicable pain.

"She handles those dolls like a trouper," Paul goes on. "She can make them dance and quarrel and kiss, but she won't be bothered with the tedious business of making them walk—they sail off the stage at the end! When she can make them walk I'm buying her the next set of marionettes with more strings, more movements. She gave a little play with Martin and Mary for some of our friends the other evening, and pulled her punches and waited for her laughs like an old-timer. It's going to be hard to keep that one out of the theatre till she's finished school..."

These two words keep recurring in Paul Kelly's talk. He never "finished school" himself. [Continued on page 54]

THERE'S A STORE IN YOUR NEIGHBORHOOD

that will help you get your money's worth of light

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Vitaphone Boy," in a scene from the little girl in the background

Movie Classic for September, 1936

25
3 SMASH HITS YOU MUST SEE!

All from
20th CENTURY FOX

Darryl F. Zanuck in charge of production

Movie Classic for September, 1936
Marian Marsh

After nearly two years of baffling adversity which threatened to end her screen career, Marian Marsh is again re-established as one of the screen's most important prospects for stardom. She is under long-term contract to Columbia Pictures and is now to be seen with Chester Morris in Counterfeit
Fate—Fame—and

by his mother
Mrs. Ruth Brugh

This is a story I never expected to tell. I was never warned by "woman's intuition." Being a mother, I always thought that my boy was unusual. But I never dreamed that some day he would be famous—as an actor. If I had, I might have done a few things differently. I might have helped Destiny a little more.

I still am dazed by the suddenness of his fame, the proportions of his popularity. So is he. Such a thing could happen only in a story book—or in Hollywood. And even here it happens to few. He cannot yet believe, quite, that he is one of those few.

However, he has become used to one thing that I probably never will accustom myself to—the name, "Robert Taylor." I try to call him "Robert" or "Bob," because everyone else does. I shall try to remember to call him that in this story. But I still think of him as "Arlington."

Spangler Arlington Brugh is his real name.

When his father and I named him that, relatives asked us if we were "trying to kill the child." And I have heard people marvel that he ever lived to maturity with such a name. He never complained about it, himself.

There probably is a stubborn streak in me; my ancestry is Scotch and English. But I still feel that Arlington Brugh—with the "gh" silent—is as appealing as Robert Taylor, as Hollywood has christened him. I suppose that is a natural reaction of a mother. She wishes that her son could have his success under the name that she gave him.

Spangler was a traditional name in the Brugh family, handed down from generation to generation. It was the first name of my husband, Dr. S. A. Brugh, who was of Pennsylvania Dutch descent. It was also his father's name, and his grandfather's, and his great-grandfather's. As for the "Arlington," I was responsible for that. Or, rather, a book and a play were responsible.

When I was a young girl, and very impressionable, I read a novel the hero of which was named Arlington. I have forgotten now what the book was, but the romantic hero—and his romantic name—made a lasting impression upon me. I decided, young-girl-like, that if I ever had a son, that would be his name.

Then, not long before I was to become a mother, I saw a play in which the heroine's name was "Ruth Arlington." My own name was Ruth, and I, too, was very much in love; I lived and re-lived the story of this heroine—whose romantic last name was such an old favorite of mine. Seeing the play decided me.

If I had a son, his middle name would be Arlington—and his initials would be the same as my husband's. I was married very young. I was eighteen; my husband was only a few years older. And my own experience makes me believe in young marriages. Starting out in life together, building toward the future together, sharing the struggles as well as the successes, we were inseparable companions, con-

stant inspirations to each other through the years. We had a wonderful married life. Never a quarrel, never an unhappy moment—unless we were apart. And it was seldom that we were separated for more than a very few days at a time."

And our own happiness, I think, was reflected in Robert. It made his boyhood an unusually happy one. It helped to make him what he is today.

Robert's father gave me love and happiness such as few women ever know. He even saved my life with his love. And if he had not saved my life, Robert never would have been born.

When Robert's father and I were married, he was not a doctor. He was in partnership with my father in a grain business in Filley, Nebraska, under the firm name of Stanhope and Brugh. He did not start to study medicine until he was about thirty.

All of my life I had been in poor health, with a weak heart. And as time went on, my health did not improve; it became steadily worse. Finally, a doctor said that I would die within a very few years if I did not find a spot somewhere on earth beneficial to my ailing heart. He wanted me to travel. So did my husband. We were not poor, but I knew that we did not have enough money to follow his advice—particularly after the heavy doctor bills over a period of years. And I refused to allow my husband to mortgage his life to save mine.

That was when he decided that he would study medicine—in search of a way to help me to live.
Robert Taylor

spectacular young star in Hollywood

Robert Taylor and his father, Dr. S. A. Brugh. Much of Bob's boyhood was spent on a farm near Filley, Nebraska, where his maternal grandparents lived. He was about sixteen when the above snapshot was taken.

He stepped out of the grain business and enrolled in the medical college at Kirksville, Missouri, for the regular four-year course. I enrolled with him. I wanted to be at his side in this new career, upon which he was embarking for my sake.

At the end of our first year in Kirksville, conditions at home took us back to Filley to care for my father's grain business. We planned to stay only a short time. My health had improved marvelously in Kirksville, but my husband was too interested in medicine now to think of giving up his studies. It was three years before he could return to them. And during the second of those years, Robert was born. On August 5, 1911.

Most of the next winter after Bob's birth, I was in bed, too weak to move. I had to see others take care of the baby I had been dreaming about for years—six years. I had to see my husband tortured with worry about me, unable to do anything to help me, except to call in the old family doctor.

A year later—after spending several months in Muskogee, Oklahoma, looking after farm property that we owned there—we set out for Kirksville once more, taking our baby with us. This time I did not enroll with my husband. I had the baby to care for—when I was not living between a bed and a chair. On my "bad" days, my husband would take Bob to classes with him. He would sit very quietly, taking in everything, and come home with great, long medical terms that he had heard.

When he was about two and a half, I remember his coming home and saying to me,

[Continued on page 82]
Constance Collier, renowned star of the English stage, tells how she coached the newest "Juliet." She was.

Norma Shearer's First Romeo

A voice speaks vibrantly, eloquently, immortal words of love: "But soft, what light through yonder window breaks? It is the East, and Juliet is the sun!"

Strange, it is a woman's voice... Is this, then, a garden of the fifteenth century, lush, fragrant, still? Is there a maiden on a moon-drenched balcony? And a young lover pouring out his soul? Is this the ancient city of Verona?

No, it is a modern, green-carpeted, ivory-walled room in a Santa Monica beach home, with wide windows framing the sea to the west. It is early fall in 1935. And Norma Shearer is learning to be "Juliet," with Constance Collier, one of the great Shakespearean actresses of yesterday, playing "Romeo.".

Norma Shearer, slim, sophisticated, lovely in blue tailored pajamas with her hair curled tight to her head after the latest coiffure mode.

That was the beginning. That was the day Norma Shearer first turned the pages of Shakespeare's glorious, tragic romance to study for the great M-G-M picture in which she is starring with Leslie Howard. She was still Norma Shearer, then. Now, she is someone else. Constance Collier says this. Con-

[Continued on page 81]
He's made his share of mistakes—mistakes which might have wrecked his career and happiness—but...

"I Have No Regrets"

Says

Spencer Tracy

"LOOK," said Spencer Tracy, eating his onion sandwich comfortably as we sat at lunch in the M-G-M commissary, "look, let's make this honest, huh? Let's make it try to say something to the folks who read it. The way I feel about it, most folks say that if they had it to do all over again, they would do different. I wouldn't. And I've made more mistakes, committed more sins, if you like, than the average man ever thought of.

"But it's because of my sins that I'm happy today.

"It's because of my mistakes that I now have my wife and home and kids again. It's because of my mistakes that I love and appreciate and value my wife as I do. Seems funny, but I think it's also because of my mistakes that my wife cares for me as she does—and she must, you bet," grinned Spencer, with both pride and humility in his honest smile, "she must or she wouldn't give me house-room.

"Nope, I haven't any regrets. Not one. And the only way to prove what I mean is to build up my case from the beginning, to start at scratch and admit the many mistakes I've made, the many things I've done and had darned good cause to regret—and then prove to you that I don't regret anything—and why.

"Might kinda help the other fellow, too," said Spencer, tugging at his hair in that reminiscent-of-Will Rogers way he has, "I mean if I can be honestly honest about this thing and if you can write it honestly and not even try to make it just a fan story for the sake of publicity—why, we might really help, you know? Because I think it's too bad the way folks go about wasting their vital energy, wasting their precious time regretting mistakes they have made. It would be so darned much healthier and happier for them and for everyone connected with them if they'd use their mistakes as stepping stones instead of stumbling blocks. Your sins should save you, not damn you.

"Well, let's go back to the beginnings: My dad was sales manager of the Sterling Motor Truck Company, in Milwaukee, you know. He was as Irish as a potato. All right. Some folks say that I should regret that heritage. I've been told that it's a break for a would-be actor to get born into an actor-family, like the Barrymoires or the Dennys. If it's 'in the blood' I've been told, it's just that much easier.

"Well, maybe. But things shouldn't come that...

[Continued on page 76]

by Gladys Hall

Spencer and Louise Tracy, after several years of unusual happiness, separated for nearly a year. Spencer, with amazing honesty, here tells the story of that mad period

31
"Do Modern Women Deserve Chivalry?"

Kay Francis

"S"O MANY modern women are missing half of life—if they would only realize it," Kay Francis observed sadly. "They seem to believe that to be 'modern' they must not be feminine. It is no longer 'smart' to be tender nor even gracious. Yet tenderness and graciousness have always been woman's rightful heritage.

"The headlines of every newspaper, every day, tell the story of modern woman's success. But it is a material success, generally achieved at the great cost of her charm, her heart, her happiness. There are other headlines in the same newspapers, not very pretty headlines, for they tell of modern woman's failure in nearly all womanly attainments. Courtship is fast becoming a lost art as these moderns pursue what they call 'Freedom' and 'Social Equality.' Such empty solace for an empty heart! I am sorry, grievously sorry, for any young girl who holds herself too efficient, too competent, to want or need the gracious consideration of men. There will come a time in that girl's life—often after it is too late—when she will understand what she has sacrificed in happiness for the false consolation of competency.

"Show me a spinster who has turned bitter in middle age and I'll show you that she is usually a woman who has blasted her own life by repelling normal social contacts with men. No person could be more tragic.

"Primitive instincts, you see, have remained the same. And there is not an intelligent woman today who will not admit that in her heart she longs to be protected and taken care of by the man she loves. Still, despite her intelligence, this same woman frequently repulses the very attentions and courtesies for which she secretly longs.

"You must know that chivalry never depended upon man alone. Woman, by her delicacy and tenderness, contributed her share, too. Throughout the ages, men have enjoyed being chivalrous, have taken keen delight in paying lovely ladies little courtesies and attentions that are the mark of gentlemen. Now they resent, whether consciously or subconsciously, being robbed of these age-old rites that always have meant so much in the social contact of the sexes. Men haven't lost charm and grace. Women have!"

Kay Francis has long been noted in Hollywood for her startling frankness. She speaks her mind, this one. Yet she has never spoken more frankly and fearlessly for publication than she did in the statement above.

"Is it your belief, then," Kay was asked, "that modern women have lost the right to chivalrous courtesy? That today they do not deserve seats on—shall we say—Life's street car?"

"That entirely depends upon the individual woman," Kay replied. "If a woman has said farewell to femininity—if she has decided to embark upon a man's career, to fill a man's place in man's world, she must be prepared to meet his terms. In other words, if she has lost charm and subtlety, she has lost privilege.

"If, however, she has managed to remain feminine—even though she be earning her own way in the world—she not only deserves her seat on what you have termed 'Life's street car,' but she will find men anxious to make certain it is offered to her. "No man cares to indulge in a foot race with a girl for the privilege of opening a door that she seems determined to open.
for herself. He will not rise at her approach nor offer her the seat he has been occupying if he senses in her attitude a contempt for such 'old-fashioned nonsense.' Poor devil! He doesn't want to be held in derision by being conspicuous in his act of gallantry. It takes a stout-hearted fellow to remain true to his chivalrous customs in the face of the ungraciousness of modern women. Seldom is he even thanked with a smile or a nod.

"Small things, these, you may think—trifling courtesies that are unimportant in the breathless rush of the world we live in today. Yet our lives are made up of the little things that give us happiness or sorrow. It is only when we lose appreciation of the little things that we begin to die. Too many modern girls, biased as they are in youth, have begun to die before they have learned to live.

"A man's conduct toward a woman rarely is more or less than he has been led to expect that she expects. When he feels she has no appreciation of the niceties of the drawing room, he does not offer them. And this is her fault, not his!"

THAT Kay Francis speaks so strongly upon her subject is because she feels so strongly about it. It is readily apparent that she has given the matter much thought over some period of time.

"Perhaps I am being sentimental," she continued, "but it is my opinion that another generation will see a decided change in the social relationship of men and women. After all, this present state of affairs is a direct reaction to the conditions imposed in 1914 by the World War.

"When men were called to arms, women were called as industrial replacement. Both answered the call magnificently as the human race always has in times of stress.

"Through stringent necessity, women learned that they were capable of performing many of the tasks of men in business. They took a pardonable pride in their [Continued on page 61]
That Weididler Kid

A somewhat insane tour through the private menagerie of the quaint-est little star who ever stole the hearts of an audience

by Marian Rhea

YOU'VE never realized the fullest of life's experiences until you've spent an afternoon with young Virginia Weidler!

Yes, that little pig-tailed half-pint who seems on the screen such a demure mixture of primness and dignity. Prim? Dignified? That's only what you think! Me—I know better. Me—I spent an afternoon with Virginia.

The Weidlers (by the way, it's pronounced to rhyme with "side") live in two places in Southern California—over on North Sweetzer avenue in Hollywood, and at their seaside house at Huntington Beach. I visited Virginia on North Sweetzer.

The Weidler house is a far cry from the average movie star's abode. It's just a house, really, with an ineffectual lawn (what lawn could be effectual with six children, two dogs, a chicken, two ducks, three cats and two goats using it as a playground?), some straggling shrubbery and a garage that as often shelters the "Weidler Productions" (the children's everlasting local talent shows) as it does the family automobile. The day I was there half a dozen pairs of roller skates cluttered the front stoop, three or four scooters reposed hit or miss on the walk and a bicycle rested nonchalantly in the patio pool which was for the time being sans water.

I rang the bell and a small figure in blue slacks, white sweater and tennis shoes opened the door. Virginia.

"Hello," she said. "Mamma says you've come to see me. Well, that's nice (remembering her manners), but I'm pretty busy and I hope you don't mind if I keep on working?"

I assured her that I wouldn't mind and asked her what she was doing. "Tending your dolls?" I suggested.

That, however, was the wrong thing to say. "Gosh, no," I was told in disgusted tones. "I can't be bothered with dolls. I got to get the fleas off of Laddie. I'm goin' to use the garden hose and car—car-bol-ic acid soap."

We had progressed through the big, rambling, cluttered but not unattractive house by this time and onto the back porch. Mrs. Weidler came hurrying up from the garage, smiling ruefully.

"Virginia shouldn't have brought you out here," she said. "But she's going to watch me get the fleas off of Laddie," explained Virginia. [Continued on page 72]
How Hollywood's wildest pranksters clowned their way through the most delirious of pictures

On The Cuff

by

William F. French

For years there has been much conjecture and wonder as to what would really happen if the famous wits, wags, practical jokers and wild ones of Hollywood were ever locked in a room together. It seems to have been an unwritten law among the producers in the past not to risk studio property, the decorum of the community and the neighbors' peace of mind by letting certain playful players play together.

But finally someone decided to take a long chance, and when the buzzer announced the turning of a camera on a certain production, and the red light blazed over the sound stage door, there they were, Hollywood's very prankiest, all locked in together.

Locked in, with Director Gregory LaCava's nimble wit and bizarre sense of humor to keep them boiling. During the first day of the shooting,

Gail Patrick, Gregory LaCava and Bill Powell (below) study the shooting script which was officially okayed by Sherry-the-Poo

Those two arch meanies, Mischa Auer and Eugene Pallette, whispered tongue-twisters to Alice Brady just before she spoke her "lines"

No, Carole Lombard hasn't lost her mind—but she almost drove the other players insane with her hilarious practical jokes during the filming of My Man, Godfrey

they just sparred, watching each other suspiciously, and walking in cautious circles, each being careful not to turn a back to another. Wits, practical jokers and scene-stealers de luxe, they handled one another like packages of primed dynamite. They trusted each other with all the confidence of strange cats.

Then, suddenly, they broke loose, turning the making of the picture into a spontaneous, hilarious, rip-snorting gag—wherein the story seemed to write itself, literally putting the script "on the cuff." So fast did the amazing developments on that stage change the lines that LaCava's secretary stayed right at his side, changing the story to keep pace with the happenings. Because when Hollywood's cleverest and wittiest players start tossing lines about, a director as keen as LaCava isn't going to let them fall unused.

Meanwhile, things grew hotter and hotter, and pranks crowded [Continued on page 78]
How altered circumstances and freedom to "ride his hobbies" have changed a screen favorite

"F" OR the first time in my life I am absolutely content. I can't explain the reason for it, nor give you the underlying cause. I only know that every one of my days is full and everything I do brings me happiness.

It is a new Clark Gable speaking, a man keen and bronzed and trim, with the magnetism which brought him fame intensified because it is no longer dissipated by nervousness and dissatisfaction.

Two or three years ago, Clark, during an interview, would have nervously toyed with a piece of paper or a string, as he talked. And his face and his eyes would have held a harried look—as if he were in turmoil, both mental and physical.

He has never been a temperamental star. Never one to fly into dramatic anger because custom dictated that stars display temperament. Yet he always gave the sense of holding himself in, of visibly keeping himself under control. He was a man with nerves as frayed as a broken radio aerial.

Now, this Clark Gable is a greater star and a greater man than he has ever been before. Certainly, he is more firmly entrenched in the hearts of the public. No one threatens his throne, nor is likely to do so for many moons to come.

"A few short months ago," Gable admits, "tribles on the set bothered me. They set up my whole routine for the day. Perhaps the fact that at that time I wasn't completely well—that I was over-worked and over-weary—may have had something to do with it."

Yet that isn't entirely the explanation. It goes deeper. But before we consider the causes of the re-creation of this man, let's look at Clark Gable as he is today.

Recently, when he was making San Francisco, he had to face the dangers of falling walls, of flying debris, in the fire and earthquake sequences. One morning a whole wall toppled. Clark was buried beneath it. And for ten frantic moments as the crew worked to extricate him, there was a prayer in the heart of everyone present that Clark would come through unharmred. When they dug him out, he stood up, shook himself, grinned and without the slightest desire for effect, said, "Okay boys, let's go." It was all in the day's work. Just part of a day which couldn't be set arwy by any mishance.

He wouldn't have been so cheerful a year ago under similar circumstances.

There is another story told of Clark today. Recently he and Leo Carrillo, who was resting after completing his last Columbia Picture, went on a hunting trip to Mexico. They encountered more than the average number of discomforts. Clark had come at a moment's notice. His life is so organized now that he can pack a bag and go wherever he desires. He was free and he was happy. And whatever anyone suggested was okay with Clark.

CARRILLO says: "Clark was a man in a million. He did more than his share of the hard work an outdoor trip always implies. Made camp and cooked and was always the one to handle tense situations with a laugh, a quip or an amusing story. Men get to know each other on trips like this."

Leo paused, considered and resumed: "If I had to choose one man out of all the world to be with the rest of my life, I would choose Clark."

One Saturday night, Gable and Carrillo and the others went into a town near their encampment. Word had gone ahead that the famous motion picture actor, Clark Gable, was in a small dance hall. The town señoritas and their mamans flocked there. Accepting the standards of the country, he graciously bowed to the mamans and asked for the privilege of dancing with their daughters. Clark had a marvelous time. It was all in fun.

A very close friend of Clark's—a man who has known him intimately since his early Hollywood beginnings, says: "The Clark of two or three years ago would never have come up imperturbable and smiling from an accident which might have had a serious ending. Clark would not have entered into the fun of dancing with strange exotic girls under the watchful eyes of Spanish mothers. He would not without exception have been a gay companion, without dark moods or long silences. But this is the Clark of today."

"This Clark, who looks forward to a long career on the screen,
of Clark Gable

who hopes that it will last, who enjoys every instant before
the camera, is a changed man. This enjoyment has mirrored
itself remarkably in his progress as an actor. Both his re-
leased and his unreleased pictures testify to his suddenly in-
creased technique, to his recently acquired ease in handling
situations and characters. At last he has mastered the art
of acting."

Heretofore Clark Gable has been a personality whose arrest-
ing animal magnetism brought him recognition. Now he is
recognized as a splendid actor, with a new authority in his
screen interpretations. Clark's friends today agree that he has
a newer vision and a newer interest in his career. He no longer
has those deep, dark moods which used to cloud his days. No longer does he have mental
hazards which were a bar to his complete realization of his
abilities and his talents.

What then is the cause of this
new Clark Gable? What has given him poise and a carefree
attitude? What has given him content, such as he has never
known before?

Again we turn to a man who has had close association with
Clark for an explanation. And he says: "Clark Gable is a
man of freedom and for freedom. He is a man who will bow
to bondage, whether it is self-imposed or imposed by circum-
stances—and will do it with grace. But he pays the penalty
with over-taxed nerves and mental confusion.

"Primarily, he is a man who belongs in the wide spaces
and the far places. A man who is happiest when he can live from day to day. Long ago he said, 'I will never recap-
ture the happiness I had when I was broke; when the stock
companies in which I played couldn't pay; when I tramped
the roads looking for a job, taking whatever was offered me,
whether it was as an advertising solicitor or as a husky in
a logging camp. I didn't plan. I just hoped for the best
and had a lot of fun out of hoping. But I let every day take
care of itself and the next week and the week after that didn't
bother me a bit.'

[Continued on page 67]

by Sonia Lee
I'm Hard—

by

Leon Surmelian

The Biltmore Bowl is jammed with a galaxy of stars and motion picture celebrities... more than a thousand of them... stiff, starched shirts and a spectacle of devastating pulchritude in a lavish array of gowns, a whirlpool of mink and ermine and fox wraps of every description... with a mob of reporters and photographers swarming around the place. It's the eighth annual Motion Picture Academy award banquet...Shortly before midnight, President Frank Capra takes the rostrum to announce the winners of the various awards, and Bette Davis, a little girl in an inconspicuous dinner dress—white print on a navy-blue background, the belt and the lapels of the coat of White pique—comes through and grabs the coveted gold statuette for the best acting of the year. It's the crowning glory of a long struggle, years of hardship and heartbreaks and obscurity. Five years ago, this same Bette Davis was left fifteen hours in a tank while lending her talents to a new thriller, and she might have caught pneumonia, but nobody cared. The story of this young lady's success is one of the most amazing and instructive chapters in the annals of the screen. "You have to be ruthless to be a star!" she declared, blowing a ring of smoke into the air, as she sat curled up in an armchair in the living room of her old-time home on Franklin Avenue. The most outspoken, straight-shooting, fearless trooper in the business seemed to be in an especially confidential and volcanic mood.

"I have changed. We all change in this town, whether we are aware of it or not. Everyone who gets to the top does so at a certain sacrifice. I know that I am not always agreeable and accommodating. You can't fight your way to stardom by saying a docile 'yes, thank you,' to everyone who has a part in your career. The trouble with me is I am not ruthless enough! I have not yet achieved that ability to demand my rights which real success in any human endeavor demands.

"The principles we were taught as kids don't work in Hollywood. People in this town don't judge you by the qualities we thought were so important—by your kindness, virtue, sincerity, humility. The producers don't give a girl a part because she is so nice. She can be the most vicious, double-crossing person in the world, and they will still beg her to sign on the dotted line if she can sell more tickets at the box-office. You can't be a meek little angel, as I was a few years ago, and get along in this business. It does strange things to us."

This kind of talk, if delivered by an imperious lady of the screen, with a corps of servants at her command in a luxurious mansion, might well arouse resentment and stamp her as an enemy of society, but Bette is really such a good sport, and so natural, that you can't help but like and admire her more for her frankness. Her explosive, firecracker talk is replete with homely truths, and she is a blonde bundle of luscious femininity, with eager, sparkling blue-gray eyes. She lives in the most unpretentious house occupied by any star or near-star in Hollywood, and she was barelegged and without make-up during this interview. So what can you do with a gal like that?

"We women have to fight harder," she continued. "Take my case, for instance. When I first came out here they took me for just another little girl from Broadway, and the biggest battle I had to wage was to make people take me seriously. I had no theatrical reputation to speak of and I wasn't beautiful. They told me I was too young and innocent looking to play the available roles convincingly. For over a year I was used as the test gal on the lot. They dressed me up in pretty costumes, and tested hundreds of actors with me, but when the real shooting began, I was left out. My first role was a small town wall-flower. For two years I didn't play anything but 'sisters.' Then the producers seemed to wake up, after I moved over to Warners. George Arliss gave me a boost by picking me to play in one of his pictures, but I got my first real break as Mildred, the cheap, vicious, cockney waitress in Of Human Bondage.

"I'll never, never forget my first year in Hollywood! It was hell. When you are new out here, this town is the LONE-SOMEST place in the world. I can't think of a more terrible, cruel, selfish and indifferent place for the newcomer than Holly-
Boiled!

In which Bette Davis, always an amazing girl, gives some amazing truths about an amazing town.

"The greatest mistake I made when I first came out here was just being myself. There is a famous story about my arrival in Hollywood—you may have heard it. There was nobody at the station to meet me. I got off the train, looked around for that bouquet of flowers from the studio I had expected, but nobody paid the slightest attention to me. Swallowing my pride, I called a taxi, drove to a hotel and telephoned to the publicity department of the studio to find out why nobody was at the station to meet me.

"I was there," the chief said, "but I didn't see anybody alighting from the train who looked like an actress." 'Damn it,' I said, 'I had a dog with me, and by that alone you should have known that I was an actress!' I was dressed very plainly, to them, I suppose, and therefore there was no aura of theatrical glamour about me.

"I was so self-conscious when I first came out here, that it was pathetic. No photographer could make me smile for a still picture. And my first preview nearly killed me. But we change, as the years go by! Now I am known to be 'courageous,' 'daring,' 'nonchalant!' A girl grows up a lot in five years."

She lighted another cigarette, jumped off from her chair to change her position, and settled down to another barrage of crackling talk:

"I have often wondered where lies the peculiar charm of Hollywood, the secret of its amazing hold on people everywhere. Well, I think what makes Hollywood so fascinating is its shady side.

People are starving for romance. They are bound by conventions and restrictions of all sorts. But out here, people think, there is a certain breezy freedom. And romance, dangerous, thrilling, is lurking at every corner.

"We can talk all we want about the artistic side of motion pictures, but I don't care what the professors say. SEX has always been and will always be at the bottom of this industry. Take sex away from pictures, and our studio lots would revert to their former pasture state and be overrun by dairy herds. Why do girls go to see a picture featuring Clark, Gable, Bob Taylor, Errol Flynn, George Brent," [Continued on page 71]

Bette Davis couldn't cope with Hollywood until she learned to fight. Her superb characterization in Of Human Bondage (right) was the fruit of her first bitterly-won victory.

wood. Nobody tells you what you should and shouldn't do, nobody tells you ANYTHING. (She threw up her arms with a gesture of despair.) Nobody will help you, and you have to find your way around by the old method of trial and error. One ought to make a fortune by opening an office in New York to advise people who come to Hollywood; there are so many things they have to be told! One mistake may ruin your whole career.

"And yet, today, I'm afraid I'm just as cold and indifferent to the new girls on our lot as people were to me five years ago. Some of them must have the same difficulties as I had, and be bothered with the same doubts and thoughts, yet I never go out of my way to help them. I just don't think of it. As I said, this business does strange things to us. You are so busy, and so self-centered, that you have no time and no inclination to help others win the fight.

"You become ruthless.
Roses for Garbo

by Sada Cowan

A famous scenarist tells about her strange meeting with the mystery woman of the screen

FLORISTS, like doctors, lawyers and priests, are bound by a code of honor to silence. Otherwise the calendar of the divorce courts might be more crowded than it is.

There is one florist, in particular, whose specialty has been to serve the stars and important people of the motion picture business, for years—a wise, kindly person—who smiles at you when you ask him a question. And never answers you.

He probably knows more about picture people than Mark Hellinger knows about New York. And that's saying all you can say.

Waiting one night not so many weeks ago for the florist to put out the lights and the cat and call it a day—for he had asked me to dinner—I sat on the edge of a table, smoking and trying to be patient. The shop was cold and I was shivering.

When the much touted California sun says "Nighty-night" and takes a look in on China, California can be mighty cold. And usually is. But cold or not, there is never any artificial heat at a florist's. The flowers can't stand it. And humans don't count.

From time to time I reminded my friend that as the hours passed I was growing more and more expensive to feed. "All right—let's go," he said, reaching for his hat. Then the telephone rang.

"Mr. de Mille is moving into a new office in the morning—a basket of flowers please. Price? Oh, use your own judgment. Only make it nice." "Certainly." Down went the hat. The order was noted. (The office staff had gone home long ago.)

Over and over this sort of thing happened. Somebody was starting a new picture and his friends were sending him a flower horse-shoe for luck, or a director wanted flowers for his newly-arrived eastern star, or somebody suddenly remembered that it was the wife's birthday—he'd stop and pick up the flowers on his way home from the studio—have it to the florist. He knew the wife's taste.

At last, the climax came.

A tall, ungainly, badly-dressed girl slouched into the store. I looked and couldn't believe my eyes. Then I looked again. It was Garbo!

I busied myself with a basket, pretending to be an employee. She paid no attention to me, as I had hoped.

"Have you any roses?" she asked, with a strong foreign accent. "They must be perfect." The florist went into the back room and brought out some beautiful long-stemmed yellow ones.

"I do not want yellow. I want flowers more...what you call it...more vital...alive."

Her tone spelled just one thing—romance. Romance and red roses.

Unfortunately, the only red roses in the shop at the moment were a day old. Not what one would call "perfect." The outer petals were slightly wilted. The florist did what is always done in such cases, pulled off one or two of the outer petals before taking them to the customer.

Garbo took one look at them. With the eye of an expert she shook her head. "They must be perfect. And fresh. They go tonight on a boat that sails and they must stay alive many days. I am sorry." She turned to go.

"Just a moment," he said, remembering the box of red roses which he had just put up for the director's wife, and which the pur- [Continued on page 74]
Off to school—two 20th Century-Fox starlets—Jackie Searl and Jane Withers. Jackie appeared with Jane in Gentle Julia while Jane has just completed the star rôle in Pepper Young stars of Hollywood suggest smart collegienne attire for Fall campus wear
SOME may not be smart in the classroom but they certainly look smart on the campus. Among the charming features of modern education are the school belles who answer the school bells in the smartest Fall attire. (1) An ideal dress for campus wear is this two-piece sports frock of light weight powder blue woolen with a Roman stripe ascot worn by Joan Perry. Joan has the lead in the Columbia production, Shakedown. (2) Two Paramount players, Ray Milland and Marsha Hunt, show the correct attire for students who indulge in active sports. Ray wears white flannels and a white wool sweater banded in carulmal red for the tennis date while Marsha chooses steel grey flannel culottes, a powder blue short sleeve sweater with a smart turn-over collar under a gray cardigan to match the culottes and a blue scarf at the neck. Ray Milland's sweater from Phelps-Terkel. Outfit worn by Marsha Hunt from Bullock's Westwood. (3) Informal Sunday evenings and the date in town demand such a frock as this one worn by Joan Perry. A pattern of white leaves spot a black background of heavy crepe. Smartly draped sleeves and a square decolletage give this gown definite fashion interest. Joan's hat is of stitched taffeta with a square crown. Dress from Nina Foley, hat from Molle-O of Hollywood. (4) For wear on and off the campus, Joan Perry selects this coat of gray kidskin from Willard George whose reputation in Hollywood as a furrier is unsurpassed. With the coat Joan wears a frock of powder blue light weight woolen trimmed with white soutache braid and self-fabric bows. Joan's hat is matching blue felt with a banding and bow of black grosgrain. Her accessories are patent to match the dress belt. Dress and hat from Nina Foley. (5) For a stroll on the campus between classes (left to right) Marsha Hunt, Ray Milland and Gail Patrick, Paramount players, show what is what in school apparel. Marsha again sports the culotte, this time in navy blue with small white stars. Belt buckle and buttons match. [Continued on page 60]
of a co-ed on and off the quad
DEAR YOU—wherever you are! For I don’t know, as yet, where you are but I know so perfectly what you are that I can write you as though we had really met—and love had happened.

I know I’ve never met you before. Because I’ve never been in love in my life. I’ve never even thought I was in love. But I thought about love, and about marriage, as every normal girl has.

I will know you when we meet. Oh, maybe I won’t know you the first instant. Maybe not the first day. It won’t be “love at first sight,” I don’t suppose. I’m not sentimental. I’m rather practical. I don’t believe I could fall in love at first sight. But within a week, I shall know. I’ll be sure . . . that you are HE. I’ll know because I’ve gone about with a lot of boys, different kinds of boys, in New York, in Hollywood. I’ll know because I haven’t played about with love.

I can tell you two things right off—you’d better be an actor. And—I’ll neverelope with you. I have a streak of New England in me as wide as the state of Maine—both mother and daddy are born New Englanders—and that conservative streak would keep me from one of those off-to-Yuma marriages.

I think you had better be an actor because I couldn’t, in my work, marry a man outside of the profession. And I love my work and I want to keep on with it. If anyone had asked me, a year ago, whether I would marry an actor I would have said, “No, certainly not.” Now I know that I would. Because understanding is the very basis of love. You’ve got to have understanding of my problems and you couldn’t unless you were in the business, too.

But you’ll have to be a very understanding man under the grease-paint. And why not? Most of the actors I know are swell human beings. You can’t be the jealous type, of course, either personally or professionally. I wouldn’t be, I know. I’ve been in Hollywood for four years now, in the studios, and I know how little cause there is for personal jealousy. We all work too hard, are too intent on our own careers, to be playing about among ourselves. As for professional jealousy—well, why should a man and a woman conflict in that way? I know that if you should get a perfectly swell part and make a tremendous hit I’d be proud of you. I’d be glad. It wouldn’t have anything to do with my work, or with my ability.

Things like that are so silly, don’t you think? Last year, when I was in New York, one of those silly things happened. Cary Grant happened to come through New York, on his way to England, a few days after I’d arrived there. Cary and I had seen quite a bit of each other in the months before. We were never in love. We did have a lot of fun together. I was fond of him and he of me. We still do see each other now and then. Anyway, a friend of mine called me and said, “My dear, I have bad news for you—did you know that Cary Grant has made a tremendous hit in Sylvia Scarlett?” The poor silly girl really thought I’d be annoyed by Cary’s success because we weren’t running around together any more.

I told her not to be ridiculous. I was perfectly delighted about it. Cary had read his lines to me time and time again. I got a thrill out of it. I would get the same thrill out of any success you might make . . . you can be sure of that, wherever you are.

I’d want you to have a bit of an edge on me somewhere, in some department of life. Being a man, you would have to feel a certain superiority to me somewhere or you wouldn’t be happy. It’s biological. Perhaps you would have a little edge on me in our home life. Perhaps intellectually. Perhaps financially—no, certainly financially. For that is the rub. I do think it’s bound to create a bad situation if the woman makes more money than the man. Silly, but it does. So you’ll have to make more money than I do or I’ll have to give up my career—and I would if you wanted me to, very badly. That is, I would if it did not lower my present.
Anne Shirley

With a spectacular rush, Anne Shirley—once known as Dawn O'Day—is scaling the heights. Starred at sixteen in *Anne of Green Gables*, she has fully justified the confidence of Radio Pictures executives. She is now co-starred with John Beal in *M'liss*, a story of the southern mountain folk.
A HANDSOME young man, wearing faultless dinner clothes, stood in the center of a large sound stage and chatted amiably with a charming young woman wearing the latest in silver evening gowns. A variety of individuals wearing frowns lined up behind a camera and decided they were ready to make a motion picture.

"Quiet!" commanded an assistant sternly.

"Light 'em all," remarked an anonymous bass.

"Action," said the director.

Whereupon the handsome young man picked up the charming young woman, laid her across his knees and administered a sound spanking. No one, with the exception of the spankee, made the slightest objection. In fact they regarded the proceeding with a cool and critical detachment. They didn't, it seemed, approve of the young man's technique. So he spanked the young woman again. In fact, off and on for an entire morning the handsome young man spanked and spanked and spanked.

Thus Owen Davis, Jr., late of the Broadway stage, completed the first scene of his first leading rôle in motion pictures.

"Hollywood," remarked Mr. Davis thoughtfully, "is a little hard on the hand."

But young Mr. Davis didn't know a thing about Hollywood. That afternoon he stood on that same sound stage and kissed a very charming young woman—the same woman. He kissed her while the director had a series of inspirations. He kissed her while other actors "blew" their lines. He kissed her while various people made helpful suggestions. Eventually, he rebelled.

"Who," inquired Mr. Davis a bit fractiously, "is kissing this girl anyway?"

At the end of the scene—and the day—Mr. Davis was beyond making any comment on Hollywood whatever.

However, it will take more than the title rôle of Bunker Bean to stop young Owen. In the first place he possesses an exceedingly thorough theatrical training which makes him well able to cope with even the surprising demands of motion pictures. In the second, his is the saga of the Boy-who-wanted-to-go-on-the-stage. He insists that he was born with grease paint in his veins, a script in each hand, and an unshakable ambition to be an actor. Though his father is the noted playwright, Owen Davis, author of such famous successes as the current Ethan Frome, Icebound. (a Pulitzer Prize) [Continued on page 80]
I Raised My Boy To Be A Husband

Mrs. Evelyn Offield—who has a son called Jack Oakie—tells how she prepared an incurable humorist for matrimony

by Virginia Lane

HUSBANDS, in the immortal words of the female flagpole sitter, need a lot of raising.

And the time to begin is when they’re in the cradle. While they are still young and pliable, so to speak.

You know—"as the twig is bent, so grows the tree." And if you want a mighty Oak-ie of a husband to lean on, his training can’t begin too soon ...

"Although as an oak, there’s probably a good bit of the acorn left in Jack," chuckled his small, gay mother, Mrs. Evelyn Offield, whom half of Hollywood has adopted as its own.

"Because I have pampered him some. Every man ought to have a little pampering—when he least expects it. And from what I’ve seen, it looks as if Venita is going to carry on."

"Venita" is, of course, Venita Varden, that zestful beauty from the Ziegfield Folies who married Jack Oakie some four months ago. The two of them were broling in a New Mexican sun on location for The Texas Ranger even as mother Offield and I sat in the cool comfort of her Beverly Hills home bent on How-to-bring-up-a-Husband.

"During my experience as a school teacher I’ve helped more than 15,000 girls to become good wives. But that, compared to raising one Husband—well—" Her eyes danced. They’re blue and laughing and startlingly like Jack’s.

"Mr. Offield and I, you see, began when Jack was a small boy back in Sedalia, Mo., by showing him how to share. That’s the most important thing the future head of a family has to learn, isn’t it? Although I’ll admit it was often harder on me than it was on him."

"For instance, his father would take him downtown and somewhere along the way they’d stop for candy. ‘Going to save some for mother? Dad! I’d ask. ‘Sure!’ Jack’d say—and carefully clutch those chocolates for me in his hot, grubly little hands all the way home. Can you imagine what that candy looked like by the time I got it? But the spirit behind the offering was good so I had to close my eyes ... And many a day he’d come bouncing into the house to give me some prize possession—usually a frog or a toad ...

"It was frogs and toads then. Now it’s diamonds and cars Jack lavishes on his mother. When he gave Venita her diamond engagement ring and bracelets and wedding ring, he also gave an extra large solitaire to the little woman who brought him up to be an extra choice hubby! Psychology helped her do that, she says. She majored in the subject at Lewis college—and then named her boy "Lewis" after the school. He got the name "Oakie" when critics dubbed him the "Okay Kid" for his dancing in Schubert revues. The surname came when he was handed a Hollywood contract. "We can’t put you down just as ‘Oakie,’” said the producer.

"What do you want in front of it?"

"Jack—because that’s what I need!"

It’s what he wanted most. Money. For under all that clowning of his was a terrific sense of responsibility engendered by the promise to his father. He [Continued on page 70]
Movie-town has undergone some amazing growing pains—and the author of this laugh-fest has witnessed and shared them all.

AFTERNOON at Arline Judge's. Around her beautiful swimming pool are cameras and motion picture equipment, mothers with babies, arriving newspaper and magazine photographers, anxious publicity men.

The air is tense. Over at one side, Evelyn Venable is trying to calm her six-month-old infant. Karen Morley tells Michael, her tot, a story. Sally Eilers is romping with small Harry Joe, pride of the Eilers-Brown menage. Arline is dividing her time between her guests and the task of showing three and one-half-year-old Wesley how to tap dance.

One vital question is uppermost in the minds of all present... will the babies behave for their pictures? It's an occasion long awaited, when so many star-mothers with their children are to be snapped for the public prints, their likenesses recorded for the screen.

The moment arrives for them to line up. There is horseplay on the part of the young sons, there is a burst of crying, there is interest in everything but the cameras that confront them.

"Make a noise like a sea-lion calling its mate," Charlie Rhodes, Movie Classic's demon cameraman, begs me.

I try to comply and instantly, I have undivided attention on the part of all the youngsters. Then... wild wailing. But during those few seconds of rapt intentness, cameras have done their work and the object of the visit is accomplished.

As I stand there making a grandstand play for the babies, I reflect... Hollywood never changes. Always something out of the ordinary every moment. Such as back in 1927, when my newspaper office phoned as I was dressing for the opening of Old Ironsides, at Grauman's Egyptian Theatre, that a telegram had arrived for me bearing the news that Richard Arlen and JobynaRalston had eloped and married that afternoon... when they were to have been my guests at the premiere!

IN MY many years as a Hollywood writer for Los Angeles' largest newspaper, and for many magazines since leaving the sheet, it has been my lot to share much of the joy and sorrow of the film colony. Hollywood, in the days before the talkies, resembled, to my mind, nothing so much as a college town. Everybody knew everybody else. There were few strangers. Just one big happy family, don't y'know.

Hollywood, today, is a far different hamlet from those other days.

With the importation of actors, writers, directors, technicians,

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Joan Crawford, once Hollywood's most-publicized lovers, caused plenty of excitement when their engagement was announced. Alla Nazimova, glimpsed here in a scene from Salome, didn't give interviews very readily, to this author's embarrassment.
from the cast and from Europe, the village has assumed the aspect of a metropolitan center. In the pre-talkie era a promenade up the Boulevard, from Vine Street to Highland Avenue (approximately three-quarters of a mile), consumed most of an afternoon. One is fortunate now to see a familiar face along this same course.

I recall very vividly my first interview with a star. Nazimova, the Russian tragedienne, then attempting a comeback after several years' absence from the screen, was my subject. The Garden of Allah Apartments, on Sunset Boulevard—now the home of so many stars—occupies the site of her former home. After being introduced, she swore me to secrecy not to divulge her address in my story. Then, sinking back in a luxurious, red easy chair, she ordered grandly, with an impressive sweep of her hand, "Well, commence." The one question I had managed to conjure immediately left me!

I was reminded of this early experience only recently, when I dropped by Lionel Stander's home for an interview with this quaint young gentleman with a bull-frog's voice.

For an hour or more we played pool on his new table. Whenever I would bring up the object of my visit, he would promptly concentrate on an intricate play. Finally, as I was taking my leave, he told me . . . "Say anything you want about me—just so you don't make me a sap—but be sure to mention my house. Isn't it a pip?" He had designed the furniture and planned the redecorating and was justly proud of his handiwork.

Sometime after Greta Garbo decided to make herself so exclusive that no one might even see her—and the following incident might just as well have transpired yesterday, for all the Swedish star has changed—I took a photographer out to her home for the purpose of taking a picture of the house. As my companion was setting up his camera, two huskies appeared from out of the shrubbery and proclaimed loudly that we couldn't "take no pitchers here." The gentlemen seemed so very much in earnest that we decided to accede to their gentle hint to move on.

Climbing back into our car, we drove off . . . and rounding the block, snapped the picture from the car as we passed. Miss Garbo's young men displayed such irritability and downright annoyance at our discourtesy in returning, especially when they had issued their dictum, that we drove around the block again . . . and shot still another "pitcher . . ."

As Helen Ferguson—now a prominent [Continued on page 64]

Fay Wray, as a bit player, demonstrated her unshakable courage when charged by Rex, the wild horse. Gloria Swanson and her marquis gave a party at the Hotel del Coronado and spent the evening throwing flowers at one another across the length of the banquet table
Hollywood is on the line! And here's the opportunity of a lifetime to chat personally with the beautiful star of Ramona

ANOTHER month—and with it another chance to win a long distance telephone call from one of Hollywood's most popular girls!

Ask Loretta Young a question! She will answer your queries in the November issue of Movie Classic—and, in addition, she will personally answer via long distance telephone, the one question which in her judgment is the most interesting.

Ask her the same questions which you would propound if you had the opportunity of lunching with her, tête-a-tête, here in Hollywood.

Why did she seek so avidly to play the rôle of "Ramona," the half-breed Indian girl of Helen Hunt Jackson's great love story? . . . Does she feel that being a child star robbed her of a normal childhood? . . . Does she plan to marry in the near future? . . . What opinion did she form of Robert Taylor while they were playing together in Private Number . . .

There are, literally, hundreds of extremely interesting questions which you can ask. Loretta Young, a famous actress at fourteen, a wife at seventeen, a divorcée at eighteen, a great dramatic artist at twenty-two is one of the most interesting personalities in an interesting town.

Address your questions to The Inquiring Reporter, Movie Classic, 7046 Hollywood Boulevard, Hollywood, California. And please note: Queries received later than August 20 cannot be honored. Your questions will be compiled and taken to Loretta Young who will personally dictate the answers which will appear in October Movie Classic. She will select the most interesting question, and fix the hour and date at which time she will telephone the lucky winner.

Questions which violate the bounds of good taste will of course be discarded.

Good luck—and send in your queries promptly.

Win A Telephone Call From Loretta Young
Don’t let adolescent pimples keep you from being admired

Unsightly skin blemishes are a big trial to many young people during the years that follow the beginning of adolescence—from about 13 to 25, or even longer.

Important glands develop at this time, and final growth takes place. Disturbances occur throughout the entire system. The skin, especially, gets very sensitive. Waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin, and it breaks out in pimples.

But even severe cases of adolescent pimples can be corrected. Fleischmann’s fresh Yeast clears these skin irritants out of the blood. Then, the pimples disappear.

Eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann’s Yeast regularly each day, before meals. Eat it plain, or dissolved in a little water until your skin is entirely clear. Start today.
Robert Taylor Answers

[Continued from page 23]

A. I play opposite her in "The Gorgeous Hussy" which is now completed.
Q. Are you superstitious?
A. Isn't everyone a little superstitious? My pet superstition is that it's bad luck to talk about the things one wants before they materialize.
Q. Do you prefer comedy or dramatic roles?
A. I haven't played in a comedy but I would like to try.
Q. Why haven't you continued your medical studies?
A. Because I had always had the desire to act and didn't dare pass up opportunity when it came to me unselfishly.
Q. What is the one thing you want most in life?
A. I suppose you could sum it up by saying I want happiness—and happiness to me implies success, financial security and, eventually, a family and a home.
Q. What nationality are you?
A. Scotch, English and Pennsylvania Dutch.
Q. What are the most important advantages and disadvantages your career has provided?
A. The advantages are obvious. I have been given the chance to better myself more rapidly than I could have in any other profession. I have earned money much more rapidly than I could in any other profession and most important of all I have been given the opportunity to contact many interesting and inspiring personalities. If there is a disadvantage it lies in the fact that I have been forced to sacrifice a certain amount of privacy.
Q. What are your plans for the immediate future?
A. As far as business is concerned I want to go on doing exactly what I am already doing. Right now, though, the plan that I am giving the most thought to is a trip to the North Woods this fall to camp and fish.
Q. What is your favorite popular song?
A. "Would You."
Q. Do you really play the Cello?
A. Yes.
Q. Do you prefer to be called Bob or Robert?
A. Both names still seem strange but I prefer Bob.
Q. What is your height, weight, etc.?
A. I am six feet tall, weigh 165 lbs, and have dark brown hair and blue eyes.
Q. Have you ever loved in vain?
A. Yes, plenty of times.
Q. Is Hollywood what people on the outside think it—wonderful?
A. I still feel enough of an outsider to think it is very wonderful.
Q. What is the significance of the ring you wear on your little finger in every picture?
A. It was given to me when I was a kid and I have worn it ever since, and for some reason, I am convinced that it would be bad luck not to wear it.
Q. Are you acquainted with Shirley Temple?
A. No.
Q. What is your favorite dessert?
A. Apple pie.
Q. Are all the members of your immediate family living?
A. My father is dead.
Q. What did you find most interesting in New York?
A. I was bewildered by the size and the speed and was profoundly impressed by the cosmopolitan atmosphere.
Q. Where did you make your screen debut?
A. At Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio in a very small part in "A Wicked Woman."
Q. What are the titles of the first six pictures you played in?
Q. Do you plan to attend the Texas Centennial?
A. No, I don't think I shall be able to do so.
Q. What kind of car do you drive?
A. A Cadillac coupe.
Q. Do you mind being hunted by autograph hunters?
A. Frankly, I like it.
Q. What kind of work would you prefer—radio, stage or screen?
A. The screen.
Q. I understand you like horses. Do you own any horses? If so, what are their names?
A. Yes, I am fond of horses. I have ridden since I was eight years old. I do not own a horse at present.
Q. Do you really drive as recklessly as you do on the screen?
A. I wouldn't be on the screen or anywhere else above ground very long if I did.
Q. Can you tap dance?
A. No.
Q. Which do you consider most important, a career or marriage?
A. A career. It is obviously most important to a man for without a career he could not have the marriage.
Q. Would you like to play in a color film?
A. Yes.
Q. Do you play the piano?
A. Yes.
Q. What books do you read?
A. Fiction.
Q. Do you mind having your personal life probed into?
A. I suppose everyone desires a certain amount of privacy but I feel that a person in my position is obligated to satisfy the natural curiosity of the public.
Q. Did you bet on the Louis-Schmelzing fight?
A. I couldn't find anyone who would take a bet—I'm glad now that I didn't.
Q. Have you been a wealthy person all your life?
A. No. My father had a comfortable income but was not wealthy.
Q. Do you think a career and marriage can successfully be combined?
A. Certainly.
Q. Do you have a private secretary?
A. No.
Q. What do you think of your chances in color films?
A. I have never had a color test.
Q. Do you live with your family in Hollywood?
A. I live with my mother.

And there you have it in his own words Bob Taylor's answers. Next month remember Ginger Rogers takes the witness stand and moreover will call one of her questioners by long-distance telephone and answer that question which she considers the most interesting of those submitted.

Charles Bickford, Mrs. Eddie Mannix and Ketti Gallian were among the motion picture personalities who vacationed over Independence Day at the Playa Ensenada, in Mexico, the most popular of new movie resorts.
This Hollywood make-up...

What will it do for you?

Hollywood's make-up originated by Max Factor will do wonderful things for you...it will "discover" beauty in your face that you didn't know was there...it will individualize that beauty, make you interesting, different!

It is an extraordinary make-up, because it was created for extraordinary conditions...screen stars, not wanting to look alike, asked Max Factor to create a make-up that would individualize their type. The result was Max Factor's sensational discovery—powder, rouge, lipstick in color harmony shades that instantly dramatize the individual charm of every star!

You will find that Max Factor's Powder in your color harmony shade will enliven your skin with youthful radiance...the Rouge will add a lifelike color to your cheeks...the Lipstick will dramatize your lips with an alluring color that lasts indefinitely! Try Hollywood's make-up secret, and note the amazing difference!

Jane Wyatt
IN COLUMBIA'S
"LOST HORIZON"

Max Factor • Hollywood

Would you like to see how lovely you can be with powder, rouge and lipstick in your color harmony shade? MAIL COUPON.

© 1936 by Max Factor & Co.

Movie Classic for September, 1936 53
The Man Who Refound His Childhood

[Continued from page 25]

There was always a new show starting or an old show going on the road; and in the summers there was always the movies. Public school, parochial school, private school, private tutors, new faces of classmates, new teachers, different books. The story of all theatrical children. Better educated than most men, Paul Kelly still says wisely, “I’ve always said I wished that I could have finished school!”

He is going to school again with Mimi, talking her lessons over with her—not like father and daughter so much as like two kids poring over the dark mysteries of compound fractions and hist’ry and the islands of the Mediterranean, glowing in her school triumphs, and trying not to show it. (They elected Mimi not long ago to give the Decoration Day speech about the Continent.) But Paul the kid (she got almost all the votes) “Sure, I’d like her to be on the stage one of these days,” Kelly says loyally. “It’s a good life—I’ve no kick coming and I’ve seen in it since I was seven. But not till she’s Finished School.”

TALKING to Paul Kelly makes me feel grey in my hair. We can both of us remember back so far! I have been interviewing movie players longer, I think, than anyone else: still doing the same things for four years; but Paul Kelly has been a motion picture star for twenty-nine years. He is the only one of those early day players to be still working in what is called ‘the tickers’ back in 1906 when “Chick” Kelly was “The Vitagraph Boy.” The Kelly’s house down on the Parkway backed on the Vitagraph lot and Paul’s mother rented out the parlor set occasionally for use in a scene. In the woods beyond, feathered Redskins stalked shrieking pioneer women—while the cameramen tried to keep the telephone wires out of the picture! When a “country” girl, who was the star of the week, was needed, they shot the players in the Kelly front yard, and paid for the use of it by taking a photograph of the house—until the place was filled with photographs.

The players whom I first interviewed Paul waves aside as “newcomers.” “Anita Stewart and Maurice Costello came several years after I did, and the Talmadge girls. I must have been eleven when Connie began to bring Norma’s lunch to the lot. She had yellow curls and a kind of haughty way of switching her starched skirts, and—boy—was I gone on her! But whenever I’d ride my bicycle down to the railroad flats where the Talmadges lived to call on her she was always out. And Natalie was sorry for me and used to say anxiously, ‘I’m sure, Chick.’ If Connie’d known you were coming she’d have been here. She was the first girl I ever wanted to kiss, but I never made the grade."

One of the strangest of the things Life owes Paul Kelly. He has many golden hours of carefree childhood due him—baseball games on the back lot, gang fights between the kids of Avenue B, the toughs from Below the Tracks, excursions down the harbor for a clambake while a small boy of eight or nine made it safely to the man-of-war as mate in the old Republic Theatre on Broadway.

“Being a theatrical kid is all right—when you’ve got a wise mother like mine who’d smack me down when I began to go ‘actor,’” says Paul. “Don’t get the idea I was put out because I had to work. The toughest part of it was wearing my hair in a Buster Brown bob till I was eleven, and a wide white collar till I was fourteen! It took a good many fights and black eyes and bloody noses to dissuade that bob and collar, but I persuaded the gang, at least, to respect them. They were just building the subway to Coney Island then—you know the broken rock the Embankment is made of? Well, the fellows would look up to see a lad in a sickening white sailor suit, with curls under his pretty sailor hat, and a ribbon, and they’d begin yelling—‘Hi, fellows, pipe the sissy.’ They’d fill their hands with the Embankment rocks for ammunition and then somebody would say—Aw, the needs of her big family. As far back as he can remember money has meant to Paul only a gas bill paid, a new dress for “Tiny” or “Betts,” an insurance installment, rent, responsibility met matter-of-factly, without complaint or praise. “When I was a kid,” he says, “I’d say ‘Mom, can you let me have a dime?’ When I was sixteen, it was ‘Mom, how does it feel to be worn out so?’ And I’d be asking, ‘Mom, could you spare me ten dollars to take a girl to a dance?’ And she always handed it. Out to, grand woman, my mother was. I’m greatful now for the times I felt the flat of her hand. When she died suddenly inside of two days from an ailment caused by bringing so many children into the world, and my brothers and sisters were married or earning for themselves and didn’t need it, I felt that was the end of a family ever since I could remember, and I didn’t know how to spend a pay check . . .”

“The head of a family—in those four wars is written the history of many a man, a story of humble, unsung heroism and anxious sacrifice. They do not make the front pages of newspapers, these tired soldiers, men who seem always to be doing sums in their heads as they swarm from the 8:45 commuter’s special. No one tears up telephone books to sprinkle down on their heads as the kids used to away from flyingAtlantics or winning Olympics. Yet perhaps their exploits are recorded Somewhere.

Paul Kelly, who was head of a family at seven, does not seem to recognize anything amazing in his case. “It wasn’t so bad, as a matter of fact; it was exciting. The worst I remember about it was the two-hour rides on street-car and subway between 12th Street and the theatre, changing three times. I was the proud one when Mom let me take the trip alone! ’Just let me off at Avenue M.’ I’d say to the conductor—and go to sleep on the most comfortable looking person in the car!”

“The times we went on tour weren’t so good. Getting up in the cold dark to go to communion or early Mass before coming a train at the station meant letting any of us miss Church. Living in awful lodgings: the landladies didn’t allow cooking in the rooms. I’d go to a ten-cent-store and buy a gadget to screw on a gas jet. Then, while I held the frying-pan filled with lamb chops over it, the comedy woman of the company would bust into a loud ‘Do-Re-Mi-Fa-So’ to drown the sputtering, and Mom would open the window and wave her arm to drive out the smell. ‘It was all right for a tough Irish kid. But I wouldn’t want a life like that for Mimi. I guess people always do want things different for their children easier than they had it themselves’ . . .

The charming room in which we talk bears the stamp of Hollywood—where one feels so far removed from anywhere else in the world. Why it is that I see a cheerless chamber with feeling wall paper, chipped furniture, and lonely Rosie sputtering on a ring? A tall, husky young man, Paul Kelly, with success in the cut of his tweeds, the lift of his head. ‘I wonder why, looking back, it is that back when I was a six-year-old, fair head bobbing to the lurching of the cold and dirty trolley car as it creeps through midnight streets?"
"Since rinsing my hair with Marchand's Golden Hair Wash, I have become increasingly popular," says Miss Harriet Brandon of Indianapolis, Indiana.

FIRST girl to win the title of MARCHAND BLONDE-OF-THE-MONTH, lovely Miss Brandon told us she early realized how important it is for a girl fully to develop one of her charms. "By keeping my hair always soft, bright and lustrous I add immeasurably to my appearance," says Miss Brandon. Whether blonde or brunette, you, too can gain new attractiveness—a charming appearance your friends will admire, by making soft lustrous hair your secret of loveliness.

BLONDES—Keep your hair the popular golden shade with Marchand's. To brighten dull, faded or streaked hair, rinse with Marchand's.

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BLONDES AND BRUNETTES—Use Marchand's to make unnoticeable "superfluous" hair on face, arms and legs. Marchand's alone keeps you dainty and alluring—all over. Start today! Get a bottle of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash in your drugstore. Or use coupon below.

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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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Address
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Whatta Schnozzle—
The world's most useless movie prop has cost $5,000 to date. It's a nose.
It's the nose that was built for Charles Laughton to wear in the projected Alexander Korda production of Cyrano de Bergerac, to have been made in London. To get the best possible nose for the long-haunted hero of the finished Korda import, one of Hollywood's most famous makeup wizards to come all the way to London, just to create the Cyrano schnozzle. Much expensive research was done. The total expenditures, just to produce the one false nose, amounted to $5,000.
And then Korda abandoned production plans—and the nose is for sale, cheap, to whoever wants to be Cyrano. Maybe it wouldn't be a half bad bargain for a Hollywood columnist! Think of the wear and tear it'd save...

Hold Everything—
Latest to learn the truth of "anything can happen in Hollywood" is Arline Judge.
She was Arline when a group of friends were discussing the open-heartedness and philanthropies of one George McKay, Columbia's character actor star. "Wish," commented Bill Gargan, "He's so big-hearted, he'd give you the shirt off his back."
Two days later, in the crowded Brown Derby at lunchtime, Arline Judge met George McKay. Introduced to him, she blurted out: "Oh, you're the man who's so generous that you'd give the shirt off your back...
Gravely, unsmiling, McKay took off his coat, untied his tie, tore off his collar—and took off his shirt and gave it to Arline! Then she had to sit down, at his invitation, and finish lunch with him sans shirt!

Bye, Bye—
Official notice from Paramount: The option on four-year-old Baby Leroy, that super-highly-publicized baby star who was in the W. C. Field pictures, has NOT been taken up.
Sic Transit Gloria Mundi.

Such Praise—
It happened at the preview of Anthony Adverse: Spellbound, the previewers sat through reel after reel of the unfolding of the yarn. Hours passed. Finally, the end. Filing out of the auditorium after the nearly three-hour-long show, a critic was asked what he thought of it. "I nominate it," he replied, "the Ten Best Films of the Year."

In the Mood—
You know that silly old wheeze about being able to tell what a feller had for dinner by the spots on his vest—well, it's something like that with Joan Crawford. Only with Joan, the gag is that you can tell what picture she's making by looking at her offscreen costumes and her house...
Recently, in fact, her clothes in everyday life were replicas of the costumes she wore in The Gorgeous Hussy. Joan makes a few changes of clothes—just the costume to ordinary wear—like wearing only two petticoats instead of seven, and so on. And in her home, Joan has a lot of new bits of furnishing—pieces and items bought after they'd been used on the sets of the picture! It's a habit with Joan—this wearing picture costumes and using home decorations from her current production.

Poor Adolph—
"Dolphy Menjou doesn't know whether it's so hot to be in perfect health at last, after all..."
You see, for the past many months, Menjou has been all too often hospitalized. He thinned down until he was just one pound or so this side of the Human Skeleton. However, keeping up his reputation as the screen's best-dressed actor, Dolphy bought clothes to fit.
Now he's out of his ill-health streak—and he's gained fifteen pounds and the doctors want him to keep it. BUT—it means that Menjou's entire wardrobe is unusable. In his closet hang 160—count 'em—160 suits that he can't wear. They cost him an average of $165 apiece, and he's been selling them for $25 each to grips and workmen at 20th-Fox, where he's working in Swing, Baby, Swing. His spare time is spent sifting for fittings for twenty-seven new suits he's ordered to fit his new architectural outlines. And to make it tough—

An Opportunity—
Dear Maxie Reinhardt—don't you cry. Don't you cry over the fact that Mr. Hitler's Nazi Germany doesn't like you anymore. And don't you cry, even, because your Midsummer Night's Dream didn't knock 'em silly at the box office. Because even if Germany doesn't appreciate you, Italy does. King Emanuel has just conferred the order of Commandatore on you, for your contributions to the stage. So, you can produce Othello and make the big black boy an Ethiopian 'stead of a Moor, eh?

It's the Vogue—
And now even Marion Talley, the beautifully-reduced opera star, is going gargahelpusham.
It seems that out at Republic, where Marion is singing in Follow Your Heart, after shedding so many of those very-extra pounds that she can even pose in swimming suits without too much stress on the reviewers, they've got a new rule: after the electricians have spotted the lights and the grips have placed the scenery and props correctly, they all have to scoot behind canvas screens and not watch while Marion sings and emotes! It "disturbs" Marion if they look on, it is explained."

Reminds me of Hepburn's recent stunt—insisting that all the grips, electricians and other set workers, except the director and cameraman, turn their backs while she hepburned-up a scene in Mary of Scotland, her new picture.

Irony—
Exquisite commentary on Hollywood's marital uncertainties:
Making The Gorgeous Hussy, Franchot Tone playing, opposite Joan Crawford, to her thus, while cameraman: "I'm very much in love with you."
It was a serious scene—and yet, from the watching cast, technical crew, etc all, came a titter that swelled to a roar, and spoiled the take! Chilled Director Clarence Brown: "Let's get used to the idea of a husband and wife loving each other, and do this scene, over, now!"
Ah, Hollywood, Hollywood...!
**Alison Alden Recommends—**

[Continued from page 17]

will find Pond's Liquefying Cream delightful either for your night-time thorough cleansing or to remove make-up during the day. It melts at skin temperature and gets down into the pores quickly. After removing the cream with tissue or towel, your face will be clean and smooth, all ready for a new application of powder foundation, powder and rouge.

If you don't use a powder brush to clear the lines at your eyes, nose and mouth after making up, by all means get one immediately. No matter how hastily your make-up is applied, a final whisk with a powder brush will assure you of that smooth, velvety appearance which makes one's skin really flower-like. Max Factor, manufacturer of the famous Max Factor cosmetics, has a marvelously soft haired powder brush with a curved handle that fits expertly into the palm of your hand. It is attractively priced at one dollar and you will find it on sale at most department and drug stores.

Another effective time-saver about which I am enthusiastic is Breakin, a crystal clear liquid that will give you a refreshing facial pick-up at any time of the day. It is applied with a bit of cotton and performs the double duty of cleansing and toning the skin. It comes in two sizes, one at a dollar and the other at fifty cents.

Even in our pull-mell existence, the pro-saic business of keeping daintiness must be attended to faithfully—summer and winter. So, an antiperspirant that does its work quickly and thoroughly is in order. The manufacturers of Odorono have introduced a new cream antiperspirant that has both these qualifications. This product is instantly absorbed by the skin without leaving a trace of grease to stain your loveliest frocks, even when used on the back, a danger spot with many girls. The name is Odorono Ice and the price is thirty-five cents.

Don't let haste make waste of your beauty—it is so unnecessary with the many splendid new beauty aids on the market. If you want advice on your problems, please feel free to write me in care of this magazine, enclosing stamped envelope for reply. I shall be pleased to help you in every way I can.

**FREE SERVICE TO OUR READERS**

Consult Alison Alden regarding your beauty problems. She will advise you personally concerning any problems of hair, skin or figure. If you want to know trade names do not hesitate to ask her to recommend specific products for your needs. Address Miss Alison Alden, MOVIE CLASSIC, 1901 Broadway, New York City. Be sure to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope with your letter. This is the only requirement for a prompt, personal reply.

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**Most Bad Breath Begins with the Teeth!**

**WHY let bad breath interfere with romance—with success? It's so easy to be safe when you realize that by far the most common cause of bad breath is... improperly cleaned teeth!**

Authorities say decaying food and acid deposits, in hidden crevices between the teeth, are the source of most unpleasant mouth odors—of dull, dingy teeth—and of much tooth decay.

Use Colgate Dental Cream. Its special penetrating foam removes these odor-breeding deposits that ordinary cleaning methods fail to reach. And at the same time, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent cleans and brightens the enamel—makes your teeth sparkle.

Be safe—be sure! Brush your teeth... your gums... your tongue... with Colgate Dental Cream at least twice daily and have cleaner, brighter teeth and a sweeter, purer breath. Get a tube today!
Party Line in Hollywood

(Continued from page 10)

Boyer vs. Garbo

At last a momentous question is settled and official announcement now can be made that Charles Boyer will play opposite the great Garbo in "Hedwig," before you say that you never heard of such a picture, let me note that "Hedwig" is merely the new title for the long proposed story of Marie Walewska. Garbo has always wanted to play that tragic Polish lady who gave her all to Napoleon in the effort to benefit her native land. With Boyer in the male lead, it should be a success. And it needs to be a grand picture for Garbo's star has waned.

She Wants to Solo

From Radio Pictures comes the announcement that Robert Young—who seems to be the white-haired lad at Radio today—has been borrowed to play opposite Ginger Ric's thrice-married character, "Ginger's Chicken." Did you know that one of the stipulations in Ginger's contract is that for every picture in which she co-stars with Fred Astaire she must be the leading star by lonesome in another "without dancing"? She doesn't want to be typed as a dancing star.

Get Out the Tux

Beatrice Lillie, the international stage favorite, has again headed the lure of Hollywood and will shortly arrive in Flicker- ville to play one of the leading roles in "Count Pete," which also feature Greer Raymond, Ann Sothern and Henry Stephenson. "Bee" Lillie, by the way, is almost as famous a bon vivant and hostess as she is a comedienne. Her rare visits to Holly- wood invariably are the signal for a round of unusually swank parties.

False Alarm

Imagine the astonishment of Louise Fazenda, who returned recently from a trip to Chicago and New York, to find her home piled high with gifts for "the new baby." It seems that while in Chicago, curious friends decided not to whisper to her about the famous orphanage, "The Cradle," from which several of her friends had adopted children. Her visit to the founding home being duly reported by the press and amplified by the gossips, Hollywood jumped to the conclusion that she had adopted a baby. As you probably know, she is the wife of Hal Wallis, production czar of Warner Brothers—First National.

Very Clever, Mr. Brent

Credit George Brent with a new wrinkle in the art of a realistic spirit. After months, he's been carrying home the huge electric light bulbs which were burned out during the production of his pictures. And now it develops that he manages to cut off their necks and convert them into somewhat fragile but very ornamental quart decanters. Try it on your own light bulbs sometime but don't blame me if the first results are disappoint- ing. There's a knock to it, George claims.

Double-barreled Plan

George O'Brien is combining business and pleasure. Having signed a brand new contract with Radio Pictures to play in a series of westerns, he is now importing a string of five pedigreed race horses from Maryland. He plans to use them all fall in his pictures and then enter them in the Santa Anita races next spring.

Wedding Bells

Not only is that one-time romance between Irene Hervey and Robert Taylor a thing of the past, but it is now an apparent certainty that Irene will marry Allan Jones, the singing star, on or about the first of September. According to their intimate friends, they plan to honeymoon in the South Seas. Meanwhile Bob Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck look more like romancers than the "good friends" they profess to be.

Myrna's Romance

And, speaking of matrimony, romance and such, it's almost a leadpipe cinch that Myrna Loy and Arthur Hornblow will be married before another season rolls around. They've been in love for some time but had to wait until Hornblow's divorce became final. Incidentally, this is the first time that Myrna has ever been rumored to be engaged. As you probably know, Arthur Hornblow is a producer for Paramount.

Vacation Time

Fred Astaire had no sooner acquired a new home in Hollywood, bought furniture and moved in than he decided to take the wife and kid to London for a visit with his sister, Lady Cavandish. He plans to be gone about two months.

The Fighting's Over

The return of Sidney Fox to the screen, to play the role of "Lotus" in The Good Earth, recalls the hectic status of her marriage to Charles Beahan at the time of her departure two years ago. She fled suit for divorce once, was reconciled, filed a second suit, and for the second time decided to call it off. Beahan was wildly happy when she arrived a few days ago and they are obviously happy.

Casting Office Joctions

Larry Tibeitt, originally scheduled to star in a musical version of The Mark of Zorro, is now slated to make Love Flight for Twentieth Century-Fox. Robert Montgomery, Jean Harlow and James Stewart are to co-star in a comedy-drama entitled Love on the Run... Radio Pictures is considering the production of Taming of the Shrew with Katharine Hepburn in the title role and John Barrymore as Petruchio... Victor McLaglen, Binnie Barnes and John Dixson will have the leading roles in a torrid little comedy-drama yclept A Fool For Blondes, soon to be produced by Universal, and has been purchased and scheduled for production by Radio Pictures... Frances Farmer, who has being great guns in Paramount and Samuel Goldwyn pictures and is generally conceded to have the best chance of any newcomer in Hollywood to become a really outstanding star, will play her first starring role in Paramount's Hideaway Girl...

Tarzan Trouble

Maybe you've been wondering whatever happened to the new (?) Johnny Weissmuller opus, Tarzan Exceise, which was

Egg Shampoo and Color Rinse

The new non-fattening SHEILA Egg Shampoo makes your hair light, soft, and not wet. It is scented with a beautiful natural lute, 12 shades. SHEILA Wave Powder makes your hair soft, silky and neat. Order 50c for postage and packing.

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Hollywood, always on the qui vive for anything different in the way of sport, has taken up bowling on the green as its latest fad. Margaret Lindsey, climbing to stardom at Warner Brothers, is one of the most confirmed addicts started in production just about two years ago this month. Well, it's a long, sad story. Completed nearly a year ago, it was previewed and found wanting. For months they have been shooting retakes and added scenes and now, with better than a million dollars already invested, a new director has been assigned to the production and a new treatment demanding several months additional work has been devised. By the time the picture is released—if ever it is—it will represent a cash investment of at least one and one-half millions. And what a financial jungle that will be to get out of.

**Tit for Tat**

They're telling an amusing story over on the RKO lot these days. It appears that Sam Briskin, the beeg production boss, summoned Patricia Wilder, one of their new contractees, to his office and was informed that she would not be able to come until she had finished a wardrobe fitting. He sent her a note which read...“and who do you think you are, Garbo?”

On the following day, Patricia Wilder entered Briskin’s office, asked to see him, and was told that she would have to wait until he finished a conference. Forthwith, she sent in a note, reading...“and who do you think you are, Darryl Zanuck?”

• “Well—well! It looked like we were going to have a kind of hot, sticky morning—but see what brother’s just found ...a can of Johnson’s Baby Powder! Goody!...I’ll see if I can’t swap my spoon for a sprinkle from his can!...”

• “Empty!...We might have known it—it was too good to be true! I was almost beginning to feel that lovely, silky powder sliding down my back, and all smooth and tickly under my chin. Just a dream—that’s all.”

• “Look—do you see what I see? Mother coming with the honest-to-goodness, full-up Johnson’s can. She’s shaking some powder into her hand—bet she likes the feel of it, too! Baby!...the darkest hour is just before the dawn!”

• “I’m Johnson’s Baby Powder—I keep a baby’s skin soft and smooth as a rose-petal—protected from chafing and rashes. I’m made of the softest, finest Italian talc—no gritty particles and noorris-root...Johnson’s Baby Soap and Baby Cream make babies happier, too. And don’t forget Johnson’s Baby Oil for tiny babies!”

Movie Classic for September, 1936
School Belles

[Continued from page 42]

the dress motive. A white sleeveless sweater under a plaid sports coat is Ray's choice for the college boy while Gail suggests a brown crepe two-piece dress as being appropriate for the well-dressed girl. Small white horses trim the patch pocket and side closing. Dresses courtesy Bullock's Westwood. 7) For the school girl, a romantic frock in the modern manner, is this flax blue starched soufflé worn by Loretta Young, 20th Century-Fox star. Double ruching has been effectively employed to edge the double cape and mark the three tiered skirt. American beauty velvet fastens the cape. 8) This pajama suit worn by Jane Wyatt is ideal for the college girl during her hours of study and relaxation. Designed by Dryden for Jane to wear in the Columbia production Lost Horizon they bring in the Chinese influence with mandarin neck, side closing of tiny frogs and loose hanging tunic. 9) Joan Perry frolicking with her English pointer shows another smart outfit for the school miss. Her grey woolen skirt is topped by a brief bolero bound in navy and white polka dot crepe. The same polka dot makes a youthful blouse and trims the navy blue wool hat. 10) Petit Simonne Simon appearing in the 20th Century-Fox production Girl's Dormitory shows what is worn in the classroom. Navy blue serge with pleated front and tailored skirt makes an ideal frock. White pique collar and cuffs, so easily laundered, are neat and trim. 11) Bold plaids will predominate in Hollywood's early Fall fashion parade. In Spendthrift, a Walter Wanger production, Mary Brian wears a striking cape coat of brown, beige and green woolen. 12) Versatile jackets are favored by Hollywood's younger set for riding and should prove ideal for the wardrobe of a girl going away to school. Pat Paterson, appearing in the Walter Wanger production Spendthrift, wears tan jodhpurs, a tailored white crepe shirt and a "lucky" horse shoe brooch. A jacket like Pat's of brown and white tweed may be worn with equal smartness over one piece sports frock or with odd skirts.
Do Modern Women Deserve Chivalry?

[Continued from page 33]

achievements and their freedom.

"Then the men returned from war and found women loath to give up their occupations in favor of homes and firesides. The ladies insisted upon first showing off their newly-discovered ability in business—flaming it in the faces of men.

"Had the women stopped to think, they would have recognized the danger of this brazen affront to feminine ego. But they didn't stop to think. They were flushed with the heady wine of accomplishment. They were heedless of consequences. They felt they had to prove their equality beyond any doubt. And in proving it, femininity was sacrificed... and forgotten.

"Men were confronted by a problem for which history had no parallels. All the standards of living had been altered and America was in the hands of a race of modern Amazons. Even so, I find evidence that gentlenessmanly instincts prevailed and that the men took their rules of conduct from the attitude of the women. I am sure women struck the first blow.

"Today, the ranks of militant ladies appear to me to be thinning. They seem to be tiring of the fray and returning to the charms and graces of the more chivalrous era of pre-war days. Now we have few counterparts of the war-time 'flapper.' And moreover children are being reared according to the creeds of their grandmother rather than their mothers. That is why I believe that another generation will see a marked readjustment in social conditions.

"Any change will be welcome. I regard myself as being as modern as any woman. Yet I can find no patience for those who have been incapable of remaining feminine.

"Frankly, I enjoy and am pleased to have a man hold my chair when I am seated at the dinner table. Or rise to his feet when I enter a room. Or remove his hat and remain uncovered while we talk on the street. Or open a door for me. Or show me any other of a hundred small courtesies he knows how to offer so flatteringly. I am flattered and gladly admit it.

"The inconsistency of unwomanly moderns is laughable, even though women have never been particularly consistent. The modern pretends to despise the attentions of men. Still she makes use of the wealth of prepared beauty aids available today, has her hair waved regularly and paints her nails just as her sisters in India have done for ten thousand years. Why does she go to such trouble unless it is to attract the attention of men?

"Charm can be developed by any intelligent woman. I urge all womanhood to cultivate it. It has nothing to do with beauty of face or figure. In fact, the beauties of this world are often so lost in self-admiration that they do not trouble themselves to cultivate charm. Yet it has been my observation that the girls men marry are more frequently the charming ones who are physically plain. And these are the marriages that usually endure.

"In Europe, where I spent my last vacation, I found a more marked chivalry than America has practiced since before the war. This is mainly because European women encourage chivalrous conduct in men. Graciousness and femininity have never been lost over there.

"American women must find a way to regain feminine charm. And it is high time they did. They are missing too much of life."

---

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Mary Pauline Callender
Authority on Feminine Hygiene

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The rounded ends of Kotex are flattened and tapered to provide absolute invisibility. Even the sheerest dress, the closest-fitting gown, reveals no telltale wrinkles.

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ALL AT SAME LOW PRICE

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2. JUNIOR—IN THE GREEN BOX—Somewhat narrower—when less protection is needed.
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Movie Classic for September, 1936
MILK... the quick, easy way
to win soft, smooth, youthful skin!

* MILK in a beauty creme at last!

Milk contains natural glandular oils that possess superior power to penetrate, cleanse and nourish the tissues of the skin. No creme, lotion or soap has ever been able to equal their marvelous results. And now scientists have discovered a way to extract and condense these precious milk-oils to make Creme of Milk the first really new face creme offered in modern times.

Creme of Milk is a complete, all-purpose creme. It cleanses, nourishes and clarifies the skin with amazing speed. Dryness goes almost at once. The penetrating milk-oils make short work of blackheads, clogged pores and other blemishes, leaving the skin soft, smooth, fresh and youthful in appearance. Creme of Milk does more and lasts longer than any creme you know of. Every jar is guaranteed to stay sweet and fresh and it will not grow hair. Try Creme of Milk and you will discover the one beauty creme you have always hoped for. Use the coupon to order a special one-week trial jar for 10 cents or better still, order a full 2-oz jar for 50 cents or the large 5-oz jar for $1.

A League of Nations Dinner
[Continued from page 8]

land. Some evening, for a nice change, try these English Mutton Chops.

ENGLISH MUTTON CHOPS
1 thick chop for each serving
2 tbls. olive oil
2 tsp. lemon juice
½ clove garlic
½ tsp. sugar
1 tsp. dry mustard
Large fresh mushroom for each chop
1 tbls. Lea and Perrins Worcestershire sauce
1 cup hot water
Salt and pepper to taste
Flour

Cut slit in each chop large enough to insert mushroom. Make a sauce of oil, lemon juice, mustard, garlic, and sugar. Brush each chop in sauce and then dip in flour. Fry in half butter and half lard until well browned, Season while brownimg. Add water and Worcestershire sauce, then reduce heat to simmering point, cover with lid, and cook until tender. Slice thickness sauce with a little flour and water before serving.

France was represented by Charles Boyer. These Cotelettes will be ideal if you wish a bit of Paris on your menu.

COTELETTES
6 slices of veal cut from neck
1 green pepper
1½ onions
1 cup sour cream
½ tsp. Kitchen Bouquet
½ clove garlic
Salt and pepper to taste
½ tsp. paprika
½ cup water

Dip veal cutlets in flour and brown in butter quickly. Remove from frying pan and add chopped onion, garlic and green pepper to pan. Fry them a delicate brown and place meat in pan once more with onions, garlic, and green pepper. Add seasonings and brown, combine cream and water and pour over meat. Reduce heat to simmering and cook until veal is tender. Serve hot with baked potatoes.

Joseph Schildkraut did his bit for Austria. This country has a delicious cinnamon bread called Bucht that is just right for breakfast.

BUCHTA
8 cups flour
2 cakes Fleischmann’s Yeast
1 cup sugar
2 cups milk
1 egg
½ cup melted butter
2 tsp. salt

Dissolve yeast in 4 tbls. lukewarm water. Scald milk, add butter, sugar, salt and cool the mixture. Beat in all other ingredients and knead until smooth. Roll at once ½ inch thick, sprinkle heavily with cinnamon, brown sugar and spread lightly with a little melted butter. Roll as for jelly roll, tuck edges under and seal well at ends. Place in greased bread tin and allow to rise until double in bulk. Brush top with melted butter and bake in preheated oven at 350 degrees for forty-five minutes. Brush while hot with powdered sugar frosting and sprinkle with chopped nuts.

Director Richard Boleslawski remembered his favorite Polish recipe. Poland has a pound cake that we Americans should adopt.
POLISH POUND CAKE
1 pound butter
1 pound sugar (2 cups)
10 eggs
1 pound flour (4 cups)
½ tsp. mace
2 tbs. brandy
1½ tsp. Royal baking powder
Sift all dry ingredients together several times. Cream sugar, butter and well beaten egg yolks until light and fluffy. Fold in stiffly beaten egg whites, add sifted dry ingredients gradually and beat vigorously for several minutes. Bake in loaf pans, fitted with wax paper at 300 degrees until firm in center. Sprinkle top with powdered sugar when cool.

Hollywood’s Favorite Recipes
It’s Yours! A Complete Cook Book of Film Stars’ Favorite Recipes!
Now you can have this splendid collection of favorite recipes—autographed by the stars—for only fifteen cents! Printed on heavy stock, size 8½ x 11 inches, and punched for loose leaf cookbook cover, this collection of 120 kitchen tested dishes, selected by noted stars, is just what you’ve long wanted.
Movie Classic has made this possible through the efforts of its home economics editor, Dorothy Dwan, herself a noted film player whose hobby is cooking. Here are the stars represented and their recipes.
Margaret Sullavan’s Tasty Pudding
E. G. Robinson’s Honey Cakes
Cottage Cheese Delights from Binnie Barnes
Sally Eilers’ Appetizing Leitovers
Tuna Recipes from Jim Cagney
Valerie Holson’s Casserole Dishes
Heather Angel’s Salads
Mae Clarke’s Favorite Cakes
Adrienne Ames’ Apple Recipes
Andy Devine’s After Dinner Snacks
Raquel Torres’ Mexican Dishes
Raisin Recipes from Noah Beery, Jr.
Pinky Tomlin’s Hot Breads
Savory Ham Dishes from Gloria Stuart
Mona Barrie’s Famous Soups
Address your letters to Dorothy Dwan, Movie Classic Food Editor, 7046 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, Calif. ENCLOSE 15c IN STAMPS OR COINS.

JUNE LANG, feminine lead in “THE ROAD TO GLORY” starring Fredric March, Warner Baxter and Lionel Barrymore. 20th Century-Fox.

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“NATURAL BEAUTY,” says June Lang, “is the most important thing to demand when you have your hair permanent waved.” And isn’t she right! What magic charm there is in a shimmering halo of soft wavy hair. Because of its natural beauty, the Duart wave has long been the choice of the Hollywood stars and is featured in more than 100 Hollywood beauty salons. The Motion Picture Hairstylists’ Guild, the stars’ personal hairdressers, endorse the Duart wave exclusively, because Duart is the only method providing automatic heat control for each separate curl. Duart takes out the guesswork — no possibility of frizzy ends, kinky waves or dried out hair when you say to your hairdresser, “Give me a genuine Duart permanent wave.”

FREE BOOKLET enables you to copy a screen star’s hairstyle. Page after page showing all types of smart modern hairdress. Book sent FREE with a 2-Rinse package of Duart’s Hollywood Hair Rinse, 10 cents. 12 correct shades listed in coupon below. Not a dye — not a bleach.

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☐ Ash Blonde  ☐ Light Blonde

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City ___________________________________________ State ____________

DUART WAVES ARE THE CHOICE OF THE HOLLYWOOD STARS
Growing Up with Hollywood

[Continued from page 49]

Hollywood press agent—and then a well-known leading lady—and today he stands beside the curving of the old Famous-Players studio, conversing, shortly after Rudolph Valentino had sky-rocketed to fame, we heard, a terrific cloudburst approaching. The noise sounded more like the end of the world than that event can ever sound. Suddenly, behind the wheel of a battleship-gray-color voiture, that was seemingly an ancient vintage, a hand waved at us excitedly and we heard the shout, from Valentino's private offices, "It is mine...it is all mine...I made it..." Rudolph always had wanted a big foreign car, someplace had found the skeleton of such a machine, pointed it himself, purchased an old engine which he installed under the hood, and voila, he had his foreign car!

CHARLIE FARRELL, the Robert Taylor of his day, and I brought about the introduction of Richard Arlen to Jobyna Raleigh. Charlie and Dick roomed together at the same New York hotel as the famous old No. 401, and the three of us toured the town together.

Jobyna in those days appeared as leading lady in every picture that Charlie directed. On the occasion in question was sitting one night for photographs when Charlie, Dick and myself dropped by to keep her company. Unfortunately, Charlie was not there, he had arrived, and before we knew it a party was in progress on the set where Jobyna and the photographer were doing the shooting.

Dick took one look at the future Mrs. Arlen. The future Mrs. Arlen took one look at her spouse-to-be. The elopement mentioned earlier tells the story of their romance and ultimate marriage. Although Mr. Farrell and Mr. Williams attended the premiere of Old Ironsides, in the line of duty, in spirit they were standing up with the newswomen as the words making them man and wife were uttered.

On this night, too, Farrell became the father of a littleᴇɪᴅᴇʀ воды. In his first big picture, and the audience applauded his work vociferously. When he appeared after the performance with the rest of the cast, he grinned and announced, "This is a great night for a growing boy." He endeared himself to the film colony with that one raucous phrase. This picture, by the way, nearly ended in tragedy for one hundred and twenty-five persons. Most of the outdoor scenes were filmed on Catalina Island, and the boat shots were taken a few miles out from the island.

The company had been waiting for a stormy sea for nearly three weeks. Easter Day dawned with bright and cloudless skies, with a breeze that promised to develop into a gale. James Cruze, the director, gave orders for the convos to be cast to board the Estery, the three-masted schooner that figured prominently in the earlier sequences of the film. A good-sized tug towed us out to sea, where the tug began to leak, the tug detached itself and kept out of camera range.

Toward noon, the breeze stiffened, and word passed that we were heading out to sea, for the sea was considered as a great threat. This weather perfect for the action in which the Estery was caught in the throes of a terrific hurricane and battered underwater. We did our best with our camera man both on his part for realism to the danger in which we found ourselves later in the day.

The gale gradually raged to near-hurricane proportions, and the Norwegian captain ordered the ship be hauled down. The tug attempted to throw us a line, but so mountainous were the waves that we had difficulty catching the cable. For some reason or other, however, immediately after we made fast to the tug, that vessel's steam supply became exhausted. Instead, then, of cutting through a turbulent sea, we were drawing it after us, both of us following in the worst storm on this portion of the Pacific in ten years.

One look down into the hold and the pumps were started. The boat was leaking badly, and the pumps could barely stay even with the inundating tide. Men went below for bailing purposes, and formed a bucket line.

Shooting scenes, of course, was out of the question, so those not working indulged in keeping out of the rain, which poured down in torrents. Esther Ralston, the leading lady, and the only other two women aboard, huddled in the captain's cabin, a miniature shelter we had located. The remainder squatted miserably under canvases or lounged drearily in the forecastle and under a sheet that leaked like a sieve. Naturally, with no place to make any versatility for doing the wrong thing, I found myself under that shelter, very much the worse for mal de mer, stretched out on a pile of unusually hard and exceedingly damp life preservers.

All night long we drifted with the currents, chilled about as much as a turban sea. About 2:00 a.m., there loomed through the dusk the huge prow of a large tramp steamer. We missed it by a scant fifteen feet.

About this time, too—of all things—the aroma of pancakes rose from below, directly under here I lay. Farrell was whipping up a lot of chow for the few who craved nourishment!

After a ghastly night of wondering if we would be washed up, as the Stallion, Dolores del Rio, John Gil- bert and others, made personal appearances. It remained, however, for Clara Bow to take the prize for the night. The next one of the events of the season, just as Carole Lombard would be apt to do today.

Her familiar red hair waving wildly,
No girl can be too sure of her daintiness to make this "Armhole Odor" Test

If the slightest dampness collects on the armhole of your dress, it will cling to the fabric, and the warmth of your body will bring out an embarrassing "armhole odor" each time you wear the dress...

If you have been taking your daintiness for granted, because you deodorize regularly, you will be wise to make this simple "armhole odor" test. You may be unpleasantly surprised!

When you take off your dress tonight, smell it at the armhole. If you have ever perspired in that dress, even slightly, you will find that the fabric at the armhole bears an unmistakable and unlovely odor... in spite of your careful deodorizing!

The way that dress smells to you— is the way you smell to others! And the warmth of your body brings out the offending "armhole odor" each time you put on the dress!

Complete protection only in underarm dryness

It is not enough to keep your underarm sweet. Only a dry underarm can keep you and your clothes safe from perspiration. When there is any moisture at all, it is bound to dry on the armhole of your dress and rob you of that perfect exquisiteness that is your goal.

Thousands of users discover with relief and delight that Liquid Oodorono gives complete protection from "armhole odor," because it definitely keeps the underarm not only sweet but perfectly dry.

Your doctor will tell you that Oodorono works safely and gently. It merely closes the pores of the small underarm area, so that perspiration is diverted to other less confined parts of the body where it may evaporate freely without giving offense.

Saves expensive frocks

Oodorono is safe for your pretty frocks, too—no grease to make them sticky and messy. It will save you too-frequent cleaner's bills and the often permanent stains that follow underarm perspiration.

Oodorono comes in two strengths—Regular and Instant. You need use Regular Oodorono (Ruby colored) only twice a week. Instant Oodorono (Colorless) is for especially sensitive skin or quick emergency use—to be used daily or every other day. On sale at all toilet-goods counters.

Send today for sample vials of both types of Oodorono and descriptive leaflet.

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I enclose $2 for sample vials of both Instant and Regular Oodorono and descriptive leaflet.

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Movie Classic for September, 1936

65
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in your own home—no teacher

Yes! There’s a way of learning music other than spending years of study and practice. Remember, more than 700,000 men and women have already studied this modern, simple method! Learning music this modern U. S. School of Music Way is easy—fascinating—like playing a game.

You learn right in your own home—without a teacher, in your spare time at an average cost of only a few cents a day. First you are told what to do—then a picture shows you how to do it—then you do it yourself and hear it. You learn real tunes from the start.

Free Booklet and Demonstration Lesson

Send for the Free Booklet and Free Demonstration lesson explaining this method in detail. Mention your favorite instrument. U. S. School of Music

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Instruments supplied when needed—cash or credit.

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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 life-time 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.

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GRAY HAIR

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Growing Up With Hollywood

[Continued from page 65]

had skipped out together, to renew a romance of two or three years’ standing. A month before the latter, Gabor had been violently ill . . . but seeing each other that night for the first time since their battle, patched up their differences . . . and left their problems in the lurch!

Gloria Swanson and her then-new husband, the marquis—now sometimes-wed to Constance Bennett—gave a dinner party at the Hollywood Roosevelt one evening, while Gloria was locationing at that beautiful California resort for her picture, *The Coast of Color*, was fortunate enough to sit on the hostess’ right.

The long table decked so high with flowers, Gloria and her spouse had difficulty finding one another, at opposite ends of the board. So, all evening long, the star and the marquis, who begged everyone to call him Hank, tossed flowers at each other, the bouquet of the lurch.

Mary Bryan descended upon Hollywood like a fresh breeze in summer. She made her screen debut, you may recall, as Wendy in *Pollyanna*. At a party held for the press, after the completion of that picture, she took the newspaper boys by storm, and her popularity and appeal for the so-called ‘subtitle sex’ may be said to date from that luncheon. All of us departed singing praises to the high heavens. Our ranks have been augmented considerably since that day.

When Joan Crawford and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., were first engaged—that seems so many moons ago, now—I interviewed the younger Fairbanks one evening between scenes of a picture being filmed on location. Joan, that same day, had purchased a beautiful gown from Maisonine, and while waiting for her sonny-boy . . . occupied herself by sewing on kitchen curtains for her new home! How’s that for the gorgeous Joan? Can you imagine her doing that now?

I MET Fay Wray while visiting on the Hal Roach lot, Fay worked “extra” occasionally in the comedies and the publicity man who introduced us took us out to see Rex, the wild horse, “Don’t point that gun at him,” he instructed us. “If you do and he sees the motion he’ll charge. He’s killed three men already.”

Fay led so pretty in a white linen riding habit that I thought I would point at Rex, just for the pleasurable sensation of saving her life. When we reached the huge stable, Wray, and went inside where the horse was acting up, I changed my mind . . . and Fay and I—not to mention the publicity man—devoted most of the time to our breath and praying that Rex wouldn’t look our way. Once, he did charge us . . . and Fay didn’t bat an eye. The gal had courage, plenty of it, and she has it. Most women would have fainted, for Rex owned the reputation of a killer. Only by a miracle did he miss us.

When Mae Murray and Robert Leonard, her director-husband, were still married, the rumor persisted that a marital rift had developed, one which could not be mended. At one point, holiday, when I mailed him for the paper, poo-pooed the idea vociferously, and invited me to lunch. Scarcely had we dippé our borscht in a borscht and were discussing love and divorce when it read: “I want you today, darling. Love and kisses, Mac.”

The blonde and beauteous Helen Twelve-trees and myself returned from an evening of dancing at the Roosevelt Hotel. As we entered the door of Helen’s Whitley Heights home, we saw before us a negro maid nearly white with fright, two detectives and a uniformed officer. The maid had summoned the police when a voice purporting to be the Blackhand over the phone had threatened to kill everybody in the house within an hour! Although the Blackhand does not figure, Helen employs a bodyguard for her small son.

On another evening, Thelma Todd—whose mysterious death last year is still talked about—and I attended a preview of a picture she had just completed. Directly behind us, a woman was raving about Thelma’s appearance in the film, for the blonde player did show to particular advantage.

Immediately she heard the woman praise her to the skies, Thelma, in rather a loud tone, asked me if I didn’t think that Todd danced on the screen was a pretty rotten actress. I agreed thoroughly, my voice also raised so that the party in back of us could hear, and ventured a still more radical criticism, to which the Todd replied with withering scorn.

Suddenly, the lady who was being framed, able to stand our jibes at her favorite no longer, leaned forward and in a shrill whisper, sneered, “What do you two know about acting, anyway?”

At the office late in the afternoon, Jetta Goudal phoned me. She started off the conversation with one of the worst puns on record, and continued with them. Jetta, whom I had always known as one of the statelest of all actresses, I couldn’t quite figure it out.

Then, a giggle came over the wires, a giggle that belonged to only one person on this earth. Louise Fazenda was impersonating the exotic actress of mystery . . . and her take-off registered so perfectly that I had been fooled for fully five minutes!

Fritz Leiber, famous Shakespearean star and screen notable, is an accomplished modern. He is given today above inspecting a mold preparatory to casting a cross for an Episcopal church in Glendora, California.
The Re-Creation of Clark Gable

[Continued from page 37]

"In a measure, Clark has recaptured his attitude of long ago. He has no worries or responsibilities or obligations to fetter him. He is the sort of man who wants to be free to follow his fancies—go hunting, to go fishing, to let his beard grow, to wear a grubby leather jacket and to live in a world of men.

"Which brings us to his marriage, which Clark has never discussed. But certainly marriage for Clark meant a division in his personality. He has never been a ladies' man but a man could dance attendance according to a definite set of rules. He is a man for gay friendship and steady companionship—but a man who must of necessity occasionally put aside his friendships, put aside those companionships, and live with himself.

"In many respects Clark Gable is a little boy—as all men of creative ability are. To be content, Clark must never be made to feel inefficient or insufficient. He must never have the sense of hurting anyone or of shirking his responsibilities.

"He must always have the approval of his wife and of his friends. And never for one moment feel that he is sacrificing from the happiness of anyone.

"Definitely in his marriage to Ria, he felt that his masculine interests interfered with the routine of marriage. He considered that a wife was entitled to the undeviating companionship of her husband. So when Clark went on a hunting trip or a camping trip or a fishing trip, his pleasure was always diluted by the sense that he was unfair to Ria.

"His horizons are broad. His playground is the world. But he must never have any tugging at his loyalties or those loyalties in himself—feel betrayed. Now, with the separation between Clark and Ria, he has come into his own estate again. A man who has recaptured a sound philosophy, responsible only to himself and to the fine code of living, which is his. And a man who says—'I think living is swell and fun.'"

There has been considerable gossip in Hollywood that Clark and Ria will come together again. They have remained friends. They have had certain problems which inevitably arise when a man and a woman married to each other, separate. Certainly, there has been no reason publicly aired. Which is decent and honest and civilized. Perhaps the old habits of marriage will reassert themselves.

Certainly, if this marriage ends in divorce, Clark Gable will marry again. Perhaps a woman who so fiercely wants to defend her freedom as Clark is defending his. Perhaps a woman who can make him feel that no matter what he does, is right. There have been rumors, of late, that he is romantically interested in Carole Lombard. They have been seen together—happily together—on many gay occasions in Hollywood's popular resorts.

Inevitably, of course, Clark will have seen all the places of which he has only dreamed in the past. He will cross the Pacific by Clipper Ship to China. He will cross the Atlantic by air. He will have seen south and north and east and west. And having seen and having been, he may become satiated with freedom, satiated even with belonging to himself completely.

And when that time comes, Clark will dress up again, he will put on his slippers, and become the complete family man.
standard of living too much. I wouldn't give up what I have, what I earn, in exchange for worrying about the rent and washing dishes—and I wouldn't want You to be the sort of man who would expect me to.

I can tell you this, lest I sound "expensive"... I'm not, I never spend much money on clothes. Of course, if you should turn out to be a millionaire, even multi-no one would enjoy going to town with clothes more than I. But it isn't necessary to me, that sort of thing. I don't have to have them in order to be happy. I never have had them. I've got along without them all my life and I can continue to get along without them.

I have dreams, and it's very, very chic, very smart and very charming. It belongs to the studio, I have another dress, also very chic, very charming. It's my own. The difference between the two dresses is just one hundred dollars. I'm just as happy in one as I am in the other. I'd want you to like good clothes, of course, and admire them and notice them. Because I am MAD about clothes. I adore to shop. I'm a bargain hunter of the most rabid sort. It's not the price tags that intrigue me. I can't wear price tags, you know. It's the taste back of them. I bought three hats for $25.00 each when I was in New York last time. Something I have never done in my life before. And then I bought another to wear to a football game, and paid $1.95 for it. And that is my favorite hat. So don't be afraid of me if You haven't a lot of money. I don't need it.

I hope you'll be the tweedy type. The kind of a man who wears casual, heather tweeds—and yet doesn't object to dressing for the evening now and then.

Let me see whether I can help you by thinking of a man who comes somewhere near to the mental picture I have of you. Let's see... yes, I know... Bob Montgomery! I've always been crazy about Bob's type on the screen. I don't know him very well, just well enough to say "How'd ye do" to him. But he's the nearest I can come to describing You to yourself.

You will have to be a little bit mad. Just a tech mad, you know. I could never stand the type of man who lives by unalterable routine. The kind who break fasts at seven-thirty and dines at eight, come hell or high water, I'd want you to say no to me again, and that is my favorite hat. And yet I'll want you to be sound and substantial and competent, too. The kind of a man with one hand firmly on the steering wheel while the other hand plucks stars out of the sky and hauls them in my face.

You are, I trust, ten years older than I. Because I didn't get my hair cut. And I couldn't endure having to watch a boy grow up.

I hope you will not be too considerate of me. I am pretty independent and I like to be independent. I've been around older people a lot and think like older people!
instance—but I don’t go for symphonies and I’ve never heard an opera in my life.
I do hope You’ll like books. I do. I have very little time for reading and there have been whole patches of time, two and three months at a stretch, when I’ve never opened a book. But I do enjoy reading and I like people who enjoy reading.
You’ll have to like New York. You’ll have to be awfully keen about New York. Because New York is my passion. Its more than that, its my home. And always will be, really, no matter where I live. Even if we couldn’t have our home there I’d want You to want to go there, often.
Of course, I’ll want You to want a home, when we’re married. But not here in Hollywood. I wouldn’t buy a house out here. If we could have a home in New England somewhere—fine. Just so long as it is near enough for us to be in New York often. Because, I had better make this very clear to You right now, I am a city girl. I love cities. All of them. I couldn’t live in the country for very long at a time. I’d like to see You in the country. I’d like You to be the kind of a man who cares a bit about gardening. There’s something very satisfying about the sight of a man’s hand working the earth. But I’d want to watch . . .
I suppose You would be called a Sophis-
ticate. Certainly I do not care for the loutish country lad nor for the Tarzans and cave-mom. A sophisticate, I think, takes everything in his stride . . . has a balanced brain and a devil or a dream in his blood . . .
And I do hope You’ll be an actor. I hope You’ll want to keep on with your work and will want me to keep on with mine. I hope we’ll walk hand in hand as well as heart to heart . . .
And now, do You recognize yourself from my description?
Your Betty Furness.

The Facts Behind
Fred MacMurray’s Runaway Marriage

- Was his airplane elopement to Las Vegas a spur-of-the-
  moment decision or had this popular actor planned for
  months to marry Lillian Lamont? Where did they meet?
  What is the romance behind this story? These are some
  of the questions you will find answered in September
  HOLLYWOOD Magazine in an astonishingly frank story
  about the star.
- Ginger Rogers, Jeanette MacDonald, Jean Harlow—
  these and other glamorous queens of the films have made
  headline news for you in HOLLYWOOD Magazine! Don’t
  fail to keep up with the movie times. Read HOLLYWOOD
  for news features, romance stories, candid camera pictures
  and breezy news. It’s complete, concise—and fresh!

READ SEPTEMBER.

HOLLYWOOD 5c

Movie Classic for September, 1936
I Raised My Boy to be a Husband

[Continued from page 47]

had been thirteen when the elder Offield died. A year or so before his death the family had moved to Muskogee, Oklahoma, and he had lost a fortune in the oil fields. His health broke up, and he died, as far as we know, before the end of the war. He called the boy to him. "I had expected you to leave a lot of earthly goods, son. That's impossible now, but I want you to do your best that I can. I want you to be a good son to your mother. Take care of her."

Taking care of a mother is pretty fair training for taking care of a wife! Not that his mother needed it particularly—as head of the Sculler School for girls in New York she earned considerably more than his salary as a young stock broker. But it's never hurt a man yet, to have his way of thinking, to feel a woman is leaning on him a little..."

"Even a little boy," confided Mrs. Offield, "he gave me half of everything he earned. Of course, it went right into a 'nest egg' fund for him but he never knew that."

"And then—after the Shubert's scout saw him dance in that charity affair with Gloria Gould and offered him such a nice fat sum of money to go in their show, it was to come to me. 'Moms, how about me being a hoofer instead of a Wall Street hucker?'

And I said, "Go ahead! Women should out of man's career. Jack has eight generations of Methodist ministers behind him but I figured if he wanted to work in front of the footlights instead of the pulpit or the ticker-tape—that was his business."

He went into a show with Joan Crawford called "Eyes. I think he liked Joan a lot..."

Altogether twenty-two sweethearts have woven in—and out—of Jack Oaktie's life. Most of them, he will tell you, they work on him; he and his wife, he will tell you, were the last who worked on him. Do you ever notice how a woman can make a man work faster, better, easier—and you get the credit. Executives welcome this making of a machine. It's a great saving of time—time which is precious to any man can talk.

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I'm Hardboiled
[Continued from page 39]

or any of our other handsome leading men? Because they think maybe they can have a date with him, some day, somehow, and at any rate, enjoy his courtship vicariously. If sex has inspired the best in the other arts, if drama, fiction, music, painting, etc., derive their vitality and esthetic appeal from sex, why shouldn't motion pictures?

"But, of course, anybody who has lived in Hollywood long enough knows that no matter how much the picture crowd splashes sex and romance on the screen, this is one of the most moral towns in the country, far more moral than New York. People here are so busy and so preoccupied with their careers, they cannot afford the time to get into mischief. I have always believed that girls who complain of being pestered in Hollywood, do 75% of the pestering themselves. I myself was never bothered that way. But then, as I said, they took me for a wallflower."

"I realized I had to depend on my acting to get ahead. I was just a plain New England girl, belonging to an average family. I had waited on tables to work my way through Cushing Academy in Boston and there was nothing colorful and glamorous about me.

"I had to be meek. But then I realized meekness would get me nowhere, and I learned to talk back. Not that I got to be short-tempered with my co-workers. I have no patience with people who fling their temperament around, yell at others. I am temperamental. I am moody. This is a nerve-wracking, exciting, crazy kind of work. What I mean is I fought like a wildcat for some real parts! I wanted to be neither a gum-chewing, wise-cracking soda jerk, nor a goody-goody wallflower, the innocent, unmarriageable sister! I wanted to do real psychological studies of women like myself, to be grateful to my studio for letting me play in such pictures as Of Human Bondage, Bordertown, The Petrified Forest, and Dangerous.

When I firmly and sincerely believed I should play my rôle in a certain way, I wasn't afraid to argue about it with my superiors. I put up a terrific fight to play Marie in Bordertown the way I finally did. They wanted me to be a raving lunatic at the end. (She pulled her hair, screamed.) But people don't go crazy that way, not as a rule. Insanity creeps on you gradually. And Paul Muni agreed with me. Oh, I loved that picture!"

And well she might, for that picture and Of Human Bondage took her out of the obscurity of collective billing, and definitely established her as a dramatic actress of the first calibre. But, in spite of the other successes that followed her memorable Mildred, in spite of the great tribute paid her by the industry as the outstanding actress of 1935, she does not consider herself a star yet, and remains, to this day, the most unspoiled girl and the smartest little blond in Movie-town.

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**DENTYNE DELICIOUS CHEWING GUM**

**WHAT IS THE BARRYMORE TRADITION?** Gladys Hall explains in one of her most hilarious stories. Read it in October MOVIE CLASSIC.
Mrs. Weidler, however, thought differently about that. "Later, dear," she said in that quiet, deep voice of hers. "Well, all right," Virginia agreed, "I'll show you my pets instead."

So we went back into the living room and for the next hour I watched a strange parade—something like a circus parade without the clowns and acrobats.

First came Laddie, fleas and all, with Virginia herself acting as ring master. Laddie is a St. Bernard about the size of a Shetland pony . . . A friendly monster who put a paw on each of my shoulders with such gusto that I was seated with disconcerting suddenness on the davenport. Then Laddie thought it would be a good idea to lick my face.

"He's—he's a very big dog," I managed to say, between lickings.

"She isn't a he. She's a she," Virginia informed me. "She's got a he name because we didn't know she was a she until after we'd named her . . ."

Laddie finally made her exit and Peter Ibbetson was presented. Peter Ibbetson is also a dog—a Newfoundland a little larger, if anything, than Laddie. Peter Ibbetson shook hands, gravely. Then Virginia, not wanting me to miss anything, rode him around the living room.

"That's one reason why I wear slacks all the time," she confided. "I never know when I'm going to want to take a ride, and you can't ride properly in girls' clothes."

With Peter Ibbetson's exit accomplished—not without mishap; he knocked over a floor lamp—W. C. Fields and ZaSu Pitts were next introduced. Virginia brought them in on her shoulder. W. C. Fields and ZaSu Pitts are love birds.

"Love birds are birds that kiss each other," she explained.

Next came Laurel and Hardy. Laurel and Hardy are ducks. They wore harnesses and quacked conversationally. The day I met them, they were out of sorts. Virginia said, because there was no water in the patio pool.

The cats came next en trio. They are Blacky, Snowball and Jean Harlow. Snowball is a platinum blonde as well as Jean Harlow. Jean Harlow has the best disposition and will eat anything. Also—Jean Harlow might have kittens someday," Virginia told me. "Cats often have kittens," she added.

Following the cats, Banty made her entrance on a paper pie-plate carried aloft by Virginia as a waiter might a roasted chicken. Banty is a chicken, too, but she's alive. She's one of Virginia's special pets.

"I like her best because I feel sorry for her," Virginia confided.

"What do you mean 'down-trodden'?

"That means the ducks pick on her."

After a few friendly clucks, Banty made exit on the paper plate (incidentally I'll leave it to your own common sense as to why she was carried on and remained on the paper plate, although Virginia explained this reason to me—fully).

"And now," Virginia said in climactic manner of the true showman, "I'll show you something really wonderful! I'll show you Brownie and Kid!"

Gene Raymond, Jeanette MacDonald and Mary Brian were among those present at the recent junior polo matches. Gene and Jeanette are rumored to be very decidedly "that way" about one another and Hollywood wonders if wedding bells are in the offing.
But this was not to be. Mrs. Weidler, who usually believes in allowing her six children their own inclinations as long as they aren't detrimental to health or the polite manners she insists upon, took a hand. "Virginia," she said gently but firmly, "You are NOT going to bring those goats into the house!"

Virginia looked crestfallen, but she accepted the situation resignedly. "Oh, all right," she retorted, "but last time, they didn't eat anything but the corner out of one small cake."

And so, I wasn't introduced to Brownie and Kid, after all, and the show was over. Virginia climbed into a chair, there with small feet stuck straight out in front of her. She listened politely while Mrs. Weidler and I talked, and answered my questions, also politely.

"Yes, I have lots of playmates, my three brothers only a little older than me, and sometimes my two big sisters. They're getting pretty grown-up, though, to play with me.

"No, I don't play with dolls. Dolls are for girls who don't have brothers to play with," she added with a wag of her brothers. We gave shows. We make things up and act them out. We charge for 'em, too. Ten cents for grown-ups and five cents for kids.

"For children," corrected Mrs. Weidler. "—for children, amended Virginia, obediently.

"Where would you rather live—here or the beach?" I inquired.

"At the beach," was the instant answer.

"You see, we can't keep my animals here anymore.

"You can't? Why not?"

"The neighbors don't like 'em. The neighbors say they make too much noise. Their dogs don't like the goats. So we're taking them all away.

"There was more of this. Conversation with small Virginia, round-faced, piggledy, brown eyes serious, being courteous and grown-up as you please. But she was getting restless. You could see it in every project out side, for her to be interested in a mere interviewer. After we had exhausted the subjects of Pop Eye, Mickey Mouse, Little Orphan Annie, and their skates and the new sail boat which she and her brothers "only helped a little by Daddy" made at the beach, she began to wriggle openly.

I helped her. "Virginia, Why don't you go ahead, Virginia, and give Laddie his—her bath?" I suggested.

She obeyed with alacrity, not forgetting, however, to shake hands. "Goodbye," she said quaintly, "I'm pleased to meet—I am pleased to have met you..."

Mrs. Weidler had been smiling, but as she turned to go, her eyes were serious.

"Such a little mite to be—supporting the family," she said, quietly, frankly. "Such small shoulders, supporting a burden..."

"But they aren't in pictures, too," I asked her.

"Yes at intervals. The three boys are in Shirley Temple's new picture, but it is a fairly small part."

"And is it sometimes heavy for her?"

She answered slowly... "Sometimes, I am afraid it is. She never complains. She just sits beside me once in a while on some set or other, 'Mamma, must I do this?'

"But she likes it, doesn't she?" I persisted. "Most children in pictures do."

"Yes, I think she does, perhaps, but I think, too, she'd rather play in the sand at the beach, or help her brothers build their boats or wagons or whatever they're working on at the time; or mother her pets..." She sighed. "It is a great responsibility to put a child in the movies. Sometimes I—well, my husband and I, if we should. And yet the money she earns will buy her more advantages than we might otherwise be able to give her..."

"You see, before she became well known in pictures, we had a hard time... When we first came to America and then to Hollywood, from Germany, things were all right. My husband is a builder of miniatures for architects. He is marvelous at his craft and made plenty of money. But then the depression came, not long after Virginia was born, and there was no work. I tried to help. I am a musician—but there was little I could do... Yes, we had a very hard time."

"But," she went on, "I guess every cloud has its silver lining. Because those long, lean years, kept us very close together and, moreover, it taught the children a great lesson, I think. It taught them to be self-reliant and to be pleased with little things. They had no toys. They had to make their own. They made dolls out of spoons, boats out of bits of kindling, and women out of boxes. They made scrap books from old magazines the neighbors would give them, and stick-horses from broom sticks. There was no money for entertainment, so they learned to make their own.

"And so now, even though there is more money, they are still content with simple things. They would rather build their own sail boat, and did build one, not long ago, even though it wasn't sail properly, than buy a new one. They would still rather put on their own shows than go to most that you pay for. They are still the happy, healthy, real little things they always were... Virginia among them. I had seen that long before her mother mentioned it.

And beside self-reliance, she also has a very decided sense of fitness. I learned from her mother that day. I am referring to a certain episode which occurred a few years ago and almost cut off Virginia's career. She was seven. We had gone to a place called the "punts" episode.

It seems that Virginia, then aged three, was to play the part of a poor little girl in a picture—a little girl so poor that she lacked even a proper assortment of clothing, including panties.

Well, they were all ready to shoot the scene, when its "star" balked. Virginia refused to don her panties.

When the director and her mother insisted, she burst into tears. "I don't want to," she sobbed. "I'm too big a girl now!" And that was that. No amount of persuasion or even bribing could change her.

And Mrs. Weidler, wise mother that she is, didn't insist.

"Such a proceeding apparently outraged some deep-seated sense of propriety in the child," she explained. "I left it to respect itself."

"What finally happened?" I asked.

"She lost the part. The answer was quiet, matter-of-fact. That is the kind of mother Virginia Weidler has.

Before I left that day, Mrs. Weidler took me out of the yard to see the children's new swing. We watched Virginia currying Laddie, using what her mother recognized as her sister's hairbrush.

"Heaven's, what will Sylvia say?" Mrs. Weidler exclaimed.

Virginia was matter-of-fact. "Well, she won't say anything less, you tell her," she remarked.

And kept on brushing.

Movie Classic for September, 1936
chaser was to pick up on his way home from the studio. “I have just one dozen more and they are perfect.”

He brought out the box, beautifully arranged upon a soft bed of maidenhair.

“Ah! They are lovely. Yes, they will do. May I write a card?”

She sat at a small desk in the corner, while he was busy trying to get the not-quite-perfect-roses into the box to be called for. While she sat at the desk, her back was to me. I did not think she was even conscious of my presence. Apparently she was. Speaking, without even turning her head, the words flung casually over her shoulder, she said addressing me:

“How do you spell ZURUCK? Kehre zurück zu mir?”

“Z-u-r-u-c-k,” I answered, then paused dumbfounded. How did she know I spoke German? She had never seen me before, and distinctly I do not look Teutonic. It must have been her experience that most Americans were wholly deficient in languages.

Was the woman psychic?

I HAD no time for further speculation. The Florist returned, notebook in hand.

“Name and address please.”

“Oh no, I take them,” she answered quickly, and, as if reading her mind, her daughter entered, was given the box and went out with it under her arm.

The greatest Lady of the Screen paid her bill and left us. But my mind followed her. There was something distinctly personal in her manner, and, while I can’t be sure, I do think her order the sort of thing that comes only from the depth of a woman’s heart. The careful selection of the flowers, the loving, minute examination of each petal. She cared enough to herself, not to phone or to send. She cared enough to carry the same flowers—red, vital, vibrant with passion, to someone on a departing steamer. To leave those roses, and possibly her heart (who knows?) with some foreigner leaving for far-off shores.

A Russian, having only the language of German between them? A German?

“Kehre zurück zu mir”—Come back to me!

My normally uncurious mind burned with a desire to know. Hurriedly I snatched up the evening newspaper and hunted for steamer departure.

It was while I was thus engaged that the florist returned, after seeing Garbo to her car, and found me. “It’s not done,” he said, taking the paper out of my hand. “And now, how about dinner?”

His rebuke for my curiosity was deeper than casual words implied. “Good” I said.

Now it is going to be difficult to make you believe what happened. It sounds like fiction and none too good fiction, at that! For Garbo had no more than left the little shop when the ‘phone rang and a well known voice said: “I want five dozen tiger lilies—WHITE—for Greta Garbo to be delivered tonight.”

Five dozen! Great Scott! There probably weren’t that many in all Los Angeles.

Florists are expected to shake things out of their sleeves. And an order for Garbo was like an Imperial Edict: a command, not a request. Those five dozen white Tigers must be had if the shop had to grow them.

My friend apologized, still smiling, and reached for my coat.

“Dinner?” I asked. “Then where are we going?”

“Out of the world, if need be, to Movie Classic for September, 1936.”

wake up some sleepy Jap gardeners and see if they have anything that even resembles white tiger lilies.”

He hurried me into my coat and out to the waiting car. It was raining. Pouring, to be accurate, I was in a bad mood. Garbo was, to my mind, a magnificent artist and I was delighted that somebody wanted to send her tiger lilies. But why did it have to be just tonight? My friend, as intuitional as a woman, sensed my mood.

“Some awfully amusing and interesting things have happened in that little shop ...” he said. “Some sad things too. Funny business this! You get to know people so well, know such intimate things ... their quarrels—when they make up they always come back to me—their courtships! ... There was one actress, a white back, you’d know her name if I could think of it, was expecting a baby. I made a little twelve inch cradle of pink flowers the day it was born.” He paused. When he continued a new note crept into his voice. “But a few months later I made a little cross of white roses—when it died.”

"BUT it’s not often that sad things happen in a florist’s career. They’re usually gay—engagements, birthdays, parties ... the prettiest job I ever did was when I decorated Louis B. Mayer’s Santa Monica beach house for the party he gave when Norma Shearer and Irving Thalberg announced their engagement. And the funniest was on Mary Pickford’s birthday. Bebe Daniels sent her a beautiful basket. For some reason she wanted it filled with GREEN chrysanthemums. Since God didn’t grow them and Luther Burbank hadn’t evolved them she wondered if I couldn’t do some thing about it. I did. But I’m afraid after those ‘mums had been in water

Jane Wyatt, one of the most promising young actresses in Hollywood, made her debut opposite Ronald Colman in The Lost Horizon, James Hilton’s strange and imaginative tale of a Tibetan paradise
a while the paint ran out of their stems just as I had run it in.

"Such a lot of wonderful friends as I've had, such interesting people. When little Madeleine Norman was ill and dying Lew Cody used to buy out almost a whole shop every day for HER, Mrs. Leslie Carter did too. Dear me! It makes me sad when I think how many of them have gone! Paul Bern, who always wanted yellow roses for his friends, Ernest Torrence—one of the finest men who ever lived—Lillian Tashman—and that young girl Dorothy Dell—who was killed in the auto accident. She used to send flowers to a lot of people who were ill and poor, and always manage to tuck a check in the corner of the box.

"Do you know what I did once? I played Cupid. A scenario writer—a nice lad—used to send Lilu Lee a gardenia each day. They were awfully in love with each other. Then they quarreled. Each wanted to make up. But they were both proud. Do you know what I did?"

"Sure. You started sending gardenias again."

By this time we had gone through the city of Los Angeles and were in the outskirts where the Japanese farmers live. It certainly WAS country! Long stretches of cultivated land, whirring planes and there, separated by great distance, a tiny light flickered in a small house. After a few feet the paved road stopped. From here on was dirt. Dirty, muddied, muddy, lying in thick furrows a foot high. The car hit one of these furrows and did something that makes a corkcrew look straight. I gulped and closed my eyes.

"You're making a noble effort," he commented. "And that reminds me of a little office boy at Metro Goldwyn who made a noble effort, too. He was crazy about Joan Crawford."

"One day he came into the shop with five dollars. All he owned in the world and with it he wanted to buy her an orchid. Now isn't THAT devotion? But he swore me to secrecy first that his Father would never find out.

"People never find out anything from us," he went on. "But how they DO try. A Director's wife tried hard once. Her husband wasn't what you would call a 'model husband.' But since I've met the wife I withhold criticism. He was a nice likeable chap but fickle. It used to amuse me that I could always tell from his orders the exact status of his love affairs. New girl—big order. Conquest—huge order.

Then after a bit a new name and address and the circle would begin all over again. Let's say his name was John Smith (It wasn't). One day he brought in a puppy, a cute little son-of-a-gun, that he wanted placed in a basket of flowers to go to—a—let us call her Miss Brown. Evidently Smith's wife was suspicious of this girl for the next day a lady came into the shop:

"I'm Miss Brown," she said (I had a hunch that she was lying!), I just received some flowers from your store but there was no card in them. Were they by any chance from Mr. Smith?"

I told her that the gentleman who had sent the flowers had left the same name—and we knew our cash customers by sight only. So she went away none the wiser. It was poor old Smith's wife.

He paused, expecting me to make a comment. But I couldn't. I was growing numb. Seeing my dejection, he tried to cheer me on.

"My honor is at stake," he said mockingly. "I am a florist, remember. So, allow me to continue... for the great Garbo!"

He kept on, and when we got back to work the weary ride continued. But it ended in victory and five dozen white tiger lilies for Garbo!
much easier." I'm glad my Dad was an honest-to-Good business man, with his head in the everyday things. I think they hit and his feet on the ground, in carpet slippers. I'm glad he thought that actors were something ordinary folks go to see like you go to see the movies. I won't buy tickets. I'm glad I wasn't taken to see Isadora Duncan dance or taught to recite 'Hamlet' on a mound of daisies. Imagine," grumbled Spence, "as one of the Mr. Kiddel's."

"For I really believe that it's the Irish, motor-truck heritage of mine that gives me whatever stability I have. I believe it's that trash, plain-folks background of mine that yanked me off the dizzy merry-go-round I climbed onto here a year or so ago —yanked me off just in the nick of time, too. Yes ma'am, whatever success I may have achieved and whatever success I may continue to achieve will be five per cent ability and ninety-five per cent good, down-to-earth background.

"MY" FOLKS kept their feet on the ground. My mother is of American-Colonial descent. She has innate honesty and a swell sense of humor. It wouldn't have occurred to either my mother or my dad, as long as they lived, to think of being married and being parents. They worked hard and they paid their bills and they went to church and they brought their children up to do what they thought should be done —and whenever I've lost that way," said Spencer, his blue eyes under his brows, "whenever I've lost that way, I've found it again. It was a straight trail for me. It was their early training that took me by the nape of my neck and I licked me into shape again as my Dad would have done if I'd been old enough. It was their training that took me and I did make the right contacts. For me. I played rugged, down-to-earth men on the screen. I play 'em honestly, anyway, because I know these men. I was raised with 'em and with their sons. Kids who had to work for a living, cutting peoples' lawns, shoveling snow and selling magazine subscriptions to get money enough for lunch and shows.

"I don't even regret playing hookey the way I often did. So I could sneak off and play with the kids on the wrong side of the tracks. They taught me, early in life, that it's what a fellow is that counts—not what he has nor where he lives nor what his old man does for a living. I take men as I find them, not where I find them—and my life's been a damn sight richer for it."

"But, because I wanted to become a doctor and couldn't," said Mr. Kiddel. "I'm a plain-folks, one-thousand-yard pooch."

"And anyway, when I said I didn't only 'thought about it.' For right now there is a clever lad going through medical school at McGill Medical School and when he is graduated with an M.D. I don't think in front of his name it will be Spencer's money, if not Spencer's hand, back of the knife and writing the Latin precripts."

"I don't even regret my Irish map," grinned Spencer, rubbing the stubble on his chin unconcernedly, "sometimes, of course, when I get a look in the mirror, Clark Gable's good looking mug or Bob Montgomery's slick pan rise up and stand beside me and—well, the comparison is such that I always turn away. Why, I've lived as much life as the next fellow. I've been successful too early and then I'd have been on the merry-go-round for fair—and I might have stayed on until I was pushed off.

"IT'S just as well the way it is. For I never thought of becoming an actor when I was a kid. Why, I didn't even put any ideas like that in my head. I didn't exactly figure myself as that sort of guy—fighting my way out of a lot of mash notes. And then, when the early movies began and Wally Reid and Francis X. Bushman and Valientino were the raves—well, how do you think I felt then?"

"So," said Spence, going into the pistachio ice-cream which, horribly, followed the onion sandwich on the Tracy menu, "so, I went to high school for three years and then the World War came along and beckoned to me. I tried to join the Marines and see the world but was rejected because I was under eighteen. And I couldn't tell the recruiting officer a lie. I've made a lot of bad mistakes and have many a black mark against my name but telling lies is one of them."

"And then, the Navy accepted me and I fought the war at Norfolk, Virginia..."

"And with a pension of $300.00 a month in my jeans I finished school at Marquette Academy and then attended the Northwestern Military Academy where I learned that I certainly had no regrets about not joining the Infantry! Then two years at Ripon College at Ripon, Wisconsin, and that's where I joined the debating team. I was started down the school dramatics and got infected with the thespian tie and never recovered.

"Regret being an actor? I should say not! Where else, in what other line of work could I give my son the advantages I've been able to give him, thanks to acting?"

The doctors' I've taken him to, the schools, the life, the contacts. And my various copanies... why, say, all I have to do is take a look at that happy, healthy kid to squash any regret ever raised in me."

"And my vacation days by in New York, either. I feel sorry for those actors who were born with silver spoons in their mouths. I'm glad I got my start on the park benches—think what it has given me to talk about! Made me 'good copy' for years—that's what. See, I'd talked my Dad
Cliff Henderson, director of the National Air Races to be held in Los Angeles in September, explains to Marian Marsh, one of the movie colony's newest pilots, how the races will be conducted.

“AND I wouldn't really have understood and valued Louise as I do if it had not been for Johnny. He was the unconscious means of revealing his mother to his father, unforgettable, in such a true and tender light that the image was etched with acid into my brain and heart... so incredibly that it could never be effaced by any other image—not for very long. You see, Louise knew that Johnny didn’t hear when he was a tiny baby. I didn’t know anything was the matter with him. Manike, I didn’t know anything about babies at all. But she knew it—and she didn’t tell me for six months. She didn’t tell me because I was having a tough struggle and she didn’t want to add to my worries. That’s sportsmanship, that is,” said Spencer.

“And I think, too, that Johnny may be a surgeon when he grows up. His sense of touch, his sense of sight are so keen, so alert that he could well qualify as a surgeon—she was busy planning to have a boy, but she died. And then, after awhile—and Spencer's eyes shone the shaded look of the small boy in the Jain Closet—a year or so ago I went on the merry-go-round I've mentioned. I stayed away from home for a year. I did things most wives would never forgive their husbands for, or, if they did forgive them, they would never let them forget it for one nagging moment that they had been forgiven. Louise could have made havoc of my whole life, personal, professional, children, career, everything... She could have shot the ground from under my feet—and yet, she didn’t. She knew, I guess, that I had lost my perspective. She knew, she must have known that I was doing the crazy things most men do at one time or another in their all-school lives. She must have realized, bless her, that only those who lose their lives find them.

I don’t know for a fact what she thought in those mad days. I don’t know what she realized or did not realize. Because she has never mentioned that year to me. If she has forgiven me, and of course she has or I wouldn’t be home again, she hasn’t worn that forgiveness, as a virtue around her neck. She hasn’t been 'noble' about it. She hasn’t taken advantage of the situation by making little refer-ences to that year, giving me sly little digs. Never by word or interne has anything been said or done or implied.

“So, I can't even regret that mistaken year. Because if it were not for that I wouldn’t have had my blind eyes opened as they are open now. By teaching me I don’t want in my life, my mistakes have taught me what I do want. Because I so nearly lost my wife and my children and... My little daughter. Are you the nurse they call? I don’t know anything... And then it came.”

Old-Timer's Advice

Well," said Spencer, "I've got to go home now and ride with the kids. I've got to be completely honest, I hope, and no fooling. That's all I've said will mean something to the people who may read it. We all have things to regret. We've all done things we shouldn't have or we ought not to have done. But don't sit around whining and moping and regretting—If a fellow breaks his back or strains his heart he takes a stiff dose of medicine of some kind and tries to build the injuries to something stronger and sounder than ever before. Well, regrets, sins, 'em what you will, are humanities too. Mend 'em. Make 'em work for you. Climb up on top of them and use them for props. Quit regretting and repenting and start living—it can be done.”
On the Cuff
(Continued from page 35)

Y. M. C. A. gymnasium, or a chorus girls' dressing room, or the left wing of an insane asylum, than a respectable movie production.

And LaCava egged them on; for he was filming the screwiest family on earth, and he couldn't do better than jot down the reactions of the irresponsible group before him and then turn their antics into sequences of his story.

In the morning the day's dialogue was rewritten, inspiration was siphoned off players who were literally living their parts. They had to "live" those parts to keep pace with one another.

In order to get the "feel" of his part, Bill Powell studied his own butler for days. So closely did he watch him, and so persistently did he dog him that the butler knew that Bill's butler began to have serious doubts regarding his boss. But with each passing day the man became increasingly suspicious, Bill grew more and more butler-like.

"It's true I'm living the part of Godfrey off the screen," said Bill Powell, "and that my butler has grown to be a new man to me since I've been studying him to learn butlerage—for although 'Godfrey' in the picture was a gentleman, he could buttle as buttling should be buttled. He was a much smarter fellow than I, and didn't have to follow his butler around in the house, watching him, until the poor fellow felt that his employer was out to steal his job. Godfrey was an observing lad, and had unconsciously assimilated the mannerisms of his butler—"But I knew his store than his man knew himself.

"Although my butler has been serving me for years, I realize now that I never saw him clearly before; never noticed how he did things or his manner of service.

"But now," and Bill waved his hand airily, "I could qualify in the most exacting family."

However, Bill Powell was not one up on his ex-mate, Carole Lombard, in the matter of living the part he plays in this picture. For Carole has gone to even greater lengths, and is Butler-like to her secretary and pal, she had apparently decided she was the somewhat goofy young ex-man#sister, Irene.

All the while she was away from the studio she continually put herself in Irene's place, trying to think as Irene would think, and do as Irene would do. If she happened to be shopping she would imagine she was Irene and was likely to come back with the same sort of wild purchases Irene would have made.

At home, she was constantly asking Fields as if she thought Irene would do this, or if Irene would like that—and how Irene would act to such and such a thing. She was as delighted as a child with a new toy when she discovered how she could make Irene do something she felt the Flesh would never do. It was the only thing that Bill would do, and when she found some "business" that could go "on the cuff" and come out in the final picture. This amazing cast was struggling to hold up his or her end, and not be submerged by the performance of the others. So, while every player combed his brains and his memory for ways to bring deviltry and fun the set, each
had his own worrying and plugging to go the instant he was alone—and each day brought to Director LaCava his ideas and his quota of dialogue.

Each noon each member of the cast gave up half his luncheon period so that he might attend the "rushes" of the preceding day's "take"—and offer his suggestions for the "cuff".

So thoroughly was it known throughout Hollywood that this picture was being shot "from the cuff"—that it was being rewritten, day by day, according to the reactions of the Bullock family there on the sound stage, that the original authors sent a shirt cuff to Director LaCava, on which was inscribed:

Picture No. 278
MY MAN GODFREY
Screen Play by Morrie Ryskind, Eric Hatch, Gregory LaCava.
FINAL SHOOTING SCRIPT
4/30/36

O.K.'d by Sherry-The-Poo.

For two days it remained tacked on the top of Lombard's dressing table mirror on the set. Then it disappeared, for it could not long hold attention in this madhouse.

But in spite of the wild things being done there daily, everyone felt that the climax of this hilarious gagfest would come when Bill Powell put Carole Lombard under the shower, as the script demanded. For two weeks preceding the shooting of this scene the entire cast, and every worker on the set, was looking forward to it. For this, they all admitted, would be something.

"I think you need a bath, Carole dear," gently murmured Bill to her the day they learned this scene was to go in the picture. And so he demanded that Carole, her head thrown back, and a wild light in her eyes, "As your Godfrey," that seems to be one of my more pleasant duties. A bath in a nice cold shower, with all those pretty clothes on."

Suddenly Carole's eyes sparkled. "Uh huh," she agreed. "That will be nice—our taking a bath together. And with all your nice clothes on, too. Oh, I'll ruffle your dignity, baby!"

This bath, in which most of the players, Gregory LaCava and even some of the grips managed to participate due to the pranks of the various members of the cast, was a fitting climax to a wild picture of a mad family. The set absolutely took on the appearance of one of those old Keystone slapstick comedies even to the last day when Carole gave a party to the entire assembly.

But how was a picture ever filmed under such circumstances?

MOOD was what LaCava was striving for. The mood of that strange, screwy family, and even the mad imitation of a gorilla that Mischa Auer put on, and the wild stories of Eugene Palette, were grist to his mill. This picture is of a family off balance—off center, as the book calls it. He wanted his cast to throw off all restraint, just as the Bullock family did.

So, though a pianist was kept on the set to play whenever actual shooting or rehearsing was not in progress, another piano was kept close by so that anyone who felt in the mood could sit down and strum on that, and when anybody felt like singing, he could sing.

In fact, LaCava encouraged anything that anyone wanted to do. That is, anything but being late.

One morning Alice Brady was late. In her na"ve way, she sent an enormous box of pansies to LaCava, to be delivered before her arrival on the stage. She had phoned her florist and told him she wanted five dollars worth of pansies.

"Will five dollars worth be a lot of pansies?" she asked. "Because I want an awful lot."

When the pansies arrived, instead of being delivered to LaCava as a gift to him, they were delivered in such a way that he thought they were for Alice, merely in his care.

So he very carefully penned a little note to the box and sent it on into her dressing room.

"Alice dear," he wrote, "the next time you're late, you'll be wearing these on your chest."

When Alice arrived she explained they were for the dear director. In another ten minutes every player, every grip, every cameraman, every maid and every laborer on the set had bunches of pansies pinned to their breasts, for there were about forty dozen pansies to go around.

Eugene Palette formed the habit of bringing hot tamales on the set and passimg them around. So every afternoon, they would go up to him for their tamales.

One day when Gene wasn't working, Alice wasn't at home on the studio, and the actual raiser of the cost that he actually had to come out to the studio and bring her tamales.

That really didn't make any difference, however, as it was extremely difficult for any of the players to stay away from the fun, even when not working.

Ethel Shute, famous singer of night club and cinema fame, greets Malibu's sun and surf like a nature worshipper of old. In private life she is Mrs. George Olsen, wife of the noted orchestra leader. Their beach home is one of Malibu's show places.

Movie Classic for September, 1936
Stage Struck

[Continued from page 46]

winner, The Nervous Wreck and The Great Gatsby, young Davis refuses to blame his ambitions on his theatrical background. According to the author, Mrs. Choate, Sr., known as "doctor, lawyer, or Indian chief," Davis, Jr., would still have wanted to go on the stage.

The young master made his "debut" in the complicated role of actor-producer-playwright at the advanced age of seven. The production must have been, in the Hollywood phrase, a "pulitzer." "I called it, for no particular reason, Vive La France," Owen said with a grin. "I played the heroic part of a wounded soldier, elaborate bandages decorating my right arm. Too late I remembered that I must salute when the national anthem (the grand finale) was played. With a dull thud, the footlights went down. I slipped the bandages off my left arm, executing a salute that—well, it had enthusiasm."

A year later, the boy joined his first professional company, though he had nothing to do with the production and never appeared in a play. "I was a 'mascot,'" he admits cheerfully. "My family had to be abroad that season, so I was temporarily adopted by Alice Brady. She was traveling with the company, playing Forever After, one of father's plays, and I went along. Every night of that tour Miss Brady would make me up as though I had a part in the production. The call boy summoned me with the rest of the company and I took my place in the wings where I stayed until the final curtain. I knew nothing about it and didn't want to play a sort of pint-sized understudy who could have played any part without notice!"

The only person who expressed doubt about Owen's theatrical ambitions was his mother. From the time he could walk the youngster was always backstage at his father's productions. And when Father had nothing running and was in between plays, Owen asked questions about the footlights and learned practically an unheard-of occurrence—Owen knew someone who had. So Mrs. Davis voiced the opinion that he should try for a part. "I'd like to earn a salary with it," he said. So he had a Musical Comedy test. He failed, but his little nose and dimples should prove quite useful at the box office. Neither are they overlooking the mop of dark, curly hair, grey eyes, cheerful grin and the suggestion of dimples when he laughs. But even the Powers-That-Be have learned never, never to mention those dimples. They want Owen to keep them on without ever wanting to go on the stage—sound stages at RKO.

Only once in his entire career has the junior Davis doubtfully wished that, instead of an actor, he had been a witch-digger or any kind of a stock or cut-out. This was on the occasion of a musical which put a new musical comedy, to New Haven where both Choate and Yale are located. Unfortunately for him the play was The Barker, a vivid, unexpurgated story of the show business.

One of his former teachers, famous for his strict ideas, asked Owen to reserve seats for himself and wife. Young Davis, with an eye to a certain love scene he played with the star, did a beautiful piece of stalling. According to his story the play was sold out for weeks.

"So what happened? So on the opening night there they were in the center of the front row!" Owen related. "I explained the situation to the lead and begged her to play that scene 'easy.' But I must have missed a wicked twinkle in her eye," he said ruefully. "For we did not learn the part together—well, I'll leave it to your imagination! So, as I expected, those two came backstage that night—but what they wanted to introduce was a whole new story, much the chastened schoolboy I did the honors."

The name of the star? Oh, Claude Colbert. You see, he's always had an active sense of humor.

Movie Classic for September, 1936
stance Collier saw it happen.

They chose Miss Collier to help Norma Shearer with the Juliet rôle because of her own success as Juliet, on the stage, long before talking pictures aspire to such an achievement.

She told me about that first afternoon.

"I remember," she said, "that a fire burned a little too hot the evening before. I was waiting on one of the yellow satin divans before it, listening to a radio, somewhere, playing a modern tune. Then Norma welcomed me. Yes, she wore that trim, svelte, ultra-chic.

They began to read, or Miss Collier did, impersonating first one character and then the other in the early scenes of the play. Then came Juliet's "entrance." Hesitatingly, afraid, Norma voiced her first lines.

"Do you think I shall EVER be able to play Juliet?" I asked. "She seems so different; so stilted to me!"

But Constance Collier, to whom the lines of Shakespeare also had seemed difficult once upon a time, reassured her.

"Yes, my dear, you will," said, quietly, "You are an ideal Juliet."

That was how Miss Collier said to me later.

"The very first time I heard that Norma Shearer was to play Juliet, I experienced a strange and unusual sense of satisfaction.

"It was almost as if some hitherto incomplete situation in my own consciousness had at last been finished."

So, thus reassured, Norma read on that fall afternoon until darkness had come like a thick pall from the sea, and the servants had drawn the shades to dim the lights. They didn't study. They didn't think of gestures nor intonations. They didn't try to memorize lines. They just read them and discussed their meaning. They groped for the feel of this most beautiful of love stories."

But throughout that time, she didn't study, mind you. Constance Collier was very positive in telling me that. They just read the play and talked about it. And dully, but surely, Norma Shearer changed into another being.

"At first, this change was scarcely perceptible," Miss Collier told me. "But as time went on, became more and more apparent. It began with Norma's new coifure. She suddenly parted her hair in the middle, and let it fall softly around her shoulders.

"A 'Juliet bob,' you ask? Perhaps, but somehow, we didn't call it that. 'Bob' is a twentieth century word, but call it what you will, it is symbolic of the metamorphosis that was taking place.

"After a few days, her discarded her pajamas, those smart, modern pajamas, and began to wear long, flowing things.

"We were contemplating the great brokerage houses would read the lines, of course, but I am sure neither of us was conscious of an incongruity. We weren't in the Thalberg beach house, then. We were in that walled garden of the Capulets, speaking immortal words of love—"

"—But soft! what light through yonder window breaks? Is it the East, and Juliet is the sun, Arise, fair sun, and kill the evil moon, When I am sick and pale with grief, That thou, my maid, art far more fair than she."

And Juliet's voice, when Romeo finishes:

"O Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou, Romeo?"

"Deny thy father and refuse thy name; Or, if thou wilt, be but sworn my love, And I'll no longer be a Capulet."

"Her—Juliet's—eyes were beautiful. Yes, I long since had given up calling her 'Miss Shearer.' To me, she was Juliet. As she sat there on the yellow divan, even though she was still in her light background or gesture, I saw her only as that girl who lived, loved and died five centuries ago.

"She was sitting curled up, with her feet under her, as she had that first day. Young ladies of Verona must have been more decorous and precise, you see. Her chiffon blouse was spotless, true, but one which Juliet surely would have worn—gave her at once extreme youth and grave dignity."

"And so the passing days took Romeo and Juliet to the heights of lovers' ecstasy; to the depths of lovers' despair; to the death that united them, at last. The blue-bound manuscript was discarded, now. Character analysis was no longer technical. The play moved on for Norma Shearer and Constance Collier as if it were life, itself. But at last came the end of their work together. Studio rehearsals were to begin the next morning. Where Constance Collier—the tutor who never once 'taught' in the literal sense of the word, but whose sympathetic suggesting had accomplished much, much more—left off, Director George Cukor and Miss Collier were to begin.

"I was sorry to have those weeks of close association end," Miss Collier said. "To have to know intimately and to work with an actress of such fine intelligence and such charm was a privilege."

"And yet, it wasn't only my regret that marked something left behind in my memory. It was something else... Something which may seem strange to you and yet to me, was perfectly natural... You see I know the power and the significance of self-hypnotism, and that an actor or an actress deeply interested in a rôle of a play can, sometimes, dive, sometimes transcend self and actually become the character portrayed."

"She passed, her eyes contemplative. She seemed to be forgetting me."

"You were telling me something about Miss Shearer on that last day you visited her?" I prompted.

"She smiled. "So I was. I was saying this: That when Norma Shearer told me goodbye, that day, she didn't actually say 'goodbye,' at all. She said: 'Till we meet, Constance. I am grateful to thee!' And I am positive she never for an instant realized she had said it—that way. She was too full of the drama of Romeo and Juliet. She had spoken to often words couched in the quaint, formal phraseology of another time and another world. Day by day, week by week, she had studied, contemplated, Juliet; had put herself there, had experienced Juliet's emotions; had suffered Juliet's heartbreak that, at last, the metamorphosis was complete. She no longer was Norma Shearer. She was Juliet!""

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Name:
“Dr. Ashmore was telling Daddy about near-as-then-in today.”

It was not long after this that we noticed that he was stammering. It would take him a half-minute to say “Mother.” We were panic; we moved out of the country, a mile and a half from town, and let him roam outdoors, where he would forget the big words. The farm couple we lived with had a little boy at Bob’s age. The two of them were outdoors all day long; Bob even ate all of his meals on the porch. And in three weeks he was over his stammering. We lived there the rest of the time that my husband was in medical college—and Bob acquired a love of outdoor life that he never has outgrown.

MY HUSBAND studied hard, taking special work besides the regular courses, and finished in three years. He was a doctor at last... and started practicing in Fremont, Nebraska, where we moved when Bob was about five. We were there about a year and a half when Dr. Brugh went into partnership with Dr. P. Y. Gass of Beatrice, Nebraska, who had a very large practice. After a time Dr. Gass moved to San Bernardino, California, but we stayed in Beatrice—a town of about 12,000—and Dr. Brugh took care of the practice alone. Bob grew up in Beatrice and got his education there. And that was where he first showed signs of becoming an actor, though we did not recognize the symptoms then.

He was naturally a high-spirited child. If we had not known how to handle him, he could easily have become a problem. He was very sensitive. If anyone spoke harshly to him about some little thing that he had done, he would not be able to eat or sleep. He still hates harsh criticism. He comes by that naturally; both his father and I were that way.

Also, I have seen him many times when he would not be able to eat, if he had done something that he regretted. Not only when he was small, but recently, in Hollywood. And discouragements used to upset him terribly. I explain that by the fact that he was such a fortunate youngster: he almost always won any contests that he entered, any games that he played. And because he always tried hard to win, it was not easy for him to lose.

He was all-boy, with the energy and enthusiasm of any normal boy, yet he was more thoughtful than most children ever are. He always seemed to have respect for our wishes. We could put him on his honor. Very young, he seemed to realize that much of the time I was not well, and went out of the way to spare me worry.

And because we could trust him so implicitly, we gave him more things than most parents dare to give their children lest they spoil them. We had no fears of Bob’s being spoiled. When he was very young, he had a pony, a horse, a burro and a bicycle, a dog, guns of various sorts. In those days, he always said that he was going to have a big ranch and be a cowboy. He was far more playing that Tom Mix or William S. Hart. He was movie-conscious then to that extent.

The pony was a high-spirited little thing. I suppose Bob—who was nine or ten then—had not had her more than a week before he told me that he wanted to “ride out to Grandpa’s.” Grandpa happened to live in Filliey, sixteen miles away. But I decided to let him go for, young as he was, I knew that I could trust him to take care of himself. He had been gone about an hour when the telephone rang. Bob was calling me from a house out in the country.

“Gyp”—that was the pony’s name—keeps running up and down the banks, I can’t make her obey,” he told me. “I’m coming home.”

I said to him, “Now, Arlington, just make the pony know you’re boss. Cut yourself a switch, and the first time she doesn’t do what you tell her, use the switch. You go on to Filliey.”

“I’m going,” he answered, and hung up. And he did go. He was always resourceful after that.

He was not a meek child. He was apt to be blunt and outspoken. Yet he would never come into the house that he would not kiss us both. He thought the world of his father, who also worshiped him. The doctor never scolded him; he had such a nice way of talking to him, explaining things to him. When he was with Bob, he would try to make up for all the hours that he could not be with him.

Robert got his paddings once in a while, however. I remember one time when he would not do everything I said. One night, his father and I took him downtown and before we left, the doctor warned him that if he started teasing for anything, we would have to go home. Then we came home. Well, he either forgot or else decided to see how far he could go; anyway, he started teasing. His father never said a word to him; he just looked at him—and Robert knew that his father had not forgotten. When we arrived home, he paddled Robert. And afterward Robert came to me and said, “Why, Mother, you didn’t tell Daddy to stop once!”

That incident was typical. Dr. Brugh and I never had any disagreements about how Robert should be managed. People used to wonder why he was not spoiled, being an only child. Of course, I have always contended that if you would spoil one child, you would spoil a dozen. But one secret, I think, was the perfect harmony between his father and myself. Neither of us ever gave him an example of selfishness to follow.

He always took very good care of his toys and his clothes. He would let other children play with anything he had, but he did not want his things treated roughly. He was much neater than now.

Unlike most children, he never had the urge to run away from home. He always seemed perfectly happy. People used to comment about it. Just the other day, Bob himself said to me, “Mother, I have a wonderful childhood.” He never cried or felt abused. He gets the blues more often now than when he was younger. Always, then, he has been happier inimaginable.

He never worried us much—even about his health. He had the measles when he was about ten, and the flu a time or two. But his health was only the time when we were really worried. That was when he got up and answered the phone while he had the flu, and had a setback. Most of the people who did die during the flu were the ones who did crazy things. For weeks his father and I never knew what it was to go to bed and get a good night’s sleep. We almost lost him—just—about his health.

As a youngster, he had very heavy hair—wavy, almost kinky. And I used to dress him in Little Lord Fauntleroy suits. How he hated those suits, with their little silk blouses! I think that the sight of a silk blouse nauseated him yet. I never knew it then. He never found fault with the way we dressed him.

When he was about ten, we had him start taking piano lessons, from a man who came to Beatrice. When he was about twelve, he wanted cello lessons. I did not want him to: a saxophone was so noisy and jazzy. So then he wanted the 'cello. I was not too sure about the day we took him to Lincoln for his first lesson with Professor Gray. He told us that Robert did not handle the 'cello awkwardly at all. Dr. and Mr. Robert studied with him for years.

And those 'cello lessons with Professor Gray, more than any other single factor, later led him to Hollywood and fame.

(To be Continued)
HERE COMES THE NEW GREYHOUND SUPER-COACH!

Smartly streamlined, smooth riding, roomy—it marks a bright new chapter in travel

It's here... the most striking development in modern travel history—a beautiful new super-coach, operated exclusively by Greyhound, over nation-wide highway routes. Utterly different from any other vehicle, it offers a brand new thrill in smart comfortable travel.

There are roomy individual chairs with extra deep cushions, folding arm rests, four reclining positions... seats high above wheel level, insulated from noise and vibration, with clearer, better observation above passing cars... baggage stored underneat in weather-proof, locked compartments... diffused tubular lighting—roll-down sunshades—adjustable rubber foot-rests—motor in reat for greater power, ease of operation.

Just compare this new Greyhound coach with any type of travel—land, sea or air—for smooth-riding comfort and luxury. Yet fares are far below even the lowest second-class rates of other transportation!

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THE REAL REASON WHY HARLOW HATED HER HAIR
YOU picture the Irresistible woman before you see her. She appears in a halo of exquisite fragrance. Men are instinctively drawn to her. The power to attract, to fascinate is the secret of IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME. Let it be yours, too.

On your next adventure apply a touch of Irresistible Perfume to your hair, on your lips, your throat and behind your ears. A drop, too, on your lingerie is so feminine and so exciting.

Millions of women everywhere — on Park Avenue, along Broadway, in countries throughout the world . . . prefer IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME for its exotic, lasting fragrance.

To be completely ravishing use all of the Irresistible Beauty Aids. Each has some special feature which gives you glorious new loveliness. Certified pure, laboratory tested and approved.

Only 10¢ each at all 5 & 10¢ Stores
QUICKLY CORRECT THESE 4 FIGURE FAULTS

Perfolastic not only CONFINES...it REMOVES ugly bulges!

Reduce Too Fleathy Hips and Thighs

- Nothing ruins the graceful lines of an expensive gown more than billowing hips...they are quickly brought back to beauty with the gentle massage-like action of the Perfolastic Girdle.

The Bulge "Derriere" Reduces Quickly

- It is so easy to overcome the after effects of too healthy appetites...simply don a Perfolastic Girdle and watch the curves smooth out at the spots where fashion says reduce.

IF YOU DO NOT REDUCE YOUR WAIST AND HIPS 3 INCHES IN 10 DAYS...

...IT WILL COST YOU NOTHING!

Thousands of women owe their slender, youthful figures to Perfolastic—the sure, safe way to reduce! So many Perfolastic wearers reduce more than 3 inches in 10 days, we know that we are justified in making YOU this amazing offer. You risk nothing...simply try it for 10 days at our expense. You will be thrilled with the results...as are all Perfolastic wearers.

APPEAR SMALLER AT ONCE!

- Look at yourself before you put on your Perfolastic Girdle and Diaphragm Reducing Brassiere...and afterwards! The difference is amazing. Bulges are smoothed out and you appear inches smaller at once. You are so comfortable you cannot realize that every minute you wear these Perfolastic garments you are actually reducing...and at hips, waist, diaphragm and thighs, where fat first accumulates.

NO DIET...DRUGS...OR EXERCISES!

- You do not have to risk your health or change your comfortable mode of living. No strenuous exercises to wear you out...no dangerous drugs to take...and no diet to reduce face and neck to wrinkled flabbiness. You do nothing whatever except watch the inches disappear!

NO longer will surplus fat sap your energy and steal your pep and ambition! You will not only be gracefully slender, but you will feel more like doing things and going places!

MASSAGE-LIKE ACTION ACTUALLY REMOVES SUPERFLUOUS FAT!

How is it done? Simply by the gentle massage-like action of this wonderful "live" material. Every move you make puts your Perfolastic to work taking off those unwanted inches. The perforations and soft, silky lining make these Perfolastic garments delightful to wear.

"REDUCED MY HIPS 12 INCHES" WRITES MISS RICHARDSON

- "Lost 60 pounds," says Mrs. Derr. "Reduced from size 42 to size 18," writes Mrs. Faust, Miss Browne "immediately became 3 inches smaller," etc., etc. Test Perfolastic yourself at our expense and prove whether it will do as much for you!

Movie Classic for October, 1936
You’ve heard about it for months! You’ve read about it everywhere! It’s all true. This is the greatest love drama, the mightiest entertainment of our time. Every moment throbs as sparks fly, as steel meets steel...and the crimson follows the rapier’s thrust...Lovers meet...and dream...and plan. Pomp and grandeur sweep by in spectacular pageantry. Here are thrills, suspense to spur the pulse...tender romance to charm the heart...beauty to fill the eye. A love story deep in the heart of the world forever, now given enthralling life in such a picture as the screen has never known.

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Triumph
Directed by George Cukor

“Swept off my feet” — Robert Benchley
“A far greater film than ‘Mutiny on the Bounty’” — Jim Tully
“List it among the screen’s major achievements” — Walter Winchell

“I think the modern American girl has many things to learn from the Juliet of Norma Shearer, and I advise her to go about learning them right away” — Anita Loos
On the Cover
Edwin Bower Hesser, Hollywood's master of natural color photography, contributes a new personality study of Glenda Farrell, the third in a series posed exclusively for MOVIE CLASSIC.

Ginger Rogers Answers by The Inquiring Reporter 14
The House of Morgan by Clark Warren 20
Fred MacMurray's Honeymoon Diary by Ruth Hale 22
Hollywood Fought For Him—Frank Forest by Stuart Housal 24
The Real Reason Why Harlow Hated Her Hair by Mary Altman 28
Merle Oberon's 20 Dangerous Days by Sonia Lee 30
Hollywood's "No" Girl—Gloria Stuart by John L. Haddon 32
Laughs on The Cobb by Harry Lang 33
The Good Earth 34
Adventures of an Extra Girl by Virginia Odeon 36
Those Barrymore Traditions by Gladys Hall 38
Nelson Eddy's Rescue Mission by Katharine Hartley 40
Joan Blondell's Covered Wagon Days by Whitney Williams 42
Make Things Happen To You by Una Merkel 44
Fate—Fame—and Robert Taylor by James Reid 48

Nautical Recipes For Landlubbers by Dorothy Dwan 8
A Date With Romance
The Beauty Shop by Alison Alden 46
The Costumers by Sally Martin 47
Aids to Romance—Alison Alden's Recommendations 60

Hollywood Highlights by The Boulevardier 10
Win a Telephone Call from Gene Raymond 18
The Show Window by Eric Er genbright 50

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MEMBER AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS
Now You're Talking

The readers' page, wherein they are urged to express their frank opinions of pictures and players—and MOVIE CLASSIC

$15 Letter

A Pertinent Observation—During years of picture going I have been struck by one thing in particular, to wit, the short lived popularity of most of the "stars." For a few years they are with us, then suddenly they sink into obscurity. We, the picture goers, are no doubt responsible for a good portion of this, but I think the producers are also equally to blame. When an actress or actor makes good in one picture, he or she is immediately used in a dozen others within a few short months. Usually in the same sort of role. We become tired of seeing them then, and say, "Helen Starlet is at the Palace, but it's probably just the same as her last picture; we'll go somewhere else." After a time these stars become so used to one particular type of role they could not play anything else.

I know there are exceptions to this; all rules have exceptions, but I think that if the producers would not use the same star so frequently and occasionally cast her in a different sort of role, the stars and public would both be grateful. I have just seen Showboat, which is a case to point. In it Miss Dunne has been given a role a little different from that which she usually portrays and the result is we have a magnificent performance. Next time I see her name advertised I shall go to that show with great anticipation. Miss Dunne has taken on a new lease of life (movie) and will go on to greater heights. I am very certain.—Miss Geraldine Clarke, 3626 Oxford Ave., Montreal, Canada.

$10 Letter

Censored!—In reviewing a picture that has been taken from a stage play the critic often laments the fact that the censors whitewash the original theme until it is hardly recognizable. Being a person of normal curiosity and aware that if the subject would offend a movie audience the same would apply to the audience of a stage play I have regretted that so many movies were glossed over. However, I have changed my mind. Sometime ago I saw These Three with Merle Oberon and Miriam Hopkins and found it satisfyingly dramatic and disturbing. It was handled with a clearness that left no one in doubt as to its meaning and yet with a delicacy that could not offend. Then I read the play The Children's Hour from which this picture was taken and although I am not necessarily shocked by reading it, still I could not see this play as a movie in its unadulterated form without wondering if I had not strayed into a cheap theatre showing "For Adults Only—See Pictures."—Virginia Lance, 1013 Busseron St., Vincennes, Indiana.

$5 Letter

Way Out West—I was very much interested in your story about Westerns in a recent number of MOVIE CLASSIC. I haven't seen one in years. They don't seem to be shown at our theatres any more. I have always loved them, from my old favorites William and Dustin Farnum down. I would be glad to see them shown at the first-run theatres, and I would even be willing to sit through a two-picture program, which usually bores me to death, if one of the pictures was a Western.

Why do I like Westerns? Oh, there are many reasons. I love to be carried back to the Past, the good old colorful adventurous days when the West was new.

I like the Out-of-Doors, the sweet, clean open spaces. I am tired of city streets, and city noises, and it is restful just to sit and look at a picture where the action takes place out of doors.

Then I like Real Men. Men who are strong and brave and adventurous, who can ride and shoot, who protect the weak and helpless, and who make love as real men should.

And I like Westerns because of their romance and glamour, and because they carry me away to the Never-Never-Land of my Dreams, where I can forget myself.

[Continued on page 59]
A Valiant Picture
For a Valiant Star
By MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

It was a strange title for a book, "Valiant Is the Word for Carrie," so when it came out some months ago I sent out and got it, and I read it through at one sitting.

Women are often brave, perhaps always brave; but to be valiant implies also gallantry and an indomitable spirit. And here were both a valiant woman and a remarkable story, the woman an outcast and a parish in a small Louisiana town, but humorous and generous, the story one of pure courage and sturdy regeneration. It was evident that there was a great motion picture here. Carrie had no illusions. If the French half of her was cautious the Irish half would dare anything, and had. But the picture began, of course, when one day a small boy with two buckeyes in a treasure box wandered into that secret garden of hers and told her she was not bad; and Carrie promptly fell in love with him.

Here was everything for a picture, humor and pathos and deep human understanding. There was nothing mawkish about Carrie. Sometimes she told herself she was crazy, and sometimes that she was an old fool, but her love for this boy and later on for a small waif of a girl is the very essence of womanhood. For the time came when Carrie had to plan so that she could face them both without shame, and the picture is a story of that struggle.

I intend to see the picture, of course. I want to see Carrie leaving behind her Cemetery Road and the easy money of her past, and escaping into a life where as she says she will go straight if she has to sling dishes in a restaurant. And I want to see her with her waifs that incongruous three against the world, and watch them slowly and successfully conquering that world. Also I want to see Gladys George as Carrie. I know her work, which is that of a fine dramatic artist, and her own story, which is one of ups and downs, and for a long time mostly downs.

She has a long record of achievement behind her. She narrowly escaped being born in a theater, for her parents were actors. She was on the stage herself at the age of three, and as a youngster in small towns paraded the streets with a sandwich board which said: "Wouldn't you like to see me tonight at... Theater?" It is quite typical of her life that she got her first real chance while nursing a badly broken nose, and not surprising that after almost seven hundred riotously successful appearances as the star of "Personal Appearance," some one took a plane and signed her up for Carrie in this picture.

She will play it with skill, understanding and honesty, for Carrie was always honest, even with herself. But above all she will play it as she has lived, valiantly, with courage and an indomitable spirit.

GLADYS GEORGE, famous American actress, who makes her screen debut in Paramount's "Valiant Is the Word for Carrie," with Artie Judge, John Howard, Harry Carey, Dudley Digges, William Collier, Sr., Isabel Jewell, Charlene Wyatt, Jackie Moran, Maude Eburne, from Barry Benefield's best seller, produced and directed by WESLEY RUGGLES.

What was sacrifice to her, if it could bring them happiness?

Movie Classic for October, 1936
Are you as strict as your doctor in choosing a laxative?

Today, the doctor studies “Prevention” as closely as anything in his profession. He tries to guard his patients from even a single error which may affect their health.

Before approving a laxative, for instance, he sets up a strict standard of requirements which must be fully met. This code is printed below, point by point. And every point is important.

WHAT DOCTORS DEMAND OF A LAXATIVE:
It should be dependable.
It should be mild and gentle.
It should be thorough.
Its merit should be proven 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.

EX-LAX CHECKS ON EVERY POINT
You need not memorize the list above. But remember this one fact: Ex-Lax checks on every point the doctor looks for. Physicians everywhere use Ex-Lax in their own homes. For over 30 years, mothers have given it to their children with perfect trust. Since Ex-Lax was first introduced, many laxatives have come and gone. Yet Ex-Lax remains the outstanding leader...the largest-selling laxative in the world.

A REAL PLEASURE TO TAKE
Try Ex-Lax the next time you need a laxative and see how accurately it meets the doctor’s requirements. It is gentle. It is thorough. It is not upsetting. Not nauseating. Not habit-forming—no increased dosage necessary.

Ex-Lax tastes just like pure, delicious chocolate. It’s pleasant for anyone to take, especially the youngsters. And it is equally effective for children and grown-ups.

At all drug stores in 10c and 25c sizes. Or write for free sample to Ex-Lax, Dep’t G, 106, P.O. Box 170, Times-Plaza Sta., Brooklyn, N.Y.

When Nature forgets—remember

EX-LAX
THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

by Dorothy Dwan

ACROSS 2,000 miles of blue Pacific and back—a cruise of two months—that was the delightful prospect in view for Lee Tracy and his doughty crew aboard The Adore, entered in the classic Honolulu yacht race, until the problem of food came to the fore!

What, Lee’s companions demanded, would they eat? And Lee had the answer ready—he stocked the entire hold with canned food. This galore containing flavorsome ham, chicken, every variety of soup, and all the delicious foods prepared by Hormel were aboard.

There you are, fellow-members of the “How To Feed Your Men” Club. Information you’ll find interesting straight from a male shoulder! After all, what could be more simple to prepare—and what is more palatable to the taste of husbands?

Just before the cruise got underway I went aboard The Adore with Lee and promptly turned green with envy. Why, oh why, must men have all the fun in

[Continued on page 86]

Cook Book

CRABMEAT SALAD
1 can crabmeat
3 hard cooked eggs
2 avocados
4 tbs. mayonnaise
1 head lettuce
4 tsp. caviar
Cut crabmeat into small pieces, chop one egg, and cut avocados in half. Scoop flesh from avo-

cados and mix with crabmeat and egg. Season with French dressing and fill avocado shells with mixture. Cover top with mayonnaise. Chop yolks and whites of remaining eggs separately. Cover one side of filled shell with whites and other side with yolks. Place caviar in center and arrange shells on crisp lettuce leaves

Lee Tracy and the first mate talk over luncheon with the chef aboard Lee’s yacht, “The Adore”
THE PICTURE OF THE YEAR!

Screen history will remember 1936 as the year of Warner Bros' herculean picturization of "Anthony Adverse." In sheer physical grandeur and emotional immensity, here is a picture that dominates the screen of the year as completely as Hervey Allen's mighty novel dominated the world's best-sellers. Readers millions who called it impossible to film will now acclaim it as impossible to describe— as it sweeps through three heroic generations, across the turbulent frontiers of Europe, to pack highlights of the 495,000 most exciting words ever put on paper into 24 hours of high-tension entertainment. The supreme adventure of your movie-going career awaits you in—

"ANTHONY ADVERSE"

From the biggest and biggest-selling novel of modern times, by

HERVEY ALLEN
Starring, among scores of featured players,

Fredric MARCH
With a cast of more than 2,000 including

Olivia de HAVILLAND
Anita Louise • Donald Woods
Edmund Gwenn • Claude Rains
Louis Hayward • Steffi Duna
Gale Sondergaard • Billy Mauch • Akim Tamiroff • Ralph Morgan • Henry O'Neill

Directed by MERVYN LE ROY

Another "Anthony Adverse" would have to be written to catalogue all that is to be seen in the 412 scenes of the photoplay. Accurate description seems beyond the power of words. It is, like all miracles, a thing that must be seen to be believed—a crushing answer to those who said a picture could never be made equal to the book.

TO MAKE "ANTHONY ADVERSE" COME TRUE ON THE SCREEN

The novel Hervey Allen turned hermit four years to write was read 11 times by Sheridan Gibney in planning the screen play... 17,437 fans wrote letters asking Warner Bros. to give Fredric March the title role... Sets were built in duplication of scenes in France, Italy, Switzerland, Cuba, Africa and America... Olivia de Havilland won her role before the public knew her, studio officials having seen her tests in "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

Movie Classic for October, 1936
Hollywood Highlights

In which MOVIE CLASSIC'S rambling keyhole-peeper relays the latest news and gossip about your Cinemaland favorites

by The Boulevardier

EVER since Clark Gable accidentally knocked out a sparring partner while shooting prize-ring scenes in Cain and Mabel, the leading men have been waving biceps furiously. No sooner had Clark kayaed his man than he announced he was thinking of taking out a professional boxing permit in California. He's still thinking about it, I guess. Anyway, not to be outGabled, George Raft sleeked back his hair and told the world:

"I am about to start serious training. I'm willing to fight anyone. My right hand still carries enough dynamite to knock some of these professional so-called fighters good."

Funny part of it is that Raft isn't uttering balloon-juice. He can and—now and then—does do it.

Any Part of Him

Mentioning Clark Gable reminds me of the grand crack pulled the other party-time by Warners' tops director, Merv Leroy. Long before Gable became THE Gable, Merv tried to have Warners sign him. They tested him—but rejected him. "His ears," said the wise men of Warners, "are too big!"

"And now," remarks Merv, "Warners wouldn't mind having just his ears!"

Perfect

'Scuse, please—but I've just got to tell you about the little blonde who, filling out an application card for extra enrollment, got by the measurement queries all right—

Waist? "25 inches," she wrote.
Hips? She pencilled in "35 inches."
Then she came to the next query:
NECK?

Hastily she scribbled:
"You bet!"

In the Family

When you see The Trunk Murder Case on the screen, you'll be seeing a family enterprise. It's being produced by Norman Foster, who not long ago married Sally Blane. The financing is by Sally, Polly Ann [Continued on page 12]

Gary Cooper and the Mrs. (why the scowl, Gary?) attend a pre-view of Rhythm on the Range, in which their pal, Bing Crosby, stars

Virginia Weidler and Benny Bartlett, Paramount's youthful starlets, take time off from their toil to adventure on a nearby wall
RING OUT THE OLD SEASON
SWING IN THE NEW

to Jerome Kern's glorious new tunes in the most dazzling
musical entertainment in the careers of the queen and king
of song and swing! It Follows the Fleet and tops Top Hat!

Hear these Jerome Kern
SONG HITS
"The Way You Look
Tonight"
"Pick Yourself Up"
"A Fine Romance"
"A Waltz in Swing Time"
"Bojangles in Harlem"
"Never Gonna Dance"

Lyrics by Dorothy Fields

FRED ASTAIRE
GINGER ROGERS

JEROME KERN'S
SWING TIME

with their best supporting cast to date

VICTOR MOORE • HELEN BRODERICK
ERIC BLORE • BETTY FURNESS
and GEORGES METAXA

A PANDRO S. BERMAN Production
He gave you "Roberta," "Gay Divorcee," "Top Hat"
and "Follow The Fleet" • Directed by George Stevens

AN RKO-RADIO PICTURE
Hollywood Highlights

Young and Loretta Young, sisters.
Now if Norman can only find a spot in the show for the youngest member of the family—delivered by Ol’ Doe Stork to himself and Sally not long ago—it’ll be a hundred-percent job, yes?

SHIRLEY TEMPLE:—just graduated into Grade 3-A, passing with marks of “excellent” in reading, courtesy, thrift AND self-reliance . . .

What Price Glory
Note entitled “Fame”—
Dramatic coach Edward Elsner, who has among his clients Greta Garbo, told me about what happened at a class of high-school girls he was coaching in movie technique. Discussing a certain role, Elsner told them:
“This should be made a sort of Marie Dressler type.”
Up spoke one of the 19-year-olds: “Who,” she asked bewilderedly, “is Marie Dressler?”

Fisher-ladies
Merle Oberon and Jean Parker are piscatorial rivals. Merle keeps her friends’ larders supplied with fish she catches out of the Pacific ocean, which laps at her Santa Monica back door. Jean is equally nuts about fishing—since she went out for the very first time in her life the other day, and brought back a 6-pound bass. Which as any fisherman knows, is some bass!

Keeping Up With Cupid
Mystery-of-the-Month in Hollywood’s love-life goes on is the Margaret Sullivan-Willy Wyler-Henry Fonda three-ring circus. Margaret’s in the middle ring. Ex-husbands Willie and Henry, apparently, are in the other two rings—and part of the time Margaret’s bestowing her loyalties on one, and then on the other. Not long ago, she was so fonda Fonda that all Hollywood was certain and positive they’d be remarried almost any moment. And then suddenly, poof! like that, she turned her back on Fonda and at this moment is being seen night after night, place after place, with ex-hubby Willie.
And what’s that old crack about not having one’s cake and eating it too?

Nature Study
Every once in a while the Hays office guards our morals but leaves our risibilities utterly unprotected. Like the trick they pulled on Paramount’s The Girl of the Jungle—they made ‘em put a pair of specially-made hairy pants on Tony, a trained ape, because Tony had a pair of specifically-situated hairless patches that offended the Hays code. You’ve seen apes, haven’t you? Then don’t ask . . !

Clever Ruse
Hedda Hopper, who used to alpines-guide you through the Hollywood maze in this magazine before she hopped off to London, pulled a clever trick on the British. Knowing that London’s oh-so-snoopy Savoy Hotel doesn’t permit women wearing hats in their grill of nights, Hedda presented herself there wearing the very latest in Hollywood chapeaux. Flustered but firm, the head waiter told Hedda she’d either have to go away or take off the hat. Graciously, Hedda took off the hat—but somehow (strange, eh?) there was a press-agent nearby—and now half the British populace is writing letters to the newspapers pro and con on the hats-off ulace. And is Hedda getting publicity? Aha!?

People In Glass Houses
It was Irving Cobb who, long long ago, made that famous crack about a movie star having “no more private life than a goldfish in a bowl!” But it remained

For Personal Daintiness
If you’ve listened to the radio story of Mary Martin, you’ve heard how Quest, the positive deodorant powder, assures all-day-long body freshness. And being unscented it can’t interfere with your perfume. You’ll want Quest for under-arms, feet, and on sanitary napkins—it doesn’t clog pores or irritate the skin. Buy Quest, and you’ll agree 35c is a small price for the personal daintiness women treasure.

For the Last Days
Here’s something new that’s gaining favor with many women. Invincible sanitary protection of the tampon type—and the name is Fibs. They are a product of the famous Kotex laboratories—the best recommendation I know for hygienic safety. Perhaps you want to try Fibs when less protection is needed. They’re absolutely secure—may be carried in your purse for emergencies. Box of 12 is 25c.

A Gift For You! In fact, three gifts. One is a booklet by a physician, Facts about Menstruation. The others are “Marjorie May’s 12th Birthday” (for girls of 12) and “Marjorie May Learns About Life” (for girls in their teens). They give facts in a simple, motherly manner for you to tell your daughters. All are free—write for the ones you want. Room 1402, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago.

Is it a romance? Bernard Newman, RKO stylist and Ann Sothern are being seen together so constantly that Hollywood is beginning to wonder

Lupe Velez and hubby Johnny Weissmuller are among the cinestars who have sworn allegiance to Ensenada, Mexico, where this photo was snapped.

Movie Classic for October, 1936
for Ann Sothern to actually and literally make it true—
For Ann's bedroom has eight windows—and a skylight!

Maybe she's going to run opposition to Lupe and Johnny, whose own private life drew this crack, the other day, in the gossip column of a local paper:
"Aside to Lupe and Johnny: You MUST pull your shades down! The neighbors are having more fun!"

**Jolly Reunion**

Heh heh heh heh . . . it seems that King Edward, now that he's King, isn't shooting-down any of the people he met when he was merely Prince of Wales. He's having them to dinner at Buckingham Palace. And so it was that Bennet Cerf, recently divorced from Sylvia Sidney, and once engaged to Miriam Hopkins, was invited to dine with His Majesty. Edward, remembering social affairs of the past, sent word to Cerf that there would be a couple of American movie girls in the party, too.

Well—you've guessed it, haven't you? The movie gals were Miriam Hopkins and Sylvia Sidney!

**Record-Breakers of the Month**

(Being a list of Hollywood's newest champions in various forms of important human endeavor, as compiled from official studio reports.)

**Most Beswathed Star—J. O. A. N. CRAWFORD:** Wore eleven petticoats under a single dress for The Gorgeous Hussy.

**Most Thwarted—E. D. N. A. M. E. OLIVER:** Went all the way to a secluded English country cottage to get away from Hollywood and movies; woke up first morning there to find movie company under Hollywood director "on location" in front yard.

**Oftest Retired—GARBO:** Uttered, in MGM's wardrobe department, her fourteenth definite announcement that she is going to quit movies and America forever "soon."

**Cleanest-Scaled—G. I. N. E. R.**

**Chic Sale isn't training his son**,
**Dwight, to follow in his footsteps**,
**but what's to be done when the off-spring shows such a flair for makeup?**

**ROGERS:** Washed her hair in soapsuds for twelve hours straight for a scene in I Won't Dance, and then went home and rinsed it out.

**Winchell-est Star—N. E. L. S. O. N. EDDY:** Outdoes keyhole-peeking by installing hidden microphones in his house, hooked up with recording device; at parties, he plays back private-corner conversations between guests.

**Most Pathetic—DIRECTOR E. H. GRIFFITH:** Received assignment to direct, in ONE picture, Constance Bennett and Loretta Young and Janet Gaynor and Simone Simon!

**QUAINTEST Giver—F. R. A. N. C. I. S. LEDERER:** Presented his friends, at intervals of one month, with (1) heads of cabbage, (2) rabbit's feet, (3) silver four-leaf clovers, (4) apricots.

**Wedding Bells**

So at last Elaine Barrie had her twenty-first birthday—and even Irving Thalberg attended the birthday party John Barrymore gave her. And then and there, they announced their betrothal—and isn't that just too, too, darling old-fashioned? The wedding will happen in October, I suppose. It'll be then that Jawn's divorce "takes."

**Heavy Ballast**

After their tiff a few months ago, Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy have become firm, fast friends again. BUT—even so, Stan will NOT allow Babe on his boat. "It's a nice, big boat," says Stan, until it's compared with Hardy. I wouldn't take a chance!"

**A La Hollywood**

Neatest tomfoolery of the month was the christening announcement that Alan Dinehart and the Mrs. sent out:
"Alan Dinehart, designer and chief engineer, and Mozelle Brittene, executive in charge of production, announce the christening of their 1936 model Dinehart, featuring two lung power, free squawking, scream line body, economical feed and changeable seat covers.

"* * * The management assures the public there will be no new models during the ensuing year!"

**Contrasts**

It depends on whether you're a rabid film fan or not where you go on your next European trip. You can have either Paris—or the principality of Liechtenstein . . .

Yet, in Paris, there's a neighborhood movie house that shows FOUR feature productions for one price! On the other hand, in all Liechtenstein, there isn't a single movie theater.

**Hi-Spots of the Month**

**JOAN CRAWFORD:**—wore a heavily-banged wig and a pair of trick glasses to a preview, and wasn't once recognized!

**JOAN BLONDELL:**—appeared undisguised at a preview and was recognized, especially by a little boy who, after getting her autograph, said: "Gee, Miss Blondell—all us morons think you're swell!"

**KATIE HEPBURN:**—annoyed beyond reserve by the undisguised staring of a couple of tourists in the studio cafe, turned the tables! Stared back at them unblinkingly until, flushed, they blushed, dropped their eyes, and didn't even look up when Katie swished regally out.

**JOHN BARRYMORE:**—stole the show from the symphony orchestra at Hollywood's first concert under the stars, when he bawled out and attacked a press cameraman who shot a flash of him and Elaine Barrie as they entered.

**TED HEALY:**—got all dressed up in his evening clothes and went to a party at the house of Stu Erwin and Wire June Collyer—only to discover nobody home because he was just one week late.

---

Walter Huston and Ruth Chatterton, both absent from the screen for some time, return as the co-stars of Samuel Goldwyn's production of Dodsworth

Bing Crosby and Edith Fellows take time out from their work on the set of Columbia's Penities From Heaven to cement their friendship
Ginger Answers

Announcing the winner of Movie Classic's first "Win a Telephone Call" contest. Here are the answers to your questionnaire — and a wealth of new information about a favorite star.

by
The Inquiring Reporter

To Mr. George C. de Wolfe of San Francisco goes the prize in Movie Classic's first "Win a Telephone Call" contest. Ginger Rogers, taking the witness stand, found it extremely difficult to select the most interesting question and it was only after prolonged concentration that she finally decided in favor of Mr. de Wolfe's query. His winning question leads the inquiry published herewith, and Ginger will have telephoned him by the time this magazine reaches print. More about that call next month.

Ginger demonstrated the full meaning of her nickname by her enthusiastic attack on the deluge of questions delivered to her dressing room by your Inquiring Reporter. And a deluge it was! Every mail between the time August Movie Classic reached the news stands and the 20th of July, on which the contest closed, brought hundreds of questions—most of which, by the way, showed real thought and genuine interest.

Were it not for the fact that there were so many duplications and so many questions which could be covered by Ginger's biography, Movie Classic would have been embarrassed by its lack of space to answer the thousands of inquiries.

But Ginger, despite the fact that she was still working in her current co-starring picture with Fred Astaire, was undaunted. She tackled the task of answering with a fervor which belied the fact that she had just returned from five hours of dance rehearsal on a sound stage registering 98 degrees in the shade. She pondered every entry thoroughly before dictating her reply. And she enjoyed it! Because so many of her fans were curious to know a few facts about her life before she became a famous screen star, she suggested that we lead off with a short synopsis of her career, from babyhood to lady-hood. And we have taken her suggestion. [Continued on page 16]
Here are four important rules every parent should follow to provide eye protection in the home:

• Have your children's eyes examined regularly by a competent eyesight specialist.
• Call your electric service company today and ask for a free survey of the lighting in your home. Adequate light and proper lighting can help greatly in reducing eyestrain.
• See that your children are provided with I. E. S. Better Sight lamps for studying and reading.
• Use only lamps of the highest quality, such as Edison Mazda lamps. They stay brighter longer, and don't cheat eyes of the light they need.

General Electric's new free illustrated booklet, “Seeing Begins,” is packed with timely, helpful information about sight and light—about things you can do in your own home at little or no expense. Write for it. Dept. 166, General Electric Company, Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio.

EYES NEED PROTECTION TOO!

Edison Mazda Lamps
General Electric

Movie Classic for October, 1936
Ginger Answers

[Continued from page 14]

And now, congratulations on the intelligence of your questions and on your response, and without further ado let's put our witness under oath and start our investigation.

Ginger Rogers ... born Virginia Catherine McMath in Independence, Missouri, July 16, 1911 ... nicknamed "Ginger" by baby cousin who couldn't pronounce her name ... played leads in school plays written by her mother ... was ambitious to become a teacher ... won Charleston contest in Fort Worth, Texas ... winning of contest started her stage appearances ... while playing in Paramount Theatre in Brooklyn, she tried out for comedienne role in musical show, Top Speed ... won the part ... while playing in Top Speed Ginger received her first movie offer ... from then on she led a double life—the stage in the evenings and movies during the day ... Went from Top Speed to lead in musical show, Girl Crazy ... made a sensational hit ... was paged by Hollywood ... signed three year contract with RKO Radio ... first smash hit was The Tip Off ... pictures that followed were Gold Diggers of 1933, Professional Sweetheart, Finishing School, The Gay Divorcee, Romance of Manhattan, Flying Down to Rio, Star of Midnight, Roberta, Top Hat, In Person, and Follow the Fleet ... Latest picture is Swing Time ... her height is five feet, four inches ... weighs 108 lbs. ... Has blue eyes and red gold hair ... favorite sport is tennis ... most pleasant pastime—dancing ... her favorite hobby is finding new hobbies.

Q. Is it your observation that the attendant circumstances to a movie career with the publicly vulnerable position of one's actions tend to produce an artificial or stereotyped personality, even between two stars?

A. Definitely! That question is shrewdly put and although I don't hesitate to answer in the affirmative, I find it difficult to explain my own answer. Being constantly "on parade," constantly aware that people are staring at one, surmising about one, and commenting about one, does tend to create an artificial personality and it is extremely difficult to shed that personality at will. People in this business are unconsciously attempting to live up to their "manufactured personalities" and doing so becomes such a confirmed habit that even when people outside of the industry are not in the audience, it is virtually impossible to be completely natural. However do not censor our assumption of artificial personalities too severely for our "store fronts" are often an improvement upon our own natural personalities and we benefit by wearing them.

Q. If you were to begin your career all over again, would you choose the same method of "breaking in" and would you prefer to have a different "first part" than you did?

A. No, I wouldn't choose another method of breaking into pictures. I came to the screen via the stage and that is the best background that any ambitious film player can possibly have. Neither would I choose a different part than the one I played which was a "light heavy" role. It gave me a chance to show some ability as an actress and consequently enabled me to make some impression.

Q. Would you prefer to be cast for some other type part than that which you have played in your most recent successes?

A. Certainly I would. I would like to play character roles and by that I mean roles which would give me a chance to be more than "just a girl."

Q. What career would you have followed if you had not been a success in moving pictures or had not entered them?

A. If I had not entered pictures I would undoubtedly have stayed on the stage. In any event I would have been connected in some capacity with the theatrical profession for my mother's knowledge of the theatre made it my ideal vocation.

Q. Do you have a secret ambition or latent ability which you would like to develop, and if so, what is it?

A. Yes I have. I have always wanted to write and some day I hope to convert that ambition into practice. I want to write fiction—but I am not in any great...
MAKE THIS TEST!

DRINK

Budweiser

FOR FIVE DAYS

ANHEUSER-BUSCH • ST. LOUIS

On the sixth day try to drink a sweet beer

You will want the Budweiser flavor thereafter

NEVER SWEET • NEVER SYRUPY • ALWAYS UNIFORM • ALWAYS DISTINCTIVE
Exclusive!
NELSON EDDY Reveals His Dream Girl!

Never before has this handsome and famous singing star talked about girls—and love. But he has his ideal, just the same, and now he is telling about her.

Read what he has to say in the October issue of

SCREEN PLAY

This filmland magazine of romance also brings you fascinating love stories about the stars, including Bing Crosby, Madeleine Carroll, Gertrude Michael, Robert Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck and many others.

10¢ NOW ON SALE

Win a Telephone from Gene Raymond

The Inquiring Reporter,
Movie Classic Magazine,
7046 Holywood Blvd.,
Hollywood, Calif.

Please ask Gene Raymond the following questions, answers to which will appear in the December issue of Movie Classic.

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Your Name and Address......................................................................................

18 Movie Classic for October, 1936
Hollywood is on the line again . . . and here's your chance to win a personal telephone conversation with one of Hollywood's most popular stars. Gene Raymond invites your questions.

WHAT do you want to know about Gene Raymond? What questions would you ask him if you were conversing with him, tête-à-tête?

There are literally thousands of questions which you can ask him—questions which will produce much new and interesting information about one of the screen's most interesting personalities.

Here, then, is your opportunity to question him to the complete satisfaction of your curiosity.

And remember, HE WILL PERSONALLY ANSWER ONE QUESTION—THE QUESTION WHICH HE CHOSES AS THE MOST INTERESTING—VIA LONG DISTANCE TELEPHONE!

So join Movie Classic's new and novel contest and conduct your own interview with Gene Raymond.

Simply write your questions on the coupon which appears on the opposite page, clip and mail the coupon to "The Inquiring Reporter," Movie Classic, 7046 Hollywood Boulevard, Hollywood, California.

Be sure that your question is within the bounds of good taste. Do not ask Gene to name the actress who in his opinion is the most beautiful, for the poor chap has to go on living in Hollywood. Do not ask him to name his best personal friends, for he has many friends and it is poor taste to discriminate between them in print. Do not ask questions which obviously tend to violate studio taboos.

Be sure to write or type your questions legibly.

Be sure to include your address and telephone number.

Be sure to mail your questions in time to reach The Inquiring Reporter on or before August 26, after which date this contest will be closed.

Your Inquiring Reporter will take your queries to Gene Raymond, who will personally answer them. His answers will be printed in the December issue of Movie Classic.

The date of his telephone call to the person whose question he considers the most interesting will be arranged by the editor of Movie Classic to suit the convenience of both parties concerned.

So, don't delay. Gene is ready to take his place on the witness stand and your questions are in order.

Call

Now! This lovelier way to Avoid Offending

Bathe with this exquisite perfumed soap!

Cashmere Bouquet now costs only 10c. The same long-lasting soap which, for generations, has been 25c. The same size cake, scented with the same delicate blend of 17 exotic perfumes. At all drug, department and 10-cent stores.

NOW ONLY 10c—THE FORMER 25c SIZE

BATH WITH

Cashmere Bouquet

THE SOAP THAT KEEPS YOU FRAGRANTLY DAINTY!
The House of Morgan

THAT Ralph Morgan is a FUNNY guy!” stated a Hollywood picture producer in a studio conference. His associates looked at him in amazement. One retorted: “You mean Frank. He is the COMIC.”

“No, I mean Ralph,” argued the first producer, “he IS a funny guy.”

“T still think that Frank —!”

“Listen, dummy, I say Ralph Morgan is a funny guy because he THINKS he is a comedian.”

Light dawned on the associates. “Now I get it,” one agreed, “you mean the guy thinks he is a funny man. Can you beat these actors? Always thinking they can pick their roles better than we can. Ralph is a swell actor and all that, but he had better stick to straight drama.”

“He’s no comic. He’s not the type.”

Ralph Morgan regarded this interviewer with an ironic smile. A touch of wistfulness in his manner too, I thought, as he proclaimed with a mock gesture of despair:

“Behold the tragedian!

“In me you see the erstwhile comedian playing straight for Hollywood.”

We were lolling about comfortably in the patio of his Beverly Hills home, following a round of golf with boon companions at Lakeside. Out on the lawn under the shade of the trees, Ralph’s Sealyham terrier suddenly attracted our attention by his peculiar actions. He was sitting up, begging. Two marauding mocking birds were swooping down on him, each snatching a tuft of hair. Realizing the futility of defending himself if

Ralph Morgan, not Frank, was the famous comedian when they were both on the stage prior to their Hollywood fame.

Frank Morgan (upper photo) scores a triumph in Dancing Pirates. Ralph Morgan (lower photo) wins new laurels in Anthony Adverse.
Revealing many unknown facts about one of the theatre's most distinguished families

By
Clark Warren

He remained in the shade, the dog was patiently begging the mockers to "please leave me alone."

"Sometimes I feel like Princey Boy out there," said Ralph, laughing, "foolishly trying to defend myself against Hollywood casting directors who insist on "typing" me from their own ideas of what roles I should play."

"I know you are probably thinking that here goes an old bromide again," he continued, "a disgruntled actor's protest against the Hollywood evil of 'typing'. But, my friend, bromide or no bromide, 'typing' is an evil in pictures. And, it has ruined many an otherwise promising screen career."

Right as rain, Ralph Morgan. Too often, our finest actors are selected for their roles from an apparent viewpoint of personal appearance, rather than acting ability.

How many times have we seen an actor on the screen who looks the part, but who doesn't play the part? Who leaves a false note, who lacks sincerity and conviction?

What the bare photographic eye sees at first glance doesn't make the actor. It's the soul that is revealed behind the actor's eyes and in his method of expression.

In real life, Ralph Morgan is an exceptionally distinguished-looking gentleman. To some, he may look more like a colonel or a clubman than an actor. Certainly he doesn't look like a comedian, but then, neither does William Powell. And, who can play suave...

[Continued on page 58]

Frank Morgan made such a hit with the stammering, hesitant comedy in Affairs of Cellini, that Hollywood has "typed" him
Fred and his bride, Lilian Lamont, find romance and adventure in beautiful Hawaii

By

Ruth Hale

Fred MacMurray's Honeymoon Diary

Fred MacMurray and Lilian Lamont, after surprising Hollywood by their elopement, cast about for an ideal honeymoon and chose the trip to Honolulu.

THERE were three chaise longues lined up on one of the cooler sound stages across from The Big Broadcast set. A large cardboard sign above them was roughed lettered in red crayon. It read: "These chairs reserved for Gracie Allen, Shirley Ross and Martha Raye. Please keep off and this means YOU. Thank you!" and it was signed Gracie Allen, who was, we presume, at that minute in doing her bit for The Big Broadcast.

"Here," said Fred MacMurray who was taking time out from Champagne Waltz. "Here's a good place. Let's sit down here."

You may wonder what this has to do with Fred's honeymoon voyage to Hawaii. Just this: a fellow who doesn't believe in reading signs doesn't believe in readable diaries either.

"I know I promised to keep a complete one for you, but have a heart, Lady...there were so many things to do and see that I couldn't keep up with myself. I did make a few notes though. Maybe you can piece them together. Here."

He fished in a voluminous pocket and brought out a handful of jumbled scraps of paper. Such a conglomerate string of words and thoughts I have never seen except in a Gertrude Stein opus. Parts of it ran like this: lanai...horse racing...poi, lavender wall paper paste...Lily, flowers...King Kamehameha...pahio...liquid sunshine—and so on, pages like that.

No poker face, my perplexity was plain. "Of course if that isn't enough," said Mr. MacMurray with his tongue in his cheek, "perhaps I can give you some more dope to fill in."

This, then, is the monosyllabic diary plus a verbal hypodermic. Fred grimed—"it's practically perpetual—leaped back against Gracie Allen's cushions, and began his recent trip all over again.

Saturday

This boat has everything...more than all the comforts of home. Swimming pool, gymnasium, orchestra, movies at night, games all over the place...I guess they're going to keep us busy. Learned my first Hawaiian word: they call the private decks lanai, which is much the same as our word, patio, so I guess we really are on our way to Honolulu. Seems unbelievable. The only sea trip I ever made before was from Boston to Providence, but maybe I shouldn't own up to it. Lilian's been to Europe. She knows just what to do about everything. I didn't know what to do about all the flowers people sent us—there were so many in the stateroom we couldn't move—but Lily said we should send the bouquets to the dining room for the tables, and the corsages to the ice box; then the steward would bring her a fresh one each night before dinner. I didn't even know we weren't supposed to dress for dinner the first night at sea. That's one break, but it'll be stiff shirts from now on. We have a table for two in the corner of the dining salon. The steward looked sort of disappointed when I requested that; said the Captain would like to have us at his table. But you know me on talking to people three times a day, five days in a row.

Sunday

The ship's paper under the door this morning—and even on board a peaceful ship like this, the paper has a gossip column about movieland in it! Will we never get away from Hollywood! Learned this morning that it takes eight turns around the deck to make a mile. Gosh, how they beat it out for that morning constitutional right after breakfast. People who wouldn't think of walking around the block at home breeze around here like marathon walkers! We've sort of got the bug ourselves. Not seasick yet, though I can sure feel the thrum of the motor. Played the horse-racing game after lunch—and did Lily have the laugh on me! Trying to act like an old-timer I walked up and put my money on a horse and said, "To show!"

And was politely informed that in that game you only bet to win. Then a nice fellow from San Francisco who was playing explained it to me. He's a peach, never mentioned Hollywood or movies or having seen me on the screen. Funny thing—people do not stare or ask for autographs or anything. It's nice not to be treated as freaks, for a change. Guess they realize we're out for relaxation just as they are. Only one strange thing: my new friend asked me if I was a Malahene? I didn't know what that was so pretended I didn't hear him. Wonder if that's some kind of an Elk?

Guess I'm not going to be seasick. Glad too, because the food's so good. Every time you turn around they feed you—six times a day to be exact. Hot dogs in the middle of the day—hamburg, or ice cream, or whatever you want, also at four, then a midnight supper—in addition to the three regular meals. Being a MacMurray I must also note—it's all paid for!

Monday

Today we were invited up to the bridge, to watch them send up balloons.
to test the wind velocity, direction, etc. They do this several times every day, and then radio the information to the clipper ship! Didn’t know clipper ships were so dependent on sea ships! They say the Philippine Clipper will pass us early tomorrow.

Tuesday

Was that a sight! The Clipper overtaking us, giving us the go-by. We could see it for twenty miles. Sometimes it would disappear through the clouds and then come back again, and we could actually see the propellers flashing in the sun. A thrill I won’t forget for a long time.

Wednesday

More excitement. Passed our sister ship going the other way. Both ships tooted their whistles or whatever they call those noisy things, and ran up code flags to signal each other. They asked us if we knew anybody on the other boat; we could send them a message. Didn’t unfortunately, because that would have been great.

Thursday

Back to old times. The boys in the ship orchestra let me play a couple of numbers on the saxophone. Reminded me of the time I tried to get a job with a ship’s band. I wish I had, now.

Captain’s Dinner tonight, with silly caps and horns and balloons and things like that. And champagne. And the orchestra wandered from table to table, serenading. I’ve been thinking maybe we will sit at the Captain’s table on the way back, if we’re invited. These people are all right. Only my friend from San Francisco asked me again if I was a Mahului, and this time I had to have a choking spell. Is it a gag, or what?

Friday

Everybody up at seven this morning, though we didn’t dock until nine. But on the way into Honolulu you pass a lot of (Continued on page 62)

Table tennis on the high seas. And even aboard ship Fred MacMurray couldn’t entirely escape the omnipresent news photographers who hound Hollywood’s stars
Hollywood For Him

Frank Forest had to go to Europe and become an opera star before Hollywood recognized—and rewarded—his ability

by Stuart Housel

HOLLYWOOD'S favorite story is that of Cinderella. Next comes the one concerning the several who tried in vain to win a place on the screen, gave up, left town, and there in their new environment were hailed as "discoveries" to be offered fabulous contracts and dressing rooms with gold-plated door handles. Fred MacMurray is a stand-out example of that. He knocked at every studio gate in town, gave up in poverty and disgust, joined an orchestra, and a couple of years later was snatched right off the stage in New York, where some studio scout had seen him in Roberta.

This, however, is not a story about Fred MacMurray. It is an introduction to Frank Forest who has indeed a tale to tell about Hollywood's propensity for seeing greener grass in the farther fields.

Forest was headed for Hollywood when he went to Italy eleven years ago to study voice, but he did not know it at the time. He had his eye on the opera stage, and nothing else mattered. It took Hollywood ten years to catch up with him but it finally did, through the agency of Arthur Hornblow Jr., a member of Ernst Lubitsch's Paramount production staff, who heard Forest sing in England with the Italian National Opera company. It was pure coincidence that representatives of two other American studios heard Forest at the same time. The following day he had offers of a contract from all three. He signed with Paramount for reasons of his own.

Forest's life has been like that. Things would go along and suddenly something would happen, something lucky, and of benefit to him. But at the same time he never ceased to work for what he has, and music always has been his aim, purpose and sole concern.

"There never was a time in my life that I didn't want to sing," he says. "I would have sacrificed everything, no matter what, to win a place in opera, a hearing on the concert stage." Such singleness of purpose cannot be denied.

Forest's first picture is Champagne Waltz, and in it he plays a role scarcely less important than those of Gladys Swarthout and Fred MacMurray, the co-stars. Ernest Lubitsch is now searching for a suitable story and Paramount has announced that Forest will be starred. With such a future assured, Forest changed his plans accordingly. Instead of a concert season, which for four years has been his custom in January, February and March, he devoted those three months this year to an intensive course of "watching what goes on" in the studio. He was on one set or another every day. He spent hours in the music department, other hours with the studio dramatic coach, and two or three times each week he returned to the studio at night to watch the labor crews prepare the stages for the next day's work. Within three weeks he knew more about the general scheme of motion picture making than the average newly-signed player learns in six months.

Movie Classic for October, 1936
Fought

"THE only thing I haven't learned, and a thing that is absolutely necessary in Hollywood, is to be patient," Forest declares. "Everything seems to move so slowly but it is easy to realize why. Each picture from the outset is a new production, every part of which has to be created or built from scratch. This takes much time for preparation. On the opera stage, the only thing I have to do, everything is ready—settings, score, costumes, even stage business that has been handed down for generations of players. Rarely is a new opera presented. Personally I feel that this condition should not prevail. I often feel that the presentation of opera must change with the times in order to survive. Modern audiences have a right to see an opera well acted as well as hear it well sung.'

This thought of Forest's is reflected in his work, according to critical comment following his appearance with the Chicago Opera company during its most recent season. It was Forest's first appearance on an American stage since he left New York for Italy ten years before.

"The work of Frank Forest, young American tenor, was auspicious in his debut," said the Musical Courier. "He has a remarkably fine voice, but plus that he has extraordinary ability as an actor. His performance was outstanding because of this fact."

He recalls a time when his work was not held so highly, at least by one fellow member of an opera troupe with which he was appearing at the time. It was after he had been in Italy some five years, and was appearing professionally, as Franco Foresta, with a medium rate company in a provincial city. The baritone with the company was not as young as he once had been, and his performance this particular night got far from a charitable reception at the conclusion of his opening aria. In fact the audience whistled and hooted in frank derision and refused to let the show go on until its displeasure had been registered to the full.

After enough of this, the blustering baritone walked down to the footlights, glared out over the audience, and roared, "You don't like me, eh? All right. But just wait till you hear the tenor!"

"It was a difficult night," Forest recalls.

It is from such things as this that you draw your chief first impression of this young tenor. He's ready smile and his frank blue eyes promise a fine sense of humor and the ability to laugh. Then there is a drive about him, some electric alertness, that leaves a fine impression. He seems eager to have you like him, and to share the regard. An easy person to know. He is definitely the athletic type, broad- [Continued on page 76]

'HOUSECLEAN' YOUR SKIN

LOOSEN THOSE STUBBORN BLACKHEADS

A Penetrating Face Cream Is What You Need!

By Lady Esther

When it comes to your skin, be a good housekeeper! Don't be satisfied merely with surface cleansing. Get "into the corners."

You may not realize it, but many complexion woes are due to nothing else than imbedded dirt. This dirt may not be noticeable at first because it is buried quite deep in your skin. But it causes tiny bumps and rough patches which you can feel with your fingers.

Make the finger-tip test described to the right, and if you feel anything like tiny bumps or dry patches, you can be sure your pores are clogged and your skin dirty. This hidden, stubborn dirt, as it keeps on accumulating in the pores, causes, not only gray-looking skin, but enlarged pores, blackheads, dry patches and other unsightly blemishes.

Meets the Need!

Lady Esther Face Cream adequately meets the situation because it is a penetrating face cream. Gently and soothingly, it penetrates your pores and there it "goes to work" on the waxy matter. It loosens it—breaks it up—and makes it easily removable.

When you have cleaned your skin with Lady Esther Face Cream, it shows it, both in the clearness and radiance of your skin and in the tingling sensation of freshness.

Lubricates Also!

As Lady Esther Face Cream cleanses your skin, it also lubricates it—replenishes it with a fine oil that overcomes dryness and keeps the skin soft and smooth. Lady Esther Face Cream is on sale at all drug and department stores, but for a free demonstration, mail me your name and address. I will at once send you a 7-days' tube postpaid and free. See for yourself how this cream works. See how deeply it gets into the pores, how thoroughly it cleanses your skin. Your cloth will reveal dirt that you never suspected lurked in your skin.

See also how soft and smooth and supple Lady Esther Face Cream leaves your skin. The results will literally amaze you. You will understand then why eight million women say that all their skins need is this one face cream.

Prove to Yourself!

With the free 7-days' tube of Lady Esther Face Cream, I will also send you all five shades of my Lady Esther Face Powder so you can see which is your most flattering shade and how Lady Esther Face Cream and Face Powder work together to give you perfect skin smoothness. Write me today.
YOU DON'T "SEE" THIS PICTURE...YOU LIVE IT!

THE GREAT LOVE DRAMA OF THE GREAT WAR!...fired with the inspired acting of the year's most impressive cast!

FREDRIC WARNER
MARCH·BAXTER
LIONEL
BARRYMORE

THE ROAD TO GLORY

with
JUNE LANG
GREGORY RATOFF

Directed by Howard Hawks
Associate Producer Nunnally Johnson
Darryl F. Zanuck in Charge of Production

STAR-GREAT! EMOTION-MIGHTY! THE STRANGEST DRAMA EVER LIVED!
As the madcap Irene Bullock in *My Man Godfrey*, Carole Lombard more firmly entrenches her position as the screen’s première comédienne. Off-screen, she is one of Hollywood’s most popular hostesses.
The Real Reason
Why Jean

Branded by her spectacular appearance—feared and hated by other women—Jean risked her career to recapture happiness

by Mary Altman

It was the great social event of the Hollywood year. At the party every star name was present. Jean Harlow, in the first new evening gown she had had in two years—an expensive original created by one of the world-famous couturiers—looked at herself in the mirror which flanked one side of the anteroom in which she was chatting with several friends. She was pleased with herself. It was a lovely gown and she was glad she had bought it.

And then, suddenly, she saw a face behind her—a face distorted with rage and jealousy and hate. The face of a woman she had never seen. For a moment she was paralyzed with fright, and then she saw a glass lifted in a threatening hand. She turned too late. The contents of the glass were hurled at her. It streamed down her back. Down her arms. Down the front of that glamorous frock. She was too astonished and hurt to say a word. The woman turned and walked out of the room.

"Good Lord," said one of the small group surrounding Jean. "What do you think made her do that? She doesn't know you!"

White to the lips Jean stood there, mopping ineffectually at the ruined gown. And then she laughed. And there was bitterness in her voice. "Let's pretend it didn't happen."

If the others didn't know what caused the incident, Jean knew. She knew as certainly as if she had looked into the woman's mind. For this was a gesture not towards the girl Jean Harlow—but towards "That Platinum Blonde"—towards that flamboyant personality portrayed on the screen.

For six years Jean Harlow had been in bondage to her hair and to her synthetically acquired reputation. She had been invested with a personality and that personality had been dissected, exploited, discussed, accepted. Yet the Jean Harlow the world knows and the real Jean are fantastically different. But from the beginning, her spectacular silver hair has been

[Continued on page 90]
Hated Her Hair

The contents of the cocktail glass streamed down her new frock... and Jean knew only too well the reason for the woman's action...

The platinum hair which she donned for her sensational sex rôle in Hell's Angels (left) invested her with a synthetic reputation. As a brownette (right) she is, for the first time, herself
Disenchantment ... Hunger ... Loneliness ... Merle Oberon survived twenty days of despair which would have crushed the average girl. And those twenty days helped make her a star

THE London fog hung in billows; swirled around the tops of buildings, cutting them off, as with a knife, from sight.

It was a depressing day and its grayness crept into the heart of sixteen-year-old Estelle Thompson as she stood at the window and dreamed of her beloved India. Her shoes were always blue, and where her heart had been always gay.

There were no fiery letters of hope on her wall to prophesy that some day the world would bow at her feet, and that, as Merle Oberon, she would be known in every hamlet and every town.

At that moment, she was only a forlorn little girl—hungry, without hope, homesick!

A ten-pound camister of crackers, standing in a corner of her room, taunted her. She could hear the clanking of china and silver as waitresses passed her closed door with heavily laden trays of breakfast for the other guests in the house. The aroma of hot coffee made her nerves twitch. The fragrance of food made the growling in her stomach harder to bear. For her breakfast meant two crackers. Two and no more. There were not so many of them left, and after that ... In a way, it was amusing. Here she was, god-daughter of Lady Monteith, niece of a British Colonel, a girldescended from an eminent line of English officers and gentlemen, and yet, she was starving to death by degrees.

Her French, her Hindustani and Latin were not making it easier for her to find a job. Her meager diet was no help either, for a girl became desperately tired when crackers had been her sole food for weeks.

Perhaps some day she would think of this interlude and laugh about it. Remember the series of events which had led her to this situation, and believe the experience worthwhile. But at the moment she was hungry—frightfully hungry.

She had been so certain of herself when she had stowed away on the English-bound boat. London was her Mecca, and she would find success and fortune and all the things she had dreamed of in the years past. Her Uncle was going off on a holiday. She had come to bid him bon voyage. He had kissed her and said, "It won't be long before I see you again," and she had answered, "No, it won't be long," hiding a smile.

Two hours off-shore, she had knocked on his stateroom door and announced that she was traveling to England with him. She had smuggled a few bags on board, and there was nothing to be done but to permit her to go along.

While her Uncle remained in England, Merle gave no thought to job-hunting, but she felt instinctively that here in this town lay her destiny.

When the Colonel's leave was at an end, he begged her to return to India with him. Pleased that her mother's mind would not be at peace, knowing that Merle was in the city alone. But finally compromised with her by renting a room for her in a superior boarding house and paying the rent for three months. He gave her a return ticket home and twenty-five pounds. From then on, she must either swim to success or come home.

In those first few days after his departure, I was overwhelmed by the excitement of being on my own. I suppose it was primarily due to that excitement—due to the novelty of thinking for myself, that I found myself hungry a few days later.

"On the second day of my new freedom, I went shopping. In addition to the twenty-five pounds I had a bit saved from my allowance. I felt as if I had all the money in the world.

"And so, one morning, I set forth very gay to inspect London and its shops. As I passed a window I was suddenly arrested by the most glamorous coat I had ever seen. It was a black beauty, trimmed with silver fox. Enchanting beyond words! I went in and asked to try it on."

Merle strutted before the mirror, craned her neck to see it from every angle. Definitely it was the coat of a woman of the world. A sophisticated gown to rival that of a sixteen-year-old could say she was twenty and get away with it.

"There was no recourse. I had to have that coat. I hesitated a bit when I discovered the price—twenty-two pounds—almost all I had. But I was confident I would have a job almost any moment. I was optimistic about my future. And so I bought it.

"As I trudged home, quite happy with my precious coat under my arm, I passed a bakery window and saw a huge canister of crackers—biscuits we call them in England—and almost without volition my feet turned in at the doorway and I bought those two."

"Perhaps unconsciously I realized that hunger was before me."

The little money Merle Oberon had left seemed to fade away. She did not realize how slippery money could be. One morning she had a pound and by evening she had nothing at all.

"In three days I didn't have a farthing," Merle tells today. "My cracker diet began. Stupid, I told myself, not to have coaxed my Uncle into paying my board too. At least I could have been certain of regular meals.

"Existing on crackers wasn't so bad that first day or even the next. I like crackers. That was a blessing."

But as one day followed another, as no job appeared, something of frozen horror clutched her heart.

Fortunately, she had met some of her Uncle's friends and every ten days or so they would invite her to dinner. And always before her engagement, she coached herself against overeating, against eating too hastily, for fear they might think her a glutton, or, worse, guess her desperate situation.

She knew nothing about theatrical agencies, nor the procedure a novice must follow to achieve attention. She could only hope that her hit-and-miss method of job-hunting would bring results.

One day she heard that a film company was holding an audition for players at the Café de Paris in London. She applied. Her name was taken and her address, but no definite verdict was given her decorated coat! A coat in which a sixteen-year-old could say she was twenty and get away with it.

But the manager of this impressive night club approached her and asked whether she would like to dance there. He set a day when other girls were coming, and at first she declined. And then he said casually, "Why don't you come in and talk it over and meet the girls anyway? Come in at tea-time and we'll all have tea together."

When the appointed afternoon arrived, Merle

by

Sonia Lee

30
was hungry enough to walk miles for tea and sandwiches and cakes. She came with little interest in the proffered job. But she ate with fervor and application and continuously—dozens of little sandwiches, and tiny cakes and gobs of tea.

For the first time in days she had that comfortable full feeling around her middle. For the first time she was warm!

When the manager again talked to her of a job he pointed out that it was a fairly good wage—five pounds a week and dinner.

"It wasn't so much the money he offered, but the idea of having dinner assured each and every night—of never knowing hunger again—that appealed to me as nothing else could have."

She could really write glowing letters to her mother now and tell her that she was well and happy. For weeks even notes had been difficult to write, for she had had to lie in every sentence. And hold her tears in check for fear they might mar the note paper.

Dinner! Yes, she would work. Of course, she would come and be a dancing girl.

And there is an epilogue to this story. It revolves around that be-furred coat which put Merle Oberon on a starvation diet for weeks. She wore it and was noticed and admired in it. And so it served a purpose! But to her it stood for weeks of hunger pangs.

Her desperate days were at last at an end. She was working, meeting people who gave her entree into the film studios, where her ambitions lay. At last she was beginning to realize her first dreams—to be in a position where she could give her mother all the luxuries Mrs. Thomson had missed since her husband's death.

For two years Merle worked obscurely in films, playing bits or perhaps only atmosphere.

Then her big chance came! Alexander Korda and his wife were having luncheon at the British and Dominion Studio restaurant, and nearby sat Merle Oberon. Korda's wife pointed at her and said, "That is the most striking face I have ever seen."

Two months later Korda sent for Merle Oberon and cast her in Wedding Rehearsal. Later came leads in Men of Tomorrow and then she was cast as Anne Boleyn with Charles Laughton in The Private Life of Henry VIII.

Hollywood discovered her. And from then on her climb to fame is history. Today with Goldwyn's production These Three she has become one of the outstanding stars of motion pictures.

Hunger is forever behind her!
Hollywood's "NO" Girl

Independent, fearless and individual, Gloria Stuart has coined an unusual philosophy which is carrying her to stardom

by

John L. Haddon

YOU'VE all read the story, time and again, of the girl Who-Knew-What-She-Wanted—and became Joan Crawford! or Katharine Hepburn! or any one of a dozen other movie stars you know...

Those stories are true enough, and fine, too. They prove that a serious one-mindedness, plus determination, plus courage can bring a girl to the fulfillment of her dreams, as those qualities really did bring Joan and Katie and the others to theirs. They had that goal since childhood, and so intense was their determination to Have-What-They-Wanted that they fought through, and got it.

BUT—

—there's another story in Hollywood. And this is it—this is the story of the girl Who-Knew-What-She-DIDN'T-Want! and became Gloria Stuart.

And it's just as thrilling, just as fine, just as exciting as the story of those stars who fought for what they wanted, and gained it. Because Gloria Stuart was just as courageous, just as determined, just as smart about what NOT to want. She fought just as hard against the injustice of having to take what she didn't want. And, like the others, she's come out on top.

And so here's her tale—the tale that'll show you young folk who know what you don't want and who think you shouldn't be forced to take it, that maybe you're quite right...

It began in her childhood—Gloria's knowing what she didn't want. It began when she went to school, at four! She was so young that even the six-year-old girls thought she was a baby, and wanted her to play baby games. But Gloria didn't want to play baby games. She gave the six-year-old girls a push in the tummy, and found some boys to play with. She became the Tomboy of Santa Monica (that's her home town) and the other girls stuck out their tongues at her, and envied her the fun she was having with the boys!

Then the school bosses ruled that all girls must wear uniforms. Gloria didn't want to. Here was her first rebellion against mediocrity—a rebellion that has been waged unceasingly through the rest of her life, and the rebellion that has brought her to the un-mediorcity she now glories in. She didn't want to wear the school uniform—and after all sorts of hullabaloo, she got away with it! By some manner of special dispensation, Gloria was the one girl...

(Continued on page 82)
Laughs on the Cobb

Meet the screen's homeliest—and kindliest—and best-loved star who complains about his Thespian estate and loves it by Harry Lang

Irvin S. Cobb, famous humorist, came to Hollywood to write for the screen and—thanks to his pal Will Rogers—stayed to act. He will be starred in a series of comedy-dramas by Twentieth Century-Fox

O NCE upon a time, in New York's Central Park Zoo, I saw a hippopotamus with a toothache. They were going to pull the aching tooth next day, the keeper told me. But in the meantime, the hippopotamus was feeling bad—very, very bad. And as I beheld the shuddersome depths of misery in that hippopotamus' countenance, I believed that never, never again in this world or any other, would I see as doleful a puss...!

But wrong was I. Ah, how wrong. For I had not reckoned with Irvin Cobb. I have just lunched with Irvin Cobb—America's best humorist (and by his own boast, America's worst movie actor!)—and I want to go on record right here as saying that compared with Cobb's lugubrious physiognomy, that hippopotamus' pan was as joyful as Shirley Temple's.

On what Mr. Cobb affectionately terms his face, there was an expression of profound woe. At any moment, I expected to see a tear roll down that cheek of his and plop into the middle of the mountain of ravioli before him. It didn't. It fell with a lovely splash into his glass of beer, instead.

"Oh," he moaned, at last, "I am so low. I have sunk to my lowest estate. I have reached the bottom of the ladder! I have become, after a blameless life in every other respect, a movie actor. Ah, woe is me...!

"But what," I asked, "would you rather be?"

He turned ponderously around on the bench of the cafe where we were lunching, and pointed at little Jane Withers, lunching with her ma in the next booth. "See her?" he asked me. I said I did. "I'd rather," he pronounced, "be Jane Withers' tapeworm!"

Then he fell upon the ravioli. If there's anything Mr. Cobb apparently likes very much, it's eating. In the zest of crunching each little ravioli, he brightened considerably. I pried into the depths of his ache, seeking the reason for his woe. Finally, between ravioli, he gave out the truth.

"Today," he confessed, "Jane Withers will throw tomatoes into my eye!" It appeared the afternoon's takes were to show him being socked in the optic with a moribund tomato, flung by Jane. As a matter of fact, a baseball pitcher with excellent aim and magnificent speed had been retained to throw the tomato from out of camera range so it would properly impinge upon the Cobbean organ.

"And when I came to Hollywood," he moaned, bathing a ravioli in beer, "they told me acting was quite dignified, now. Bah—seven more bahs! A custard pie in the face is still the highest form of Art in movies!"

By now, the ravioli was gone, and Mr. Cobb was attacking a cantaloupe half. He washed that down with beer, too. "When this picture is over," he went on, "I'm going away. I'm going off to the desert, where no producers can ever find me, and I'm going to fight back for my self-respect. I'm going to finish a couple of books I'm writing." [Continued on page 80]
The Good Earth

A preview of scenes from one of the most daring film experiments ever attempted in screen history.
ONE of the greatest location tasks ever attempted by Hollywood is now nearing completion in the nearby foothills, where five hundred acres of rolling terrain have been transformed into a replica of the densely populated farm areas of North China, for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's The Good Earth, which will co-star Paul Muni and Luise Rainer. Hundreds of Chinese live on the farms, in the villages, in the walled cities.

The day's work begins at five in the morning, when the production manager arrives at the location, checks his weather instruments, and decides whether or not the sun will shine. If he so decides, he notifies the studio. A crew of make-up experts board cars, with their materials, and start for the location. The casting office notifies the players. The studio school is also notified, so that teachers may be sent out for the children.

Shortly after seven o'clock, great busses begin unloading extras, Orientals, who file past the tables where make-up artists work, affixing queues and other accessories. Paul Muni and Luise Rainer, with the rest of the principals, arrive shortly before eight, to be made up in their dressing rooms, built on the set. Cameraman Karl Freund and his crew are meantime setting up their cameras, the necessary properties are assembled, and Director Sidney Franklin checks the details. At nine sharp players, director and cameras are ready for the day's work.

The location represents a Chinese countryside. The hills are terraced and planted, in authentic Chinese farm fashion. Patches of onions, leeks, cabbage, mustard, Chinese greens, cauliflower, water chestnut, acres of wheat and millet, are planted. The work was supervised by Yee On, a practical Chinese farmer, the actual growing having been started weeks and months ago.

Chinese houses dot the landscape; thatched homes representing those of Wang Lung, the farmer, played by Muni, and his wife, O Lan.

Thousands of dollars were spent to import authentic properties from the province of Honan, in China, during the four years spent in preparation work.

Paul Muni (left) lived with a Chinese family for weeks while studying his difficult rôle. Charles Grapewin (right) plays the important rôle of the grandfather.

Luise Rainer, co-starred with Paul Muni, is credited by all who have seen the 'rushes' with one of the finest dramatic performances of all time.

[Continued on page 88]
Adventures of an Extra Girl

Sometimes amusing—sometimes dramatic—but always interesting are the experiences of the unknowns who work on Hollywood's motion picture sets.

On a movie set an extra holds about the same position as a spear-carrier in a show, or the wen on your Aunt Susie's nose—it's there, and the less said about it the better! We're a necessary evil—and that's about the best that can be said for us.

I'm an extra and I ought to know!

But in spite of the fact that nobody loves us, we're an essential part of most pictures. Who else would be shoved all over the place in mob scenes? You guessed it! The extra is the only specimen known to take such punishment. Of course we're not always right. We make our mistakes too! Like the time in one of De Mille's super-spectacles when thousands of extras were battering at the walls of Paris. In the "rushes" next day it was discovered that three of the wild revolutionaries

That's one grand thing about Jean Harlow's pictures—we like to work with her. She's gay and friendly and keeps the sets humming. She has a phonograph with her and the minute the director yells, "Cut!" the victrola starts—with all the latest jazz. It keeps her in the mood—and as a result, keeps everybody else in the mood too.

You see, like chameleons, we take on the color of our surroundings. I've been on sets with a star who resented each tiny noise—and after awhile you could actually hear the quiet! Everybody tiptoes around; a whisper brings you dirty looks and a laugh brings an army of second assistant directors on your neck. By five o'clock you're so down that nothing matters any more; and when you go home you startle your family by sneaking around the house and whispering to yourself.
Lost Horizon, on which thousands of extras worked for weeks, but their work is interesting. At left: Virginia Odeon, the author

takes two good hours to come out of it. They're not all like that, thank heavens!
When we're on a set with Alan Mowbray we settle down to a good show—and nobody could have a more appreciative audience! We're so easy to please, bless our hearts! Alan clowns from morning until night; he has a grand sense of humor and keeps everybody amused. Only once have I seen him quiet—and then he didn't feel well! Whereupon he called for some bicarbonate of soda. As soon as he had downed it the director (much to his own surprise and chagrin)—burped! That's one up for the power of suggestion. Of course we nearly fell off our seats at that!

The director didn't like it. Usually on sets I don't get too well-acquainted with other extras. They get peesty and don't get a girl anywhere. I know what their pay-check is and I know they may not work again for two weeks—so what's the percentage? I take my books seriously and when Anita Loos writes that a "kiss on the wrist is nice but an emerald bracelet lasts longer," I believe her.

One boy, however, tried very hard to start a conversation. I shudder now to think what I nearly missed. It was like this: we were placed side by side in a court-room scene and there we sat all day. I buried my face in a book and that was that. The next day we were called back and he started the conversation in such an original manner that I replied before I thought. He said, "It's a hot day, ain't it?"
I said, "Is it? I thought it was cold!"
Well, one thing led to another (you know how it will!) and he told me that, coming from N'Yawk the weather here seemed "poifect." I couldn't imagine why a boy like that would try the movies and upon inquiry he said, "George Raft's bodyguard got me in."
I said, "You mean Mack Gray?" [Continued on page 78]
FROM infancy on, I heard about ‘The Barrymore Tradition.’ Along with Mother Goose and the Katzenjammer Kids and Horatio At The Bridge and Alice In Wonderland and the Midnight Ride of Paul Revere, there were woven frequent allusions to the Barrymore Tradition. Tales of Grandmother Louisa Drew and daughter, Georgie Drew Barrymore. Tales of Maurice Barrymore and John Drew. Later tales of Lionel, Ethel and John. Until the Barrymore Tradition became a part of the American tradition to me, folklore as fabled and fantastic as the tales of the brothers Grimm. The very mention of the name of Barrymore conjured up—and still conjures up—the Theatre, mysterious and glamorous. They were the Theatre, the Barrymores. They were, and they are, what you mean when you say, The Theatre. I remember hearing my father tell amusing tales of Maurice, father of Lionel, Ethel and John. How once, while Maurice was the great matinee idol of London and John was at school in England he was required, always, when he came up to the city to visit his father, to travel third-class. John didn’t understand this. He resented it. And on one such occasion he said hotly to his father, “How is it that while all of my friends, sons of fathers of whom no one has ever heard, travel first or second I, the son of the great Maurice Barrymore, have to travel third?” Whereupon the superb Maurice drew his dramatic brows together and responded deeply, “You travel third, my son, because there is no fourth!”

Such stories as that. People went about intoning “That’s all there is—there isn’t anymore . . .” in the sombre, throatily thrilling cadences of Ethel.

The first serious epidemic of fan fever broke out over the profile of John, matinee idol extraordinary. It was the profile of John which really paved the way down which the fans have travelled bearing frankincense and myrrh to the Valentinos, Gables, Coopers, et al. Girls wrote fervid love letters to that profile. Girls and women framed that perfect profile and hung it in their boudoirs. There are Ariels now as there were Ariels then. . . .

But I never knew exactly what the Barrymore Tradition really meant. I thought there might, perhaps, have been a murder in the archives of their ancestry. Or perhaps a bar sinister upon the scutcheon. And so, now, many years later I have endeavored to find the explanation of The Barrymore Tradition by the simple and direct expedient of asking Lionel and John themselves.

We talked on the set of The Devil Doll, Lionel, John and I. We sat on the side-lines talking between Lionel’s scenes.
Traditions

by Gladys Hall

And here is the Barrymore clan assembled in full force when Ethel joined her brothers in Hollywood several years ago to film *Rasputin*. They are, from left to right: John Barrymore Colt, Mrs. Lionel Barrymore, Lionel, Ethel (Mrs. Colt), Ethel Barrymore Colt, Dolores Costello Barrymore, little Ethel Dolores Barrymore, John, baby John Blythe Barrymore and Samuel Colt.

Their sayings are passed along until they echo in every them and pay them deference..., they themselves are traditions.

[Continued on page 56]
I n the Boweties, and the Bronx’s and the Chinatowns of most large cities, there have sprung up what are known as Rescue Missions—places where dejected souls can join together, in song mostly, and find a lift for their hearts. Some of these Rescue Missions are broadcast so that millions, rather than hundreds, may be reached.

Nelson Eddy, in his own way, runs just such a Rescue Mission. Once he didn’t find he wanted in any radio log, or sign-posted in any way. Nor will you find him ever talking about it. But it exists just the same, as a few of those he has helped are eager to testify. The people who come to him are singers mostly, not necessarily looking for financial help, but singing help—the kind of personal help which involves time, interest and work, all of which Nelson Eddy gives generously.

There is a story to tell, but I still won’t tell it as he told it to me himself. About a year ago when John was under contract to RKO he was assigned to a singing role in Hi Gaucho and given a song which was a typical Nelson Eddy song—a rousing, robust baritone number. John worked on the song for several days but was terribly discouraged. He could get nowhere with it. Yet it was one of the roles he had been begging for a singing role instead of the dramatic “villain” parts which had been handed him, and now that he had his chance he was filled with the fear of flopping. If only Nelson Eddy would show him how the song should be sung. But at that point it never occurred to him that Nelson would do such a thing. Nelson Eddy of sudden Naughty Marietta fame would be too busy, too important, and too inaccessible.

But then he met a friend of Nelson’s, told him his plight, and the friend said: “You don’t know Nelson. He’s always doing things like that. Just give him a ring. No! You don’t need to be introduced . . . here’s his number.”

“Unbelieving, but desperate, John did call him. ‘Surely,” said Nelson. ‘I’ll be glad to. What are you doing now? I have about an hour.”

They wasted no time in getting down to work. Nelson studied the song silently for a few minutes, pacing up and down, beating out the rhythm with his hand. “It’s a good number . . . you can make a hit with this,” was his immediate judgment. And then his voice boomed forth, and, as he sang, he penciled the phrasing and the breathing on the score. In five minutes, they were singing it together. In ten, John was singing it alone, and with a confidence he had not felt before. As he said, in telling me about it: “For some strange reason I felt right at home with him, nor like a novice at all. He wasn’t the least bit patronizing. You can’t help admiring a fellow like that. A funny thing, though . . . the minute I got home, I slumped right back again. But because he had been so swell and so understanding I didn’t hesitate in phoning him a second time, and telling him Eddy that I still wasn’t right. ‘All right,’ he said, ‘I’ll tell you what I’ll do. I’ll make a home recording of it for you and send it over. You can work from that.’ It’s hard to tell you how much that meant to me. The Eddy that I still wasn’t right. ‘All right,’ he said, ‘I’ll tell you what I’ll do. I’ll make a home recording of it for you and send it over. You can work from that.’ It’s hard to tell you how much that meant to me. The Eddy that I still wasn’t right.

Nelson Eddy won’t like this story—for he tries to conceal his generosities. But many a young singer has reason to acknowledge his advice and helping hand.

for Nelson I don’t believe I could ever have gotten away with it. Nelson helped me find a new teacher too, and now, thanks to him, my singing is the paramount interest in my life.”

More dramatic is the story of a girl who asks to be nameless. More dramatic and more Nelson-revealing too, because in this case it was Nelson who went to her. During his winter concert tour in a middle-western city he found time to stop in at the local opera house to see a performance of Carmen, with one of the town’s local girls making her debut in the leading role. Nelson arrived in time to hear her take a flat high note, and to hear the audience growl in appreciation. It was pitiful. The girl was obviously nervous and frightened, and the audience wasn’t helping her any, Polite applause which is worse than none at all, at the end of the aria. Nelson was suddenly incensed, for as he listened he recognized her voice, which he felt clear, and rich, though nerve-wrecked. She didn’t know how to use it, that was all. A natural voice, badly and over-trained. Overcome with sympathy, he decided to sit through to the end. Scene by scene, he watched her grow more pale and even less sure of herself. Once he thought she was going to faint. She was young and slender, and the strain of such a dramatic role was too much for her. At the final curtain he left his seat hurriedly and started backstage. But he was recognized and mobbed and, as usual, had to stop for autographs. When finally he did get through the girl had gone. “She beat it outa here like a house afire, in her costume and everything,” an electrician told him. “And she was crying.”

Nelson got her name and address, hailed a taxi, and followed her. He had just forty minutes until train time. He found the house dark except for a light in an upstairs window. Quickly he surmised that the family was still at the opera looking for the daughter. He remembered his own periods of despair and how little he wanted to talk to anyone at those times, so, using a ruse, he rang the bell and called out, “Western Union!”

In a few minutes she came down. Quickly he tried to explain, and inveigled her out to the porch. He didn’t tell her his name and in the darkness she didn’t recognize him, but his voice said that he had heard her, and that he knew as well as she did that she had made a poor showing. “But that doesn’t mean anything,” he added enthusiastically. “I think you have a beautiful voice, and I’ve studied a lot myself, and I should know. But I do have a suggestion. Get out this town as soon as you can and start in again somewhere else. For if you’re as sensitive as I think you are, you’ll have a hard time living down tonight—within yourself, I mean.”

Suddenly the girl was sobbing. Completely unnerved emotionally, she was telling this stranger that she was never going to sing again. That there wasn’t any use . . . that there wasn’t any use in anything. That she was hopeless, study was hopeless, life was hopeless. Nelson listened for a while and then gently he told her about lots of singers he had known, one particularly—a man—who had once felt just as she felt now. A man who had gone
But then, as he started to illustrate the exercises for her, and she heard his voice, she knew there could be no doubt. "Nelson Eddy! It was you you were talking about...!" Holding a long note, Nelson said, on tune, "Yes, but don't let's waste time talking about that...! have to go pretty soon!" Then he took a breath: "See, this is the way you do it, controlling the breath, so no one will even guess you are out of it. Now, come, you try it with me. No, don't open your mouth so far..." (her mouth had been agape in amazement) "Like this!" Startled and bewildered, the girl nevertheless mimicked him. Ten minutes later, as the family was driving up, Nelson was driving away, calling out over his shoulder: "If you come out to Hollywood come and see me. I expect you to be famous someday!"

The girl is in Hollywood now, or I might never have heard her story. She is studying as she has never studied before, and hoping as she has never hoped before, and once every week or so she goes to Nelson's to report her progress. She is just one of many in whom Nelson has instilled the will to sing!

But, lest you think that Nelson's rescue mission is just a gesture, easily made by one who has arrived, and can afford to be generous, there is the time he helped Joan Marsh, two and a half years ago, before he became famous, and before Joan ever dreamed of becoming a professional singer on a radio program as she is today. They met at a dinner party one evening and Joan happened to mention that she was giving an audition the next day, her first, and that she was "scared to death." During the early part of the evening no further reference was made to the audition but when Joan started to leave with the other guests, Nelson asked her to stay and sing. "You don't want to hear me sing," she said quickly. "I don't really have a voice...I only sing popular things. But maybe you could help me pick some numbers! My audition's at three, and I still haven't decided on anything."

That was eleven in the evening. At one in the morning they were still working at the piano. They went over Joan's entire repertoire, discarding this and then that, until they had selected the three songs which were the most showy, and the best suited to her voice. The next day Joan phoned him to say that, because of his help, the audition had gone over successfully. After that, for a while, she consulted him on many of the numbers that she sang. And when Nelson later made his special appearance tour, all of her most successful number were those which Nelson Eddy had chosen for her. [Continued on page 74]
Cheap vaudeville houses . . . overnight jumps in a rickety car . . . starvation days in New York's tenements . . . all that and more Joan went through on her climb to fame and fortune

by

Whitney Williams

JOAN BLONDELL is one of the reigning favorites on the screen today. Famous, wealthy in this world's goods and as topping a trumper as you can find on any studio lot in Hollywood, her niche on the scale of success seems to be permanent.

All of which leads to this point: I can't help but wonder, knowing her history as I do, just how many people—even those stage-struck the hardest—would have the guts, and I mean exactly that, to go through what Joan has endured in reaching the top!

Joan has encountered no particularly trying circumstances since coming to pictures. The majority of her roles on the screen have been prominent ones. Even her debut to film audiences was made as a featured player. But she has, nevertheless, known a succession of bad breaks and hard raps that would discourage and lay low even the hardiest optimist.

What I refer to goes back way beyond her trekking out to Hollywood from the New York stage. Those years leading up to her great break in *Maggie the Magnificent*, one of George Kelly's better-known stage plays. Those days like the ones when the entire Blondell brood—father, mother, Joan, brother and sister—made four and five appearances daily in cheaper than cheap vaudeville houses, pocketed their five or six dollars for the act, then drove all night in a rickety model-T Ford to the next town for the following day's performances.

I repeat . . . just how many of you could take what Joan Blondell has had to suffer in getting where she is today?

What made those days of adversity even harder to bear were recollections of her earlier life. Her father, Eddie Blondell, for twenty years, was a big-time vaudeville headliner, and his family not only travelled with him but appeared in the act as well. By the time Joan was able to walk out on the stage, she, too, was playing a part.

There was no depression, no talk of the wolf, then. Tiny fur coats, the most expensive dolls and suites in the best hotels were her lot from earliest childhood, as the Blondell family travelled in luxury up and down the world. Up to the time of her seventh birthday, each natal anniversary was celebrated in a different country. Europe, Asia, Australia . . . Joan's played through them all. With the decline of vaudeville there came a change. When the bottom fell out of the variety stage, Blondell senior decided to retire for a time, and one fine day the family discovered itself in possession of a gown shop in Denton, Texas. This venture ended disastrously, and Blondell moved his family to Santa Monica, Calif., where they opened—of all things—a tearoom.

The same fate overtook this undertaking. Their savings had dwindled down to practically nothing. Only one thing remained for them . . . to return to the stage.

But salaries no longer soared in the altitudes Eddie Blondell always had known, and he refused to return to big-time vaudeville—what survived of it—for only a fraction of the figure he formerly had made. If he did that he would be classed forever, with no hope of ever climbing into the higher money brackets again.

Consequently, he made up his mind to work his way east, to New York, taking whatever cheap engagements he could find. This wouldn't affect his standing.

So, on another fine day, the Blondell tribe found themselves eastward-bound . . . in a thirty-seven dollar model-T Ford sedan, and with exactly sixty dollars as their total exchequer!

"No prairie schooner ever presented half the spectacle that
Covered Wagon Days

Joan Blondell has attained luxury and wealth and position but few people have ever had as rough a road to travel. She credits her early adversities for much of the rich philosophy which is hers today.

our overburdened Ford made,” Joan reminisced, as we chatted in her dressing room.

“We had three large theatrical trunks wired on top and bags and suitcases everywhere on each running board, roped to the back, even between the fenders and the hood. Why, we couldn’t open one of the doors. Whenever anybody wanted to get out of the car he had to climb out the driver’s window. Even the other front window was blocked off because of the baggage piled against it from the outside.” Memory of that occasion prompted a wide smile to creep over Joan’s tanned face. She had just returned from a month at Palm Springs and the bloom of the desert touched her cheeks. How different from those other days...

“If you think it’s easy to leave a car this way, just try it. Dad was fat and so was Mother, and even for us kids—I was sixteen or seventeen then—it offered somewhat of a feat.

“About every three miles, too, one of the tires would go flat and Dad would have to crawl out and fix it. After a few days of constantly stopping to repair one or more of the tires, he accused those of us in the back seat of being responsible for all the trouble. He said we laughed so hard that we shook the car and that, in turn, wrecked the tires. Imagine.

“We did most of our driving at night. During the day and evening we put on our act, and as soon as the last show was over we’d pile into the car and start for the next town. We had very little money, the five or six dollars received for the act having to go for gas and cheese and crackers. Once in a while, we’d splurge and buy a steak. Mother then would cook that on a little oil stove we carried with us. Many and many a time she cooked it while holding the stove in her lap in the back seat.

“That trip across country will always be a nightmare, although we did have fun at times despite all the hardships and privations we suffered. We got very little sleep, because we couldn’t always afford a room, even in a cheap boarding house.

“I remember one rainy night somewhere in Texas, when we just had to find shelter. We tried a hotel and they wanted three dollars. We couldn’t afford that, so we went down the street until I saw a sign, ‘Beds, ten cents.’

“No family of mine will ever sleep in a place like that,’ Dad spouted, nobly. ‘Don’t be an old silly,’ I told him. So we went in.

“Have you ever been in a cheap flop house? Well, this was just that. When we entered there was only one large room, with numerous and assorted snores. [Continued on page 72]
Make Things Happen To You

Una Merkel, who proved what an "ugly duckling" can accomplish, offers sage advice to Miss Average Girl

by Una Merkel

Dear Average Girl—Everywhere:

I've always wished that I could write a letter that would reach every "average girl" somehow, by some means. All the girls I call "just girls." Girls like me. Now Classic has given me my chance.

Sensationally beautiful girls, girls with brilliant, outstanding personalities, girls born with genius don't need letters from me nor from anyone else, for that matter. But average girls, everyday girls living everyday lives—girls who have no flaming, conspicuous talent, girls who are not breathtakingly beautiful, all of you little Janes and Sues and Bettys living in small towns, perhaps, fearing that nothing very grand or glamorous will ever happen to you—well, I do think, kind of, that I have something to say to you.

Because I am such a girl. And I tell you that you can make things happen to you. I ought to know—because I did.

You don't have to sit back in your little home towns, or hide away in big cities, being meek little mice, nibbling at drab little experiences, watching other girls become famous actresses and artists, make romantic marriages, have things. You don't have to be front page beauties or geniuses or exceptions in order to have things happen.

There are some people, of course, to whom things just do happen. Without, apparently, any effort on their parts. They don't have to make things happen. I did. I mean, there is, occasionally, a some young man like Robert Taylor, so extraordinarily handsome, so gifted, so endowed with everything, that he just becomes a star almost before he has had time to know what is happening to him. Or how it happened. There will be a Garbo, with a personality like a splendid sword, so strong, so

Meet one of the happiest family groups in these parts—Una Merkel, her aviation-engineer husband, Ronald Burla, and her parents. Hollywood, we'll have you know, is profoundly proud of Una

forceful, so unique in a world where most of us are pretty commonplace, that her personality carves its own predestined way.

Great beauties do seem to be their own reward, if you know what I mean. But don't let them discourage you. For I will say, confidentially, that their "rewards" do not seem to be as lasting as the rewards of girls like you and me, who haven't great beauty or great anything to work for us—but have to do all the work ourselves. I knew a great many sensationally beautiful girls when I was on the stage in New York. I don't even remember their names today. And neither does anyone else. I also knew Helen Hayes and—see what I mean?

Oh, I know what you may be thinking [Continued on page 66]
A Date With Romance

In this section, MOVIE CLASSIC presents to its feminine readers the art of makeup and the thrill of beautiful clothes.

Lucille Ball, youthful RKO player, makes a date with romance in an oxford grey cape suit pin-striped in maroon and light grey. Feather trimming on the hat repeats the grey and maroon note.
Lucille Ball has a date with romance. But will romance nod and pass her by? Not if Mel Berns, maestro of make-up at RKO Studios, has a deft hand in the matter!

Demanding to be made irresistible just for tonight, Lucille offers as her contributions to beauty a flawless skin, lustrous gold hair and large blue eyes. Mel Berns offers an artistry in make-up that has changed many a merely attractive girl into a vision of enchantment. His magic is wrought not with mirrors, in the Hollywood tradition, but with brushes.

There's nothing like a good foundation for either romance or beauty and Lucille's face is first treated to a layer of foundation cream (1) lightly applied.

Eyebrows take form, penciled in with a series of short light strokes (not the single shiny line with which so many err) and extended gracefully at the ends. Berns does the penciling but Lucille offers this bit of wisdom, "Never pencil the brows in a down curve at the corners. It makes the face appear to droop."

Eyeshadow is applied with a brush (2) and blended out to nothingness near the brows with patting movements of the thumb. "A shadow always recedes that part of the face to which it is applied," Berns explains, "therefore the lid is shaded to bring the eye forward."

[Continued on page 75]
Lucille decked out in an evening coat of white metal brocade looks exciting enough for any romantic adventure.

Lucille is stunning in a black velvet evening coat lined with turquoise satin and a velvet hat trimmed with coque feathers.

by sally martin

Since the beginning of time, romance—"a dreamy, imaginative habit of mind"—has been the ultimate, the one want in life that all women, young or old, have had in common.

That one glorious adventure makes many demands among them, with constant planning of clothes and meticulous grooming of appearance. This, of all delectable experiences, must not catch us unawares.

Lucille Ball, young RKO player, has a date with romance. Lucille is the personification of young womanhood for she has charm, personality, figure and the instinctive ability to wear clothes. As Bernard Newman, Hollywood's ace designer says, "Lucille has the potentialities of another Lilyan Tashman." To a girl who is clothes conscious and remembers the Tashman flare for wearing ultra-chic creations, Newman's remark would be sufficient to place Lucille at the head of Hollywood's smartly dressed list of screen stars.

Lucille is an average girl living on an average income. She is not a star with a fabulous salary and must therefore plan her wardrobe as carefully as you or I.

Goethe once said, "He who is of his own time, [Continued on page 75]

For the formal date, Lucille Ball wears a full black chiffon gown.

the costumers for a ravishing selection of gowns
Revealing the colorful life story of a great new star

PEOPLE are always asking me what tendencies toward acting Robert Taylor showed as a child. As I look back now, I remember that he used to mimic Charlie Chaplin—the shuffle, the sniffle, everything. If we had ever thought that he might some day be an actor, I suppose we would have suspected that he would be a comedian.

We had been told, many times, that he would be an actor—but we never took the prophecy seriously. It seemed to us that all children were talented mimics. A Mr. Dempster, who was head of a big manufacturing company, urged the doctor and me to educate Robert in dramatics. He always predicted, "Some day that boy of yours will be a big movie star!" I wish he could have lived to see his prediction come true...

Our minister, too, often said that Bob would be outstanding in some way with his voice. All of which flattered us, but we did not try to develop Bob in any one direction. We intended to let him decide what he would like to be.

Meanwhile, like most of the other boys in Beatrice, Nebraska, Bob played ball, although he never landed on any team. He went swimming in Riverside Park and the "Y." He rode horseback and went for long bicycle rides and played tennis. He did not seem to worry much about his future, himself.

One time, when he was about eleven or twelve, he came to me and asked, "Mother, what will I be when I get to be a man?"

I told him, "Opportunity will lead you. Men don't decide, as a rule, what they will be. Circumstances decide for them."

Robert Taylor and Joan Crawford in a scene from The Gorgeous Fate—Fame—and

Pages from the photo album of Mrs. Ruth Brugh: (1) Spangler Arlington Brugh, now known as Robert Taylor, at the age of three; (2) the future Robert Taylor posed for this portrait when he was ten months old; (3) a class portrait taken while he was a student at Doane College; (4) "The Three Harmony Boys," stellar attraction for Radio Station KMMJ, at Clay Center, Nebraska
And I think that lingered in his mind. People are always asking me about his school-day romances—as if they were important. I guess that he had his "crushes" on girls, but he never was much of a hand to tell about it. The only girl I ever knew for sure that he was excited about was a little girl named Helen Rush. For a long time, just before he went into high school, she was "the most wonderful girl in the world." If there were any others who had the same effect on him, he was very quiet about it.

I am continually asked, too, if he was popular as a boy. The doctor and I used to wonder if he was not too popular for his own good—but he never seemed to become cocky or conceited about it. And the older he grew, the more popular he became—maybe because he never did become spoiled by all the attention he received. I have no worries about his movie popularity changing him. He is too sensible.

Whenever there was some entertainment at the theatre in Beatrice, he was always invited to play in the orchestra. He played in church, too, and was paid for his work. For a time, he also sang in the choir. Every time there was a fashion show, or some other public function, he was asked to be master of ceremonies. He was the president of his class all the way through school. He was always the leading man in the school plays. One, I remember, was Nothing But the Truth.

He enjoyed the acting, but not any more than he enjoyed being a master of ceremonies or playing the 'cello or entering oratorical contests. He was constantly entering oratorical contests and musical contests, and constantly winning them. I remember that he came out first in one musical contest by playing The Swan. He won a ten-day trip to Detroit, with one oration that he gave. He wrote his orations himself. [Continued on page 64]
ROMEO AND JULIET highlights the new film offerings of the month. Produced with a complete disregard of cost, liberally be-sprinkled with great star names, be-decked with sets and costumes so authen-tic that Fifteenth Century Italy seems as real as Times Square, photographed and recorded with consummate artistry, it is, beyond a doubt, one of the most magnificent productions ever screened. It is also one of the most daring and one of the most progressive experiments ever attempted by a Hollywood studio.

Norma Shearer, as Juliet, gives not only the greatest performance of her career but one of the outstanding dramatic performances of screen history. She had always wanted to play the role and it is a fact that for nearly one year before production work was started, she lived in virtual seclusion, studying constantly. The result more than justifies her effort.

Leslie Howard, as Romeo, seems to this reviewer to be slightly miscast—yet there can be no denying that his performance is a finished, masterly work of art. Basil (Continued on page 52)
Nobody asks me out anymore!

Her pimply skin was the reason for Sara's "thin time"—until—

I found her crying her eyes out. It's a shame—but you know her face is so broken out, the boys don't like to take her places.

I'm going to tell her about Fleischmann's Yeast...remember how it helped me? I'm sure it would clear up her skin, too.

Later, isn't it a darling dress? Oh, I'm so thrilled...and it's just, Mar-vel-ous! Not to have any more of those old pimples!

Bye, folks.

Clears the skin by clearing skin irritants out of the blood

Don't let adolescent pimples make you feel neglected and forlorn

Pimples are often a real calamity to girls and boys after the beginning of adolescence—from about 13 to 25 years of age, or even longer.

During this period, important glands develop and final growth takes place. This causes disturbances throughout the entire system. The skin becomes oversensitive. Waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin. Pimples break out.

Fleischmann's fresh Yeast is an effective remedy for adolescent pimples. It clears these skin irritants out of the blood. Then—with the cause removed—the pimples vanish!

Eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast regular—a cake about one-half hour before eating. Eat it plain, or in a little water until entirely clear. Start today.

Movie Classic for October, 1936
The Show Window

[Continued from page 30]

Rathbone, as Tybalt, is magnificent. Given a greater role, he would have dominated the play. John Barrymore, Ralph Forbes, Reginald Denny, Edna May Oliver, Andy Devine and C. Aubrey Smith, heading a strong supporting cast, are excellent. Romeo and Juliet is a screen triumph. Produced in the face of outspoken skepticism, it is a tribute to the courage of Irving Thalberg, as well as to his showmanship. It would be difficult to imagine a finer production of Shakespeare's immortal romance.

EXCELLENT

THE TEXAS RANGERS—There's not a dull moment in this exciting drama of the Old West, which deserves a place near the head of every "must see" list for the current month. Produced on a lavish scale by Paramount, highlighted by brilliant performances on the part of every leading player, distinguished by a genuinely dramatic and always believable story, The Texas Rangers is undoubtedly one of the best "westerns" ever produced.

Fred MacMurray, cast as an ex-gunman turned Ranger, is outstanding, particularly in the final sequence in which he is required to track down and kill a former crony. Jack Oakie is at his best in an important role. Jean Parker, playing a rather incidental part, manages to score heavily. Paramount.

RHYTHM ON THE RANGE—There was a lot of skeptical comment along the Boulevard when it was announced that Bing Crosby would be starred in a western musical—but the skeptics, for once, stand confounded. Rhythm on the Range is the most entertaining Crosby opus in many a moon.

The story itself is trivial—and what there is of it is unbelievable—but the laughs crowd fast on one another's heels and Bing is given opportunity to sing some very catchy numbers, notably Empty Saddles, which already has moved into the hit class. His acting is more than satisfactory and he certainly will gain fans as a result of this picture. Credit Bob Burns, of radio fame, with as impressive a screen debut as this reviewer has seen in months. He is a comedian par excellence and makes every one of his scenes a standout. Martha Raye, as delirious a laugh-getter as ever faced a camera, is a perfect partner in his clowning. Paramount.

MARY OF SCOTLAND—Frankly intended as a "prestige" picture, this historical drama more than achieves its goal. Some audiences may consider it too heavy and too sombre to be listed as outstanding entertainment, but every audience will acclaim it as an artistic triumph for all concerned.

Katharine Hepburn, perfectly cast as the tragic Mary, is magnificent, particularly in the final scenes where she faces Queen Elizabeth and defies her before being led to the block. And Fredric March, as the dashingly dominating Earl of Bothwell, who crushes every opponent and finally marries his queen, gives perhaps the best performance of his entire career. Florence Eldridge, Ian Keith, John Carradine, Douglas Walton and Donald Crisp are outstanding in the supporting cast.

Movie Classic for October, 1936.
The story adheres closely to historical fact—and if this picture fails in entertainment value, it is largely because its authors did not dare to distort history. It is difficult for a Twentieth Century audience to understand the circumstances on which the plot revolves. RKO-Radio.

PEPPER—Chalk up another triumph for Jane Withers, whose fan mail has already reached avalanches proportions. Playing a role that gives her a chance to express every imaginable emotion, she handles all of her situations with a finesse that few adult actors can equal.

The story concerns the regeneration, through “Pepper’s” efforts, of a crabby old curmudgeon whose imagined bodily ills are largely the product of a grumpy disposition. Irving S. Cobb plays the role and proves himself an able actor as well as a fine comedian. Slim Summerville, as “Pepper’s” shrewd uncle, shares the comedy laurels.

The kids will love this one—and few grown-ups will fail to acclaim it fine entertainment. Twentieth Century-Fox.

YOURS FOR THE ASKING—Co-starring George Raft and Dolores Costello Barrymore, this humorous and exciting story of the gambler and the lady, is sure-fire entertainment for any audience, and will win new popularity for its stars. Raft plays the square-shooting proprietor of a gambling casino who has aspirations to rise in the world. In Dolores Costello, the impoverished daughter of a blue-blood family, he finds a mentor and an inspiration. And in the rapid-fire developments, you will find ample interest.

Both of the stars give near-perfect performances but a goodly share of the picture’s many laughs go to Ida Lupino, cast as a designing little hussy; to Reginald Owen, playing a genteel but unscrupulous grafteur; and to Jimmy Gleason, Lynn Overman and Edgar Kennedy who play Raft’s smooth henchmen.

Put this one on your preferred list. Paramount.

GIRLS’ DORMITORY—A great picture, subtly dealing with a sophisticated, absorbing theme and distinguished by brilliant writing, brilliant dialogue and brilliant performances on the part of every member in a fine cast.

But the outstanding feature of this picture is Simone Simon, already an established star of the European screen but a newcomer to American audiences. Imported from France more than a year ago by Twentieth Century-Fox, she makes her debut after a year of grooming and unquestionably is established by this one picture as a potential star of great importance. She possesses an impish quality that is refreshing, acting ability far above the average and an exotic but fascinating beauty that will make a profound impression.

The story deals with a young student’s love for her professor and the unjust accusations which threaten to drive her from school. Herbert Marshall and Ruth Chatterton, who are co-starred, are excellent. Twentieth Century-Fox.

MY AMERICAN WIFE—A clever, unusually entertaining comedy drama, co-starring Francis Lederer, Ann Sothern and Fred Stone. Put it on your preferred list for the month.

Lederer plays a foreign nobleman who marries an American girl and attempts to live in her home town in Arizona. He is misunderstood by everyone except his grandfather, a rough old stockman, who sympathizes with his desire to be a working farmer. [Continued on page 54]
Lederer scores as the foreign blue-blood who wants to make good in America, and Ann Sothern is excellent as his wife. Fred Stone, Billie Burke and Grant Mitchell are outstanding in important roles. Paramount.

I GIVE MY HEART—Kay Francis and George Brent are at their best in this poignant drama of unwed motherhood which has been adapted to the screen from Jan Mallory's play with praiseworthy delicacy and good taste. Miss Francis, in particular, scores a triumph, proving herself one of the screen's finest dramatic artists. For adult audiences, this picture cannot be recommended too highly. Warner Brothers.

GOOD

WHITE FANG—A vigorous, action-packed melodrama of the Alaskan gold-rush, remotely based on Jack London's immortal novel of the same title. As in the case of its predecessor, Call of the Wild, the producer has again chosen to play down the "dog interest" and increase the "human interest." To achieve that goal, what really amounts to a new plot has been written and London addicts will be amazed to see one of their favorite stories so mercilessly mutilated. However, the picture is grand entertainment, and the carefully tailored plot rings true. It has suspense, thrills, romance and uproarious comedy. Michael Whalen, Jean Muir, Slim Summerville, Charles Winninger and Jane Darwell are excellent in leading roles and Lightning, the dog, will delight every animal lover. Twentieth Century-Fox.

BENGAL TIGER—Thanks largely to the outstanding direction of Louis King, this exciting melodrama of circus life, intended by Warner Brothers as a Class B picture, proves better entertainment than many of the so-called Class A pictures of the month. The story hinges on the conflict between Barton MacLane, playing a stubborn, strong-willed animal trainer, and a magnificent Bengal Tiger which he vows to tame. MacLane gives an excellent performance. Warren Hull and June Travis, carrying the romantic interest, are both effective. Warner Brothers.

THE DEVIL DOLL—As bizarre and horrifying as an Edgar Allan Poe tale—but hardly as plausible—is this new Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer chiller. The story deals with the vengeance of an escaped convict, who, through the aid of a crackpot scientist, discovers a means of converting human beings into automata responsive only to his will. Lionel Barrymore, as the convict, plays most of his role disguised as a woman—and plays it well. Maureen O'Sullivan is unusually competent as his daughter and Henry B. Walthall, whose untimely death occurred before the picture could be previewed, gave an impressive performance as the scientist. MGM.

MISTER CINDERELLA—As dizzily a slapstick comedy howl as you will see in a year's theatre-going. The story's a crazy-quilt and "sophistication" is conspicuous by its total absence—but it's funny, and how! Jack Haley (who will be a top-flight star if he gets a few more pictures of this kind) garners the principal credit but is ably assisted by Arthur Treacher, Raymond Walburn, Robert McWade, Rosina Fraces Farmer and Bing Crosby in a scene from Rhythm on the Range, Bing's best musical-comedy in many a film moon

Kay Francis and George Brent are reunited again in Give Me Your Heart, which combines comedy and romance entertainingly

Lionel Barrymore (believe it or not) and Maureen O'Sullivan in The Devil Doll, a wierd and macabre melodrama

The Show Window

[Continued from page 53]
Lawrence, Monroe Owsley, Kathleen Lockhart and Edward Brophy, all of whom reap a rich harvest of laughs. Betty Furness is capable in the picture's only "straight" role. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

SUZY—If judged from too critical a standpoint, this melodramatic tale of World War espionage, will be found rather disappointing, despite the presence of Jean Harlow, Franchot Toe, Cary Grant and Lewis Stone. But it's a safe bet that the average audience will overlook its story flaws and technical absurdities and pronounce it grand entertainment.

Jean Harlow, wearing her now famous brownet suit, can hardly be credited with an amazing performance but she is, nevertheless, very adequate in the role of an American chorus girl who marries a French ace and saves him from the scheming of a German spy. Franchot Tone, as an Irish flier and inventor, gives a superb performance. Cary Grant, as the amorous French hero, turns in an outstanding portrayal. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

THEY MET IN A TAXI—With Chester Morris and Fay Wray as its co-stars and Lionel Stander and Raymond Walburn present to account for the laughs, this fast-moving comedy-drama is top-notch fare. The story concerns a taxi-driver, an ex-gangster, a girl jewel-thief—and their mutual efforts to clear up a baffling mystery. The laughs are plentiful and the dialogue is brilliant. Columbia.

FAIR

I'D GIVE MY LIFE—Sir Guy Standing, Tom Brown and Francis Drake in a melodramatic and very emotional story of gangland, which hinges on the efforts of an honest governor to clean up the criminal rackets in his state. The discovery that the ace racketeer is the former husband of the governor's lady, and that their child is a condemned killer, serves to complicate the situation most dramatically. On the whole it's satisfactory. Paramount.

THIRTY-SIX HOURS TO KILL—Once more the G-Men are on the rampage, this time aboard a transcontinental train, determined to get their man, who, as usual, is Public Enemy Number One.

The story offers little that is new but much that is entertaining—If you like fast-moving, be-man action pictures. Brian Donlevy, who looks like a coming star, plays the government sleuth very effectively. Gloria Stuart, too capable an actress to be wasted on so unimportant a film, makes the most of a thankless role, and Warren Hymer and Isabel Jewell do good work. Twentieth Century-Fox.

Here's a Tip

You can have an advance showing of Twentieth Century-Fox's outstanding romantic picture of the year, Ladies in Love, starring Janet Gaynor, Loretta Young, Constance Bennett, Simone Simon and Don Ameche.

Romantic Movie Stories for October will publish the complete fiction story of this great film. In the same issue you will find complete fiction stories of Adventures in Manhattan, Last Horizon and many other great screen masterpieces now being filmed.

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Often the disease travels all over the bottom of the feet. The soles of your feet become red and swollen. The skin cracks and peels, and the itching becomes worse and worse. Get rid of this disease as quickly as possible, because it is very contagious and may go to your hands or even to the objects you reach for later.

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Here’s How To Treat
FOOTITCH
ATHLETE’S FOOT

Those Barrymore Traditions
[Continued from page 39]

I never heard of it,” said John. . . .

Not I,” said Lionel, that deep, amused note in his voice.

“but that we haven’t heard of it means nothing. A wife is always the last to hear of her husband’s affairs, a father the last to hear of his son’s debts.”

“I suppose,” John was saying, looking very fit and tweedy and rested as he visited Lionel of late. “I suppose, if there is such a thing as a Barrymore Tradition, it’s because the family has been on the stage, in public life, for many years. And in the course of time, a great length of time, there have been said among us which have been passed on by word of mouth, exaggerated, and so, perpetuated.”

“I know, for instance,” said Lionel, “that when they put Ethel and John and me together in Rasputin I heard that there were torrid takes abroad about the ‘temperament’ that was certain to be rampant on any set where all three Barrymores were gathered together in the sight of Louis B. Mayer. ‘The Barrymore Tempeiment’ might, by the way, be a tradition. The Barrymore Tradition. Both are largely imaginary.”

“For,” murmured John, “why do they all think Ethel and Barrymores are all damn fools . . . ?”

“John once said to me, I remember.”

Lionel went on, in the low voice you have to lean near him to hear. “John once said to me ‘I like to be introduced as America’s foremost actor—obviates the necessity of further effort.’ I heard that remark repeated back to me a dozen times in subsequent years.

ON ANOTHER occasion he said to me, ‘I saw a genealogy lately dealing with Lord Barrymore (the distant relative from whom we took our stage name) it’s interesting—if you like sumptuous literature’ That came back to me.”

“It should have,” said John.

“Those remarks and others like them,” said Lionel, that same amused note in his voice, “are the ordinary patter of any family. If they are confined to the bosom of the family, that ends them. They die there. Except for stage, the stage do not live in our own bosoms. We live in the bosom of the public and the press, indeedly exposed spots.”

John grunted.

“I recall how John, as a youth, once found a volume of Balzac. He then read all of the Balzacian works with great avidity. And he declared to Ethel, There’re great. Lionel thinks so, too. But it’s funny that people go right on reading them without waiting for the Barrymores!”

“When Ethel made her debut on the stage in Captain Jack’s at the age of seventeen the whole family turned out. I couldn’t recall, I found our father anywhere, so I went over there where I finally did unearth him, kid?”

“At the very back of the house,” said John, “in a rear seat, huddled down where no one could catch those famous tears of pride. Many a father mops the dew of pride from his brow when his daughter makes her debut in a graduation play or an opera, but my father’s pride and his tears pass unnoted and unnoteworthy. But the tears of Maurice Barrymore were headlines. The tears and the trips and the tantrums of the Barrymores are still head-li-ne, I thought. The Tradition is still in the making. For many a man and many a maid become entangled with Eros and do things they wouldn’t have done if their and his ‘Ariel’ were front page stories for weeks. And even after their announced marriage, they will be front page ‘copy.’

“ONLY,” continued Lionel, in one of his rare and, for me, most fortunate and flamboyant conversation moods, "Once, asked by a reviewer of the Police Gazette if he had read the review of his latest show, Maurice, our sire, replied ‘No—I only heard the remark was passed along and became, I suppose, a cornerstone of the Tradition. ‘Another time, getting out of a hansom cab, Maurice espied a press server advancing upon him. He expected a corner. He thought fast and acted faster. He pushed his friend out ahead of him and yelled, ‘Run, Barrymore, run!’ and while the process server was pursuing the bewildled friend, Maurice did a vanishing act.

“Good old Uncle John Drew, too, made pithy remarks in his day,” said John, “on the occasion when I was caught in the San Francisco earthquake I had to get out of the hotel at six in the morning. When I went forth into the devastated streets I was put to working clean away bricks. Commented Uncle John, with relish, ‘It took me ten minutes to get him out of bed and the United States Army to put him to work’—and how right he was!”

But this, I thought to myself, this is the Barrymore Tradition. It seems to me, explaining it to me, without, perhaps, realizing it. They are giving me the threads which, gathered together, have woven the tapestry of the tradition.

Lionel was called to the set at that moment. He rose with his habitual slowness. He dropped his limp and again unlighted cigarette and stepped into the scene. The director called, ‘They’re turn-ing!’ and a Barrymore was trouping again.

Uncle Lionel, when I watched John talking aside to another member of the cast, I thought how much poorer the world would be if the name of Barrymore never appeared upon the stage marquees. For something would go from the theatre with the passing of the Barrymores; a fever would leave the Thespian blood. There have been many and heated disputes about the Barrymores, whether they are great actors or just great showmen or neither or both. Does it matter? They are exciting people. They raise the blood pressure of the imagination.

And I said to myself what I had tried to say to Lionel, what he had explained the Barrymore Tradition. For a tradition is, after all, only the amassed folklore of a people or a family, even as he had said.

‘Tell me,’ I said to John, who was standing now as he had said before, ‘tell me some of the ‘little things’ about Lionel—little personal things you know which will one day, be embroidered into the Barrymore Tradition.’

‘Lord, I don’t know,’ said John, his eyes on his brother, ‘let’s see ... he always wears loose-fitting suits, don’t ask why. Keeps his hands in his pockets. His eyes Smokes his special brand of Virginia cigarettes. They go out constantly. He is forever borrowing matches. Speaks, with a slight drawl when he is telling a story. Has a habit of making up apt and pertinent similes. Said one time when he

Movie Classic for October, 1936
heard about someone worrying over a very trivial matter, 'That's like worrying about a manicure on the way to the guillotine.'

"Never on the set except when actually working. Passes most of his time in his dressing room, etching or composing music, or telephoning to Irene, his wife. She was once his leading lady. Still is. The scene shifts, not the rôle. He phones her long distance when she is away from home, at home when she is there. Several times a day when she is ill. He has been called," said John, with a sardonic shudder. "Hollywood's Greatest Lover."

When he was 'accused' of this he remarked that he saw nothing unusual or worth comment in a husband's devotion to his wife. He further observed that before long people will be putting it in the papers when they observe a parent's fondness for a child.

HE WORKS without make-up. Studies his lines and the business together, fitting the gestures to the lines as he reads. Has three dogs, a monkey and a parrot. Has a smile for everyone, words for very few. Keeps up on politics but never discusses them. Too peace-loving—like all the Barrymores! Sneaks out a side door when he goes to a preview. Appears to be grumpy but is really soft-hearted. Family failing. Many a forgotten man has old Lionel to thank for his job and daily bread. Doesn't drink. Keen about Amos and Andy. Loves children and dogs. Gets along beautifully with kids. Says they talk sense. Crazy about young Shirley Temple.

"Is the only member of the family who is not a typical showman. I like to think I'm not but know better. Regards acting as a business, just as manufacturing automobile parts is a business.

"He's a talented composer and pianist. Clever painter in oils. An expert etcher. Had three etchings hung in New York in the 'Hundred Prints Of The Year' exhibit. His first appearance on any stage was at the age of five, with our father, playing a crying baby. He has remarked to me that his last appearance will doubtless be that of a crying baby, also. When we were all three on the stage, Ethel, Lionel and I, we always sent Ethel a big red rose on her opening nights. For an explainable reason. It got to be a family custom."

Lionel came back from the set and rejoined us. He borrowed a match from John and lit a fresh cigarette. I mentally gave him three puffs and then readied another match. John strolled off, with a nod and a wave of the expressive Barrymore hand, in...

"As Mercutio," said Lionel, "the kid is— and Lionel's face expressed what his voice failed to say—'I was just thinking,' he chuckled, 'when John and I were about eight and ten, respectively, we used to hang around backstage during our father's rehearsals. Once he gave us fifty cents each and told us to go out and get lunch. We invaded Delmonico's, found that French Pastry was listed on the menu, at a quarter. We consumed the whole tray between us and then found that it had meant a quarter apiece. We had eaten five dollars worth. So John called the maître d'hotel over and leaving me in the hock, went out, got the old man and had him come over and redeem me—!"

The director called again. Lionel rose and said goodbye. He apologized, "Sorry I couldn't explain the Barrymore Tradition. Another myth, I suppose... there isn't any such thing..."

But there is, I thought, leaving the set—there is and they did explain it To me. Have they to you?

---

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GLAZO...now only 20¢

Movie Classic for October, 1936

57
DON'T get the idea that Ralph, in saying that he is a comedian, is trying to steal brother Frank's thunder.

Frank's comedy is as individual in style as may be found within the realms of acting. As a matter of fact, brother Ralph thinks that brother Frank is just about the funniest fellow in the world. But he also thinks he is a pretty funny guy, himself.

It has been a strange quirck of fate that Frank Morgan, who gained his fame on the stage as an actor of straight dramatic parts, should become one of the really few genuine comedians in pictures. And, that Ralph Morgan, who was noted for his comedy ability on the stage, should be "yped" in pictures as a straight dramatic actor.

Ever since Frank Morgan burst forth before a delighted public with a marvelously droll performance of the Duke in The Affairs of Cellini, he has been called upon time and time again to play the same sort of amusing character.

Don't think for a moment that Frank doesn't yearn to get a strong dramatic role that he can sink his teeth into. By the same token, ever since Ralph Morgan re-created his original stage role of "Uncle Charley" in Strange Interlude and contributed that splendid characterization of the Czar Nicholas of Russia in Rasputin with the three Barrettes, John, Lionel and Ethel—has been doomed by the picturepickers to portray sad, gentle oldsters with the same charming, wistful appeal of your favorite dear old college professor.

It was such a role he played recently in The Magnificent Obsession, an eccentric inventive old coot with Christlike qualities. He played it as a Morgan should, but after all that type of role never makes one a picture star. "Really, I can be a hell of a fellow," says Ralph when he endeavors to persuade the "boys," but they must think he is "ribbing."

One producer said to me: "Imagine that guy playing a gangster! It's ridiculous. I would just as soon pick Frank to play the role."

He thought I was "ribbing" when I told him that I had once seen Ralph in a stage play in which he was the most menacing so-and-so one could possibly imagine. Every time he came on the stage, cold chills ran through the theater so rapidly that most of the audience turned up their coat collars. "Really, I can be a hell of a fellow," says Ralph when he endeavors to persuade the "boys," but they must think he is "ribbing."

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AT the present time, Ralph's daughter, Claudia, is carrying on the Morgan tradition on the New York stage by accomplishing the amazing task of appearing in two successful plays simultaneously. The ambitious youngster plays a featured role in the second act of the first, The World Production, Call It A Day, and also in the first and third acts of Co-respondent Unknown. She accomplishes this feat by changing her makeup and costume in a taxicab between theaters. As a result of her performance in Call It A Day, Claudia has been signed by the Theatre Guild to a three-year contract for leading roles, an honor which had previously been reserved for Alfred Lunt, Lynn Fontanne and Ina Claire.

It seems odd to refer to the Morgan tradition of the stage, when one recalls that Ralph and Frank created their own traditions. They were born Wuppermann, heirs to the Angostura Bitters fortune. Ralph is the eldest, and he had to break the ice in the family about going on the stage.

"There was plenty of ice, too," confessed Ralph.

"My parents had old-fashioned ideas about the stage. They sent me to Columbia University to study law, so that I could be of some use to the family business. It all started in the college shows and the Comedy Club in New York, where I first was bitten by the acting bug. It wasn't long after I graduated that I was spending the twenty-five dollars a week I earned in a law office for theater tickets.

"Alta Nazimova, the great Russian actress, became so curious over seeing me in the student shows at the little theater every night, that she finally sent her manager to bring me back stage. I still think she originally thought I was crazy. And, I know my parents did. At any rate, Warner Oland happened to be visiting in her dressing room that night.

"'A remark he made to me at that time helped me measurably to make the decision. It was, 'If you go, I think the kind of a man you are, and I think the kind of a man you are, and you belong in the profession.'"

EVEN when Wuppermann pere offered the eldest son a fortune to go back to the law office, Ralph stuck to his guns. He set forth on the stage to earn his own living, and to try for fame, in exactly the same manner in which most great actors have achieved acting ability and success. This means the hardships of one-night stands, half bedrooms and precarious salaries. He made the sacrifice, but his sincerity, all was forgiven, and the younger brother, Frank, was permitted to follow in his footsteps. Ralph and Frank will fall heirs to the immense Wuppermann Angostura Bitters fortune. Father Wuppermann has passed on to his reward, but their eighty-five-year-old mother actively rules over the business today. Ralph is vice-president of the company.

As I sat with Ralph and his charming wife, Daisy, the love of his stage days to whom he has been happily married for twenty-two years, discussing the strange quirks of his career, I couldn't help thinking that acting is the noblest of professions. It must be to command the love and loyalty of this kind of a fellow, the kind of a fellow who has devoted his life's work to the service of entertaining his fellow man.

Despite his wistful protests against Hollywood "type-casting," I know that he has no envy of any other actor in his makeup. But, I am likewise sure that he would be a happier actor if the movie moguls would let him be a comedian or a villain, occasionally.
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Drop a Bayer Aspirin tablet into a glass of water. By the time it hits the bottom of the glass, it is disintegrating.

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Genuine Bayer Aspirin provides this quick relief because it is rated among the quickest methods for relief science has yet discovered. And — because real BAYER ASPIRIN tablets are ready to start working almost the instant you take them. (Note illustration.)

So, next early morning headache you have, try this way. Get real Bayer Aspirin now for only 15¢ — two full dozen for a quarter anywhere in the United States. Ask for it by its full name BAYER ASPIRIN: not by the name "aspirin" alone.

Enjoy Relief before You've Finished Dressing

Now You're Talking
[Continued from page 6]

and everything around me, and live for a little while in a glorified land where everything is just the way I would like it to be.
—Cecelia Galloway, Washington Hotel, Portland, Oregon.

$1 Letters

Illusions Preferred — Historicals are now the rage. So much so that fans are complaining because of the lack of American historical films.

I think that the people would be disappointed in a film biography of Lincoln, Washington, Jackson, or Grant, or of any other famous pioneer of the United States. For years the people have cared for and nursed the names and memories of those who built this country. And to have them brought out, dramatized by others, their blunders shown — their lives re-enacted, would take much of the color and drama out of a history that has made these men almost legendary. — S. Begg, Kingston, Ont., Canada.

Glamour Vs. Naturalness — It's about time the stars "came down to earth" and all this "Glamour business" vanished. What folks want these days is Naturalness! Good, common, everyday naturalness.

Wouldn't it be great if we could see Joan Crawford, after a swim with her stringing down, or be able to wear some of those fantastic clothes in public without looking like a walking fashion plate. And, hasn't Dietrich ever stumped on a chair or does she always have that perfect "glide"? On the screen, why not have some of the beauties awake with their hair in curlers like every other woman?

Ah! the wonder of it, the very wonder of it, that never has there been a movie heroine who wore glasses.

Oh, I could go on forever, but what's the use, Glamour and Naturalness will always beopposites. Or, maybe I'm wrong, perhaps Naturalness will defeat Glamour and when it does I can let the boy-friend see others besides Shirley Temple and Wallace Beery. — Doris de Fabry, Newark, New Jersey.

The Other Side — These irate selfish souls who are continually complaining about the two-feature bills make me so tired. In the first place, whenever two films are being shown at one theatre, it is usually very plainly advertised so, and no one who dislikes the double-bill need to even enter the show. And, should they be anxious to see one film but don't want to stay for both, no one, I am sure, would object to their coming on time, seeing the desired film and leaving. They wouldn't lose any money — and I am sure that I should be ashamed to admit that I sit four hours watching a show that I didn't like just to "get my money's worth."

These double-features weren't planned for the restless rich who can attend as many films as they like. It is for people with slim pocketbooks and few spare hours. With only one afternoon off a week, a two-for-the-price-of-one attraction is an answer to a prayer. It enables one to see many worthwhile pictures — and there are worthwhile pictures — that could not be seen otherwise.

I say let those who don't like them go elsewhere (there are plenty of places), and leave the blessed double-features for those who can truly appreciate the bargain they get.
—Charlotte Fox, R.D. No. 2, Elyria, Ohio.
Aids to Romance
Recommended by Alison Alden

There are important moments in every girl's life that matter more than a year of ordinary living. And what girl hasn't wished that just for one night some benevolent genie would appear to make her especially lovely? She can, however, work magic of her own if she will put to proper use the many available aids to beauty. To keep step with the science of perfumer and cosmetician is to keep step with romance. A beauty bath, perfumed and relaxing, is the very best start in preparing for an evening of high adventure. It should not only be a bath for cleanliness but for fragrant daintiness and rested nerves. A handful of bath crystals in a tub of warm water affords this inexpensive luxury. Especially delightful are Wrisley's Perfumed Bath Crystals for they soften as well as scent the water. The best method for getting the fullest enjoyment from your bath is to relax in the tub for five or ten minutes, then soap and cleanse the body and finish with a cool shower. The kinks in your system will have evaporated and your skin will feel soft and velvety. Wrisley's Bath Crystals can be had in five fragrances: Bouquet, Pine, Lavender, Gardenia and Lilac. Try adding some of these crystals to the water in which you rinse your lingerie. Your garments will retain an elusive fragrance which lasts indefinitely.

No matter how refreshed you may feel after your bath, don't fail to use a deodorant, as a few hours of dancing will undoubtedly cause those unpleasant perspiration odors which are so dislusioning. I have found that Mann, a dainty cream-like deodorant, will not stain the most fragile gown and that it can be applied with safety even following a depilatory. Mann is soothing to the skin and affords an absolute safeguard against the possibility of offending for twenty-four hours.

Make-up for neck and arms is a problem that needlessly perplexes many girls when they dress for the evening. Dusting with a face or talcum powder that promptly rubs off on her escort's dinner coat is one sure way for a girl to write finis to a romance. Max Factor has filled this need for a lasting make-up for neck and arms with his Make-Up Blender, which comes in white, flesh, rachelle and natural. Created originally for the stars of Hollywood, it is now available at most drug and department stores at one dollar for a generous sized bottle. Max Factor Make-Up Blender gives a creamy appearance and tones in naturally with the facial make-up, concealing any change in complexion which exists between face and hands.

Be sure to use both eyeshadow and mascara—those infallible aids to romance—to give your eyes a stary, luminous appearance. Block in the shadow from the upper lashes almost to

For lasting evening facial make-up, Max Factor's Face Powder, and for flawless arms and back, Max Factor's Make-Up Blender

Wrisley's Perfumed Bath Crystals
and Water Softener in floral scents
are a definite aid to romance

Pinaud's Six-Twelve Creamy Mascara
has a new team-mate in Six Twelve
Creamy Eye Shadow—also in tube form

Movie Classic for October, 1936
the brows, diminishing the color as you blend it upwards. You will like the new
creamy eyeshadow introduced by the
House of Pinault in their Six-Twelve line
as it can be smoothed into delicate shad-
ing on the lids and will do wonders in
lending glamour to your eyes. An attrac-
tive feature of this shadow is the fact
that it comes in a tube and can be con-
veniently carried in the purse as a com-
ppanion piece to Pinault’s Creamy Mascara,
also packed in a tube and enclosed, with a
brush, in a handy suede bag.

Tangee’s “Little Miracle” Compact con-
tains both Tangee Lipstick and a pat of
matching Tangee Rouge, and is so neat and
small that you can tuck it into your thinnest
evening bag . . . Then when you find
cheeks and lips growing a bit pale after
hours of partying, you can touch them up
quickly and inconspicuously by means of
this handy vanity. If you insist on a very
brilliant lipstick and rouge for evening,
you’ll probably like Tangee’s Theatrical,
however, there are many gals who won’t
allow Tangee Natural out of their reach,
night or day . . . The “Little Miracle” costs
only $1.50.

As perfume is the very essence of ro-
mane, the careful selection of your perfume
is of utmost importance. Everyone fa-
miliar with Coty’s exquisite perfumes
will be delighted to know that this house is now
presenting its most treasured fragrances in
gem-like flacons at a very modest price.
These small flacons, Petite Modeles they
are called, reproduce in miniature the de-
tails of the famed originals. You are cer-
tain to want one to carry in your evening
bag.

Acquiring beauty can become a fascinat-
ing adventure for the girl who recognizes
the possibilities which lie in the art of
make-up. Few girls are born beautiful,
fewer still have facial defects which cannot
be minimized by a change of hairdress or
the scientific use of cosmetics. I shall be
glad to discuss your own beauty problems
with you if you will write me in care of
Movie Classic, 1501 Broadway, New York
City. Please be sure to enclose a stamped
return envelope with your letter.

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New York City, enclosing
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lope for reply. Her letter to
you will be confidential and
her recommendations based on
years of experience as a beau-
tician.

For that uncertain feeling—

Do sudden swerves
Upset your nerves?
Does traffic get your goat?
Do stomach ills
Disrupt your thrills
On board a train or boat?
If so, be ready—
Keep calm and steady—
Give Beech-Nut Gum your vote!

Travellers! keep calm
with BEECH-NUT
GUM

BEECH-NUT PEPPERMINT GUM...
It is so good it's the most popular flavor
of any gum sold in the United States.

BEECH-NUT PEPSSIN GUM...
candy coating protects a pleasing
flavor . . . and, as you probably
know, peppermint aids digestion after
a hearty meal.

BEECH-NUT SPEARMINT...
especially for those who like a distinc-
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BEECHIES...
another really fine Peppermint Gum—
sealed in candy coating. Like
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ORALGENE . . . 13
spritz texture gives much
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GET YOUR SUPPLY OF BEECH-NUT BEFORE THE TRIP BEGINS

Movie Classic for October, 1936 61
Fred MacMurray's Honeymoon Diary

[Continued from page 23]

interesting islands, I swear you could smell the fragrance of those islands as we came in. When we got near enough, about fifty natives swamped to greet us, and we threw them coins and they dove for them, came up with the coins in their mouths, grinning and shouting and hallooing. There were a lot of little boats that came out too. From the dock you could hear the strains of Hawaiian music—they had a whole orchestra there for the lei sellers. The dock was jammed with people... it seems all the natives always turn out for every landing. There were some official singers, too. Hawaiian men and women in white... fat, most of them... with the most beautiful voices.

Then we disembarked, (how'm I doin'; that's real travel parlance!) and there were a lot of places to see. All of them had leis over their arms for Lily. The presentation of a lei is quite a ceremony. No one would think of just sending flowers around to friends; that would be an insult. If you can't bring the flowers yourself then you send them with a close friend, and the friend puts the lei around the girl’s neck and says something. When anyone presents the lei himself, he always presents it with a kiss. I soon discovered that whether the girl is on her honeymoon or not makes no difference. Oh, well, they say it’s the custom!

At last! I found out what a Mahalene is... it’s the Hawaiian word for a sort of a tartlet, a pastry which has come from the Mainland, (they always speak of the United States) as the islands for the first time. That makes me one, and I must say I’m relieved.

Saturday

Went dancing last night at the Royal Hawaiian, and that is something I can’t describe in print. The dance floor is one side, under the sky and stars, and the orchestra is outlined against the ocean. The moon comes up behind them, and you can see the lapping of the waves sort of mixed in with the music, and is it something! Henry Owens orchestra, with Rae Kinney singing, than which there is no better. He’s coming to the mainland soon. A friend of mine I haven’t seen for a year is here playing with them. They played a piece, Dancing Under the Stars, written by Owens; that’s sure to be a hit in America this winter.

All the girls wore leis, some of them of gardenias, and some of pekaki, which I found out!... are very expensive. All of them had leis over their arms for Lily. The presentation of a lei is quite a ceremony. No one would think of just sending flowers around to friends; that would be an insult. If you can’t bring the flowers yourself then you send them with a close friend, and the friend puts the lei around the girl’s neck and says something. When anyone presents the lei himself, he always presents it with a kiss. I soon discovered that whether the girl is on her honeymoon or not makes no difference. Oh, well, they say it’s the custom!

And liquid sunshine at night—that’s a funny one. I wouldn’t have believed it if I heard it, but it was real. It was one of the day almost every day in Honolulu, but it’s such a light rain that it doesn’t even get you wet, and nobody pays any attention to it. That’s why they call it liquid sunshine. Well, last night it "liquid-sunshined," at night, while we were dancing. Dancing in the rain. The most glorious feeling you can imagine. And afterwards we went swimming... moonlight swimming on the beach of Waikiki! It was so warm we were comfortable even sitting around in our wet suits afterward.

Today we spent most of the day on the beach and in the water. When you swim out far it’s so clear you can look down and see fish. Tried a little surf riding, but that’s an art—and don’t let anyone tell you differently!

Sunday

The famous drive around the island! Took most of the day, it was worth it. Have never seen so much in one day in all my life. Miles of sugar fields, and pineapple groves. We wanted to pick some pineapples but our driver said there was a forty dollars’ fine. We saw the Mormon Temple, (first time I knew there were Mormons on the islands) Schofield Barracks, (the army post) and Pearl Harbor, the naval station... one of the biggest in the world; you could put the whole United States navy in it. One of the few places in the world where they have a dry dock for battleships. The size of it! You stand at the top of it and look down on your think you’re on the palis. That’s another. You won’t see... the place where King Kamahameha pushed a whole army over. They call it palalai, because that’s the word for cliff or mountain. I believe it overlooks the sea for miles, and so the wind sweeps over it at such a speed that you can actually lean against it with all your might and still not move. The rush of the wind and the beauty of the waves... the two leave you speechless.

Monday

Lily went shopping today and was surprised to find that Honolulu is such a city. Trolley cars, department stores, everything. Had some tea today... looks and taste like lavender wall paper paste. I’ll take steak and french fries. That’s the Beaver Dam in me. I suppose... nothing fancy. Although some Hawaii— Aloha Sweetheart, Hawaiian Paradise, Pretty Red Hibiscus... this music gets in your blood.

Tuesday

On shipboard, Aloha, aloha, and do we feel blue, even if we are at the Captain’s table. Lily almost cried when we passed Diamond Head, coming out of the harbor. Our friends had gone up there to flash mirrors at us, to say goodbye. You can see the flash of the mirrors until the curve of the horizon takes it away. When you pass Diamond Head you’re supposed to throw a lei overboard if you’re ever coming back!

That seemed to be the end of it all. Fred bestowed himself, trying not to look mourningly. "Well, I wanted to know. "Did you toss one over?"

He looked at me, askeance. "You bet we did. Of course we’re going back to those racks, (the army post) and Pearl Harbor. Anyhow you can’t do anything anymore either." He paused. "You know," he said, "you don’t realize how crazy and goofy Hollywood is until you get away from it."

Suddenly, like Dante’s disciple, Gracie Allen was standing there before us. Arms akimbo, eyes flashing, she said loudly: "As I said, I throw you out, or will you leave under force?"

"See," said Fred, "that’s what I mean, exactly!"
Q. If you ever fail in movies, what business or occupation would you turn to?
A. I have already spoken of my wish to write. I also have an idea that I could be a designer of women’s clothes.

Q. Did you and Harriet Hilliard become good friends during the filming of Pioneers in the Fleet?
A. Yes. We became very good friends.

Q. Do you enjoy being a guest star on the radio broadcasts? Would you like to do more radio work? Do you have a favorite program?
A. I enjoy radio work immensely and I have made definite arrangements to appear on several radio broadcasts this fall for Lux and for Louella Parsons. My favorite program is Jack Benny’s.

Q. Do you intend to write more songs? What is your favorite song?

Q. What picture have you enjoyed making the most?
A. In Person. Simply because every circumstance connected with this production was congenial. We had a cast of comedians, and I love banter.

Q. What is the largest number of photographs you have ever had to do on a single scene?
A. We take some dancing scenes as many as twenty-eight and thirty times before they are pronounced perfect.

Q. If you should fall in love with some man other than an actor, would you be willing to give up your work should he want you to?
A. No, I wouldn’t! I think any man who would make such a demand would be very selfish in his love. I would consider him more in love with his own egotism than with me, for after all, my work is part of me.

Q. Have you any plans at present of appearing in a musical in New York?
A. No, I haven’t.

Q. Please tell me what special care you give your feet after rehearsing for hours?
A. I bathe them, first, in hot and then cold, water and then—don’t laugh—I rest with my feet higher than my head in order to allow the blood to recede from them.

Q. Are all of your pictures chosen for you or do you have a choice as to those you would like to appear in?
A. They have all been chosen for me with the exception of In Person.

Q. Why do you desire to play dramatic roles when you have made such a hit in musicals?
A. People misunderstand the meaning of the word, dramatic. I simply want parts in which demand characterization.

Q. What is the most thrilling experience in your life? When and how did it occur?
A. One of the greatest thrills of my life occurred when I first stood on the stage of a theatre. It was in 1917 during one of the Liberty Loan drives. With my mother, I had gone to see Jane Cowl in a play. Between acts she came out on the stage and urged the audience to buy liberty bonds. Naming the states of the Union one by one she asked the residents...
Have your own smart shop...earn money at home.

The new fashions and increasing prices of ready-to-wear clothes have created a big new demand for dressmakers and dressers. You can earn a splendid income right at home, or have a smart professional shop of your own.

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A plus of dead cells: root-like in form and position. It may serve as local point for renewed development.

Fate—Fame and Robert Taylor

[Continued from page 49]

Mary, Mary, quite contrary—where does her fancy go? Hollywood's been asking that about Mary Brian for years and still is no nearer an answer, although she's being seen everywhere these days with Cary Grant.
appreciate whatever he got, by earning it.

Bob was always so good about writing, telling us everything that he was doing. (I would be kind of jealous now to do so.)

Last summer, when I went East for a visit, I would never have known what was happening, if his Filipino boy had not written to me. Once in a while, in his letters, he would mention some girl. Doane was code, and he liked several girls there. But as for his getting serious about any of them, I do not think so. He was always very sensible when it came to girls, not one to fall for flattery.

He was troubled at that time, trying to decide what he wanted to do with his life. We never influenced him in any way. We told him, "You have your own life to lead, just as we have ours. It is up to you to decide." We never urged him to become a doctor.

About half-way through his Sophomore year, we received a remarkable letter from him. He told us that he did not want us to think that he was fickle in his ambitions. But he had decided that he did not want just a liberal arts education. He would miss terribly not becoming the sort of man that his father was, trying to follow in his footsteps. So he thought that he had better drop out of Doane and go to Kirksville.

He felt that his father had been so good to him that he wanted to repay him by being as much like him as possible. It would probably take him eight years to become a doctor, and he thought he had better get busy and start work. He was going to be a general practitioner, but take up orthopedic surgery as a sideline.

We treasured that letter. We had always felt that we had an unusual boy, but this was the climax of proof. Robert was always in his father's office a great deal as a boy, and went with him on some calls out in the country. Once he even assisted his father in an emergency operation on an injured farmer. He had always seemed interested in his father's work. (I think that is why he takes the part of a doctor so easily, so convincingly.) But we felt that he was too young to be positive that he wanted to devote his life to medicine. We persuaded him to wait until he had finished college before he decided definitely.

At the end of Bob's Sophomore year, Professor Gray accepted an offer to go to Pomona College, in Pomona, California—and Bob was offered Professor Gray's post at Doane, even though he still was a student. He came home to ask us if he should accept. And among the three of us, we came to an unexpected decision—which changed the whole course of his life.

We decided that he should transfer to Pomona.

Professor Gray had told us at great length about Pomona, which had a high scholastic rating and was a much larger college than Doane. The doctor and I believed that a larger college might be more beneficial for Robert. We felt that, in a little college, he did not have enough competition. At Doane, he had everything his own way—in oratory, music, acting, singing. We felt that he was not getting the right preparation for life. It would be hard, seeing him go so far away—but, again, we knew that we could trust him. Also, his friend, Professor Gray, would be there to advise him; and nearby, in San Bernardino, was my husband's former partner, Dr. Gass, who would watch out for him.

So Bob applied for admission to Pomona, was accepted, and prepared to start for California, driving his own car out.

His father and I never thought at that time of the nearness of Hollywood to Pomona. Neither did Bob.

(To be continued)
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on Hands, Clothes, Woodwork, or Rugs
WHEN THEY START HOMEWORK—
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Parker WASHABLE Quink is the only ink
that can be spilled SAFELY. And ink is sure to
be spilled sometime. So throw out your present
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Parker WASHABLE Quink saved her $500
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The Parker Pen Company spent $68,000 to
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A harmless ingredient in Quink dissolves sedi-
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the term price.

Arlene Ariz

Movie Classic for October, 1936

Make Things Happen To You

[Continued from page 44]
as you read this letter. You may be think-
ing, Oh, yeah, it's all very well for her to
talk! She is a motion picture actress. What
does she know about "average girls"?

But I do know. Because I was one. I
am one—reconstructed,
I was plain as a pipe-stem. And I've
made myself look—well, photograp
hable...

I was as timid as a churchmouse and I've
made myself be a businesswoman, an
actress, aggressive enough to hold my own in
the most competitive place and business in
the world.

I began life by being not only plain but
downright homely. I was ill during most
of my childhood. I caught everything!
I had all the measles and mumps and chicken
poxes there were to be had. I was thin
and colorless and gangling. I'd never even
heard of "sex appeal."

In short, I was cer-
tainly no Garbo by virtue of personality. I
had none of the allure of Jean Harlow,
one of the dramatic beauty of Joan Craw-
ford.

I was shy, I didn't make friends easily. I
didn't know how to mix with people.
I am an only child and my father, who was a
businessman, was often transferred from town
to town, from city to city. So that I never
stayed long enough in any one place to
make friends or to learn how to make friends.

I wasn't outstandingly good. I wasn't
deliciously naughty. I was 100 per cent
an average, rather mousy, little girl.

I THINK I get the thrill I do get out of
Hollywood because of my childhood and
young girlhood. Everything has for me,
still, a quality of the fantastic. I can't be-
lieve that I, Una Merkel, am really here in
Hollywood, a part of it all. I can't at all
believe that I am actually a motion picture
actress, with a contract and my name and
pictures in the papers. I still feel little
spiny shivers of pleasure and surprise when
Clark Gable yells at me, "Hi, there, Una!"
or when Joan Crawford nods companion-
ably. If Garbo spoke to me I wouldn't
answer her, I know. I'd never dream that
she meant me.

When I go, as I do about once a year,
to have a conference with Irving Thalberg
I feel exactly like Alice In Wonderland.
I keep thinking that at any moment he will
look at me blankly and cry, "Off with her
head!"

I have to pinch myself when I read my
fan letters and say to myself, "Why, you
are a movie actress, too, you...

And I made it all happen to me—all of it
—everything—
I made it happen by, first of all, thinking
about it. And that's the first thing I want
—say to you average girls, everywhere—
Whatever you want to do, whatever you want
to be, you've got to think about it first.

M O S T girls, I think, want three things
from life. They want beauty and love
and fame.

I did. I thought about those three things.
I thought about them and thought about
them until I had them so firmly fixed in my
mind and in my soul that they became
actual, almost physical things.

I think we are all born with at least one
quality which can make for success. I was
born with a grim determination to do every
thing I tackled as well as it could possibly
be done, or as well as I, being I, could
possibly do it. That's important, girls...

When I was a youngster, for instance,

my mother had me take piano lessons. I
had about as much talent for the piano as a
crawfish. But all nice, well brought-up,
little girls took piano lessons and so I took
them, too. When I realized that there was
no help for it, I went at it with all the con-
centration of a potential Paderewski. I knew
I had no talent for it. I knew I'd never be
a famed pianist just as, later, I knew that I
had no great beauty and no burning genius
to push me into fame. But I could do the
thing. I practiced for hours and hours and
hours. I read the biographies of great musicians. I studied
harmony, I went to recitals. And eventually
I was able to render Bach and Chopin and
MacDowell in a fashion that at least earned
me the praise of accomplished musicians.

I have my parents to thank for a good
deal of this quality of self-control which
has stood me in good stead of the more spec-
tacular qualities. Because they taught me
discipline. I was an only child and we
adored one another. But they never spoiled
me. When they told me to do a thing, I did
it. I remember how I always hated to go
to bed early (I still do). And I used to
beg them, especially on the nights when they
had company, to allow me to sit up an hour,
or even half an hour later. I'd plead that
I never went to sleep until they came up to

bed. And my mother would say, "Well, you are resting, anyway"—and I went to bed.

WHEN I was sixteen or so, just old enough to go with boys, when I began to go to little dances at the summer resorts and hotels—I was a wallflower. I didn't know how to meet boys, nor even girls. I didn't know how to flirt. I didn't have any small talk. I had been so much with mother and father and their friends that I was too old for my age, mentally, and my numerous chicken poxes and things had made me too young and undeveloped physically. I didn't dress right. I didn't look "cute." I wasn't sophisticated. I would have run like a streak from the very sight of a flack of gin. I wouldn't have known what on earth to do about "necking." I would certainly have "walked home.

I suppose you girls who are reading this are thinking at this point, "I know what's coming next. She's going to tell us that overnight a Great Transformation took place—that she suddenly and miraculously blossomed forth and became The-Belle-of-the-Ball, had the most popular boys in town dangling from her charm bracelet, waved a wand and bade Romance and Adventure come her way.

No, I didn't. I didn't make anything of any importance whatsoever happen to me. Nothing that anyone could see. But I did pave the way for something wonderful and worthwhile. And I did it by reasoning with myself. I did it by forcing myself to realize, to honestly believe, that to have boys asking me for dates, asking me to dance, flirting with me wasn't really important—then. I was prematurely wise when I figured that if I allowed myself to feel embittered, if my unpopularity pushed me further into my funny little shell I would be in a bad way and nothing would ever happen. So I would say to myself, when I watched pretty, laughing, gay girls dance by me and all but over me, as I sat against a wall—when I watched popular, sleek girls going off to proms and football games and house parties— I'd say, "It doesn't really matter. I can wait.

And I did wait. And if any of you who are reading this letter are in the same fix as I was, you can wait, too. Sometimes I think it's bad when too many gay, romantic things happen to us girls when we are too young. We don't know how to handle them. And unpleasant, even tragic, things can happen.

I NEVER went to a college prom in my life. I never went to a football game wearing a shabby chrysanthemum. When I was very young and wanted to go, there was no beau to ask me. And when I grew older, I was working on the stage and couldn't go when I was asked.

But do you see what I mean? Sometimes you can best make things happen to you by not caring whether they happen or not. You can learn to weigh values. You can keep your heart open for the things that will happen later on.

When I made up my mind to go on the stage—that was when we were living in New York—I certainly made that happen to me. No one in my family had ever been on the stage. I had no connections, no influence, no "pull." I didn't even have a name and address to begin with. I did read theatrical papers and I had heard about casting offices. I went round the rounds of the casting offices. Day after day after day I sat on hard benches for hours and hours. I was told "nothing today" and "we'll take your name and address" at least one thousand and one times. I just made those stereotyped formulas roll off of me like [Continued on page 68]
VIBRACOUSTIC thought I. I want I like do. couldn't forgot and did why. have had TUBES had $99.95 got. played wish knew. 

\[
'r^£&* ^W\text{WITH darkening revelation way the fineness Bleach and Lavoptik to eyesight other particles present}
\]

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Bathe them with LAVOPTIK

Instant relief for inflamed, sore, tired, strained or itching eyes. Good sight specialists endorse it. 35 years success. Get Lavoptik with free eye cup from your druggist.

Movie Classic for October, 1936

Make Things Happen To You

[Continued from page 67] but we just don't allow the love we all bear another to cause trouble as love, very strangely, sometimes does.

I AM still in process of trying to make things happen to me. I want to develop in pictures. I mean, I like comedy but I do get tired of playing dumb girls who never have a thought in their heads, never say anything but the wrong thing. I'd like to appear to be at least normally intelligent now and again. Which is why I did the bit part in Speed. I don't suppose it did me much good or much harm. But I wanted to prove that I could walk onto the screen without getting a laugh. And I did prove that. I hope, having made this happen to me by doing it when I didn't really have to, it will be the opening wedge for better parts happening to me. I'm holding the thought.

And I forgot to mention this, girls... it may be just as well, while you are thinking and planning and working toward what you want, to keep your fingers crossed and to knock on wood now and again. I do.

And I hope what I've written you will be of some help to some of you. I wish you'd write and tell me. Because honest to goodness things do happen to girls who are not fairy princesses—and movie stars!

I know. Your friend,

Una.

Born to Dance—that's the title of Eleanor Powell's current picture and it's also the theme of her entire life. Rumor insists that she and James Stewart are romancing.
Ginger Answers

[Continued from page 63]

of each, who were present, to stand up and then demanded their pledges to buy. When she called Missouri, my mother stood up and of course I did also. Jane Cowl asked me to come up on the stage, and during the remainder of her speech, I stood there with her arm around me—and I have never before or since been more thrilled.

Q. Is there any special step that is the basis of all tap dancing? If so, what is it?
A. No. Not to my knowledge.
Q. Did you as a child ever appear in any screen plays and if so, what were they?
A. My only appearance on the screen as a child was once in Kansas City when I appeared in an advertising short for an optical shop.
Q. Did you attend college? If so, what one? If not, would you like to attend now, and for what reason?
A. I would love to attend college for I feel that by not doing so, I have missed a great deal. If I could go to college now, I would study literature and languages. While I can gain some of the knowledge that I missed through lack of higher schooling, by reading books, I know that my reading can never take the place of organized study.
Q. Do you consider acting hard work or fun? Do you intend to visit the Texas Centennial? If so—when?
A. Acting itself is fun, but the long hours put in on the production on a picture, and the nervous strain and responsibility, combine to make it also work. My present plans include a visit to the Texas Centennial during the month of August.
Q. What type of make-up do you use off the screen? How do you put it on? Do you use soap or do you use cream? Do you use a powder base? Do you think it is good taste to use eye-make-up in the daytime or just at night?
A. I use lip rouge, eye-brow pencil, mascara, and occasionally, face rouge. I use both soap and cream in cleansing my face. I seldom use any powder that I really don't require a powder base. I do not object to the use of very light make-up in the daytime, or at night, but I do think a heavy eye make-up with eye shadow and a great deal of mascara is in poor taste at any time.
Q. After you had won the Charleston Contest in Ft. Worth, Texas, did you believe that your chance had come at last?
A. No. I didn't know what it was all about. At that time I had no goal, and winning that Charleston contest was exciting simply because it was an excuse to get out of school.
Q. What is the one thing which contributed most to your spectacular success?
A. Genuine love of my work. Enthusiasm and the desire to succeed if founded on love of one's work, usually is the most important asset anyone can have in achieving success, I think. I know that is true in acting or dancing or anything else pertaining to the theatre or the screen.
Q. Do you consider marriage incompatible with a career?
A. No I don't.
Q. How would you recommend training for a career as a dancer and dramatic actress in the movies?
A. I think the best training that anyone can have for any type of screen work is to be found on the stage and it is far

Continued on page 70]
Ginger Answers
[Continued from page 69]

easier to obtain a first opportunity there than it is today, in Hollywood.
Q. Is it true what I think about your wise mother making your climb to the top
easier for you?
A. Yes, definitely. She had had great experience in show business and her ad-
vice and help meant a great deal to me—and still does.
Q. Do you smoke? If so, approximately how many cigarettes a day?
A. Yes.
Q. What person has helped you most in selecting your clothes?
A. Bernard Newman, stylist for RKO Radio Pictures, has helped to select all
of my screen wardrobes. Off screen I am an individualist in dress.
Q. Are you and Loe Ayres divorced or merely separated?
A. We are merely separated.
Q. Do you prefer wearing formals or sportswear?
A. I usually wear sports clothes because they are so much more comfortable.
A. After being so painstakingly dressed while working before the cameras, it is
a genuine relief to slip into a pair of slacks or some other informal costume.
Q. Do you prefer to dance in lace-heeled, or high-heeled shoes?
A. I always dance in high-heeled shoes.
Q. What do you consider one of the most humorous experiences in your life?
A. One of the best laughs I have ever had was in connection with the picture,
In Person. If you saw it you remember the hideous disguise that was devised for
me. Well, before filming, Mr. Seiter, the direc-
tor, had seen that disguise. I played a
practical joke on him. I persuaded Pan-
dro Berman, the producer, to act as a
partner in my scheme. He called Mr.
Seiter and told him that a friend of his
from Paris was in town and had to be
given a job in the picture. Then, wear-
ing the disguise, I paraded into Mr.
Seiter's office. I assumed a heavy French
cent and just sat there staring at Mr.
Seiter through those heavy lashed glasses and
smiled at him through those horrible
protruding false teeth and the poor man
gulp and stuttered and didn't know
what to do. I suppose he thought Mr.
Berman had lost his mind, but the fact
remained, and it must have been a dread-
ful fact to him, that his orders were to
find this German, I suppose. Finally he
mumbled something about writing in a maid's
role, and hastily excusing himself for
a moment, left the office. While he was
going I took of the wig, jerked out the
false teeth, and discarded the glasses—
and when he came back and realized
that it was Ginger Rogers he had been talking to,
his face assumed such a ridiculous ex-
pression that I laughed until I was limp.
Q. What was your favorite, most interest-
ing, hardest and most popular dance
routine you have put on in the past year?
A. My favorite, most interesting, and I
think, my most popular, dance routine in
the past year was the comedy dance, Egg
Drop Soup, in One Basker Makes for
and I did in Fol-
low The Fleet. My hardest routine, I
believe, was Face the Music.
Q. What is the greatest goal you wish to
achieve in life?
A. Happiness—and that implies success and finan-
cial security.
Q. How do you think your present roles compare
with your original aspirations to go into pictures?
She was Beautiful

TILL HE HELD HER IN HIS ARMS...AND THEN...

HE THOUGHT
MY GOSH! SHE'S AWFULLY SKINNY AND FRAIL—
I BET SHE'S ALWAYS SICK, WEAK AND TIRED—OUT!

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greeting us. But, unlike most such places, the room was in numerous small compartments, with walls reaching as high as six or seven feet.

"For forty cents, we took one of these tiny self-called 'pocket' dressing rooms, on which the five of us slept. That ten cents saved on the fifth cot would go a long way toward paying for our breakfast of soda crackers. We always filled up with soda crackers whenever we could, so that we wouldn't feel hungry.

"FINALLY, after some months of travel—playing in the worst type of cheap theatres you can imagine, sometimes without even a dressing-room between us, driving through all kinds of weather and often being stuck in the mud—we reached New York.

"As we neared the east coast, we began to make better pay, and when we arrived in the big city Dad had enough to buy some scenery and a few props.

"Dad called up a booking agent and he promised to give us a try-out with the new act. We scourcd New York for cheap quarters but the best we could do was a miserable little place for ninety dollars a month. And then, it was only one fair-sized room with two beds and a cot and a nook for a kitchenette.

"On the morning of the day we were to try-out, we awoke to find my brother gone. He had fallen in love with a girl in Texas and in the note he left said he was returning to marry her.

"Did that put us in a spot! We needed his brother to shift scenery and make a couple of appearances, and we didn't have money enough to pay for another boy. Consequently, we lost out, and there we were, with only a few dollars between us and starvation, and no prospect of an engagement.

"I haunted all the booking offices for weeks, without lunches and beating my way home through thick fog. One morning I passed a small circulating library and noticed the window was an awful mess. I went in and told the woman if she'd allow me I'd put it in order.

"Do you want a job?" she asked. 'And how?' I replied. 'Okay, then, if you'll take twelve dollars a week you're hired.'

"That money was like manna from Heaven. It was only a pitance, but it did pay for a bit of food. Neither Mother nor Dad could get work of any kind, and there were shoes and a heavy coat and stockings to buy. Gloria, my sister, was only ten.

"I heard some girls say that Gimbel's, the department store, needed saleswomen and were paying eighteen dollars a week. I was down there at opening time the next morning and among those they hired. For the next three days I went through a sales course, then the store placed me in the misses' coats department.

"My luck was nothing short of miraculous. I've always been able to sell myself to the public, and while selling coats in a store is a bit different from selling yourself to an audience in a theatre, still in some respects it's related. I managed to sell where other clerks failed.

"But, after only six days, I was fired—or would have been, probably, if I hadn't quit first—when the department manager heard me tell a customer, 'You look lousy in that. But here's a coat that really looks well on you.'"
"Returning to the library, I worked all day and spent my noon hours waiting in the offices of booking agents. Somebody told me of a cheap theatrical troupe that needed another player. It was way over in a remote section of Brooklyn, and required two hours to reach the house where they were rehearsing, but I got the job—or thought I did.

"FOR ten nights I rehearsed, going there from the library. We worked hard and far into the early morning hours and were to open within a few days. I was to get twenty-five dollars a week. On the eleventh night, I arrived to see a girl going through my part.

"You're through," the manager told me. 'Get out.' He wouldn't even let me ask why. I knew I was better than the other girl. But when I wouldn't go some man led me out.

"Forget it, sister," he said. 'The boss's sweetie is back in town and wants the job.' So I couldn't back off.

"I've never felt so down in the mouth. All that time and carfare wasted. It doesn't seem important now, but when you have only a few pennies, ten cents each way for carfare counts up. And I might have found something else."

"I kept working on at the library until another opening presented itself, likewise in Brooklyn. A small show needed girls. "The manager saw what I could do and then suggested lunch. 'No thanks,' I begged off. 'So you're one of them there so-called virgins,' he sneered.

"So I don't get the job," I asked. "What's the matter, sister?" he snapped back, and told me to get out, fast.

"Ziegfeld was my next try. With several hundred other girls trying out, I managed to be in the last bunch from whom the chorus was to be selected. But I lost out here, because I couldn't dance well enough. Once fractured both my feet and since then haven't been able to dance as well as I once could. Besides, I was out of practice. That seemed to me to be the last straw. If I couldn't dance, then what could I do?"

Do you still think you could take it, you out there—and would you want to—if you were called upon to go through Joan's bitter experiences? Could you retain your sense of humor, even though cold and hungry and discouraged and on the verge of despair, like Joan has done, without once losing it? And would you be a better person for all the suffering, just as Joan admits she is as a result of all those terrible months and years?

You've heard the rest of Joan's story many times... how she finally won a place in the cast of the road company of The Trial of Mary Dugan, and for a year sent fifty dollars of her weekly seventy-five dollar pay check to her folks... how she entered the New York cast of My Girl Friday... and how she met Jimmy Cagney in the outer office of George Kelly, the writer-producer, and the same day was assigned to Kelly to the part in Maggie the Magnificent which was to bring her so sensationally to the attention of New York's theatrical world. All you've read, and more.

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Could you?

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The Hollywood Melting Pot

by Paul Muni

November MOVIE CLASSIC

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**HOLD-BOB**

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Nelson Eddy’s Rescue Mission

[Continued from page 41]

Again, when Evelyn Herbert of operetta fame was in Hollywood, Nelson helped her, too, to snap out of a singer’s dilemma. Evelyn had been brought out by RKO for a test. The test was made at the cost of $1,300 and a whole day, and Evelyn was to hear the verdict within ten days. The tenth day came and went and the option was not taken up, and on the eleventh day Evelyn’s doctor ordered sedatives. Her throat was inflamed and raw, she could scarcely speak above a whisper, and the doctor predicted quinquagenarian. Evelyn’s agent tried to soothe her with the thought that this latest test had been good, and that she did have possibilities, but that RKO had signed Lily Pons and they felt one artist would fill the singing bill for the time. But, that he said, was the only reason they hadn’t signed her. Naturally the bigger name would be chosen first. If he had to get down to using her, then they would, of the morning, until one Nelson Eddy sat down beside her.

“I hear you’ve been having a siege with your throat. I’m sorry,” he said. And Evelyn proceeded to tell him her troubles.

“Wait a minute,” Nelson interrupted her in the middle of her story. “Let me tell you the rest. So the doctor came and took one look at you and shook his head, and said, ‘You’re a very sick young lady, my dear.’ And gracefully you took to your bed. And people began to call and send you flowers and your nurse told them how ill you were, and you could just lie there and think to yourself, ‘Now they know it’s because of my throat, because I’ve lost my voice, that I’m not in pictures!’”

For a moment Evelyn looked as though she were about to cry. She saw herself at that face. She said, softly and angrily, “You mean you think I was lying about my throat? Don’t you know that I can’t sing even now, and that two weeks ago?’”

“I know that,” Nelson nodded. “And I don’t mean that you were lying. Not at all. I just mean that you lost your voice because you wanted to lose it. You thought it had failed you. You were disguised with it. Tired of it. Psychologically, you wanted to use the losing of it as an excuse. If you really wanted to test your voice back, you could, you know.”

“How?” said Evelyn, thoughtfully, and earnestly, won over now.

“By getting rid of your pride.”

“How do you know all this?” Her tone indicated that he was right.

“Because I’ve been through it myself. Seems to me I’ve gone through everything myself.”

And therein, actually, lies the reason why Nelson Eddy, as he tells the time and interest for other singers who haven’t yet hit the strike he has hit. He recognizes their problems and helps them find solutions, just as he helped Evelyn Herbert of the operetta stage, again, because—wonder of wonders—he remembers his yesterday’s problems. That’s what makes Nelson Eddy one of the most remarkable personalities in Hollywood.
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—Anna Lookitsk, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Hollywood Fought for Him

(Continued from page 25)

shouldered and deep-chested, but he exercises moderately. Chirpy tennis and golf.

FOREST speaks freely of his impressions of Hollywood. He finds too much emphasis placed on the social side of life in the community. He finds that it is difficult to be individual, for he who attempts to live his own life in his own way either is faced as an outsider or a recluse. This makes for people of a pattern; the women are all alike in thoughts, action, conversation and dress; the men, witty or not, seem to have been pressed by the same mold.

"But please don't think me a critic," he pleads. "It merely that for many years I have been accustomed to a different routine. Chirpy tennis and golf.

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October 21, 1936

76
From the outset Forest was conscious of a certain feeling of trepidation. He was not without personal confidence in his ability, but he felt that the opera itself would not be as popular as many others he would have preferred for a La Scala debut.

"My fears proved justified," he recalls, "the established tenor, one of great ability and high reputation, was to sing the first two presentations, I was to sing in the third and fourth. The opera was not re-under taken after the first performance."

This did not disturb Forest as much as it might. In fact he, from a purely selfish standpoint, was glad that it had happened to another rather than himself, for audiences everywhere are inclined to blame the individuals on the stage rather than the author when a play is mediocre. His next experience, however, was a real blow.

He was handed the score of a new opera, one never before produced at La Scala, and was told that if the tenor role in it pleased him, it, instead of the Humperdinck opus, was to be the vehicle for his debut.

"You can imagine how carefully I studied it," he said. "I poured over it for days, every word, every note. The more time I gave to this microscopic scrutiny, the stranger became the impression I had gained from a first quick reading. I had a premonition that this work, also, would be indifferently received. In fact I felt it would be a flop. And if it should happen to be my misfortune to make my La Scala bow in something that would not be well received, that would be the end of my career. For in Italy, where everyone in every walk of life knows opera and good musicianship and loves it, such things can happen all too easily to young singers."

"I told the managing director of La Scala how I felt. He readily and graciously saw my viewpoint, disagreed with me, of course, and permitted me to withdraw with assurances of a future chance.

"My hunch, if you wish to call it such, was borne out. The opera, Favorite of the King, was presented with another young and untired tenor in the part I was to have sung. It was received with worse than apathy by the audience; the critics ripped it wide open. That poor fellow has never stepped on La Scala stage since that time. It will take him five more years to re-establish himself there, for the Italian public will not forgive or forget an unforgiving and unforgotten bad performance, which in this case surely was not all the fault of the singer."

It is this fear that has Forest worried in Hollywood. The opera-goes of America are far more generous than their Italian brothers or sisters. A young singer can give an uninspired performance at the Metropolitan, the Cincinnati, or the Chicago Opera, and he or she quickly will be forgiven and offered another chance. But the American motion picture public is something else.

"Two or three thousand persons at the most see you give a bad performance in a theater. Maybe you have a headache that night, or some trouble at the bank. The next night you feel yourself, and win flattering applause. But you are permitted but one chance on the screen. There you are, good or bad, on permanent celluloid, and you have no chance to correct mistakes. When I think what I'm up against I'm far worse than stage fright. It's absolute terror."

But as he says this you never lose the feeling that this virile, handsome chap, has other than absolute confidence in himself. Not a cocky, arrogant confidence. Just assurance in his own ability and a consciousness of his natural limitations. And Paramount shares his confidence.

---

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F. P. 106

Movie Classic for October, 1936 77
Leila Rogers, Marie Osbourne and Ginger Rogers have been strangely linked. Mrs. Rogers wrote scenarios for the film named "Baby Marie Osbourne." Ginger and Marie were playmates. And now, with Ginger the great star, the former Baby Marie is her stand-in.

Adventures of An Extra Girl

[Continued from page 37]

He looked at me sternly and said, "Yes, the " Killer!"

Now I know that's only a nickname and all in fun and all that sort of thing but when a man looks at you like that and says "Killer" what does a girl do? She does what I did—grins feebly and says, "You're right! It is a hot day!"

He's with Mack and George a lot and proceeded to tell me about them. They quarreled a great deal—principally because Mack (who lives with George) won't take any pride in his room! "For two years," says George, "I've tried to get Mack to fix up his room. His drapes are lousy! But does he care? What will people think of my house if they get a peek at Mack's room?" And finally, "Who's boss around here anyway?" And Mack grins and goes serenely on his way.

The boy said George was the most generous person he's ever known. He told me that when George was making a personal appearance in New York it didn't take long for people to discover just how kind he is. And after every performance there were people outside the theatre—and inside, if they could make it—with hand-tuck stories. Often they had their gas and light bills (which they couldn't pay) to show George, and the boy said it was amazing how much money changed hands that way.

"I think that's grand! His clothes must be just right. "Is this all right?" "Does that hang straight?" "Are his shoes too pointed?" Does the sole come out too far? "Half the time," says the boy, "I don't know what he's talkin' about! But I should argue with George Rain? And whether he's tussy or he ain't, he's one swell guy!"

NOW coming from a hard-boiled extra that's really sump'n! We hear so much palaver—and every so often our movie favorites turn out to be such stuffed shirts. I hate to admit it, but it's true. And if that disillusion you, you'll have to mark it down as one of Life's minor tragedies. The one consolation is that on the whole they are real people. And after all, you get an occasional So-and-So in every walk of life!

Margaret Sullivan is real—so real that for a long time Hollywood couldn't understand her. The first day I was on a set with her she ate her lunch perched at the counter with the crew! Now that remark may not leave you guessing but if you knew how some of the languid ladies of the screen spend their lunch hour you'd see what I'm driving at. Usually the star, followed by a solicitous maid, retires to her dressing-room. She rests; she nibbles at a perfectly-served lunch; then (when the spirit moves!) she returns to the set. But none of that for young Dynamo Sullivan! During her lunch hour I saw her first, on a bike, then on a horse and finally on a motorcycle, going around the studio lot like mad—and hanging on for dear life. She left herself just enough time for her usual salad and glass of milk. Then back on the set for more work!

And speaking of lunch (pardon me if I seem to dwell on lunch and food—you get that way from being an extra girl!), reminds me of an amusing incident that happened a short time ago "on location."

The spot was the desert—and really, starting out, we looked like a caravan; five hundred extras to be transported, sound truck, cameras, crew and of course the all-important lunch wagons. On location the studio must supply the lunch so the wagons are set up in a conspicuous place just outside the scene of action. The director of the picture was a Russian, Boleslawsky. Now Mr. Boleslawsky not only sports a
very artistic temperament but a thick and heavy accent as well—so thick and heavy that at first we had some trouble in understanding him.

He must have everything “pair-feet”? So instead of trusting his assistants, he himself started “placing” the extra people; three people must stand here, so! Four more must sit there, so! With all that care and thought it took plenty of time to place 500 extras. Hours were spent doing this, in fact the whole morning! Finally, everybody was in position and everything just right to suit the artistic temperament of Mr. Boleslawsky!

Then into the center of it all were placed two of the principal actors who were supposed to be fighting a duel. When a certain word was called by Boleslawsky the actors were to follow directions at once and start fencing, the cameras were to grind and the extras to close in and show intense interest. Unfortunately the word chosen by Mr. Boleslawsky to start the duel was “Lunge”—for when it issued from his lips as “Lunch” every one of the 500 extras dashed from his place to the lunch wagons! I have a strange feeling that what he called us in Russian wasn’t very nice!

OCCASIONALLY a director rides and harries a member of his cast in order to get what he wants out of a scene. If the player is important, sparks begin to fly. I was once on a set with Barbara Stanwyck when the director started in—“No, no, Barbara! That’s not at all what I want! On and on it went—and Barbara was tingling under the strain of so much rehearsing. Finally one of the scenes called for a hurried entrance, followed by a highly dramatic speech. At the first rehearsal the director said, “Oh please! Put some umph into it—this is supposed to be dramatic!” The second rehearsal was stopped by the director yelling, “Try it again! And put some umph into it!”

Again it was gone through (beautifully, this time) and the director cried, “That’s it! That’s got some umph! Now we’ll take it!”

Lights were set, everything was ready and the director yelled, “Action!” At that the red-headed star made her entrance to the middle of the set; she cast one baleful glance at the director, and with all the drama in the world, cried, “Umph!” And walked off the set!

It isn’t always amusing, however. Tragedies happen—even to movie stars! There was one day on a set I shall never forget. One of the principal roles was being played by a newcomer from Broadway. She had one of the very important scenes in which the director was anxious to “shoot” that day and as six o’clock neared everybody was working like mad to finish. At last the camera was set and lights were adjusted. Just as they were ready to shoot, an assistant director handed the girl a telegram which had just been delivered. She read it, put it in her pocket and walked onto the set. Then she proceeded to give the grandest performance I’ve ever witnessed. She went through her scene without a hitch and when she reached the part where she was to burst into tears she did it so realistically that we were all close to supposing.

Never, we said, had we seen such acting. When the scene was over and the director called, “Cut!” even the crew burst into applause. To our surprise the girl paid no attention, but continued to sit at the table, sobbing as though her heart would break. The director went over to her and said, “My dear, it’s all over! You were magnificent!”

For reply the girl put her hand in her pocket and brought out the telegram which she passed over to the director.

It told her that in New York her small son had been killed that morning in an automobile accident.

ON top of that news she’d had the courage and the will power to go through her scene—but once the bars were down and the tears had started, it was simply more than she could control.

That, my friends, is known as intestinal fortitude! Of course, the different stars have different ways of reacting to the situation and it’s always interesting to watch. I gape and “tino-ear” like anything when a star is on the set—but when they repair to their dressing-rooms, I needn’t take my gaping and tin-earring some place else. So I watch the camera being set up; I hear an electrician yell something about a “Lupe”—that’s a very hot light named after Lupe Velez!

And then there are always the other extras! Pointed out to me, among the extra ranks, is a faded blonde whose only bid for fame is that she once had a date with Van-entino!

In back of me are two extras talking. One just returned from London. Upon inquiry all he can seem to remember about a seven months’ sojourn is that the “pubs” closed at eleven and, gosh, the fog!

In front of me two girls are talking. One is going to change her name. She likes Dolores but she’s going to take Joan—it’s so “society!”

Really, you meet the most interesting people!

As for me, sometimes I get discouraged and wonder if it’s worth it. At a time like that I feel like Baby Leroy, who, upon being asked by Shirley Temple how old he was replied, “Three years old! And what have I got to store for it?”

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**Movie Classic for October, 1936**
YOUR LIPS AS HE DESIRES THEM

Laughs On The Cobb

[Continued from page 33]

And when they call me for retakes, I won't be there!

The boast was not idle. As I write this, I am advised by a harassed studio that Irving Cobb is missing. They want him for rushes of the last scene. It seems the tomato they used wasn't ripe enough to photograph well, and they want to hit him with a tomato into which the sauce department has squirited black ink, so it will make a real gifty picture. But Cobb is gone, and has left no forwarding address. You'll see the anemic tomato hit Mr. Cobb when you see PEEP.

H O W E V E R, despite his antics, the Hollywood life of Irving Cobb isn't all vegetables-to-the-optic and falls-on-the-you know-what. For Irving Cobb, who rates now as Hollywood's best-loved citizen, and who most nearly fills the place of Will Rogers, died a delightfully, interesting, thrilling, despite his professional yawns to the contrary.

He lives in Garbo's house. He sleeps in Garbo's bed. When you ask him how it feels to sleep in Garbo's bed, he looks around to see if ladies are within earshot. If they are, he won't tell you. If they aren't, he tells you. But since ladies will probably read this story, I can't tell you what Mr. Cobb tells you when ladies aren't around.

Of course—or did you know it?—Garbo doesn't live there any more, herself! What I mean is that Mr. Cobb has taken to himself, the house where Garbo lived to live before she t'ank she go home, this last time. Mr. Cobb gets a giggle out of the story of the lady who lives next door. She has two children. We went there to be their neighbor, the lady tells Mr. Cobb, her little son came running to her one sunny morning, shouting:

"Ooh, mama—that lady next door is out in her yard without any clothes on again!

But this story isn't about Garbo, so let's skip that. This is about Irving Cobb, and what he's in Hollywood for. As a matter of fact, he doesn't really understand that himself. He came to Hollywood first, he complains, under false pretenses—and he's still here under false pretenses.

"The false pretenses the first time," he explains, "weren't mine; they were Hal Roach's. He got me out here, pretending he wanted me to write for movies. When he got me here, he revealed that he wanted me to act in 'em! Hell! I've been here ever since, but this false pretense is mine. I pretend I'm an actor, but hell! . . . !"

It was nobody else but grand old Will Rogers himself who helped bring Mr. Cobb into feature pictures. Under the Hal Roach false pretense arrangement, Cobb managed to escape acting save in one or two reders he wrote for the producer. After the experiment, Roach and Cobb told each other good-bye by mutual consent.

Then one day, Will Rogers came to him and said, "You're a draw, kid, but I'd like playing a steamboat cap'n in my next picture?"

"Don't," renomestated Cobb, "try any of your funny tricks on this one . . ."

"But I've promised Will, "Look—here—if you take the part, we can just have a swell time together on the picture, and we'll get mad for the band."

That was the clincher. Cobb took the part. For Director John Ford, it was tough. Because neither Cobb nor Rogers bothered to read the script. Ford didn't even read it until he were on the deck of the steamboat on the Sacramento River location.

We were all dressed up in our clown suits to see the thrills Mr. Cobb asked us like this: 'Gentlemen, I don't want to seem morbidly curious, but—have either of you gentlemen read the script of this picture we're supposed to shoot today?"

"Naw," grinned Rogers.

"'Nope," grunted Cobb.

"Have either of you the faintest idea of what it's all about?" pleaded Ford.

"No; we've decided to approach it with an open mind," explained Cobb. Then he turned to Will Rogers, and said: "Tell me your idea of it, Bill; I'll make a deal with you. You think up a line for me to say, and I will do the same for you . . ."

"'Inter'upted Ford, "that's all very nice of you, but just awfully hard of you. But would you do me a favor? I don't want to interfere, but would you every so often—just every half hour, say—just mention something about the plot?"

And that's the way they left it. That's the way they made Steamboat Round the Bend. Cobb and Rogers got along all right—and both gained when, as Bill had cunningly told Cobb, they got paid for it!

C O B B comes closest to real tears (not crocodile tears, like the lunch-sequence, but honest-to-good man's tears) when he talks of Will Rogers. These two, who are the title of America's Top Humorists, were close friends. They picked each other with that depth of respect and admiration, and liking and warmth that marks man's deepest friendships. And they were always playing tricks on each other. Cobb told me about the time Rogers was to make a radio broadcast, and invited him to the broadcasting studio. Cobb, unexpecting, went. And was horrified to hear Rogers announce, without preliminary warning, that Cobb was to share the day's broadcast with him.

Then, during that intermission when an orchestra plays, Rogers went to his portable typewriter and painfully, one-fingered as he clicked out his script. It seemed he was going to ask Cobb before the mike. He handed the sheet to Cobb to work out some answers before they went on the air.

Just as they took their place at the mike, Rogers asked, aside, what his answers were going to be.

"'Hell, you don't think I'm going to show you my answers, do you?" roared Cobb.

Rogers grinned devilishly.

"'Hm, so that's it," he whispered. And with that he got on the air. Rogers didn't ask him a single one of the pre-arranged questions, but crossed him up instead with the darkest set of queries he'd ever had to answer on the spot, Cobb grins.

Despite all his claims, Cobb really loves movie acting. It's characteristic of him that he does. His whole life has been spent. And he's working like the devil on the story of his life has been told before; I needn't bore you with it here. But he admits that he regards life as a never-to-be-ended stage.

"I love the lure of the always something different," he explains, when you catch him serious mood. "I've been trying to be an artist, newspaperman, reporter, editor, cartoonist, writer of short stories, books, lecturer, after-dinner speaker, fisherman—and"
now movie acting. I've loved each new adventure, each new phase of life's game."

In his private life, Cobb loves laziness. He says his greatest joy in life would be to just loaf—except that he isn't sure, because he's never tried it. Never had time. When he works at his typewriter, he wears the world's funniest smock. He had it specially made. It has no buttons on it, because when he works, he plays with whatever buttons he can get his fingers on. He used to twist all the buttons off his suits before he took to wearing smocks. Then he twisted the buttons off the smocks. So finally, he invented a buttonless smock, and that's what he wears now.

There is, about him, something of the same aura of human love that distinguished Will Rogers. Just as Will, even in his most caustic moments, was never offensive, because everything he said was so patently flavored with that human kindness and friendly-kidding touch, just so is Irvin Cobb never offensive, even in his own most satirical bursts—or his most rabelaisian sayings. He has the reputation of being not only the funniest and the kindest man in Hollywood—but also the loudest-spoken, when the company is right. Most of his funniest cracks can't ever be printed. But throughout Hollywood, they're laughéd at, every hour of every day. And no matter what the joke, no matter what it's about, Cobb puts it over with that indefinable touch that makes it funny, never unpleasant.

He has definite aversions, regrets, likes. His pet aversion, on a big scale, he says, is a religious bigot. "A religious bigot," he says, explosively, "is the lowest form of animal life." On a small scale, his chief hate is a person who hears what you say, looks right at you, but pretends not to hear what you're saying.

His biggest regret in life is what his family did to him. They named him Irvin! His dad's name was Joshua, and old Joshua Cobb wanted his son named after him. "But the woman-folk thought Joshua was old-fashioned; they were romantic, and they picked out the name of Irvin for me! Irvin, imagine that! Hell—if I'd been named Joshua, I'd have had the greatest 'natural' humorist's name in the world—Josh Cobb, I got cheated!"

Now, as a movie actor, he's ready for anything it may bring. Being a man of the world, he's prepared for anything and everything. He's even prepared for the inevitable question, put to any and all movie-players, they seven or seventy—What About Your Love Life?

Irvin Cobb's love-life will never make the front pages of any newspapers. Divorce is just something, to him, that other movie actors go for. He married only once—that was when he was a reporter nearly twoscore years ago. He took time off and married Laura Baker, of an old Savannah, Georgia, family. The only time since then that Laura Baker has been by his side was when he turned her back to her parents for a while, borrowed $150 from them, and went to New York to get a job. As soon as he got the job, he went for Laura and paid back the $150.

They have one daughter—Elizabeth. She's married, and has three children. One of them, the five-year-old boy, is named Irvin Cobb Brody. The grandchildren are Cobb's greatest delights.

Irvin calls every girl he meets "honey," but that's an old southern custom.

And that is as wide afiel as Irvin Cobb's love life goes.

"Sex appeal? Well, I've heard a man has to have it to be a success on the screen," he grunts, "but hell! All I've got is darnedruff !?"

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Movie Classic for October, 1936 81
who didn’t want to have it. Her courage and her determination were rewarded with that priceless gift to any individual, child or grown—she stood out from the crowd.

In childhood, these matters were just Gloria’s concern against specific things. With maturity came her realization that all of the things she didn’t want could be lumped under one general classification. That was the simplification which you may call Uniformity; Conformity; Mediocrity; Ordinariness...

She didn’t want to do things just because other people did. She wanted to adhere to accepted conventions and behavior. She didn’t want to be just another ordinary, pretty girl, living another ordinary life.

And, purely because of that, she made the turn that set her on the road to her present success. She turned to acting. In the stage, the theater, she found the escape from the mediocrity she didn’t want.

It was a high school that she first began to act. She carried it with her into college at Berkeley, California. She played prominent parts, often the lead, in all the school and university productions even here, in her active escape, she still didn’t take what she didn’t want. When they gave her a role she didn’t want, or told her to act a certain part in a way she didn’t want to act it, she rebelled. And, as always, she stuck to her guns. Part of the time, she got away with it—they either changed her role, or drilled her into her idea of how to play it. But just as often, she didn’t get away with it—she was fired from the cast by an irate director.

“But I don’t think that was defeat for me,” she says now, in retrospect. “I think it was victory. If I had given in, and done as they wanted me to and as I did NOT want to, I’d have been the loser. I’d have lost my individuality; I’d have taken the easier way—and become just another puppet. I didn’t. I fought against what I didn’t want, and wouldn’t take it.”

Oh, she made mistakes. Naturally enough. She used to make the mistake of letting her temper get the best of her. Temper (spic & temper) if you want to—so easily masters a person who runs life on the “don’t want” plan. One day, in a temper Gloria wisecracked a mirror. Out of the corner of her eye, she caught a glimpse of herself. She stopped, appalled at the contorted, ugly face that glared back at her from the looking glass.

“Good God,” she said, “I don’t want to look like that.”

She relaxed the rage-distorted lines of her face. She looked at herself. She saw the horrid caricature she had seen. Suddenly, with the act, she realized her anger had vanished, along with the face it had made! From that day on, she had had her temper under control—or whenever she feels it getting the upper hand, she remembers that she doesn’t want to look the way she does when she’s mad.

Now, it’s strangely fitting in this story the girl who didn’t want to that early in life, she learned she could not make good on the overzealous plan of life. She learned she could not be THE GIRL WHO KNOWS WHAT SHE WANTS AND GETS IT.

Lesson No. I came while she was still in high school. She suddenly decided she wanted a certain handsome young professor,
all for herself. It was a schoolgirl crush, but it was terribly big and serious to Gloria. She wanted him. And she set out to get him. She wrote him notes, she sent him gifts, she called him up, she made every opportunity to be in his company.

That was all right enough—but the professor was married. The professor’s wife raised the devil. She threatened divorce and public scandal. Gloria, finally, was expelled—until she got over her crush. Or until she learned she couldn’t have what she wanted. Or anyway, until she discovered she didn’t want to be on the wrong end of any situation. Then she went back to school, forgot the prof, and behaved herself... until she went to Berkeley to live, as a co-ed. She suddenly decided that she wanted to live life in her own way. She wanted to make whoopee. So she rented a cottage 'way out in the Berkeley Hills, where the neighbors couldn’t bang on the walls if she threw a wild party. She wanted to throw wild parties. So she started by throwing one. It WAS wild. Not until the middle of it and its wildest moment did Gloria learn that everyone went away there in the hills, she had a neighbor—and that that neighbor happened to be, of all things, a Berkeley policeman! That party landed Gloria and her guests in the jailhouse. And Gloria learned Lesson No. 2 about not being able to have what she wanted, willy-nilly! And so, from then on, Gloria applied herself to the basis of not taking what she DID NOT want....

TODAY, she’s still living on that basis. Her life is ordered and planned and lived on that basis. She’s even planning her future on it. She doesn’t want, you see, to come to the end of her career and find herself without any interest in life. She’s seen other players hit that spot, and fade.

[Continued on page 84]
Unsolicited Tribute from a Great American Author

"The Ambassador with its own gay streets of shops, a theatre and restaurants and the world-famous 'Coconut Grove' is believed by some to be only another magnificent hotel, but it's much more ... it is a three-ring circus of indoor and outdoor amusements in a layout filled with happy conceptions."

---GOUVERNEUR MORRIS

Hollywood's "No" Girl

(Continued from page 83)

She doesn't want to be "it" herself. And so she is closing a deal now to buy a newspaper—a weekly, in central California. When she quits the screen, she's going to edit and run that newspaper. She doesn't want to sit back and do nothing; so she's already assuring herself that no matter what happens, she won't have to do what she doesn't want to.

In little things and big things, she lives out the don't want plan. She doesn't like diamonds; so her husband had to give her an engagement ring with, instead of diamonds, a star ruby. She doesn't want to gain weight, nor does she want to diet. Here she was up against a dilemma—two things she did not want (and they conflicted). But she stuck to her guns—and believe it or not, she didn't do either of the things she didn't want—

She is neither gaining weight, nor is she dieting. She's getting around the latter in this manner—she gets up on a glass of orange juice, because she doesn't like a big breakfast anyway. She goes to sleep on a glass of grapefruit juice, because she doesn't like late snacks anyway. So neither of those are dieting. And for her one meal a day, as the result, she can and does eat anything she feels like—whether it's a great heap of salad, or a two-inch-thick steak with gravy. And when you ask her how she can eat all that, she tells you she doesn't like to diet, and grins.

Even in the greatest thing in life—love, marriage—Gloria has had the courage to know what she didn't want, and stick to it. And in the story of how she did, her greatest mistake in her program of "don't want" must be recorded. It's like this:

When she was young, she had, like other youngsters, some rather half-baked theories that sounded real to her. One of them was the popular young-life idea that "marriage is an antiquated, to-be-put-up-with custom, made tolerable only through the application of modern thought." Gloria didn't want her marriage to be a humdrum sort of affair; she didn't want to be hidebound and convention-ridden. So when she married Blair Gordon Newell, during her co-ed days, she didn't want to give up any of the things she thought marriage might cost her. So because she thought she didn't want old-fashioned marriage, they undertook a new-fashioned one. They remained individuals—even lived apart much of the time. It was one of those bohemian, arty marriages. And it didn't take.

Gloria found out that it didn't work. She didn't want to continue the farce. Here her courage came to the fore. She could have shrugged her shoulders and made the best of it, and avoided offending her relatives and his. But she didn't want to do that; she didn't want to compromise with the truth. She learned that she had made a mistake: she didn't want to perpetuate it by making another. So she took her courage bodily in her hands, and announced that she didn't want to be Mrs. Newell any longer.

She got what she wanted, her divorce.

Love came again. Gloria, having learned one lesson, didn't want to suffer again. She didn't want to fall in love again.

She had the courage to say so to the man in the case—Arthur Sheekman, newspaperman once, now a writer for Fox. Sheekman, intelligent, saw her point. He loved her enough to listen to her—and they made an agreement that they would NOT fall in love.
But things aren't done as easily as that. Little Dulcy Cupid doesn't listen to what people don't like—not even to Gloria's. She fell in love! And they married.

"I don't want our marriage to flop—like my other one did," Gloria bravely told Sheekman. They talked it over, frankly, decently, as two modern intelligent people in love. They arrived at a basis of understanding. They found they had a community of interests—both in the same industry, at the same studio; each had deep respect for the other's individuality; each finds interest in the other's work; neither opposes the other's career nor jealousy; each understands the other—and instead of committing the error of living apart, though married, they 'live as closely together, in mind and thought as well as physical presence, as is possible.'

They quarrelled only once in the many months of their marriage. That was the day, Russia's five-year-plan, in the midst of the quarrel, they laughed. "I never want to quarrel with you again," Gloria sobbed.

Gloria doesn't like apartments; they live in a house in Beverly Hills. She doesn't like whoopee and wild parties; they never have them. She only asks to be 'left alone'; and she's known as the most un-Hollywoody star in Hollywood.

The studio had learned, too, that when Gloria doesn't like something, she won't take it. They learned it most definitely a couple of years ago, or so, when Gloria realized that little by little her career was being side-tracked, and that she was becoming, instead of a star on the upgrade, just another leading woman. She saw other, newer pets being put in choice spots, while she just was sitting out her contract. She didn't like it.

That week-end, she talked things over with Arthur. "We can take a shack in Laguna Beach," she reasoned. "I can cook, and you can write whenever you want to. It won't cost you a hundred a month. And I won't have to take what I don't want."

Sheekman said all right. It was part of their code. Gloria, fortified with his loyalty, strengthened, by her own she didn't have to take what she didn't want to take; they tried to force it on her, became a new woman.

At the studio, they recognized something had happened. Gloria never defied them; it never was as open as that. It was only that there was a new self-assurance about her, an inner force that carried and all of a sudden, Gloria began getting the plum roles. You've seen her in them—you've seen how Gloria, a couple of years ago just another actress, is suddenly zooming to the top again, in grand pictures, grand roles. Gloria and Arthur never had to hide themselves off to Laguna Beach. It never became necessary; Gloria, through the simple expedient of making ready to refuse what she didn't want to take, didn't have to take it anymore! She saw she is, at the top again, having what she wants, because she won't take what she doesn't want. She has always known what she didn't want, and has consistently refused to take it. She's gotten as far and came as far as she knew was the thing she didn't want and made her guiding star.

She epitomizes her philosophy of life now in a single summary—"I don't want to ever get tired of living!" she says. "I don't want to ever face the time or the situation when I will have to take that situation, whether I want to or not. If Fate will always let me try something new when the old wears out—what ever that be—I'll be happy . . . . . ."
Nautical Recipes
For Landlubbers

[Continued from page 8]

this world? The crew, a jolly group, was making sail while we perched atop cartons and cases of food, waiting for the chef to come aboard to supervise the stowing of provisions. I wanted to talk with Lee's cook after hearing the mar-vels he performs when he sees that as easy when he has only a can opener with which to work.

This Tracy chap is a hundred and fifty pounds of dynamic energy, brimming over with wisecracks and mule a minute conversation. He couldn't stand still long enough to fry an egg and admits he is one fellow who doesn't care a rap about being noted for some mysterious concoction of his own. Yet man-like, when Lee enters his teak and mahogany dining salon, he demands good food even though the meal is being served in the middle of the Pacific Ocean. Hence my interest—which was ang the front lawn—Bill, the chef. For instance, imagine how good the following dish would taste on land or sea!

BLANKETED LITTLE PORK SAUSAGES

Tasty breadcrumb dressing, well seasoned
Canned Little Pork Sausages

I can Chicken Broth
Seasoning to taste

Fry sausages until about half done. Make dressing, adding a little of the pork for richness. Moisten with chicken broth until mixture is firm enough to mold. Mold dressing into shape of croquettes, the length of sausages. Pour enough dressing over croquettes and cover completely, retaining shape-
yourself. Roll croquettes in bread or cracker crumbs and fry slowly a delicate brown, allowing time for sausages to finish cooking and dressing to become thoroughly dry. Add a little of the remaining fat from pork for balance of chicken broth. Heat and thicken for gravy which is to be served piping hot over croquettes. Serve with canned apple sauce.

"Guess I'm not the domestic type," Lee observed. "I've been living in hotels ever since I went on the stage and even sunny California hasn't converted me to vine covered bungalows. No servant problems for me or sleepless nights because I'm away from the city and out of doors. I'll sail out boats instead of water-stamped basements—that's fun!"

And there you have Lee Tracy in a nutshell. He is equally intense about work or play—no actor in Hollywood is more serious about or gives more time and thought to his characteristics—he only needs diversion more diligently—and he sees to that no humdrum daily cares interfere with either.

When I talked with Bill I found he could give us many pointers that work equally well in either kitchen or gallay.
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64 E. Lake St., Chicago.

Win a Telephone Call
from Gene Raymond

(See page 18)

It isn't necessary to own a boat to appreciate the value of a cupboard stocked with prepared foods. How about the day Aunt Emma and all the cousins drove up unexpectedly in time for dinner? It's a comfortable feeling to bring the crowd home after an evening of merry making and know you can fill their empty tummies with little or no trouble. No bargain days down town will be missed if you make use of Bill's tasty recipe.

PREPARED HAM WITH ORANGE SAUCE

Half or whole Flavor Sealed Ham
1 cup brown sugar
2 tsp. grated orange rind
1 cup water
8 whole cloves
2 tbsp. corn starch

Turn ham out of pan and place in open dripping pan. Cover the fat side with brown sugar. Add balance of sugar to meat and stir thoroughly. Cook this mixture over top of range until slightly thickened. Pour over ham and bake at 300 degrees until ham is thoroughly heated through. Remove ham from pan; pour off excess fat and thicken juice with cornstarch. Each piece of ham in gravy when served.

GREEN PEA SOUFFLE

1 can Pea Soup
2% cups white bread crumbs
2 tsp. celery salt
4 egg yolks, slightly beaten
4 egg whites, stiffly beaten
Suggestion of minced garlic

Fold in egg whites lightly, keeping mixture as light and fluffy as possible. Turn into well greased mold and bake in pan of water at 350 degrees until mixture is firm. Remove from pan of water, bake fifteen minutes longer. Turn souffle out on plate, and fill center with orange jam. It's an easy matter to have a Spanish dinner even though fresh products aren't available. Canned Chili Con Carne and Tamales are served with Rice Madrid, while canned pears, cheese and crackers provide the dessert.

RICE MADRID

1 1/4 cups uncooked rice
2 large onions sliced
4 canned green chili peppers, chopped fine
1 can Consommé Madrilene
Salt to taste
1 tsp. chili powder
1 clove garlic, minced fine
1 can solid pack tomatoes
2 tablespoons

Oil for frying

Place olive oil in large frying pan, add rice and stir until constantly light brown. Add onions, peppers and tomatoes. Add enough soup to cover rice sufficiently, as rice swells. When mixture comes to a boil, lower heat, cover, and cook for one hour, or until rice has taken up all of the moisture. Mix chili powder in a little cold water and add to mixture, being careful not to mash rice grains. Stir in finely minced garlic. Do not cook after garlic and chili powder have been added. Sprinkle rice with grated cheese before serving.

Movie Classic for October, 1936

87
Be Your Own MUSIC Teacher
Learn at Home
by wonderful improved method. Simple as A, B, C—a child can learn it. Your lessons consist of real selections instead of treader exercises. When you finish one of these delightfully easy lessons, you’ve added a new “piece” to your list. You can play real notes, too—no “numerals” or trick music. Method is so thorough that many of our 760,000 students are band and orchestra LEADERS.

"I have reduced MY WAIST 8 INCHES WITH THE WEIL BELT!"—writes George Bailey

Wear the WEIL BELT for 10 days at our expense! You will appear many inches slimmer at once and in ten days. If your waist line is not 3 inches smaller, it will cost you nothing! Guaranteed 8 inches—writes Geo. Bailey, "Lost 30 lbs.," writes W. T. Anderson. Hundreds of similar letters.

IF YOU DO NOT REDUCE YOUR WAIST 3 INCHES IN 10 DAYS it will cost you nothing! You will be completely comfortable as in massage-like action gently but persistently eliminates fat with every movement! Gives an erect, athletic carriage... supports abdominal walls... keeps digestive organs in place... greatly increases endurance.

Simply write name and address on postcard and we will send you demonstration card, illustrated with actual WEIL BELT, our guarantee of results, and send you a special offer! In 30 days you will be delighted. FREE! THE WEIL COMPANY
Chicago, I11., New York, L A.
SEND FOR FREE 10 DAY TRIAL OFFER

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Clear enlargement, bust, full length, and any view; postpaid. Pioneers in fast, perfect, lasting process. 25 years experience. Send 24 hour postcard to 11 E. Huron Street, Dept. 705, Chicago, Illinois

Be Popular
Everyone is in music and pictures. First you are told what to do and then you are told how to do it. Then you do it yourself and hear it. In a few short months you become an excellent musician. Here are the steps to follow:

Free Book and Demonstration Lesson
Simply reply to this notice and you may enter the exclusive Free Book and Demonstration Lesson for your favorite instrument. No obligation. Instruments supplied when needed, cash or credit.

Lily Pons so endeared herself to screen audiences with her first picture that RKO-Radio prevailed on her to return for a second nearly six months before the date specified in her contract. She will start production immediately on a musical tentatively entitled "Love Song"

The Good Earth
[Continued from page 35]

Miss Rainier's role; the home of the uncle, played by Walter Connolly, the home of Ching, the friend, and many others. Stone markers, inscribed in Chinese, mark off the different farm boundaries. Eight water buffaloes draw plows, or turn the great water wheel that supplies irrigation from the stream. Ducks, chickens, pigeons, pigs, dogs, donkeys—a very menagerie of livestock—are released and given an additional reality to the location.

Chinese utensils, plows, implements, tools, even portions of the houses, came from China, bought there and brought back by the production unit that spent a year in the Far East in preparation for the production. Wooden plows and harrows, flumes and water wheels, furniture made of bamboo, Chinese ox carts, dishes, water jugs, shovels, a wayside shrine to the Feng Shui, or household gods, all came from China. Even the costumes were purchased in the fields in China.

These items were all carefully checked, stored, and produced by the busy property man as called for in the script. The properties range from a huge inlaid wedding sedan chair to Chinese thread and needles. More than 380 cases of properties were brought back from the Orient when the picture was first planned, nearly four years ago.

In a corner of the location, a small shack houses a complete weather bureau, for weather reports guide the work of the company almost every hour of the day. The appearance of clouds is studied by the director. If the light fails in one spot, he

Win a Prize
We urge you to take the floor and present your candid opinions of pictures and stars. Each month MOVIE CLASSIC offers cash prizes for the best letters published.

(see page 6 for details)

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Hobbies and Inventions
Gail Patrick, Binnie Barnes, Rosalind Russell and Phyllis Clare were decidedly among those present when Victor McLaglen gave an informal Sunday afternoon party at his swanky Flintridge estate recently.

chooses another, and films some other detail of the story if possible. If not, he has the option of using the stage constructed on the location, for interiors, or, as sometimes happens, ordering the entire company back to the studio to work on a sound stage set.

THE town, center of the farming region, is literally a part of China. Crossing its stone bridge, which was brought back from Anwei province, one enters through the gate in the reproduction of the Chinese Great Wall, over a moat, into a busy market street, filled with bustling humanity. The duck merchant sits beside his piles of roasted dried ducks. The meat merchant is flanked by sides of roast pork and other Chinese staples. The fruit merchants fill the wicker holders that substitute for paper bags.

Pottery merchants, grain merchants, sellers of rice and hot water, vendors of cloth, jewelry, and other Chinese goods, often belligerent with the customer on the street, add to the Babel. But it is systematic Babel, starting at the command of the director over his loud-speaker system and translated into Chinese by busy interpreters who run to and fro in the crowd.

In the hills, in the background, for half a mile, one can see the Chinese farmers, plowing the terraces and hoeing their crops.

Aside from a few principals, the entire cast is Chinese. Players recruited from Hollywood are augmented by Orientals from all over the Pacific Coast. Some speak perfect English. Some speak none. There are many unusual characters, such as Moy Ming, oldest Chinese actor in pictures, and a building contractor when away from the camera; William Law, San Francisco civic leader and controller of business interests totaling a million dollars, who is aiding the picture as a patriotic duty, he says.

General Theodore Tu, loaned by the Chinese government, acts as technical adviser. Tom Gubbins, unofficial "Mayor" of Los Angeles' Chinatown, and contractor for Chinese players, aids him.

Mimi, Miss Rainer, Walter Connolly, and Charley Grapevin, (who plays the old father) literally live Chinese lives in the amazing location. But one finds American touches too. Behind the Great Wall one inevitably finds a group of small Chinese boys, who attend American school, play baseball, just like American youngsters, between scenes. In a shady corner one may see a group of Chinese elders, engrossed in a game of cards, and on close scrutiny discover that the game is American draw poker!

At five o'clock, as the sun sinks and the light becomes yellow, the director orders his final "cut!" The big bugs limber up. The caterers' trucks that bring food out for the lunch tent, start for town. The Chinese check out "Hezzy" Tate, assistant director, to have their paychecks approved and signed, then past the ca-chier who pays them off. Extras are paid daily. The principals receive checks by the week.

The cameramen pack their equipment in black cases. A film car hurries studio, with the undeveloped film. Other trucks gather up lamps, cables, the portable sound equipment.

The cavalcade starts toward Hollywood. By six, only a crew of quiet watchmen remain on the erstwhile bustling section of China.
The Real Reason Why Jean Harlow Hated Her Hair

[Continued from page 28]

a startling barrier to the revelation of her real self. She was pigeon-holed, catalogued, not only as the platinum blonde, but the girl with the platinum soul.

From the very beginning of her career Jean realized the price she would have to pay for her fame. When Hell's Angels was released Jean Harlow became a sensational controversy over night. Much to her horror, she, as a woman, was invested with the qualities the screen created for her. The new film was a ready-made reputation which she neither deserved nor understood.

It was on her personal appearance tour, before she went to MGM, that Jean began to pay a large price for her strange fame. The night she first faced audiences is etched in her memory as a dreadful nightmare. She came out on the stage to look at eyes, glaring and leering, with a covetous stare in them. Dreadful eyes. She ran to her dressing-room and cried until it was time for her to go on again. She knew at that moment that her fame would carry a heavy penalty. And because she is a courageous person, she decided to pay it—knowing full well that she would be misunderstood, ungenerously treated and wrongly regarded.

In the beginning there was plenty. Jean recalls today the parties where women gathered in little groups and sometimes gathered men near them the moment she came into a room. She was the menace, the embodiment of all women feared in another woman.

Women didn't even bother to get to know me," she declares now. "I thrust her into a shell—and no friendly overtures I made, were of the slightest use."

There were dozens of incidents at parties which hurt dreadfully—which sent her home with a lump in her throat. She recalls vividly one evening when she was a guest, with many others, at a producer’s home. When she entered the drawing-room there was a sudden chill, a sudden stillness. And then a woman near the door suddenly turned away, went directly to her chair and sat down, leaning against a window. She linked her arm in his, made hasty good-night, and departed with her man in tow.

It was a horrid, little trick. And Jean at that moment promised herself complete seclusion. For months she didn’t go anywhere. There was no use to pretend a gaiety she didn’t feel, knowing that every woman present at social events considered her an enemy and acted accordingly.

There came a time when Jean Harlow’s social stamina, her forbearance was at an end. Then began a fight to discard her platinum hair—to abandon her trade-mark. She was called unwise—and other names not so flattering—when she first began her campaign to darken her hair, to permit it to be its present shade of brunette.

"I don’t want to be a show piece," she told them. "I’m tired of being a show piece. If you only want my platinum hair, then get a wig and stick it on some other girl. I have a right to say what I can and can’t do. I can’t have a personality which is in my own. You don’t know if I can act, I don’t know if I can act. Isn’t it about time to give me a chance to find out if I can act?" Let me be ‘platinum’ without being nothing more than a platinum blonde!"

Because she wanted dark hair so desperately, she was finally permitted to have it. It was the first day of production when director pleaded with her. "You’re giving up a valuable property. The world knows you by your platinum hair."

"That’s just exactly what I’m fighting against," Jean replied.

"I HAVE always hated my platinum hair," Jean says today. "Not only because it limited me as an actress, but primarily because it limited me as a human being. It made me look ‘hard’, spectacular. If I were quiet and self-possessed, people said, ‘Harlow is out of character.’ And so I had my job cut out for me—I had to live up to my platinum personality."

"At last, I have a chance to be myself. The change in me is reflected in the reaction of sex as no other girl in pictures. As a matter of fact, and Jean’s mouth curves in a way smile and you understand that my name was synonymous with it.

"But I couldn’t defend myself. There was nothing that I could say that people would believe."

"The past year has been happy because I haven’t had to depend upon a platinum personality to sell myself. I have always had to pretend all my goodness was my bad ones. I am a human being and a woman. At last I have nothing to live up to except some own definite standards. And as long as I never let down a friend or myself, as long as I have the approval of those who love me—that is enough."

Jean has changed in his ideas and in her attitudes, so has she changed in outward details. Long ago if Jean were hurt, if Jean were frightened, she would instantly assume a role she might have played before the camera, and she was the hey-hey girl, voice high, manner care-free. I remember once when she was scheduled for an interview with some out-of-town writers. Jean was so frightened her knees shook. But she threw back her shoulders, strutted down the stairs to the drawing-room, where she sat, and magically assumed the Jean Harlow personality seen on the screen. Jean was selling her platinum personality. She was selling it in self-defense.

Today no matter what the situation is, she is herself. Poised and quiet-spoken, with no undue emphasis given to what might be in the minds of people in regard to her.

Her friendship with Bill Powell has had a vital influence on her. It has insulated her against hurts. In his own man-of-the-world fashion he has taught her a woman-of-the-world attitude.

Her social life is almost nil—like in its simplicity. As a matter of fact, in the past year she has attended less than half-a-dozen parties. She lives in slacks and suitsuits when she isn’t working. And she wears gala attire only when she is before the camera. She entertains but seldom and then very simply. Usually when she has a guest or two in the evening she has dinner on a table before a fire most informally.

Jean Harlow did not begin life with a platinum personality—and neither was she born with ‘platinum’ in her name. Something wished on her when she was given a sensational sex role in Hell’s Angels. It was the type of parts that almost-anything. She was the band leader’s music once. That million, by the way, was pure fiction.

"I have had to fight against the reputation of sex as no other girl in pictures. As a matter of fact, and Jean’s mouth curves in a way smile and you understand that my name was synonymous with it."
Why Some Lipsticks Make Lips Unattractive

Of course, you want your lipstick to be permanent...your lips soft and smooth...their colors never-to-be-forgotten thrill!
But you have probably learned that lipstick does not always make lips soft and smooth! Ordinary indelible lipstick often makes them feel dry and parched, causing an unconscious and frequent licking of the lips in an effort to restore moisture and softness.

This constant licking removes the lips' natural oils as well as the protective oils supplied by the lipstick, resulting in lips readily becoming dull, dry, cracked, rough, old looking...unattractive.

How The New TATTOO Corrects All This

With the New TATTOO you have all the permanence you could wish for. And one of its magical new ingredients gives this lipstick a creamy texture that keeps lips fresh and moist...stains them with soothing, lasting, transparent color...without letting them get dry...without permitting them to become rough...and there is no desire to lick the lips!

Your lips thus become softer and smoother than they have ever been before...thrillingly, irresistibly youthful...without a wrinkle...without a line! But more! The other magical ingredient in the New TATTOO gives your lips the kind of lustrous, inviting, shimmering gloss and sparkle that is never denied...anything!

Send Coupon For Proof

So that you can instantly see and feel the astonishing difference, a generous introductory size of the New TATTOO in a clever silver and black case will be sent for the coupon below and 10c to cover postage and packing. There are five exciting shades...the most famous colors ever put into lipstick! Most women want more than one. So why not send for several shades of this miracle lipstick today! You'll get an entirely new beauty thrill the instant you Tattoo your lips...with the New TATTOO!
Smoke to Your Throat's Content

Many smokers have chosen Lucky Strikes simply because they taste better. Then as the days go by they sense that Luckies make smoother going for their throats—that they are a Light Smoke. Certain acids and other heavy, harsh irritants naturally present in all tobacco are removed by the famous process—"It's Toasted." Only Luckies are "Toasted." Smoke Luckies to your throat's content.

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Luckies—a light smoke

OF RICH, RIPE-BODIED TOBACCO—"IT'S TOASTED"
CAN YOU PASS JOAN CRAWFORD’S LOVE TEST?

HOW SIMONE SIMON FOOLED HOLLYWOOD!
To the world’s most permanent transparent lipstick has been added an amazing new ingredient that gives lips a more exciting glamour than they have ever had before!

**ORDINARY INDELIBLE LIPSTICK**

Often the cause of lips becoming dull, dry, rough, wrinkled, old-looking and decidedly unattractive!

**THE NEW TATTOO**

Contains a moisturizing agent that makes lips lustrous, moist, smooth, soft, youthful... irresistibly!

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**Why Some Lipsticks Make Lips Unattractive**

Of course, you want your lipstick to be permanent... your lips soft and smooth... their coarseness forgotten forever! But have you learned that lipstick does not always make lips soft and smooth? Ordinary indelible lipstick often makes them feel dry and parched, causing an unconscious and frequent licking of the lips in an effort to restore moistness and softness.

This constant licking removes the lips’ natural oils as well as the protective oils supplied by the lipstick, resulting in lips readily becoming dull, dry, cracked, rough, old looking... unattractive!

**How The New TATTOO Corrects All This**

With the New Tattoo you have all the permanence you could wish for... and the marvelous moisturizing agent it contains ends all desire to lick the lips... thus keeping them moist... softer and smoother than ever before... thrillingly, youthfully irresistible... without a wrinkle... without a line! Instead of being rough and dry, they’ll be tattooed with thrilling transparent color... and instead of being dull they’ll have a kind of lustrous, inviting, shimmering gloss and sparkle that is never denied... anything!

**Send Coupon For Trial Lipstick**

So that you can instantly see and feel the astonishing difference, a generous introductory size of the New Tattoo in a clever silver and black case will be sent for the coupon below and 10c to cover postage and packing. There are five exciting shades... the most famous colors ever put into lipstick! Most women want more than one. So why not send for several shades of this miracle lipstick today! You’ll get an entirely new beauty thrill the instant you Tattoo your lips... with the New Tattoo!

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**Tattoo**, 11 E. Austin Ave., Dept. 18, Chicago
Send me trial size New Tattoo, postpaid. 10c enclosed for each shade desired, as checked.

☐ Coral (Orangish) ☐ Exotic (Fiery)
☐ Natural (Blood Color) ☐ Pastel (Changeable)
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**City** ___________ **State**
"Ridiculous," said a prominent matron. "No girl with a spark of intelligence or breeding would behave so badly. She'd be outlawed—every door closed to her!" That's the social side of the debate. But just for a moment listen to a modern dentist...

"Ridiculous?—not a bit of it. That's a very sensible picture. I'd be delighted to post it in my office as an object lesson for my patients. If more people chewed as vigorously, if modern teeth and gums were on better terms with coarse, rough, natural foods we'd hear a lot less about tender, rundown gums—we'd hear a whole lot less about 'pink tooth brush,' too."

"Pink Tooth Brush" is serious

When you see "pink tooth brush"—see your dentist. It can mean serious trouble. But usually it simply means that modern soft foods haven't given your gums enough work—that they need the healthful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage.

Ipana plus massage is a part of modern dental practice because Ipana is especially designed to benefit the gums as well as clean the teeth. Get a tube of Ipana today and begin this modern health routine. Massage your gums every time you brush your teeth. Circulation quickens. Your gums feel healthier. And your teeth grow whiter, show more sparkle.

Help your dentist to keep you from being a "dental cripple." Don't let your tooth brush show "pink." Don't let yourself in for the really serious gum troubles. Firm gums and shining white teeth are vitally important to you. Switch to Ipana Tooth Paste and massage—and switch today!
This page looks like a “Who’s Who” of Hollywood! Imagine seeing four of your favorite screen stars in one grand picture! The story was so good that M-G-M decided to make a real film holiday of it by giving it this ALL-STAR cast. The result is a gay, sparkling, romantic, de luxe production in the best M-G-M manner—and that means the tops in entertainment.
On the Cover

Edwin Bower Hesser, Hollywood's master of natural color photography, contributes a new personality study of Fay Wray, the fourth in a series posed exclusively for MOVIE CLASSIC.

He Wanted to Be Athletic—Erik Rhodes .......................... by Ruth Penny 14
Loretta Young Answers ............................................. by The Inquiring Reporter 16
Hollywood Is The World's Melting Pot .......................... by Paul Muni 28
Can You Pass Joan Crawford's Love Test? ...................... by Gladys Hall 30
Ameche Makes His Bow .............................................. by Ida Zeitlin 32
Can Paulette Goddard Beat the Chaplin Jinx? .................. by Lew Garvey 33
Watch Fred Astaire—and Swing It! ............................... by James Reid 34
Meet Frances Farmer ................................................ by Harry Long 36
The Life Story of a Great Picture—Pictorial ................... 37
Simone Simon Fooled Hollywood ................................. by Ted Magee 40
The Scourge of Spokane—Bing Crosby .......................... by James Reid 44
Own a Home Like a Star ............................................. by Ralph E. Smalley 46
Fate-Fame-and Robert Taylor ................................. by Mrs. Ruth Brugh 48
Melancholy James—James Stewart ............................... by Ida Zeitlin 50
20 Years a Star—Jack Holt ....................................... by Allan Carson 56
Portrait of a Charming Lady—Bette Davis ....................... by Lenore Gardner 58

Cooking: A Thousand Prizes For Speed Cooking ............... by Dorothy Dwan 18
Beauty: My Face Leads a Double Life—Gloria Stuart ........ by Alison Alden 20
Fashions: The Lion and The Lamb ................................ by Sally Martin 41

$500 For a Trademark—a new contest .............................. 6
Hollywood Highlights—the latest in filmland gossip ............ 8
The Show Window—late reviews .................................. 22

W. H. FAWCETT
Publisher

Go to your favorite newsstand for December MOVIE CLASSIC. You will find it on sale on October 30th.

W. M. MESSENGER
General Manager

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MEMBER AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS
Mervyn LeRoy, famous director, wants a trademark for his new production company and offers MOVIE CLASSIC'S readers valuable prizes for their ideas.

WITHIN ten days after this easy trademark contest closes on December 20, 1936, winners will be tucking away in their pocketbooks "Christmas Gift" money ranging from $50 to $250—and all because they were smart enough to take full advantage of this remarkable offer.

And it might as well be you! Imagine how simple it is! All you have to do is to submit trademark ideas symbolical of a Mervyn LeRoy Production. The only cost is the stamps needed to send them in.

Mervyn LeRoy, as you know, has an astounding record as a motion picture director. As a proof, scan this list of notable successes—Gold Diggers of 1933, Five Star Final, I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang, Tugboat Annie, Oil of the Lamps of China, Little Caesar and Anthony Adverse. He recently completed directing that great stage success, Three Men on a Horse, for Warner Bros., who are planning to release it as one of their big specials of the year.

Now, Mr. LeRoy is forming his own production company which will be known as "Mervyn LeRoy Productions." His pictures will be released through Warner Bros. At present he is concerned about a trademark—one that will be in keeping with the sterling type of motion pictures he plans to produce. Regarding it, he says:

"I am looking for a trademark that will be entirely different from any now in use. It must be distinctive as well as impressive. It is my plan to produce only class pictures with mass appeal, therefore those participating in this contest should bear that fact in mind. I am not concerned with the artiness of the suggestions sent in as I am with the effectiveness of the ideas. It isn't necessary for anyone to be an artist—though a sketch of the idea will be as welcome as a description of the idea itself."

[Continued on page 92]
This is the Champagne Waltz
This is the Dance of Love,
Under the Soft Light's Gleam,
Just Close Your Eyes and Dream!
I'd Dance My Whole Life Thru
If I Could Dance With You.
Hollywood Highlights

Our inquisitive sleuth goes a-snooping for inside facts and foibles about the famous ones of Filmdom

by The Boulevardier

Inevitable
Kate Smith is headed for Hollywood and possibly an unique experience as a "stooge." The explanation of which is that Kate "Coming Round the Mountain" Smith is slated to appear in a picture with Shirley Temple and that means nothing more nor less than being a "stooge," if you get the idea. Aren't they all?

Neigh, Neigh
Most colossal Gesture-of-Independence of recent years among Hollywood stars, as performed by Bing Crosby: Ordered by his financial manager to stop buying race horses, Bing turned right around, stomped his foot, and paid $150 for a mule for his near-San Diego ranch. There!!! Dern it!

Verse of the Month
Dick Powell has a spaniel; The spaniel was gonna have pups— So Dick, to pals, promised eleven, But only six were delivered by heaven: Of all the numerical flight!!!

Much Married
I wonder—I just can't help wondering! —how Jean Blondell feels at the marriage of her recent ex-husband, Cameraman...

Jessie Matthews, now starring in the English-made picture, Paris Love Song, took time off to "go on the town" in London before filming. Jessie will come to New York to appear on several radio programs this winter.

Gene Raymond and Jeanette MacDonald announced their engagement recently. They are building a ranch house near Hollywood and plan to marry as soon as their current pictures are completed—probably by Christmas.

When You Gargle with PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC... you continue your doctor's treatment by destroying surface germs, relieving the cold.

USE PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC FOR Colds—TO RELIEVE THROAT SORENESS

• The reason doctors have you gargle is to relieve soreness, kill germs. So remember, Pepsodent Antiseptic is three times as powerful in killing germs as other mouth antiseptics. You can mix Pepsodent with two parts of water and it still kills germs in less than 10 seconds! Thus Pepsodent goes 3 times as far—saves you ⅔ of your money.

So active is Pepsodent that, in recent tests on 300 people in Illinois, Pepsodent users got rid of colds twice as fast as others! Get either the 25c, 50c or $1.00 Pepsodent Antiseptic at any drug counter, and see for yourself how pleasantly effective it is.

MOVIE CLASSIC FOR NOVEMBER, 1936

When Doctors Swab Sore Throat...
surface germs are destroyed, soreness relieved, healing quickened

SAVES ⅔ OF YOUR DOLLAR
... Goes 3 times as far!
Folks, Meet 'Oiwin'

('Oiwin' is Brooklynese for the good old Anglo-Saxon name of Erwin)

To the bride and neighbors he was a polite and milk-toasty Erwin, but to the mob he was 'Oiwin' — the horse-picking demon who gave bookmakers financial D.T.s! A gentle Jekyll in Jersey ... but a Hyde-de-ho in the betting ring.

Now it can be told! Nearly every star comedian in Hollywood wanted to play 'Oiwin'. "I'll buy the play," said one ... "I don't want any salary. Just give me the chance and a percentage," said another world-famous funnyman ... But Warner Bros. decided to give this coveted acting plum to Frank McHugh—not because he was the best-known actor to do 'Oiwin'—but because in their opinion he was by far the best suited. How glad you'll be they made this choice when you meet 'Oiwin' on the screen!

COMING SOON!

"THREE MEN ON A HORSE"

Conceded to be the greatest comedy hit in ten years, now in its second capacity year on Broadway and being played in four countries, by ten companies to thousands of hilarious crowds everywhere!

A MERVYN LEROY
Production with
FRANK McHUGH
JOAN BLONDELL
GUY KIBBEE • CAROL HUGHES • ALLEN JENKINS
SAM LEVINE • TEDDY HART

Movie Classic for November, 1936
Why Some Women are Natural Beauties

They intensify natural coloring...yet never look "made-up". Read how the Color Change Principle available in Tangee make-up brings natural loveliness.

You see many more "naturally" beautiful women than you read to. For make-up styles have changed. Gaudy make-up has vanished. The Tangee Color Change Principle is available in powder, lipstick and rouge.

George Barnes, to Film-Dancer Betty Wood. Not, I mean, that Joan can really have any morbid interest in her ex's heart-affairs. But the idea is that this latest is George's SIXTH marriage.

Imagine Joan, looking at herself in her mirror, and telling herself: "Oh, I'm just one of the former Mrs. Barnesens...!"

A Great Actor

Let's be serious, really, for just a second—

Having clowned himself through headlines with the help of Miss Barrie, John Barrymore now finds himself in still more headlines—with various reports of his immobilization in this hospital or that sanitarium. Lots of people think it's still funny. Somehow or other, I don't. Regardless, utterly, of how or why John went to those hospitals, the fact remains that John is a mighty sick man. And, whatever else he's done, John has given us some splendid performances—even though (as some of them were off-screen). And now, as I said, the man is sick—very! And that's NOT funny!

Thanks for bearing with me.

Garbo Is Garbo

You've been reading, most probably,
None knew the overflowing, bursting gladness, the singing joy these two, who had never loved before, found deep in the heart of the desert. The lavish brush of Technicolor reveals the golden beauty of Marlene Dietrich, the burning emotions of Charles Boyer with an intensity never before seen on the screen.

Selznick International Presents

Marlene DIETRICH Charles BOYER
The GARDEN of ALLAH

IN TECHNICOLOR
with BASIL RATHBONE • C. AUBREY SMITH
TILLY LOSCH • JOSEPH SCHILDRAUT
Produced by DAVID O. SELZNICK. Directed by RICHARD BOLESLAWSKI
Released thru UNITED ARTISTS
From the book by ROBERT HICHENS

Movie Classic for November, 1936
Hollywood Highlights

—at RKO, young Mr. Gordon Jones was turned down by the casting department for the football picture The Big Game. They told him he wasn’t the type. P.S.—Three years ago, Mr. Gordon Jones was on the varsity football team of the University of California at Los Angeles.

—in Australia (just to prove Hollywood isn’t as whatever it is that it’s cracked up to be) they’ve just finished shooting an epic. The hero of the epic is a kangaroo. The film is the story of the kangaroo’s life, from mama’s pouch to his final fame as a circus boxing-freak. Even Hollywood wouldn’t do that. And never mind saying “it couldn’t.”

—Cecil B. DeMille, a director once described by Mr. Laughton as being sort of “cozy” with God, used to jingle gold coins in his pocket. At wits’ end (or is that possible) since the government called in all gold money, Cecie has finally had to console himself with silver dollars.

—to Inez Courtney goes the achieving of Hollywood’s strangest injury. She busted her own glasses on her own little monkey-wrench, with her own little racquet-wacquet while playing badminton. Kidding aside, it was lucky she didn’t blind herself—the glass, fortunately, didn’t hit her eyes. But her face is as full of plaster patches as a bargain bungalow after the first year.

—a year ago, fresh-skyrocketing to screen fame, Bob Taylor told me “I’ll never go for this Beverly Hills mansion splurge, these chromium-plated autos, and all that sort of stuff.” At the time, Bob lived in one of those little valley farm-houses, and had a dinky little car. Latest Taylor item: Bob, who now lives in a Beverly Hills house, took a just-received MGM bonus check and bought two new cars, one of which is simply “stupendous.”

Cafe Observation

Mind you, I didn’t go so far as to say that Paulette is going the way of all flesh—no, I mean the way of all those other once-famed Chaplin Leading Ladies, but I do know that the other night, in the Brown Derby, Charlie and Paulette were dining. It was a nice dinner, in three stages: First Stage: Charlie and Paulette chatted; Second Stage, Charlie and Paulette talked loud, fast and furious at each other; Third Stage, they finished the meal in silence. Isn’t it the first year that’s the hardest?

A Rudy Romance

Girl friend of Alice Fay’s on the coast insists that the romance between Rudy Vallee and Alice is as cold as an agent’s heart.

A radio gal named Niela Goodele is Rudy’s current heart and is wearing a ring—if that means anything.

Niela, by the by, is the exotic type—a la Fay Webb, and exotic girls are usually Rudy’s weakness.

Taboo

Repercussions, following the litigation over the custody of Freddie Bartholomew and Edith Fellows are reverberating over Hollywood and studio executives are secretly informing parents, guardians, et al, of other kids under contract that there must be no more court proceedings and the attendant unfavorable publicity.

Carriage, Please

Times have certainly changed in the picture world. Today top ranking stars at their various studios have their swank motor cars stand by to carry them from dressing rooms to sets. Ten years ago Gloria Swanson introduced that system at Paramount studios but Gloria used a real Atlantic City wheel chair

[Continued on page 70]
(Academy Award Winner)

VICTOR McLAGLEN

The MAGNIFICENT BRUTE

"A fighting fiend and a fool for blondes"

with Binnie Barnes, Jean Dixon, William Hall, Henry Armetta, Edward Norris

A UNIVERSAL PICTURE
from the LIBERTY MAGAZINE STORY "BIG"

Charles R. Rogers, Executive Producer
Edmund Grainger, Associate Producer

Directed by JOHN G. BLYSTONE

Movie Classic for November, 1936
ONCE upon a time—all of a year ago—a song writer cooked up a little ditty about a gal who was a “Latin from Manhattan.” The ditty won fame and posies for the song writer—and the Latin—but for one he-guy out in Hollywood it was just a pain in the neck.

Because why? Because this he-guy knows what it means to be a Latin with a “made-in-America” stamp and he’s just a little bored with it all. His name, as perhaps you’ve guessed, is Erik Rhodes. He is not a Latin. His father and his mother and his cousins and his aunts are Anglo-Saxon all the way back to there. His skin is fair, his hair light brown. He hails from Oklahoma. That last fact should settle the argument. Dyed-in-the-wool Latins do, on occasion, turn up in Manhattan, but out in Oklahoma you either—

--And Erik Rhodes got his wish. He’s really a formidable young man

Erik plays tournament tennis—he rides spirited jumping horses—he plays polo, although he nearly broke his neck

by

Ruth Penny

Movie Classic for November, 1936
Yes, it’s real news! And it’s perfect news for the millions of women who’ve been waiting for the secret of “natural” eye makeup. For with this startling scientific development of true-tone blended colors, WINX has made it possible for every woman to individualize her eye make-up according to her own particular type. Whether you are blonde, brunette, or titian . . . whether your eyes are blue, gray, or brown . . . you will find your true color scheme in WINX Eye Beautifiers. For all WINX colors have equalized tone values. They not only blend with your eyes and complexion—they actually blend with other WINX colors. Thus a Brown WINX mascara blends not only with the Brown WINX Eye Shadow and Eyebrow Pencil, but also with any other WINX color—be it even the Blue, Green, or Mauve Eye Shadow. In this, you have the secret of “natural” make-up. The face, the eyes, the brows, the lashes, colors—are blended into one harmonious, alluring picture. So try these new Blended WINX products today. Only with colors which blend with each other can you obtain “natural” eye make-up. On sale at your local department, drug, or 5 and 10 cent store.

WINX Eye Beautifiers
Loretta Young Answers

The Star of Ramona answers your queries—and selects the winner of this month's "Win a Telephone Call" Contest

by

The Inquiring Reporter

Congratulations to Jeane Malencheck of 905 Queen Street, Columbia, South Carolina.

Her question, "What is the most beautiful word you know?" has been selected by Loretta Young as the most interesting of all the thousands of questions submitted by Movie Classic readers—and she therefore is the winner of the long distance telephone call from the charming star of Ramona.

Again, congratulations. By the time this appears in print the editor of this magazine will have arranged with the lucky winner the day and hour at which the telephone call will be placed.

Your questions had flooded Movie Classic's office in staggering numbers long before the closing date of this contest. There were, of course, many duplications but almost without exception they reflected real thought and I believe they have brought out much that is new and interesting about one of Hollywood's most popular players.

And so without further ado let's summon Loretta Young to take her place on our witness stand. Your questions will be found in blackface type. Her answers, in italics.

Q. When you have acquired enough money from your work in pictures to enable you to retire in comfort, would you retire or would you continue your work for the love of acting and fame?

A. I would retire. Acting in motion pictures is a fascinating work but I hope I have the courage to leave it while I am still young enough and eager enough to build a happiness that is based on something more tangible than a screen career. Motion picture stars are supposed to be envied in many ways. Their earning power is great and there is a certain satisfaction in fame—but honestly I do not believe that this profession of mine itself builds towards lasting happiness.

Q. Why did you seek so avidly to play the role of Ramona?

A. Because Ramona has always been one of my favorite stories. I have loved it ever since I first read it when I was about twelve years old—because Ramona is a romantic, sincere and honest character—and because I was anxious to face the challenge of technical.

Q. Do you feel that being a child star robbed you of a normal childhood?

A. I don't think so—although probably I am a very poor judge since if I have been robbed of a normal childhood, I would have no way of knowing it, the comparison being denied me.

Q. Do you plan to marry in the near future?

A. I have no matrimonial plans.

Q. What opinion did you form of Robert Taylor while you were playing opposite him in Private Number?

A. A very excellent opinion of a very charming gentleman.

Q. If you hadn't been blessed with beauty and talent for the theatre, what other vocation in life would you have selected?

A. I have no idea for I started acting before I was old enough to develop a definite interest in any other vocation.

Q. Do you like to travel?

A. Yes.

Q. In selecting your friends, just what qualities must they have?

A. Honesty, tolerance and a sense of humor.

[Continued on page 52]
“It’s wonderful,” says Loretta Young. “How you can use all the cosmetics you wish, yet keep your complexion exquisite with Lux Toilet Soap.”

It’s when stale rouge and powder choke the pores that Cosmetic Skin develops—dullness, tiny blemishes, enlarged pores. Lux Toilet Soap guards against this risk. Its ACTIVE lather goes deep into the pores, carries away every trace of dust, dirt and stale cosmetics.

When 9 out of 10 screen stars use Lux Toilet Soap to keep skin lovely, you can be sure it’s the right complexion care for you. Why don’t you try it?
Hormel Offers A Thousand Prizes for Speed Cooking

SPEED and efficiency become more and more the keynote of today's culinary achievements. Women are no longer merely interested in the appetizing qualities of a recipe—the little time and effort required come in for a large share of applause.

How to cook quickly those nutritious dishes which at the same time appeal to the male palate is a constant problem. Now Hormel, makers of those delicious soups I so often recommend, has come forward with a plan to construct a splendid meal—rapidly—with soups as the foundation. Not one iota of goodness has been sacrificed. On the contrary, the added soup flavor enhances the richness of recipes.

To reward your interest, there are one thousand and eleven prizes offered—from an all-expense tour to Hollywood—to handsome, handmade luncheon sets—and all you need do is try out speed cooking with Hormel Soups and write in your opinion! They have prepared, for the first month's contest, a complete menu, sponsored by Joan Bennett, for you to serve, and two recipes are presented for your first experience with speed cooking. Here they are!

**VEGETABLE-BEEF PIE**
1 can Hormel Vegetable-Beef Soup
2 tbls. butter
2 tbls. flour
cup of leftovers
Bisquick pastry

Blend the butter with flour, and add soup. Pour in a cupful of leftovers such as diced meat, carrots, peas, or potatoes. Cook and stir until slightly thick. Pour into a pie plate and cover with Bisquick pastry, cut in rounds. Bake in a hot oven—450 degrees—until brown.

**TOMATO CRÈME SALAD**
2 tbls. granulated gelatin
3 tbls. cold water
1 can Hormel Cream of Tomato Soup
1 tsp. Worcestershire Sauce
2 pkgs. Cream Cheese
4 tbls. cream
1 tbls. mayonnaise
1 tsp. salt
1 additional tbls. gelatin
2 additional tbls. cold water

Soften gelatin in cold water. Dissolve it in hot Cream of Tomato Soup. Add Worcestershire Sauce. Blend Cream Cheese, cream, mayonnaise, and salt. Add additional gelatin softened in additional cold water and dissolved over steam.

Pour 1/2 tomato mixture into freezing tray and chill five minutes. Pour Cheese mixture on top and chill until set. Add rest of tomato mixture, and chill until firm. Cut in squares or fancy shapes and serve on beds of crisp lettuce.

Give one or both of these recipes a try-out in your kitchen today. You'll be eager to write the letter of not more than a hundred words explaining "Why I Like Speed Cooking With Hormel Soup." You will discover the many advantages of this new type of cookery that so aptly fits into the scheme of our present day world.

The prizes are well-worth striving for. First of all there is a free trip to Hollywood, to be entertained by Movie Classic at the studios. The lovely Walter Wanger star, Joan Bennett, will be your hostess at luncheon. That, in itself, will be an unforgettable thrill, for a date with the star of such pictures as *Big Brown Eyes*, *Two Is A Crowd*, and *Wedding Present*, is an event that comes once in a lifetime.

In addition, of course, you'll see Hollywood in all its glory.

The other prizes will delight feminine hearts the world over. Five beautiful Bemus wrist watches for men or women are waiting for five fortunate winners; five de luxe Hospitality Tray Sets to serve you; and a thousand handmade luncheon sets in gay, merry hues to lend color to the next parties of a thousand different women.

Now for the rules. Simple—easy—and fun!

1. Try either one or both of the recipes shown here. You need not serve the whole menu unless you wish.
2. Write a letter of 100 words or less telling "Why I Like Speed-Cooking With Hormel Soup."
3. Send your letter with the label from one can of any Hormel soup (or a facsimile), and the name and address of your grocer to Contest Department, George A. Hormel & Co., Austin, Minnesota.
4. The contest closes midnight of November 10, 1936, and entries cannot be accepted after that date.

*See recipes for these dishes

Joan Bennett invites you to be her luncheon guest in Hollywood!

**JOAN BENNETT'S MENU**
Hormel Chicken Broth
Melba Toast
Vegetable Beef Pie
Buttered Corn
Tomato Crème Salad
Toast or Coffee

**By Dorothy Dwan**
5. The 1,011 best letters, in the opinion of judges appointed by Hormel, will win the prizes. Judges' decisions will be final. In case of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded. Winners will be notified as soon as possible after contest closes.

6. All entries become the property of Hormel, and will not be returned. Contest not open to Hormel employees or members of their families.

Go to the grocer who handles Hormel Soups and ask for the free menu and recipes for the Joan Bennett Contest Luncheon, and other assistance which may help you win a prize. Tell him if you win, he wins the same prize you do!

At Your Service

Serve the Dishes That Grace the Tables of Our Leading Film Stars!

Imagine owning a complete cook book of film stars' recipes! Now you may have this splendid collection of favorite dishes—for only fifteen cents! Printed on heavy stock, size 8½ x 11 inches, and punched for loose leaf cookbook cover, this assemblage of approximately one hundred kitchen tested dishes, selected by noted celebrities, is just the thing to increase your popularity as a hostess.

Movie Classic has made this offer possible through the efforts of its Home Economics editor, Dorothy Dwan, herself a noted film player whose hobby is cooking. Scan this list of stars and their recipes!

Margaret Sullavan's Tasty Puddings
Heather Angel's Salads
E. G. Robinson's Honey Recipes
Savory Ham Dishes from Gloria Stuart
Raquel Torres' Mexican Dishes
Andy Devine's After Dinner Snacks
Sally Eilers' Appetizing Leftovers
Cottage Cheese Delights from Binnie Barnes
Mae Clarke's Favorite Cakes
Adrienne Ames' Apple Recipes
Valerie Hobson's Casserole Dishes
Raisin Recipes from Noah Beery, Jr.
Pinky Tomlin's Hot Breads

Address your letters to Dorothy Dwan, Movie Classic's Food Editor, 7046 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, Calif. ENCLOSE 15¢ IN STAMPS OR COINS.

SPECIAL OFFER!

60¢ VALUE FOR ONLY 39¢
Cashmere Bouquet Lotion, 50¢
Cashmere Bouquet Soap, 10¢
Both for 39¢

TO INTRODUCE OUR MARVELOUS NEW
Cashmere Bouquet LOTION

Never have you used a lotion that keeps your hands and face so satiny-smooth, alluring!

Y ou will prefer Cashmere Bouquet Lotion, first because it is so much more soothing! Its healing ingredients smooth your skin at once. Chapped, red-looking hands grow soft and whiter, as if by magic ... even with one application of Cashmere Bouquet Lotion.

Then, you'll prefer it too, because it vanishes quickly and completely ... never leaves the slightest feeling of stickiness! You can pull on your gloves without any difficulty, immediately after using Cashmere Bouquet Lotion.

And last ... but certainly not least ... you'll adore the fragrance of this lovely creamy lotion. It is lightly scented with the famous Cashmere Bouquet perfume ... the same costly, lingering perfume used in Cashmere Bouquet Soap!

So use Cashmere Bouquet Lotion regularly. Every time you wash your hands, and always before exposure to cold, wintry winds. Use it on your face, too ... at night before you go to bed, and as a powder base during the day.

Why not put one of these attractive bottles of Cashmere Bouquet Lotion on your dressing table right away?

GET THIS INTRODUCTORY OFFER AT YOUR DRUG OR DEPARTMENT STORE!
Remember, for limited time only!

Movie Classic for November, 1936
My Face Leads A Double Life

says

Gloria Stuart

In which a lovely picture star makes a personal appearance

by

Alison Alden

ONE of her acquaintances would accuse lovely Gloria Stuart of being "two-faced"—yet Gloria herself maintains she is just that. "My camera face is studio property, to make up or even mar up with cosmetics as they see fit," she explained. "My other face, the face I present to my husband and friends, is my own responsibility. Perhaps that is why I take more personal interest in the care of my skin and hair than I do in camera make-up."

Gloria was in her dressing room at Universal Studios where she is starring in Rich and Reckless when I arrived to interview her. While she ate her lunch and studied her script, a hairdresser was dexterously arranging an intricate coiffure. Actresses of the screen always seem to accomplish an amazing number of things at once, and one of the things is pretty sure to be with an eye to beauty.

When I asked Gloria for the secret of her flawless skin, there was no reproachful I-came-this-way look from her! On the contrary, she was as candidly enthusiastic about her discoveries in beauty aids as any young woman who is determined to make the most of her good features.

Distinctly an experimenter, she loves to try new cosmetics, creams, oils and lotions, and by the process of elimination has evolved a routine of care best suited to her type skin which is of an extremely delicate texture and coloring.

If your skin is of the inclined-to-be-dry type, then the procedure followed by this beautiful star will be doubly interesting, because it is to combat dryness that her routine has been evolved.

"The removal of old-type picture make-up required Herculean effort, and subjected the skin to harsh cleansing processes," Gloria told me. "However, the new panchromatic make-up now in use by the studios is easily washed off with soap and water, which solves, for an actress, an important problem in the care of her skin."

"In removing street make-up I use a very light cleansing cream to prepare my face for its oil and soap bath, a little invention of my own. This facial bath is started with the application of two oils mixed in equal parts, to lubricate and soften my skin, which I allow to remain on about ten minutes. Then over the oils I apply a rich lather of soap, either a bland white or a medicated soap, and rub my face briskly with a soft-bristled complexion brush. With the oils and soap still on, I step into my shower and rinse my face under the needle spray, gradually lowering the temperature to a final dash of cold water that closes the pores. I have found the combination of oils and soap just the right treatment for my skin."

Although Gloria uses a white, unscented soap for her face, with a feminine fondness for perfume she prefers a fragrantly

Continued on page 64]
GIVE A
"FACE POWDER PARTY"!

See If You and Your Girl Friends Use the Right Shade of Face Powder

By Lady Esther

You're sure about the shade of face powder you use, aren't you? You're convinced it's the right shade for you, or you wouldn't use it. Your girl friends feel the same way about the shades they use. Each is certain she uses the right shade.

All right—I'll tell you what I'll do: I'll let you hold a "face powder party" at my expense. What's that? Well, it's a party at which you can have a lot of fun and, at the same time, learn something of great value. You can hold this party at home or you can hold it at the office during lunch hour.

The Test That Tells!

Here's what you do: First, send for all five shades of my Lady Esther Face Powder, which I offer you free. Then call in several of your girl friends. Try to get girls of different coloring—blondes, brunettes and redheads.

Let each girl select what she thinks is her best shade of face powder. Have her try that shade on. Then, have her "try on" all the other four shades.

Let the rest of you act as judges while each girl tries on the five shades.

Then, see how right or wrong each girl has been! Note that in most cases, if not in all, the shade of face powder that proves the most becoming is not the one the girl selected. On the contrary, you'll probably find that the shade that proves most flattering to a girl is one she would never think of using at all.

You can instantly tell which shade is most becoming to a girl. It immediately makes her stand out—makes her look her youngest and freshest. The other shades, you will observe, have just the opposite effect. They make her look drab and years older than she really is.

Why Look Older Than You Really Are?

It's amazing the women that use the wrong shade of face powder. I see evidences of it on every side. Artists and make-up experts also bemoan the fact.

There is one and only one sound way of telling your most becoming shade of face powder and that is by trying on all five shades as I have described above. Trying to select a shade of face powder according to "type" is all wrong because you are not a "type," but an individual. Anyone knows that a blonde may have any one of a number of different colors of skin while a brunette may have the same. So, trying to match a "type" is fundamentally unsound if not impossible, and may lead to some weird effects.

Prove My Principle!

Be sound, be practical, in the selection of your shade of face powder. Use the test method as I have described above. Clip the coupon now for all five shades of my Lady Esther Face Powder. I will also send you a 7-days' supply of my Face Cream.

Movie Classic for November, 1936
Ginger has fooled us long enough. We're going to tell on her—and that telling is going to amaze you! If you want to be "in the know" about today's most famous star you'll read the exciting scoop story in November

**SCREEN BOOK**

HOW JEANETTE MACDONALD and GENE RAYMOND

Full In Love!

Their first meeting was as funny as it was unconventional. Their romance is unusual and thoroughly un-Hollywood! Read all about it in Screen Book's exclusive story.

Don't miss Worm's-Eye View of Nelson Eddy, in which his private secretary gives us another view of the romantic singer.

Do you know how John Boles proposed to Mrs. Boles? How Robert Young and Gary Cooper popped the question? How Movie Stars Propose is a vivid and entertaining account of the unique ways our most famous stars acquired their better halves. These are only a few of the stories which cram to the gills the November issue of

THE SHOW WINDOW

by Eric Ergenbright

**EXCELLENT**

CHINA CLIPPER—A roaring drama of the airways, conceived and played on a heroic scale which will fire the imagination of any audience. The story depicts the rise of commercial aviation, the flight of its pioneers to make flying safe and to expand their service. It traces the birth of a great dream and follows its dramatic development from the humblest of beginnings to the—Chinav Clipper. Crammed to the gunwales with exciting action, played brilliantly by an unusually capable cast headed by Pat O'Brien, Humphrey Bogart, Henry B. Walthall, Ross Alexander and Beverly Roberts, it is entertainment with a capital "E." Moreover, it is a picture that every boy should see for it has the inspirational quality of Lindbergh's flight. **Warner Brothers.**

SWING TIME—Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers, already the most popular team in screen history, will gain an army of new admirers by virtue of this ultra-entertaining extravaganza. **Swing Time** has everything—delightful dance numbers, engaging music, a satisfactory if not a strong plot, and uproarious comedy.

Comparisons are usually odious, but what better or more understandable manner of reviewing an Astaire-Rogers picture is there than to compare it with their previous productions? This is, with the possible exception of **Top Hat,** their best to date.

Astaire dances a routine in black-face that is particularly outstanding. In it, he takes advantage of Hollywood's camera magic to dance with his own shadow. The

Unbiased reviews of the new screen offerings

Ross Alexander, Pat O'Brien and Humphrey Bogart in a scene from China Clipper, a stirring story of the airways

Fred Astaire, Eric Blore and Ginger Rogers in Swing Time—and it's one of the best Astaire-Rogers pictures to date

Barton Maclane stars in Disaster—Courage, a tense drama based on the Nova Scotia mine disaster

Movie Classic for November, 1936
result is spectacular. His dances with Ginger Rogers, three in number, have more rhythmic charm than ever before. Ginger Rogers has become a very great dancer and carries a greater share of every routine than she did in their earlier pictures. Victor Moore, Helen Broderick, and the inimitable Eric Blore reap a rich harvest of laughs in the supporting cast. Betty Furness and Georges Metaxa are excellent in more serious roles. R-K-O-Radio.

PICADILLY JIM—And here is one of the smoothest, most entertaining comedy-dramas of the month, a tempestuous laugh-fest which hinges on the adventures of a ne'er-do-well American artist in stately London. The plot is too complicated to permit retailing so suffice it to say that it was authored by the inimitable P. G. Wodehouse and followed faithfully by its scenarists. And it offers one of the most rapid-fire barrages of laughs that this reviewer has seen in many a moon.

Robert Montgomery gives his best performance to date in the title role, but is forced to share laurels with Eric Blore, Frank Morgan, Billie Burke, Madge Evans and Robert Benchley. Put this one on your "must see" list. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

LAST OF THE MOHICANS—Faithfully adhering to James Fenimore Cooper's classic tale of Indian warfare in pre-Revolutionary days, this melodramatic offering qualifies for a preferred position on this month's bill of fare. The director, George B. Seitz, has wisely chosen to keep the action moving at a mile-a-minute pace and not once, from opening shot to final fadeout, does the excitement lag. Hand-to-hand fighting between painted braves and white scouts, a mass attack on Fort William Henry, wilderness adventures, and a satisfactory love story highlight the plot. Adults will enjoy it; the kids will love it.

Randolph Scott, Henry Wilcoxin, Binnie Barnes, Heather Angel and Bruce Cabot share the acting laurels. United Artists.

LADY BE CAREFUL—And here, fellow laugh-addicts, is another of the sprightliest comedies of the season, a fast-moving, chuckle-laden tale of a dashing sailor's assault on the heart of a gal who is reputed to be love-proof. Lew Ayres scores triumphantly as the romantic pride of the navy whose amorous prowess is backed by all the coin his pals can muster. Mary Carlisle is excellent as the heart-broken Hamnah of Panama whose ice-bound heart melts under the fire of his attentions. Benny Baker is a riot as the side-kick of the hero and Larry Crabbe gives his best performance to date as the arrogant marine who wooed and lost and bet.

This one is grand entertainment. Paramount.

FOLLOW YOUR HEART—For many reasons this is one of the month's more important offerings. It marks Marilyn Talley's debut as a screen star; it establishes Michael Bartlett as a personality of real importance; it is the most magnificent production ever attempted by an independent studio—and last but far from least it is a great picture, entertaining and artistic.

Music, of course, is the predominant factor—and never has a more cunning selection of numbers been made. Miss Talley, in magnificent voice, sings several operatic arias. With Michael Bartlett, whose voice seems better than ever, she sings the duet from Les Huguenots. The Hall Johnson negro choir is superb in two folk songs and Clarence Muse, the great negro bar-

[Continued on page 68]
Now You're Talking

The readers' page, whereon they are urged to express their frank opinions of pictures and players—and MOVIE CLASSIC

$15 Letter
We Told You So—During my vacation I experienced a thrill that rarely comes to us movie fans. I entered the holy of holies, the sanctuary of the gods, I walked in awe with timid steps upon Hollywood's most sacred ground, LOCATION.

A friend was my magic genii. It was he who from a discreet distance showed me two prefabricated old, tired, immobile Oriental faces. Faces, noted for their plasticity and expressiveness. Faces that have brought both tears and thrills to movie audiences now hidden beneath masks of Oriental grimness and the deft touches of the make-up man.

You guessed it. They were Paul Muni and Luise Rainer prepared for their roles in Good Earth. It was in those brief moments of my visit that I realized how much care and work goes into one movie. I saw Luise Rainer as she patiently practiced her technique of scything the stalks in the violent field. I saw Paul Muni rehearse one simple scene seven times before both he and the director felt satisfied.

It was a wonderful experience that gave me a deeper appreciation of the money, time, endurance, patience and precision that must go into the making of a single movie.—Helen Velit, Columbus, Ohio.

$10 Letter
A WOOER, A CHEAT AND A BORE
I like movies bloody and gory; Also musical shows I attend; I go for a mushy love story.

Where the boy gets the girl in the end.
But spare me those movies purporting To tell about marriage and more.

Because in such movies the cast will be sporting.

A wooer, a wife and a bore.

I like sequences shot in the tropics.

Where an Englishman can't stand the gaff, Or a newsrel with current news topics, Or a comedy film for a laugh.

But spare me a movie pertaining To marital rifts. It's a fea-

To get me to sit through a picture containing

A husband, a lover, a cheat.

Oh, give me a movie with action

With cowboys or gunmen or both. Where the hero gets full satisfaction By besting the villainous cat.

But spare me the treasured pleasure

Triangular—mirroring life.

That deals with these three in big measure—

A husband, a lover, a wife.

-Ontake E. Reed, 1629 Baylis, Detroit, Mich.

$5 Letter
A Family Balance Wheel—I am one of those mothers who has to count the pennies these times and to study carefully where

Meet Craig Reynolds. Hollywood is acclaiming him as one of the most promising candidates for stardom in any a moon and he's such an obliging young fellow that he aims to make the prophesies come true and how they must be spent to do the most good. Our budget sometimes has to be stretched to the breaking point to get everything in.

But, with all our rigid economy, we have not carried it to the extent that we have deprived ourselves or our two children of the movies. We try to squeeze out at least one picture a week for all of us and sometimes we make it two.

We feel that the movies are a sort of balance wheel for the whole family and that they contribute greatly towards keeping us sane and hopeful. We tried getting along without them for several months thinking that we could not afford them, but we found ourselves becoming unusually irritable, depressed, and more likely to get on one another's nerves, so we included them in our budget again.

And it paid real dividends, too, in better tempers and calmer nerves. We found we were all better able to face our troubles with confidence in our ability to overcome them. So we advise the thousands of other families laboring under financial difficulties similar to ours, not to exclude the movies from your budgets. Our experience has conclusively proved to us that it is very poor economy to do so.—Mrs. C. W. Raymond, Parkersburg, W. Va.

$1 Letter
Taint Fair—I wonder, as many other picture fans do, why the photographs shown in theatre lobbies and newspaper ads are, so many times, not seen in the actual showing of the picture.

We feel, thousands of us, that this is a kind of fraud that can and should be stopped. Where, as in this state, a rigid film censorship is established, there is a constant fear that a vitally important part of the picture has been deleted.—Anna E. Johnson, 1530 Shelly Street, Youngstown, Ohio.

Double Features Again—After reading and hearing many and varied kicks about the pseudo-popular "Double-Feature" I moved to offer an extra and to my mind, most important argument against it.

Looking back over months of attending double-feature shows, I find that, almost invariably, one of the features spoiled the enjoyment of the other. Often the second "feature" was not a feature at all but a padded "quickie." Of course the added expense on the billing turned out to be more interesting than the leading attraction causing me to leave the theatre feeling that I had been defrauded. And in a few cases where both aspects played, I still had the after-effect of being mentally and emotionally "over-stuffed."

I realize with the double-feature arrangement, it is almost impossible to time one's arrival to coincide with the beginning of a play—so that in a double-feature house, one joins a mob of jumping-jacks that never come to rest.

Let's hope that the quantity soon yields to quality in movie entertainment; hysteria to common sense and theavec Pelletier, 3218 S. Jefferson Ave., St. Louis, Missouri.

Virility Demanded—It is no secret that the majority of movie fans and theater-goers are women, and the women as a group seem pretty well satisfied with movies as they are. But I think it is time to realize that there should be a standard to which the rest of the public know how we make films suffer when watching a performance with some mollycoddle as leading man.

If the ladies must have plenty of romance in the plays, let's have more of Clark Gable, who can be romantic without getting mushy. If they like exciting movies, as most men do, what's wrong with Jimmy Cagney as a leading man? Clark Gable is distinctively a man's man; so is Cagney. In their acting, both are the good, hard-headed, "umphsored" type of leading men that every red-blooded person—and certainly, every man—admires.

So, here's a plea to the movie producers. Let's have more movies that will prove enjoyable for men as well as for women.

In my opinion, the one way to go about this is to have more films with two-listed stars like Cagney and Gable in the leading rôles.—J. E. Camp, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

Clues For the Newcomers—I don't know whether to say "Hats off to the new stars," or "Hats off to a new mode of directing."

Anyway it is such a pleasant relief to watch some of our new stars, with their calm, natural, easy and seemingly unaffected talent.

Bob Taylor and Fred MacMurray are getting most of the headlines right now, but there are others too, quite a few in fact, who are giving us this kind of acting.

Is it a new era, new style, or what?

I think some of the more experienced stars should try some of this—what-ever-it-is before long and quit giving us all GREAT acting! I can't think of anything on the screen more disgusting, and we do see, oh! so much of that. Am I being sarcastic? Well, I call it this tough love, but what I really want to say is—"Come on you new actors and actresses, more power to you. We like what you are giving us;"—Mrs. D. L. Bolan, Bogue Chitto, Mississippi.
To Our Readers

FOR a number of years Movie Classic has been giving its readers the final word through the medium of prize letters. It was a grand game, enjoyed by readers and editorial staff alike and it is with mingled feelings of joy and regret that we hand out the final prizes and start a new game.

You will still have the final word and your opinions will be printed in this department but NOT in the form of prize winning letters.

Fan Clubs have been asking us to give them recognition in Movie Classic. A checkup reveals that more than fifty thousand of our readers belong to movie fan clubs and Fifty Thousand Readers Can't Be Wrong!

Beginning with the December issue of Movie Classic, this department will be dedicated to fans in general and fan clubs in particular. Official clubs, meaning those recognized and sponsored by the stars in whose honor they are conducted, will be listed alphabetically until we reach the final Z, even if it takes many months. After that, new clubs forming will be listed each month.

News from the various clubs will be printed. We want to know all about your activities, your aims, your hopes, your ambitions and even your troubles. We hope to act as an arbitrator between you and the studios, the stars and exhibitors.

In addition to this department, Movie Classic will carry one interview every month, covering any star selected by the fan clubs for that month. Since there are two large fan club organizations, The Federation of Fan Clubs and The Fan Club Guild, we will permit them to take turns selecting the star to be so interviewed.

The department will be conducted by Harmony Haynes and the star selected each month will be interviewed by her.

Miss Haynes asks your cooperation in making this department one of the best, and urges you to write her giving your ideas of what you would like in such a department.

All this fan club chatter does not mean that fans not belonging to clubs will be ignored or neglected. This department also belongs to them and they are urged to take part in it at all times.

The first shot has been fired! The game is already under way. Come on! Get in it!

Quickly CORRECT THESE FIGURE FAULTS
PERFOLASTIC NOT ONLY CONFINES...IT REMOVES UGLY BULGES!

If You Do Not REDUCE Your Waist and Hips 3 INCHES in 10 DAYS

...it will cost you nothing!

THOUSANDS of women owe their slim, youthful figures to this sure, safe method of reducing. No strenuous exercises to wear you out...no dangerous drugs to take...and no diet to reduce face and neck to wrinkled flabbiness!

APPEAR SMALLER AT ONCE!

You not only appear inches slimmer the moment you put on your Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere, but every second you wear them, you are actually reducing without any effort on your part—and at just those spots where surplus fat first accumulates.

Past results prove that we are justified in making you this remarkable offer. We do not want you to risk one penny—simply try the Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere for 10 days at our expense and prove to yourself what they will do for YOU!

"REDUCED MY HIPS 12 INCHES, "Writes Miss Richards

"Lost 60 pounds," says Mrs. Derr.

"Used to wear size 42—now take size 18," says Mrs. Faust. These are just a few examples of the astounding reductions experienced by Perfolicast wearers.

TEST...The Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere at our expense!

MASSAGE-LIKE ACTION REDUCES QUICKLY

With every move you make the massage-like action takes off unwanted inches. You do nothing except watch the fat disappear. All the while you are so comfortable you can hardly believe you are actually reducing. Because of the perforations and soft, silky lining, Perfolicast is delightful to wear.

SEND FOR FREE TRIAL OFFER AND SAMPLE OF MATERIAL!

See for yourself the wonderful quality of the material! Read the astonishing experiences of prominent women who have saved in this FREE BOOKLET. You risk nothing...we want you to make this test at OUR expense. Mail the coupon NOW!

PERFOLASTIC, Inc.
Dept. 731, 41 East 42nd St., New York City

Please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Under Brassiere, also sample of perforated material and particulars of your 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

Name ____________________________
Address ___________________________
City ____________________ State ___________

Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Penny Postcard.

Movie Classic for November, 1936

25
FOUR MORE GREAT HITS FROM 20th CENTURY-FOX

IN THE NEW PERFECTED TECHNICOLOR

RAMONA

with
LORETTA YOUNG
DON AMECE • KENT TAYLOR
PAULINE FREDERICK • JANE DARWELL
KATHERINE DE MILLE • JOHN CARRADINE
and a cast of thousands
Directed by Henry King
Executive Producer, Sol M. Wurtzel
Based on the novel by Helen Hunt Jackson

SHIRLEY TEMPLE

in
DIMPLES

with
FRANK MORGAN
HELEN WESTLEY • ROBERT KENT • ASTRID ALLWYN
DEMA BYRON • THE HALL JOHNSON CHOIR
STEPIN FETCHIT
Directed by William A. Seiter
Associate Producer, Nunnally Johnson

Janet GAYNOR
Loretta YOUNG
Constance BENNETT
in
LADIES IN LOVE
with
Simone SIMON
DON AMECE • PAUL LUKAS
TYRONE POWER, JR. • ALAN MOWBRAY
Directed by Edward H. Griffith
Associate Producer, B. G. DeSylva
Based on the play by Ladislaus Bus-Fekete

PIGSKIN PARADE

It's a "triple threat" of girls, music, and laughter!
With a Cast Picked for Entertainment

STUART ERWIN • JOHNNIE DOWNS
ARLINE JUDGE • BETTY GRABLE
PATSY KELLY • JACK HALEY
YACHT CLUB BOYS • DIXIE DUNBAR
TONY MARTIN • JUDY GARLAND

Directed by David Butler
Associate Producer, Bogart Rogers

26 Movie Classic for November, 1936
Soaring to greater heights with each new screen appearance, Jeanette MacDonald, from a humble beginning as a dancer in a New York stage production, has made herself one of the cinema's really outstanding personalities. On-screen, she will follow her sensational triumph in San Francisco by co-starring with Nelson Eddy in the operetta, Maytime. Off-screen, she has at last forsworn her belief that marriage and career are incompatible and has announced her engagement to Gene Raymond. They will be married in the near future.

Photo by Clarence Bull
Hollywood is the

by

Paul Muni

as told to Gladys Hall

Hollywood is, literally, the melting pot of the world. When men of all nations rub elbows with us here—when an Einstein and a Marconi, a Wells and a Walpole, a Lindbergh and the princes of England and Sweden fraternize with us, work with us, play with us—well—it's a fact—if you stay here long enough, if you sit, for instance, day after day in the famous commissary on the M-G-M lot, in the Green Room on the Warner Brothers' lot; if you are, especially, working in pictures in any capacity, the whole world passes you by—no, no, that's not what I mean to say—it doesn't pass you by—it stops and talks to you.

People have a habit of thinking of Hollywood in terms of an isolated group of movie actors with, at most, a sprinkling of directors, producers, script writers, cameramen and autographophiles thrown in for diversity. Nothing could be further from the truth. For here in Hollywood we rub, not only elbows but brains, with the most eminent men in the world. With men of every calling; of every race, and from every walk of life. The Einsteins, the Marcons, the Wells and Shaws and Walpoles, Presidents and Princes... great aviators, engineers, bacteriologists, chemists, inventors, explorers, economists, sociologists, lardarians, artists, authors... there is almost no one who does not come to Hollywood at one time or another, for one purpose or another. And those who come here come because they are passionately interested in the life and in the people here. They come to give and they come to take. They come willingly and eagerly and it is their ambition to be melted into the Hollywood stewing pot when they arrive.

The nations of the world meet and mingle here... Russians and Lithuanians, Poles, Czechs, Greeks—every nationality and members of every stratum of society and activity of every nation.

You do not have to take a boat and go places when you live in Hollywood. The ships of every port in the world dock here.

We are neighbors with the whole world... Rhodes brings us Africa... The Good Earth mixes us with the peoples of China... Thunder Over Mexico makes Mexico our next door neighbor in a deeper sense than the geographical... Tale Of Two Cities and Pasteur brought us France. We are cosmopolites. We wear coats of many colors. We speak with many tongues. We become brothers under the skin. We are the product of the Melting Pot. And in no other city in all the world...
World's Melting Pot

is it possible to meet and really to know the peoples of the world as one comes to know them here. For here they are not "On Parade." Think of it.... if you should go, say, to England... how much chance would you have of passing the time of day, almost any day, with H. G. Wells or Bernard Shaw? At most and best you might, if you were a journalist, be accorded a cut-and-dried half hour for an interview. How much chance would you have of meeting, of dancing with Prince George of England, with the King of Siam? You might stand on the curb and wave a hand at the Prince, en passant. But in Hollywood these very men have met and mingled with dozens, with hundreds of us. Formal introductions are not necessary. We meet them on the sets. We meet them while strolling around the lots, in the commissaries, at parties. Prince George of England was entertained at Pickfair and danced with people who would never have got near enough to kiss the royal hand anywhere else on earth.

They come to Hollywood, these men and women of all nations and all callings, because they seek to be initiated into the problems and mysteries of the Fourth Largest Industry. Or they come because they are curious to see and to meet the most publicized group of people in the world. They come to work with us. Or they come to play with us. And in either case they are eager to meet us. They want to talk to us. They are willing to share with us. They are eager to unburden the treasures of their brains, their accumulated experiences—their invaluable findings and conclusions. And they do.

I am, at the moment, on location with The Good Earth company. We are seated in bamboo chairs (brought from China) in the courtyard of "The Big House." Directly in back of us a Chinese gentleman is expounding the philosophy of Con...

[Continued on page 84]
I THINK I'm in love—
"I'm crazy about him, but—"
"Is this love or isn't it?"

So many girls—boys, too—make these statements, ask these questions and, with the statements unconfirmed, the questions unanswered, proceed on their puzzled way, step into matrimony and, so often—tragedy.

Joan and I, having tea in her dressing room, were discussing love. We were speaking of the many needless tragedies and heartbreaks which are perpetrated in the false name of love. We discussed the thousands of young girls and boys who are the victims of infatuation, physical attraction, whatever you choose to call it, and, thinking the biological urge is love, marry in haste and repent at leisure—often in great agony of spirit.

It would be, I said, of enormous help to girls if there were some signposts set along the way, if someone who had "passed that way before" could help them to determine whether they are really in love or merely dazzled by love's substitute: if they could be given a clinical thermometer to use on Cupid—some sort of tests to apply to their own bemused hearts.

I have an enormous admiration for Joan Crawford. Both as an actress and as a woman. More, perhaps, as a woman. I believe that whatever she has to say is worth your listening to. I have known her for years. I have watched her take the clay which is herself and with resolute, competent hands, mould it nearer to her heart's desire. She has made mistakes and hasn't whimpered over them. She has used them as building blocks, not stumbling stones. She has known pain and has turned it to profit. She has stood face to face with herself and with the hands of a skilled self-sculptress has made of a pretty girl, born with more liabilities than assets, a woman to be reckoned with. She never says, "I can't" but always, "I will." She is tolerant without being sentimental. She knows fear of nothing, neither death nor life—nor love. Her vision is not distorted. She looks love itself in the eye, strips off the gaudy trappings, makes sure she is offered bread and not a stone.

I'd listen to her if I were you.

She answered gravely when I asked her if she could suggest any ways of determining to her complete satisfaction whether love is love or a cheaper substitute. She said:

"Yes, I think I can. Girls should ask themselves one question first of all. It's this: Do I feel lonely any more?"

"That is the most vitally important question of all. That is a question only the individual herself can answer—but she can answer it. She knows. Because we have all experienced loneliness. We are all solitary little spirits—until we find real love, which is the only thing that can completely banish loneliness.

"We spend our lives, you know, trying to make people like us. Because their liking is warmth which penetrates a little our own natural isolation.

"Why do you suppose I shake and tremble when I face a crowd? Why do you suppose I inwardly quake before the
Are you really in love? Or are you blinded by a mere infatuation? Here are Joan Crawford's own rules for determining the true answer...

by

Gladys Hall

real, it must, first of all, be mutual. It must be two halves, two shares of a perfect and complete experience.

"I say that love, to be real, must be mutual. I believe that. Which means that I do not believe in 'unrequited love.' If you think that you are in a tragic state of unrequited love — snap out of it. There's no such thing. It is a silly, passionless passion conceived and perpetrated by the poets. You are not in love at all. You are a neurotic person who would be neurotic about something anyway. Unrequited love is enjoyed by masochists, not by lovers. Any normal person can overcome such an abnormality.

"I know that I am attacking a tenderly cherished, traditional theory—but I dare to smash it because it doesn't exist, save as a bugaboo in morbid minds.

"For love, real love, is healthy. Love is exuberant and full-bodied and lusty of spirit. It does not mope about in corners, repine through fretful hours, sigh and moan and make melancholy. That is not love at all—it's self-love. It is a state of feeling mawkishly sorry for yourself and—blaming it on someone else.

"There are so many fallacies about love. There is the kind of love which leads a man to try to make a girl over. Distrust that. The man who tries to make you over isn't worth a nickel. He falls in love with what you are, doesn't he? And if he tries to make you over he kills the thing he fell in love with.

"This works in the reverse, too. [Continued on page 68]
From radio comes an Italo-American to take his place as one of the most promising young stars in Hollywood

Ameche Makes His Bow

With Jean Hersholt in Sins of Man appeared a newcomer to the screen, with whose agreeable radio personality many of you were familiar. None of you knew his face. When it flashed on the screen, you found it as agreeable as his voice—dark, strong, yet with a marked quality of gentleness in its strength. Still you reserved judgment. He hadn't much to do in the early part of the picture, and you may have felt about his Swiss shorts as one lady did, who was heard murmuring: "Pull up your socks, Don. You're a big boy now."

Loretta Young and Don Ameche, as Ramona and Alessandro in the new screen version of Helen Hunt Jackson's immortal love story. Don's performance carried him to stardom...
The six beautiful girls who have ing ladies were all hailed as new have waned and fallen into profes wood seeks an an precede her as Chaplin's lead stars—but one by one they sional oblivion. And Holly swer to the riddle

PAULETTE GODDARD stands on the threshold of stardom. She is the seventh lovely lady whom Charlie Chaplin, the baggy-trousered genius of the screen, has elevated to such heights in the past thirteen years.

Like so many skyrockets, Paulette's predecessors have glittered momentarily in the cinematic heavens and then vanished forever into that limbo seemingly reserved for lost meteors and ex-Chaplin leading women.

Will the strange jinx which has doomed the other Chaplin discoveries relegate Paulette to oblivion?

The answer will soon be forthcoming as Chaplin is making preparations to produce and direct a picture starring the vivacious young beauty whom he recently married. He

performance, but it was a comparatively unknown actor, Adolphe Menjou, who stole the picture. From this unexpected beginning he became a screen sensation.

Chaplin was still determined to put the voluptuous, blonde Edna across. He cast her for the lead in The Sea Gull. Josef von Sternberg, an unknown director, had just made a picture, Salvation Hunters, at the astounding low cost of $5,000. Chaplin was intrigued by the picture, acclaimed von Sternberg a genius, and engaged him to direct the second Purviance starring vehicle. Something misfired. The picture was not released. It was junked. And so was Edna's starring career. She faded from the screen. Her fickle followers transferred their affections to other film luminaries. Today [Continued on page 96]

Can Paulette Goddard Beat The Chaplin Jinx:

will not appear in it. Hollywood anxiously awaits the outcome. Keen observers predict that Paulette stands a better chance to banish the jinx than the other ill-fated ladies who basked in Chaplin's favor. They insist that she has superior talent and greater charm. They point to her performance in the recent Chaplin picture, Modern Times, and recall the critics' praises. They predict flustering success when she blooms as a star in her own right.

However, the same brave prophecies were uttered in behalf of Virginia Cherrill, Myrna Kennedy, Georgia Hale, Edna Purviance, Mildred Harris and Lita Grey. They too had their fleeting interval on the Hollywood heights. Today they dwell in obscurity.

The chronological history of the doomed beauties in Chaplin's life begins back in 1923 when he decided to launch Edna Purviance as a star. Three years previously Edna had played the feminine lead with Chaplin in that classic of the silent screen, The Kid. And even before that she had supported Chaplin in a number of short comedies. Chaplin and Jackie Coogan won immortal fame in The Kid, and Edna's performance, although excellent, was overshadowed. Being a fair-minded individual and honestly believing the time opportune for Edna to win a following of her own, Chaplin produced A Woman of Paris. It was a magnificent screen achievement for 1923. Edna contributed a splendid

by Lew Garvey
ON A HUGE, modernistic night-club set of Swing Time, handsome Georges Metaxa, playing an orchestra leader, lifts his baton. The orchestra responds with the first strains of a new Jerome Kern waltz. Fred Astaire takes Ginger Rogers in his arms and they glide across the gleaming floor.

The melodic music pulses with rhythm that no waltz ever had before. And, dancing to that music, Fred and Ginger create a new rhythm that waltzing never has had before.

It is their supreme dancing duet. It is—"Waltz in Swing Time"....

"I think this waltz will sweep them off their feet," says Fred, in an amazingly un-Astaire-like burst of confidence. Then he retreats: "I mean, I hope it will. I've had the idea a long time. I've wanted to do a hot waltz for years... No, 'hot' isn't the word. You can't really get hot, doing a waltz. It doesn't ring true. But you can get super-rhythm into it.... What delayed it this long was that I couldn't get the tune I wanted, until Jerry Kern wrote this.

"A Viennese waltz is beautifully languid"—he illustrates, with a slow left-and-right motion of his hand. "One-two-three, one-two-three. But this has a background of a swing. We are dancing at a four-four beat to music in three-four time. A fox trot in waltz time. While the music is going one-two-three, we are going one-two-three-four.

"In certain parts of the routine, we do some tapping. But just some. And part of the dance is ordinary waltzing. But it has a little more stuff, a little..."
Astaire

An exciting new dance—a waltz in swing time—Fred and Ginger dancing with a four-four beat to music in three-four time—and the world wanting to dance with them

more rhythm, a little more 'swing.' There's that word again. It is expressive.

As Fred and Ginger do the dance, it looks dazzlingly easy—for them, at least.

"It's easy for anyone to dance when music has swing to it," is Fred's answer. "That's why people are taking to swing music. But why are they so puzzled by the word 'swing'? It's just a new name for super-rhythm, for tempo with a high pulse-beat. I've had that type of music in all of my shows for years. I've needed it for the dances I've done. It isn't anything new. The word is new—that's all.

"And the word isn't so new, either. Two years ago, in Roberta, I had to say something to my band to pep them up for a hot number. 'What'll I say?' I asked the boys. 'Why, say, "Swing it",' they told me. So my line read, 'Come on, boys, let's swing it.' The expression was about a year old then."

But, in this year of grace, isn't the rhythm of swing music more accentuated than rhythm used to be?

"The style is more expert—that's certain. Hot tunes become stomp tunes. A good rhythm band, like Johnny Green's or Benny Goodman's, hits a marvelous peak of tempo. A good swing band makes the old-type jazz band sound a little ridiculous and passe. Like the word 'hot-cha.' A swing band glorifies rhythm."

Watching Fred, himself, glorify rhythm is one of the easiest things in the world. And imitating him is one of the hardest. Yet, seeing him, you want to try.

That is the amazing thing about him. He gives you illusions about yourself.

He makes you wonder about your feet. Aren't they good for anything except taking you on errands?

If they aren't, you never will admit it. [Continued on page 62]

by

James Reid

Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire, king and queen of rhythm, show you how to do one of the dances which will highlight their new picture, Swing Time
Meet Frances Farmer

Hollywood has already met her—but can’t make up its collective mind just what to think about a newcomer so self-confident and aggressive

by Harry Lang

The press-agent thought it’d be a grand idea to get some leg-pictures of Frances Farmer. You know who she is, don’t you? Or don’t you? Well, she’s that newcomer from Seattle, who won a newspaper contest there, and was signed by Paramount. As yet, you haven’t seen much of her on the screen. She isn’t, as yet, very well-known. That’s one reason why the press-agent thought it’d be a good idea to get some leg-pictures of her—bathing-suit stuff, you know.

Because leg-pictures are the press-agent’s open sesame to publicity. Editors fight for leg-pictures. And Frances Farmer needs publicity at this stage of her career. So the press-agent smiled at her on the set, the other day, and said:

“Miss Farmer, how about posing for some—er—ah—some bathing-suit art?”

Frances looked at him coolly. In fact, she looked at him frigidly. This unknown newcomer to films, who (theoretically, at least) should have fallen all over herself to get any kind of publicity break, simply froze the press-agent.

“Why,” she finally demanded, “should I pose for leg pictures? Ann Harding doesn’t!”

The press-agent felt like Joe Louis must have, in that second round. He took a nine-count. Then he came back for more.

“But—but,” he stammered, “other big stars do. Gladys Swarthout, and Jean Harlow, and . . .”

Frances waved an airy tut-tut.

“Oh, yes, I know,” she said. “but they can, if they want to.

I don’t think it’d be a good idea, though.”

And that was that. You’ll see no leg-pictures of Frances Farmer.

Now, the reason I tell you this little tale is because it shows, so graphically, what kind of girl this Frances Farmer is. She is a rank outsider, a brand-newcomer to films. Out of 1,000 girls in a similar spot, at least 999 would eagerly co-operate in anything and everything suggested for their career by some experienced person in Hollywood. But Frances is the thousandth. Frances knows very definitely what she wants—and what she doesn’t want—and she’s having her own way about it.

It makes a lot of people (like the press-agent, for instance) very, very mad at her. It leaves a lot of other people very much amazed at her gall. It leaves still others in a dither of admiration. The result is that Hollywood is divided into two camps about Frances Farmer—one side holding that she’s a great star-to-be; the other group insisting that she’s just a dizzy kid fresh out of school, who’ll be just another flash in the pan.

Frances Farmer herself holds with the first group.

Let me give you another picture of this girl, before I tell you who she is, what she is, and what she thinks . . .

I’ll give you the picture of her as I first saw her. Imagine, first, a tense moment on the stage where Come And Get It is being shot. The film is one of Sam Goldwyn’s biggest ventures. Edward Arnold stars in it. The director is Howard Hawks. Veteran of countless great film successes, a man to whom anybody in Hollywood will defer when it comes to film judgment. Picture Hawks, sitting in his directorial (Continued on page 86)
IN THESE pages MOVIE CLASSIC takes you behind the scenes in the great Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios to glimpse the activities of the "Men Behind the Scenes"—the technical and art workers whose skill made possible that great production, Romeo and Juliet. On the screen you saw the stars, Leslie Howard and Norma Shearer, re-enact the immortal romance of Verona—but few people realize the research and effort which made their rôles possible.

Before any one of the many spectacular sets was constructed, Metro's art directors prepared sketches to predetermine the desired effects. Above: Cedric Gibbons, M-G-M Art Director, and his aides check a finished set.

Above: Director George Cukor and Producer Irving G. Thalberg have an informal, on-set conference. They worked together for more than a year on production plans. Upper right: Prof. William Strunk, of Cornell University, who collaborated on the script.
The Ballroom

Most massive and spectacular of all the sets constructed was the great ball room of the Capulets. The sketch, above, shows the designer’s conception; the "still" on the right the finished product with the ball in progress.

Capulet’s Garden

No one seeing the picture will forget the beauty of the garden scenes. In designing the garden, Cedric Gibbons had to consider the action called for in the script as well as photographic quality and authenticity. His sketch (upper left) was the germ from which the finished garden (left) was finally evolved and constructed.

The Tomb

Mood was the goal of goals in creating the interior of the Capulet tomb where the picture’s most moving scenes were filmed. The sketch (above) was made after a study of actual mausoleums owned by historic Italian families. The finished set (right) varied but little from the architect’s first vision.
Costuming » » »

The creation of costumes involved months of research for every detail had to be absolutely authentic. On the left is glimpsed Adrian's sketch for a gown worn by Norma Shearer in the great ball room sequence.

Filming the Picture » » »

After more than 18 months of preparatory work, the sets were completed, the costumes were in readiness and the cast finally assembled. Months were spent on the picture. Two hundred thousand feet of film was shot — and the world hailed a new screen triumph. On the left Leslie Howard and Basil Rathbone are seen in the famous duelling scene. Below: the balcony scene.
ANY innocent looking young lady who can fool Hollywood is nobody's fool. In fact, she would be just about the smartest girl of the season. From personal experience I stand ready to nominate Simone Simon for such an honor.

The mere mention of her name makes my ears begin to tingle. I am positive I have never blushed in my life, but my cheeks turn a mental red every time I think about the neat way she fooled me, and a large part of Movietown while she was at it.

Simone arrived in town not very long ago from Paris. People were inclined to call her a "find"—the finder in this case being Winfield Sheehan, one-time head of Fox Films. But as a matter of fact, Simone Simon was a Parisian star of films, the joy of many a continental heart. She is not a novice in the movies, and neither is she the naive little girl you saw in Girls' Dormitory, the 20th Century-Fox picture which launched her American career.

Latest estimates of Simone's age place her at about twenty-two. We feel positive she is no younger than that, although she looks scarcely nineteen. Simone, whatever her age—and she won't tell—is alternately a sophisticated woman. (Continued on page 81)
The Lion and The Lamb

by sally martin

Presenting Jean Rogers, Universal player appearing in the Ace Drummond serials, and Jackie, famous movie lion, who makes his home at the California Zoological Society.

For her morning walk, Jean wears a stunning gray Persian lamb coat with a decided flare, tricorn muff and smart chapeau from Hollywood’s eminent furrier, Willard George.
LEFT: Anne Nagel (left) and Carol Hughes stop for a chat with the monkey. Anne is smartly attired in a brown angora suit with a plaid blouse while Carol chooses navy blue with a tailored sports coat.

RIGHT: Charming Anne Nagel, appearing in the Warner Bros. production "Loudspeaker Lowdown", has this lion cub for a pet. Anne wears a navy blue suit with a white embroidered batiste overblouse.

LEFT: Feeding the animals is half the fun of a zoo is Anne's opinion as she tosses a peanut into the open mouth of her well-trained friend. Anne wears a gray caramul coat and carries a smart silver fox muff from Willard George.

Photos by Scotty Welbourne taken at the California Zoological Society.
RIGHT: Black Persian lamb with stitching on collar, epaulets and pockets place this Willard George coat worn by Carol Hughes as definitely 1936. A black beret designed by Jacqueline Duval is smart.

RIGHT: Carol Hughes, featured by Warner Bros. in "Polo Joe" poses in a brown ensemble trimmed in brown caracul. Hat, Jacqueline Duval

ABOVE: Anne Nagel is charming in a brown chiffon frock with puff sleeves and full skirt, a gorgeous red fox cape and smart feather turban. Cape from Willard George, Hat, Helen Stepner, Molle-O of Hollywood
When Mrs. Crosby’s little boy, Harry, still wore short pants, he was the Scourge of Spokane. At least, he tried to be. No girls’ games for him!

He was usually out routing robbers or harrying the dreaded redskin, with a trusty shooting iron (or two) in hand. Day in, day out, day long, his mother was able to keep track of him by his battle-cry of “Bing! Bing!” And Mrs. Crosby had a sense of humor. When she wanted him, she would simply release on the outer air a soprano imitation of “Bing! Bing!” The rest of the family, also having a sense of humor, also took it up. In time, the call contracted to just one “Bing!” It became more than a call or a battle-cry; it became a name. And it stayed by him.

If he had been less of a boy’s boy, that never would have happened.

In her wildest dreams (if Mrs. Crosby ever had wild dreams), his mother never pictured him as an idol of the feminine of the species. He had all of the hair-ribbon-wearers in the neighborhood trained to run when they saw him—trained to run in the opposite direction. He didn’t like ’em, and they knew it. They had a word for him. “Horrid.” And he revelled in it. He had an unshakable belief that anyone who liked girls, and was liked by girls, was a sissy.

His mother always seemed to be after him to comb his hair and scrub his neck and try not to get mussed up. He developed another unshakable belief—that women didn’t like a man if he wasn’t dressed up. Which explained many things. It explained why, five minutes after a forceful scrubbing, he could manage to resemble a redskin who had bitten the dust. Why, five minutes after a combing, his hair could look like a mass of shredded straw. Why he hated neckties. Why he had a strange knack for getting rips in his best clothes, although nothing ever happened to his overalls or his cowboy suit, except dirt. And he wasn’t fussy about dirt.

But time marched on. The boy grew older. He outgrew the cowboy suit and the tin gun, even if he didn’t outgrow the...
That's the title Bing Crosby coveted—and earned—when he was a girl-hating kid in short pants. Today millions of girls write him adulatory letters—and he lives in fear that "the fellows" might consider him a "sheik." Meet the very informal Mr. Crosby

by

James Reid

Right: Bing and his eldest son, Gary Evan Crosby, take time off on the studio set for a lesson in horsemanship. It's a rare day that Bing's three youngsters don't visit their famous dad while he is at work.

Spokane

nickname. His voice changed and went downstairs. He graduated into long trousers and self-consciousness. Simultaneously, he became conscious that there were two or three girls in the world who might be worth knowing.

He didn't suddenly go girl-crazy; just girl-curious. Besides, it would be smart to have "dates" like his older brother, Larry. It would sort of emphasize his long trousers.

So he got himself a "date." He scrubbed himself, combed his hair, dressed up in his best. Shaking in his well-shined shoes, he pressed the girl's doorbell. They were going to the movies—on foot. On the way, he didn't know how to act with her, or what to talk about. She did most of the talking, and all of the acting.

The sight of the Scourge of Spokane all dressed up, and with...[Continued on page 73]
How You A Hollywood

Jackie Cooper’s two-bedroom dwelling is analyzed here by an architect as a model for the small family home

As an architect who has designed many homes, I freely admit that Hollywood can teach us all how to make a modest home extremely attractive. Nowhere else can you find such graceful living.

And the reason for this? Just this—these stars work in studios where the finest designers in the world are employed to make sets. Every secret of spending—and saving—money is known to these set builders. They can create gorgeous effects in decorating a bedroom, a lounge, a living room. The stars have taken advantage of what they see every day on the set.

The Editor of MOVIE CLASSIC pointed out an obvious opportunity here. Why not let its readers in on these secrets? Every homebuilder would like to learn how to make his home more enjoyable, provided it could be done economically. While many stars can afford to turn the decorator loose, carte blanche, most of the colony find pleasure and profit in working out their ideas in the simple, direct methods employed by studio artisans.

Our first example of good taste and economy is presented here in Jackie Cooper’s home. His parents, conserving his earnings, live simply but delightfully in a home you would like to own. It is small, yet commodious. It was not new when acquired, hence the changes made by Mr. and Mrs. Bigelow to transform the house into a lovely home makes this place doubly interesting. What they have done, you can do!

Living And Dining Rooms

The living room is thoroughly modern. The broad expanse of carpeting in a Burmah rose shade extends from the living room through the arch and into the dining room, making of these two rooms an harmonious unit.

Again, the walls of both rooms are done in lemon yellow, with touches of cobalt blue, adding to the harmony. The furniture, white painted, is our first lesson in economy plus beauty. Some of the furniture is upholstered in white leatherette, some in soft blue crash materials. The leatherette covering is washable—a big advantage. White painted furniture can slash furnishing costs to a remarkable figure, since the cost of furniture is in the wood and finishing.

In all small homes, it’s a problem to find seating capacity without cluttering up the room. Jackie Cooper’s home solves this nicely by built-in davenports. (See drawing).

These are easy to build. Wooden frames were constructed, springs installed, and upholstering [Continued on page 76]

By
Ralph E. Smalley
Can Enjoy Small Home

Sketch for Master Bed

Ultra-modern in design, the bed in Jackie's room, achieves the maximum in up-to-date comfort and beauty

Built-in Buffet

The built-in china closet conserves space and at the same time adds distinction to the blue and white dining room

Living Room and Entrance

The living room, unusually spacious, gains beauty and distinction by the use of Venetian blinds and slip covers

Floor Plan
Jackie Cooper's Home
Ocean Park, California

MOVIE CLASSIC begins here a series of unusual articles for the homemaker—showing how you can make use of the many money saving building and interior decoration plans which the stars have learned from the set builders of Hollywood.

The Editor.
Fate—Fame—and

A Quirk of Fate brought him to Hollywood—his own ability and the careful training that he had undergone since childhood carried him to stardom

by his mother
Mrs. Ruth Brugh
As told to James Reid

During his first few days at Pomona College, Robert Taylor went through a torment of loneliness. He had had a close pal at Doane College, back in Nebraska; here, no one cared whether he came or went. And he was only human; after the fuss that had been made over him at Doane, it was a rude shock to him to go totally unnoticed. But he never thought of quitting. Bob is not a quitter. There is too much Scotch tenacity in him for that.

He was instantly dubbed The Sheik and, apparently, dismissed as that. Because he was good-looking and dressed well, the other boys did not give him credit for having any brains. And because he was timid about making advances to people until he knew them, they had him down as aloof, conceited. He was always a little too backward; he still is. He never assumes that people will like him at first sight.

Then, gradually, they commenced to find out that he had a wonderful mind. Professor Robert Ross of the psychology department was the first to pick him up. He saw something in the boy. Then others discovered that he was good in oratory, in dramatics, in music, in sports, in his studies. It took a little time, but it finally happened.

Dr. Brugh and I, fifteen hundred miles away, did not know about his early terrors at Pomona. All we knew was that he had been there two weeks when he was chosen to play the lead in a campus play. “Guess it doesn’t make much difference where we put that boy!” his father commented, dryly.

Robert never talked much about his acting in high school or college but he says now that he used to imagine sometimes that he would be an actor. He did not think of Hollywood, however, any more than we did. By the time he arrived at Pomona, he had decided pretty definitely on a business career. He had made up his mind then that he would not be a doctor like his father, but would go into the financial world.

He was so interested in his work that he stayed at Pomona six weeks after the end of his first year there to take special studies with Professor Ross. Then he came back to Nebraska for the rest of the summer. While he was there, Doane College tried to get him back. They urged him so strongly, and made him such attractive offers, that he intended to drive out to Pomona, pick up his belongings and credits, and go back to Doane for his last year. It did look to me as if he was a little too easily influenced; his father and I hoped that he would stay at Pomona. And when he got out here, he did decide to stay.

If he had not stayed—if he had gone back to Nebraska to college that Fall—the movies never would have discovered him. He might not even be an actor today... .

For it was in his Senior year at Pomona that he was given the role of Captain Stanhope in a campus production of Journey's End. And, unknown to him, a movie talent scout saw him.

The biggest surprise of his life came when he received a letter a few days later, asking him to call at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios in Culver City. They wanted to put him under contract as a student actor.
watching whatever progress he was making—without building up his hopes very much.

Then, on August fifteenth, his father had an emergency operation and we thought that he could live only a few days. We sent for Bob. He started to drive home. On the way, he stopped in Pomona to tell Professor Ross the tragic news—and Professor Ross would not let the stunned, distraught boy make such a trip alone. He came with him, alternating with him at the wheel.

When Bob had been home a month, his father showed so much improvement that we thought he was going to get well—and we sent Bob back to continue his work in dramatics. A month later, on October fifteenth, I had to send for him again. His father had died. ...

THIS time he flew back to Beatrice, reached home in time for the funeral, and stayed to help me all that he could. He helped me to settle the estate and try to adjust myself to a life without Doctor, who had done everything but breathe for me. And this time Bob said that he would not go back to Hollywood unless I went with him.

Some did not want me to go back to Hollywood with Robert; they thought I would be a hindrance to him, with my grief.

"All right then," Bob said, "I'll stay here. I'll go to work in an oil station until something better turns up. I'll just forget about the movies." That put me in a hard place. I almost had to come. I wanted to stay in Beatrice. But I could not let a boy of his education, and abilities, go to waste there—when he had an opportunity to develop himself somewhere else.

I had a darling little home—a little white house on a gentle rise of ground. "Let me stay just a year, until you see how you make out," I begged him.

"No, not even a year," he said. "Either you go with me, or I stay here."

I rather believe that he had talked it all over with his father years before—and had promised that he never would leave me alone, that he would always try to make me happy. He had been brought up with that idea. His father had inspired him with it when he was just a young boy. It was the secret reason, I think, behind Robert's trustworthiness through the years.

Somewhere, somehow, an impression has arisen that Robert's father left practically no estate—and that Bob had no choice but to continue with his acting. That was not true. His father did not die wealthy; no country doctor ever does. But he did provide adequately for us. Bob did not have to accept the movie offer that he received. In fact, he did not sign a full-fledged movie contract until months later.

On the twenty-fifth of November, 1933, we left Beatrice. We took rooms on Franklin Circle in Hollywood, and he resumed his dramatic studies, going over to the studio every so often for tests. He had not been back very long before he was appearing in plays at the Hollywood Playhouse, then the Pasadena Playhouse. The studio kept urging him to sign a contract, and the theatre people tried just as hard to keep him from signing. I had been a terrible expense, with sickness after Doctor's death; and he was impatient to find out whether or not he did have any future on the screen. So, between those two considerations, he finally signed a long— [Continued on page 98]
James Stewart's slightly doleful smile is no clue to the brilliance of his screen future. Anyone in Hollywood will tell you he's going to be a star of the first magnitude

by Ida Zeitlin

Melancholy James

He's a shy bird, but an amiable one. Which was the first thing I discovered about Mr. James Stewart, late of Princeton, now of the movies. Instead of cosseting his shyness, like others I might name, till it swells with a sense of its own importance, he deals sternly with it, puts it in its place. I faced him across a luncheon table. Or rather, I faced the menu behind which he was hiding. Unluckily, he couldn't hide forever. The waitress was hovering. He lowered the card to reveal a pair of hunted gray eyes and a head of brown hair, whose slightly disheveled state added somehow to his look of worry. "Bananas and cream," he told the waitress. I couldn't suppress a startled: "To begin with?" "To begin with," he echoed firmly. Then he plunged, and was off. "I generally have filet mignon or something like that, when I'm eating with a bunch of fellows who order it too, so I'm not ashamed. But I can't stuff myself with filet mignon while you toy with a radish or something, can I?" He rushed on, forestalling my protest. "Anyway, I'm not specially hungry today. I ate a whole steak last night, intended for four of us. We'd invited a couple of guests, and then at the last minute they couldn't come, and then the fellow I live with didn't show up, and there was the steak, no use wasting it, so I ate it myself." He ran down and stopped. This was my first experience with a movie actor, to whom interviews are obviously an ordeal, yet who takes on his own shoulders the burden of starting one—who doesn't fix you with a chill eye, daring you to prod facts out of him, but pushes a spring-board at you, saying in effect: "I don't know whether the darn thing's any use, but maybe you'd better have a look at it, anyway." It was such an agreeable experience that I was tempted to prolong it. But as he searched his mind for another tack to go off on, a girl appeared at his elbow, asking for an autograph. "How do you feel about that kind of thing?" I inquired, when she'd gone away happy. He eyed me as if he suspected a
Faults that start in your UNDER SKIN

A SINGLE blemish can dim the freshness of your skin ... make you look older than you are.

A few coarse pores say, "She's getting on in years"—just as loudly as lines and wrinkles say it. Stubborn things—that keep on getting worse till you learn their real cause and the real way to treat them.

Deep-skin rousing needed

The truth is, almost all skin faults get their start, not on the surface, but in your underskin.

In your underskin are little hidden glands and cells and blood vessels. These are the foundation of your outer skin's health. The minute they function poorly, pores begin to clog. And then blemishes come. Even lines are really nothing but creasings in your outer skin, caused by failing tissues underneath.

But—you can rouse that underskin to healthy vigor—by the regular use of Pond's invigorating deep-skin treatment.

Twice daily—for a fault-free skin

Pond's Cold Cream goes deep into the pores. Its specially processed oils loosen every particle of dirt. Easy to wipe it all off.

Now the rousing treatment—more Pond's Cold Cream briskly patted in. How wonderful it feels. Blood tingling. Skin glowing ... and so much softer! You are waking up that underskin.

Every night, pat in Pond's Cold Cream to loosen dirt, make-up. Wipe off. Pat in more cream briskly— to rouse your underskin, keep it working properly, so annoying little faults can't age your skin.

Every morning, and during the day, repeat this treatment with Pond's Cold Cream. Your skin becomes softer every time—looks younger. And it's all smooth for your powder.

SPECIAL 9-TREATMENT TUBE

and 3 other Pond's Beauty Aids

Pond's, Dept. LL4, Chantilly, 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 $0.25 to cover postage and packing.

Name: ____________________________

Street: ___________________________

City: _____________________________

State: ____________________________

Copyright, 1936, Pond's Extract Company

Miss Jane Mellon

"Pond's Cold Cream keeps my skin soft and clear—smooths out little lines.

Mrs. Adam K. Luke, Jr., says: "Pond's Cold Cream certainly keeps my pores face."
Loretta Young Answers

[Continued from page 16]

Q. Do you have something you wear on or about your person in every picture—for good luck?

A. No.

Q. Did your contact with the beloved Lon Chaney in Laugh Clown Laugh have any influence on your life or career?

A. Yes, for I admired Lon Chaney profoundly and anyone boosting the story of his courageous struggle for success was bound to be inspired.

Q. Would you prefer to choose your leading men or have the studio select them for you?

A. Naturally, I would prefer to choose my leading men.

Q. Does the part you are taking have any effect on your every day life or change your opinion of living at the time you are working on the story?

A. No, I have never believed in acting when not in front of the camera.

Q. If you had your life to live over, would you want it the same?

A. Every minute of it!

Q. When you see your pictures, are you interested in the story or are you only aware of the mechanics that went to make up the production?

A. That is an interesting question and one that has never happened to occur to me before. I suppose that I am aware of the mechanics of production and especially of the mechanics of acting rather than of the story. By the time a picture reaches the screen its principal actors have been telling the story until it has lost meaning, as a story.

Q. If it were necessary for you to make a decision as to playing in either costume or modern films for the remainder of your career—which would you choose, and why?

A. From the standpoint of the actor, it makes no difference whether a rôle calls for modern dress or period costume. The story is all important and the excellence of the plot does not depend upon its period or locale.

Q. What is your opinion of the future for color films? Would you like to appear in one?

A. I have just finished working in Ramona, an all color picture. I believe that unquestionably color will soon be in universal use.

Q. Why do stars change their names and how are they chosen?

A. Stars change their names for many reasons. Usually because their own names are difficult to pronounce, too long to be suitable for "lights" or lacking in euphony.

Sometimes they choose their own screen names, sometimes the names are chosen for them by the studio.

Q. Being an actress evidently is like living in a glass house—how do you feel when you hear strangers discussing your every action and thought?

A. Just as you would feel if you were living in that same glass house. It is sometimes flattering and even satisfying to know that people think enough of one to be interested, but my reaction to the unfounded gossip which circulates so frequently about screen stars, is the same reaction that every woman has to that kind of gossip.

Q. Do you find that the majority of actors and actresses have as much personality and are as attractive in person as they are on the screen?

A. Usually, I find them just as charming off screen as on—sometimes I find them more so.

Q. Have you ever written a fan letter?

A. Many of them. Marguerite Clark and Gloria Swanson were great favorites of mine before I went into pictures.

Q. What part of the film Private Number did you find the most interesting?

A. One part is just as interesting as another. An actor, you see, approaches a plot as a whole, for the character to be played

now i ask you—why

read how a bad case of pimples queered ada's chances

well— they do show up pretty badly, ada. i know what to do—they say fleischmann's yeast is wonderful for getting rid of pimples. why don't you try it?

oh, grace— do you think it would help me? i'll get some on my way home.

later— here's your desk ada—oh i'm so glad you're going to be here.

so am i—and am i grateful for your tip on fleischmann's yeast. it was those pimples that decided miss martin against me before. i asked her about it.

52 Movie Classic for November, 1936
is reflected in not one but in every story sequence.

Q. Do you like or dislike autograph hunters?
A. Usually I like them. Sometimes, however, when I am tired and nervous I am slightly annoyed by the insistence of the crowd at previews who persist in forcing autograph books into my hands—but to be honest about it, I would be a great deal more annoyed if they overlooked me.

Q. What is the name of your stand-in?
A. Dorothy Tunney.

Q. Did you ever win a contest? If so—what kind?
A. No, never. I don't think I ever won anything in my life.

Q. When you were a child did you ever dream of being a movie star?
A. Constantly. It was my one ambition.

Q. Would you like to play opposite Bob Taylor again?
A. Yes, I would.

Q. I remember that you played a Chinese girl a few years ago, and now you are playing Ramona—both definitely brunette characters. How did you happen to be chosen for them?
A. I talked at first when it was suggested that I play a Chinese girl but after "trying on" the make-up I was delighted with the rôle. I wanted to play Ramona—and the color of her hair made no difference to me. I think that my own insistent arguments that I should play the part were responsible for my being given the rôle. Producers of course realize what magic can be accomplished by make-up and do not, therefore, bar a blond from playing brunette roles until they see how her appearance can be changed by the studio make-up artists.

Q. What, in your mind, are the requisites one must possess to be a success on the stage or screen?
A. Ability, poise, personal attractiveness, emotional understanding—and, most important of all, emotional responsiveness or the ability to take direction.

Q. Do you prefer Hollywood to New York.
A. Of course I do, for I have lived in Hollywood since I was a little girl.

Q. Would you like to appear in a Shakespearean drama on the N.Y. stage?
A. No, I have never wanted to play Shakespeare.

Q. Would you forego your career for marriage?
A. I don't know. I'd like to be able to.

Q. Have you a brother named Jack who is taking law?
A. Yes. My brother Jack has just finished four years of study at Loyola University.

Q. Do you wear false eyelashes while appearing on the screen?
A. I do—but I won't admit it.

Q. Have you ever assisted anyone to get into the movies?
A. No.

Q. Are movie fans justified in being envious of the screen stars?
A. Yes, I suppose they are.

Q. What is your definition of a real "fan" and how do such "fans" help you to succeed?
A. A real fan to my way of thinking, is a person who is not only interested but intelligently interested in motion pictures. Such fans are entirely responsible for the success of every screen player.

Q. How many times have you had on one scene?
A. I believe my record is about seventeen.

Q. Are you planning on attending the Texas Centennial?
A. No. Unfortunately I will not be able to do so.

Q. If you had one wish granted you, for something money could not buy, what would that wish be?
A. That is a question that demands real thought. I believe that if I could be granted one request I would wish to be happily married, for a happy marriage implies so much. It would mean children. It would mean permanent happiness. Isn't a happy marriage the goal of every woman?

Q. If and when you marry would you feel that being a famous actress would hinder you from being happily married to a person who is not prominent?
A. Yes, I think it would. It would make no difference in my love and respect for my [Continued on page 34]

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**CAN'T I LAND A JOB LIKE THIS!**

HELLO—ADA? THIS IS GRACE, HAVE YOU FOUND A JOB YET—BECAUSE THERE'S ONE DOWN HERE I'M SURE YOU COULD FILL. I SPOKE TO MISS MARTIN AND SHE SAID TO COME IN AND TALK TO HER TOMORROW.

OH—GRAACE—THAT WOULD BE GRAND—THANKS AWFUL FOR THINKING OF ME.

I'M TERRIBLY SORRY YOU DIDN'T GET IT, ADA—I MADE A BAD IMPRESSION. DO YOU THINK THESE PIMPLES COULD BE THE REASON?

NO—I JUST FELT I HADN'T GET IT, ADA—I HADN'T TOLD MISS MARTIN SAYS WHY SHE DIDN'T THINK I'D DO IT!

**DON'T LET ADOLESCENT PIMPLES KEEP YOU OUT OF A JOB**

PIMPLES can easily spoil that good impression you hoped to make. Yet—they often occur after the start of adolescence—from about 13 to 25, or longer. At this time, important glands develop and full growth takes place. The whole body is disturbed. The skin gets oversensitive. Waste products in the blood irritate this sensitive skin. Pimples break out. Fleischmann's Yeast clears these irritating out of the blood.

Fleischmann's Yeast clears these skin irritants out of the blood. Then, pimples go! Eat 3 cakes a day, one before meals—plain, or in a little water—until skin clears. Start today!

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Movie Classic for November, 1936
What Do People Say About Your Eyes?

Everyone notices your eyes first—remember this! Eyes without proper eye make-up often appear dull and lifeless—bald and unattractive. Many women deplore this in their appearance, but are timid about using eye make-up for fear of having a hard "made-up" look, as with so many ordinary mascaras.

Maybelline, the eye make-up in good taste, has changed all this. Now you may have the natural appearance of lovely, long, dark lashes—instantly and easily—with a few simple brush strokes of harmless Maybelline mascara. Non-smarting and tear-proof.

You will be delighted with the other exquisite Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids, too! Try the smooth-marking Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil to form graceful, expressive eyebrows—it may be had in shades to match the mascara. Use Maybelline Eye Shadow for truly glamorous effects—a touch gently blended on the eyelids intensifies the color and sparkle of the eyes immensely.

The new Maybelline Cream Mascara and the ever-popular Soil! Mascara are preferred by over 10,000,000 discriminating women the world over. Either form is only 75¢ at leading toilet goods counters. Generous introductory sizes of all Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids may be purchased at all leading ten cent stores. For the finest in eye make-up, insist on genuine Maybelline!

So Important—That First Impression

Loretta Young Answers [Continued from page 53]

Q. What do you do for relaxation after working hours in the studio?
   A. I go to bed.

Q. Are you happy in your screen success, or is there something other than your screen career that would make you happier?
   A. I think I have already answered that.

Q. Did you enjoy working in Caravan with Charles Boyer?
   A. I enjoyed working with Mr. Boyer, but I did not enjoy the picture.

Q. Do you ever expect to play opposite Nelson Eddy?
   A. No.

Q. Which do you prefer for a leading man—an American or foreign actor?
   A. An American, for being American, I understand American men better than I do Europeans.

Q. During your career, what has been your most thrilling experience? What, your most amusing experience?
   A. The privilege of playing Ramona is my most thrilling experience. My most amusing experience was Patry Kelly's comedy during the production of Private Number.

Q. On what date will your latest picture be released?
   A. I am not positive, but I think Ladies in Love will be released about the first of October.

Q. What characteristics do you admire most in a man?
   A. Honesty, moral courage, understanding, kindliness and a sense of humor.

Q. Have you ever made a personal appearance on the stage?
   A. Yes, I made a personal appearance four times, for three weeks and appeared in Washington, D.C., Philadelphia and St. Louis.

Q. Is your hair naturally wavy, or do you have a permanent wave?
   A. It is naturally wavy.

Q. What is your average count on fan mail for a week?
   A. Between fifteen and eighteen hundred letters.

Q. What, in your opinion, is the cause of so many Hollywood marriages falling?
   A. Now there is a good question and one that occurs very frequently to the actors and actresses of Hollywood. I think most Hollywood marriages fail for one, or all, of three reasons. First—Most actors and actresses are too emotional. Second—Most Hollywood wives have enough money that they do not fear the financial hazards of divorce, and—Third—Too few Hollywood couples have children.

Q. What do you consider your biggest "break" in pictures?
   A. My biggest "break" in pictures was, of course, my first part in the picture, Laugh Clown Laugh.
Q. What group of stars do you associate with most?
A. I am not a member of any one of the social cliques of Hollywood. Perhaps my best friends in the profession are Myrna Loy and Arthur Hornblower—Blu and Dixie Crosby, Gloria Swanson and Herbert Marshall.

Q. Would you rather play in historical pictures or modern dramas?
A. Again—"The play's the thing."

Q. What characteristic do you observe first when meeting a person?
A. Although I am not particularly conscious of observing any one characteristic, I suppose that I notice the eyes first.

Q. Do you feel that you have accomplished more and have had a happier life than if you had never seen Hollywood?
A. Yes I do. Certainly I have accomplished much more than I could have in any other business.

Q. Do either of your parents possess the talent displayed by yourself and your sister?
A. Neither of my parents have ever been connected with the theatre.

Q. Did you dye your hair for the part you played in Ramona?
A. No, I wore a wig.

Q. From a star's point of view—what do you consider an interesting fan letter?
A. From the star's point of view, the most interesting fan letter is one which offers constructive criticism.

Q. Do you play the piano or the organ?
A. Neither one, I am sorry to say.

Q. Were you deprived of a college education by becoming an actress at such an early age?
A. Yes, I suppose I would have attended college had it not been for my work in the studio.

Q. If, for some reason, you could be entirely free from pictures for one year—how would you choose to spend that year?
A. Traveling in Europe.

Q. Why did you choose the name "Loretta Young" for your screen title?
A. I didn't choose it—the studio chose it for me.

Q. Do you get many letters from children?
A. Yes. A surprising percentage of my fan mail is from children.

Q. Do you prefer to play the part of a very young girl, or that of an older woman?
A. I prefer to play the part of a young girl because I am a young girl and, furthermore, I don't believe the romantic affairs of older people are as interesting as the romances of younger people.

Q. Have you ever had a favorite fan—yes to whom you have written personally for a continued period of time?
A. No.

Q. Would you like to appear on the stage?
[Continued on page 72]

BORN TO BE A Belle, BUT—

SUE, I'VE WANTED TO TELL YOU—WON'T YOU SEE THE DENTIST ABOUT YOUR BREATH?

Most Bad Breath Begins with the Teeth!

WHY let bad breath interfere with romance—with happiness? It’s so easy to be safe when you realize that by far the most common cause of bad breath is . . . improperly cleaned teeth! Authorities say decaying food and acid deposits, in hidden crevices between the teeth, are the source of most unpleasant mouth odors—of dull, dingy teeth—and of much tooth decay. Use Colgate Dental Cream. Its special penetrating foam removes these odor-breeding deposits that ordinary cleaning methods fail to reach. And at the same time, Colgate’s soft, safe polishing agent cleans and brightens the enamel—makes your teeth sparkle.

Be safe—be sure! Brush your teeth . . . your gums . . . your tongue . . . with Colgate Dental Cream at least twice daily and have cleaner, brighter teeth and a sweeter, purer breath. Get a tube today!
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TWENTY years ago the best investment anyone could have made in Hollywood was still a lucrative investment. The name of the stock is JACK HOLT.

Twenty-one years Jack Holt has been a star. He has returned hundreds of thousands of dollars in profit to his investors, the motion picture companies. Ten years with Paramount, nine years with Columbia, one with Universal, and now he has an independent starring contract with Columbia. Occasionally other leading companies buy into the same stock, the profit being as sure as government bonds. For example: Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer invested in Jack Holt to be featured with Clark Gable, Jeanette MacDonald and Spencer Tracy in San Francisco.

Again intrigued by the continuous Holt box-office lure, Columbia persuaded the star to return to the fold. His first under the new deal is Man Without Fear, a gripping drama of the Spanish-American War.

Only one other star stock in Hollywood has survived all the crashes and depressions during the past twenty years, and remained a sound investment, i.e. Wallace Beery. Like Tennyson's immortal brook, Jack and Wally go on forever.

I am writing this story because some nitwit recently complained that Jack Holt was a colorless fellow.

The disgruntled interviewer meant that Jack is colorless because he firmly refuses to talk about himself. That anyone might be interested in his life, past and present, his career and private affairs, would never occur to him. Jack is that rara avis, any actor who confines his acting to where it belongs.

In twenty years of interviewing celebrities, I have known some to dwell happily on their favorite subject, ME, by the hour. To properly describe the effect on the defenseless party of the second part, one must begin with the monotonous drone of a

by
Allan Carson

Movie Classic for November, 1936
battleship and end with the roar of an airplane motor.

As a matter of fact, Jack Holt is one of the most colorful men in pictures.

For example: he probably has the finest family tree ever planted in Hollywood.

He was on the stage once, but he was driving it.

He was an engineer in the New York tubes, and with an exploration company in Alaska; he was a gold miner, hunter, trapper and guide.

He was a cowpuncher in Oregon and went "busted" as a cattle rancher. He tried his hand at apple orcharding in the same state, and contributed a "discovery" to horticulture.

He made his debut in the movies twenty-three years ago as a double for a hero, making a thirty-foot dive into a river on horseback.

He is one of the finest athletes in pictures, chiefly noted as a polo player and an all-around male horseman.

He is one of the few stars of the old silent movies who has made an even greater success as a talking picture star.

In real life he is very much the character he is in his more heroic roles, a sun-bronzed, stalwart athlete; plain-spoken, independent and straightforward. He has no illusions about his "art". If you mentioned it, he would think you were kidding. He is in pictures because he is highly paid, because his weekly remuneration is in four figures, but he gives his best to every role he plays. He is grateful and loyal to the industry and to the public that pay their money to see him "be himself." Maybe this is why Jack Holt has survived all sorts of "trends" which tended to minimize the importance of stars to producers. After twenty years, he is still pegging along—as he puts it—and he is in greater demand than ever.

Picture stars who last long in the affection of the theater-going public must possess either distinctive or lovable characteristics. Jack Holt has the commanding presence and bearing of a leader of men, yet he is always natural and unaffected.

To those who know him best, he has most of the faults of the average man, along with a few virtues.

When the tallies came along, Jack was one of the very few silent stars who didn't go hurrying and scurrying to vocal and dramatic teachers, frightened to death that the end was near at hand. Such a contingency never occurred to him. When a certain feminine critic was interviewing him on the possibility of his approaching artistic demise, Jack was genuinely astonished. What would he do now that the tallies were coming into favor, and him with no stage experience? The Holt retort was typical of the man.

"Talk, my dear Lady—I've been talking all my life!" [Continued on page 94]
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Half-way care of the teeth is no joke. Clean your teeth regularly but don't neglect your gums. Neglected gums invite serious trouble, dentists will tell you. Why take that chance? Forhan's gives double protection. Cleans and whitens teeth, and at the same time safeguards gums.

SAVES GUMS

Forhan's is different from other tooth pastes. It was created by an eminent dental surgeon to do both jobs. With it you clean and brighten teeth; and at the same time you massage gums, just as so many dentists advise. Get Forhan's today. It costs no more than most ordinary tooth pastes—yet does ordinary half-way care. Also in Canada.

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"STENO" Nail Protection Cream, absolutely ends bruising, peeling, splitting, breaking nails, as nothing else can. Applied hard enough outside, hard enough within. singles, only 25 cts. perfect. Beautiful, healthy nails, lasts by Forhan's, Starmore, Nurniu. Try "STENO"—have strong, soft, lovely nails.

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Portrait of A Charming Lady

Bette Davis, winner of the 1936 Academy Award, and Lenore Gardner, noted portrait painter, at work on the painting which will hang in Bette's Hollywood home.

There is an old saying that no one else knows a person so well as his portrait artist, and I've found it to be true. When painting Bette Davis, I was with her over an hour every day for a month, so I saw her in all sorts of moods. We discussed every topic under the sun, and I learned things about her amazingly complex personality which I had never read nor suspected!

I believe I was commissioned to paint Bette because she wanted her portrait done by someone who understood her background and who had really lived and studied in New England. To her, that was more important, perhaps, than the fact that I had been the protege of John Singer Sargent, beloved as he is by everyone in her own dear Boston.

As for me, I wanted to paint Bette because I've admired her for years. I became interested in her "way back when she played Colleen Moore's daughter in So Big. She is the typical American girl—whole-some, winsome but facing life with an amazing freedom.

When, along with the rest of the world, I saw her portrayal of the tramp in Human Bondage—a character as startlingly different from her earlier roles as black is from white—I realized that now she is both a full-flowered personality and an actress with a gift that borders on genius.

I felt there was something in Bette Davis the camera had never caught—something that I'd try to transcribe in oils.

Painters often feel that way! Believe it or not, I'd sought for a similar hidden quality in the Mexican General Mendoza, whom I painted during a revolution—crossing a courtyard littered with dead soldiers to keep my first appointment with him!

In Bette's case, the something I sought was an old-fashioned and yet pleasingly modern quality. I felt that she was brave, self-reliant, forthright. It may seem strange that I chose the vibrant Bette Davis, recently identified on the screen with brittle, conscienceless roles, as the "Typical American Woman." But think of Bette—with her New England background, her scorn of pretense, and her belief that what she thinks right is worth fighting for—the Bette with fire and spirit in her eyes!

This is the Bette whom I saw before me, seated on the lovely Colonial sofa I had found after searching all available costume shops. I felt a definite satisfaction as I lifted my brush for the initial stroke.

During the preliminary arrangements, which had not gone too smoothly, I had experienced some of what Hollywood wrongly calls Bette's "calmness."

I had asked her to shop for a new frock. I always request this to avoid painting dresses that may have been photographed. Bette seemed to think that a bit unreasonable!

Next, it was her turn to startle me with

Movie Classic for November, 1936
A noted portrait painter gives her impressions of one of her most famous subjects, Bette Davis

by

Lenore Gardner

a request. She informed me that she would sit only in the company of "Tibbie," her pet Scotty. It was my turn to hesitate—I've never been known as a painter of animals!

But, one bright morning, with that charm and impulsiveness of which only Bette Davis is capable, she walked into my studio with a brand-new dress that was just what I would have chosen and said—"I'm ready."

The gown was chic and sophisticated—white, ribbed in a blue so pale as to be visible only in certain lights, and tied with a powder-blue belt. It was an ageless thing, yet it could have been worn by the ladies who had used that couch one hundred and fifty years ago.

Only "Tibbie" accompanied Bette. The little Scotty's mistress changed from tan culottes with a bright bandana top to the frock—my gown, I call it. Just as she sat down to pose, "Tibbie" came over and was immediately grabbed up into her mistress' arms. And, very softly, Bette said—"Now, you see, 'Tibbie,' I'll have you with me always."

From then on there was no question about "Tibbie's" being in the portrait!

"WHAT kind of makeup shall I wear?" Bette asked. I told her not to wear any. I wanted to catch the gentleness and the exquisite natural coloring of her face—its healthy out-of-doors quality. I didn't want any of that hidden.

In all the hours that Bette sat there, she never complained of being tired and never lost her poise or expression. A Hollywood star has few leisure moments but, provided she could possibly do so, Bette never refused to sit overtime when I requested it. In fact, she did everything she could to be of assistance.

If Bette is intrigued by a subject she never seems to tire. She always finds some new phase to attract her. She was more than interested in the mechanics of painting. Her questions were constant. And it would be next to impossible for anyone to be bored in Bette's company, for her comments and her witticisms keep one on the alert.

During the long sittings, "Tibbie," to whom I had become very attached, would grow a wee bit nervous. Bette would talk to her as if she were human. One day when "Tibbie" was a little more "jittery" than usual, Bette told her—"Now 'Tibbie,' be still and look beautiful, so that I can point you out and say to your grandchildren and to my grandchildren—See Tibbie. Isn't she lovely?"

But about her own beauty, Bette was more modest. "I have a bad nose," she said one day. I could not convince her to the contrary! Bette is conscious of what she calls "defects" in herself. "I am just working on your nose now," I told her. She had not asked to see the canvas, even though I knew that she wanted to. I seldom let a subject see her portrait until it is finished.

"Might I see it?" she asked a little hesitantly. I broke all rules and consented. At

[Continued on page 79]
FELT SLUGGISH

I was dull and logy. The trouble? Poor elimination. Then I remembered FEEN-A-MINT, took it. It worked like magic.

HAPPY RELIEF

Once more full of natural vim and pep! Constipation yields to FEEN-A-MINT—the chewing-gum laxative. You chew it for 3 minutes. And it's the chewing that makes the difference. No griping, no violence, no disturbance—even when hung over! Economical. Used by 15,000,000 people of all ages. Get FEEN-A-MINT for happy r-e-l-i-e-f.

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KEROSENE MANTLE
LAMP WITHOUT WICKS

Eliza hopping from one cake of ice to the next till she struck one that didn't sink right out from under.

THE boy was "never very bright"—won a scholarship for graduate work in architecture. Meantime, in his par-ticipation in the Princeton Triangle shows, he had fallen in with a bunch of kindred spirits—the young Swope, Myron McCormick—all out to make the theatre their profession. They'd organized a stock company at Palmouth and invited Stewart to audition. He went, and they told him, "to fool around. If you make good at that, we might let you play the accordion in the tea-room."

"Nothing ever happened to me until that boy had a vision. He met some more kindred spirits—Henry Fonda and Margaret Sullivan among them. He fooled around so well that they let him have the accordion. He played the accordion so well that they gave him a small part in Goodbye. Again, which they were trying out for a New York producer. He was habberasted when the producer came to him, James Stewart, architect, with an offer to play the same part on Broadway. What to do? It was exciting, this show business, but hardly the thing for a man to make his life's work. Actors were sissies, well, he knew better than that now. Still, it was just a game. You couldn't be really serious about acting. So he tried to per-suade himself, while his heart yearned for the gayety and good fellowship of the world he just discovered.

He went down to see his people in Indiana, Pennslyvania.

"There really is such a town. I'd prove it to you by the map if I had a map. When I told them I was thinking of giving up architecture for some crazy play, they sort of grabbed for chairs and sank into them. After the first shock, they said if I wanted to try it, go ahead. Princeton would always be there."

The show ran for a year. Stewart made just enough to get by on. At the close of the year he was flat broke. But somehow the lure of architecture had faded.

"I kept feeling, here I am. I'd never been anywhere. Next, I turned to seeing what I owed my success to."

- "What do you owe your success to?"

- "Accents," he replied with satisfaction.

Movie Classic for November, 1936
He wandered into an agent's office one morning. "Anything doing today?" he inquired.

The agent glanced up. "Say that again. We're looking for a Southern accent."

"Anythin' doin' today, suh?" repeated the shameless Jimmie. "Ah suhthin' hope so. B'cause Ah'm tal'd of hangin' around here, waitin' fo' these Ne'the'nuhs to recognize mah talents."

That kept him going for half a year in All Good Americans. Then Guthrie McClintic wanted an Irish accent for a play of Sidney Howard's called Yellow Jack.

With a brogue so thick that you couldn't tell one word from another, Stewart read the part for Howard and McClintic.

When he was through, they looked at each other. "Sounds to me," said Howard, "like a cross between mental collapse and American Chicotaw."

"Afraid you won't do," said McClintic. On his way out he passed a man at the switchboard. "Faith," he was saying in a rich, authentic brogue, "an' I've come to see Mr. McClintic about the part."

"Well—" said Jimmie, and went home. Still—perhaps because he wanted the part so badly—he refused to give up hope. He pestered every Irishman he knew to help him with his accent. He recalled an elevator boy in an office building, whose lift he'd admired, and rode up and down with him for hours, coaching frantically when the car was empty, relapsing into moody silence when a passenger appeared. His hopes came true. "Faith, an' I've come to see Mr. McClintic" didn't work out. They sent for Jimmie again, they tried him out, they gave him the part. One up for the elevator boy—or rather, one up for Jimmie Stewart's determination. Beneath his bantering air, you cannot help but sense the spirit of stick-to-it-iveness that is his whole story of success. He, like all of these other youngsters from the stage, scorns the self-praise which the old-timers made traditional, but they have won their way in the face of even greater obstacles.

A TALENT scout, impressed with his performance in Yellow Jack, accent included, had him make a screen test. Nothing happened. He was looking forward to a lean summer, bare even of milk toast and meat balls, since Fonda the cook had been summoned to Hollywood in his capacity as an actor. Just as he was wondering what he was going to eat on, came the glad news. Metro wanted him.

They put him to work in Murder Man the day after his arrival. He recalls that day with pain. "All I had to do was walk down a street, step into a restaurant, go up to the counter, and say a line to the counterman. What really got me were all those extras walking along, driving cars, sitting in the restaurant. I kept thinking: 'Suppose I trip and fall on my face. They'll all have to do the whole thing over again.'"

Well, I didn't fall on my face, but the responsibility weighed on me so that by the time I got to the counter, I'd forgotten my one line. That's when I started thinking: 'This is going to be Cicero all over again.'"

It turned out not to be Cicero. It turned out to be a rapid, easy progression from bits to character leads. It turned out to be a broad smile round the lot, as the pleasant tidings began coming through: "Metro's got another big bet in Jimmie Stewart."

"If I look mournful," he explained, "it's because I happen to be born with a long jaw. Actually I'm happy, though bewildered." He drained his glass of milk and prepared to escape. "The best thing about it," he threw back as a parting shot, "is that I didn't go into one of these sissy professions. I'm doing a man's work!"

**Cold Weather doesn't put a stop to this annoyance**

**You can offend with underarm odor even though you don't perspire**

YOU'VE often heard women say, "No, I don't use an underarm deodorant in winter. I don't need to, because I don't perspire in cold weather."

They're perfectly sincere. Because they do not feel moisture under the arms or see it on their clothing, they conclude they have nothing to fear from perspiration. How horrified they would be if they knew the facts!

For, far from putting a stop to perspiration odor, winter often makes it worse. Tighter sleeves, and heavier materials keep air away from the underarms. And indoor life, with too little exercise and too much nervous tension is apt to result in ugly underarm odor.

It's something that your daily bath cannot prevent. The best a bath can do is just to cleanse for the moment.

The only sure way to avoid this danger is to give your underarms special daily care. And why not do it the quickest, easiest way? With Mum!

Just half a minute to use Mum. A quick fingertipful smoothed under each arm—that's all there is to using Mum! Then you're safe for the whole strenuous day. Mum soothes and cools skin. Prove this by using Mum right after shaving the underarms. Even a sensitive skin won't mind!

Harmless to clothing. Use Mum any time, even after you're dressed, for it does not injure fabrics.

Does not prevent perspiration. Mum does just what you want it to do—prevents the odor of perspiration and not the perspiration itself.

Make Mum a daily habit, winter as well as summer, and you'll never need to fear perspiration odor! Bristol-Myers Co., 630 Fifth Ave., New York.

**Mum takes the odor out of perspiration**

Movie Classic for November, 1936 61

USE MUM ON SANITARY NAPKINS and enjoy the comfort of knowing you can never offend!
Watch Fred Astaire

[Continued from page 35]

He makes you wonder about that old, half-forgotten sixth sense of yours—that sense of rhythm. Isn’t it in working order? Is it a thing, you wonder. In fact, it’s pretty healthy. And you’re going to prove it.

You’re going to dance. And you’re going to have a great time doing it. Particularly if the orchestra helps you by playing something swingy.

Three years ago, you weren’t so excited about dancing. Three years ago, you weren’t demanding music with a swing.

Because, three years ago, you had not yet seen Fred Astaire on the screen.

**WHEN you did see him, one thing, above everything, stood out in his dancing—rhythm. Step by step, he became the Rajah of Rhythm. No matter how fast he moved, or how slowly, his feet tapped out a pulsating tempo. A seductive, spine-tangling tempo. Tempo with a swing.

The more you heard it, the more of it you wanted to hear. Demand began supply. A vogue started, and grew, until now the whole world is swing-conscious. So swing-conscious that a picture made in Swing Time, has world-wide appeal, particularly with Fred Astaire as one of its stars. For Fred has become the King of Swing.

The rise of Astaire and the rise of swing music weren’t just coincidental. One was cause, and the other was effect.

Maybe you hadn’t thought about that before, or realized that Fred certainly hasn’t called attention to it. But, then, Fred wouldn’t.

He would rather give his attention to his dancing. He does four in Swing Time—all of his own creation and all unusual. All of them have “swing,” which reaches a grand climax in the waltz. A dance that you will want to do.

He wishes he could tell you, step by step, how he “swings” through a dance. It would help him to answer those thousands upon thousands of questions.

“But I can’t do it. I never put a dance down on paper, never make notes about steps. I remember as much as I can, and tell Mrs. Hermes. They have to keep running through it. He’ll remember what I don’t.”

They usually, start work on their dances a month, or six weeks before the start of a picture. Fred works with Hermes until about two weeks before the first shooting. A pianist supplies the music. Hermes does every step in reverse of Fred’s, formulating Miss Rogers’ routine. Then Miss Rogers comes in and works with them. They rehearse, and rehearse, and lose patience in the process. All three of them, Hermes included, then, if people don’t like the number, they contemplate shooting themselves.

Since he cannot tell you in mere words, how to do a dance, they learn—like Ginger Rogers—by watching him. He receives countless letters from amateur dancers, telling him that they can do one of his dances after seeing him twenty-five or thirty times.

“I hope they’ll be able to do the ‘Waltz in Swing Time’ about twenty times, before he says, with a smile, ‘It’s a little complicated, but it has possibilities for a good adaptation, certainly.’”

Most of the ideas for his dances are plucked out of the bright blue California sky. He just starts “hooking” across a practice floor experimentally—as he would run his fingers along a piano keyboard, creating out a new melody. His feet find a rhythm with the new combination of steps, suggested by the music. He repeats the combinations until he has it firmly in mind, like the first few chords of a new song composition. He goes on from there, getting inspiration from the music, the scene that is to precede the dance and the scene that is to follow it. (If you’ll notice, every Astaire dance fits into the screen story naturally, amplifying a mood.)

“I never can do anything in a day. Or a week, for that matter. And I mumbled over the swing-waltz idea for years. I put it in and take out enough things, in the preparation of one number, to do another complete show. I like a dance, then I don’t like it. It’s an interesting game, and the orchestra helps you by playing something swingy.

And Fred is given absolute ‘say’ about his dances. Swing dancing shots will appear in the finished picture. Which is fair.

“However, I don’t see the rushes of any of my other scenes. No actor likes to see himself constantly. At least, I happen to be one who doesn’t like to look at himself at all. It makes me jattery, self-conscious.”

But—about dancing—“It isn’t something new for me. I did a little waltz in my first starring picture, The Gay Divorcee. That was more tricky than this ‘Waltz in Swing Time’; it was shot in the studio. But when Claire Luce and I, dancing over divans and tables, had to show flawless footwork at every performance of a long run. Also, my sister, Adele, and I used to dance waltzes a bit on the stage.”

FRED and Adele Astaire! For years that combination of names on a theatre marquee spelled success for any attraction inside. On two continents, they were stage sensations. And now there are constant rumors that they both will be screen sensations—that Lady Cavendish is listening to film offers—that she and Fred may dance together again. This time, it will be a screen test for David O. Selznick, and she had offers. But she went away without taking any. I read in the paper the other day that she had signed to do three pictures, one a year. But she hasn’t said anything about it in her letters to me, so I guess it isn’t true.

Fred has great personality, sparkling vitality. She ought to be very good in films. On the stage, she was almost incomparable in her artistry... her individuality... her
naturalness as a comedienne... little things

that she did. But she says she won't dance
if she does come to Hollywood.

And how about Fred himself? Would
he like to make a picture without dancing?

"Yes, I would like to sandwich one in
between dancing pictures. But I think
people would object strongly, right now.

They expect me, want me, to dance." He
pauses, thinking over the idea. "You know,
making a picture like that would seem like
nothing at all—without all this terrific
preparation. I started preparing for Swing
Time eight weeks ahead. And the actual
shooting is taking three months."

What does he do for relaxation, if any?

"Play a little tennis, a little golf. Follow
racing. Do a little shooting, a little hunting—with a rifle. But songwriting, I
guess, is my favorite hobby." (Even when
he relaxes, he likes rhythm!) "I've been
doing it for years. I never had a real hit
until 'Building Up to an Awful Letdown.'
But the other night I heard 'Just One
More Dance, Madame,' which I wrote with
Dave Dryer. It will come out in the Fall.
And I'm hopeful, hearing them play it
this early. Now I have another one, called
'I'll Never Let You Go.' Yes—swing music."

He has just built a new home in Beverly
Hills. "That ends all retirement rumors—
I hope—for at least a few years."

THOSE retirement rumors annoy him.

They insinuate that he is tired of dancing...

And those rumors that he and Ginger
Rogers 'don't get along any too well' baf-
flate him, make him speechless. He can't
understand where and how they start. The
more fact that this is his fifth picture to-
gether should make any such rumors look
counterfeit. Anyone visiting their sets can
see them constantly kidding. Their comedy
dances on the screen are direct outgrowths
of clowning behind the scenes. For ex-
ample: "I Won't Dance" in Roberta,
"I'm Putting All My Eggs in One Basket" in Follow the Fleet, and "Pick Your-
self Up" in Swing Time.

They will continue to make pictures to-
gether. But they will intersperse them with
data made separately—to avoid any
danger of running their present team pop-
ularity into the ground by being together
too often. They aren't being temperamentally
just same.

But whether he appears with Ginger, or
stars alone, the King of Swing will still be
giving the world dancing ideas. For ar
Hermes Pan, RKO dance director and
Fred's closest co-worker, says: "There are
certain standard steps that all dancers do—
even all those that is, except Fred Astaire.
He avoids them. Constantly, he creates
new ones of his own. And that's one of
greatest secrets of his supremacy.
There are other dancers with presence,
personality, fine technique, a willingness to
work hard. But Fred Astaire also has uncanny
tenacity and—imagination. Waltz in Swing
Time' is just one example. It is a master-
piece of rhythm—and originality. Some-
thing that no one did before him."

But something that you will want to do
after him, when you see him dancing with
Ginger "at a four-four beat to music in
two-three-four..."

DID YOU KNOW THAT: Paul Muni,
after completing his current role in The
Great Gatsby, is scheduled to star in a picture

production based on the life of Dr. William
Crawford Gorgas, the famous yellow fever
expert whose daring research into the cause
of that dread tropical disease made possible
the construction of the Panama Canal?
My Face Leads a Double Life

(Continued from page 20)

scented soap for her bath.

"If I am staying in," she continued, "I then apply a rich nourishing oil to my face and through it all over my body. To allow the complete absorption of the oil, a little lipstic is my only make-up for an evening at home.

"Occasionally, too, I apply oil to my whole body to keep my skin soft and smooth. The arms and elbows, particularly, need special care. For my hands, I use a relife face oil after washing.

Appearing refreshed and lovely for an important social function is no problem to Gloria even after a day at the studio, if she has fifteen minutes in which to relax. "My chaise lounge can be adjusted so that my feet are higher than my head and, lying flat on my back, I rest in this position about ten minutes," she said.

"Then for five minutes I take a knee-out—chest position recommended by my doctor, which really does wonders in relieving back strain and relaxing the muscles.

"To make up for the evening I apply a foundation cream, powder, then dry rouge and lipstick, then add my eye lashes. In formal occasions I also use an eyeshadow. If my gown is vivid in color, I take care that it doesn't put my face in the background. The face should never be overshadowed by one's gown. Rich tones, such as red, blue or gold, require warm and coloring in the lips, cheeks, and eye area.

"Choosing the proper shade of rouge and lipstick to harmonize with one's gown is of course important.

"The use of brushes in applying cosmetics is one of Hollywood's open secrets. The stars become adept in wielding makeup brushes at the slightest suggestion from their personal use. Gloria uses a soft-handled brush for powder, another for rouge, and a pointed Chinese brush for lipstick.

"On festive occasions the dimples in her chin come in for its share of important attention with a faint shadow to accentuate the pout. "Besides, I must not forget my eyes," she confides. "I wear long lashes."

"I put on no makeup at all during the day," she went on. "My eyelashes are as long and natural as any of yours."

"The sun gives me a headache, and besides I don't think tan is becoming to me," she said frankly, "so I just don't sun bathe."

"A salad, milk and a cookie for lunch, fruit and coffee for dinner, and a little bit of lean meat and two vegetables for dinner. But I don't mind, a simple diet keeps me feeling fit and is good for my complexion."

"I am playing a thorough knowl-
edge of various cosmetics in the new-
est products of cosmetic manufacturers and per-
formers, Gloria Stuart sets a good ex-
ample for girls who are inclined to travel in a rut in the matter of beauty routine.

"Never is beauty routine a phase to be pro-
ounced as an individual problem. If

your skin is of the oily type then her
routine is not for you. Instead, write me a letter in care of this magazine telling me your own problems and I shall be glad to outline special treatments for your needs.

"Now that the new fall clothes are proving so romantic and luxurious, you are no

doubt feeling an admirable urge to do some-
thing special in the way of a beauty treat-
ment just to keep your face from being embel-
lished in such a smart company. As a

starter, I recommend giving your skin a real pick-up with a facial pack or beauty mask. It will stimulate circulation and do much toward refining the pores.

"The makers of Elino cosmetics offer
beauty masks for either the dry or oily

skin type. Their Mayno Masque, priced at one dollar, comes in two types—"Dark" for oily skin and "Light" for dry or norm-

al. Both masks are beneficial in dis-
couraging darkened and coarse pores which often afflict any type of skin. They

should be used about twice a week for their refining and stimulating effect.

"For anyone who might be interested in the matter of a face cream, something that can be depended upon to do triple duty as a

cleanser, night cream and powder base, I have found Jauts, put out by the Popu-

lent Company, a friend in need.

"Light in texture it

is an excellent

cleanser, and be-

cause of special

softening and hu-

drating ingredi-

euts it proves an

effective night

cream. Fifty cents and one dollar.

"Of prime importance in the daily care of
every type skin is a non-irritating, thor-
ough cleansing soap. The creamy white

buttery and delicious fragrance of

Comay have long kept high on my list of preferrred beauty aids. Economical for the

bath, too, which just might be one of the most important.

"The Maybelline Company is justly proud of its Maybelline Cream Mascara, a recen-
t hit with its family of eye colors.

This cream mascara is easily applied with-

out water and gives that coveted silky ap-

pearance to the lashes. A generous tube of
the mascara, housed with its brush in a zipper purse case, is priced at seventy-five cents. The long-tipped tube applicator makes application from tube to brush even and thorough. The ingredients are the same as in Maybelline Cake Mascara—you'll be glad to know—safe and reliable. There's something about a new lipstick! And if it's a new stick with a familiar name, then plaudits are in order. Not content with the popularity of Tattoo, the manufacturers of this famous lipstick have continued their quest for the perfect combination of smoothness, rich color and permanency. In their New Tattoo they are offering an entirely new formula which captures warm transparency and lasting color in the lips. Drug and department stores display a Tattoo Color Selector from which you can choose the most becoming of five enticing shades. The price remains one dollar.

A Beauty Expert for You

Alison Alden, MOVIE CLASSIC'S beauty editor, is offering a special service to readers of this department. She will help you in solving your problems of make-up, by answering any perplexing questions you wish to ask, on the care of hair and skin. Write Miss Alden in care of MOVIE CLASSIC, 1501 Broadway, New York City, enclosing stamped, self-addressed envelope for reply. You can rely thoroughly on the advice given by Miss Alden, as her recommendations are based on years of experience as a beautician, during which time she has been called upon to meet many varied problems. Your letters to her will be treated with the strictest confidence and each reply will be personally mailed to you.

Trouble ahead?

TROUBLE AHEAD for these bright young eyes? If parents only realized how poor lighting causes eyestrain, wasted nervous energy, and other physical disturbances, they would always give their children plenty of good light for seeing tasks. One school child in five already has defective vision. Is it worth while to take chances with inferior lamps that get dimmer and dimmer as days go by? Why not keep your home well lighted with Edison MAZDA lamps... the lamps that Stay Brighter Longer... and use electricity so much more economically than inferior lamps. Always keep spares on hand... especially the sight-saving sizes...75 and 100 watts... that are so necessary in helping busy young eyes develop normally. Ask for Edison MAZDA lamps by name!

LAMPS WITH THIS MARK stay brighter longer

only

15¢

15-25-40-60 WATT SIZES

EDISON MAZDA LAMPS

GENERAL ELECTRIC

G.E DIME LAMPS... The first real value in a ten cent lamp bulb. Manufactured by General Electric, these Dime lamps are made in 60, 30, 15, and 7 1/2 watt sizes and are marked like this...
NEW CREAM MASCARA

Ends the artificial look of old-fashioned mascara!

Waterproof...far easier to use!

True charm now replaces the bold, theatrical look that has discouraged so many women from using old-fashioned forms of mascara. The effect you have always wished to achieve with mascara is now actually possible! Your lashes seeming to sweep your cheeks with their length...their luxuriance rich with the enticing charm of naturality!

Quite obviously, such exciting loveliness requires an entirely new kind of mascara; one that darkens lashes without shoving "mascara", one that does not brand its user as artificial, "theatrical" or "bold."

TATTOO Cream Mascara is just that. It goes on so evenly and smoothly its presence on the lashes is not detected. Nor will tears, rain or a plunge betray the secret...for THIS mascara, not being mixed with water when applied, is really waterproof! Much easier to use than cake mascara too, and perfectly harmless. Can't smart.

Complete with brush in smart rubber-lined satin vanity...Black...Brown...Blue...50c at the better stores. TATTOO your eyelashes!

The Show Window

[Walking On Air, co-starring Gene Raymond and Ann Sothern, rates as one of the month's sprightliest comedies]

GOOD

WALKING ON AIR—Gene Raymond and Ann Sothern are co-starred in this hilarious, though unpretentious, comedy romance, which by virtue of clever performances, deft direction and up-to-date dialogue gains a preferred rating on this month's film menu. The story hinges on a desperate father's device to cure his love-sick daughter of an insane infatuation for an alimony-ridden stage raconteur. Pa hires a phony count to divert daughter's attention. Enter Gene Raymond—giving the best performance of his career—and the fun is launched. Don't miss it if you enjoy a good laugh. RKO-Radio.

TUNDRA—Filmed entirely in the Arctic, this unusual picture carries a satisfactory thread of human drama but depends for most of its striking entertainment value on its scenes of wild life. Its cast features all of the animals, large and small, of the Far North and the patience and skill of its producers can be credited for an amazing, thrilling and consistently entertaining nature study. Del Coira, playing the leading human role, is excellent, but the real laurels must be awarded to Raymond via a convention via air trailer and their path is beset by a multitude of hilarious mishaps. Jed Peuty, Spring Byington, George Ernest, Shirley Deane and Kenneth Howell have the most important roles. 20th Century-Fox.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER—Young David Holt, Paramount's answer to the current hue and cry for child stars, proves his mettle in this appealing and dramatic tale of a lad who becomes involved with a gang of murderous thugs, and outwits them in a game that threatens his father's life. His scenes run a wide range of emotions and he handles them all with understanding and ability. Ralph Bellamy and Katherine Locke are excellent in leading roles, and Andy Clyde has an outstanding bit as the boy's grandfather. Paramount.

STAGE STRUCK—A refreshing little back-stage musical comedy which should be a welcome change of fare for the army of fans who are a bit weary of lavish ensembles, ten-ace sets and geometric dance

Movie Classic for November, 1936
THE GENTLEMAN FROM LOUISIANA—A fast-moving drama of the race tracks of a generation ago. The story, remotely based upon the real-life career of Tod Sloan, the most famous of American jockeys, holds interest from start to finish and offers many genuine thrills. Eddie Quillan, Chic Sale, Marjorie Gateson, Charlotte Henry and John Miljan head the cast. Particularly interesting to any racing addict are the unusually well-staged shots of the English Derby. Republic.

SHAKEDOWN—Lew Ayres and Joan Perry in a rather flimsy true-to-formula "whodunit" which involves a mysterious murder, an attempted kidnapping and the inevitable amateur sleuth. Columbia.

THE UNKNOWN RANGER—If you are a western fan, don't miss this one for it is one of the most entertaining "horse-operas" of the season, and it offers, in the person of Robert Allan, a new cowboy star who seems destined to be a favorite. The plot is true to type, with a villainous cattle rustler, a handsome cow-waddle and a vicious ranger's daughter, but it also offers several novel twists and a number of unusual scenes—for instance, a particularly interesting sequence in which Allan breaks an outlaw horse. Harry Woods and Martha Tibbetts have leading roles. Columbia.

CAIN AND MABEL—It seems a shame to waste the ability and personality of Clark Gable on such a flimsy bit of film fare as this ill-advised extravaganza, in which he is co-starred with Marion Davies. Lavish settings and gargantuan dance ensembles of the type which have become traditional with Warner Brothers' filmusicals fail completely to surmount the picture's glaring faults. The dialogue is strained, the story is illogical and entirely too much footage is devoted to the glorification of Marion Davies. The film can be recommended only for the consumption of dyed-in-the-wool filmusical fans. Warner Brothers.

IT COULDN'T HAVE HAPPENED—A rather novel, but somewhat inept, "whodunit" featuring Reginald Denny, Larry Courtney and Evelyn Brent. The story deals with a theatrical troupe, a double murder, and the solution of the crime by an enterprising mystery-drama writer. It's passable fare. Invisible.

DON'T TURN 'EM LOOSE—A vigorous, punchy drama assaulting the current practice of paroling dangerous criminals. The story, playing upon a father's blind love for a homicidal son, rings true and has been so well handled by director and cast that its preachment is always secondary to its dramatic entertainment values. Lewis Stone, Bruce Cabot, James Gleason and Betty Grable do remarkably fine work in exacting roles. RKO-Radio.

FAIR

For Triple Protection
Can't Chase

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.

Can't Fail
Kotex has a special "Equalizer" center whose channels guide moisture evenly the whole length of the pad. Gives "body" but not bulk—prevents twisting and roping. The filler of Kotex is 5 TIMES more absorbent than cotton.

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 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)

Movie Classic for November, 1936
I've heard girls say, I'm just cah-razy about So-and-So—because he looks and talks exactly like Nelson Eddy or Lindbergh or Mussolini—or someone. That isn't love. Love is being set apart of the Beloved. When you really love you don't want the man you love to be like anyone else. You want him to be always himself. Martyrs are trying to imagine that the man you love is a Nelson Eddy, you're deceiving yourself into believing that you love someone you really don't love at all. The only way to love is to use him as a sacrifice to your imagination. You are infatuating with the image of Nelson Eddy and you are trying to make believe that the other man is the image. There is no such pretense in real love.

"Nor do I think," said Joan thoughtfully, "that it is apt to be love when a girl—or a boy—pulls off his out of his or her own class. It's much more apt to be infatuation. Seldom indeed do the tabloid paper Millionnaire-Marriages with stories that result in anything but speedy and spectacular divorces.

"NOT," said Joan firmly, "that I don't believe in divorce. I do. When divorce is honestly necessary it is honest. If, as I am told, statistics show that the divorce rate is increasing it only indicates to me that people are becoming more honest, less neurotic, less addicted to the old 'martyr complex'. There is nothing healthy about the martyr complex. People are not lovers. For I repeat—real love is healthy. If a girl is unhappy in love, mistrustful, nervous, melancholy, she can be pretty sure that something is badly wrong—with her, not with love. Love is not a madly nor is it a madness and it shouldn't be considered as such."}

"Which is another positive test for you to apply to your own hearts: If you are unhappy in your love—look out! I don't mean by unhappy, I mean by which is sacrifice. If a woman sacrifices herself, her interests, her identity to a man, it doesn't follow that she is more capable than others of great love. It's more apt to be that she has no imagination. The woman who spends her life going without the necessities, the comforts, and the considerations of life is not courageous, without stamina. It doesn't take courage to be a pallid martyr, to suffer and be uncomplaining. It does take courage to right wrongs, to save something that is rightly wrong—with her, not with love. Love is not a madly nor is it a madness and it shouldn't be considered as such."

"And there is another test which is quite infallible—most of us have said, at one time or another, that we can't bear a man who talks politics or doesn't—can't bear a man who whistles when he drives—can't bear a man who smokes cigars—any one who who talks politics or doesn't—can't bear a man who whistles when he drives—all those little small pet 'hates' and then if you fall in love with a man and it be true you are not to be afraid of anything you detest—well—" laughed Joan.

"There is also the test of going with a boy who can't take you places other girls in your crowd go—a boy who can't lend you carriages, pay you the small, expensive attentions other boys pay other girls. How do you feel about that? Resentful? Noble? Happy? Thankful? So glad to be with him that it doesn't matter how or where? You should be very sure of yourself. For while such depriations may work and even seem pretense and rather beautiful during the 'courting' period, those same depriations, seldom work out successfully after marriage. You should try to be sure of yourself, sure of what your real demands are, sure that the real values of your marriage will compensate you sufficiently for not being able to do what your friends do and have what your friends have.

"Then there is the acid test of—Do I like this man as well as love him? I mean, if no emotional content entered into the relationship at all, if 'kisses in the moonlight' had to part in it at all—would you keep it up? If he's not what you're talking with him, want to be with him?"

"So often we do not like those we love. We are defied by emotion into thinking he is like the one we first fell in love with and as time goes on with to be removed we would find ourselves face to face with a totally uncommercial stranger."

"If you have a yardstick that love is friendship set on fire. It is. If a man and a girl are friends first, with a mutual basis of books and friends and interests which could exist independently of love and if, then emotion enters into that friendship, colors it, sets it all aflame that love.

"So, ask yourself, do be sure to ask yourself: Do I like him as well as love him?"

"And I thought how truly, perhaps unconsciously, perhaps not, Joan was thinking when she was trying to us her love for Franchot and his for her, I thought of the long months, even years during which they worked in the same studio, in the same profession. I thought of all the books they read and discussed together, the friends they share together, the music they both love and are developing. Their mutual plans for going away, their mutual plan for going East and summering in a stock company in New England, the concerts they attend, the good talks they have, their quiet home evenings, except book, happy—yes, with Joan and Franchot, I could swear, it is 'Friendship set on fire.'"
IT STARTED WITH A

"COMMON COLD!"

(It Usually Does)

The Necessity of
Definite Treatment

He wasn't feeling so bad yesterday—just headache and lassitude. Today they telephoned the office that he's pretty bad and they have to have the doctor in.

Everyone's shocked, for it was only a "slight cold" yesterday. Yet, isn't it true that nearly every case of bronchitis and pneumonia you heard of started with "just a common cold"?

If there's anything you want to be concerned about, it's the so-called "common cold."

Federal, state and city health departments are constantly calling attention to the danger of the "common cold." They know the insidious nature of the "common cold." They know, from experience, what it can develop into, almost before you know it.

A cold is an internal infection and requires internal treatment.

To Be Safe

What you want to do, if you want to be safe, is to regard a cold—as any cold—seriously. Keep two things in mind:

(1) A cold is an internal infection and, as such, calls for internal treatment.
(2) A cold calls for a cold treatment and not a "care-all" or a preparation that is only incidentally good for colds.

A reliable treatment for colds is afforded in Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine.

First of all, it is distinctly a cold treatment, a tablet designed expressly for the treatment of colds and nothing else. Secondly, it works internally and it does four things of vital importance in the treatment of a cold— as follows:

First, it opens the bowels, an acknowledgedly advisable step in the treatment of a cold.

Second, it checks the infection in the system.

Third, it relieves the headache and fever.

Fourth, it tones the system and helps fortify against recurrence.

This is the fourfold effect that distinguishes Grove's Bromo Quinine and it is what you want for the prompt treatment of a cold.

Decisive Treatment

Grove's Bromo Quinine tablets now come sugar-coated as well as plain. The sugar-coated are exactly the same as the regular, except that the tablets are coated with sugar for palatability.

The moment you feel a cold coming on, go get yourself a package of Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine tablets. Don't compromise with less efficient methods. Start taking the tablets immediately, two at a time. Taken promptly, Grove's Bromo Quinine will usually stop a cold the first day and that's the speed of action you want.

All drug stores sell Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine and no reliable druggist will try to switch you to anything else. Ask firmly for these famous tablets by name. The few pennies' investment may save you a lot of trouble.
to go about the lot. Said chair was propell'd by Oscar Smith, now the colored bookbinder on the Paramount lot.

He Joined the Navy
Dick Powell must have had only a leave of absence from the United States Navy. After appearing in several pictures with a naval background, Dick is going right back again. The title is The Singing Marine, which gives you an idea.

At Random
The Terrific woes, horrors, dangers, tribulations and general unembarrassedness of life in Hollywood, as exemplified by recent events:

—Dorothy Lamour, risking all for Art, plunged into the thickest of making Paramount's Girl of the Jungle. And what happened? —she got a case of poison ivy in the most embarrassing heres and there.

—Gary Cooper, demonstrating superb man-on-the-box-ship during The Plainsman, courageously grasped the reins and said "cluck, cluck, cluck" to a six-horse team. They took him wrong, circled he whole location set, were adroitly steered by Gary into a fence, whereupon Gary and Passenger Jean Arthur described neat parsley to cats and bruses.

—Arline Judge, throwing all fear to the winds, attended a Hollywood party the other night. Before she could work again in Today is the Word for Corrie, they had to tape up two broken ribs.

—Reckless of the lesson of the great earthquake in MGM's San Francisco, Director Bob Leonard, who weighs 225, essayed to show Madge Evans how to take one of those oddly-named so-and-so-falls on another stage on the very same lot. Result: a localized earthquake, collapse of scenery, blow-out of a light fuse, sudden descent of a heavy prop chandelier, a nick out of Bob Montgomery's ear. as it went by, and applications of arista on Director Bob's anatomy.

—showing the hazards film stars undergo while acting their roles. So delighted was Producer Emanuel Cohen as he watched Bing Crosby do a splendid sequence that at its conclusion, he leaped up and kissed Bing!!! Bing threatened to report the matter to Mr. Hays, but didn't.

Watch Your Step
Ah, these dahlink lil' Hollywood kidies—

—It seems that over at Selznick's, Casting Boss Charlie Richards was interviewing a bunch of five, six and seven-year-old boys, looking for one to play the role of Tom Sawyer. He came to a typical Hollywood kid actor.

"What," asked Richards, "is your name, sonny?"

The kid fixed Charlie with an eye, and replied:

"The name's A. E. Sweat, mister—on no cracks, see??!

Husband Trouble
Up to Michael Whalen at a recent preview popped an attractive young woman, holding out an autograph book. Mike smiled, took the pencil, prepared to sign his name for her.

"But please, Mr. Whalen, sign Wally Beery's name instead of your own, won't you?"

Amazed, Whalen wanted to know why. "On account my husband's awful jealous—and he'd soak me on the kisser if he read my autograph album and seen I'd been talkin' to a handsome man like you," she replied!

In the Swim
Nearest house-building trick of the month in Hollywood—

Mona Barrie, motoring in the Hollywood Hills, saw a huge, nearly-completed, but obviously abandoned swimming pool. She investigated, learned it had been built for what was to have been a big private sanitarium project which blew up.

So Mona bought the huge pool and the land. And she'll build a tiny bungalow beside the pool—and do most of her living in the swim.

A Mother's Gratitude
John Bole, receiving his war bonus check, endorsed it over to his mother, sent it to her as a gift.

Came back, the other day, his mother's note of thanks for the check. Last line in her letter: "—but I hope that I may never receive another such gift, for I trust it will never be necessary for you to go to war again."

Somehow, John had a walloping big lump in his throat when he'd read that . . .

What Would You Do?
For nearly seven years, now, Doris Kenyon, widow of the great Milton Sills, has been saving in a storage vault the prints of the two last pictures in which Sills appeared. Her plan: to show them to her son, who was a tiny baby when Milton passed on.

Bi the other day, Doris disposed of the films.

Movie Classic for November, 1936

Hollywood Highlights
[Continued on page 12]
Home, Sweet Home
For *Tarzan Escapes*, they needed a flock of trained pigeons, to do some trick flying. So they went to the pigeonman, rented a cage full of birds, transported them carefully and perilously over mountain roads to the *Tarzan* location, way back in the hills. Then they were all ready to shoot the scene at last. And with everything set, they let out the birds.

And the darned things, being homing pigeons, made a bee-line back to Hollywood...!!!

Smile If You Say It
Hollywood’s chorus-girls are going Hollywood. They just don’t wanna be called “chorus girls” any more!! They don’t think it’s a nice word...
Organized into a group of several hundred, they’re appointed beauteous Martha Manning their president. Says Martha: “The designation of a dancer as a ‘chorus girl’ is—ah—both inaccurate and uncomplimentary.”
They haven’t decided, yet, which of three suggested alternative titles they should bear—“dancing actresses,” “tapsters” or “rhythmites.”
Ho, hummmmm.

Cupid’s Batting Average
*Hits*
Astrid Allwyn and Robert Kent, Craig Reynolds and Patricia Ellis, Eleanor Whitney and Henry Willson, Betty Furness (hats included) and Alan Lane, Billy Bakewell and Claire Trevor, Glenda Farrell and Drew Eberston, Nino Martini and Elissa Landi.

*Strikouts*

Home Ruins
Wedding bells for Gene and Jeanette, Ditto for Randy Scott, who admits he’s been married to one of the DuPont millions daughters for a half year. Jean Chaburn, married Agent Frank Orsatti, Allain Jones and Irene Hervey honeymooning. Maureen O’Sullivan and Johnny Farrow finally make it official.

Triple Plays
Nursery-readying for Polly Ann Young. Ditto for the Director Woody Van Dykes and the Director Bill Wellmans.

Second Time at Bat
Sidney Fox and Charlie Beahan trying it again—or on the verge. Margaret Sullivan and ex-hubby Director Willie Wyler still twosomes furiously. Hoot Gibson and June Gale happy again.

Fifth-Inning Tie
Stu Erwin and June Collyer celebrating their fifth anniversary.

Substitution
Ginger Rogers on verge of marrying Jimmy Stewart.

NEW DEODORANT BY KOTEX
100% EFFECTIVE ON SANITARY NAPKINS

- Now there’s no excuse to be guilty of the “Unforgivable Offense!” The makers of Kotex bring you a new deodorant powder named Quest that positively destroys all types of napkin and body odors!

- No matter, now, if other methods haven’t satisfied, especially on hottest days. Quest is 100% effective! It assures all-day-long freshness, yet it does not irritate the skin, clog the pores or interfere with normal body functions.

Try Quest today, for the personal daintiness every woman treasures. Use this soothing cool powder on sanitary napkins, after the bath, to prevent perspiration offense. It is unscented, which means it can’t interfere with the fragrance of lovely perfume. Quest costs no more than other kinds... only 35c for the large two-ounce can at your favorite drug counter. Buy it today.
Loretta Young Answers

[Continued from page 55]

A. Yes, I would, but I have no plans for a stage appearance, at present.

Q. Do you take any special setting-up exercises to keep in condition?
A. No.

Q. What is your formula for happiness?
A. I think the real key to happiness is to like everyone.

Q. What is the most beautiful word you know?
A. (And Loretta, profoundly intrigued by this question, thought for many minutes before attempting to answer.) What a strange question and what a hard one to answer! I believe the most beautiful word I know is the word—happiness.

Q. Do you feel you have reached the highest point in your career?
A. I certainly hope that I haven’t reached the highest point in my career as yet.

Q. Do you ever wish you were someone else—if so—who?
A. Of course I do. I’m a day dreamer just like anyone else and my idols change from day to day.

Q. What is your favorite song and radio program?
A. I think my favorite song is Moonlight Madonna. My favorite radio program is March of Time.

Q. Do you keep any of the clothes worn in your pictures, for private use?
A. Yes, some of them.

Q. Have you a private secretary? If so, does she handle all of your fan mail besides your personal correspondence?
A. I employ a fan-mail secretary who answers most of my fan mail.

Q. What is your nickname—or names?
A. The family call me “Duchess.”

Q. What picture, outside of those you have appeared in, have you enjoyed most during the past six months?
A. Green Pastures. I believe. I think it’s one of the most entertaining pictures I have ever seen.

Q. What type of man do you prefer?
A. The type of man who is generally referred to as the outdoor type.

Q. Are you superstitious—if so—in what way?
A. I don’t believe I have a single superstition.

Q. What are the names of your first three, and last three pictures?
A. The first three pictures I appeared in are: Naught But Nice, Laugh Clown Laugh and The Squall. My last three, including the one I am working in at present, are: Private Number, Ramona and Ladies in Love.

Q. Please give a complete description of yourself.
A. I am five feet three inches in height, weigh 105 lbs. and have light brown hair and blue eyes.

Q. When and where were you born?
A. In Salt Lake City, Utah, on January 6, 1913.

Q. What nationality are you?
A. My family has been in the United States so long that the only nationality that I can claim is American.

Q. What are your favorite sports?
A. Ping Pong and swimming.

Q. Do you like dancing? Do you expect to sing or dance in a forthcoming picture?
A. I like to dance very much. I don’t think that I will ever be a second Ginger Rogers on the screen, however.

Q. Do you live with your family in Hollywood?
A. Yes.

Q. How can I obtain an autographed photo of you?
A. By writing to me in care of Fox-20th Century Studio, Westwood Hills, California, and enclosing 25c to cover mailing costs.

Q. What hobby, or hobbies, do you prefer?
A. Collecting antique furniture has become one of my principal avocations.

Q. Have you any outside occupation from which you derive an income?
A. No.

Q. What makes car do you drive?
A. I have a Packard.

Q. How old were you when you made your first appearance on the screen?
A. I was thirteen years old when I first appeared in pictures.

Q. Were you ever married—if so, to whom and for how long?
A. I was married to Grant Withers for a year and a half.

Q. Is there any other position in a studio that you would prefer to acting?
A. No.

Q. To whom do you give the most credit for starting you on your movie career?
A. I’m afraid I will have to give the credit to Loretta Young for it was more a case of determination and insinence than of anything else.

Q. Did you ever visit any relatives when a child, on a large ranch near Fossterville, Tennessee?
A. The plantation that you speak of near Fosterville was my mother’s early home. I’ve been home of it many times but I have never been there.

I think you will agree that Loretta Young has given unusually interesting answers to a group of unusually interesting questions and of all the players this Inquiring Reporter has ever placed on the wax stand, she seemed to enjoy the ordeal the most.

Next month, remember, Gerie Raymond is our victim.
From Melrose Crtflfl/a, Sis-sy doorways, woman's aln in Hollywood r>l. Clear "at Manufacturer's you elpamalt member counter could tion. up he's polished all ered ing For the third of They come tino while could wouldn't man, But "Sis-sy Don't That Larry, The of other rules, he's growing more, Crosby, Ltd., along with a third brother. But the boys aren't clannish. They seldom eat together. Bing drops in with a pal of his, and Larry eats with one of his own particular crowd. The other day, one of the waitresses, carrying a tray of food, dropped in front of the well-tailored Larry to ask, half-brashly, "Are you Bing Crosby's brother?" Larry answered, "Yes—but why make anything of it? You just waited on Bing, over there." The girl looked where he indicated—and dropped her tray. Yes, dropped it. She probably will never be the same again. For there, sure enough, was Bing. She hadn't recognized him.

What girl would think of looking for her movie idol on a lunch-counter stand, wearing an old faded sweater and an old checkered cap? That isn't according to Hollywood Hoyle; that's what it isn't. According to all of the rules, he should be a boyish, but polished Lothario off-screen. And, instead, he's an easygoing hombre in old clothes, just being himself. Don't call him "Mr. Crosby," Step right up and call him "Bing." He'll be calling you by your first name, after the introduction.

I t isn't a gag. He isn't going out of his way to try to be. That lunch-counter business is about the most convenient eating place he could find. Besides, he happens to like counter lunchrooms.

And that, Bing. He can't seem to remember that he ought to be trying ever lastingly to impress people. He has the quaint, unorthodox notion that there are (Continued on page 74)
The Scourge of Spokane

[Continued from page 73]

more important things in life. Relaxation, for instance.
When he recently built a new house, he
built it in Toluca Lake—for the simple rea-
son that Toluca Lake is the Lake-No-
side Country Club. That’s how crazy he
is about golf. And he’s no du chromp shooting
a two-handicap. Also, he’s the worst-dressed player on the course. He’s that fellow
in the dirty gray slacks and faded
sweater—with a handkerchief, knotted at the
corners, like bandages on his face.
A few weeks ago, he was scheduled to
play a twosome in a club tournament with
Peggy Graham, young and pretty and the
girl he talked to all the time. But
ning at the club was hot and heavy, as to
whether or not Bing would dress up this
time. He appeared, as usual, in the soiled
down going to his handker-
chief. No one forewarned the girl about
the handkerchief headpiece or the likelihood
of his calling her “Peggy” at first meeting.
She nearly went off her game, the first
couple of holes.

A youngster, he never did have enough
swimming—so his new house has a
pool. He never had enough tennis to satisfy
him, either—so he has a tennis court, too.
Dixie (Mrs. Crosby) plays him and
gives him a good game.

Between pictures, Bing and Dixie and
the three little Crosbys usually pack up
and go down to their home near Del Mar—
and “rough it.” As a youngster, he used to
wonder what ranch life was like. Well,
he knows now. The place is complete even
to an old Spanish hacienda and a coral,
which is stocked with brood mares. As
a sideline, he’s going into the horse-raising
business. Not to mention the horse-racing
business.

He owns a quarter-interest in the new
track being built near Del Mar, to compete
with Santa Anita, where he first contracted
racing fever a couple of years ago. In
his pre-Hollywood days, he never had any in-
terest in horses; this is strictly a new
development.

Before Larry and Everett knew what was happen-
ing, Bing had a string of sixteen
horses, headed by a nag y-deep Zombie—
which, Larry claims, was “resurrected
from” the dead. In two years, the Crosby colors
have won just two races. But is he “selling
out”? Not Bing. He gets too much of a
bang out of the sport of thundering hoofs.

He also owns a quarter-interest in a
promising middleweight fighter—which,
ofhand, sounds like a strange investment.
In all traces Bing joins the Scourge
of Spokane. He didn’t keep that title with-
out impromptu fist-duels. He knows the
thrift of a good scrap.

As a boy, Bing had urged to go to sea.
He’s getting some of the sea fever out of
his system right now with a trip to Hawaii
with Dixie. Up to now he has released the
fever principally in deep-sea fishing off
La Jolla. Standing on the tossing, lurch-
ing deck of a small boat in a stiff off-
shore breeze, having a two-hour battle with
a sword fish—now, there’s a man’s sport!
And, what’s more, Bing is good at it!

Am I getting across my point? Bing—
the boy’s boy—has become, and remains,
a man’s man.

How does he feel when females in a
hord swoop down upon him? His side-
steps that query. I’ve never seen a horde
of females in my life. That never hap-
pened to me. A few little kids with auto-
graph books, that’s all.”

Of course, it’s three years since he made
a personal-appearance tour—and maybe he
has forgotten what happened then, though
it does seem impossible that any man could
forget being literally mobbed by emotion-
laden swarms of women. There is a
reason why it hasn’t happened—very much
—since. When a crowd collects out in
front now, he escapes (if possible) via
the back door. Not because he is trying
to dodge painful embarrassment. He
doesn’t enjoy being the cynosure of all
eyes. A phenomenon, this Bing.

ET fans approach him singly or in small
groups, and he never tries to duck. He’d
even do the unexpected for them. Like
asking a girl what her first name is and
then writing in her autograph book, “To
from Bing.” There isn’t another
star in Hollywood who puts fan friendships
on a first-name basis. His own office (not
the studio) handles all of his staggering
amount of fan mail, and never asks money
for photographs. They’re free to all ask-
ners, though they cost Bing about fifteen
hundred dollars a month.

Four out of ten letters are from men.
Just seeing him on the screen, or hearing
him on the radio, they feel that here is “a
regular fellow”—and they write to tell him
so. His mail comes from all over the
world. And every letter is answered under
the direction of Larry. The difficult ones
to answer are the too frequent, poignant
letters from girls convinced that they love
him, although they admit such love is

Hollywood’s youngest bathing beauty
—Baby Patsy May of the famous “Our
Gang” comedies—and Jamie, her pet
Scottie, take a day off to enjoy the
pleasures of famous Malibu Beach

Movie Classic for November, 1936
An executive of the company that has handled his phonograph recordings since 1931 told me recently, "He is the only singer in the world who is understood universally. He does something that seems to make a common denominator of all races. But there are two Bing Crosby—one Bing who appeals to the masses, and the other a Crosby who has the right to sing standard songs in his own individual way. He thinks I'm giving him a terrific build-up; I've never yet heard him say that anything he did was good; at the most, he'll say, 'Well, I hope they like it.' But I mean what I say. He should be putting out things of a semi-classical nature. His voice has no right to die."

Bing, apparently, is the one person in the world who has no illusions about his voice. He dreads invitations to sing on the same concert programs with operatic stars; he calls himself "Old Gravel-Throat"; and he has been known to smoke a cigar immediately before a recording without any thought of "saving" his voice.

(P.S. And the recording was perfect.)

He DOESN'T worry about anything. Everything is a game to Bing. Even movie-making. If he "goes up" in his lines, he may say something like "I'll be diddly-dadburned," but there are no symptoms of disgust. Literally, he goes right on talking, ad lib, to the devastation of other members of the cast. As, for instance, during a scene with Madge Evans in the Haunted House Cafe on the set of Pennies from Heaven. (Which, by the way, Bing himself is producing, by arrangement with Columbia.) On a mantel stood a spectral-looking card. Madge was to ask, "What is it?" Bing forgot what he was to answer. But he said something. He said, "That is Harry Cohn—looking for the final print of Lost Horizon. Harry Cohn being the president of Columbia, which had just spent $2,000,000 and five months' time on Lost Horizon. Bing isn't conscious of camera angles, as handsome heroes usually are. Like Fred Stone, he doesn't care which side they photograph, so long as it's the outside. Bing doesn't wear make-up. He is so tanned from golfing that he doesn't need any. (Maybe that handkerchief, instead of a cap, is all right, after all!)"

His friends today are mostly the friends-who-knew-him-when. He makes no secret of the fact that he is married—and happily. He is one woman-man. He is crazy about youngsters. He has Gary Evans, S, and the two-year-old twins, Philip and Dennis, brought to the studio on days when he knows he will have free time, so that he can be with them.

The youngsters occupy a wing completely their own in the new house. A white Colonial house, with twenty-two rooms. Proudly, Bing was showing a visitor over the place soon after they moved in, when he came to a closed door. "Here's a neat little number," he said, opening the door. The visitor was greeted with a view of a large "guest" living room—the last word in dignified luxury—and was properly awed. That same evening, after dinner, Bing suggested to Dixie that they go into the "guest" living room to read. They hadn't tried it yet. They sat there about fifteen minutes. Then Bing said, "Let's go downstairs and belong in here!"

And that's Bing Crosby for you. Perhaps now you can appreciate the pensive remark of thirteen-year-old Edith Follows, who plays with Bing in Pennies from Heaven: "Isn't Dixie lucky to have a man like Bing? ... When I grow up, I only hope there'll be a Bing for me!"

"I Am More Popular With Sunny Golden Hair", says Miss Patricia Watson of Buffalo, N. Y.

Lovely Miss Watson, MARCHAND'S BLONDE-OF-THE-MONTH for October, when asked her secret of popularity told us, "I have been keeping my hair bright and lustreous with Marchand's Golden Hair Wash for four years." Blonde or Brunette, you can improve your whole appearance by developing fully one of your natural charms. Most important is your hair! Follow Miss Watson's example. Rinse with Marchand's Golden Hair Wash to have glorious, fascinating hair your friends will admire.

Blondes — Is dull, faded or streaked hair robbing you of 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 lustreous sheen to your hair just rinse with Marchand's. Your will be amazed at the improvement in your whole appearance. Or if you wish to add Marchand's full strength you can lighten your hair to any golden shade and become an appealing blonde.

Blondes and Brunettes — Use Marchand's also to make "superfluous" 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.

Do You, Too, 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.

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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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City: ____________________________ State: ________________

P. P. 1195

Movie Classic for November, 1936 75
Enjoy a Hollywood Small Home

[Continued from page 47]

added in soft blue crush. Convenient end tables made of one-inch lumber put together with simple butt joints are placed by these wall seats.

In front of the fireplace, and again in front of a small upright piano finished in white, are "conversation groups" of chairs and low tables. A round, beveled mirror over the simple tile and brick fireplace lends a Colonial touch. The two arm chairs used with the coffee table in the living room, by the way, serve as end chairs at the dining table when more than the usual number are at dinner.

An interesting treatment was used in remodelling the large arch between the living and dining rooms. This had formerly been of dark wood, with the usual clumsy columns. These were removed and triple-valve screen-like doors were substituted, whose white, slatted surfaces give a unique, Southern feeling. Screens similar to these are easily purchased at the department stores for very much less than the cost of the original columns.

Another clever feature was the hanging of a venetian blind over the large "landscape" window in the dining room, which had given an undesirable close-up of the side of the house next door.

The doors were removed from an old-fashioned built-in sideboard, which was then painted white to match the woodwork and furniture. On the table three chromium sailboats merrily glide over a deep blue mirror sea.

PLAYROOM

Beyond the kitchen is a room eight or nine feet wide and about twice as long, also treated in red and white. Here again, the capacious lounge and white end-tables are built to order.

A clever bar was made by simply cutting in half the door to a large closet, covering the lower portion with a shelf. The upper half, swung back, discloses the large closet shell-lined and equipped with an array of interesting looking bottles. Against the end wall is a modernistic case containing a display of the more unique types of containers. This had been merely an old bookcase which, with a dollar or two and a little artistic judgment,

Nesco Ware, as up-to-date in kitchen service as the China Clipper is in aviation, is a feature in the Cooper home. Reasonable in price, its beauty and servicablebility recommends it to every home owner.
SKINNY?
THOUSANDS GAIN
10 TO 25 LBS.
QUICK WITH
NEW 3-WAY TREATMENT

NEW DISCOVERY GIVES THOUSANDS
NORMAL CURVES—in a few weeks!

QRINNY, rundown men and women
do now have a marvelous new triple-
acting treatment that has put pounds
of solid, naturally attractive flesh on
thousands who never could gain be-
fore. Not only has this new discovery
filled out broomstick limbs and wash-
board breasts to naturally good-look-
ing curves, but it has also brought
normally clear skin, freedom from in-
digestion and constipation, new pep
and popularity.

Doctors now know that the real rea-
son why many find it hard to gain
weight is they do not get enough
digestion-strengthening Vitamin B and
blood-building iron in their food. Now
with this new discovery which com-
bines these two vital elements in little
consolidated tablets, hosts of people
have put on pounds of firm flesh, nor-
mal curves—in a very short time.

7 times more powerful

This amazing new product, Ironized Yeast, is made from special imported
cultured ale yeast, the richest known
source of Vitamin B. By a new process
this special yeast is concentrated 7
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Then it is combined with 3 kinds of
iron, pasteurized whole yeast and other
valuable ingredients in pleasant little
tablets.

If you, too, need Vitamin B and iron to
build you up, get these new Ironized Yeast
tablets from your druggist at once. Day
day after day, as you take them, watch skinny
limbs and flat chests round out to normal
attractiveness, skin clear to natural beauty
—you’re an entirely new person.

Money-back guarantee
No matter how skinny and rundown you
may be from lack of enough Vitamin B and iron, these marvelous new Ironized
Yeast tablets should build you up in a few
weeks as they have thousands. If not
delighted with results of first package, money
back instantly.

Special FREE offer!
To start you building up your health right
away, we make this absolutely FREE offer.
Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast at
once, cut out the seal on the box and mail
it to us with a clipping of this paragraph.
We will send you a fascinating new book
on health, "New Facts About Your Body:"
Remember, results with the very first
package usually amazing. At all drug-
gists, Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 2811,
Atlanta, Ga.

(Continued on page 78)
bric-a-brac cabinet which proves to be a decorative way of finishing the end of the dressing cabinets which occupy most of that wall space. This section below, an addition to the old house, was planned with large, modern windows open to the sea air. A dresser, chest of drawers, chairs and desk in simple design, constitute the ordinary pieces of bedroom furniture.

The unusual feature is the made-to-order bed. A frame was built to take the usual spring and mattress integral with it; a shelf headboard with curve-ended night tables. The headboard, of course, is plain, sufficiently high for pillow backing, but above that is a shelf for favorite books and a small radio. The bedside tables extend about thirty inches from the wall and also contain shelving. The window drapes are of a conspicuous white corduroy, which retails slightly under a dollar a yard.

**TIPS TO HOME MAKERS**

The house that Jackie Cooper built is filled with important lessons for homebuilders. This home falls into the five thousand dollar class when built new, figuring California price of $3 per square foot. On top of that, bear in mind that the furnishings, carpenter-built in many cases, offer not only a tremendous saving but also increased comfort.

The built-in bed, for instance, in the master bedroom, can be constructed of cheap lumber since it is finished in white paint. A Simmons spring and Beautyrest mattress could be purchased and turned over to a carpenter with a sketch or photo, and this bed would be easy to duplicate.

I particularly liked the use of carpeting. A sense of luxury is imparted by covering the floor completely either with broadloom, strip rug, or rugs to fit.

The Obi Rug Company of Chicago, for example, spins, dyes and weaves rugs exactly to measure, and from your own salvaged material.

The clever use of corduroy drapes struck my fancy—doubtless a hunch that was derived from some studio set builder with an eye to the unusual. In future articles I shall discuss other drapery ideas.

The kitchen is an important adjunct never to be minimized—it must be well supplied with modern equipment, be light, and save steps.

More and more, kitchens are becoming colorful. To add to this effect, I suggest the use of the new Nesco ware, made in such a wide variety of colors as to fit most any scheme. Cream and red is one of their combinations in the complete kitchen ensemble and electric Roastmaster. You'll find this beautiful ware in use in the movie sets calling for modernist kitchen equipment. I am told Nesco has the following color schemes for added color harmony in your kitchen: delphinium blue and white, green and cream, red and cream, pure white, plus others, a list of which can be obtained by writing this magazine. The Nesco company extends the use of color to such items as spatulas, spoons, spatulas, and evenChina glass turned into a beautiful stain-resistant enameled ware and china girl Japanned ware lines.

Indeed, most forward-looking manufacturers are supplying top products essential in your home. The new Bissell carpet sweepers, in the Charm and Vanity styles, are novel and smart. Your entire kitchen, from floor to closet, will be bright and colorful.

Among homes of the stars I have visited I have often noticed clever uses of Armstrong linoleum for kitchen, playroom, nursery or solarium.

In the Cooper house, the playroom can easily become a third bedroom. As a suggestion, use linoleum on your playroom floor. It will be here that drinks are spilled, cigarettes dropped and the wear and tear of living becomes most evident.

Anything easily washable has great advantage in a home. The leatherette covering several of the furnishings in Jackie Cooper's home is a case in point. The new washable wall papers are now available in a wide assortment as to meet with all your requirements, and these are highly important in kitchens, playrooms, nurseries and so on. I like them for living rooms also, where radiators or hot air outlets cause stains on the walls, and on hall stairways where baby hands leave a smudgy trail.

*OTHER articles on star's homes will appear in future issues of Movie Classic. Watch for them.*

---

**Song Poems Wanted**

To be set to music

Free examination. Send for offer

McNeil

Bachlor of Music

1502 W. 27 St.

Los Angeles, Calif.

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: Take half pint of water and add one ounce of Royn, a small box of Barbco Com pound and one-fourth ounce of gelsemum. A young girl can put this up or you can mix it yourself at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until desired shade is obtained. Barbo imparts color to streaked.

Indeed, it is pretty when it soft and easy and takes years off your looks. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off.

_Olivia de Havilland, who in one brief year has climbed to stardom under the Warner Brothers banner, has become a devotee of the increasingly popular sport of sailing. She will next be seen in Charge of the Light Brigade._

Movie Classic for November, 1936
Bette's command, "Tibbie" jumped down and followed her mistress across the room. Bette studied the portrait for a moment, then commented—"You have it exactly." After that, I noticed, she was much more at ease.

I believe Bette Davis could not stand being around anyone who didn't know his business. I can imagine that she would be capable of kicking over the easel if she thought that I didn't know how to paint! She, herself, is businesslike in the truly modern manner.

Fairness is one of the strongest of Bette's qualities. She has very decided ideas on right and wrong, and will stand up and fight to the last against anything she believes unfair.

Unless you fully understand that attribute, I can see that she might not be easy to get along with. Of her contract difficulties, she remarked—"I got one of the handsomest 'pushing around' Hollywood has ever handed out." Modern lingo, this—aptly suited to filmdom of today. And there was a determination in Bette's voice that convinced me that she wasn't to be "pushed around" any more.

During the weeks that I was painting Bette, her mother was very ill; but although, on this account, Bette had to be excused from several appointments (incidentally, she never broke an engagement for any other reason), she saw to it that my work was delayed as little as humanly possible. When she was posing, you would never have known that she had a worry in the world. Only during her rest periods could you have told how disturbed she was.

Devotion to her mother and consideration for her elders—old-fashioned qualities that, unfortunately, are lacking in so many of the present generation. Stripped of modern veneer, Bette Davis could just have stepped from old New England or the old South.

Bette is a true intellectual. She can talk on most any subject—science, art, literature—with an air of authority. Even though she gives her discussions the fire and enthusiasm of the modern, behind her comments I saw a depth and an almost astounding understanding.

On the last day that Bette was to pose, she came in with an air—"Is it finished?"

I told her that there was still a little "touching up" to be done.

"May I see it now?" she promptly asked.

When I told her "yes," she came over and looked at the portrait for a long while. "You got it; you got it exactly. I knew that if you did that you could paint—and there it is!" exclaimed Bette, pointing delightedly to the unusual way her hair grows back just above each ear. "I didn't say a word about it, either!"

I started to pick up my brush for the finishing strokes.

What are the 8 “MUSTS” doctors demand of a laxative?

Your doctor doesn’t mind words. He says, emphatically, that a good laxative should meet 8 specific requirements. These requirements are listed below for your protection.

1. Dependable
2. Mild
3. Thorough
4. Time-tested

The doctor says your laxative should not:
1. Over-act
2. Form a habit
3. Cause stomach pains
4. Nauseate, or upset the digestion.

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Movie Classic for November, 1936
justice as normal, it is the push-em-
in-the-face menace rather than the primes-
primaries-and-perfume variety who win the public, the producers and the parts.

The long, sad story of my life," remarks Mr. Rhodes with a grin, "reads like a testimonial. You know—I was a puny, unregarded child, but I kept at your Super De-Luxe Course in physical culture I won the heavyweight championship of Podunk County. But that is exactly the way my life started on that puny child. Quite logically, the idol of my childhood was Douglas Fairbanks. He had everything I lacked. He was athletic; he was vital, colorful, alive. All I seemed able to achieve were scholastic honors. In addition, here Mr. Rhodes winced, "I was one of the boy sopranos in the church choir.

"My first Big Opportunity—in tall cap-
tals—arrived with the casting of the senior play," Erik continued reminiscently. "We presented if I Were King and I won the leading role, that of Francois Villon. Here, at last, I could act athletic. I could swash-
buckle. I could be Douglas Fairbanks."

WITH this super-athletic achievement to his credit, young Erik went to col-
lege—the University of Oklahoma. Very early in his scholastic career he became a major in modern languages and a Phi Delta Theta. He concluded his career four years later by earning a Phi Beta Kappa key, the university's highest scholastic honor, the Marian Talbot medal (up pop their own voice), and—something much more thrilling—his first athletic award. The latter was for horsemanship.

It seems that his physical limitations, though he was outgrowing his childhood handicap, prevented him from earning a college letter. Football, baseball, track were forbidden—at least in the strenuous doses inter-collegiate competition demands. But he had enrolled in the R.O.T.C., the military training course offered students in state universities.

"And as part of that course I learned to ride—equitation, they called it. Nice word, equitation, I added politely.

Upon graduation, then Mr. Rhodes, armed with the above-mentioned scholarship, went to New York. The award provided musical training for two years, but the ambitious youngster also continued his Ger-
man and Italian lessons (he'd already thrown French and Spanish for a loss), and for the first time began the formal study in dramatics.

At the end of the year he had his
cue. He was cast in A Most Immor-
al Lady starring Alice Brady. At the end of a long run he obtained a part in the suc-
cessful review, First Little Show. But that ended that. The next two years (early depression) I didn't work. But I was lucky," Erik explained cheer-
fully. "I could play the piano. I played and sang wherever I could find a job—
cheap music stands. It was a lot of bad good training. Either the song was put
over or I was put out. I soon learned that singing didn't always mean the rendi-
tion of a number. It could also mean 'talking' the lyrics for comedy and punch."

Then his luck changed. Up on Broad-
way the feminine half of a world-famed
dance team decided to marry and retire. The masculine half (you may have heard of him; the name is Astaire) took the dare

He Wanted to be Athletic
[Continued from page 14]

of the theatrical world and it was arranged to
star alone. The production selected was
The Gay Divorcee and in it was a part for
a young man who understood both comedy and

Erik got the role.

Thus Tonetti ("Scuse, please, to
you) was born. He lived for almost a year in Broadway and six months in Lon-
don. Then RKO-Radio brought both Mr. Astaire and The Gay Divorcee to Holly-
wood. And Erik came along to play

Toni on the screen.

Which was a grand opportunity until
Hollywood began to regard Rhodes and the Latin as a form of theatrical Siamese twins. This discouraged the aspiring young actor from Oklahoma but failed to
deter him from his chosen career of all-
around actor and all-around athlete.

"I hadn't been long in New York, when I discovered that athletic ability was an
important part of theatrical success," Erik explained. "At the most unexpected
moments you're called upon to do
fencing, box a round or fall down stairs! Further, I found physical training im-
portant for the development of the strength needed for one of the most grueling pro-
fessions in the world.

"So, through all those lean years I trained. My father had taught me to swim
but I learned all over again—from the
bottom up," he added grimly. In New York there was little opportunity for out-
side games I spent long hours in gymn-
astic routines.

"But it was after I came to California
that the real fun began. I knew that I had
finally overcome the frailness of my child-
hood for nothing in the world seemed too
big to try."

Just to prove what can be done from a
standing start, Erik has in the past two
years developed a brilliant tennis game
from no game at all. A year ago, just for
fun, he swam up from Los Angeles to Santa Monica via Malibu, a distance of
ten miles. Recently he navigated a six-mile jaunt along Boulder Dam Lake.

O R D I N A R Y equitation—there's that
word again—has long since given way to
polo and steeple-chasing. Early in his
career this polo player a broken cinch al-
most broke the Rhodes neck but he still plays
polo.

The frail boy, the sturdy youth, has
gone incurably athletic. If you don't be-
lieve it, listen to his idea of fun. Every
morning, rain or shine, working or not, he rises at six, boxes with a trainer and
winds up with a nice training sprint.

"Wakes you up," he explains succinctly. Spartan treatment, but encouraging for
those who, like young Erik, started life
"puny."

Perhaps, however, there is another meth-
od to his madness. Way down under the
Rhodes exterior there is more than a rem-
lining vestige of the boyhood worship of Douglas Fairbanks. And, though he won't say much about it, one may also conclude that he'd like to play the Fairbanks type of role.

"Those pictures weren't all have-at-the-
villain dramas," he says a bit wistfully.

"They were also grand comedies—gay,
delightful stories that never took

temselves seriously. This—just the

gyrnastic stunts was the secret of

eeir charm. Perhaps—some day..." but he

lets it go at that.
irrepressible girl. Her sophistication helped carry out the clever deception conceived by her native self. And I'm coming to that now.

TWENTIETH Century invited me out to luncheon one day to meet the next big star of the films. When they said that her name was Simone Simon, I found that a hasty research failed to bring any image to mind. So I climbed in the buggy and motored out to Fox Hills for the occasion.

During the twenty minutes drive I built up a mental picture. Simone must be a dark, long-lashed lady of complete austerity. That was mistake number one. They put me down beside a wide-eyed girl, full of pep and personality. I presumed she was a recent high school graduate out to see Hollywood. Mistake number two! For this was Simone, the great French actress.

Our introduction was accomplished over the soup. But it was not until we lingered over the salad that I found myself really facing a problem. By way of conversation I said:

"How do you like America, Miss Simon?"

"Again?" she asked with a smile.

"America," I repeated, suddenly realizing she did not understand English very well.

"The United States, I mean. How do you like our country?"

"Oh, oui, but ceci ver—how you say eet—very nice!" Her accent was terrific, so pronounced that it is impossible to reproduce in print.

"Was your trip across the ocean pleasant?" I asked.

Simone eyed me demurely. "Eet ees zat I do not un'er-stood you," she pursued.

Christopher! Was this going to be an interview or an ordeal?

"You were on a boat—a ship," I explained patiently. "You crossed the Atlantic. Was it nice?"

"Parlez-vous Francais, please?"

I looked around wildly for help as a word of panic surged over me. No one was paying the slightest attention to us.

"No, I don't, unfortunately," I replied. Came the lamb chops and ice tea at this moment—praise Allah! We lapsed into silence and ate. And ate. Slowly, too, because this conversation problem was bound to arise again. I began to harangue myself inwardly. Why hadn't I studied French instead of Spanish? No matter, though—I had forgotten my smattering of Spanish long, long ago.

Sadly, painfully I gazed at my last bite of chops and realized it must be English (O sad language!) or silence. I tossed a mental coin and got heads. Tossed again: heads again. We talked.

"America," I said profoundly, "is a grand place."

A gleam of recognition was the answer. And then: "Ah, oui. Tell me about thees Hollywood."

I WIPED my brow and started talking. Perhaps by repeating every sentence twice I could get my meaning across. She was an attentive listener. But I had to say everything three and four times over. Then she would giggle appreciatively and that was something accomplished.

Ten minutes of this and I paused to recapitulate. Um—had I said what normally would take but a minute. I was perspiring like a baker, breathing like a sprinter, floundering like a Pekinese in water. And still Simone listened. I plunged into talking again, back-tracked every sentence and repeated. Talked until I was hoarse. And finally, from sheer exhaustion, gave up by asking something simple, like this: "How does it feel to be a film star?"

And Simone, off guard for a moment, answered me in precise, excellent English:

"Please do not refer to me as a star. It is a term of standardization. (This from Simone, the Frenchwoman?) I have no desire to be put on a pedestal."

The woman was speaking perfect English—and without the slightest hesitation. Could it be that—?

I gulped.

"What fine English you speak, Miss Simon!" I exclaimed finally. "You learn rapidly. Simone apparently confused, studied this sally over lengthily before answering. "Some words I speak well," she replied gravely. "And some I do not. I speak better than I understand your language. My accent bothers much, however."

[Continued on page 82]
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Simone Simon Fooled Hollywood

(Continued from page 81)

Out on the lot a few minutes later, finally emancipated from this ordeal, I found plenty of comfort in the wardrobe where she understood nothing, in the director who turned to staring for relief, in the producer who threw his hands in the air and shouted,

"I can’t understand it," he moaned.

"When Mr. Sheehan signed her up, he sent us a note saying, 'Here’s one girl who won’t have to learn English. She speaks it excellently!'"

"Puh—" It was the dawn breaking. Or rather, just a suspicion of a dawn. I washed my hands of the matter, thanking the powers above that Simone as a daily proposition was somebody else’s headache. At least 20th Century could afford to buy large doses of aspirin.

I KNOW now that it was many days before someone officially got wise. Finally one of the smarter moguls overheard Simone explode during an unguarded moment—a moment in which her English bloomed like a wild rose. She forgot her caution in her anger—and the only accent she retained was an exclamation mark!

They say an official conference was held with her. At any rate, for all practical purposes Simone’s English improved quite suddenly after that.

She is quite understandable in Girl’s Dormitory. Her accent, rather thick in spots, lends a touch of mystery to her performance. Hollywood now knows that she can speak perfect English, but I personally prefer the accent if it is held to the minimum in her screen role. Off-screen—but I’ve already mentioned that.

There is no question Simone fooled Hollywood completely. She had everyone half-hysterical. The studio even hired an interpreter to help things out, and an English teacher to work with her.

A clever girl, Simone. Her ruse was designed to draw attention and comment. It succeeded perfectly.

One story is that Simone was born in Marseilles and later moved to Madagascar (an English colony.) Another is that she spent the first ten years of her life in London. In any event it is certain that she spent several years among English speaking people. It is equally certain that she speaks far better English than nine out of ten Americans—including the interviewer who labored so to make her understand.

The impish quality in Simone is one of her most valuable attributes. Unquestionably, she is a personality quite different from anything that has been seen before on the screen. Even the most conservative Hollywood critic will tell you Simone has a great American career ahead of her.

A good many people in Hollywood are downright jealous of her. They suspect that here may be an actress so different and compelling as Garbo. They have revealed this fear by playing on her name, calling her “Simple Simon” and “San Simeon.”

The latter crack has no significance whatever. It happens to be the name of Mr. Hearst’s huge ranch, and it happens to sound a bit like her own name.

Incidentally, Simone Simon is her real name, she tells us. Her father’s name is Simon; she was named after the French actress Simone.
They didn’t raise her to be an actress. It seemed at first that she would be a sculptress or a painter. Educated in the best school, she continued adding polish and sophistication in her travels, which took her to Berlin, Budapest, Turin.

Finally she settled in Paris to study sculpture under an eminent teacher. He soon saw that her natural talent was toward drawing. She shifted over to charcoal work, and found it to her liking. In the back of her mind was a plan to become a fashion designer.

Fate came along in June, 1931, and changed her mind. She was sipping a cool drink on the terrace of the Cafe de la Paix when her sparkling eyes caught the attention of Tourjansky, one of Europe’s leading screen directors.

He stood before Simone, gazing at her through half closed eyes, then dumbfounded her by abruptly pulling up a chair and sitting down beside her.

“Mademoiselle must forgive me,” he said, “I am an artist. To me you are beautiful.”

“That,” said Simone, “is very interesting. Goodbye!” She felt half indignant, half amused by the eccentric display of frank admiration.

“Ah, but you do not understand me. My name is Tourjansky. I am a film director. You are the perfect one for my next film. I have been looking for you.”

Soon after Simone found herself cast in Chanteur Inconnu. It was followed by many other successes. Then came Mr. Sheehan and the Fox contract.

On her arrival here she bought two things almost immediately. A book of fairy stories and a Packard. Again that strange combination of naive and sophistication! It is part and parcel of her personality.

On her voyage from France she was unaccompanied—except by forty trunks crammed with clothes. She is a smartly dressed woman. Just now her choice runs to sport clothes—and what clothes they are!

Simone’s French tastes are reflected in odd little things. She has a mania for wearing gloves. Everywhere she goes she wears a pair—a real—always costly and attractive.

In Hollywood, she has been slow to make friends. Her few intimates are members of the French colony, most of whom she knew in Paris. Despite her understanding of English, etc., she doesn’t understand Americans their psychology yet. So she shies away from them.

She is frank to say that American women, in her opinion are the most beautiful she has ever seen. She is surprised to find American women so friendly to one another. In France competition splits the ranks of the more charming sex.

Simone is unmaried.

To date there have been no rumors of romance—except her high praises for Herbert Marshall, the man she fell in love with, cinematically speaking, in Girl’s Dormitory. Marshall, she declares, was a wonderful inspiration; she credits his help for her obviously fine performance. Simone’s naive ravings are quite enough to raise Gloria Swanson’s eyebrows. Of course it may be the Artist talking, not the Woman.

Follow her home and you will find her spending an evening beneath a reading lamp with Noel Coward’s plays, reading them aloud with a friend. Of looking over the latest Literary Guild selection.

It is inevitable that when Simone plays, she seeks the relaxation suitable to one of her age. But during her more serious moments, she displays that curious grown-up side of her personality and the culture she has acquired through study and travel.
Hollywood is the World's Melting Pot

[Continued from page 29]

could possibly interest an Einstein, a Milliken? And so, when I have traveled, when I have visited the different cities of the world where I might have contacted and talked to distinguished men in various fields—I have not done so.

And that is why I know, from personal experience, that Hollywood is a melting pot. For there is a different feeling out here. It is easier to meet people, to talk to people, than it is anywhere else on earth. I have said to my wife that here it is always Sunday! One has the feeling that it is always Sunday, the same feeling one has when people just "drop in" to have tea or cocktails, to exchange ideas, to talk. There is an atmosphere of holiday, of relaxation. There is no "dress up" about it. The formalities seem to be non-existent and non-important. There is a great leveling process at work. For here the men of all nations and all callings do just "drop in," so to speak. They are more eager, if possible, to meet us than we are to meet them. And not because we are actors, either, but because we are representatives of the industry they have come to investigate or to contribute to. And by so doing they melt with us in the seething, perpetually steaming pot.

MOTION pictures are, actually the 'World University.' They give, in due course of time, every course, every subject. They take us on tours which would put Cooks Tours to shame. They show us what no local university could do—for they make it possible, they make it imperative, for us to rub elbows with men of every stamp. I feel that I, personally, am kin to miners and mining engineers, ex-convicts, gangsters, guards, bacteriologists, surgeons and scientists, all kinds, all conditions of men. And so are you... and you...

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Movie Classic for November, 1936

Dolores Del Rio, too long absent from the screen, has signed a long term contract with Columbia and will soon be seen in a picture, as yet untitled. Her pit bull, Michael, is a blue ribbon winner, the veteran of many a Hollywood dog show.
and you... for when we made Black Fury, when you saw the sets where the miners lived, when you entered into the lives of the men who toiled underground in the coal country of Pennsylvania, you were absorbed into that life and those conditions. For these pictures are as true, as authenticated as the cross-section of life from which they are drawn. There were many Pennsylvania coal fields in that picture. I came to know them well. I absorbed their methods of working, the conditions under which they work. I became intimate with their problems.

When we made A Prisoner From A Chain Gang, ex-convicts worked hand in hand with us. Not Hollywood actors simulating convicts but men who had been chained to guarded cells. The men who played the parts of some of the guards had been guards in real life. I became a prisoner, working, suffering, sweating.

When I played Scarface there were gangsters working right along with us. We became a part of the gangster mind, not from second hand information, not from books or highly colored newspaper accounts, but from the men who had come up from the underworld to meet and mingle with the world of Hollywood.

In Pasteur there were bacteriologists from other countries confessing with us, working with us. There were men who were carrying on the work Pasteur had begun. Men who spoke his language, who were familiar with his methods, who worked with his precision, were infused with his passion. I knew these men. I talked with them. I worked with them. I read the books Pasteur had read. I was able to follow, a little way, at least, the road Pasteur had traveled. I handled the same kind of implements Pasteur had handled. I was enabled, thus, to enter into the body, the life and spirit and hopes and dreams of Pasteur. And I know that, many more, than I were made kin to the great bacteriologist, too. For among my fan mail after the showing of the picture were letters from young men who told me they were buying microscopes such as Pasteur had used, or the later improvements on them; letters from young men who had been forced to enter the field of bacteriology... young men who had been melted into the magnificent mettle that was Pasteur.

We come to know these men when we enter into these characters for the film. I hope the world comes to know them, through me and through other actors who portray men of all calibres, of all nations, of all callings.

Think of how Africa came to Hollywood with Rhodes—and will come again, in a different vein, with The Garden Of Allah... for him, how we have become familiar with the Foreign Legion through such productions as Under Two Flags and many other films: think how close Ireland has come to us, her people and her problems, with The Informer... Imperial Russia and the doomed White Russians were made part of our lives through Rasputin... we can be absorbed into Soviet Russia through the films made in the U.S.S.R... the world of which we did not know, or half knew, and which we knew now... we rub elbows with tuna fishermen in Hell Ship Morgan... with the tradition of the personnel of the English Navy in Mutiny On The Bounty... we see the skies with the airmen in Zero Hour. I could go on indefinitely. I could prove to you conclusively, that we are no longer cut off from the world, by the darkness of the night, or the darkness of day. Otherwise I could prove that we, in Hollywood, are kin to all men, strangers to none... We are the Melting Pot.

---

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Meet Frances Farmer

[Continued from page 36]

Her name, Frances Farmer, is her own name. She was born in Seattle, went to school there. Less than a year ago, she entered a trick newspaper contest in Seattle. She sent three pictures in, as an entrant, in a contest to see who was "the most marriageable girl in the State of Washington." The girl who got the most letters of proposal was to win—and get a free trip to Europe!

A month later, Frances Farmer was on her way to Europe!

That's where she got into pictures. A man who knew some movie people saw her, while abroad, and suggested she take a test. He even fixed it up for her. In New York, after her tour, Paramount scouts, at that man's suggestion, gave her one of Katharine Hepburn's scenes to play. She did play it—and when the test reel was screened, Paramount fell all over itself to sign her up.

So Frances came to Hollywood—and at once became the Press-Agent's Pain-in-the-Neck! They hailed her arrival because, as a contest-winner and a newcomer, she ought to go for great publicity gags. But she fooled them. Gags, she let them understand, were O-U-T! About her acting, she was sincerer—terribly, overwhelm-
ingly and colossally sincere. They learned that her one ambition in life is to become the world's greatest stage actress. The screen, Hollywood, and all of movie's hubbub, were and are just so much balloon-stuffing to her.

It's all right, and she'll take a certain measure of it, as her stepping-stone to the stage. She admits she can learn a bit

throne, but behind him, cameras are silent, and a big stage crew waits minutes and minutes, costing thousands of dollars for idle time. Before Hawks sits three persons—Walter Brennan, veteran of many years on stage and screen, a born actor; Jules Furthman, for seventeen years one of Hollywood's ace film scenarioists; and a slip of a girl, barely twenty-one years old.

They're discussing a scene. Furthman wrote it. Hawks is supposed to direct it that way. Brennan is giving it the best he knows from all his experience. But the girl—fresh out of school, and young enough to be the daughter of any of them—is telling them off...!!

"That way isn't right," she tells them. "I don't feel it. The line should be changed—it's wrong as it is."

And, instead of telling her to go soak her baby head in a pile of ice-water, the three experts, Hawks, Furthman and Brennan, merely sit there, listen to her, take it—and like it.

And the strangest part of it is that Frances Farmer is right. They do the scene over, changing the mood and the tempo and even Veteran Furthman's dialogue, as she has suggested—and it clicks. Twenty-one-year-old beginner has shown Hollywood veterans how to do their own stuff!

"The girl is amazing." Hawks enthuses, afterward. "She's different—different from other actresses. Why this girl thinks! She thinks all the time. While I'm directing her, I can actually see her think and feel her think. And when she makes a suggestion, usually it's right."

Now, let's see who this baby prodigy is.

Four stars of the gridiron, featured in RKO's football epic, The Big Game, are guided on their first tour of the studio by June Travis, who plays a featured role in the film. From left to right the former pigskin greats are: Frank Alstrüze, of Stanford; "King Kong" Klein, of New York University; "Bones" Hamilton, of Stanford and Grover Jones, of Ohio State University. Hamilton was voted the most valuable player of 1935.

Movie Classic for November, 1936
about acting from her picture work. But as to working to make movies her career—oh, and a thousand more bah’s!

It’s violating no confidence here to report what in the few months she’s been on Paramount’s contract list, she has garnered the accumulated dislike of that studio’s staff of patters—over—that being the press department.

But to Frances’ own everlasting credit. I want to say that her attitude is definitely honest, sincere and, from her own point of view, well-founded. She knows what she doesn’t want, and she’s not going to be bulldozed into it. She’s going to be honest and to get by and make the grade honestly on her own-hokey merits.

She’s getting only $150 a week, now. She’s satisfied. That fact alone definitely stamps her as utterly un-Hollywood.

“It’s enough to keep me,” she explains. “All I want is ‘enough’ to allow me to go on, working toward my goal, without having to call on my family for financial aid.”

NOT long ago, she married—suddenly enough. So suddenly that here, the publicists thought, was a chance, was a chance, for interviews from her on Love and Great Romances and all that.

The man she married is Lief Erickson, another young cutter at Paramount. It was only a few months after she landed in Hollywood. A hopeful press agent asked her:

“How come that you married Lief so suddenly and, quickly, despite your career and all that?”

Did she fall in love and give up a torrid interview about Lo-hove? She did NOT! She shrugged a pretty shoulder and remarked:

“I suppose it was love.”

Nothing more. After a while, the press-agent prompted: “But so suddenly—and despite the fact that marriage is so often supposed to interfere with career—”

She cut him short.

“Well, things happen that way, don’t they?”

Deperate, the man asked:

“Well, what about—ah—”

“Children?” she asked, brusquely cutting through his diffluence.

“Yeah, she’s got kids. ‘No children—not now, anyway’” she said. And that ended Frances Farmer’s first interview.

They live in a little house in Laurel Canyon, near the studio, but far from the Hollywood glamour-haunts. There they have a version of Little Theatre of their own up above a garage. In it, Frances Farmer rehearses her roles, over and over, before she goes to the studio to play before the cameras. Lief helps her. That’s why, so often, she can make suggestions about playing and changing certain lines. She has tried them out, and diagnosed their faults, and substituted her own stuff.

As an actress, she’s already experienced. In school, she was always in the forefront of dramatic activities. Not merely as a dabbler, either, but as a serious student of the theatre. She has read everything about acting that she can lay hands on. Even now, she is still a student—she spends hours in the cutting room and other studio departments, learning new facts and getting new pointers every day, about acting. It’s not a game to her. It’s not just a way to make a living. It’s her life—her one big interest.

SHE’S one of these actresses who “lives her rôle” offscreen as well as on. Just as at present, she is playing a dual rôle in Crime

[Continued on page 88].

Movie Classic for November, 1936 87
How to Attract and Hold Your Man

Attract and fascinate the man of your choice. Any woman or girl of ordinary intelligence, beautiful or plain, can learn from "Fascinating Womanhood" how to be and remain attractive to men. It tells you how to develop the power that is in you. Learn the principles of Charm that men cannot resist. Most cases of social failure and spinsterhood are due to lack of understanding men's psychology. Married or single you cannot afford to be without this secret knowledge. Send only 10c for the booklet, "Secrets of Fascinating Womanhood," an interesting outline of the secrets revealed in "Fascinating Womanhood." Mailed in plain wrapper.

PSYCHOLOGY PRESS, Dept. 42-L, 555 Kingsland Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

Meet Frances Farmer

[Continued from page 87]

and Get it. One rôle requires her to be a sophisticated, very worldly and sort of hard-boiled northwoods dance-hall dame. Later in the picture, she plays that dame's daughter.

To differentiate between the two rôles, it was suggested that she drop her voice for the dance-hall dame rôle, if she could manage it. She went home that night, still using her own natural clear soprano.

Next day, when she came back, she was speaking in a deep, rich, throaty, sexy voice, two octaves below her normal tone! She's been using that deep voice ever since—and even sings with it, in a torrid dance-hall scene. You see, that night, she practiced it hours—and adopted the new voice as her own. She's using it off the stage as well as on. She won't change it until they begin shooting the sequences where she appears as her own daughter.

Then she'll go back to her girlish soprano.

Making predictions about a girl like Frances Farmer is one of Hollywood's chief avocations. And one of its most difficult. That's why, about Frances Farmer, there are already stormy opinions.

"She's the most capable and the most intelligent young actress I've ever directed," enthuses Howard Hawks. "If she'd only stay in pictures, she'd become one of the greatest stars the screen has ever known—great as Garbo, or greater."

An assistant director—no name using him—says, though: "She's getting spoiled already. She knows too much—or thinks she does. Wait until she has to play a soft, feminine rôle. I'll bet she flops!"

He reflects the attitude of those who see in Frances Farmer only a hard-boiled young dame, motivated solely by an overpowering ambition to succeed. They think she's deprived her, already, of any natural, ethereal femininity.

Photographically and technically, she's almost perfect, however. And her champions, answering the crowd that yells that she's too hard-boiled, insist that this is merely her acting ability in a hard-boiled rôle, and that when she is called on to be soft and girly, she'll be as soft and girlish as grandma used to be when it was fashionable to be a clinging vine,

AS FOR Frances Farmer's own ideas—well, I told you, up above, that she feels and believes she's destined to be one of the greatest stage stars of all time. That feeling radiates from her—a supreme self-confidence and self-assurance that can easily be mistaken for a brassy egotism. Personally, I don't believe it's egotism at all—in the unpleasant sense of that word. I believe, on the other hand, that it's an honest confidence in her own ability.

She herself doesn't give much more than a toss and a half as to what Hollywood thinks of her. In fact, it usually annoys her to have Hollywood discuss her—or even her work. Like the other day, when a well-meaning acquaintance overheard some movie big-shot discussing her splendid work before the cameras during a difficult sequence.

"Say, Miss Farmer," he told her later, when he found her alone, "I heard So-and-So and What's-His-Name discussing your acting the other day. They'd been worried, you know, as to whether or not you, as a newcomer without experience, could play that difficult scene."

"So? What did they have to say about me?" she demanded.

"They thought you did it wonderfully," the fellow smiled. "He expected a burst of appreciation and happiness and gratitude from the newcomer. But what he got was a stamp of the foot and this: "Why, oh why, do they have to watch me and criticize me and discuss me and talk about me?"" she demanded. "Why can't they let me do my work without peering at me and staring at me and talking about everything I do?...?"

Movie Classic for November, 1936
of the priests took him to call on the Prendergasts, who had a fifteen-year-old daughter named Honore.

"I liked his teeth and his smile," Honore confessed later.

"I liked her yellow braids," grinned Dominic.

"He was my first "fella,"" Honore smiled back.

"She was my first girl," growled Dominic.

They had fun together for two and a half years. One of their special ways of having it was to drive down Main Street, park where they could, stuff themselves with popcorn from the same bag, and watch the crowd go by, marveling at their expressions, wondering what went on behind their faces.

"That woman's having domestic trouble," Honore would decide.

DON would gravely consider the patient's face. "Yes—she sent her kitten out with a little pocket money to see the world—and he didn't come back all night."

The time came for DON to go away to college. He went to Georgetown University to study law. "No special reason," he says with his lazy smile. "Just picked out Georgetown and picked out the law."

This time the family finances were dwindling—prohibition, you know—and I thought I might get a job. Which I didn't. I didn't even take the entrance exams. Because," he explained gently, "I didn't happen to attend enough classes."

He learned that Honore, in her sophomore year at college, was ill with mastoiditis. He wrote and told her he was sorry. She wrote and thanked him. And that, it would seem, finished that.

Meantime he'd gone back to the University of Wisconsin—with every good intention of studying law. But here there cropped up still another good reason not to study—college dramas, in which he shone.

"I didn't feel like studying. I felt like playing, so I played," he says, as if he couldn't quite see what all the fuss was about. Even when he was asked by the manager of a passing stock company to substitute for an incapacitated actor, he didn't get excited over it. "I didn't really give a dam about it. I'd never thought of acting as a job. But this was a temporary way of making money, so I took it. When it was over I tried to get back into school, but they wouldn't let me. I'd missed too many classes," he explained cheerfully.

Fortunately for his peace of mind, his parents sympathized to a certain degree with the theory that boys should have fun. "They were disappointed, because they'd wanted me to go in for the law. But they didn't squawk. I never heard a word of reproach from either of them."

Convinced that his scholastic career was done for, and not much caring, he went to New York with William Troutman, dramatic coach at the university and a firm believer in his acting ability. Four days after his arrival, with the luck perhaps to the nonchalant, he met "a fellow on the street" who told him they needed a butler in Jerry-from-Short. Ameche got the part. Another bit or two and he found himself playing the lead in the Chicago company of The Colgate. "The notices were all right—not raves, but all right. Yes, I guess I was pleased. But I wasn't making enough to..."
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The GIRL Who Said “NO” to CLARK GABLE!

Can you imagine that happening to Clark? Well, it did, and the story of how this happened is in the November issue of Screen Play Magazine of Romance.

Together with many other fascinating stories of the stars, including Kay Francis, Ginger Rogers, Gene Raymond, Jeanette MacDonald, Gertrude Michael and the Quints.

A party at the home of Donald Woods wrote finis to the Second Annual MOVIELAND TOUR, conducted by MOVIE CLASSIC and its companion magazines in the Fawcett Screen Group. And here you glimpse the genial host and his pal, Craig Reynolds, being subjected to a barrage of camera lenses by the members of the Tour.

Ameche Makes His Bow
(Continued from page 89)

Radio was paying him an admirable living, that didn’t bother him much either. It did, however, bother Tom O’Key, a friend of his. “Mind,” he asked Don, “if I get an agent friend of mine in Hollywood to take a squint at that test, and tell me what he really thinks?” The agent’s squint resulted in a second test for Twentieth Century-Fox. The second test brought Ameche an offer from Zanuck to play in Sin of Men. “That was just before Christmas,” he said, and added with a touch of difference; “On December 30th another Christmas gift came—our second baby.”

Man is irrational in the proof of which I submit the fact that now at last Ameche did get excited. “It was coming out here alone,” he said, “wondering how they were going to take me, seeing the first rushes, thinking I was so terrible that I couldn’t muster the nerve to look at another.” Mr. Zanuck looked at them all and one morning, before the picture was finished, Ameche’s agent phoned with the news that his option had been taken up. Two minutes later he was on the phone, telling Honore, telling her to come right out.

At which point she picks up the tale. “We were in Dubuque,” she chimed in, “staying with my people. I’d just come home from the dentist—had a tooth pulled at 1:15. Then Don phoned, and at two I was on the train to Chicago, to get a final checkup from my doctor. You see, the baby was only a few weeks old. That was Tuesday. He said I was fine, so on Wednesday night I fixed baby’s feedings and got his things lined up, and on Thursday morning mother and dad drove the children and luggage in from Dubuque and met me at the station. We left at 11:30. No, I didn’t have any trouble with the babies. They’re a couple of husky Swedes,” she observed.

Movie Classic for November, 1936
plesantly, "like me. I don't think they're pretty babies, do you, Don?"

Don shook his head, bent on preserving a strict impartiality, and serenely unconscion of the loveliest plain in his eyes.

"But they're healthy babies—well built and well behaved. Which," concluded their father, weakening a little, "tends to make them sort of nice."

WHEN Sins of Men was previewed, they decided not to sit together. "I was afraid," says Mrs. Ameche, "that Don might turn and ask me something. I didn't want to add to the nervous strain. But neither did I want to tell him it was good if I thought it wasn't. So I sat alone.

The preview over, a gentleman came up to shake hands with and congratulate Don. Don's hand was being shaken right and left, but there was something arresting about this man's face.

"Who's that?" inquired of his agent, when the man had gone.

"Haven't you met your boss yet?" asked the astonished agent. "That's merely Dar-ryl Zanuck."

Which, in a way, is a measure of Ameche. He's not like to assert himself or make demands or feel blown up with his own importance. For what he receives he is duly thankful. But he won't push and jostle for his place in the sun. "If I can stick for a few years and put something by, so we don't have to worry," he says, "that'll be fine. If not, well, we'll try something else." His eyes smiled across at his wife—hands smiled back. Nuts about each other in a quiet way, as one observer put it.

He has bought a little place in the valley for his parents and sisters. He and his wife plan to build close by.

"We don't care much for Beverly," says Honore.

"The valley's better for kids," explains Dominic.

"Life's been lovely to us," cries Honore, the tranquill, in a little burst of thanksgiving.

"Simply elegant," murmurs Dominic, the unperturbable. But his eyes were a shining hosannas.

Louis Da Pron and Eleanor Whitney, who made a sensational debut as a dancing team in Three Cheers For Love, will again be seen as the featured dancers in Paramount's The Big Broadcast of 1937

\section*{The Queen Has a Most Excellent Taste for Tea}

S\textbf{ome} gracious Victorian lady may well have ventured such an opinion, for it was known that England's great Queen Victoria had had her private tea blended specially to her taste by the famous tea house of the time—

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\section*{1836 - RIDGWAYS ONE HUNDREDTH YEAR - 1936}

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Movie Classic for November, 1936
For his first picture as a producer, LeRoy has purchased The Grand Passion by Norman Krasna and Groucho Marx. This outstanding story will be used as the vehicle to present Franky Graovy, sensational French actor whom Mr. LeRoy discovered while abroad and whom he immediately signed to a personal contract. Producer LeRoy is confident that Graovy, handsome, virile and a great natural actor, will prove the rage of Hollywood with his first picture.

Now keeping in mind the amazing record of outstanding motion pictures created by LeRoy, remembering, too, that he intends to produce only the fairest type of entertainment, what type of trademark, according to your judgment, would convey to the public the lofty ideals that this producer aspires to? Would people instantly sense that here is a thoroughly worthwhile picture the moment they saw his trademark?

Remember this: You don’t have to be an artist or an advertising expert to stand a chance of winning your share of the cash prizes offered in this trademark contest. All you have to do is to submit your entry in writing—nothing more than a clear, brief description. The idea, however, MUST BE ORIGINAL. You have no chance of winning if you copy some trademark already in use. It must be, as Producer LeRoy cautions, distinctive and impressive. You may send in as many as you wish. In fact, the more the better. When you have your entries ready, mail them to Contest Editor, Movie Classic.
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Yolanda of the famous dance
team, Veloz and Yolanda, and Fred MacMurray enjoy a chat while
waiting for the director to summon
them back to the set where they
are working in Champagne Waltz.

Magazine, 7046 Hollywood Blvd., Holly-
wood, Calif. The winner of the entries
submitted to this magazine wins a cash
prize of $50 and a chance to win the $250
Grand Prize.

This same offer appears in the November
issue of Movie Classic's affiliated Faw-
cett film publications—HOLLYWOOD
SCREEN BOOK, SCREEN PLAY, and
MOTION PICTURE. Trademark ideas
may be submitted to each of these maga-
zines with a $50 cash prize going to
the winner along with a chance for the $250
Grand Prize.

Read these rules over very carefully and
then start picturing trademark ideas in your
mind, being sure to transfer to paper those
you think truly symbolic of the type of
pictures Mr. LeRoy plans on producing.

Here are the rules:
1. Contest closes December 20, 1936. All
entries must be in the mail not later than
midnight, December 20, 1936.
2. Any reader is entitled to enter em-
ployees and relatives of employees of Faw-
cett Publications, Inc., Motion Picture
Publications, Inc., or Mervyn LeRoy
Productions.
3. It is not necessary to submit a draw-
ing of the trademark—you can outline your
idea in words.
4. Do not submit fanciful or decorated
entries.
5. Judges will be Mervyn LeRoy, S.
Charles Einfeld, Director of Advertising
and Publicity for Warner Bros., and Ed-
ward Selzer, Director of Publicity for
Warner Bros.
6. In case of ties duplicate prizes will
be awarded.
7. The decision of the judges will be
final. No entries will be returned.
8. Prize winners agree to sign over all
right and title to winning designs, and to
accept the prize money as full compensa-
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9. Submit your entries to Contest Edi-
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wood Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

Now put on your thinking caps! Your
chance to win a $50 cash prize and the
$250 Grand Prize is as good as anyone
else's.

Movie Classic for November, 1936
A sense of humor has been one of this dignified actor’s finest assets. He takes his work seriously, but not himself.

A brief sketch of Jack Holt’s life reveals all sorts of color. He was born in Winchester, Virginia, and he still talks with a slight trace of Southern accent. His father was an Episcopalian minister of note. On his father’s side he is a direct descendant of Lord Chief Justice John Holt, who was a distinguished jurist in England early in the eighteenth century. On his mother’s side, he is a great-great-grandson of the first chief justice of the United States, John Marshall. This distinguished ancestor was a captain in the Revolutionary war, a close friend of George Washington and the greatest constitutional lawyer in American history. He also wrote the finest of Washington biographies.

JACK was educated, as many good Virginians are, at the Virginia Military Institute, which accounts for his military bearing and his splendid horsemanship. Although he has never been in the army, Jack has scores of close friends, in the service, chiefly due to the many army, navy and aviation pictures he has made.

Educated as an engineer, Jack first tried out his profession in the New York tubes. Next we find him attached to an exploration company in far-off Alaska as a civil engineer and surveyor. Of an adventurous spirit, it was only natural that Jack should take a flying at gold-mining, hunting, trapping and guiding pack trains into the wilds of Alaska. That’s where he got his stage experience, driving an old fashioned high-wheeler which served the far-flung mining camps.

Continuing his adventurous career, the young Virginian next tried his hand at cowpunching. He worked as a “waddle” on an Oregon cattle ranch and liked the rough life so well that he raised the money back home to buy himself a ranch and several hundred head of stock. Like most tenderfoot ranchers he speedily went broke.

Next he tried his hand at apple orcharding. He introduced the hexagonal method of planting apple trees, in Oregon, thus contributing something worthwhile to horticulture in the Pacific Northwest.

Along about that time, 1913, the movies were very much in their infancy. Jack Holt drifted into San Francisco, flat broke, but on his way to the new Eldorado in a place five hundred miles south, called Hollywood.

Fate decreed that Jack make his motion picture debut in a small town called San Rafael, across the Golden Gate from Frisco. He was hired by a director because of his horsemanship, and his first appearance before the camera was in a thirty-foot dive on horseback into a river. He was “doubling” for the hero. His first rôle in pictures was a “bit” for the same company in Salute June, in which Beatrice Michelle was starred.

ENCOURAGED by good pay and easy work outdoors, Jack lost no time in hitting the trail to the big movie town, Hollywood, in the same year. Within two years he was a Famous Players-Lasky star, and one of the most popular figures that ever appeared upon the screen horizon.

For ten successive years Jack Holt starred under the Paramount banner in every sort of story—ranging from Zane Grey westerns to society dramas. Either rôle fit him like...
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Bobby Breen, whose amazing voice has made him probably the most discussed child star of the year, arrives in California to make his second starring picture, as yet untitled, under the RKO-Radio Pictures banner.
Kidneys Must Purify Blood

To Bring Vitality Clear Skin and Youthful Looks

The only way your body can clean out acids and poisonous wastes from your blood, is through all the kidneys of your body. If, because of functional troubles, your Kidneys get tired or slow down in their work, their powers remain unexercised and your eyes look dull and your skin changes and dry, and at the same time you find yourself all Timed-out, Nervous, and unable to keep up with the speed of modern life.

Functional Kidney troubles also may cause much more serious and dangerous symptoms, such as Getting Up Nights, Leg Pain, Backache, Circles Under Eyes, Headaches, Nausea, Swollen Feet, Diarrhoea, Painful, Irritable, Burning, Stinging, and Burning. Any Doctor can tell you that the speed of modern life and present-day food habits cause an extra heavy load on the Kidneys and that most people need help from time to time if they are to feel their best and present their youthful appearance. Fortunately, for sufferers, it is easy to help functional Kidney Troubles with Dr. T. J. Randell's FOSTER Kidney Cystex, which now is available at all drug stores under a positive guarantee to satisfy completely or your money.
After a long period of inactivity following the release of The Gold Rush, the enterprising Chaplin decided to mirror his talents against a circus background. He had long wanted to make a picture called The Circus.

He chose Myrna Kennedy as his leading lady. This time he picked a real trouper. Myrna had been singing and dancing on vaudeville circuits since she was nine years old. She came to Chaplin in a show which played the old Mason Opera House, Chaplin attended. He saw her possibilities as an exotic lady of the white type. She took a screen test and was signed. She photographed remarkably well.

It took Chaplin fifteen months to make The Circus. As usual, he had another huge success to his credit. Myrna’s performance was hailed as unusually promising. She received other offers and appeared in Broadway, Shower Steps Out and King of Jazz. Then her star began to wane.

Last on the list is Virginia Cherrill.

VIRGINIA, a blonde Chicago society girl, came to Hollywood on a visit. She had no intention of entering pictures. Chaplin was introduced to her in a Hollywood night club. He supplied her with a screen test. She took it, and was signed for the feminine lead in the comedian’s City Lights. It required about thirteen months to make the picture.

Virginia’s work in City Lights was exceptional for an unknown, inexperienced actress. Afterwards she played in two or three unimportant pictures for other companies. She married Cary Grant. It didn’t take, and they were divorced. Through the screen, Virginia has returned to her society sphere. She is at present in London. There are reports hinting at a marriage to a titled Britisher.

All of which brings us back to charming Paulette Goddard who will soon be confronting the Chaplin jinx. Paulette played in the stage production of Rio Rita. Then she went under contract to Hal Roach and appeared in short comedies. Chaplin met her through mutual friends and signed her for the lead in Modern Times, once more demonstrating his belief that pulchritude and youth are more important than experience—at least in Chaplin pictures.

Will Paulette overcome the jinx that has bedeviled leading ladies from the other girls in Chaplin’s life? Hollywood hopes so, for Paulette is popular in the film colony, natural and blessed with a rare sense of humor. Besides, Chaplin, after keeping the press in a state of suspense for months, proposed, was accepted, and married her. Those who know claim it is real love for Chaplin this time. Perhaps true love can accomplish the miracle, smash the jinx, clear the way for Paulette to become a more permanent star in the Hollywood heavens.
term contract—on February 6th, 1934. His starting salary was thirty-five dollars a week, which put him on an "earning-while-learning" basis. But he was able to keep busy playing with the "grooming" scenes. When they told him that people would never get the right pronunciation for Arlington Brugh, he suggested "Alan Stanhope"—the name of the son, as written in Journey's End. I liked that, too, because of the coincidence that my maiden name was Stanhope. But it sounded a little too English, and they wanted him to be all-American. So they picked a nice, easy-to-pronounce, commonplace name that everybody could remember—Robert Taylor.

Most people, I think, have forgotten what his first picture was—if they ever knew. It was Lady of Lyons, and it was with Will Rogers. He was loaned to Fox for the part of the son-in-law, married to Mary Carlisle. A small role, but he was happy about it. It was a start.

His second role also was "on loan"—this time to Universal, where he was in There's Always Tomorrow, with Binnie Barnes. He played Louis Will's son. Then Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer started grooming him as a romantic juvenile. First he had a small part in Wicked Women, with Madly Christians and Jean Parker; next in West Point of the Air, with Wallace Beery; then in Murder in the Fleet, again with Jean Parker.

His first big role was the title role of Society Doctor, with Virginia Bruce. And if any young actor ever had inspiration in portraying a doctor, that actor was Robert. It was after that picture that the mail started coming in. Then he did Truce Square Lady, also with Virginia Bruce. Next came Broadway Melody of 1936—and a torrent of mail followed. I was back in Christie's House, a visit a year and eight months ago. Last August, when he called me one night and wanted me to come back for the preview. The studio thought that the picture was going to be very big for him, and if the studio was right, he wanted me to be there to share in the excitement.

In his next picture, he was starred—with Irene Dunne. That was Magnificent Obsession. I think that will always be his masterpiece. I do not see how he can ever do anything more inspiring.

Since then, he has been seen in Small Town Girl with Janet Gaynor, and Private Number with Loretta Young. And he has just played opposite Joan Crawford in The Gorgeous Hussy, his first costume picture, and opposite Barbara Stanwyck in His Brother's Wife. Next he will co-star with Garbo in Camille.

To most people, it seems that he has become a star in a very short time. They call it "luck." Sometimes he does, himself. He says that he always was lucky. But I am working at the Playhouse, and not just happen to him; he brought it to himself—because he was always so willing to do his share.

He was always a serious boy, and he still is serious, though some of his screen roles have made him out a playboy. When he does see anything funny, his laughter is contagious. One thing he cannot laugh at is criticism. He is so skeptical about his future...

"I'm doing 'so well' today—but what about tomorrow?" he will ask.

Fame has changed him in that one respect. He was naturally a very happy person before. That was a remark everybody. I never can remember him fretting as a child. Now he seems scared of himself. I think that he misses his father more now than ever before.

I try to tell him that he worries too much—that he should sit back and enjoy all this while he has it. However, I do not think that his success will be just a flash. He is too sincere in his work.

He has no privacy any more; that is the greatest change in his way of living. He cannot appear in public anywhere without being mobbed by admirers. That will never cease to amaze him. Neither will the curiosity about his possible marriage intentions.

When he was at Pomona, he was positive that he was in love with one girl. He thought a great deal of her. They might have married today, if a difference in religious beliefs had not broken them apart. After that, he "forgot about girls" for a long time. He has been fond of two or three since then, but never enough to marry. Now he claims that he will not marry till he is thirty.

I think that Bob would have been married before now, if his parents' marriage had not been such a happy one. Fear that he could not duplicate it has held him back.

To anyone who never knew our story, that might not be understandable. We were the ideal of a whole community, our minister once told us. He came to my husband some years ago and said, "I know you and Mrs. Brugh something. The way you live is an example to this whole town."

Bob and I lived together until a year ago this August, when we were moved into a small bachelor house of our own. He wanted more masculine independence. He was surrounded by too many women—his grandmother's cousin gave birth, there is an old family friend who is his secretary, besides his mother. I could appreciate how he felt. And he has not moved far away—only four blocks. But I miss not having a man in the house.

The lives of all of us revolve around Bob. We handle a great deal of his fan mail. His grandmother addresses envelopes for pictures that people request; six hundred of them a day. I answer the postcards; thousands of them. We have four typewriters in the house, and if I could use two, I would.

The mail just paralyzes me. But it has made no difference in Bob. He is just as afraid of success as ever.

His success has affected me in many ways. It mostly pleased me the same way Bob was pleased. But I was somewhat dazed by the story that when Bob asked me whether or not I liked him in a certain picture, I answered that the gas stove should be fixed first. That was a ridiculous thing that I never said. It sounded as if I might be interested only in the money he was making; the money is the part that to me. I see every one of his pictures—not once, but several times. We talk about them. I would be a strange mother if I did anything else.

Certainly, no mother could ask a son to be more thoughtful than Robert is of me. He had never given a party until my forty-ninth birthday, recently. Then he gave a small dinner dance in one of the hotels, and I was the guest of honor, wearing a band of diamonds and sapphires that he had given me. No one living could do more for me than he does. He cannot understand why I am so lonely, why I can't be happier. And another thing more I can want—except the one thing that I cannot have; my husband with me again.

When I named my boy "Arlington," everybody in the family seemed to think that I had done a terrible job of naming him. But he has namesakes all over Nebraska town—boys who were named "Arlington." After the son of the beloved doctor who brought them into the world. I have never seen a man more loved than he was—by the people, by the whole family. Virginia makes me happiest is that, in many ways, Robert resembles him.

Even though I have given up the house in Beatrice, and expect to spend the rest of my days in California (where I feel the healthiest I ever have in my life), I do want to go back to Beatrice to visit. And I would say, "Yes, I will do that; and Virginia will come with me."

Robert Taylor is no greater a success than his father was.

But their professions have been different—that is all.
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Doesn't fray or pinhole! Resists cracking!

Why have ordinary looking window shades... when you can have real style-leading beauties like these new Piqué-finish Fabrays... for only 39¢ each! Thoroughly washable with soap and water! And rich, soft pliable Fabray (a remarkable development in cellulose material) gives extra beauty and wear... no cheap clay filling to fall out, making shades full of cracks and pinholes! You'll be amazed at its "silky" feel and the way it resembles costly woven cloth so closely that most women can't tell the difference a few feet away! Ask to see these sensational new washable Fabray shades... in popular colors and sizes... at leading department stores, 5¢ and 10¢ stores everywhere.

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Luckies—a light smoke

OF RICH, RIPE-BODIED TOBACCO—"IT'S TOASTED"
ELEANOR POWELL GIVES A DANCING LESSON
Hollywood’s White Hopes for 1937
BE IRRESISTIBLE TONIGHT WITH IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME

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YOUR LIPS INVITE ROMANCE WITH IRRESISTIBLE LIPSTICK
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 nor 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.

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"LOST 60 POUNDS"
"I have reduced my waist 10 inches, my hips 8 inches and lost 50 pounds! I can’t thank Perfolastic enough."
Mrs. W. P. Dyer,Omaha, Neb.

"A GIRLIE I LIKE"
"I never owned a girdle before and I reduced 26 pounds."
Mrs. Esther Marshall, Vallejo, Calif.

"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, Scarsdale, Pa.

"LOST 49 POUNDS"
"Since wearing my Perfolastic I have lost 49 pounds. I wore a size 40 dress and now wear a size 36."
Mrs. Mildred Dober, Newark, N. J.

"REDUCED FROM SIZE 42 TO SIZE 36"
"I used to wear a size 42 dress and now I wear an 8! I eat everything!
Mrs. Elsie Faust, Minneapolis, Minn.

"REDUCED 6 1/2 INCHES"
"Lost 20 pounds, reduced hips 6 1/2 inches and waist 5 inches. I should be lost without Perfolastic!"
Mrs. L. C. Thompson, Denver, Colo.

"SMALLER AT ONCE"
"Immediately became 5 inches smaller in the hips when first fitted."
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"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."
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"When I first got your girdle my hips measured 51 inches and I weighed 235 pounds. Now I measure 42 inches and weigh 168 pounds."
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Surely you would like to test the PERFOLASTIC GIRDLLE and BRASSIERE... 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!
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Please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Uplift Brassiere, also sample of perfo-
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She's back (and will you ever forget her in "Broadway Melody of 1936") in the Biggest Musical Show of this Year...M-G-M's dazzling successor to "Great Ziegfeld" ...brim-full of brilliant scenes, thrilling dances, gorgeous girls, and stars—stars—STARS! The Cole Porter songs are swell ("Easy to Love", "I've Got You Under My Skin", "Swingin' The Jinx Away", "Hey, Babe, Hey", and lots more).

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A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture • Directed by Roy Del Ruth

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Hollywood's master of natural color photography presents this beautiful study of Binnie Barnes, the fifth of a series posed exclusively for MOVIE CLASSIC.

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E. J. Smithson

**Managing Editor**

HARRY HAMMOND BEALL

DECEMBER, 1936

VOL. 11 

No. 4

W. M. Mesenger

General Manager

**MEMBER AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS**
Another Dizzy Spell!

I had one of those dizzy spells that made me feel sick all over. Felt blious, nervous. My complexion was a sight. The trouble? Constipation! Then I remembered FEEN-A-MINT. I didn’t think it could be as good as my friends all said it was but I decided to try it. I chewed one tablet. Now I wouldn’t think of using any other laxative.

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Hollywood Highlights

Our inquisitive sleuth goes a-snooping for inside facts and foibles about the famous ones of Filmtdom

by The Boulevardier

Will the death of Irving Thalberg prove to be the decisive factor that will mean, at last, fulfillment of Garbo’s threat to quit the screen forever?

Well, I’ll give you the inside dope—and you can draw your own conclusions. Here they are:

1—Not long ago, in a private huddle at MGM, Garbo told a certain department executive there that “the next time I go home to Sweden, I will not come back.”

2—Garbo’s health, never throughout her long Hollywood career any too good, is worse today than at any time in the past. Even as I write this, production on “Camille” is being held up because she’s too ill to work.

3—Bidding high against land speculators, Garbo’s agents in Sweden have just bought for her a secluded thousand-acre estate, about an hour’s drive from Stockholm.

4—And now, the Thalberg angle: how many of you know that in Garbo’s contract, there is the significant clause that she shall not be required to work in any picture except under the “personal supervision” of Thalberg? Add to that that of all the people on the MGM lot, the only one who ever called her “Greta” was Thalberg! Today, with Thalberg gone, there is no one at the studio who is “close” to her.

5—As for Garbo herself, she has by now amassed a personal fortune that is huge. With it, she can go home to Sweden, live in luxury for the rest of her life, and still have enough to undertake any of the things toward which, in rare confidential moments, she has expressed interest—such as, perhaps, a stage appearance in her homeland.

So there you are. Draw your own conclusions. But to me, it looks pretty much as though, after “Camille,” Garbo will be just a screen memory.

Back to Blondism

Wise in the ways of publicity is Joan Crawford. Neatest trick is the one I’ve just learned about—Jean Is Going Blonde!

What with the back-to-brownette parade, started by Jean Harlow, and followed by a whole brigade of the screen’s flax-hairs, sweeping the land, there’s no longer any excitement when another blonde goes dark.

But into the middle of the parade, striding explosively in the opposite direction, suddenly bounds La Crawford with the announcement that she’s doing her hair in a very light shade, with a glint of red in it. She’s been conferring with MGM’s makeup trickster, Jack Dawn, about the shade, and

[Continued on page 8]
With Frank (Mutiny on the Bounty) Lloyd as producer-director, with your favorites, Claudette Colbert and Fred MacMurray, in the lead roles, Paramount's "Maid of Salem" sweeps before the cameras. Here are the first glimpses of this mighty picture of a love which braved the blazing fury of Colonial New England's witchcraft persecutions.

Claudette Colbert as Barbara Clarke, the little "Maid of Salem"

One of the Salem gentry who has talked back to the law gets a day in the stocks

A group of Salem lads doing a little tippling, Colonial style

Claudette Colbert and Fred MacMurray in "MAID OF SALEM"
A Paramount Picture with Harvey Stephens and Edward Ellis. Produced and Directed by FRANK LLOYD

When answering advertisements, please mention December Movie Classic
Learn more about this AMAZING AMERICA

with the compliments of GREYHOUND

FREE—a fascinating booklet of strange and unusual places

This is a land of striking contrasts, strange natural phenomena, man-made wonders. Greyhound, serving 50,000 miles of America's great highways, is the swift and pleasant way to see and enjoy these amazing places.

So Greyhound has gathered together in one colorful booklet nearly 150 of the strangest and most interesting curiosities to be found on this continent—has pictured and described each for your enjoyment. This booklet is free just for sending the coupon below.

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Mail this coupon to nearest information office (listed above), for your copy of "This Amazing America." If you want fares and route information on any trip, jot down place you would like to visit, on margin below.

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Hollywood Highlights

(Continued from page 6)

has selected the golden-red effect, and, adds Dawn; "She'll be a knockout and it won't surprise me if Joan starts the parade back to blondism!"

One, however, who will NOT follow Joan's lead, will be 20th-Fox's little bundle of French box-office dynamite, Simone Simon. Simone tried going blonde—for just 24 hours—and proved a 100 percent FLOP! This comes to me straight from the inside—and I'd lose somebody a studio job if I told who told me—but here's the story:

Determined to make their Si-money bet even hotter, the Fox bigshots ordered her to go blonde for Ladies in Love, wherein she matches histrionics with such scene-stealers as Connie Bennett, Loretta Young, and Janet Gaynor. Simone, who is willing to do anything they tell her to, promptly bleached her dark locks to a near-platinum hue. And they shot a day's rushes of her. Then, when the rushes were shown in the production room, it was discovered that the blonde hair robbed Simone completely and utterly of any trace of that charm, that naiveté, that personality which is her big bet for stardom. Blonde, Simone was just another blonde.

The studio execs tore their hair, screamed to Simone to darken her hair again, and hurry up! They held up further Simone shots until her hair was back to its regular hue again. Then they retook all the scenes already made in blonde, carefully sent the blonde shots to the incinerator. And, so they say, even though her part has lost a huge following, the picture now is destined to arrive in the theater a lot more interesting and colorful than the original story. As this is the 12th time Simone has tried to go blonde, it is even more interesting. Also, it is the first time in her career that she has taken on a starring role.

Imagine Her Embarrassment!

Suppose, dear lady, you were standing all dressed up and regal and important, in the midst of scores of people, with batteries of lights bright on you, and you were aware of your perfect appearance. And then suppose that suddenly and without warning, your skirt slipped its simple fastening and dropped to the floor, leaving you there in just your scanties and what Nature gave you?

This is just what happened to Dolores Del Rio, of all people, right on the Columbia stage where she's working in That Depths Below. Dolores, flaming crimson head for her dressing room, fished the perfect Dolores legs in a speed-record exit, leaving her skirt behind. The accident revealed, besides Del Rio's perfect proportions, the fact that she has lost five pounds in three weeks. The skirt was fitted (and how?) to her original weight and figure. The five-pound loss between fitting and shooting did the trick that embarrassed Dolores, delighted Richard Dix, Chester Morris, hordes of electricians, grips, and your own Boulevardier who sat on the sidelines watching.

No Questions, Please

"TOUCHY" is an inadequate word to describe the way Carole Lombard has suddenly gotten about her—such—friendship with Clark Gable. Heretofore quite unconcerned about who saw them out together, or what was commented about herself and Clark, Carole has suddenly gone very shush-shush about the affair, and carried

(Continued on page 10)

Newly-weds Joan Blondell and Dick Powell ready to cut a slice of their wedding cake for Captain E. Nelson, skipper of the S.S. Santa Paula.

Well, that's what happened to Dolores Del Rio, of all people, right on the Columbia stage where she's working in The Depths Below. Dolores, flaming crimson head for her dressing room, fished the perfect Dolores legs in a speed-record exit, leaving her skirt behind. The accident revealed, besides Del Rio's perfect proportions, the fact that she has lost five pounds in three weeks. The skirt was fitted (and how?) to her original weight and figure. The five-pound loss between fitting and shooting did the trick that embarrassed Dolores, delighted Richard Dix, Chester Morris, hordes of electricians, grips, and your own Boulevardier who sat on the sidelines watching.

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(Continued on page 10)

Loretta Young gets a flowery welcome to mid-ocean America when Honolulu admirers smothered her with leis woven from island blossoms. (Photo from Pan-Pacific Press Bureau.)

Ann Sothern and Roger Pryor were a smiling and happy couple as they signed a license to wed.

Accept no substitutes! Always insist on the advertised brand!
Winner of the Laugh Sweepstakes!

Thanks to the inspired "Oiwin" of that bewildered young man, Frank McHugh, "THREE MEN ON A HORSE" is both the picture of the month and the farce of the year! Take our tip and be in the grandstand when it romps into town!

"Oiwin" had two great passions—poems and ponies. But when his tearful bride faced him with a notebook filled with strange feminine names and numbers 'Oiwin' became an "also ran!"

The "mob" discovered 'Oiwin' and found a walking gold mine. His penchant for picking ponies made puggers out of bookies but millions for the mob!

"Oiwin, you're the first guy to really prove that man's best friend is the horse." "It's the horse that deserves the credit—all I did was pick him—he had to go to the trouble of running."

When his bride found out that the names in the notebook weren't pretties but ponies—all was forgiven—and 'Oiwin' forgot about races and went back to rhymes. It's the big cheek-to-cheek finish of the Laugh Sweepstakes of the year!

"Three Men On a Horse," the sensational stage success is in its second big year on Broadway and still going strong! The greatest comedy hit in 10 years played by 6 companies in 4 countries to capacity crowds!
HINTS for the
EYES OF WIVES!
by Jane Heath

• Unless you have one of the rare husbands who is amused to watch mysterious beauty rites, it’s up to you to join the secret association of Kurlash enthusiasts. These wise ladies keep a little private cache of Kurlash products and slip away for a few minutes’ beauty conference with them daily. Husbands are entranced with the results—and never know why wives look prettier.

You can whisk your lashes into Kurlash ($1 at good stores) in a split second. When they emerge, they’ll be curled back soulfully—looking longer and darker, making your eyes larger. No heat; no cosmetics—nothing to arouse husbandly suspicions. Do not hesitate to use these other absolutely undetectable Kurlash products also. Try them in private—and give your husband a beautiful surprise today.

• Lucindt Compact. A patented mascara case with a little sponge encircling just the right consistency to darken the lashes naturally without stiffening or caking them. Water-resistant; brown or blue. $1.

• Kurlene. Drenches the lashes, keeps them soft and silky, darkens them, tends to make them grow longer and thicker—and, either alone or mixed with a little Shadette (not illustrated, $1) in a shade to match your eyes, gives the youthful shiny-yielded look that is so flattering. 50c and 85c sizes.

• Twisters. The little miracle tweezor with curved wire-handlers lets you see to trim brows accurately. Only 25c.

Kurlash


Hollywood Highlights [Continued from page 8]

it, just the other day, to the point where she abruptly terminated an interview when the writer asked her a few questions about how she felt toward Clark. Since then, Carole has flatly refused to see any interviewers, fearing they’d ask her more Gable queries.

For his own end, Gable remains mum, too. However, is it significant that Clark has just instructed his lawyer to go into court to ask the Superior Judge to definitely ratify and make court order of his off-the-record settlement with his estranged wife, Rhea? You know, up to now, Clark and Rhea have been just living apart under an off-stage property agreement—with no move toward divorce. But Clark’s recent move may be the opening of actual divorce proceedings.

And I wonder what that possibility, together with Carole’s sudden touchiness, indicates—if anything.

For Our Lifted Eyebrows Dept.

Even blasé Hollywood, which doesn’t crane its neck very often, or get excited about ex’s and currents, worked itself into a lather at the Assistance League luncheon the other day.

It seems that one of the waitresses-for-the-day (screen stars and Hollywood matrons take turns at serving, you know) was Grace Tibbett, divorced wife of Larry, who still (so Hollywood rumors) carries the torch. And, apparently unaware of the fact that his ex-wife was waiting on table there, in strode Larry Tibbett himself for lunch—with his current wife!

Well, as I said, there was a terrific straining of eyes and craning of necks to see what would happen. Everybody was wondering whether fate would lead Mr. and Mrs. Tibbett to the table where the former Mrs. Tibbett was serving—in the preferred upstairs dining room. But, instead, someone connected with the League was seen to hurry to Larry’s side and whisper something to him. Nobody knows what the whisper was—but everybody knows that Larry suddenly turned—and he and Mrs. Tibbett had their lunch in the downstairs patio.

Goodness Gracious, Gracie!

Gracie Allen wants something said about the dumbness of Hollywood traffic cops. Gracie has just learned to drive and a few days ago she was moving slowly along Wilshire Boulevard when she came to an intersection. A cop held up his hand.

"Hey," he said, "you can’t make a left turn!"

"I sure can," retorted Gracie. "And don’t insult my driving."

"He was so pleased," Gracie said later, "that he chased me and gave me his autograph; but Georgie Forgie, my husband, thinks it’s a traffic ticket."

Designing Men of Hollywood

When you see the gorgeous gowns worn by Ruth Chatterton, Mary Astor, and other ladies in Dodsworth, you know they are the creations of that youthful fashion designer, Omar Kiam.

Kiam, and that’s his real name, too, is a native of Texas, as is Travis Banton, the equally clever designer at Paramount. And Adrian, who designs the gorgeous gowns for Joan Crawford, Myrna Loy, Jean Harlow and other Metro stars, is a native of Nautuck, a whistle stop in Connecticut.

All of which sums up to this:

"How are you going to keep them down on the farm when Hollywood needs them to out-fashion Gay Paree?"

In the Money

An executive of the banking corporation for which Shirley Temple’s father acts as branch manager is authority for the statement that Shirley has reached her first million—and we mean dollars.

And not a penny of that is studio money. [Continued on page 12]
SAMUEL GOLDWYN PRESENTS

Edna Ferber's

"COME AND GET IT"

with

EDWARD ARNOLD

JOEL McCREA • FRANCES FARMER

MADY CHRISTIANS • WALTER BRENNAN

THE AUTHOR OF "CIMARRON" AND "SHOW BOAT" WRITES ANOTHER TRULY BIG STORY... AS TOWERING IN ITS POWER AS THE GIANT TIMBER FASTNESS WHOSE STORY IT TELLS

Released thru
UNITED ARTISTS

When answering advertisements, please mention December Movie Classic
be colorless...but not painted. The Color Change Principle available in Tangee lip- stick, powder and rouge intensifies your own natural coloring.

today it is quite simple to make the most of your own natural skin tones. The Tangee cosmetic principle brings out a liveliness and sparkle in your lips, cheeks and skin that is yours alone, because it is your coloring. Exactly how the Tangee Color Change Principle accomplishes this is explained in the pictures below. It will take you 22 seconds to read how to be lovelier...in your own way.

the fortune that has been put aside for her came entirely from commercial trips of every character, mostly from the Shirley Temple dolls.

as simple as that

georgie raft tells of meeting a "bit" player on Hollywood Boulevard. The actor, who had had little work of late, was carrying a cigar box under his arm.

"Buying special smokers?" queried george. "No," replied the actor, "I'm moving." your best wishes to both

arlene judge and wesley ruggles have had the film colony puzzled for months by reason of their separations, reconciliations, and, in general, the way. arlene is going to Europe shortly, with her son, and close friends say there will be no divorce. arline and wesley have an agreement to actually try living apart sans divorce for a few months and then get together or else.

those who love them both hope the trial separation will be only that.

they're mighty nice people and, really, very fond of each other.

and so to bed!

that gorgeous bed of the late john gilbert has finally been sold for $250, whereas, at the public auction of gilbert's effects the auctioneer could not get one bid.

the person who finally bought the bed is the owner of a mountain resort hotel in Pennsylvania.

he plans to install it in a large room and let it be known it is the "Honeymoon Bed."

wedding bells

Henry Fonda's wedding to that New York socialist, Mrs. George T. Brebaw, glittered like the height of De-Mille-ism. High hats that gleamed, diamonds that scintillated, backgrounded the fashionable wedding in a snooty New York Church. Amusing though that not a movie hag shot attended the ceremony—only New York society figures, and outside, a flock of Fonda's fans. In Hollywood, little attention was paid to Fonda's marriage—Henry's more of a Broadway stage-tie than a Hollywood filmster, it seems. Only Jimmy Stewart, whose house Henry shared out here, lamented the defection of his pal from the bachelor ranks.

meanwhile, Henry's ex-wife, Margaret Sullivan (for a while, there was talk that Henry might remarry her) has been stepping out with Leland Hayward, in Hollywood. Turning her back, even, on her other ex-hubby, willie wyler, with whom she has been nite-clubbing. But wyler, un-daunted, is now casting sheeps-eyes at pretty Andra Leeds, the new Sam Goldwyn starlet.

Useful Gesture

always, Hollywood has fun with trick insurance.

Consider, for instance, young Bobby Breen, that golden-voiced tear-jerker. He's only 8 years old now, and usually a boy's voice doesn't change until the teens. But the producer who has him under contract has already taken out insurance against voice-changing!

20th-Fox, preparing to film Lloyds of London, took out production insurance for the feature through Lloyds of London.

meantime, a new form of insurance has hit Hollywood pet owners. Terrified by a recent outbreak of dog-poisoning, they've succeeded in getting Lloyds to issue $1,000 policies on their favorite pedigree canines. Jean Harlow and Joan Crawford have taken the policies on their pets. It provides that in the event one of the dogs is killed by poison, Lloyds will spend up to $1,000 to apprehend, prosecute, and convict the poisoner, but not at a cost of the insurance to the dog's owner.

on the up-grade

grant Withers, once at the top famous stars, more recently down in the has-been dumps, is making a gallant comeback.

Grant's career was hiccute. There are those, close to him, who say he couldn't stand prosperity, let it go. Perhaps, in Hollywood, that's usually the best way out. Anyway, Grant faded from the screen, was reduced to taking minor roles of extra caliber at times. He, and his wife, moved from stardom surroundings into a dinky apartment of three rooms, and took the raps.

now lady Luck has smiled on Grant. He's got a new Paramount contract. And knocks of adversity have knocked off the cranial bumps, for Grant is working hard, and he's just been cast in a lead role at Universal, on loan from par. His income's rapidly shooting skyward again—But, having learned his lesson, Grant, it's significant to note, is still living in the dinky three-room apartment!
3 GREAT CONTRIBUTIONS TO GREATER ENTERTAINMENT

By RUSSELL PATTERSON

For months Hollywood has been predicting that this would be the greatest movie season in history. Well, I've just been looking over some of the screen capital's coming product, and all I can say is—Hollywood wasn't fooling! Don't misunderstand me. I'm not a movie expert—but I know what I like. And I want grand new songs. And how Bing sings them, with plenty of inspiration from Madge Evans, who grows lovelier with every film. Their love affair literally starts on a dime—and almost ends in jail, when Bing takes under his wing an irrepressible little gamin (Edith Fellows, the 10-year-old who scored so heavily in 'She Married Her Boss').

And don't miss Irene Dunne in 'Theodora Goes Wild'! This mad, merry Columbia film is one of the biggest comedy surprises the screen has sprung in years. This story of a girl who starts half-a-dozen near-divorces trying to get her man, will have you howling from the very first foot. Melvyn Douglas is splendid as a New York artist who brings out the worst in small-town Theodora—more, in fact, than he bargains for!

But the greatest treat that screenland has in store for you is Frank Capra's magnificent production of 'Lost Horizon', a film that, without question, will take
civilization, imprisoned in a paradise where people never age. Capra has definitely topped his 'It Happened One Night' and 'Mr. Deeds' in this one. 'Lost Horizon' won't actually reach the screen for some time yet. But when it does, you'll agree that this grand picture alone would have made good Hollywood's boast about its 'greatest movie season'.

Columbia is rumored to have spent two millions on its production of 'Lost Horizon'. Here are Ronald Colman and Margo in a tense scene, with producer Frank Capra in inset.
Big Property Man

IF YOU ARE looking to find something serious in any of Eleanor Powell's dancing dates, I'm afraid you'll just have to wait and wait. For Mrs. Powell tells us that while Eleanor has cruises and loves a good dancer, she will undoubtedly marry an older man. Stepping out to night clubs and the gay spots mean nothing to her—she worked in them for so long. She wants to marry a man who has really accomplished something—an artist, writer, producer—some one who can guide and take care of her. Mrs. Powell also believes that the fact that Eleanor was brought up without the wisdom and guidance that only a father can give has made her look for those qualities in a husband rather than for just the gay hilarity of youth.

Still it doesn't look like Jimmy Stewart's heart will be broken for he is escorting Virginia Bruce now as much as he did Eleanor. As a matter of fact you can't walk with him through the publicity department at Metro without him stopping at every picture of Virginia and explaining her beauty. We were admiring several photographs taken at a birthday party that she gave for her small daughter, Susan, and raving about how pretty the child was. "The mother is sorta pretty too, don't you think?" commented Jimmy drily, smiling.

Restrictions

THIS ITEM IS for little boys whose cherished dream is not to be a traffic cop or fireman, but to be a Clark Gable or a Bob Taylor. They study Taylor's great precautions that nothing happens to their children while they are at work on a picture to ruin them for the Great God Box Office. It's long been known that Spencer Tracy, who dotes on polo and is one of the film colony's best, has to sit in a chair for months on end during picture periods. Ditto Robert Montgomery, Paul Kelly and John Boles. Then there's Jimmy Stewart and Clark Gable and Wallace Beery, who, during pictures, are forbidden their favorite excitement of flying. Buddy Ebsen can only have his hair trimmed once every six months. And William Powell who had to face guffawing friends and snickering fans with a bum's beard of his own growing for My Man Godfrey. But the final annoyance was reached when Bob Taylor was told to keep out of the sun while working on Camille. A healthy color wasn't known of in those days. "That's the only part I don't like about picture-making," said Bob. "This business of having to take women's care of myself." So if little boys think their mothers are cruel in insisting that they wash behind the ears, just think for a moment of the poor movie stars who sometimes can't have no fun at all!

On Your Marx

THE MARX BROTHERS have a very disquieting effect on everyone, it seems. Writers George Seaton and Robert Pirosh have been working with them for seven months, yet didn't realize how worn they were until they went to send a few days in a sanitarium to gather material for the new Marx picture A Day At the Races which has a sanitarium background, as the title doesn't tell. They got all their material, came back to Hollywood and then suddenly disappeared. Three days later they showed up again, explaining that they had found the sanitarium life so peaceful they went back for three days more of rest and quiet.

The Marx Brothers do their best to upset everybody who works with them. Groucho persists in making ad-lib comments to throw his brothers off their lines. This little quip upset the rehearsal and Director Sam Woods' disposition for about twenty minutes. "My foot's asleep," said Chico in the scene they were rehearsing.

"Could it be the dialogue?" asked nasty Groucho.

Movie Classic is entirely written and edited in Hollywood where its writers are in constant personal contact with your favorite stars. Movie Classic each month brings you the intimate gossip that is being talked about in drawing rooms and the swanky Hollywood night spots by the stars themselves. Watch each month for Hollywood Highlights in Movie Classic.

Harry Hammond Beall, new managing editor of Fawcett Publications, Inc., was honored with a dinner by publicity chiefs of leading studios on his appointment, and presented with a colossal autographed dictionary by the scribes. At Beall's left, with his hand on Beall's shoulder, is Harry Brand of 20th Century Fox and right, Howard Strickling of MGM.
Likes 'Em Exotic

FRANCIS LEDERER seems to lean toward the exotic in his taste in women. First there was Steffi Duna, a Hungarian dancer, whom he encouraged to come to America and whom he requested to play with him in his picture, Man of Two Worlds. Then there was Mary Anita Loo, who parts her sleek black hair in the center and wears it low on her neck, and who prates of Egyptology. And now, Mr. Lederer is escorting Margo, the stormy Mexican actress, to the various night spots. And Margo is perfectly willing, for once, to put her duenna on the shelf and go out with him alone.

Here is a goofy thing. Recently Francis, who is a teetotalers, gave away bottles of fine old Scotch after he finished My American Wife at Paramount. But with the spoken wish, “I hope you won't drink it.”

Blames His Stooges

TED HEALY has hit the rocks and is soon to appear in the divorce court to be freed from his bride of less than a year.

Mrs. Ted claims Ted's stooges ruined their domestic life.

Ted insisted on bringing the "stooges" home with him and they were always doing their acts with resultant damage to the furniture and the peace of mind of Mrs. Ted.

"The stooges made me what I am today," insists Ted.

And Mrs. Ted agrees that they made him what he is going to be—an ex-husband.

New Heartthrob

CARY GRANT, who is considered quite something of a nice young man by most of the gals in Hollywood, has been keeping a lot of company with Roberta Cooper who it must be said isn't at all hard to look at.

Then there was Margo,...
TAKE A GIFT TIP
FROM GEORGE RAFT
Paramount’s famous star travels with
VAL-A-PAX, the only piece of luggage
that will deliver a suit en route as
freshly pressed when it’s packed.

VAL-A-PAX is literally a portable clothes
 closet. Separate compartments for
shirts, underwear, etc. Everything
 ordered and easily accessible.

VAL-A-PAX saves pressing bills. Suits
(there is room for two) hang on regula-
tion hangers, air cushioned against
wrinkling or mussing.

VAL-A-PAX comes in fabric and leather
models ranging in price from $8.95
to $60.00. All leading luggage and
men’s wear shops. Atlantic Products
Corporation, Trenton, New Jersey.

Price of Wardrobe Style with
Hollywood Top

THE Styled
WARDROBE

Accept no substitutes! Always insist on the advertised brand!

Fans and Fan Clubs
by Harmony Haynes

On his birthday, August 13th, Gene Raymond was presented with flowers by Richard Carroll, President of Raymond’s fan club. Richard came from Chi-
cago to make the presentation on behalf of thousands of the R.K.O. star’s fans.

The purpose of this department is to
shorten the distance between Holly-
wood and the rest of the world. Part-
icularly that part of the world wherein
real movie fans reside. We aim to bring
fans and stars closer together by acquir-
ing each with the other through the medium
of an outspoke department.

We expect to say what we think, with-
out fear of offending, and we expect the
same privilege to be exercised by our rea-
ders.

The world is full of loyal fans whose
acts of loyalty should be given due credit.
Some are individuals, others are banded
together in the form of movie clubs. Many
have gone a step farther and united their
clubs to form two large organizations—
The Fan Club Federation and The Movie
Club Guild.

Fan Clubs are not new. They have been
in existence for a quarter of a century but
it is only in the last few years that they
realized that in unity there is strength,
and united to request recognition from
producers and the press. In other words,
Fan Clubs have come into their own.

And just what is a Fan Club?
That question may sound a bit unne-
essary to some of you but, believe it or
not, I am answering it via the personal
letter route almost daily.

A Fan Club, briefly, is a number of per-
sons whose admiration for one particular
star, have united them in a common cause
—to further the popularity of that star.

How to start a Fan Club?
I also receive many letters asking that
question, and some of the letters amaze me.
Many of them are from persons totally
ignorant of the work and purpose of fan
clubs.

A Fan Club is hard work and lots of it
and it is expensive. But dues, you say, are
charged to cover the expense. That is
true, but it is also untrue, for never yet
have we had a club where the dues covered
the entire expense of the club. And be-
cause the members have paid in their dues,
they must receive something for their
money.

You might wonder what expense a club
could have. Let us list a few. To begin
with there are membership cards, applica-
tion blanks, stationery, postage. Quite an
item, eh?

Then there is the club paper, for all good
clubs do produce a club paper of some sort.
Some are typed, some are mimeographed,
some are printed, but they all cost money
—from five dollars an issue, on up. Did
you happen to see Blue Velvet Notes? It
is the paper for Dottie Mae Hulsie’s Vera
Van Club. That issue cost $0.15. The
Reynolds Rumpus, the paper for John
Garrison’s Craig Reynolds club, cost $75.00
for the first issue.

Of course, the star helps with the ex-
penditures. They always send photos to new
members, they furnish prizes for contests,
their clubs send news for the club paper. Some
of them go to the expense of paying all
of the printing of the paper.

However, all this should be taken up
with the star at the time you ask for the
star’s permission to start a club. I men-
tion this because in checking clubs, I find
that in the majority of cases, a fan writes
a star asking permission to start a club,
without outlining what is expected of the
star. Then begin the printing or begging
letters—first it is pictures, then postage,
then prizes and usually winding up with a
request to buy a mimeograph, or pay
for the printing of a paper.

This annoys a star. Why shouldn’t it?
And it could all be avoided if you would
sit down with a pencil and paper and figure
the cost of such a club, and decide defini-
tely and for all time, what you expect
the star to do for your club. Then present
your findings and figures to the star and
give that star an opportunity to refuse or
accept your proposition.

If you will do that, then we won’t have,
as we do have now, stars who are secretly
disappointed in their clubs. We won’t have
clubs starting off with a bang and ending
up with a battle.

In order to strengthen your clubs it
would be wise to affiliate with either The
Fan Club Federation or The Movie Club
Guild—or both.

These organizations have been in ex-
FRANCES FEATHER—yes, that's her real name, has charge of one of the many Dick Powell Clubs and tells us that they have branches in California, Washington, D. C., Sioux City, Montreal, Rochester and many other places.

She has a letter from Dick Powell saying that she is president of one of his three pet clubs. Now just who could the other two be?

Lucile Carlson, proxy of the Alice White Club, together with Evelyn Krause, a club member, is in Hollywood and are guests of none other than Alice White herself. Lucile is so busy seeing stars right now that we couldn't make her sit down long enough to tell us about the trip. We'll have her write it for us later.

Irene Brettmann, president of the Fan Federation, is also in Hollywood on a prolonged vacation. Ditto for Lillian Conrad, president of the Movie Club Guild. There seems to be something brewing as to the future of fan clubs and maybe, just maybe, we'll get the outcome of their conferences in time for the next issue.

Richard Carroll, secretary of the Gene Raymond Club, came to town and was the guest of Gene on the set. Mrs. Kipling, Gene's mother, took him to lunch and for a tour of Hollywood.

Dottie Mae Hulse, proxy of the Vera Van Club, spent the summer in Hollywood and is now touring the United States with her father. But she tells us that she will be back to spend the winter with us.

Helen Moltz, head of the Joel McCrea Club, came to town to spend a couple of days, one of them with Joel and his lovely wife, Frances Dee.

A letter from Marilyn Bonnell, president of the Buddy Rogers Club, says, "I went down to Chicago and spent the day with Buddy while he was appearing there with his stage unit and had a grand time. I had to make a 92 mile trip but it was worth it. I met his mother for the first time and I was thrilled stiff. I also had a chance to see his father again."

Little Mary Scales, who is a member of the Robert Taylor Club, is a very tiny, very charming, very interesting young lady. Her home is in Texas but she is star reporter for the Logan County Banner, at Logan, North Carolina. One day little Mary (she weighs 80 pounds) hitch-hikes to Charleston, a hundred miles away, to interview Madame Schumann-Heink, and the next day she treks twenty miles back into the Hill-billy country to run down a murder story.

Tired of the old grind, she hopped a plane and came to Hollywood for a week end. She had lunch with Robert Taylor and his mother, then spent the after-

"It's the true Love Gift"

Says ROSALIND RUSSELL
enchanting M-G-M screen star

HOMEs begin in hope chests. So, be sure you choose one that gives absolute moth protection. Lane is the only cedar chest that is factory-tested for aroma-tightness. It has a special patented inside finish that evens aroma flow and prevents the interior from becoming oily or sticky. As proof of positive moth protection, you get with this modern chest a moth insurance policy, free. See the glorious new Lane models with superbly finished hardwood exteriors now at your Lane dealer's store.

Canadian Distributors, Koechlin's, Ltd., Hanover, Ontario
Thousands gaining normal attractive curves
—in just a few weeks!

SKINNY, friendless girls who never could gain an ounce can take new hope from the experience of thousands of others who used this new scientific treatment that is sweeping the country. These others have gained 10 to 25 pounds of solid, naturally attractive body in this easy way—in just a few weeks!

What is more, this new discovery has given them naturally clear skin, freedom from indigestion and constipation, now pep.

Why it builds up so quickly

Scientists recently discovered that great numbers of people are thin and rundown for the single reason that they do not get enough digestion-strengthening Vitamin B and body-enriching iron in their daily food. Now the richest known source of this marvelous building Vitamin B is cultured ale yeast. By a new process the fungus is made into 100% pure, concentrated vitamin yeast and other valuable ingredients. The combination is fed to yeast tablets which are made into Ironized Yeast tablets.

If you, too, need these vital elements to build you up, get these new “T-power” Ironized Yeast tablets from your druggist today. Then, day after day, watch flat chest develop and skinny limbs round out to natural attractiveness. Constipation and Indigestion from the same cause vanish, skin clears to normal beauty—you're a new person.

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 build you up in a few weeks, as they have thousands. If not delighted with the benefits of the very first package, your 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—or money refunded. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 2912, Atlanta, Ga.

The Show Window

Frank reviews of the latest screen offerings

by E. J. Smithson

RAMONA—This screen version of Helen Hunt Jackson's love story is breath-taking in its beauty. Its dramatic appeal and haunting charm is increased by the use of technicolor. Loretta Young's performance is, beyond question, the best of her career and she plays the rôle of Ramona with quiet restraint and exquisite romantic appeal. She is even more beautiful as the raven-haird heroine than she is in her natural blonde loveliness. Don Ameche, of radio fame, is most convincing as Alessandro, her Indian lover. Pauline Frederick is excellent as the domineering Spanish mother of Kent Taylor, who is also in love with Ramona. The entire cast, featuring Katherine deMille, John Carradine, Jane Darwell, Pedro de Cordoba and Victor Kilian, unite in producing a picture of exceptional interest.—20th Century-Fox.

DODSWORTH—This powerful and emotional stage play comes to life on the screen with the story of a woman's futile effort against growing old. This is a triumph for Walter Huston, Ruth Chatterton and Mary Astor. Walter Huston, as Dodsorth, a retired automobile salesman who is terribly in love with his romance-seeking wife, carries the rôle with a completeness which leaves one with the feeling that only he could play it. The story carries them to Europe where Fran Dodsworth has one amorous adventure after another in her futile attempt to regain her youth until finally Huston is driven to a lonely tour of the continent. He finds rest and contentment in the Italian villa of Edith Courtwright (Mary Astor). Miss Chatterton's portrayal of the defeated woman is the finest she has ever done. Mary Astor shows a strength and power never before revealed to her screen audiences. Paul Lukas, David Niven, Gregory Gaye and many others add to this excellent cast. Dodsworth is a picture that will linger long in the memory of those who see it.—Samuel Goldwyn.

VALLIANT IS THE WORD FOR CARRIE is everything fine that a picture can and should be. It is the story of a scarlet-womhan who finds happiness in bringing up a small boy and girl that have been practically thrown into her lap. The story begins in a small town in Louisiana, then moves to the big city. Over a period of years the children grow into manhood and womanhood. Carrie devotes her life to mak-
ing them happy. There are tears and laughter but the laughs are sincere and real. There is none of the slapstick attempts so often used to get laughs. Carrie Snyder, played by Gladys George, deserves the highest praise for a grand job of acting. The rest of the cast has Arline Judge, John Howard, Dudley Digges, Harry Cary, Isabel Jewell, Jackie Moran, Charlene Wyatt, John Wray, William Collier Sr., Hattie McDaniel and others. For those who enjoy a good story, top acting, tears and laughs, see it by all means.—Paramount.

EXCELLENT

THE GORGEOUS Hussy—A superbly directed story enacted by a group of artists who, by their work in this picture, once again prove to fans that they are capable of superb acting. The plot goes back to those times in American history when the country was still suffering from “growing pains”... Most of the action takes place in Washington, D.C. Parts of the story are fictional and except for historically prominent personages, the characters are also... The story concerns those in high places during the days of Andrew Jackson (Lionel Barrymore) and Peggy Eaton’s (Joan Crawford) love for her country as against her love for John Randolph (Melvyn Douglas). Robert Taylor is splendid as a young naval officer who wins the hand of Joan Crawford only to lose his life in the tropics. Franchot Tone, as Secretary of War under Jackson, whom Crawford later marries, carries his part to perfection. ... “Rowdy Dow” (James Stewart) adds to the picture entertainment... When you see The Gorgeous Hussy, you will see a noteworthy picture. Bella Bondi shares acting honors with Lionel Barrymore and Joan Crawford.—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

THE DEVIL IS A SISSY—Toughness is having the nerve to do what is right. The devil was once an angel, but the job was too tough for him, so he scammed—Hence, “the devil was a sissy.” A trio of troopers, Freddie Bartholomew, Jackie Cooper and Mickey Rooney unite in bringing to the screen a tender but two-fisted story that is rich in humanity and humor and loaded with audience appeal for the entire family. Transplanted from England to the tenements of New York, Freddie is every inch the gentleman, and Mickey and Jackie (as two East Side toughs) learn how to take it like men, from him. Pathos, comedy, excitement and stark drama flash by in rapid succession before the story reaches the final climax.—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

THE GENERAL DIED AT DAWN—American resourcefulness pitted against oriental cunning and deviltry is the theme of this melodrama. You will find a sombre Gary Cooper (greatly in contrast to “Mr. Deeds” in this, but you will admire his cool daring and enormous vitality. The plot is heavy with the intrigue of Chinese Civil war. Cooper, as the champion of long-suffering Chinese common-people, is selected for the dangerous role of gun-runner. He is halted in his attempted raid by the intervention of Madeleine Carroll, beautiful daughter of Porter Hall, rival plotter, who is in the service of Akim Tamiroff, a greedy, relentless Chinese war lord. The story is unrelated by any touch of humor, but the fine photography and excellent characterizations, plus excitement, suspense and romance, make it well worth seeing.—Paramount.

[Continued on page 66]

15¢ - Price Now of Famous Cold Remedy

1. Take 2 BAYER ASPIRIN tablets and drink a full glass of water. Repeat treatment in 2 hours.
2. If throat is sore, crush and stir 3 BAYER ASPIRIN tablets in 1/2 glass of water. Gargle twice. This eases throat rawness and soreness almost instantly.

Genuine Bayer Aspirin—the Thing to Take for Fast Relief

Instead of buying costly medicines for a cold, try the way nearly any doctor you ask will approve as the modern way—BAYER ASPIRIN. It is perhaps the most famous and most widely used of all cold remedies today—yet costs only 15¢ for a dozen tablets or two full dozen for a quarter anywhere in the United States.

The way you use it is this: Two BAYER tablets when you feel a cold coming on. Take with a full glass of water. Then repeat, if necessary, according to directions in each package.

This will act to fight fever, cold pains and the cold itself. And it will save you from taking strong medicines for a cold. Medicines that often upset the whole system. Relief comes rapidly.

Get the genuine BAYER ASPIRIN by asking for it by its full name: not by the name “aspirin” alone.

15c FOR A DOZEN
2 FULL DOZEN FOR 25c
Virtually 1c a tablet

When answering advertisements, please mention December Movie Classic 19
Men and Make-up

Any woman can make her face her fortune, says Max Factor, the man who knows all the beauty answers, if she follows the advice offered in this article.

by Frances Kellum

IF YOU had a date with Robert Taylor, how would you make up?

If you were dining with Francis Lederer, would you dare use that lavender evening powder?

What do men really think about makeup?

Now when I have questions like that to ask, there's just one person I hunt up. Max Factor, the man who knows all the beauty answers. Usually I find him in his laboratory working up more formulæ to turn more ugly ducklings into the proverbial swans. And that's where I found him this time. He laid aside his test tube and eyed me speculatively. "I've just come from the 'Camille' set over there at M-G-M. Nice chap, that Robert Taylor. Genuine. Has some good ideas . . . ."

"Well," I said, "about fifty million women—including myself—would like to know what his ideas on makeup are!"

"They're distinctly modern!" Max Factor assured me. "Bob is a typically modern young man—typically American. He's all in favor of the results of makeup—when it's natural looking. For instance, as we stood talking two extra girls came by. One had gone in strongly for effect—you know, eye shadows plucked too thin, arched too high, and stenciled on. Cheeks a chalky white. Mouth that looked like a freshly painted signboard. Perhaps she thought she looked exotic. As a matter of fact she had ruined all the young charm of her face . . . ."

"The other one evidently knew the secret of natural makeup. And Bob said, 'Lovely, isn't she?'

"Just how," I asked quickly, "do you go about learning this secret?"

"By studying your complexion tones and matching them exactly," he informed me. "That's why we have experimented so much with shades and textures in rouges, lipstick, powders and eye makeup. Complexions vary so that you can't be too careful. Don't strive for effect. Strive to emphasize your own natural coloring.

"The brunette, for example, goes in for rich carmine or crimson shades in rouge and lipstick.

"The blonde goes in for soft flame tones.

"Redheads have to be careful to use a deep enough powder to bring out the tint of their hair, and to use brown eye shadow instead of blue as they're tempted to."

Take Myrna Loy. She's a redhead with green eyes and a fair skin. But instead of using a light, flesh powder she uses rachelle. She's found out that a blondine rouge and a vermillion lipstick just suited to her. And besides the brown eye shadow she uses a brown eyebrow pencil and eyelash makeup. Not black. For a foundation cream, however, she uses a flesh tone under the rachelle powder to bring out the natural glow of her skin.

"Rochelle Hudson, on the other hand, has dark brown hair and eyes and an olive skin. For complete naturalness she selects this makeup: Olive powder, carmine rouge and lipstick. Brown eye shadow. Black pencil and eyelash makeup. And a natural foundation cream.

"One of the loveliest blondes who ever came to Hollywood is Virginia Bruce. She is very fair and her makeup chart is: Flesh powder over a white foundation. Blush rouge and lipstick. Gray eye shadow. Brown pencil and eyelash makeup."

So FOR that date with Bob Taylor, evidence it wouldn't be wise to do anything "fancy!" Just go into a handle with your mirror, make sure your makeup looks as if it had grown on you—and be yourself.

"Men," Max Factor was saying, "are mostly like Bob. They're interested in the results of making up. And flattered by the trouble you take. But they are not interested in seeing a girl ply her lipstick or powder puff every little while when they take her out."

"Warner Baxter once told me that a lot of powder dabbing in public was the surest means a woman had of destroying her glamour! . . . Glamour depends on a certain extent on mystery. And there's nothing mysterious about a woman who lets the world in on her beauty secrets!

"Anyway—constant powdering will not help a shiny nose. People have the worst idea of powder. It is not a cover for the face. Its purpose is to give a well-groomed finish. It should never show. If you're still dabbing instinctively at your nose, drop the habit! It's an out-dated as last year's newspaper. If you've prepared your skin for makeup with a good frech cream or astrigent (if it's oily) and a good foundation cream, you won't have to worry about getting shiny. Not if you've powdered correctly. The way to do it is to powder generously from chin to forehead and from ear to ear. Then take a soft powder brush and brush off the surplus. That leaves a soft, flattering finish and you shouldn't have to touch a powder puff again for hours."

Dick Powell, it seems, likes sparkle in a girl's face. Now of course, as Factor pointed out, that depends quite a bit on your health and vitality. There's nothing like fresh air, sufficient sleep and the right food to be sure you are looking good in your eye! But you can get a little help from Art too—makeup Art!

"Rouge properly and you give brilliancy to the eyes. Rouge too much and you kill it," said Factor. "Both the time of day and
the time of season affect the use of rouge. The general rule is to use brighter, lighter tones for night. And deeper, richer tones in winter. Sparkle in the face depends chiefly on the eyes. And a good red in your cheeks accents them. Keep the eyes fresh and rested too. Bathe them in a lukewarm solution after you’ve been out in the cold or wind. Make the lashes look longer and more luxurious with an eyelash makeup. And give the eyes more depth and lustre with eye shadow.

“You can change your whole outlook on life by changing your looks! By brightening them ...” Fred MacMurray’s statement was straightforward and direct—like Fred himself. “Makeup? I think it’s swell! Especially if that’s what gives a girl that smooth look!”

Just what does give you that smooth look? I challenged Mr. Factor. But he won’t stay challenged. He knows too much about this business! He says it is all a matter of the right powder base.

There’s a new kind that provides all the smoothness in the world without streaking or letting perspiration show through. If you want to be your most glamorous self, use it!

You know how at times rouge seems to sink into your cheeks no matter what you do? And how your complexion goes off-key even if you’ve been working like mud at it? There’s just one solution. Get yourself into the habit of using a good foundation. Your rouge will go on a thousand times more evenly. Your powder will cling for hours. In short, you’ll have that smooth look!

It remained for Francis Lederer, Continental that he is, to give the Last Word on the subject. He sums it all up beautifully. “Makeup is a woman’s charm insurance! I do not say that she is not charming without it. Heaven forbid! I merely say that if she knows how to make the best use of it, makeup safeguards her charm and adds to it.” Just as a lovely skin adds to it.

Have you a lovely skin? Men always notice that. And there’s no woman alive, declares Factor, who cannot make her skin lovely! Naturally you have to care for it consistently. No cream, used only once a week, can do much good in overcoming that gradual drying of the tissues. But a fine cream, blended in every day, does this: It replenishes the natural oils of the skin; it keeps it soft; and it helps to erase those little creases around the eyes and mouth and the unattractive rings around the neck. There’s nothing quite so unflattering as a flaky, rough complexion. Don’t permit it!

Only this morning I heard a woman say, “My husband likes makeup on other women. But when I try to use it—that’s another story!” No wonder. She didn’t know how to use it.

Learn how—and you’ll have a lasting charm insurance.

Christmas Shopping Note

In the January issue of MOVIE CLASSIC look for Alison Alden’s article “A Zest for Giving” in which she offers the solution to last-minute Christmas shopping. Illustrated with the article are the smartest holiday offerings of cosmetic manufacturers and perfumers from which to make your gift selections.

When answering advertisements, please mention December MOVIE CLASSIC
Mervyn LeRoy Offers $500 For A Trademark

Mervyn LeRoy, one of Hollywood’s ace directors, directing a scene from Oil for the Lamps of China

Have you sent in your trademark idea yet? If not, why not? You know from reading the November issue of Movie Classic that Mervyn LeRoy, noted Hollywood director, is in the market for a trademark idea symbolic of the fine pictures he promises to release soon through his own company to be known as “Mervyn LeRoy Productions.” Co-operating with Movie Classic he is offering $500 in cash prizes to the winners. All you have to do to become an entrant in this contest is to jot down as many original trademark ideas as you can and mail them to Contest Editor, Movie Classic Magazine, 7046 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

Remember this: You don’t have to be an advertising expert or an artist to stand a chance of winning a cash prize. All you have to do is to submit your idea or ideas in writing—just a brief, clear description of the trademark.

Here’s what Mr. LeRoy has to say about it: “What I want is a trademark that is original and entirely different from those now in use. It must be distinctive and impressive. My plan is to produce only class pictures with mass appeal and I would like very much to have contestants bear this in mind when submitting ideas. The artiness of the suggestions are in nowise as important as is the effectiveness of the idea itself. No sketch is required, although contestants can, if they wish, submit them.”

Mervyn LeRoy stands exceptionally high as a director, having to his credit such outstanding successes as Goldiggers of 1933, Five Star Final, I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang, Tugboat Annie, Oil for the Lamps of China, Little Caesar, and Anthony Adverse. He recently completed Three Men on a Horse for Warner Bros., who plan to release it as one of the specials of the year.

For his first picture as a producer, LeRoy has purchased The King and the Chorus Girl, (formerly titled The Grand Passion) by Norman Krasna and Peppe Marx. This splendid story will be used to present Ferdinand Gravet, sensational French star whom LeRoy discovered abroad and whom he signed to a personal contract. It is LeRoy’s sincere belief that Gravet, after his introduction to American audiences through The King and the Chorus Girl will score a sensation-al success.

Don’t pass up this chance to win a prize! Remember, the contest closes December 20th.

Grove Laboratories, Inc.
Dept. 73-F, St. Louis, Mo.
Gentlemen: Please send trial tube Pazo. Enclose 10¢ to help cover packing and mailing.

Name.
Address.

City, State.

This offer is good only to U. S. and Canadian Canada residents may write H. E. Mattil & Co., 61 Wellington Street, West, Toronto, Ont.

Accept no substitutes! Always insist on the advertised brand!
Following The King and the Chorus Girl, LeRoy’s second picture under the Mervyn LeRoy Productions trademark, will be Son of the Gods.

Now with all this information in mind, get out the pencil and begin jotting down your trademark ideas. You have just as good a chance of winning a prize as the next one. Bear in mind that the winner of the entries submitted to Movie Classic wins $50 and a chance to win the grand prize of $250.

This same offer appears also in the December issues of Fawcett’s affiliated film magazines — HOLLYWOOD, SCREEN BOOK, SCREEN PLAY and MOTION PICTURE. The winner of ideas submitted to any of these magazines receives a $50 cash prize and a chance at the $250 grand prize.

Read the following rules over very carefully and when you have finished, start immediately on the pleasant task of transferring to paper your trademark ideas. But —BE SURE THEY ARE ORIGINAL!

Here are the rules:

1. 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 fanciful or decorated entries.
5. Judges will be Mervyn LeRoy, S. Charles Einfield, Director of Advertising and Publicity for Warner Bros., and Edward Selzer, Director of Publicity for Warner Bros.
6. In case of ties duplicate prizes will be awarded.
7. The decision of the judges will be final. No entries will be returned.
8. 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.

Now put on your thinking caps! Your chance to win a $50 cash prize and the $250 Grand Prize is as good as anyone else’s.

WANT A THRILL?

Movie fans everywhere find it is thrilling entertainment to read the complete fiction stories of coming films, before the movies are shown anywhere.

You’ll like it too. Get ROMANTIC MOVIE STORIES, now on sale for only 10¢. This magazine publishes other exclusive fiction stories of new films, each story illustrated with scenes from the production. Featured in the issue now on sale are: "Remi"nion," the new picture starring the famous Dione Quintuplets; "Portrait of a Rebel," with Katharine Hepburn, Herbert Marshall; "Theora Goes Wild," starring Irene Dunne and Mervyn Douglas—and seven more stories starring Clark Gable, Dick Powell, Joan Blondell and others.

Remember, ROMANTIC MOVIE STORIES—10¢ at all good newsstands.

NOSE PORES

Largest Pores on Your Body—A Test of Your Cleansing Methods!

By Lady Esther

The pores on the nose are the largest on your body. For this reason, if allowed to become clogged with waxy excretions, they will become conspicuously large and noticeable.

The pores on your nose, therefore, are a good test of your skin-cleansing methods. If the pores are plugged with waste matter and gaping large, it’s a sign your methods are insufficient. By keeping your pores—and this includes the pores of your nose—thoroughly clean, you can keep them normal in size, invisibly small.

A Penetrating Cream Required

To get at the dirt and waxy matter that accumulates in your pores, you must use a face cream that penetrates, one that actually works its way into the pores. Such a cream is Lady Esther Face Cream. It does not merely lie on the surface of your skin. It actually penetrates the pores, and does it in a gentle and soothing manner.

Penetrating the pores, Lady Esther Face Cream goes to work on the imbedded dirt and waste matter. It dissolves it—breaks it up—and makes it easily removable. In a fraction of the usual time, your skin is thoroughly clean.

Cleansed perfectly, your pores can again function freely—open and close as Nature intended. Automatically then, they reduce themselves to their normal small size and you no longer have anything like conspicuous pores.

Lubrication, Also

As Lady Esther Face Cream cleanses the skin, it also lubricates it. It supplies it with a fine oil that overcomes dryness and keeps the skin soft and smooth.

Make a test on your face of Lady Esther Face Cream. See for yourself how thoroughly it cleans out the pores. Mark how quickly your pores come down in size when relieved of their choking burden. Note the new life and smoothness your skin takes on. One test will tell you volumes.

See For Yourself!

All first-class drug and department stores sell Lady Esther Face Cream, but a 7-days’ supply is free for the asking. Just mail the coupon below or a penny postcard and by return mail you’ll receive the cream—PLUS all five shades of my exquisite Lady Esther Face Powder. Write today.

You can paste this on a penny postcard. (2¢)

Lady Esther, 2030 Ridge Avenue, Evanston, Illinois.

Please send me by return mail your 7-days’ supply of Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream; also all five shades of your Face Powder.

Name _____________________________
Address ___________________________
City _____________________________
State _____________________________

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

FREE

When answering advertisements, please mention December Movie Classic 23
Gene Raymond Answers

Gene Raymond your star witness—answers your queries and selects the winner of this month's "Win a Telephone Call" Contest.

by

The Inquiring Reporter

This monocled gentleman with the waxed mustachios and continental air is none other than Gene Raymond, all done up for his rôle in RKO Radio's "Walking On Air."

Q. Do you intend to write more songs?
A. Yes. As soon as I can find time.

Q. What career would you have chosen if you had not become a star?
A. I would have become a lawyer.

Q. Do you like radio work?
A. Yes, and no. On the radio there is, of course, the ever impressive miracle of the vast audience, and the feeling of isolation which is even more marked than when in front of the camera.

Q. What is your favorite song?
A. "Sylvia."

Q. Do you think the stage is the best place to begin to get experience for screen work?
A. Yes. The training and experience received in stage work is a great help in preparing oneself for work in pictures.

Q. Are all of your pictures chosen for you or do you choose your own?
A. At the present time my studio selects the roles I am to play.

Q. Do you prefer musicals or dramatic roles?
A. I have no preference. I like a variety of roles.

Q. Do you use makeup on the screen?
A. Yes.

Q. What is the one thing which contributed most to your spectacular success?

When Doctors Swab Sore Throat...

surface germs are destroyed, soreness relieved, healing quickened.

When you Gargle with Pepsodent Antiseptic... you continue your doctor's treatment by destroying surface germs, relieving the cold.

USE PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC FOR Colds — TO RELIEVE THROAT SORENESS

The reason doctors have you gargle is to relieve soreness, kill germs. So remember, Pepsodent Antiseptic is three times as powerful in killing germs as other mouth antiseptics. You can mix Pepsodent with two parts of water and it still kills germs in less than 10 seconds! Thus Pepsodent goes 3 times as far—saves you 3/4 of your money.

So active is Pepsodent that, in recent tests on 500 people in Illinois, Pepsodent users got rid of colds twice as fast as others! Get either the 25c, 50c, or $1.00 Pepsodent Antiseptic at any drug counter, and see for yourself how pleasantly effective it is.

SAVES 2/3 OF YOUR DOLLAR

...Goes 3 times as far!
A. Determination and hard work contributed most to what success I have achieved so far.

Q. What is the greatest goal you wish to achieve in life?
   A. Happiness—and achievement—Isn’t that what we all set as our goal?

Q. Are you satisfied with your career?
   A. No. And I should be worried if I were satisfied.

Q. Is it true that you and Jeanette MacDonald plan to be married?
   A. Yes. Our engagement has been announced.

Q. What would you like to do if you ever left the screen?
   A. If, and when, I leave my work on the screen, I would like to return to the stage.

Q. What make and color car do you drive?
   A. I drive a green Packard phaeton.

Q. Has acting, in the past or present, had any effect on some of your personal desires or ambitions? If so, what?
   A. No. I endeavor at all times to keep my screen roles separate from my personal roles in life.

Q. Do you sing? If so, why not on the screen?
   A. I have sung on the screen—both in Flying Down to Rio, and in my current picture Walking On Air.

Q. Do you enjoy being a movie star?
   A. Sure, why not? It’s a grand profession.

Q. What is your favorite color?
   A. Green.

Q. Do you think marrying an actress will have anything to do with your career?
   A. No. Unless it will develop an even greater interest in my work and a stronger determination to succeed.

Q. Do you approve of girls who smoke or drink?
   A. I don’t care particularly one way or another and I do not think those habits reflect a girl’s true personality. However, my fiancee, Miss MacDonald, neither smokes nor drinks.

Q. If given the opportunity to choose a screen role, what would it be and why?
   A. I should like to play Scaramouche. It has always been my favorite character.

Q. What is your philosophy of life?
   A. Never to shirk responsibility—Never to cheat or lie.—To give the other guy the benefit of the doubt.—To laugh often and

[Continued on page 52]
THE DRAMATIC HOME-COMING
OF THE COUNTRY DOCTOR'S
3000 GROWN-UP "BABIES"

A society woman nearly stole him from her.
An orphan boy ended the strange heartache in their lives.

In this reunion, they almost parted forever.
Inseparable comedy pals... the Father of the Quints and the would-be Father of Sextuplets!

THE DIONNE QUINTUPLETS

Yvonne  Cecile  Marie  Annette  Emelie

in REUNION with

JEAN HERSHOLT

ROCHELLE HUDSON  HELEN VINSON  SLIM SUMMERVILLE  ROBERT KENT
DOROTHY PETERSON  JOHN QUALEN  ALAN DINEHART  J. EDWARD BROMBERG  SARA HADEN
TOM MOORE  GEORGE ERNEST  MONTAGU LOVE

Darryl F. Zanuck in Charge of Production  Directed by Norman Taurog
Associate Producers Earl Carroll and Harold Wilson

Accept no substitutes! Always insist on the advertised brand!
BECAUSE of her superlative performance in "Girls' Dormitory," and because this charming maid from Marseilles possesses that rare combination of glamour, naturalness and ability, SIMONE SIMON, 20th Century-Fox find, is destined to become the brightest star in the movie heavens.
As movie fans register their approval or disapproval at the box office, these 1937 candidates for stardom will rise or fall

Hollywood's

Out here in Hollywood are perhaps a dozen or more young actresses and actors who will in this coming season of 1936-1937 reach stardom in pictures.

Out of hundreds, they alone will take their places in Filmdom's Valhalla of Fame. Others may try—but they will try in vain. Because you moving picture fans—you—and you—and you, will reject them.

You see, it is you who have made Hollywood stars in the past. It is you who have sent the Garbos, the Dietrichs, the Gaynors, the Eddys, the Taylors soaring to their pinnacles of glory. It is you who have kept them at the top. You like a moving picture player—or you don't. You register that approval—or disapproval at the box office. Our studios have merely trained them, have put them in a picture, or two, or three. Studios have merely given them the chance. You have done the rest.

And so—what are you going to do in this coming moving picture season? Whom will you acclaim? On whom will you turn thumbs down with your indifference?

That remains to be seen. At the present, only one thing is certain, and that is that each and every motion picture studio will present some new "candidates" for your favor. No studio dares to rest on the laurels of its present stars, even though they are tops in all Filmdom. They must look ahead. They must plan for that time when your interest wanes—as it surely will. They must have a new favorite ready.

Whom have they ready for this coming season?

Twentieth Century-Fox answers that question first and with alacrity.

by MARIAN RHEA

"Simone Simon," they say, "Don Ameche, Robert Kent and Tyrone Power, Jr."

Now none of these names are new—brand new. You've heard of them before and you've seen their owners in pictures. Surely, many of you have liked them. But, have you considered them candidates for your favor as stars? Well, please do so now. Because it is to them that Twentieth Century-Fox has pinned its colors. Many former Twentieth Century-Fox stars have left this studio, by mutual consent—John Boles, Fredric March, Loretta Young, even Janet Gaynor. New names and faces are taking their places. Will they succeed?

The first answer to that is that one of them already has... Simone Simon, strange, fascinating little French actress who made her American debut in Girls' Dormitory. If you've seen that picture, you'll know she's a white hope materialized. She'll be starred from now on.

And take Don Ameche. Don't you think he has a goodly share of that undefinable yet always recognizable stuff that stars are made of? Good looks of the strong, clean-cut variety; height and splendid physique; the fine, commanding voice of the successful radio star who must rely on that feature alone to put him over; experience as an actor. And more than these attributes, a certain kindness and depth of character of which everyone who knows him is aware and which you must have seen written on that frank, open countenance of his. . .

So—consider well Candidate Don Ameche (pronounced A-may-chee). For he has a lot to offer pictures.


Bob used to be under contract to Paramount, under his real name, Douglas Blakley, but he didn't do so much over there.
White Hopes

THEN came one of those breaks that happen so often and miraculously in Hollywood. Darryl Zanuck saw him in a subsequent stage play and gave him a contract. A tall, quiet-spoken lad, is Bob Kent. Everybody over at Twentieth Century likes him. He's a sincere worker. He's modest and has no illusions of grandeur about himself. You'd like him, if you knew him. After Shirley's picture, he's to have the lead in *King of the Royal Mounted*.

That's what Twentieth Century thinks of him!

Tyrone Power Jr., is the one who played Simone Simon's cousin in *Girl Dormitory*. It was a small part, but Darryl Zanuck liked the way he handled it and gave him a role in *Ladies in Love*, where they say he's going over big. So watch for him.

Now, let's go out to the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios in Culver City.

"Your best bets among the newcomers for the next cinema season?" we ask tentatively.

The answer comes "instantan"... James Stewart, Stanley Morner, Frances Langford!

Well, it shouldn't be difficult to see what they mean about James Stewart, that tall, lanky guy you saw in *Rose Marie* (Jeanette's wayward brother, an unsympathetic rôle, of course) and in *Small Town Girl* (he was Janet Gaynor's home town suitor, remember?)

He isn't handsome. He is too tall and too skinny for real manly beauty. His hair won't stay combed. But he's got something, just the same... Something which makes M-G-M think he's a logical contender for stardom... Something which has prompted them to give him the rôle of leading man opposite Eleanor Powell in her new picture, *Born to Dance*. So— we give you James Stewart, another potential star!

Frances Langford as you undoubtedly know already is from the radio. She's that raven-haired songstress with the husky, beguiling voice who appeared in *Broadway Melody of 1936* with Jack Benny's orchestra.

Frances' theatrical history is strange—tragic, too. Once upon a time she was a high soprano, working and hoping for a great career. Then she got tonsilitis... had an operation. And lost her voice completely. But, heartbroken as she was, she vowed it wouldn't stay lost. She went to work again. Retraced the old arduous hours, days, weeks of breathing, exercises, uninteresting, uninspiring, gruelling work. And finally, she was rewarded. Her voice came back. It was contralto! A husky, beguiling voice... A voice that, born as Libby Holman's, of a tonsillectomy, was greater than the famous torch-singing Libby's ever was. Now she's in Hollywood, bidding for stardom in pictures. Watch for her in *Born to Dance*, because she's in it, with Eleanor and Jim Stewart. M-G-M is sure you'll like her. And she's hoping...

STANLEY MORNER is the tall, handsome lad with the golden voice who sang: "A Pretty Girl is Like a Melody" in *The Great Ziegfeld*. That gorgeous number which presented the stupendous spiral stage that revolved to the Heavens, presenting scene after scene of exquisite artistic perfection. Stanley was once a lumber buyer. Then he became a radio singer; later studied opera; was starred in concerts on tour and then went back to radio. Mary Garden heard him sing and was so enthusiastic over his voice that—then in negotiation with M-G-M herself—she wrote this article about her find.

You'll see him in *Old Hutch* with Wally Beery and in Robert Montgomery's *Piccadilly Jim*, singing the hit tune, "Night of Nights."

At RKO-Radio, there are a couple of important answers to the white hope question—Harriet [Continued on page 68]
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Hollywood's White Hopes

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Non-consider Don Ameche (pronounced A-may-cue). For he has a lot to offer pictures.


He has led to an under contract to Paramount, under his real name, Douglas Bilke, but he didn't do so much even there.

Tyrone Power, Jr. is the one who played Simone Simon's cousin in Girl Dormitory. It was a small part, but Tyrone Zaneck liked the way he handled it and gave him a role in Ladies Love, where they say he's going over big. So watch for him.

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The answer comes: "Instinct ..." James Stewart, Stacey Morrow, Frances Langford.

Well, it shouldn't be difficult to see what they mean about James Stewart, that tall, lanky guy you saw in Rose Marie and The Wayward Brother, that unassuming role of course, but in Small Town Girl (he was Janet Gaynor's house town beau, remember?!) He isn't handsome. He is too tall and too skinny for real manly beauty. His hair wasn't, used to be straight. But he's got something just the same. Something which makes M-G-M think he's a logical contender for stardom. . . something which has encouraged them to give him the role of leading man opposite Eleanor Powell in her new picture, Born To Dance. So, so—we give you James Stewart, another potential star.

Frances Langford as you undoubtedly know already is from the radio. She's that ravishingly handsome songstress with the husky, beguiling voice who appeared in Broadway Melody of 1936 with Jack Benny's orchestra.

Frances' theatrical history is strange—tragic, too. Once upon a time she was a high soprano, working and hoping for a great career. Then she got influenza, had an operation. And lost her voice completely. But, heartbroken as she was, she vowed it wouldn't stay lost. She went to work again. Rescued the old archduke hours, days, weeks of breathing, exercises, interesting, uninteresting, grueling work. And finally, she won her voice back! . . . It was a beautiful, beguiling voice . . . A voice that, born as Lily Holman's, of a tenor-singing Libby's ever was. Now she's in Hollywood, bidding for stardom in pictures. Watch for her in Born to Dance, because she's in it, with Eleanor and Jim Stewart. M-G-M is sure you'll like her. And she's hoping . . .

STANLEY MORNER is the tall, handsome lad with the golden voice who sang "A Pretty Girl is Like a Melody" in The Great Ziegfeld. That gorgeous number which presented the stupendous spiral stage that revolved to the heavens, presenting scene after scene of exquisite artistic perfection. Stanley was once a lumber buyer. Then he became a radio singer; later studied opera; he was starred in concerts en tour and then went back to radio. Mary Garden heard him sing and was so enthusiastic over his voice that—then in negotiation with M-G-M himself—he wrote this studio about her find.

You'll see him in Old Dutch with Wally Beery and in Robert Montgomery's Piccadilly Jim, singing the hit tune, "Night of Nights."

At RKO-Radio, there are a couple of important answers to the white hope questions—Harriet [Continued on page 68]
The editor said to me: "Talk to Pat O'Brien and get the man, the man himself, down on paper."

I talked to Pat. I hadn't talked to him, for publication, for five years. But we made up that lost time the other day. And this, I hope, is the likes o' the man.

I said to him: "These five years haven't changed you, Pat, have they?"

And he said: "No. That's because I have the things that never rust."

"The things that never rust..."
That’s Pat for you. . . A two-fisted Irishman from Milwaukee, a regular guy who would give a stuffed shirt innards or know why, an Irishman who can cuss in good round, ringing accents, who pals around with Spencer Tracy and Jimmy Cagney and Allen Jenkins and the likes o’ them—and who startles your heart every now and again by such words as these —words that reveal the sensitive beauty living in that Irish heart.

I remembered the first time I ever interviewed him, five years ago, when he had come to Hollywood to play in Front Page. He and his dark Eloise were living in a little four-room flat on the wrong side of the tracks. Eloise was doing the cooking and cleaning and taking Pat to work every morning in their little last year’s Ford. Not quite Model T—almost. And it was the first Hollywood interview Pat had ever had. But the first!

I reminded him of it and he said, “Cripes, will I ever forget it? Eloise and I sat up nights waiting for the thing to appear!”

“Well,” I laughed, “Well, Mister Oil—for-the-Lamps-of China, China Clipper and how many others O’Brien, you don’t have to sit up nights waiting for interviews to come out anymore, do you?”

“If you think we don’t?” grinned Pat, “you’re crazy. We sure do. And I keep a scrap-book, too, and woe to the chap who clips and pastes for me if one paragraph is missing!”

“No, I don’t think I’ve changed. I don’t feel any different. Not about myself anyway. I do feel different about my job. It is a job now. It was a racket five years ago. Otherwise I’m no different than I was when I was a kid and first told my folks I wanted to be an actor and had to fight the whole O’Brien outfit in order to convince them that an O’Brien was not better dead than dishonored!

“I still think a movie actor is only as good or as bad as his last picture. I know it. This ‘luck o’ the Irish’ legend is okay except that they forget to put in the word ‘hard.’ I always tell myself I’m a hard luck guy even when the breaks are with me.

“When we first came to Hollywood, Eloise and I—when they phoned me to come to the coast, [Continued on page 74]
The editor said to me: "Talk to Pat O'Brien and get the man, the man himself, down on paper."

I talked to Pat. I hadn't talked to him, for publication, for five years. But we made up that lost time the other day. And this, I hope, is the likes o' the man.

"The things that never rust..."
What Two Stars

A revealing story telling how the famous Quintuplets have proven the showcase for the talents of Jean Hersholt and Dorothy Peterson

The Dionne Quintuplets have changed two Hollywood lives! The life of Jean Hersholt! The life of Dorothy Peterson!

Both again are in Reunion, the second Quint picture now in production. Once more Hersholt is the gentle, benign, compassionate Country Doctor. Again Dorothy Peterson is Nurse Kennedy—crisp, efficient, loyal.

Five babies, who are today the magnets for a world's insatiable curiosity, whose miracle birth in the Canadian bush has written new chapters in medical history, have changed and enlarged the careers, the destinies of these two.

To Jean they have brought authentic stardom for the third time! Stardom long after he sought it, or expected, or even hoped for it!

He had been a star in 1917! Again in 1925 his genius for characterization gave him a place in the top flight of screen luminaries. For four years he held that enviable position.

But sound came in, the screen talked—and Jean, with the old-world flavor in his speech, found himself slowly pushed to the edge of the charmed circle of stars. He became a type—deposed alike from his $3,000 a week salary and from roles which gave opportunity to his distinguished talent.

In demand he was—he worked consistently, always under contract to a major studio. But his former glories seemed definitely behind him.

Then on May 28th, 1934, the world was electrified by the news that five girls—Quintuplets—were born to French-Canadian parents, in the semi-wilderness of Northern Ontario.

Jean Hersholt in Hollywood read the newspaper accounts, marvelled at the miracle of the birth, and at the miracle of the infants' continued survival. As did everyone!

No one could then have prophesied that five weak, incubator-guarded morsels of humanity would make him a star again—would bring him to a new, to a greater importance.

For it was in The Country Doctor that his neglected talent was again sharply pointed by his sensitive, vital performance.

The day after the preview of that picture with the Quintuplets found Jean Hersholt a star again! Suddenly! Miraculously! Quite in keeping with the tradition of Hollywood.

His studio tore up his current contract. He was promised an immediate increase in salary commensurate with his splendid achievement; given stardom again. As sudden as was his defeat was his new glory and his new eminence!

We DISCUSS these changes in Jean's career as we sit in his hotel room in North Bay, Canada, ten miles distant from the Dafoe Hospital.

The Quints are cornered and are puzzled about it. Left to right—Yvonne, Annette, Emilie, Marie and Cecile.

When not filming Reunion, Jean Hersholt and Dorothy Peterson divided their leisure time between fishing and watching the author write this story.
for the Quintuplets. The long month on location for scenes with the Quints in their nursery, in their playground, in the grounds of their Nursery Hospital is almost at an end. They have grown—they understand so much more, they have developed so markedly since Jean was here eight months ago.

"I owe my new stardom to those babies," he declares. And his voice is filled with a strange emotion as he details the charm, the cunning ways, the sweetness of the Quints. "His babies" he calls them. And perhaps no one will ever know what they mean to him—what a secure, what a singular place they hold in his heart. Not only because they have restored him to the high places, but because they have become tied up with his life—have become a symbol of perpetual hope to him.

"I have just rounded out my thirtieth year on the screen. Twenty-four of those years I spent in Hollywood, continually making pictures. Reunion will be my 431st. That's a rather formidable record. "But never in all my experience has one rôle had the reverberating effect on my career and on my personal life as has the playing of the The Country Doctor.

"I find myself constantly addressed as 'Doctor' Hersholt. People don't seem able to separate me from the man I am on the screen with the Quints. "When Ruth Bryan Owen, the ambassador to Denmark, was recently in Hollywood, her new husband insisted on addressing me as 'Doctor.' When I disclaimed the title, he pointed out that to him I would always be that, since seeing me with the Dionne babies.

"Many of my fans feel that way. I am no longer the actor, Jean Hersholt—but the Quints' doctor. "Perhaps it is because, in preparing for my rôle in The Country Doctor, without wholly copying Dr. Dafoe, I tried to transfer his personality intact to the screen. I duplicated his mannerisms with pipe and hands. His manner of speech. I must have been successful in creating the illusion, for even my personal friends thought the man in the first scene of that picture was not I—but Dr. Dafoe.

"I must admit that the scenes with the Quints tax my ingenuity as an actor as no other rôle I have ever played!

"You saw me work with Emilie this morning—my pet, by the way. I didn't know what she was going to do in the close-up—but I had to anticipate everything she did—and to improvise dialogue to fit! That dialogue, you must remember, had to match the rest of the story! And a mistake on my part would have lost us this scene. For there are no 'retakes' when you work with the Quintuplets. No chance of capturing the same mood with the self-same Quint twice.

"And so this peculiar stardom of mine has brought greater problems, and greater responsibility than I have ever had before. I work less than an hour each with the babies, but I am completely exhausted at the end of it. Every minute is a terrific strain."

(Not only Jean—but the [Continued on page 88]
The funniest thing about Edward Everett Horton is that he doesn't know how he got that way.

He wasn't born funny. He is reasonably positive of that. For one thing, nobody laughed when he was named after Edward Everett Hale. And his baby pictures suggest that in his cradle, not to mention those four-foot skirts that infants used to wear (regardless of sex), he was a bit-er-owlish.

No teacher ever accused him of disrupting discipline with his antics. The only time he ever was funny in school was when he punctured himself upon a bent pin. And, really, that was hardly his fault.

No relative, looking at him with appraising eye, dreamed that little Eddie ("such a serious child!") would someday give the world hysterics—for something like five thousand dollars a week. In fact, the family thought that he would become a teacher. Probably of mathematics.

When he was eight, and his brother George was six, he used to keep George awake nights, telling him about the house he was going to own some day—with gold-lined pigeon coops. That was a funny idea, but sleepy George didn't think so. As a matter of fact, neither did Eddie.

Once in a while, he would acquire a quarter from some indulgent adult. And no one waxed suspicious of his possible future, upon observing how he spent it. He would go to a show, instead of trying to poison himself with peanuts, pop, or peppermint sticks. His father could be caustic about any actor who wasn't Edwin Booth. Eddie was less critical. But his father never suspected that, within the bosom of his own family, he was nursing something much less than a Booth.

[Continued on page 76]
Constance Bennett

Once upon a time Constance Bennett turned her back upon Hollywood and went to London to play in pictures...

But now she's back, better looking than ever — playing an important rôle in 20th Century's Ladies in Love.
Can't Dance?

Girls are constantly writing Eleanor Powell for advice about taking up dancing as a profession. MOVIE CLASSIC has persuaded Eleanor to give its readers the low-down on what she considers the essential qualifications

by Eleanor Powell

So YOU want to take up dancing as a profession and you want my advice about the best way to proceed? There's nothing I'd rather talk about than dancing. To me, it is the grandest profession in the world. But before I would dream of encouraging anyone else to take it up I would insist upon an answer to this question:

Why do you want to be a dancer?

If it is because you think it would be simply marvelous to wear glamorous costumes and see your name twinkling in lights and have people asking for your autograph, then my advice would be to forget it.

But if you love dancing so much that you couldn't be happy doing anything else; if you're willing to make sacrifices for it and not even consider that they are sacrifices, give most of your time and all of your energy to it, say "No" to invitations to parties you are dying to attend, and turn down a lot of the things that your girl-friends call fun, work until you are dog-tired, day after day, week after week, then—taking for granted that you have talent and a true sense of rhythm—you have the makings of a successful dancer and the following is my idea of the best course to pursue in order to reach your goal.

The first and most important step is to get the right foundation. My own experience and observation have convinced me that the only right foundation is the ballet. Of course you may argue that you don't want to waste time on ballet; that you loathe the ballet and what you want to be is a tap dancer. I still say STUDY BALLET! Here's why: Ballet steps and exercises will teach you poise and grace and give your figure elasticity and beauty.

Why are you thrilled by Fred Astaire's dancing? You may think that it is because he dances with such ease, because he looks grand in white tie, top hat and tails, because he has charm. Actually, it is his grace and symmetry, the way he "finishes" a step that electrifies you. And ballet training is the answer.

So, take it from Eleanor, if you want to be

as told to Grace Mack

1. This is the split set up on end. She suggests you do it against the doorjamb
2. The split is the foundation upon which all other dance exercises are built
3. When you've learned to "walk down the wall," you'll be ready for "The Walk-over"
—She’ll Teach You

tops as a tap dancer, spend at least a year in a good ballet school. With that foundation training you can learn to tap in six lessons. I know—because I did it. After I had spent six years studying ballet I discovered that Broadway didn't want ballet dancing. They wanted to hear their steps as well as see them. I took six lessons in tap dancing from Jack Donahue. Six months later I was a principal in the successful Broadway show, Follow Thru. Without ballet training I would never have been able to master tap dancing so quickly or do the dances I do today. Even now, never a day goes by that I do not spend hours rehearsing ballet steps and exercises.

First I do the split to keep myself limber. Then acrobatics to counteract the soreness, followed by back bends and bar work.

You don’t have to wait till you go to ballet school to do these exercises. You can practice them at home. All the equipment you need is a couple of heavy chairs [Continued on page 72]

4. Exercises such as this help counteract the soreness that usually follows after trying the split
Believing that our readers are interested not only in the lives of the stars, but also where they live, MOVIE CLASSIC institutes its "Home of the Stars" department. This month—a pictorial review of the home of Warren William.

Homes of the Stars

1. The Warren William living room is a symphony of unusual colors ranging from egg-plant, jade green, chartreuse, and Italian red.

2. The attic bed is equipped with cupboards for holding books, reading lights and other useful paraphernalia. The woodwork is white mahogany. The covering is a beautiful Chinese red chenille spread edged with an ivory and Prussian blue fringe.

3. Warren William, who is a major production star, spends most of his time in his workshop on his Encino estate. William has earned the nickname "gageteer" because he likes to invent and build things for himself. He is his own "handy man" about the place.

4. The swimming pool is of jade green tiles flanked by red brick walks and is surrounded by graceful eucalypti. A cabana, well equipped for the swimmer, is located at one end.
Eddie Cantor Asks—

ARE you staying away from the movies because Bing Crosby, Jeanette MacDonald, Eddie Cantor, Grace Moore, and Dick Powell are on the air? Does the fact that you have heard Clark Gable, Marlene Dietrich, Victor McLaglen and Fred Astaire keep you away from their pictures? Is Shirley Temple's popularity daily increasing because she never broadcasts?

People who should know all about it say that such is the case. And so Hollywood is facing the trickiest and most dangerous problem of years—all because it is getting so chummy with radio.

Motion picture exhibitors all over the country are objecting strenuously to stars going on the air. Not because they are jealous, but because, according to them, movie stars are keeping the public away from pictures by doing so, and, the exhibitors claim, unless they stop it business will get so bad there won't be any pictures for the stars to appear in.

They claim the stars are accomplishing this in two ways: first, by putting on broadcasts that are so good the fans stay away from the theaters to listen to them, and, second; by putting on broadcasts that are so bad the fans don't want to hear those stars any more, even in good pictures.

Either way, according to these mo-

Should Movie Stars Broadcast?

tion picture theater operators, the movie stars are cutting their own throats by ruining the picture business. It is unfair to the American fans, they say, to have their favorite stars ruined by bad broadcasts. Then they point to Maurice Chevalier as a shining sample of what they mean. A single series of radio broadcasts tumbled Chevalier from a great international star to a box office flop.

These exhibitors have produced figures to show how motion picture theater receipts fall off heavily on the nights of big radio shows, and how certain stars take a nose dive in box office immediately following a bad-broadcast featuring them. If a movie star displeases you on the air, pictures have to pay the price of his mistake. That this last is true, no one attempts to deny.

According to these exhibitors theater receipts showed a decrease of about two and a half million dollars the night Clark Gable and Marlene Dietrich went on the air for Lux—and that's more than they are willing to pay for anybody's broadcast, no matter how much easy money the stars may make out of it. They claim it costs them about a million dollars in lost admissions every time a star of major importance goes on the air, and at least three times that amount every time a star makes a bad broadcast.

So they have issued an ultimatum to the motion picture producers of Hollywood. In fact, they have issued two ultimatums. The first was: "Take the movie stars off the air—or else—" When that failed to get the desired results, they issued the second ultimatum, which was more to the point. "Keep your stars off the air, or we will penalize every picture in which those stars appear. We will cut the amount of rental we pay on every picture that carries a star who goes on the air. We don't intend to let radio put us out of business, even if you don't care what it does to you."

As told to

William F. French

[Continued on page 78]
Big-hearted Cary Grant may, as he says, be a poor Romeo when it comes to making love, but all Hollywood admits that he is a swell guy!

by Ethel Harmel

CARY GRANT'S not just one person. He's quintuplets, at least—all rolled into one. Ask his friends; they'll tell you.

They know the Cary who hides off in a corner of the set when he's working, with a handkerchief over his face, and when he's not working, just sits around, moody and quiet and difficult to talk to.

They know the Cary who goes suddenly "hot"—who spatters wisecracks and gags around until not even the top-wits of Hollywood can keep up with him; who bangs out a mad medley of tunes on the piano and intersperses them with suddenly-executed tap-dances.

They know the standoffish Cary who is like one of those radio performers you see behind glass in the broadcast studios—you hear him and see him and are within a few feet of him, but you simply can't touch him or get close to him. There's that invisible but definite barrier you can't get by.

They know the big-hearted Cary who'd give his friends the shirt off his back. [Continued on page 82]
EVENING STARS

Dolores Del Rio, appearing in the Columbia production, The Depths Below, wears a silhouette gown of mauve satin. Corsage and hair ornaments in shades of mauve and violet.
According to the dictionary, a "scruple" is a doubt or hesitation proceeding from conscientiousness—a synonym is offered as "qualm." It is safe, therefore, to say that Hollywood designers have neither scruples nor qualms about the fashions they have offered us.

There is no doubt or hesitancy proceeding from anything about the new lines, colors and fabrics from which we are to choose our 1937 wardrobe. And paradoxical as it may sound, the silhouette is to be either straight and narrow, showing our natural curves or angles; shoulders widened and skirts medium to short for day and sports; evening gowns on the tailored line with even hemlines and no trains.

Or—full skirts, flaring from the waistline (which is lowered just a trifle) and very irregular hemlines (scallops, saw-teeth and high in front while sweeping the floor in back).

(1) Bernard Newman created this exotic street costume for Irene Dunne to wear in her forthcoming Columbia production Theodora Goes Wild. A coat of monkey fur tops a simple black crépe dress which is ornamented only by a necklace of pearls. This arresting costume is completed by a black felt hat trimmed with a cascade of monkey fur. Her accessories are in black suede.

(2) Lovely Irene Dunne wears this stunning evening gown of silver metal cloth with wrap of the same material combined with
Swirled white fox trim. The wrap is caught at the neckline by a large clip of brilliants.

(3) Dolores Del Rio is charming in a tailored evening coat of white ermine with full draped sleeves over a tiered gown of heavy white crêpe. Silver, red and white paillettes fashion the belt and outline the pattern of Dolores's sandals. A large ruby ring gives further color contrast.

(4) Each season brings new textiles, new colors, new designs, but until now rarely new furs. It is our belief that it would take more than six guesses to ascertain what animals gave their all that fashion might present the only known coat of its kind in the whole world, so beautifully displayed here by Dolores Del Rio. It took sixteen years to collect the skins for this exquisite wrap. This coat, that shines like silver by night or day, is an albino mink. It is owned by Mr. Louis Ritter who sold her rare collection of furs.

(5) Alix of Paris created this exotic gown worn by Dolores Del Rio. An all-over pleated taffeta coat frock in shades of green covers a simple evening gown of light green jersey. To complement this gown Dolores wears earrings and a large emerald ring.

Styles may come and go, but there is one requirement they will always have, and that is a youthful appearance. Regardless of the epoch or epidemic every woman wants to look young. Any fad or fashion that adds to her age is immediately subtracted from her wardrobe. Therefore, designs must be simple, colors and materials chosen carefully, learn to wear clothes well and don't mix materials are just a few suggestions to follow.

Originality, chic, eccentricity even, count to a certain degree but only so far as they keep the slogan of "youthfulness" before them. The moment any of these desirable qualities within limits get the least bit mature or over-matronly, out they go.
Frank Chapman, husband of Gladys Swarthout, is forbidden to be on the set while another man makes love to his wife!—It's in her contract!

By Harry Lang

Mr. Frank Chapman, Hollywood, Calif.

Dear Sir:

Mr. Fred MacMurray is going to make ardent love to your wife, this afternoon. Your wife will return his fervor. Therefore, lest your presence interfere, will you please stay away?

Thank you for your consideration.

Respectfully, etc., etc.

A

ND so Frank Chapman, America's famous baritone, grins a bit sheepishly, shrugs a shoulder or two, remarks "So this is Hollywood!" and then, rather than embarrass his wife while she returns the redoubtable Fred MacMurray's love making, betakes himself for a lonely ride in the country, or a solitary afternoon at the beach.

But don't worry. This is not a Hollywood scandal story. This is all good, clean fun.

You see, Frank Chapman's wife is the world-famed mezzo soprano, Gladys Swarthout. And just at present, she's playing the lead rôle in Champagne Waltz, Paramount's newest film-opera, with Fred MacMurray as her leading man.

And because she loves Frank Chapman so very much, it's in the contract that her husband stay away from the set while she's in any love scenes! And that's the trickiest contract in current Hollywood.

Mind you, it isn't because they're afraid that Frank's going to shove his wrestler's shoulders into the middle of the set and sock Fred MacMurray on the jaw. Frank's not like that. But it's merely—oh, heck! would you be able to put your best into even a make-believe kiss, if the man you loved were standing watching? And that's how it is between Gladys Swarthout, Hollywood's newest song-sweetheart, and her husband.

This Swarthout girl has completely captured the hearts of all those in Hollywood who've met her. Star of the Metropolitan Opera though she is, she's as regular, as charming, as forthright and as utterly unaffected and untemperamental as any girl could possibly be. Hollywood expected another grande dame of the opera—and met, instead, a hail-fellow-well-met sort of gal.

H

ER parties, at the cozy home she and Chapman have taken in Beverly Hills, are the rage of the smart set of Hollywood. They're not these big affairs that require a circus tent and an army of caterer's servitors and buckets of champagne and tons of caviar and all that sort of whoop-te-do. When Gladys gives a party, it's an "intimate" affair in the most charming sense of the word.

Maybe a dozen people. They sit around the fireplace, swapping stories, clowning a bit. Gladys sings for them, Frank sings for them. If Larry Tibbett is there, as he usually is when he's in town, he busts loose that gorgeous voice of his to show 'em a thing or two in music, too. And so it rolls along toward midnight. And then d'ye know what they do?—why, they all troop out into the kitchen, just like your own gang at home, and they raid the icebox. Maybe Tibbett'll discover what's left of a roast chicken, and he'll scuttle off into a corner and gnaw at a leg or a wing. Somebody always finds eggs and butter and a frying pan, and sizzle-sizzle, there's scrambled eggs! And then they all stand, or sit around on the drain-

Gladys Swarthout and Frank Chapman, one of Hollywood's happiest couples, are "in conference" over their monthly bills
Movie fans are due for some splendid entertainment when they see and hear Gladys Swarthout and Fred MacMurray in Paramount's *Champagne Waltz*

boards or the kitchen table or maybe even the floor, and they eat and talk and sing and have more fun than a barrel of monkeys!

"Temperament," Gladys insists, "is what incompetent singers try to substitute for a voice." What's more, Gladys practices it—and that's why they're all simply mad about her on the set. She is one of the most popular actresses who's ever worked at Paramount.

Funny part is that she was so afraid of movies, or so antagonistic toward them, at first, that it took Paramount nearly a year of steady coaxing and negotiating and maneuvering to get her name on the dotted line. A few years ago, she had made a test—and, due to the amateurish lighting and other factors of those days, it wasn't a very good test. Someone brusquely told her she was a flop for the screen. It hit her hard—naturally. So when recently, Paramount asked her to try again, she returned a very decisive and definite NO! But Paramount knew what they wanted. They maneuvered well—and finally, they coaxed her into another test—but this time, not without the finest equipment, and plenty of rehearsals. That test was a knockout. Officials raved. Even Swarthout was convinced. And down went her name at last on the dotted line. And that was a break, my reader-friends, for not only Paramount or Swarthout, but for you and me!

HOLLYWOOD, she now admits, did upset her considerably. "I had to learn, above all, to give," she says. "I used to have a New England conscience (no, she wasn't born there; she was born in a place by the name of [Continued on page 70]
Some one ought to take care of you . . .
Robert Taylor offers this advice to Greta Garbo in a scene from Camille, directed by George Cukor at M-G-M
I WANT to Meet That Man

by his wife
Josephine

being the low-down on
Donald Woods

Goodbye Again, and by that time you would have said "I want to meet that man."

We would have gone back-stage and you would have met a tall, dark, fine looking chap, very modest, courteous and kind. But if you watched very carefully you'd catch a twinkle in his eye—and there is the real Donald Woods. He has a sense of humor which pops up at the most unexpected times.

Now, when Don's at home I'm not at all sure he's not acting there, too, and very well. At least, he keeps me guessing. It's evening. The house is immaculate, flowers are arranged, everything is in place. Don dashes in, throwing his hat on one chair, his scarf on another and his script on the table. He greets us all enthusiastically, asks who and what we are having for dinner, exchanges gossip of the day—and then stretches (or sprawls) on the divan completely immersed in the evening paper. As he finishes each part he tosses it carelessly on the floor. In a few minutes the room is in a turmoil. I am just about ready to call attention to this havoc when suddenly he fixes a stern eye on me and says, "Jo, that table has a large streak of dust on it. Something should be done about that!"

I grasp, stutter, and start to protest—until I see that grin on his face. What can I do? I grin right back at him, and in a moment we are both laughing at [Continued on page 84]
"I'M TESTING!" may be a cry of pain, a shout of triumph, a yowl of acute self-consciousness, a quaver of hope, a bleat of dreary resignation.

The Test Department, in other words, is the Torture Chamber through which, if they survive the ordeal, the testees may emerge into the Paradise of Picture-making or be consigned to that oblivion from which few players ever return.

It works, the trial and tribulation of testing, in all kinds of mysterious ways its wonders to perform. There have been stars whose first contract tests put the makers thereof on the shelf for time out of mind. Ginger Rogers, no less, was such a case. Ginger made her first contract test when she was working in one of the Paramount-Publix vaudeville units. She was barely sixteen at the time, thin, too tall, awkward, a rangy child. Paramount decided to make screen tests of their unit people, Ginger among them. The test was made at the Astoria, New York. Ginger was teamed with, of all people, a short stout boy. They did a bit from the current unit, each sang a song, no dancing. Ginger, at the time, was wowing them with a baby-talk act so that went into the test, too. And after the test—silence. Nothingness. Ginger's mother told me that it took her two years to get that test destroyed. Every time anyone suggested that Ginger try for the screen out would come that horrible test and—all thumbs would be turned down. At the end of two years, however, the Powers That Be asked for another test. This was a test of another color—dramatic, musical, professional. It led to a contract with Paramount and the Rogers star began its golden rise.

Spencer Tracy told me that his first test, made in New York, a scene from Conflict, the stage play in which he was appearing on Broadway, was so incredibly awful it "was used to start a fire with." Later he made tests for Universal, for Fox, for M-G-M—and each test was tagged "N.G." It was John Ford, the director, who brought him to Hollywood to play a part in Up The
River. But it was a man and not a test that sent the Tracy star ascending.

Which is optimistic. If two such stars as Ginger Rogers and Spencer Tracy had “N.G.’s” all over their first tests there’s hopes for anybody!

SOME screamingly funny things happen in the test departments. Some dramatic things, some tragic things, some stupid things. I’ll tell you some of them later. But first I want to tell you about the way testing is conducted, the processes through which each applicant for screen work goes. For the test department is the least known, the least understood, the least publicized department of activity in Hollywood life. Yet it is the only portal by which stars become stars or amateurs become movie actors of any rank.

There are two kinds of tests. There is the contract test which means the test made by a brand new applicant for screen work, the first test. And there are tests made by established players for specific parts in specific pictures. The contract test is, of course, the more acid of the two. For once a player is established he may test for a part and lose it but he usually gets another part in another picture. And so, unless some one part is especially dear to the heart of the actor the rôle test isn’t as nerve-wracking, there is not half so much at stake as when the first, the contract test is made.

I went to Harold S. Bucquet, who conducts all tests for M-G-M, for specific information on the processes of testing. Mr. Bucquet is a sandy-haired, youngish man with kindly gray eyes.

Mr. Bucquet explained the infinite detail, the orderly processes involved in what is referred to as “taking a test.”

He began at the beginning—the mail received at the studios daily. For every day the studio mail bags are weighted down with letters to the casting office—all from aspirants for screen favor. They come from farmers, watchmakers, carpenters, bank clerks, department store clerks, housewives, parents of infant prodigies, athletes, the young and old, experienced and inexperienced.

And they are, Mr. Bucquet surprised me by saying—they are welcome letters. The studios do not wish to dodge the avalanche. On the contrary, they read and give consideration to them all. They do more, as you may know—they spend vast sums conducting talent contests. They send talent scouts to all parts of the country, the world. They send their scouts to high school and college plays (wasn’t Robert Taylor discovered in a Pomona college play? He was!) amateur performances, night clubs, radio studios, the stage, the Metropolitan. Most of the candidates for screen tests, Mr. Bucquet told me, come from the stage, night clubs and radio studios. But everywhere and unremittently the studios search for new faces, new voices, new names.

“Let us take,” said Mr. Bucquet, “one hypothetical amateur who has come to Hollywood and, passing the casting office, applies for a screen test. She has never been before a camera before, this case history of ours. And no one is given a contract nor even a chance to do a ‘bit’ until she or he has passed the gimlet eye of the camera.

“For it is the camera,” said Mr. Bucquet, “that has the last word in [Continued on page 80]
Producing The PLAINSMAN

With an unusual fidelity to detail and authenticity Cecil B. DeMille has succeeded in transferring to the screen a picture of the West as it actually existed.

THE PLAINSMAN. Cecil B. DeMille's epic of the development of the West is nearing completion at Paramount after three months of production. The cast of the picture includes Gary Cooper, Jean Arthur, James Ellison and Helen Burgess and is the story of Wild Bill Hickok, famous peace officer whose life was so colorful and so rich in comedy and tragedy that Cecil B. DeMille altered his original intention of filming the life of Buffalo Bill because as the writing of the story proceeded, the life of Wild Bill kept surging into the foreground. Ten months of research preceded the start of production, during which time more than 600 books were gathered from the libraries and collections throughout the country and made available to the DeMille staff in Hollywood. Also Harper's Monthly, the Congressional Record, and other files of topical periodicals were perused for information which would present in a true light the characters of the West during the post Civil War period.

Among the notable facts unearthed in research was a government scandal as a result of which the secretary of war at that time is believed to have shot himself. The Congressional Record was the source of this information. There it was revealed that the secretary of war was affiliated with a corrupt Washington syndicate which marketed thousands of repeating rifles to the Indians. [Continued on page 86]
A Sign that UNDER TISSUES are Shrinking!

Those mean little lines that creep in around your eyes, your mouth. You are only 25. But people see them—"She's every bit of thirty!"

Or, you are over thirty.... but not a sign of a line. And everybody takes you for years younger than you are—"Not a day over 20!"

Do you know what those same little lines say to a dermatologist? He sees right through them to the under layers of your skin, and says: "It's the under tissues at fault!"

**Keep away Blackheads, Blemishes — with Under Skin treatment**

Skin faults are not always a matter of years. Look at the skin diagram above. Those hundreds of tiny cells, glands, fibres under your skin are what really make it clear and satiny—or full of faults! Once they fail, skin faults begin. But keep them active—you can, with Pond's rousing "deep-skin" treatment—and your skin blooms fresh, line-free, as in your teens.

Pond's Cold Cream contains specially processed oils which reach deep into the pores. It flushes out all the dirt, make-up, skin secretions that are starting to clog. Already, your skin looks fresher!

More... You pat this perfectly balanced cream briskly into your skin.

**Start the circulation pulsing, oil glands working freely.**

Do this regularly—day after day. Before long, cloggings cease. Pores grow finer. Blackheads, blemishes go.... And those myriads of little fibres strengthen! Your skin grows firm underneath—smooth, line-free outside, where it shows.

Here's the simple Pond's way to win the clear, glowing skin that never tells of birthdays. Follow this treatment day and night.

**Two things to remember**

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

Every morning, and during the day, repeat this treatment with Pond's Cold Cream. Your skin becomes softer, finer every time. Powder goes on beautifully.

Start in at once. The coupon below 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. 11444, 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 50¢ to cover postage and packing.

Name__________________________

Street__________________________

City___________________________

State__________________________

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When answering advertisements, please mention December Movie Classic 51
heavily and never to take myself too seriously—or my work too casually.

Q. Is Gene Raymond your real name?
A. My real name was Raymond Guion—pronounced Guion.

Q. How did you get in the movies?
A. I was playing in Young Sinners, a play which had enjoyed a very successful two year run, and was signed by Para-
mount after they had watched my per-
formance.

Q. Where do you and your wife intend to make your home?
A. We plan to have a ranch which will be located about an hour’s drive from Hollywood, and will also have an apartment in town where we can stay while we are working in a picture.

Q. If you suddenly found yourself with-
out a job in Hollywood, what would you do and why?
A. I’d get to New York and the stage as quickly as possible as I feel there would be a better opportunity there for work.

Q. Do you answer your fan mail per-
sonally?
A. My secretary answers my mail al-
though I read it all personally.

Q. What is your age, weight and height?
A. I am 28 years old—weigh 168 lbs. and am 5 feet 11 inches in height.

Q. What are your favorite sports?
A. My favorite sports are riding, tennis, swimming and reading (if that could be called a sport.)

Q. What is your favorite movie rôle?
A. My favorite rôle is that of Zani in Zoo in Budapest.

Q. Did you compose a song? If so, has it been published?
A. I have composed four songs, two of which have been published. Their titles are —In A Japanese Garden, Will You, Brief Moment and You’ve Captured My Heart.

Q. Do you think that what a star does is his or her own private business?
A. Yes, to a degree—but one should never forget that picture fans are interested in the activities of picture players.

Q. Has anyone mentioned to you that there is a marked resemblance between you and Nelson Eddy, or is it just my imagination?
A. Sorry, but I am afraid it is just your imagination.

Q. Do you enjoy classical music?
A. Yes, very much. I especially enjoy concerts.

Q. Do you enjoy giving interviews to high school reporters who are trying their best to make their school paper a success?
A. Certainly. Why not?

Q. Were you ever an extra?
A. No. I came direct from the stage.

Q. Do you feel silly while attending previews of your pictures in which your rôles are very sad or very funny.
A. I am usually too busy thinking of ways I could have improved my perfor-
ance to have any other reaction.

Q. Is your mother a writer?
A. No.—Unless you mean “letter” writer.

Q. What do you find most interesting in the movie colony?
A. People—People are always the most interesting thing anywhere to me.

Q. Are you looking forward to making a picture in technicolor, or would you choose to make a plain (no color) picture instead?
A. Color pictures are in to stay—with great and constant improvements bound to come. Naturally I look forward to making colored pictures.
Q. If you were married, would you let your wife work?
A. When I am married, I expect my wife-to-be to continue her magnificent career.

Q. What qualities in a girl do you consider most important for her success in life?
A. I believe the qualities of charm, intelligence, tact and honesty are the most important assets a girl can have.

Q. What is your favorite food?
A. I have no favorite food, but I certainly do enjoy a good steak!

Q. How long have you been acquainted with Jeanette MacDonald?
A. A little over a year.

Q. Do you know Shirley Temple?
A. I’ve met her. She’s a tiny thing, but a big reason for superlatives.

Q. What is your highest ambition?
A. To achieve the things I most want in life.

Q. What is your reaction towards an mail?
A. It is the applause of a motion picture player and should be respected and appreciated.

Q. Do you associate with other people besides your movie comrades?
A. I do not choose my friends because of their profession.

Q. What do you enjoy doing best, next to acting?
A. I like to compose music when I am not too busy in pictures.

Q. Are you mother and father living?
A. Yes.

Q. What would you consider a perfect all-day date?
A. A ride in the morning—a picnic lunch—and home in the moonlight.

Q. Who are your favorite writers, composers, artists?
A. My favorites are Dumas and Sabatini—Rainsky Kozakoff as writers and composers, and my favorite artist is the noted marine artist, Winslow Homer.

Q. Are you really French?
A. Although I was born in New York City, I am of Alsatian descent.

Q. Do you think that some of our movie stars of today could be as famous on the stage as they have become in the movies?
A. No. It would be impossible to attain the same degree of fame in the same length of time. One picture can make a person world famous overnight where it would take years of work on the stage to attain the same important position.

Q. Have you any pets?
A. Yes, I have a dog, “Tray” and a horse, “Black Knight.”

Q. Do you still want to do an adventure picture?
A. Yes. And if I did a dozen, the answer would still be yes.

Q. Don’t you think the dual role in Edison Marshall’s Girl of India would suit you?
A. I would enjoy doing it very much as it should make a good picture.

Binnie Barnes clowning with the three mad Rits brothers at a popular night spot.

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Hollywood—
And Young Girls

Three famous mothers of screen stars tell of the problems that affect their daughters in the most publicized town on earth

YOU’LL WANT BOTH
Foundation and Girdle

For Dress and Formal occasions, the Foundation assures a beautiful unbroken silhouette. Its double knitted panel gives double support at four points: in front, in back and at both sides. Controls and shapes naturally, without even the suggestion of a bulge. Back is low cut—brassiere is uplift.

The Girdle, for About Town and every day wear also has the clever double knitted panel.

It’s an economy to have a set of two at only $5.50 up. May be had separately, of course. Foundation $3.50 up. Girdle $2.00 up.

You should find “Princess Chic” and other Creations by Hickory at your favorite Corset Department. If not—write for FREE descriptive brochure. Address: 1143 West Congress Street, Chicago.

YOU see them everywhere in Hollywood—aspiring young Garbos, Dietrichs and Crawfords. Young girls beautiful with the freshness of youth. Eyes undimmed by the disappointments and experience that come with age. Steps in stride with the pulsing current of hope that surges through their young hearts.

You see them walking down Hollywood Boulevard. Supple hips and legs beneath tailored slacks.

You see them getting a snack at the Derby, or sipping a Martini at the Beachcomber, or taking in a movie at the Chinese.

You see them at the studios, playing atmosphere or bits. Their orange makeup more like masks than faces.

They’re all strangely alike—in dress, in mannerisms—yes, even in physical appearance. They’re all marked by the stamp of Hollywood. The insatiable quest of fame. A quest that denies hunger, that refutes thirst, that ignores the ignominy of cheap ball rooms.

Looking at them, you recall what a well-known woman executive in a studio observed just the other day, “You can’t be a success in Hollywood unless you’ve paid the price of fame.”

Ah, but can’t you? Look at Anita Louise, Paula Stone, Rochelle Hudson, Anne Shirley—I can think of another dozen like them at this very moment. All unmistakably nice girls—the kind mothers would choose for their sons’ wives, if they had the privilege. Yet all going ahead at a steady pace up the cinema ladder to success and fame. If there are “pitfalls” in Hollywood, how did they skirt them so completely?

I asked Rochelle’s mother, the quiet, motherly Mrs. Mae Hudson, about it recently. At the Brown Derby, over an afternoon snack of coffee and little thin hot cakes swimming in melted butter, she told me...
emphatically:
"Hollywood's pitfalls are a myth!"

Which, from the mother of a young star who came to Hollywood as a child and grew up among the kleig lights and grease paint, is undeniably authoritative. But let Mrs. Hudson herself go on:

"There are no more temptations—moral temptations—in Hollywood than elsewhere," she said. "When Rochelle is on a production, she works as hard as any stenographer or school teacher, following a regular, work-day schedule. She doesn't have time to be swayed by temptations—if there are any lurking about!"

Her gaze as straightforward as her daughter's own, she went on, "Since she was 15, Rochelle has been making decisions for herself. Not that I neglected her, but because I wanted her to become self-reliant early in life. There never has been any necessity for my keeping close vigilance upon her actions.

"Rochelle herself talked over her parts with the studio people, yes—" she seemed to have read my thoughts—"yes, almost from the start.

"Rochelle was thirteen when I brought her to Hollywood after an inconsequential background of school plays and public appearances before organizations in Oklahoma. Of course, during her first two years here, I accompanied her everywhere—to agents, casting directors, and studios. By the time she was fifteen, it was clear that control of her affairs was safe in her own hands—and that Hollywood was safe for her!"

Mae Hudson, you see, has never been a "studio mother," one of those relatives who make themselves a conspicuous element in their offspring's picture careers—often proving a hindrance rather than a benefit to the progress of those careers.

"Of course, Rochelle occasionally made unwise decisions," she continued.

"There was the time she decided to freelance, and then discovered it a hazardous step for one not too firmly established in Hollywood. But what of it? A few mistakes early in life are good for a girl—providing they're not serious enough to hurt or embitter her permanently. Mistakes that enrich her judgment and make her future road easier to tread often prove a blessing in disguise.

"But we were talking about Hollywood, weren't we?" she smiled broadly.

"If any one looks upon Hollywood as a place where masculine wolves in sheep's clothing lurk in dark, dank corners waiting to pounce upon our little Nell—well, they simply don't know Hollywood!"

"In my opinion, when a girl finds herself in difficulties, she can blame herself. Men usually treat a girl the way she invites them to treat her. And the same is as true in Hollywood as it is in Paducah, Ky."

The theme was becoming too interesting to drop

**[Continued on page 89]**

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**Most Bad Breath Begins with the Teeth!**

**WHY let bad breath interfere with success—with happiness? It's so easy to be safe when you realize that by far the most common cause of bad breath is...improperly cleaned teeth!**

Authorities say decaying food and acid deposits, in hidden crevices between the teeth, are the source of most unpleasant mouth odors—of dull, dingy teeth—and of much tooth decay.

Use Colgate Dental Cream. Its special penetrating foam removes these odor-breeding deposits that ordinary cleaning methods fail to reach. And at the same time, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent cleans and brightens the enamel—makes your teeth sparkle.

Be safe—be sure! Brush your teeth...your gums...your tongue...with Colgate Dental Cream at least twice daily and have cleaner, brighter teeth and a sweeter, purer breath. Get a tube today!
GERTRUDE NIESEN, radio and stage sensation, had been signed by Universal Pictures to do an important role in Top of the Town. Everyone on the lot knew she was coming to the studio for makeup tests, wardrobe tests, voice tests and every other sort of test a motion picture studio could possibly tender to a star. And everyone from the gateman to the president was as nervous as a cat waiting for a dog.

This girl was going to be hard to handle. She was important and she knew it. She looked like a combination of Alla Nazimova and Aileen Pringle. She had a voice like Nora Bayes. She acted like Marlene Dietrich—at least, she had worn men’s attire in a show in New York and told the press she “liked men’s clothes.” She was a young Sarah Bernhardt. Von Sternberg had said, as only Von can say it, “She is a genius!”

The press had said, “Had Gertrude Niesen lived a few thousand years before she would have given Cleopatra and the Queen of Sheba a run for their money.” She’d stopped every show she was in and knocked them dead over the radio. Hollywood was duck soup for her and if she didn’t know it, then the gang at Universal just didn’t know its stars either.

They backed into corners and waited for her to arrive and made bets among themselves as to who would be the first to arouse her temperamental wrath. Her first act of self-importance, of course, would be to be late.

They lost that first bet. Gertrude Niesen was ahead of time. She drove her car herself and parked it where the gateman told her to. But then—well, that tiny mite who got out of that car, simply couldn’t be the great Niesen. But it was. There was no mistaking that divine figure, the exotic features, the Roman haircut.

She had a warm smile and a pleasant word for everyone she met. This wasn’t going to last—it was only an act.

“How many songs would you like to sing in Top of the Town, Miss Niesen?”

Ah, that was the question that would blow the lid off the friendly pot.

But no—the smile was more friendly than ever.

“Why, two,” she said in a voice rich with warmth.

“Two? Only two? You can sing as many as you like. The more the better. Why don’t you sing a half dozen—show your audience what you can do?”

“If I cannot show them in two songs,”
Vamps

This interview with Gertrude Niesen is printed at the request of the Fan Club Federation of America.

She explained kindly, "Then I cannot show them at all. A fast little number will bring out my ability as a comedian and a ballad will prove my dramatic ability—if I have any," she added almost apologetically.

"Maybe this girl wasn't a Cleopatra after all—maybe she was just another of those little stage kids trying to make good in Hollywood. But anyway on the lot was willing to help her.

But they were just as wrong on the second guess as they were on the first. Everything that had been said about her temperamental or her self-importance was untrue—everything that had been said about her ability was true.

Gertrude Niesen was born on the Atlantic Ocean, two days out of New York, on July 8, 1914. Just before the world war started in Europe, Mr. Niesen took his wife on a belated honeymoon. Things were getting pretty hot over there and he decided to let old man stork deliver his goods back in safe old Brooklyn. But the stork was evidently anxious to leave Europe also so he overtook the boat and delivered Gertrude to her parents before she was due.

The child was reared in Brooklyn Heights. She went to grade school until she was ready for higher education, then she was sent to the Brooklyn Heights Seminary, to make a lady out of her. Her idea of learning to be a lady was to imitate everyone that attended the school teas for the amusement of the girls after the teachers were at a safe distance.

She graduated with the rest of her class and settled down to a round of society such as her own neighborhood to offer. It was pretty dull except that Gertrude could amuse herself by imitating those she found amusing—and there was always week-end fishing with her father to take off the staleness of society.

Over and over again her friends said, "You ought to be on the stage. At first Gertrude didn't pay any attention to their remarks. Then one day she thought it over and decided maybe it might be a good idea. She got out the telephone book and jotted down a few addresses of New York agents and went to call on them.

Of course, she didn't tell them she was a school girl on a lark. Dear, dear, no—she was an actress—a good one, with years and years of experience. She had been in this show and that and could give extracts from the show to prove it.

Most of the agents paid no attention to her—one told her to go home to mamma—but yet another took her name and address and telephone number.

[Continued on page 62]
Which Word Describes Your Eyes?

COLORLESS—Pale, scraggly, beauty lashes—eyes seem small, expressionless; A definite need for proper eye make-up.

CONSPICUOUS—Ordinary mascara overloadinng the lashes in heavy, gummy blobs, hard-looking and unattractive.

CHARMING—Dark, luxuriant lashes, yet perfectly natural in appearance— with Maybelline eye make-up in good taste.

So Simple—this Beauty Secret

Your eyes are your most important beauty feature—or they should be! Are you making the most of their possibilities by framing them properly with long, dark, lustrous lashes? You can do this best by applying just a few, simple brush strokes of harmless Maybelline, the eye make-up in good taste. No longer need you worry about having pale, unattractive lashes, nor fear that hard “made-up” look if you darken them—with Maybelline!

★ Maybelline is non-smarting, tear proof, and absolutely harmless. Cream-smoothness of texture—utter simplicity of application—tendency to curl the lashes into lovely, sweeping fringe—these are some of the wonderful qualities which make this the eyelash darkener supreme.

★ You will adore the other delightful Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids, too! See with what ease you can form graceful, expressive eyebrows with the smooth-marking Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil. Try blending a soft, colorful shadow on your eyelids with the pure, creamy Maybelline Eye Shadow—it deepens and accentuates the color and sparkle of your eyes.

★ Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids are preferred by more than 10,000,000 discriminating women as the finest that money can buy—yet they are nominally priced at leading toilet goods counters everywhere. Generous introductory sizes of all Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids may be had at all 10c stores. Try them today—you'll be delighted!

Maybelline

THE WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING EYE BEAUTY AIDS

Accept no substitutes! Always insist on the advertised brand!

Fans and Fan Clubs

[Continued from page 17]

noon at Warner Brothers Studio as the guest of Craig Reynolds and then flew back home.

Jean Betty Huber, proxy, for the June Clyde club, also having lots of fun in Hollywood. Since she plans to make this her future home, she is working at writing and taking her time about seeing stars. This week end she is spending with Paul Kelly and his congenial little wife, Dorothy. Entertainment includes the polo matches, a cocktail party at the home of Alice Brady and then dinner at the Kelly home. Mrs. Kelly when she invited guests forgot that the cool was temperature, so Jean Betty, along with other guests, pitched in and helped Paul and Dot cook.

Violet Platez, head of the Bebe Daniels-Ben Lyon and Skeets Gallagher Clubs, is back in Trenton after spending four months in Hollywood. She's home and homesick for us and is moving back here for good just as soon as she can sell her Tren
ton home.

Just talked to Emily Shear of the Chicago Branch of the Francis Lederer Club. Yes, she's in Hollywood! She spent a few days with Ruth Roland, and a day with Frances on his Ranch.

Official Fan Clubs

Star President Address

LEW AYRES—Helen Rothen, 8223 N. Las Palmas St., Hollywood, Calif.

JOHN ARLOS—Lila L. Gesch, 1618 N. 40th St., Milwaukee, Wis.

JOHN BOLES CHAPTER 1—Winifred Miles, 3601 Seyburn Ave., Detroit, Mich.

JOHN BOLES CHAPTER 2—Lillian Musgrave, 2700 N. Vincent Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.

JOHN BOLES CHAPTER 3—Margaret Farnes, 26 Temple Road, Creekwood, London N. W., England.

JOHN BOLES CHAPTER 4—Violet Kirk, 55 Ludlow Road, Chatham Park, London S. W., England.

BOOSTERS CLUB—Harry J. Frazier, Box 131, Bellevue, Neb.

RALPH BELLAMY—Jeanette Mendre, 4939 Gomison St., Chicago, III.

GEORGE BRENT—Helen Henderson, 162 Highland Ave., Kearney, N. J.

BROWN—Elba Lou, 45 West 45th St., New York, N. Y.

LINA BASQUETTE—Lenore Holden, 5737 So. Artesian Ave., Chicago, Ill.

JOE BEAL—Allene Hyman, 2890 N. Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

COLE BROWN—E. C. Maxwell, Jr., 15 Randolph Ave., W., N. Y.

JAMES BALEY—Louise Thompson, 1457 N. Beverly Dr., Beverly Hills, Calif.

JUNE CLYDE—Jean Betty Huber, 401 N. Genesee St., Hollywood, Calif.

JOAN CRAWFORD—Marion Dommer, 9717 81st St., Orange Park, Long Island, N. Y.

RUTH CHATTERTON—Shirley Spence, 138 Seabrook Road, Brighton, Mass.

BING CROSBY CHAPTER 1—John Refner, Hillsdale, Mich.

BING CROSBY CHAPTER 2—Peter Blommestyne, 38 Wellington St., Chatham, Ontario, Canada.

EDDIE CANTOR CHAPTER 1—Lou Hitchcock, 8288 Aimes Ave., Westfield, Staten Island, N. Y.


JACKIE COOPER—Anna Glenn, 7741 Ben
den St., Hollywood, Calif.

BETTE DAVIS—Jere Matiali, 1475 Grand Concourse, Bronx.

JOHNNY DOWNS—Ruth Keast, 1832 N. W. 62nd Place, Hollywood.


BEBE DANIELS—Violet Platez, 522 Sheiler Ave., Trenton, N. J.

JACK DUNN—Mary Helen Gidley, 1748 E. 52d St., New York, N. Y.

DOLORES DEL RIO—Rose Badali, 1841 W. 56th Place, Chicago, Ill.

JACK DUNN—Mildred L. Smith, Route 5, Box 131, Denver, Colo.

OLIVA DE HAVILLAND—Dorothy Nelson, 812 East Berston St., Morris, Ill.

MELVIN DOUGLAS—Lou Hitchcock, 170 Maine Ave., Westerleigh, Staten Island, N. Y.
NELSON EDDY CHAPTER 1—Victoria Macon, 1201 Delaware Ave., Wilmington, Del.
NELSON EDDY CHAPTER 2—Frances Bradly, 4214 Overlook Rd., Birmingham, Ala.
NELSON EDDY CHAPTER 3—Ruth Spencer, 9414 Avenue North, Brooklyn, N. Y.
NELSON EDDY CHAPTER 4—Miss Bob Church, 56 W. 105th St., New York, N. Y.
NELSON EDDY CHAPTER 5—Lorette Schultz, 637 Craig St., West, Montreal, Que., Canada.

RUTH ETTING—Pearl Tie, 426 S. 9th St., Perthville, Pa.
MAIQG EVANS—Elise Muser, 2104 S. 64th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

BETTY FURNESS—Marlene Oppenheim, 166 Dehli Road, Brooklyn, N. Y.

FRANK FAY—Maym Sageret, 532 S. Leavitt St., Chicago, III.

ALICE FAVE—Jean Young, 1357 Harvard Ave., Harrisburg, Pa.

PRESTON FOSTER—Helen Stevens, 814 Wethersfield Ave., Hartford, Conn.


MINNA GOMBEL—Chaw Munk Jr., 226 East 4th Rd., St. Louis, Mo.

SKEETS GALLAGHER—Violet Platter, 523 Schiller Ave., Trenton, N. J.

BETTY GRABLE—Terry Lipman, 185 W. 17th St., New York, N. Y.

NEIL HAMILTON—John G. Whidding, 4821 Gilbert Place, Los Angeles, Calif.

JEAN HARLOW—Minnette Shermnak, 329 East 8th St., New York, N. Y.

PHIL HARRIS—Dorothy Diller, 523 St. Elmo St., Allentown, Pa.

ELEANOR HOLM *ART JARRET*—Mary Helen Quirky, 1748 East 42nd St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

JOSEPHINE HUTCHINSON—Major Craft, 1121 Washington Blvd., Indianapolis, Ind.

JACKIE HELLER—Virginia Gilliland, 5321 Kendleak, Chicago, Ill.

WARREN HULL—Sandra Kane, 142 E. 55th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

HELEN JEPSON—Marian Lott, 1180 Riverside Dr., Akron, Ohio.

CUTTERY (chief)—Betty Bass, 524 N. Elena St., Redondo Beach, Calif.

VICTOR JORY (chief)—Frances Grady, 11 West St., Bangor, Maine.

ALLAN JONES—Shirley Tomter, 146 West Bird St., New York, N. Y.

PAUL KELLY CHAPTER 2—Ruth Fiffer, 146 E. Parkdale Ave., Chicago, Ill.


(Note to fan club members: Additional fan cards will be listed next month.)

Martha Raye, Paramount's newest laugh lady, all set to capture an exclusive shot with a speed camera.

GERDA EGOFF, of Dallas, July winner in the nation-wide "Search for Talent".

Each Month....

the "Search for Talent" offers some girl a FREE screen test and $50.00 in cash. At least one winner will be given a role in an important Walter Wanger Production at the United Artists Studios in Hollywood.

Hollywood

MAY WANT YOU, too!

This attractive young lady, won first place in the July "Search for Talent" and has an opportunity for a movie contract. How would you like a chance to work under Walter Wanger who has produced such outstanding pictures as "Spendthrift" and "The Case Against Mrs. Ames"?

Every girl in America has just such an opportunity, for HOLD-BOBS, Walter Wanger Productions, Motion Picture and Screen Play are sponsoring a nation-wide "Search for Talent"... with winners picked every month. You're invited to enter... and you may enter as many times as you like until the closing date, December 31, 1936.

All you need do is get complete details from any HOLD-BOBS dealer. Entry blanks are printed right on the back of HOLD-BOBS cards... so now there is a two-fold reason for buying HOLD-BOBS, the favorites of Hollywood. Once you use HOLD-BOBS you'll never use any other bob pin, because only HOLD-BOBS have small, round, invisible heads; smooth, round, non-scratching points; flexible, tapered legs—one side crimped; and, colors to match all shades of hair. You may buy HOLD-BOBS at good dealers everywhere.

THE HUMP HAIRPIN MANUFACTURING COMPANY
Sol H. Goldberg, President
1918-36 Prairie Ave., Dept. F-126, Chicago, III.

Straight Style HOLD BOBS

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SEARCH FOR TALENT HEADQUARTERS
1918 Prairie Ave., Chicago, III.

Enter my photograph in the "Search for Talent".
Name__________________________________________________________
Address________________________________________________________
City__________________________________________State________
Age__________________________Height________________________Weight________

Clip coupon to HOLD-BOBS card (or in envelope) and enter the "Search for Talent".

When answering advertisements, please mention December Movie Classic 59
Your Reputation at Steak!

Tender juicy steaks, prepared in a variety of ways, will cheer your "breadwinner" up and on

by Dorothy Dwan

It's always a steak when good fellows get together according to Warren Hull and Lawrence Riley

The other day while glancing through a story some enterprising reporter had written after painstakingly interviewing the various chefs of our famous eateries, I noticed that fifty-eight stellar names, together with their favorite dishes, were mentioned. After seeing the word "steak" pop up all over the page, I discovered that exactly twenty-four of these stars would seemingly rather eat steak than sleep—almost half the total number! Doesn't that give you a priceless idea?

Now that winter is with us and Father's two weeks vacation is but a memory, he's beginning to show a certain irascibility. Cold weather is ruining his golf game on the days he had planned to sneak away from the office. Soon the Christmas bills will come pouring in and Uncle Sam will want to know what became of last year's income.

The situation will become truly serious if you fold your arms and wait until next July when the head of the family, loaded down with fishing tackle, leaves for the mountains.

But—don't give up the ship! It's remarkable what a good dinner will do for a man. Take a tip from Warren Hull's wife Dorothy, who told me, "Just as we think of ham and eggs, apple pie and cheese, so are men and steaks synonymous."

We were sitting in the patio while Warren and Lawrence Riley were fixing their own luncheon. Larry was brought to the coast by Warner Brothers after his play Personal Appearance proved such a smash hit on Broadway. When you see Mae West in her film version of the play you will marvel how a young man living in Warren, Pennsylvania, reared in an ancestral atmosphere and growing up among the family heirlooms could have spotlighted Hollywood in such a delightful and hilarious fashion.

Warren is under contract to the same studio so these two have many a friendly pow-wow over scenarios and how the characters should be played—when they aren't discussing the proper ways to cook steak!

"I wouldn't go near the kitchen for a million dollars," Dorothy laughed when I asked for a glass of water. "You go. They'll have to be polite and let you in."

So in I went—and came out with more ways to prepare a steak than you could shake a fork at! When I expressed surprise over Warren knowing so much about cooking he nonchalantly said, "I taught Dorothy all she knows about it."
IT SEEMS that before they were married, Warren was a struggling young actor—and a hungry one. He and another chap decided it was cheaper to cook their own meals than buy them, so he had plenty of experience.

The Hulls are one of Hollywood's happiest couples. Now that fame and financial security has come to them, they look back on the lean years with amusement—but what courage those youngsters possessed!

"Dorothy was a promising actress, but she stopped work the day we were married," Warren once told me. "I thought I was promising—anyway I was determined to support my wife."

To cap the climax, they had three children in quick succession at the peak of their own little depression. It has been only the past few years that Mrs. Hull has had any domestic help. Small wonder that Warren can whip together a meal or change diapers with equal adroitness!

Not to be outdone, Larry gave me an original sauce that smacks of positive genius. It may be poured over pan fried or broiled steak.

Roquefort Sauce
4 oz. Roquefort cheese
3 small green onions, chopped
1 tbsp. Lea and Perrins Worcestershire Sauce
2 tbsp. Tarragon vinegar
2 tbsp. olive oil
Fry onions lightly in oil and add vinegar and Worcestershire sauce. Crush and mash Roquefort and work into sauce until thick. Serve piping hot over steak.
And now for recipes guaranteed to put a man in a good humor!

Broiled Steak
1 sirloin, porterhouse or fillet of beef, 2 inches thick
1 clove of garlic
salt and pepper
Have broiler very hot. Rub grill with fat end of steak, to avoid sticking. Rub meat with cut side of garlic clove. Place meat on broiler and cook until half done. Turn on other side and cook until the desired degree of doneness is reached. If rare or medium steaks are in order, watch carefully and remove when ready. Serve with melted butter and large slice of Spanish onion.

German Style Steak
1 1/2 lbs. sirloin steak cut 1/2 inch thick
6 slices bacon
3 dill pickles
1/4 cup catsup
1/2 cup water
1 tsp. Worcestershire sauce
Cut steak in rectangular pieces, about 2x4 inches. Lay slice of bacon on each piece of steak, 1/2 dill pickle on bacon, roll up and secure with toothpick. Dip in flour well-seasoned with salt and pepper. Sear in hot skillet with butter. Place meat in casserole. Make a sauce of catsup, water and Worcestershire sauce and pour over. Bake for 45 minutes in moderate oven. Serve garnished with parsley.

Spanish Steak
2 1/2 lbs. thick steak, round or shoulder
2 tbsp. butter
sliced onions
1 chopped green pepper
1 4 oz. can stuffed olives
1 can cream of tomato soup (Heinz)
Brown steak in skillet with butter. Place in baking dish, cover with sliced onions and green pepper. Pour whole olives with liquid over meat and add soup. Bake in moderate oven for 2 hours.

ROQUEFORT SAUCE—Serve piping hot over steak
The New Vogue in Vamps

[Continued from page 57]

Not long after that secret little jaunt, the telephone rang at ten o'clock at night. Gertrude, in padded slippers, sneaked down stairs and answered it. That agent had called and asked her if she could come to New York at once for an audition.

Throwing discretion to the winds, she raced to her parents' room and hammered on the door.

"Get up! Get up! I've got to go to New York, RIGHT NOW!"

"Get into bed," her father shouted, "you're not going any place at this hour of the night."

Stormy tears and threats and pleadings followed, until her understanding mother took a hand and whispered to her father.

"I think you're making a mistake. If you stop her now, then she will go onto the stage in spite of all we can do. I'll go with her. If she is given a job, she will soon tire of it, because she doesn't know what hardship is. Besides, she might not be any good, then we'll be through with stage talk forever."

That midnight audition brought her a contract that paid her one hundred dollars a week. Two weeks later she telephoned her father, who was then a realtor, and asked if he would have dinner downtown with her. After dinner she drove round and round one block. Finally her father said, "What in the world are you driving around in a circle for? Aren't there any other streets in town?"

"Oh, Daddy," she cried in an exasperated little voice, "are you blind? Look!" And she pointed up to the marquee bearing her name in electric lights.

AFTER that, every night club, every theatre in New York and vicinity wanted Gertrude Niesen—even the radio couldn't get along without the child star. At one time she was playing in four places at once. She was appearing at the Palace Theatre, then dashing through a hotel, without even waiting for her bows, and appearing in the second act of Mrs. Patrick Campbell's stage play, The Party, then hurrying over to Jersey City to appear at a night club, and back to the Palace in time for the last show. And along with that line-up, she did three radio broadcasts a week.

Her advent into pictures is the result of a holiday. She and her family came here for a rest. Because she was asked and because she is an obliging young miss, she appeared one night at the Trocadero. The next day she was offered tests by many studios and finally decided on Universal.

When it comes to clothes and what to eat, she leaves that up to her mother. Her father tells us a cute little story about clothes. Gertrude's weekly income is very large, mostly because it comes from so many sources. One evening as they were returning from work, which consisted of a broadcast, two shows at the theatre and one at a night club, they walked past a hat shop. Gertrude spied a pretty hat in the window. She exclaimed about it to her father. She even walked back to look at it again. After they arrived home, and her mother asked how the shows had gone, Gertrude said, "Oh, they went all right, but mother, there's the most beautiful hat in a shop down the street—do you suppose I could have it?"

Somewhere it never has occurred to Gertrude that she could, as far as money and position goes, have practically anything in the world. She doesn't realize it, but she's a new vogue in vamps.

When a bevy of usherettes at the Los Angeles County Fair at Pomona caught sight of Joe Penner walking into the grandstand, they swarmed around him, bent on getting an autograph. Joe thought it was a lynchimg party, at first, but finally gave all the girls a signature.
Personality of the Month

WHEN Margo, exotic brunette beauty, danced at Los Angeles' famed Cocoanut Grove three years ago, her spirited Mexican dances won enthusiastic applause from smart, sophisticated audiences.

But not one of the motion picture executives among the spectators offered her a contract.

A year later Margo danced at the Waldorf Astoria in New York City. There she was seen by Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur, who saw in her, despite her lack of acting experience, the ideal heroine for their first joint screen effort, Crime Without Passion. Making her debut opposite Claude Rains, Margo's dark-eyed beauty and surprisingly mature talent won her a widespread public.

Hollywood immediately clamoured for her services.

Such, in brief, is the story of Margo—another version of the prophet who was without honor in his own country.

Although Margo first won public acclaim as a dancer, it is as an actress that she hopes to achieve the heights. And she has a way of making her dreams come true. A year ago, when she read James Hilton's novel, Lost Horizon, she hoped, when and if the story were filmed, to play the part of the Chinese girl on the screen. And while she was making her second and third pictures, Rhumba and Robin Hood of Eldorado, she looked forward to the time when she might work with Hollywood's foremost director, Frank Capra.

Today she is at Columbia Studios playing the part she wanted in Lost Horizon opposite Ronald Colman under Capra's direction! It was through the personal instigation of Arthur Hilton, who saw her on Broadway in her recent stage success, Winter set, that she was chosen for the rôle.

Born in Mexico City a scant twenty years ago, Margo is the daughter of Dr. Amedio Bolado, celebrated surgeon. She inherited the rhythmic talents of her Latin ancestors and made her debut as a dancer at the age of six. Soon afterwards she went to Spain with her parents, where she studied dancing for several years. Upon her return to Mexico City, she perfected the Mexican dances which have since won for her international fame. She performed, while still in her teens, at Agua Caliente and at the Cocoanut Grove.

Unmarried, Margo is five feet four inches in height, weighs 110 pounds, has hazel eyes and dark brown hair which she wears in a soft, curling coiffure. She is vivacious and gives the effect both in person and on the screen, of being excited—and exciting!

MARGO

Once Hollywood applauded her dancing but passed her by. Now studios clamor for her services.

Let the doctor's judgment guide you in your choice of a laxative

THE SELECTION of a laxative is no problem for your doctor. He has a definite set of standards to guide him in his choice. And he knows that a good laxative is one that measures up to all of these standards. Here they are:

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 IS A laxative that meets these various specifications. Ex-Lax checks on every point.

Be as wise as your doctor about the laxative you use. Don't punish your system with harsh cathartics. Give Ex-Lax a trial. Find out how mild, how effective, how comfortable Ex-Lax is. Discover for yourself the advantages that have made Ex-Lax the world's largest-selling laxative. Get the reasons why doctors use it themselves...why mothers have given it to their children with perfect confidence for over 30 years.

Ex-Lax tastes just like delicious chocolate. It's an ideal laxative for children as well as for adults. At all drug stores in 10c and 25c sizes. Or write for free sample to Ex-Lax Dept. F.G.126, Box 170, Times-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.

When Nature forgets — remember Ex-Lax

When answering advertisements, please mention December Movie Classic
MEET Dorothy Arzner, and you understand why she is one of Hollywood's ace directors!

Chat with her—and you understand why so little is known, even in the cinema colony, about one of our most fascinating personalities! Ask her a personal question, and often, without any attempt to evade, she will answer straightforwardly, "I really wouldn't know!"

Her concentration is directed outward, away from herself, and it is the minds of others that she finds interesting—not her own.

But don't think her own mind is inactive! Maybe that's why producers choose her for their most difficult assignments. She just finished Craig's Wife, in which Rosalind Russell plays one of literature's meanest women.

Now she is doing Mother Carey's Chickens, with Ginger Rogers essaying her first straight dramatic part.

"Oddly enough," she told me, "I like directing stars in pictures that prove to be turning points in their careers." And she has done it often. But she added modestly: "The roles, really, effected the change—rather than my direction."

Her first picture, Fashions for Women, was Esther Ralston's first starring picture. Reviews read: "A triumph for both star and director."

"Wild Party." Clara Bow's first talking
Meet Dorothy Arzner whose progress has been from typist, script girl, cutting room assistant to top director!

picture, brought Fredric March a contract with Paramount.

Sarah and Son, one of Miss Arzner's most brilliant pictures, made Ruth Chatterton world-famed, and gave her the title, "First Lady of the Screen."

Merrily We Go To Hell was outstanding for both Fredric March and Sylvia Sydney. Refer to these pictures of the past and Miss Arzner says: "As far as I am concerned, they are ancient history and serve only as an instrument to be used for better work now. It's what I am doing now that counts."

Amazingly enough, Hollywood does not limit her to "woman's angle" stories, and if you call her the screen's "only woman director" she will refuse the title, and tell you a list of other women who have made their marks in the production field. She has foresight, vision, and imagination, and she has the authority of any man director.

How does a girl start out to become a director? She receives hundreds of letters asking that question. Her own route, from cutting room to director's chair, proved successful also for Lewis Milestone and Josef von Sternberg. Miss Arzner herself hesitates to discuss her rise from studio stenographer to top director. "The incidents of themselves are of value only in so far as they are alive and, even now, she says. But her progress from typist, script girl, cutting room assistant, head cutter, writer of original stories, and then director is easily explained by the fact that she fills each job so thoroughly, giving it the whole of her amazing energy, that she just naturally rises to a better one!

In the studios, they call her type of direction "the Dorothy Arzner system." She works with the writer upon the script. She directs the one who supervises the cutting. And the whole becomes a Dorothy Arzner product throughout.

Unusual assignments, making new demands on her talents, interest her most. (She was offered a producer's job with one studio, but prefers to concentrate completely upon a single picture.)

Always self-effacing and modest, Miss Arzner was called upon in her first scene to handle a group of 60 extras, as well as the principal players.

"For ten days I was so nervous that I couldn't eat," she admits.

Then a friend took her into a projection room one morning and showed her the printed running scripts of all directors, with her own rushes at the end.

"That's how I lost my fear," she says. "He proved to me that my own work was as good as the rest."

The other side of the story illuminates her extraordinary modesty, for at that moment producers, executives, and other directors were marveling at the ease—the effortless ease—with which this astonishing girl was handling her difficult assignment.

Right now Craig's Wife is speaking rather loudly. It may be the turning point in Rosalind Russell's career. When you see it, look behind the action and the characters upon the screen, and add to your pleasure by thinking of the level-eyed and composed woman who sat in the director's chair!

BETTER LATE THAN NEVER

TWO FRONT SEATS FOR THE FOLLIES, CURTAIN TIME AND NO DOROTHY, THAT WINDS IT UP!

LETS DANCE A LITTLE AFTER THE SHOW.

LETS DANCE A LOT. I'M IN MY DANCINGEST MOOD.

DOROTHY! YOU'RE EVEN PRETTIER THAN I COULD REMEMBER; IN WE GO!

WHAT AN EVENING; WHAT A MAN. AND IF I HADN'T TRIED MIDOL I'D HAVE LOST OUT. IMAGINE MY DANCING IN COMFORT AT THIS TIME OF MONTH.

LEARN TO PLAY PIANO BY EAR

Cleans Clothes

New Way...Sells On Sight

Revolutionary invention. Banishing old-style cloths..brushed forever. Never anything like it! Secret chemical plus unique vacuum action. Keeps the best gowns, suits, drapes, windowshades, upholstered furniture, etc. saves cleaning bills. Low prices.

AGENTS WANTED. Hunters making phenomenal profits.

SAMPLE OFFER: Skimuel sent out one piece of fabric with this packet. Remailed $1.00, to prove that it provides a clean, beautiful finish, whatever the material. Reader Arzner bars when included free. Order now.

MAJOR KORD, Dept. F 21, RIO, NEW MFG. CO. Dept. 2722, Akron, O.

A COLD UPSETS THIS BALANCE

Many doctors say a lowering of the alkaline side of the balance...an excess of acid in your system...is often the cause of colds. Because of this, Luden's now have an added ALKALINE FACTOR.

LUDEN'S MENTHOL COUGH DROPS 5¢

HELP BALANCE YOUR ALKALINE RESERVE

When answering advertisements, please mention December Movie Classic
NEW CREAM MASCARA

Ends the artificial look of old-fashioned mascara!

Waterproof . . . far easier to use!

True charm now replaces the bold, theatrical look that has discouraged so many women from using old-fashioned forms of mascara.

The effect you have always wished to achieve with mascara is now possible! Visual lashes seeming to sweep your cheeks with their length . . . their luxuriance rich with the enticing charm of nature's best.

Obviously, such exciting loveliness requires an entirely new kind of mascara; one that darkens lashes without showing "mascara"; one that does not brand its user as artificial, "theatrical" or "bold."

Tattoo Cream Mascara is just that. It goes on so evenly and smoothly its presence on the lashes is not detected. Nor will tears, rain or a plunge betray the secret . . . for THIS mascara, not being mixed with water when applied, is really waterproof. Much easier to use than cake mascara too, and perfectly harmless. Can't smudge.

Complete with brush in smart rubber-lined satin vanity . . . Black . . . Brown . . . Blue . . . 50c at the better stores. Tattoo your eyelashes!

TATTOO

Cream MASCARA

HAPPY RELIEF FROM PAINFUL BACKACHE

Caused by Tired Kidneys

Many of those nagging, 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 solids and poisonous waste out of the blood. Most people pass about 3 pants or about 3 pounds of waste.

If your kidneys are tired, your back may ache. Any pain in the kidneys is good for you. These pains may start anywhere backache, rheumatic pains, lumbago, leg pains, loss of energy, feeling of weakness in the knees, difficulty in rising, feeling of coldness, looseness under the ribs, numbness.

Don't waste! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes, flush out poisonous waste from the blood. Get Doan's Pills.

The Show Window

The best still of the month—Wallace Beery and his dog Tuffy as they appear in M-G-M's Old Hutch.

OLD HUTCH—An amusing story of a small town loafer. Wallace Beery is perfect in the part and when he finds a tin can with thousands of dollars cached away in it, the fun begins. He feels that the only way he can successfully make use of the money is to go to work. In this way the people won't be as surprised if he suddenly blossoms out with $1,000 bills. Unfortunately he becomes involved in a robbery. By a lucky break he is indirectly responsible for the capture of the bandits. How he becomes involved and finally gets out is one of the most entertaining pictures of its kind since Lightnin. Beery is supported in the cast by Eric Linden, Cecelia Parker, Elizabeth Patterson and Robert McWade—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

THE GAY DESPERADO—This interested observer of the cinema scene still refuses to pluck a page from the press agent's dictionary, but he can honestly and enthusiastically report that The Gay Desperado is superb. Not only is this first effort of the Pickford-Lasky combination grand entertainment, but it proves a very definite answer to those critics who heretofore have claimed that there never was a good film made with an opera singer in it. The excellence of The Gay Desperado owes much to Nino Martini—for his songs as well as for his acting; it owes much to Leo Carillo who portrays the swagging chief of a Mexican bandit gang; and it owes much to Rouben Mamoulian whose direction in this picture explains why he is regarded as "tops" in the directorial field.

The Gay Desperado is keyed to a fast tempo that never lags while telling the story of a Mexican bandit who, after witnessing the screen version of the way his American brothers work, adopts their technique for his own. He kidnaps Ida Lupino and her cowardly fiance, James Blakely, and then becomes involved in an adventure which he gladly relinquishes in favor of his old Mexican methods of banditry. Ida Lupino, James Blakely, Harold Huber, Mischa Auer, deserve gold stars and orchids for the splendid portrayals of their respective characters. See this one, by ALL MEANS—Pickford-Lasky.

GOOD

THANK YOU, JEEVES—Here is a well adapted screen play of the P.G. Wodehouse gentleman's gentleman. There is a tendency toward slapstick but nevertheless it is chock full of laughs. David Niven as Jeeves'
MILLIONS NOW RELY ON TUMS TO LET THEM ENJOY FAVORITE FOODS!

IT'S FOOLISHNESS TO SIT AND BROOD . . . AND GO WITHOUT YOUR FAVORITE FOOD! IF THINGS YOU'RE FOND OF GIVE YOU GAS JUST MUNCH SOME TUMS AND IT WILL PASS!

ONLY A DIME!
AND SO TASTY

MILLIONS no longer fear the favorite foods that used to give them heartburn . . . gas . . . or sour stomach! They've learned to carry Tums idea now, and when unexpected attack of acid indigestion comes, they just munch a few of these tasty, antacid mints and get scientific, thorough relief fast. Tums act so quickly . . . you'll be amazed. Yet they contain no harsh alkalies, and cannot possibly over-alkalize your stomach. They release just enough of their antacid compound to correct stomach acidity . . . the remainder passing un-released from your system. The handy little roll fits easily in purse or pocket . . . and costs only 10c at any drug store for 3 rolls or 25c in the ECONOMY PACK. Carry Tums.

Thick Relief
From Acid Indigestion
Sour Stomach—Heartburn

WHENEVER you suffer from acid indigestion, heartburn, sour stomach, or gas after eating, your TUMS will stop the trouble and save you money!

Now for the first time . . . TUMS are sold in 3 sizes: 25c, 50c, and $1.00 rolls. Copy the coupon below. It contains the details you need. Hurry! Get your TUMS now and have a more comfortable stomach for less money!
Hollywood’s White Hopes
[Continued from page 29]

Hilliard and Owen Davis, Jr. Harrriet you’ll remember as the appealing, husky-voiced sister of Ginger Rogers in Follow the Fleet. A success? Of course, she was a success! She would have been starred by now except that she was—is—in love! And being one of those sincere, whole-souled girls to whom love means more than anything else in the world, she did what might seem to some people an amazing thing. . . . On the eve of stardom she set her career aside for the joys of wifehood and motherhood. Married to Ozzie Nelson, well known New York orchestra leader, three days before she came west to go to work in Follow the Fleet, she went back east when the picture was over to stay with Ozzie and to wait joyfully for the stock.

However, after this blessed event—and it won’t be long now—Harrriet is going to take up her career where she left off. She’s coming west again and will do a picture for RKO the minute she is able.

Owen Davis, Jr., you saw in His Majesty, Bucky Bear and Grand Jury, and they think a lot of him, too, over at RKO. Of course he’s had stage experience. The son of the famous playwright, he has played not only in stock in New York but in his father’s own productions. RKO believes him definitely a star of tomorrow.

At Warner Brothers! James Melton, they tell you, there. Craig Reynolds and Jean Madden.

James Melton played the young singer with Pat O’Brien in Stars Over Broadway. He’s a southern boy, the son of a prosperous Florida sawmill owner. He thought he’d like to be a lawyer after he graduated from college (University of Florida) but strangely enough, it was the president of the university who changed his mind for him.

Just before he graduated, this learned gentleman called him to his office and asked him what he planned to do after he got his A. B. degree.

“Go to law school,” Jimmy told him. “Why?”

“Because I don’t think you should,” was the answer. “I think you should sing. For a long time I’ve been hearing your solos in chapel. Music is your destiny.”

And so James Melton, football, basketball, and track star, became a singer. First he sang over the radio; a talent scout heard him and Warner Brothers signed him up. Now they’re glad they did because they’re sure he’s a star of tomorrow.

Craig Reynolds is another “good bet” at Warner’s. Craig is that strapping, handsome, he-man guy who played Joan Blondell’s boy friend in Stage Struck, and the humorous wise-cracking reporter in Jail Break. He also has a grand part in the Case of the Black Cat, which you may have seen by now.

Margo and Burgess Meredith rehearse a scene from RKO-Radio’s Winterset. The two are playing for the screen the roles they created in the Broadway production of the famous Maxwell Anderson play.
Jean Madden was also in Stage Struck. She's a little Scranton, Pa., high school girl with a lovely voice who was slated for the Metropolitan Opera company when talent scouts lured her to Hollywood. They think she's great at Warners—and also headed toward the top.

At Paramount they tell you their surest stars of tomorrow are Frances Farmer and John Howard.

Suddenly, enough Frances Farmer had to travel 12,000 miles from her home in Seattle, Washington, before she got a job in Hollywood. She won a popularity contest conducted by a Seattle newspaper, with a trip to Moscow as its prize, and it was during that trip she met Dr. George Gladstone who arranged for her the successful tests which won her a role in Katherine Hepburn's stage play, The Lake. Then, on her birthday in September, 1935, she was given a contract by Paramount.

John Howard, one of Filmindom's few actors to wear a Phi Beta Kappa key, incidentally, has been at Paramount longer than most of Hollywood's white hopes of 1937 have been at any studio... He's had some good parts. But it wasn't until recently that the name of Howard soared starward. The public suddenly discovered him. It was something like the case of Clark Gable. People began saying: "Who is that chap that played the such-and-such role in ——?" Suddenly, he meant something. Suddenly Paramount began looking for special pictures for him. Suddenly, Director Frank Capra borrowed him for Columbia's certain-to-be-magnificent Lost Horizon. Suddenly, he was one of Hollywood's best bets for the future. After Lost Horizon he played in Valiant Is the Word for Carrie for Paramount, said to be his best rôle to date... Yes, he's going places, all right.

Andrea Leeds of the dark, soulful eyes, former student of the University of California at Los Angeles, is a Sam Goldwyn white hope. Seems that Howard Hawk's, Goldwyn director, had consented to look at a U. C. L. A. dramatic club's "home talent and home directed" picture—for a laugh. But he wasn't laughing after seeing the Leeds gal's performance. At his insistence she was signed for a good part in Come and Get It. They say over there she's a knock-out.

At Universal the three names you hear spoken most often are Henry Hunter, Doris Nolan and Ann Preston.

Henry, new to the screen, has scores of stage and radio successes. You saw him in Parole, probably.

Doris, to be seen soon in Way for a Lady (which title may be changed), was first signed by another studio, but given only minor parts. A Universal talent scout saw her work and she was offered a contract. She won a release from the other studio, and it now looks as if she would go far, especially in view of the big things Universal is planning for her future. Ann Preston you also saw in Parole, and now she has an important part in Victor McLaglan's new picture, A Fool for Blondes.

And there you have Hollywood's white hopes of 1937. Almost all of these players have had some measure of success, of course, but none are yet in that exalted realm of renown wherein dwell Clark Gable, Joan Crawford, Norma Shearer and the rest. Each of these young players, bidding for great fame might, in fact, be forgotten tomorrow. Will they be forgotten, or will they, too, have their great day of glory? It is up to you.
He Makes Love to My Wife

(Continued from page 45)

oi—believe it or not—Deen Water, Missouri, and that's why they still call her the Ozark Songbird) and that New England conscience wouldn't permit me to express my emotions in my face, any more than I could help knocking a good part of them out of me. I've learned to give, now—and even if it's a love scene, I can let my face give, too.

Whereupon she sneaks a mischievous look at Hubby Chapman to see how he's taking it. Frank's merely smiling, so she goes on and tells about her first screen kiss—and how, even though John Boles administered it in the most approved Bolesian manner, it was a complete disappointment.

"I was so nervous, and so completely engrossed in acting and singing, that when she kissed me I simply didn't register," says Swarthout, and not even Frank could tell whether there was a note of complaint in the result. The camera was filming her first screen kiss. It's different now. She's honest—"I don't believe a man can be kissed, whether or not it's for the camera or the stage, and remain completely cold about it," she tells you, frankly.

But Hubby Chapman's not worried. Between these two there's plenty of life as rich and as sweet as any girl's dream. Their romance began that way—and it's continuing. They met, you know, when Gladys was taking her first European trip—after her first season with the "Met." In Florence, Italy, they went to the opera. The American operas in that city was the first Frank Chapman. They met, of course—two American opera singers in Italy.

Neither of them told the other, then. But now they admit, proudly, that they fell in love then and there. But not until Frank came to America and attended the "Met" and heard Swarthout sing a love aria (when he knew that he was in the audience, listening) did he realize that their love was mutual. And so they eloped to New Jersey and were married.

Today, there's nothing they love better than each other's company. On her days off, Gladys and Frank go to a beach club, usually. They take his horse, and they talk, and they make love with their eyes and their voices, just as they did years ago.

They've even worked out an anti-divorce diet, believe it or don't! "The main cause of divorce is the clashing of temperaments," they explain. "Temperament, we believe, often comes from giving way to the appetite."

So, on the days when Gladys permits herself to eat a big steak, or a heavy meal, Hubby lets his appetite lightly—a salad or something of that sort. And vice versa—when Frank stuffs on corned beef and cabbage or something colossal like that, it's Gladys who takes to the salad.

If the heavy meal breeds a tem- peramental streak, it's only one of them that has it. And temperaments can clash unless there are two strong parties at work. And so Frank and Gladys haven't yet had a temperamental battle—and the divorce lawyers can go on sleeping, because whatever the name of it is, for all they care! They've brought to Hollywood the no-cocktail custom, have the Chapmans. Gladys prefers, in place of the American cocktail, the continental custom of a bit of iced sherry before meals. Hollywood is taking to the idea like a bit player takes to his first screen kiss.

Their home's pet feature, to them, is the enclosed patio. Whenever she has time, Gladys is there—in a sunsuit. As a result, she has one of the most gorgeous tans in Hollywood. It's the cross-to-bear for Wally Westmore, Paramount's makeup wizard, for Swarthout's closeups. But it seems, because it's so smooth and so even that it's even better than screen makeup, so she doesn't have to make-up at all.

One of the most striking things about Swarthout are her clothes. They become doubly so whenever that you know that she designs them—actually and completely—herself. It's her pet hobby. She runs to tight bodices and flaring skirts. She also breaks out with a startling innovation now and then, that catches on like wildfire. Know those创新创业 hats that've been all the vogue? Well, Swarthout was the first to wear one in Hollywood—last year. It was her own idea. Take that, Betty Furness! Incidentally, Swarthout, although she owns lots of it, probably wears less jewelry than any other movie star today.

Although her salary, combined with the husband's, is very large, she is wearing in the four-digit bracket, their automobile is the same kind that millions of other Americans drive—$718.34, delivered. However, they have tricked it up a bit, have Gladys and Frank, with a custom-built limousine body. But it's still a flivver.

Gladys is certainly to the general impression that all opera stars are so coddled that they've got no more nerve left than a wilted leaf of lettuce, has plenty of courage. Already in Hollywood, she's proved it twice—no, make it thrice.

FIRST time was during filming Rose of the Rancho. In that picture, Boles was to have a horse, but he hadn't got a horse, and Mrs. Boles, who was to have a horse, too, and the Boles' horse, while she talked up to him in the saddle. Suddenly, startled, the horse reared violently, came crashing, and Swarthout, conscious of the cameras, and not wanting to ruin the scene if it could be helped, Gladys stood her ground—patted gently the plunging horse's side. Not only did she easily have crushed her against the solid wall behind her!

Second time was during Champagne Waltz, right now. In the midst of her rendition of the theme song, the backdrop within a few inches of her, caught fire from a spark when two cables clicked. Gladys saw the backdrop was not in camera range at the angle they were shooting. Once again, rather than spoil the scene, she sang calmly through the flames, giving, through the flames of the blazing scenery locked within a few inches of the tulle dress she wore!

And the third time was sheer moral courage, rather than physical. She actually had the bravery to name the "most interesting people I've met in Hollywood!" With: I've seen famines everywhere, and the unquestionably courageous General Pershing—dodge naming their favorite actresses, their handsomest stars, their most interesting people. But Gladys up and did it—she included, by the way, Dietrich, Mrs. Clark Gable, Gloria Swanson, rival songstress Jeannette MacDonald, George Brent, Ernst Lubitsch, and Merle Oberon's boy friend, David Niven. But she topped the list with the name of Frank Chapman.
"My husband," she explained, "is still the most interesting person I know." That was rather nice, wasn't it?

Naturally, she knows her music. She startled Hollywood with a sort of rapture-believe-it-or-not of music. Currently, with MGM's Romeo and Juliet being talked of, she draws the most gasps when she tells and proves that at least eight different operatic versions of Romeo and Juliet have been written and produced!

Habits? Hobbies? Superstitions? Let's see—

Well, for one thing, she collects early American silverware. Her Beverly Hills home is a treasurehouse of it. Too, she collects clippings about herself. She has a tall stack of them, all neatly pasted up in books, both the good ones and the bad ones.

SHE'S color-conscious to the extent that certain colors excite certain reactions. That's why, invariably, she has her bedroom done in blue shades; it rests her. And for particularly difficult or trying concerts, she keeps a special dress—deep indigo blue. She says it gives her the "lift" she needs to carry her through.

About her voice, she's almost sacrilegiously casual: "I mean, she doesn't do trick exercises like crawling upstairs on hands and knees while singing, to develop something or other.

To would-be singers who want to know whether or not to follow singing as a career, she has this advice: "The very fact that you ask answers NO. If you really had to sing, you wouldn't ask; and to be a great singer, you simply have to sing, that's all."

George Houston's fine performance in stage play Everyman makes him again a first line threat for stardom.
Can't Dance?—She’ll Teach You

[Continued from page 37]

and plenty of determination. The split is really the foundation on which all other dance exercises are built. It is one of the first exercises that you should learn to do, because without it you will not be able to lift yourself up and over the heads of the other dancers. As you get better, you can try to do the split with your legs straight.

Another way to improve your balance and strength is to practice the split every day. This will help you to develop the muscle strength needed to support your body while you are in the air. As you get better, you can try to do the split with your legs straight.

As you work on your balance and strength, you will also need to work on your flexibility. This is important because you will need to be able to move your body through a wide range of motion in order to dance effectively. You can work on your flexibility by doing stretches and exercises that stretch and strengthen your muscles.

One of the best ways to improve your flexibility is to do yoga. Yoga is a form of exercise that focuses on stretching and strengthening the muscles while also improving your balance and coordination. By doing yoga regularly, you can improve your flexibility and overall dance ability.

With this support, practice keeping both legs straight and tense—with the left leg and the left arm thrown out behind in line with the body of the dancer. This is to straighten the legs, beautify the folds and give perfect balance. As you gain confidence you won’t need the support of the hand.

I merely suggest these as "starter" exercises which you can practice in your own home without any school.

After you have secured your foundation training, the next step is to strive for dance ideas. There is plenty of competition in the dancing profession. If a girl who wants to make a name for herself must learn to use her head as well as her feet. Instead of copying a dance you’ve seen someone else do, originate your own. If you have a talent for mimicry try to put that in your dancing. Let your dance tell a story or convey an idea. When you can do that you'll make it even more difficult. I'm very effective.

I rub my feet with a half and half mixture of whiskey and salad oil. The oil soothes and the whiskey toughens them.

As to diet, eat plenty of energy producing foods. You don't need to worry about much of a diet, but健康管理 is important if it does, tap dancing will soon joggle them off. I eat lots of potatoes and vegetables and drink quarts of milk.

Dancing takes a terrific amount of energy. When I am doing a show or a picture I lose pounds. It is not just the physical exertion, but the mental energy, it is the mental effort of creating and working out dances and the terrific concentration that entails. Sometimes an idea may come to me when I'm in the midst of dinner. In spite of my mother's protests I leap up from the table and start working on it—maybe for hours. Many times I've been a great credit to myself because it came to me just as I was dropping off to sleep. Always I'm striving for something new, something original. And I must confess that I frequently figure out dances that are so difficult that I can scarcely do them myself!

In my current picture Born to Dance, for example, I am doing one that is really tough. I set it in the crow's nest of a ship and finishes up on the deck which means I have to do a lot of stair stuff. It was a great deal of energy, it is the mental effort of creating and working out dances and the terrific concentration that entails. Sometimes an idea may come to me when I'm in the midst of dinner. In spite of my mother's protests I leap up from the table and start working on it—maybe for hours. Many times I've been a great credit to myself because it came to me just as I was dropping off to sleep. Always I'm striving for something new, something original. And I must confess that I frequently figure out dances that are so difficult that I can scarcely do them myself!

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This Picture Reviewed for Fashions

FOR girls throughout the country who are interested in clothes and go to the theater primarily to see what the stars from Hollywood are wearing, we will bring to their attention each month the picture that to our mind is outstanding from a fashion angle.

With this in view we nominate this month for the hall of fame, The Champagne Waltz, produced by Paramount featuring Gladys Swarthout, Fred MacMurray and the famous dance team of Veloz and Yolanda.

The gorgeous, yet practical wardrobe for both Gladys Swarthout and Yolanda were designed by Travis Banton, Paramount's ace stylist.

In this picture Banton has given the fashion world something new and entirely different. He has put the cart before the horse, so to speak, by disregarding the old theory that some materials are smart only at certain seasons of the year, and has placed organdy, summer's darling, as the tops in winter's preferred fabric list. Also of fashion interest is the peasant influence of deep waist, full skirt and simple neckline which he has used for both daytime and evening wear.

Gladys wears a charming grey organdy in the New York waltz palace sequence that is utterly feminine in every detail. Take particular note of this gown with its high shirred waistline, voluminous puffed sleeves and graceful flowing skirt. However, if you are one who doesn't take kindly to high styling, the dress will still be smart and make a delightful evening gown for the summer which will surely come.

Another important fashion item is the use of daisies in some form or other on all gowns worn by Gladys throughout the film. Daisies are one of the star's pet superstitions.

A noteworthy style, and one that is already becoming popular, is the use of rich brocade tapestry which Banton uses for a short peplum jacket worn by Gladys in the interior of the jazz palace in Vienna. The star has bought this dress for her personal wardrobe. She plans to wear the gown for her morning concerts in New York this winter.

Veloz and Yolanda create a new dance step for Paramount's Champagne Waltz

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by the way, Eloise was in the phone booth with me and before I gave them my answer, before I even knew what they wanted me for or how much I made Eloise promised to marry me and go with me. I'd been on my way. Eloise told me there were patches in my pants, anyway, but this time I held the wire until she said 'Yes'—

"We came to Hollywood. They paid me $750 a week. That was more money than I'd ever seen in my life. I said to Eloise, 'Look, honey, it's a racket! We'll go to Hollywood and make Front Page and get the dough and see California and have a good time and that will be that. We'll come back to New York and the stage.'"

"THEN I made another picture and then I got me Frank Joyce for my agent. There was a fellow with personality and how. He took me over to see Thalberg about a part. Before we went he told me that whatever he said I was to agree with him, or keep quiet. Well, we went in to see Thalberg and the first thing I knew Frank is asking $1500 a week for my services. Double what I'd been getting, as Thalberg and I found out. I thought, 'This is the end. I've got a crazy guy for an agent.' He walked out of Thalberg's office and I had a contract in my pocket and it read '$1500 a week'—"

"And I went home to Eloise and I said 'Look, honey, this is a racket. But why not? We'll move out of the flat and take a little bungalow and all bunched together in one bungalow. Gladys, it was still on the wrong side of the tracks—and I said, 'we'll get a servant and you won't need to wash dishes anymore and we'll get another Ford, and you won't have to drive me to work. And we did. And then we invited the folks to come out and visit us, all the folks, hers and mine, and we had mind and mine mingled together in that little place and had a swell time."

"I kept on thinking it was a racket. I free-lanced and kept on getting my $1500 a week and saved a hunk of dough and then came the cut in salaries. And I would have none of it. I talked it over with Eloise. There's never any doubt about what Eloise will say. I always know that she is going to be glad to say when I have a problem to discuss with her. I tell her what's on my mind and she says 'What do you think?' and I tell her and the answer is always 'That's okay with me.' So when I told her that I wouldn't go for this salary cutting business—that I'd go back to New York if necessary and forget it—and she said 'That's okay with me, whatever you want to do.' And so when I was offered pictures here and there, if I'd turned them down. Eloise said 'I took a trip instead, went to Honolulu or somewhere, and I was told—I was warned—that that would fix me, they'd never offer me a job again."

"And I'd say 'okay' and when I got back there was an offer for me—at my price."

"AND we kept on saving. We stayed in the same little bungalow. We kept the same little cars. Any day, I said, the axe would fall on the racket but when it fell it would fall harder. I was getting as well as the two O'Briens. And then I got the offer to play in The Bureau of Missing Persons, I wanted to do that picture. It is in I had to sign a long term contract with Warner Brothers. I'd begun to think it was about time I settled down and I signed the contract. And I take the work."

"Yeah," said Pat, his blue eyes grave, that quizzical, generous mouth of his sions, 'Yeah, I'm happy and I know it. There is the difference between me and a lot of others. Most people don't know that they are happy. They keep chasing some Blue Bird that they've got right in their midst. They think they only know it. I've got it and I know it."

"We've bought our own home in Brentwood, it's bought and paid for—in cash. Our furniture is all paid for. We've got two annuities also bought and paid up. "And we've got a marriage, a relationship that should be, no bragging, a less-soned relationship, between me and Eloise, that will last forever. I'm going to stay with Eloise wherever she went as if he couldn't quite believe the evidence of his own senses, and of how he said, in that rough, off-hand, belying tender voice of his 'She's the most beautiful thing in the world, isn't she?'"

"AND he said to me now, his blue eyes coming back from some Elysian distance "More—much more. It gets more all the time. And after five years in Holly-wood she's still the most beautiful thing in the world and I still can't believe the evidence of my senses—that she's here and alive and mine."

"It grows our love, you know, and keeps on growing. Theoretically I believe in married couples getting away from each other a couple of times a year. But it doesn't work for us. Eloise went East recently to do some buying for her gown shop. She hadn't lived in New York since I began making the telephone wires hot. The house was lonely. The whole damn town was lonely. I was lonely. There was no place to go and nothing to do, and I phone her two or three times a day and finally I said 'Come on, get out of there and come home where you belong,' "I really do like to talk about Eloise and me," continued Pat, with such a simple dignity, such an honest pride as raised a lump in my throat (there is something so specially, so terribly touching about the hard-fought kind of guy youngsters in love and the inner beauty beneath the hard, protective shell)."

"Of course such love as ours has to be 'natural,' it's got to be. You've got to belong, as Eloise and I belong. But given that, you've got to work at marriage as you've got to work at a career. Especially since Hollywood is there in the air, there in the tolerance. You've got to exercise jealousy. You've got to take the love and confidence you started out with and build it and keep it. I've been a witness on the one who has a career and it's even harder for the one that doesn't. It's harder for the one that doesn't because they're on their own, for anyone, especially for a beautiful woman who might have been a star in her own right, to be introduced everywhere as 'Pat
O'Brien's wife." But she gave it all up when we bought the house and when—we when Mavourneen came. She got so interested in the home and the baby she didn't seem to care.

"And say," said Pat, "here's something else—there's a woman, name unknown, to whom I always be grateful. It's in line with what we've been talking about. Last time we were in New York together, Eloise and I, we were having dinner at Jack Dempsey's place. A woman, a perfect stranger, a fan, came over to our table. She completely ignored me, leaned over and shook Eloise's hand and said 'You are the one I want to meet. I know that this is Pat O'Brien and I like him on the screen but you are the important one, the one I want really to meet.' Well, grinned Pat, "that was swell, Kinda left me out in the blizzard but it made Eloise feel fine. Bless that woman whoever she was. She got it right. Eloise is the important one.

"She handles all the O'Brien money, Eloise. I never have any idea what's in the bank or not. And yet she will buy a pair of silk stockings without asking me whether I think it's all right. Or telling me 'I have bought a pair of silk stockings for you.' I tell her 'Get me a Crape cake and get anything she wants. She never does. We're not very far from the old days, you see, when a pair of silk stockings did something for an O'Brien finances.

"Not long ago I told her she ought to get a new fur coat. She said 'I won't until you can go with me and pick it out.' I said 'For the love of God, what do I know about fur coats?' Well, one night I came home and Eloise said to me 'I bought my fur coat today. Dear, it's in the kitchen.' 'In the kitchen?' I said. 'What the devil is a fur coat doing in the kitchen?' And I went out to see it, kinda hot under the collar because she had gone and got it without taking me along—and there was a new iceless refrigerator and Eloise, looking happy and excited and saying: 'that's my new fur coat. We really needed a new refrigerator, dear. I can get the fur coat some other time!'

"I think one of the reasons we're so happy and so close, Gladys, is because we shared hard times together. One-night stands and hamburgers and the coat and trousers pressed under the mattress and all that. And we were happy because we were together. And we learned that that's what happiness means to us, that's what happiness is, being together. And it doesn't make much difference whether times are hard or easy so long as it's the two O'Briens against the world.

"And then, when we'd bought the house and paid for the furniture and there was only one lack in all our lives—the fact that there were no babies when we both wanted to have babies—then we got Mavourneen. Mavourneen, translated, means 'My Darling,' you know. That's right. That's why we named her that. We've been able to live and have planned the things we could give her, do for her—because that's the best part of the marriage. We've had the things we've been able to do for others. We've bought Eloise's folks a nice house of their own. My folks come out and visit us twice a year. We've been able to live and have mortgages off a lot of folks and that's swell.

"Mavourneen hasn't changed us so much—she's just made everything that much more worth while. She's helped me, too. If I've been working hard and feel irritable, I check that before I enter the house. I take her out in her carriage whenever I'm home. I've got a kind of system, too, as a baby-carriage-wheeler. It's kind of bumpy on the Brentwood roads so I run a few feet ahead of the carriage, run backwards, and then wait till it catches up with me and repeat the performance. It's swell. I recommend it to all the busy housewives. We wouldn't raise Mavourneen alone. We play with Mavourneen after dinner, Eloise and I, and then we usually go to a neighborhood movie or stay home and read or something. I've just built a library onto my house and I am collecting a lot of additional books. Like to browse around with them. Twice a year we go off by ourselves and have a hunt—go to Honolulu or to Panama or New York. It's great..." said Pat.

"And I thought of other actors I have known, actors who have hit stardom and fame and fortune young, who have known big money and celebrity and—for a marriage—I won't want—what any plans..."

"I'll never get like that," said Pat, "I like too many things. I love acting. But I also love books and gardening and home building and radio and auctions and collections and people. I've got love and the right kind of a marriage, and love and marriage devotion and pay larger and more tender dividends as the years go by. I've got the things that can't grow stale—the things that never rust.

When answering advertisements, please mention December Movie Classic.
When Eddie finally went on the stage, his best friends told him . . . how terrible he was. They asked him why he kept going on with it. The reason was that he knew he would be even worse as a teacher or an office slave.

Then, in silent days, whenever he appeared in a picture, its producer was practically tempting bankruptcy. Horton could arouse polite snickers, but people seemed to save themselves to Chaplin and Lloyd and Ben Turpin. They were funny.

Yet today producers plead with him to make picture after picture, at five grand per week—because he has a unique comedy style that provokes unique mirth. What is the answer?

"I don't know where it came from," he says, with plaintive embarrassment. "It just grew—like a fungus."

Or like the strange notion that he is an Englishman. That's what conceiving morning-coat-and-striped-trouser roles and occasional picture trips to England. He has a drastic confession to make. He was born in Brooklyn, New York. You know, the town with the droll baseball team.

"My father was foreman of the composing room and proofroom of the New York Times. He was a Democrat. That meant the day after Christmas we four kids—my two brothers, my sister, and I—had to be fairly quiet around the house in the daytime, while he was sleeping. But he wasn't sleeping all the time. He was writing short stories, sending them off, and collecting rejection slips. Some of the stories weren't so bad, either. I still have a few of them.

"I rather liked the smell of printer's ink, myself. I used to think vaguely that maybe I would go into the newspaper business, too. But ink, like oil, smells night off, and write short stories in my spare time—if I could keep the kids quiet. But I never knew exactly what I did want to become. There was the idea of acting never entered my cranium.

"I went to grade school in Brooklyn. Then after a while we went down to Baltimore, where my father worked on the Sun. I started high school there, and completed it by degrees in Brooklyn, New York and New Jersey. I decided then that our fate was to be writing, which doesn't always settle the entire world. I went to work—for the telephone company. I addressed envelopes; I carried letters around to various offices in a pouch; I did this chore and that errand. I was the General Inconvenience Department. I've forgotten how many weeks I lasted; not many. Then I decided to hang up my gloves and put off the battle. I decided to go to college."

He enrolled in Brooklyn Polytechnic Institute, signing up for the arts course. Two other boys also signed. One day, Polly discovered—to its chagrin—that it was giving an arts course for only three students, and discontinued it. Eddie then went out to Oberlin, Ohio, to Oberlin College, and stayed three years. He is told in the book of imaginative things he displayed then. He majored in mathematics and physics.

The next year, he found himself at Columbia University. He was a member of the Harvard-Yale weekly, commuting daily from home to classrooms, going to Teachers' College. Just why he should be going to Teachers' College, he didn't know. Except that his family thought that he could probably support himself sooner as a teacher than as anything else. Personally, he had his doubts . . . But that was the burning thing.

"There was a tavern—let's call it a tavern, anyway—not too far from the campus, where the boys used to congregate for an evening of hard knocks and tell lusty stories. One day I was there with Roy and Kenneth Webb, who were campus big-shots. They had written the script for the Show, and I don't know why. It was kind of funny, and they said: 'Why don't you try out for the Show?' I was terribly, terribly coy, I had to be teased; and then, when I did try out, I hardly breathed for days afterward. Until I got the news that I had a part—a comedy part, in which I had to sing. My singing was an affair for the Board of Health: it still is; there isn't a note in me. 'But,' I thought, 'if they can stand it, I can.' I sang.

"Well, quite of the cast, the show was quite a hit. We played for a week at the Waldorf-Astoria, then went on tour. Among other places, to Northampton, to play for the entire faculty of Northampton College girls. And that tour gave me ideas.

"I wasn't crazy about school, and I loathed the thought of becoming a teacher.

"Now, majoring in English, was only one of my depressing fates. Perhaps I could become an agent. I went to see an agent, and talked fast. He finally got rid of me by handing me in the chorus of a States Island stock company that was putting on Gilbert and Sullivan operas. And again I sang. The wonder is that I'm still here to tell the story.

As soon as the fates and his finances would permit, he fled to the theatre's best training school—dramatic stock. He worked in stock for years—in Philadelphia, Portland (Maine), Pittsburgh, Albany, Elmira, Scranton, Wilkes-Barre, Portland (Oregon), his home-town of Brooklyn (which is only a score of miles from Broadway). And even Brooklyn thought that he earned his seventy-five dollars a week—as a leading man.

He had heard of the movies; he had even known people who had left the stage to do soundless, voiceless acting on the screen; and he knew that movies were about the only thing that he wasn't interested. The reason why he headed West in 1920 was to become leading man of Los Angeles' Majestic Theatre Stock Company—at the incredible wage of twenty dollars a week. First thing he knew, Broadway would be paying him, maybe paying him five hundred dollars a week!

But California got him. He became etherized by the climate, the outdoor life, the camaraderie. What completed his conversion was the discovery that he could make the equivalent of a Broadway salary, just by doing a little pantomiming on the side for the movies.

His first picture was Too Much Business, made for Vitagraph—in a hurry, at small expense. The date was 1921. His next picture, which featured him, was Lost Horizon—in Russia, in a hurry, for Columbia—in five months, at a cost of two million dollars. In his first picture, he was starred, at a salary of two hundred dollars a week. In his second, he was salaried, at a salary of five thousand. And plays a character that was written into the script, though not in the original novel—just so that Frank Capra could have him in the cast.

Between those two pictures, he has made

 Accept no substitutes! Always insist on the advertised brand!
Everybody's happy now! Pat O'Brien pounds the keys while host Jimmy Gleason, with Jack Oakie, Frank McHugh and Lynn Overmann try out their imitations of the Yacht Club Boys. The occasion was a stag party at Jimmie Gleason's hundreds—yes, hundreds—of others. Oft in the stillly night on his San Fernando Valley estate, he sent out invitations to American audiences to "take it." Or, rather, take him.

In other days, it was the strange perseverance of producers about which he used to muse. He had a lot of fun, in silent days, making such pictures as Ruggles of Red Gap and My Man Godfrey. But while the critics approved them, the public shunned them; their producers lost "billions of dollars." And still they asked for more Horton. It was uncanny, so uncanny that in 1928 he decided that maybe he had better get reacquainted with the stage—just in case.

So, with his brother, Winter Davis Horton, as manager and partner, he produced a series of plays in Los Angeles. And what a lunch was that! Not only did they have to hang out a Standing Room Only sign at every performance, but—the tallies burst upon Hollywood. And Hollywood, perhaps to its consternation, discovered that it couldn't get along without the Horton named Edward Everett. He was one member of the old "big happy family," who knew stage technique. He appeared in the second talkie ever made—The Terror.

It isn't true that he has appeared in half of the talkies made since then; it just seems that way. But he has been busy enough to need a manager to keep the screen offers straight. That's where his brother, W. D. Horton, in W. D. sorts out the offers (all for five thousand a week) and fits the parts. All that Eddie has to worry about is how to pay his income tax.

"I've never had a long-term contract with any studio since tallies came in; only contracts to do a certain number of pictures," he explains. "I don't say that proudly. I think that my work is such that if I'm right for a part, that's it. If I were under contract and they were trying to use me, even if I didn't fit a part, it might not be so good for them. And it might be pretty dreadful for me."

The reason why he has to worry about how to pay his income tax is that he has an expensive hobby. He owns a house nine miles from Hollywood in the San Fernando Valley. Namely, "Belleigh Acres."

He first became a landowner eleven years ago—unintentionally. As unintentionally as he became a comedian. His brother George bought a story of a certain hilly plot, but the owner wouldn't sell less than four; so Eddie bought the other two.

With his Lost Horizon earnings, he is building a poolside bath-house in the style of an old New England meeting-hill with a mountain front; not to mention a basement playroom panelled in redwood and clear pine. Last year, he had forty-eight men working on the place; this year, only a few less. If he keeps on. Southern California's unemployment problem will be solved, "They tell me I'll have the place finished in three more years."

Practically every stick of furniture in the house is a genuine antique. "Lord Baltimore, so the legend goes, tucked himself into this four-poster bed. These hand-carved chairs were made by Duncan Phyfe himself. This old Chippendale desk came from County Surry. This big mirror once hung in the house in New Orleans where French colonists were going to establish Napoleon, if they could spirit him away from St. Helena. I followed this eight-legged table around from auction to auction for nine years. The original bid was fifteen hundred; I finally got it for two hundred and fifty... and was lucky. Usually, they see me coming, and balloon the price."

His mother shares his home with him. (His father died in 1915.) "I'm still a bachelor, but I don't know how eligible I don't think anybody is interested."

He doesn't talk, off-screen, with that querulous tremolo. He doesn't have that pursed-lip smile. Neither does he dress like a masculine hot-house flower; he usually wears baggy slacks and sport coats faintly reminiscent (in design) of horse blankets. Only on the screen does he live in a state of constant confusion, pop-eyed bewilderment, indignation, fitters; off-screen, he is the most easy-going person in Hollywood.

He celebrated the finish of Lost Horizon by giving a banquet. They tell me that it will never do, that I shall have to part with it. It makes me look too intelligent... Ah, me, the sacrifices that I must make for my art!"
Only eyes with natural-looking beauty win men's admiration!

PINAUD'S SIX-TWELVE CREAMY MASCARA
beautifies eyes naturally!

Win admiration, when your eyes look as if Nature had given them a luxuriant, dark fringe of lashes! Do it with Pinaud's Six-Twelve Creamy Mascara. It never makes you look "made-up"! Black, brown, blue, green.

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If you suffer with those horrible attacks of Asthma when it is cold and damp; if raw, Wintry winds make you choke as if each gasp for breath was the very last; if restful sleep is impossible because of the struggle to breathe, if you feel the disease is slowly wearing your life away, don't fail to send at once to the Frontier Asthma Co. for a free trial of a remarkable method. No matter where you live or whether you have any faith in any remedy under the Sun, send for this free trial. If you have suffered for a lifetime and tried everything you could learn of without relief; even if you are utterly discouraged, do not abandon hope but send today for this free trial. It will cost you nothing. Address: Frontier Asthma Co., 1-B Frontier Bldg. 462 Niagara St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Should Movie Stars Broadcast?

[Continued from page 39]

So HOLLYWOOD is on the spot, with the producers not knowing which way to turn. On one side the exhibitors, who buy what Hollywood has to sell, insist the stars get off the air. On the other side, the stars, who make Hollywood’s product saleable, refuse to give up the easy money and popularity that go with a broadcast. And then there is still another thorn in the producers’ pants: increased cost of picture production due to stars going on the air. Some tens of these costs are enormous—as in the instance of the making of Shipsmates. During the shooting of the prize sequence of the film, Dick Powell was compelled to rush off the parade ground at Annapolis Naval Academy, catch a cab to the airport and fly to New York to make his broadcast.

Dick’s hasty departure left twelve hundred cadets, their officers and bands and a large force of extras, as well as the camera and labor crews, waiting to go on with the shooting. A result that entire sequence had to be dropped at an estimated loss of fifty thousand dollars to the studio.

Emanuel Cohen’s battle against radio at Paramount is history now. He claimed the studio’s losses due to delayed production while stars went to radio rehearse their scripts and radio broadcasts were enormous. With Bing Crosby, Carl Brisson, Burns and Allen, Lanny Ross, Joe Penner, Ruggles and Boland, Gladys Swarthout, and a half dozen others all going on the air, and all requiring time for rehearsals, air scripts conferences and what not, the studio might as well give up making movie pictures.

He pointed out that in one production they would sometimes have as many as five players who were going on the air at different times, with the result it would more than double the length of the time required to complete the shooting.

And, just to show how far the "time off for radio" idea can be carried, producers point to Fox studio’s agreement with Alice Faye, i.e. that she must be permitted to leave production whenever Rudy Vallee was on the air, so that she could listen. A fact, not a gag!

And what going on the air has done to star salaries has given the studio’s executives a very headache. Charlie Ruggles and Mary Boland went on the air in a Mr. and Mrs. skirt, and before radio stopped making this couple offers for a regular program of this feature Paramount discovered their picture salaries must be almost doubled to keep them from deserting the films.

Max Well could not make Paramount jump through exactly as she wished until radio began bidding for her services. She was offered $7,500 for a series of broadcasts—and $10,000 hours for signing the contract. She demanded ten thousand a broadcast.

Meanwhile she decided to talk salary with the producers of her pictures. Her contract was torn up and rewritten at a new figure by Paramount.

Old Gold then offered $20,000 for twenty-six weeks, with a breeze. Max had another talk with her picture studio and came out with a contract that said she must have $6,000 a week as a writer as well as a salary as an actress on all her pictures.

Max never did get a dollar from radio, but her broadcast offers, and her own shrewdness, did pretty well to just about treble her picture earnings.

Fox managed to keep Shirley Temple off the air, but as a direct result of radio offers she got her little picture salary also was multiplied by three. These are the repercussions against radio. What is the defense?

Eddie Cantor, Hollywood’s all-around star, and the one person who should know something of this controversy, is pointedly frank.

"Don’t blame radio if your movie stars are sour," he says. "And don’t let anybody through that broadcasting hurts a star, or a star’s pictures. At least not if it is correctly done. I’ve already produced figures to prove broadcasting never cut down my picture grosses.

"Instead of cutting a star’s popularity, radio increases it. Look at the case of Dick Powell, for example.

"Right now there seems to be much to say about the screen stars broadcasting. Complaint No. 1 comes from the film executives. They say the stars are not nearly enough to make up for the way it interferes with their production schedules and increasing their production costs. Not only the stars need time for broadcasting, but they must have time for rehearsals—and that means taking them away from pictures sometimes at the most important moments.

"But, to my mind, the most important—and the most justified—complaint comes from the public. Picture stars aren’t good enough on the air. In fact, sometimes it seems they can’t be bad enough. And their fans resent this."

"Yet, as things are done now, how can it be otherwise? You know, they don’t make a radio appearance like they make a picture. They should, but they don’t. Somehow, most of them can’t seem to realize they’re not singing in the back yard, so to speak. They don’t take radio seriously enough. They look at it merely as a sideline—a way to make easy money.

"If they would realize that the instant they open their mouths in front of a microphone on a national hook-up that twenty or forty million people may be listening in, they would do things differently. They know this is a fact, but it doesn’t sink in. They don’t seem to realize that you can’t recall a word that’s been spoken over the air, and that you can’t pull it back for editing, cutting and retaking.

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"Those are the reasons picture pictures are carefully selected for the part. They study the characterization. The shots are made over and over again, and the scenes retaken. These are films, not pictures!"

"But on the air, once you utter a word —— they’re there on your lips."

"So the exhibitors’ complaint is justified in so far as some stars do poor work on the air. And they do hurt themselves, and the studio, and also both to their current and future pictures.

"The remedy is not to take them off the air, however. It is to put them in the air, with a program that will be interesting and prepared. Eliminate slipshod methods and put as much effort on a five minute broadcast
as you do on a movie sequence. Then you will see how much good being on the radio can do a star.

"There should be a committee appointed to supervise the putting of motion picture stars on the air. A committee of four or five thoroughly experienced radio men.

"Then, when they looked over a script they might say: 'Here, drop this paragraph. It will win the ill-will of three million people in the south.' Or: 'You can't broadcast this sequence. It doesn't lend itself to radio treatment, and would require a great deal of explanatory matter to make the setting clear to the listeners.' Or: 'Here, if they won't let you sing in pictures we certainly won't let you ruin yourself by singing on the air.'

"We owe that sort of treatment and broadcasting alike to pictures and radio and to our sponsors and our fans.

"Now as to the matter of good radio programs keeping the fans away from movie theatres. So what? You can't stop progress. Radio is here and exhibitors can't keep the stars off the air. Besides, the exhibitors had better be getting on the bandwagon themselves, preparing for the rapidly approaching day of television—just as many of the radio and movie stars are doing.

"Radio and motion pictures must be wedded for television. Hollywood is the logical place for that wedding, and what we are going through now is the natural and legitimate courtship. These little dramatic sketches and excerpts from pictures are really the forerunners of the beginning of practical television.

"So, definitely and positively, movie stars will not get off the air. Suppose the sponsors of the radio programs should suddenly announce that they would not longer permit their stars to appear in pictures because that competition hurt radio?

"The sponsors, however, and as soon as movie stars have the sort of protection they should have on radio programs, the motion picture exhibitors will be glad they are on the air."

MEANWHILE Hollywood continues to seethe, and many producers are attempting to straddle the fence, hoping for things to blow over. Samuel Goldwyn, however, is not one of those who is dodging the issue. He says, frankly, that he doesn't think anyone has a right to order stars off the air. If America's movie fans want to hear their favorite stars on the air, they are entitled to do so.

"If the motion picture exhibitors blame anybody," says Mr. Goldwyn, "it shouldn't be radio. Instead, they should blame the Hollywood motion picture producers. It isn't radio that is cutting box office receipts, it's poor pictures. If radio didn't keep fans away from second-rate pictures something else would.

"Our problem isn't to attempt to weaken radio broadcasts by denying them our stars—but to strengthen our pictures to meet their competition. And when we do this, then this light between radio and pictures will be a good thing for us.

"If our stars are not as good on the air as they might be—then we will show the public how much better they are in pictures than they ever can be on radio. When we do that, radio will be feeding us patrons.

"However, there is plenty of room for both radio and pictures—and I believe it is to our mutual advantage to have our stars as good as the air on expert direction and production can make them.

"So, in spite of all the headlines you may read to the contrary, you will probably continue to hear your favorite movie star on the radio and to see your favorite radio star in pictures.

"And how well you will realize this truth if you had shared the sight this writer witnessed at the Lux Theatre of the Air in Hollywood. Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone were broadcasting "Claimed," and anyone personally acquainted with Joan would know that she was having one of the biggest thrills of her life. As she leaned forward in her chair to put every word she had into the lines she was reading into the microphone, pride, excitement and happiness shone in her eyes.

"Joan's mother was out in front in the audience, and told us that this was the proudest moment of her life, because she knew Joan felt this was giving her a chance to do what she had always wanted to do. The money radio was paying Joan and Franchot for this appearance carried small weight beside Joan's faith that this was the first definite step toward television and the future American stage.

With the foremost stars in pictures regarding radio in this light, it seems that the exhibitors' drive to put motion picture players off the air may start a real fight in Hollywood.

Joan Bennett and her husband, Gene Markey, and Mary Brian leaving the church after the Ann Sothern-Roger Pryor wedding.

When answering advertisements, please mention December Movie Classic 79
"I'm Testing"
[Continued from page 49]

selecting the would-be motion picture actors and actresses.

"I should like to say this to all who read and mean to (go to Hollywood)—when you have a screen test made, whoever you may be, you may have the satisfaction of knowing there was a talent too much for it. Or we wouldn't be making the test at all. Too expensive. M-G-M spent in excess of $50,000 last year in making tests. Therefore, when you hear me pray that we'll have something as well as you.

"But the test itself is, actually, the last step in the process. It isn't as simple as just dropping in, stepping before the camera and going to it. First of all I talk to the screen applicant at some length. I listen to the timbre of her voice, her diction, watch the play of her hands, the expression in her eyes. Long experience has taught me to gauge, with fair success, the emotional depth, the comedy possibilities, the general potentiality of the applicant.

"Then, if I am interested or even if I am doubtful, I have the girl come back again. I have her read a scene aloud to me. I can make a decision whether she has been lying to me or not when I hear her read a scene. If I am planning to proceed with a test I may have her rehearse the scene many times, or with another established actor and give two or three days to it sometimes. Then I can judge her diction more accurately. For more and more is the meaning importance over features, figure, always, physical beauty.

"We try, always, to find a scene for the test which best fits the star we have or are about to be discovered to discover. The scene may be taken from a stage play, a current motion picture, a play you have done in High School, or something by me.

"Then I may ask the casting director, possibly a producer or two, to come in and hear you read the scene. This is called an Audition. And if, then, the applicant still seems to have possibilities, if the other opinions check with mine, we go ahead with the scene, the talking test. And we go to the same detailed pains for making a test as we do for making a scene in a working production.

"The girls are given the make-up department. Make-up experts experiment with her until they find the make-up which seems to suit her best. Then she is sent to the hairdresser and various coiffures are tried. Then to the wardrobe department where costumes suitable to the part she is to play are tried on, fitted, made right in every particular. Next the set is made ready.

"WHEN, at last, the test scene is actually shooting we shoot it several times as in the making of a picture. If a line is muffed, if the sound man is dissatisfied, we make it over and over again and no expense spared.

"We also provide a complete cast to work with the tests. If the scene calls for a cast of a dozen, we have a large enough number of persons on the set. On many occasions the stars themselves offer their services, come down after their own week's working hours to do the tests. Garbo spent one whole evening making a test with a man who was trying out for a part in The Passport. On the following day he came down for two further nights running to make a test with a young amateur making her first test.

"And even when all is done we do not expect perfection from the newcomer. It is said that tests are not fair, that the amateur is nervous, that we're giving an ultimatum one way or the other and cannot do her just. We do not expect her to do her best. And it is fair, the test, because experience has to date proved it.

"Isn't it true," I asked, "that some of the young players who have themselves passed tests and even been given contracts are forced to stooge for other newcomers, and are lost in the process. I remember Muriel Evans telling me that she had two tests where the whole 'where' she got was to feed lines to testees. Maureen O'Sullivan went through a spell of doing the same thing—and she was terrified for fear she'd be lost, not even on the cutting room floor, but in the tests where only the back of her head would be seen."

"Yes," said the woman, "today, occasionally something of the sort does happen. But only occasionally and not for long, as a rule. It's the fortunes of war, any kind of fortunes. A hit on the one side is a hit sometimes works in reverse, too. There is the famous case of Karen Morley. She was sitting in the casting office one day with three for extras when one happened in. He wanted someone to make a test with him, to read him Garbo's lines while he made his test for a part in Inspiration. It was only a voice-a part. He chose Karen because she happened to be handy. She read the lines. The producers-those who had the voice on the sound track, they asked immediately whose voice was that—who was the girl—where was she? They finally located her and liked her so much that she not only got the part of Lilian in Inspiration but also a long term contract with M-G-M."

Hal Mohr, Academy prize winner for camera work last year (and husband of Evelyn Venable) told me: 'I've made hundreds of tests and I know that sheer fright makes the people being tested act stupid—and look stupid. They aren't sufficiently prepared, perhaps, for all that is before them. Nor are the players the only ones who commit blunders, act stupid. I made every first test. I've seen just photographic tests—we didn't get as far as the scene tests because I didn't believe she had camera possibilities! I'd like to absolve my screen soul a little by saying that it wasn't entirely my fault. Garbo was badly made up. At that time we tried to make every player look alike. We made every one up in the deluded hope that they would look uniformly 'pretty.' You may imagine that there wasn't much left of the Garbo image after we got through with this treatment.

"I also made the first test Al Jolson ever made—for The Jazz Singer—the father of the talkies. Al was so nervous that I thought he'd collapse. I had to stop shooting every few minutes and talk to him. It took days and days to get stuff on Al so we couldn't embarrassed the Al you know on the screen today."

"Gary Cooper is the only ranking star in Hollywood, so far, who has not made a contract test at all. He was given the first camera-less test on record. He had been doing extra work. He was suggested by both Bessie Venable (now Miss Abe Lee in The Winning of Barbara Worth, standing Viola Banky and Ronald Colman) He was ushered into an office
Here's the world record breaking shampoo. It took twelve hours for this scene of Ann Sothern shampooing Gene Raymond's hair for RKO-Radio's The Smartest Girl In Town. Director Joseph Santley watches the proceedings.
the last two bits in his pocket (if he ever gets that low AGAIN), and who'll fight for his friends' sake each ounce of him- self, mentally and physically.

And they know the Cary Grant who's a fool for Cupid, who falls in and out of love like a man who can't believe all women and yet treats THE woman of his moment with a casual off-handness that sometimes amuses them, more often burns them up.

There, you see, are at least five different Cary Grants. He's not just a Jekyll-Hyde sort of guy; he's the whole damned Jekyll and Hyde family! But through whatever character he's in at the moment, there's one dominant trait that's always part of him. That is his complete, utter, Un-Hollywoodian lack of self-importance. Cary Grant is the actor with the smallest bump of ego in Hollywood. It was knocked out of him, long ago.

I'm going to tell you about him. I'm going to tell you about a lot of odd facts, amusing stories, about the Cary Grant of today, and of yesterday. And you'll never hear before, I think. Because Cary doesn't talk about himself, and the kind of friends he has don't talk about him, either.

About that lack of self-importance. It lasted long before Cary—by the way, his real name is Archie Leach, Imagine!—came to Hollywood. It died when, to keep a roof over his head and some food in his middle, he had himself, job walking on stilts in a clown suit at Coney Island. By the time a lot of kids from the Bronx had asked him, ten thousand times a day. How's the weather up d'ere, mister? he didn't feel so big any more. And any trace of self-inflation that was left fled when he and Orry-Kelly, now big-shot designer in Hollywood, shared a dinky room together in New York broke as a kid's toy the day after Christmas—and hand-painted neck-ties to peddle so they wouldn't starve or be kicked into the street.

It was just about that time that Cary stood before a cracked mirror and told himself: I'm going to get some place. I've got to get some place. I'm going to work at it. I'll show 'em I can do it. He did it. The boy, it seems, amounted to much—even though he has convinced some of the hardest-boiled producers and directors in Hollywood.

They say he takes his work seriously. Well, you understand the reason, don't you? But at the same time, he never is satisfied with his work. The very first job he ever got in Hollywood was a role in This Is the Night. He saw the preview. He winched. He went straight home before the picture was over, threw his personal belongings into some ancient luggage, drove his ratly car around front, and was throwing the stuff in it, ready for a helter-skelter flight back east, when some friends came by to congratulate him on his work.

"You were swell," they yelled at him.

"I was lousy. I'm going away," he yelled back.

It took a solid hour of arguing before he decided to stay. It wasn't because he was convinced that he was good. He merely said to himself that he was still alive in his own eyes, but if others thought he was all right, why, what the deuce...?

EVEN today, he's a nuisance to his directors. After every good take of any of his scenes, he begins to argue him into letting it stand. Cary insists it was bad, and wants to do it over. If the directors didn't talk him out of it, Cary'd be back to the same argument. But Cary doesn't care. He can't ever forget what a stage director in New York told him, when he along with Allan Jones, was working in the theater for the first time. He said the stage manager, "are a handsome young mug and you wear clothes awful nice. But you're a hell of an actor."

Ever since then he hasn't liked directors too much. That's why they have such a hard time convincing him they're right when they tell him he's done a scene well. That's why he always goes to the electricians and grips, and gets their ok before he'll believe the director! Sometimes it burns directors up!

In his determination to be a good actor, he retires into a thespian-monastic life when "in production. He cuts out all the paraphernalia of his daily life. He doesn't discuss the lines, and study his lines and reads them out loud, with gestures, preparing for the afternoons' takes. After the day's shooting, he hurries home, takes a plunge in the surf (he lives at the beach, you know), gobbles some dinner, and locks himself into his study with the script. He studies it for hours. Then bed—and next morning, he's on the set and knows his lines. That's more than a lot of other actors do.

On the set, too, you'll find a facet of that other side of— that strange utter-giving-of-himself that he bestows on a very few persons. You see, Cary has had too many hard knocks to trust himself to people. He's afraid of any movie, of any接近 in which he's afraid of be close friends. But one in a while, somebody breaks through, and then Cary goes head-over-heels. That's the way it is with a young fellow with a smashed hand, a young fellow named Mal Merriligh. Not long ago, Mal was a star pitcher for the Kansas City Blues. Then he smashed the first finger he had. He was broken-hearted, customs his hopes. Cary met him. Mal somehow clicked with Cary. And now—well, they officially register Mal as Cary's stand-in. But I'll be tripled-darned if it isn't the other way around. Actually, Cary is stand-in for his own stand-in! It's like this; Cary always manages to wangle a part for Mal, in his pictures. And Cary stands in for Mal when Mal is preparing for the take. More than that, the leading man Mal is supposed to be standing in for Cary, he's really out somewhere—Cary's told him to go take a rest for him- self, or something like that. And when there's no Cary's stand-in, for those long, hot, tedious minutes of focusing and lighting, it's Cary himself who, uncomplain- ingly, stands in the glare and waits, while Mal is taking it easy and getting back in his livelihood, his hopes. Cary met him. Mal somehow clicked with Cary. And now—well, they officially register Mal as Cary's stand-in. But I'll be tripled-darned if it isn't the other way around. Actually, Cary is stand-in for his own stand-in! It's like this; Cary always manages to wangle a part for Mal, in his pictures. And Cary stands in for Mal when Mal is preparing for the take. More than that, the leading man Mal is supposed to be standing in for Cary, he's really out somewhere—Cary's told him to go take a rest for him- self, or something like that. And when there's no Cary's stand-in, for those long, hot, tedious minutes of focusing and lighting, it's Cary himself who, uncomplain- ingly, stands in the glare and waits, while Mal is taking it easy and getting back in his livelihood, his hopes. Cary met him. Mal somehow clicked with Cary. And now—well, they officially register Mal as Cary's stand-in. But I'll be tripled-darned if it isn't the other way around. Actually, Cary is stand-in for his own stand-in! It's like this; Cary always manages to wangle a part for Mal, in his pictures. And Cary stands in for Mal when Mal is preparing for the take. More than that, the leading man Mal is supposed to be standing in for Cary, he's really out somewhere—Cary's told him to go take a rest for him- self, or something like that. And when there's no Cary's stand-in, for those long, hot, tedious minutes of focusing and lighting, it's Cary himself who, uncomplain- ingly, stands in the glare and waits, while Mal is taking it easy and getting back in his livelihood, his hopes. Cary met him. Mal somehow clicked with Cary. And now—well, they officially register Mal as Cary's stand-in. But I'll be tripled-darned if it isn't the other way around. Actually, Cary is stand-in for his own stand-in! It's like this; Cary always manages to wangle a part for Mal, in his pictures. And Cary stands in for Mal when Mal is preparing for the take. More than that, the leading man Mal is supposed to be standing in for Cary, he's really out somewhere—Cary's told him to go take a rest for him- self, or something like that. And when there's no Cary's stand-in, for those long, hot, tedious minutes of focusing and lighting, it's Cary himself who, uncomplain- ingly, stands in the glare and waits, while Mal is taking it easy and getting back in his livelihood, his hopes. Cary met him. Mal somehow clicked with Cary. And now—well, they officially register Mal as Cary's stand-in. But I'll be tripled-darned if it isn't the other way around. Actually, Cary is stand-in for his own stand-in! It's like this; Cary always manages to wangle a part for Mal, in his pictures. And Cary stands in for Mal when Mal is preparing for the take. More than that, the leading man Mal is supposed to be standing in for Cary, he's really out somewhere—Cary's told him to go take a rest for him- self, or something like that. And when there's no Cary's stand-in, for those long, hot, tedious minutes of focusing and lighting, it's Cary himself who, uncomplain-
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Next Month

Be sure to read the amazing story of the five million dollar battle over Gary Cooper.

As a party bound, Cary’s not so hot. He gives very few parties of his own, and then there are only a few in—the few close friends he allows himself to have. It’s on these occasions that the playboy Cary comes, now and then, to life. Out of a gloomy reserve he emerges— he suddenly bound like a football. Wham whom, on the piano. Rat-a-tap-tap-tap with a clogstep on the hardwood floor. Talk goes on and on around the room with the speed and sting of a flight of wild bees. And then, all of a sudden, the mood will climb on Cary’s back, and he returns to his more usual quietude.

He does like girls. But he admits he’s sort of scared of them. He wouldn’t admit, for the world, that he was in love and out of love equally— he knows who know him insist he does. Right now, it’s plainly Mary Brian. Sometimes, though, Betty Furness, even with those trick hats, takes Mary’s place in the night-club scene.

Once he talked about himself and his love. “I’m an awful poor Romeo,” he said. “When I go courting, it’s a pretty sad performance. I guess I’m too deadly intense, and I can’t express, in words, the deep feelings I’m trying to convey. So I’m just a middle-tongued book.”

The gal of his moment has to learn to take Cary as he is. He’s casual. Appointments mean nothing to him—he merely varies his mode as the time and circumstance drift. And when one day he variably arrives late, no matter what the date is, he’s always got an excuse. Sometimes it’s well. Sometimes it’s fair. Sometimes it’s just awful. But she has to take it if she likes Cary. And she’d better not look for ords or corsages when he’s taking her out. However, she thinks he’s sent the wrong order her seven times. He acts on the spur of the moment, rather than down the conventional prescribed channels. And he’s absent-minded as all get-out.

Yet he idealizes, worships women. He endows all women with those story-book attributes they have. He doesn’t believe they can be loud, vulgar. He thinks they are invariably understanding, tolerant, companionable, fine.

It was when he was still married to Virginia that Cary expressed his philosophy of marriage. “Marriage should not destroy the individuality of either party,” he has said. “If there’s any difference, Virginia wants to do, she may.” She did. Yet, if he marries again, Cary will again insist on that same marital philosophy. There’s no use talking about him. But the space isn’t there. Some people say Cary’s colorless. That’s twaddle. You could talk and write about Cary for page after page, he’s so full of color and complexities. His modesty—the day a bearded errant boy at Paramount tongue-tied an English countess, as George Brent. To which Cary, with a hushtown grin, apologized to the visitor, and said, “I’m sorry to disappoint you. I’d like to be George Brent, but I’m only Cary Grant.”

Cary was born in Bristol, and his dad and family are still there. He wraps up the American funny papers every Sunday morning and sends them to his kid brother, over there. They don’t have such things in England, my word!! But in Cary, the only Britisher, remaining are that stand-offishness he sometimes manifests, and his inward squamiveness about seeing himself in print. Beyond that, he’s become completely Americanized.

And the first thing he said, when he returned from his last visit to his folks in England, was: “Thank Heaven, I can have a hot dog and a hamburger again!”

When answering advertisements, please mention December Movie Classic 83
I Want to Meet That Man

(Continued from page 47)

and with each other.

One day I have been down town shopping and arrive home with a few things. He starts looking over my purchases with a critical eye and says, "How much money did you spend today?"

"Oh, about ten dollars," I reply.

"Look, do you really need all these things?"

"Yes," I say definitely.

"Well, however so, I don't see how we can ever save any money. You never seem to think of tomorrow."

TOMORROW comes. He goes down town to get some soap and ties. Two hours later a car swoops up the driveway, a door slams, the hat slaps across the room (he's expert at ringing it on the wall fixtures). The master is home. The house is alive again. He's beaming. I ask, "Did you find the soap and ties you wanted?"

"Sure! I didn't find the soap and ties?" he inquires vaguely. "Oh yes, so I did.

"No. I didn't find any but this sweater, something? And look at this honey of a tennis racquet I picked up for a song. Beauty, huh? Oh, by the way—there's a little gift for you."

I read a sentimental verse in his handwriting—and I open my package to find a lovely dinner ring, a bottle of my favorite perfume and a negligee! I like such fun—even with the tomatoes.

Another day, "Don, we need a new stove."

"A new stove! Now, the old one's all right. Jo. We can't afford a new stove. Oh well, I suppose we might as well look at 'em. Come on."

Downtown we go. At the store he says, "Let's look at dishes, too."

He likes two very lovely sets but I can't make up my mind which I want. While I'm deciding he guesses he'll look at the stoves. He goes, "I decide on my dishes."

He's back and has a package under his arm. "Hurry," he says, "let's pick out a stove. We're on our way home."

But I'm curious about the package.

"Well, open it," he beams, "it's just a little present for you."

I do. It's an ermine coat, unbelievably lovely. Don't you think that selecting a stove with Donald Woods is a marvelous experience?

One day he's up in the clouds. He's just heard he's going to do a part in a picture that he likes. He comes in dancing, showers me with flowers and says, "Pack your bags! We're leaving. I've chartered a plane, and we're going to Caliente for the week-end.""Weaky, I protest. "But we're having friends in for dinner."

"Tell 'em they're having dinner with us in Mexico!"

I do. They do.

Another day he's in the depths. Everything seems to have gone wrong all in one day. We go out to a party. Even that doesn't cheer him up. It's very late when we get home. He's lying in bed, the light on, and restlessly, "What's the matter, Don?" I ask.

"Oh, nothing YOU can't forget today?"

"I guess not. Just feeling low."

Half an hour goes by. I suggest he turn out the light. He does, but says he knows he won't to sleep. Silence reigns—for moments. Then suddenly, out of the darkness, "Say, Jo, wouldn't you like some

LOOKING FOR A WIFE!

Is this not a wonderful description? This is the character of the man whom a woman might choose if she knew nothing about him. Just stop for a moment. I am writing to you, a disappointment. This is the man who has to be found—this is the type of man who will not be worth having! The man who is the great disappointment. The man who is the great failure."

He's rich.

He's handsome.

But still, Nina Martini, singing star of The Gay Desperado, has never found love. Read her own frank admission of frustration in the December issue of SCREEN PLAY

Magazine of Romance

Here you will find a thrilling variety of real life stories of Hollywood stars, stories so glamorous, so romantic that they read like fiction—such as "Tragedy's Challenge to Norma Shearer.", "Our Kappa Alpha Royal" (Joan Blondell's college romances), "Mixing Movies and Marriage" (the Charles Boyer-Pat Patterson love story), "Rochelle Hudson's Five-Year Diary", "It Happened in Monterey" (Olivia de Havilland's romantic highway adventure), and many others.

AT ALL NEWSSTANDS 10c

LEG SUFFERERS

Why continue to suffer? Do something to secure quick relief. Write for leaflet:

"Try Safe Food Method of Home Treatment." It tells about Various Veias, Various Ulcers, Open Leg Sores, Milk or Fever Sores, Eczema, Lice, Methods Worth while and you save. More than 60 years of success. Praised and endorsed by thousands.

LIEBE METHODS, 3284 N. Green Bay Ave., Dept 70-H Milwaukee, Wis.

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bubbles up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks bleak.

Laxatives are only make-believes. 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 freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. Rubbery refill anything else. 25¢ at all drug stores.

©1925, C.M.Co.
little thin hotcakes and coffee?"

I would. We don't party clothes again and are off for the Brown Derby at two in the morning for hotcakes. All's right with the world again. He's unpredictable.

But he enjoys life, likes good literature, and other kinds too. Just try and get him away from a detective story! He enjoys listening for hours to symphonies but his feet begin to tap when he hears popular music. He can act, play the piano, sing, swim, play tennis, football, box, dance and is grand company—but he's not perfect. Oh, no! He can't cook, is a bad fisherman, scares me to death when he drives, and likes blondes. If I lose him at a party I know where I'll find him—chatting gaily with the most beautiful blonde in the room. I decided once to do something about it. I had my hair very decidedly blonded. When he came home one night from work, I was sitting in the parlor, luxuriously blond and dad in my very best lounging pajamas.

He took one look and, then, "My word—you look terrible!"

I dyed my hair red the next day, and since then it's grown back to its own natural color, which happens to be red. And now Don has a marked partiality for brunettes!

Apart from his work, his hobby is electricity. He can spend an entire morning putting around the house with electric cords, lamps, lanterns and light bulbs in general. As a result, the Woods have lights hanging from the most amazing places, at inconceivable distances from the floor sockets. An electric iron, waffle iron, toaster, anything of the sort going on the "blinks" gives him instantaneous joy. Immediately he's busy with wires and bolts.

Once before we were married, I was ill. It was during summer vacation. We were both going to University in the winter and Don was looking for some summer work to carry him through the year. One evening he came to see me, looking very tired but bringing with him six perfect American Beauty roses. They shall always be the most beautiful bouquet I have ever received. I didn't know until several weeks later that in order to bring me these flowers he had gone without dinner and walked from Hollywood to Beverly Hills (a distance of 10 miles), where he was staying with friends.

And now that I've told my story—I think I'm just courting trouble. I'll still keep my fingers crossed but would appreciate any suggestions on other methods of holding a real person, a grand actor, and my husband—Donald Woods.
The Plainsman

[Continued from page 30]

Thus the redskins were able to make use of the white men for 20 years.

DeMille delayed the main-spring of his entire plot, since it was as a result of it that Custer was slain and Wild Bill Hickok and Buffalo Bill Cody performed some of their most noted exploits.

Several historical misconceptions were cleared up during the research on the picture, the most interesting being that Horace Greeley did not say "go West, young man." This historical advice was given by Editor Soule of the Terre Haute (Ind.) State Journal.

A deleted question was the status of Sitting Bull. He was not an Indian Chief, as many suppose, but a medicine man and as such the shrewd genius behind the activities of the Indians. "Rain-in-the-Face" was the chief of the tribe and Sitting Bull tried to stop the Custer Massacre because he realized what would happen.

The usual DeMille method of casting from visualizations was followed in selecting the players for this picture. Gary Cooper matches Wild Bill Hickok in physical proportions and soft-spoken manner. Jean Arthur was chosen for the role of Calamity Jane after Mr. DeMille had considered every actor and saw thousands of girls from all over the country who submitted their photographs.

The unique quality of Calamity Jane's character made the role especially difficult to cast. Calamity was a born siren, the loveliest woman in the West, without any trace of sophistication. She was entirely unmoutned and unspoiled, and as good as a bullwhip with she was with her eyes. Miss Arthur was the only actress that impressed Mr. DeMille with having the right combination of innocence, native sophistication, brevity and charm to bring the character of Calamity to the screen.

James Ellison portrays the role of Buffalo Bill and Hecie Burgess that of Louise Cody. This is Miss Burgess' first appearance on the screen. She was tested and cast in the role after Mr. DeMille had seen her in the various Calamity Jane pictures. It was convinced that she was exactly as he had visualized Louise Cody.

A second company of 100 technicians was dispatched to the Tongue River country near Lame Deer, Montana, to film the Custer Massacre and the battle of Beecher's Island. Two thousand five hundred Cheyenne and Sioux Indians and several picked squads of the 115th Cavalry, Wyoming National Guard, were engaged for battle scenes for the picture.

Each fifty men was designated an interpreter, with each interpreter responsible to Chief Thunder Bird, technical director of the film.

A NEW experiment in direction was tried in the filming of the Montana scenes for The Plainsman. Using a model of an island, Mr. DeMille started directing from Hollywood by remote control every camera set-up and scene being accomplished by telephone and chart. The actual site of an island in the Tongue River, to which the second company was dispatched. At one end of this island was a circular barricade of boxes, trees and covered wagons, where movable clay figures of pioneers and U.S. cavalrymen figuratively are besieged by thousands of redskins and which was broadcast live over the radio stations of the United States.
CHEYENNES.

Assisted by photographs of the actual island and surrounding territory, DeMille figured out camera angles and action which is indicated by red pencil on black and white maps of the island.

In Hollywood five acres of sets, some of them with a history dating back to pre-


sound days, were demolished to make way for the elaborate sets for The Plainsman. A street in Deadwood City was constructed where the gates of Jerusalem have stood for more than a year. On the site of the walled city of Acre was duplicated the docks of Lecavenov as they were just after the war with the states. A section of Windsor Castle gave way to the river boats and docks of St. Louis.

There will be a bathroom but no bath-


In The Plainsman, because the buildings of that period would be unrecognizable to the theatre-goers today. However, a char-

acter famous in a previous DeMille bat-

htub scene is cast in the picture. He is Satan, the little bird who performed his aubitions in Madame Satan. Satan has been in retirement at the DeMille home since he forsook his screen career but he seemed quite enthusiastic about the prospect of a comeback.

The picture department at the studio had a rather difficult time in obtaining 400 buffalo hides. These had to be secured a few at a time from more than a hundred sources including taxidermists, museums and buffalo parks.

More than 5,000 individual costumes were provided by the studio wardrobe department and were tailored from sketches by the company designers. They range from army uniforms to frontier homespun, and from "city duds" of the '60's to Indian war bonnets. Twenty-five wardrobe workers were required on the big sets to dress the principals and extras and keep the costumes from being lost or seriously damaged.

The Plainsman is an effort on the part of Mr. DeMille to portray the West as it actually existed because he feels that of all the periods of American history most familiar to the public, the West has been most mistrusted as to purpose. He is trying to illustrate that the rugged life; gun-toting, rough men were striving toward a definite goal against terrific odds to build an empire that is a credit to their courage.

Photo by Charles Rhodes

Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone step out for dinner on the cook's night off

BREAST-O-CHICKEN BRAND
TUNA FISH

Getting the party off to a good start often depends on a clever cocktail or canape. Clip these Hollywood recipes for use when you entertain...and be sure to use Breast-O-Chicken Brand in the making of them!

SAVORY TUNA SPREAD

1 lb. BREAST-O-CHICKEN TUNA, shredded
1 tsp. chopped pimiento
1 tsp. French dressing
1 tsp. mayonnaise
Combine all ingredients for a rich wall Serve on an open faced sandwich spread.

OCEAN WAVE COCKTAIL

1 can BREAST-O-CHICKEN TUNA
1 can lemon juice
1 tsp. chili sauce
2 tbsp. horseradish
1 tbsp. salt
Make a sauce by combining liquids and salt. Chill thoroughly. Served tuna, pile on chilled cocktail glasses, pour over sauce Serve very cold with cheese wafers.

POOR ENGLISH!

How much is it costing you in wasted opportunity?

Every day your associates are judging you by what you look like, how you talk. Hazy ideas, ill-formed words, halting sentences, grunts, a loud, oratory speech—there mark a man as low in the social scale. English, the universal language, is the key to your success or failure. Here are the things that prohibit your advancement—illiteracy, slang speech, and ill-timed jokes. This is the English you should learn and use in words and sentences. The exercises in this book are completely practical and are a help toward the realization of your ambition. Order now and learn a language which will be of value to you in the future.

Poor English Is Costing You In Wasted Opportunity

Send for the One Spot Test

LAKE LABORATORIES

Lake St., Detroit 7, Michigan
What Two Stars Owe the Quinns

[Continued from page 33]

drick Ruxton, a permanent girl in the nursery, advises the thousands of visitors who come here daily as to the Shrine—when cameras and lights have been lifted out of the windows, and the nursery girls again minus the paraphernalia of picture-making, they all let-down. Their foreheads are beaded with perspiration. Their lips white with effort.)

"Aside from the new success the babies have made possible for me," Jean continues, drawing softly on his pipe, "they color every day of my life. I receive letters from mothers who ask advice about their children. Hundreds of letters have come to me in the past six months solely concerned with the Quinns. What is the matter? Do they eat? What are they really like? Are they truly beautiful? At a conservative estimate, I have had three thousand requests for those little pebbles from the Nursery Acres which are supposed to bring good fortune to childless couples."

DOROTHY PETERSON'S story parallels Jean's. In 1930 she made her first picture—Mother's Cry. A great actress, producers agreed. A skillful actress and beautiful—next five years Dorothy had few roles which either tested or were worthy of her talents. Then her assignment as "Nurse Kennedy" came.

Suddenly on the screen was a new Dorothy Peterson—with a clear-cut charm, with that arresting, straightforward, delightful sincerity so few actresses possess. A girl with a great gift for comedy, an ability to handle dramatic situations deftly. With an unusual beauty—and features as nicely defined as a cameo.

And so Dorothy Peterson too, like Herscholt, found herself a player of importance. Producers who had written her off were nodded out sagely and predicted brilliant things for this girl but did nothing about it, came forward with the inevitable avalanche of "Told-you-so's."

Dorothy, as a person, has an absorbing interest in the Quinns and their future—in their development and their growth. Cecile has been her shadow since shooting began on this present location trip. For minutes on end she sits with this baby in her lap, slowly repeating one French word after another—while Cecile struggles to imitate her.

"I'd like to spend at least six months with the Quinns—not making pictures—but watching them, taking care of them, seeing them thrive. I can't think of a more fascinating occupation."

Dorothy is a girl not given to easy words, nor a quick display of enthusiasm. In her very quietness, one senses not only her deep devotion to Yvonne, Marie, Cecile, Emelie and Enric, gradually, but the realization of the miracle they represent! Miracle babies they are! And a miracle they have accomplished!

For consider the cases of Dorothy Peterson and Jean Herscholt—and the effect the Quinns have had on their careers—and on their hearts!
Hollywood and Young Girls

[Continued from page 55]

there, so I approached two other famous mothers—Beresford and Mrs. Fred Stone, to enlighten it further.

MRS. BERESFORD is Anita Louise’s mother. Though young, petite and almost as lovely as her beautiful daughter, she is one of the cleverest women in Hollywood. Her knowledge is a factor in Anita’s climb to stardom. There was no mistake the sincere ring of her voice as she said, “If anyone can be in the world can be to be safe for young girls—that place is Hollywood! The world notices its frailities and weaknesses because Hollywood, in the final analysis, is a town. Its people are famous, and everything they do is news to the outer world.

Any girl trained to recognize the real values of life should be self-reliant anywhere. And I am proud to feel that Anita is properly equipped to face life on a solid footing in every respect. In moral fibre. In business, too. Even to what was meant of a home—for that is important, too.

I know something of the training Anita’s mother has given her. I know how she works hard at her own home, where dancing, in music, in languages, in needlework. I know something of the character training instilled in her, too. How Mrs. Beresford protected herself the personal satisfaction of smoking because she didn’t want cigarettes to become attractive to Anita. Hollywood’s “flying youth” hasn’t even a spark of vice, in Mrs. Beresford’s opinion. “Any one believing the Hollywood boys and girls are a rowdy, drinking crowd is doing them a grave injustice,” she told me with conviction.

“J don’t hesitate to say that Anita’s friends—among whom are Tommy Beck, Patricia Ellis, Paula Stone, James Bush, the Durkin sisters, Alma Lloyd—are as clean-minded and clean-living a group as you will find anywhere. And far less sophisticated. They have wholesome fun and jolly times like any group of nice young people.

This generation of young film players is a wise group on the whole. They’re in this business as a business, treating it in that light. Many of them are shouldering the responsibility of older younger brothers and sisters to support. They have to believe. Besides, profiting by the sad experiences of previous generations of actors and actresses whose credo was that of “Today we live, for tomorrow we die,” the present generation would consider it stupid to rush into fire and get their fingers burned.”

WHEN Anita’s mother spoke of the fun and jolly times that the film youngsters have, I knew to what she was referring. For Anne Shirley’s roller-skating parties at the Rollerдрome in Culver City are famous. As are Alma Lloyd’s crawfish hunts at her family’s ranch, where the film cuties and their boy friends indulge in such “wild” pastimes as wading in the creek for crawfish, hunting for elusive mushroom, playing tin-punting and posing for group pictures! Then there was Tom Brown’s birthday party, where everybody sat on the floor and played “Cuggehen” (Paula Stone’s jiffy supper, highlighted by running off early films of the era when heroines were ver-i-ry good, and villains were just as bad, until why go on, for the Hollywood younger set’s “wild parties” are indisputably tame.

Mrs. Fred Stone was just what I had pictured the wife and mother of the famous “Stepping Stones” to be. Among the first to meet her on her arrival in Hollywood, I was immediately attracted by her charm, poise and intelligence.

“So they say Hollywood is wicked!” mission Allen Crater Stone, erstwhile stage beauty, is now contented and happy to sit back and watch her husband carry over the Stone fame from Broadway to Hollywood, aided and abetted by daughters Dorothy and Carol.

“Nothing thinking person can honestly regard Hollywood as ‘wicked,’” she added. “Yes, it is a little different from other cities, in my estimation. It has a more wholesome atmosphere, more poetic surroundings. It has days of sunshine—which mean hours that can be devoted to healthy sports. Yes. Hollywood is truly different! Observing my daughters and their friends, I find that the young people in pictures work hard and play just hard enough.”

“In every city, country—in every walk of life, there are people who, through a mistaken sense of true values, seek excitement in dissipation. But that is not after all the whole. I pointed to the fact that she had remarried in New York with the “baby” of the family, Carol, who is just eighteen, to the rule that Hollywood was in Hollywood. Was it because she felt Carol needed a chaperone while on the stage?

“No young girl in any city should be without an older companion,” was her quiet reply. “Do I not chaperone my girls in the old-fashioned sense of the word. But there are times when a fella needs a friend—and that friend should be close at hand to comfort, advise and admonish, as occasion demands. I am proud that my daughters have sought my advice when they felt the need of talking over their problems with an older person, and I have always striven to be on hand when they asked my counsel.”

It was the advice of counsel that Carol, resigned from a New York play, which, shall I say, was a bit off-color? But the Stones, mere and pere, have no objections to Carol renewing her film career. You will recall that she made one picture, Freckles and as soon as her present stage engagement is completed, she plans to return to Hollywood for another fling at the flickers.

All of which should make those selfish, self-appointed moralists out to “reform” Hollywood seek more fertile fields of sin and iniquity. Myself, I’m going to bring up all my daughters in Hollywood!”

WRITE Michigan Lady

Is fat making you miserable? Many other women, who used to sit back, ashamed because they have found a new joy in living after freeing themselves from this hated burden! Don’t let your controllable fat rob you of happiness!

READ WHAT THESE WOMEN WRITE:

Mrs. L. R. Schulze, Jackson, Mich., lady writes: “After being overweight almost all my life, I reduced 55 lbs. with REDUC-OIDS.” Gladysse Evans, Registered Nurse at Dayton, O., writes: “Lost 47 lbs.” Mrs. J. Pollock, Green, Iowa, writes: “Lost 34 lbs. REDUC-OIDS are pleasing.” Another Graduate Nurse, Mrs. V. Haskett of San Francisco, says: “Followed directions and was soon delightfully surprised to find my weight steadily decreasing until I lost 27 lbs. in all the time. I can recommend REDUC-OIDS.”

IMPORTANT!...Positively NO DINITROPHENOL REDUC-OIDS have been sold by druggists and department stores for 22 years.

FAT GOES...OR MONEY BACK!

Your money returned in full if results are not what you want; sold by druggists everywhere—or if your dealer is out, send us for 1 package or $5 for 3 packages, direct to us, CURRENCY, Money Order, or Stamps. (Enclose 10c fee if ordering C.O.D.). Plain wrapper.

American Medical Products, Inc. Dept. F3012 746 Sansome Street, San Francisco, Calif. For which I enclose payment, on your personal order.

NAME__________________________

Address______________________________

City____________________State__________

RESINOL

For First Aid in relieving common skin ailments or skin injuries always rely on...Free!

Resinol

Sample free, Resinol, Dept. 4-T, Balto., Md.

ACCOUNTING

Accountants command big income. Thousands needed. About 14,000 Certified Public Accountants in U. S. Many earn $5,000 to $20,000. Work at your leisure at home in spare time for C.P.A. examination 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 for valuable 64-page book, "Accounting, the Profession That Pays!"

LASALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY

Dept. 1230-11

Chicago, Illinois

When answering advertisements, please mention December Movie Classic
T WENTY years ago when motion picture theatres were neat, but not gaudy nickelodeons, this writer deserted the arduous avocation of writing pieces about them for Los Angeles newspaper consumption to become publicity director for the then up-and-coming Universal studios. The theatres, gargantuan with their 400 seats, offering colored slides for “ulcerated” songs accompanied by inspiring music from a peri-patetic piano player and super-features of one and two reels from such packing houses of canned drama as Vitagraph, Selig, Biograph, Kalem, Essanay, Lubin, were indeed in their infancy, while the studios, desecrating the orange and olive groves of the Los Angeles suburb known as Hollywood, were squalling brats in swaddling clothes.

The new job of “publicity director”, about which neither studios nor persons engaged for the job knew a great deal, seemed a fulfillment of the dire prophecy that “I would come to no good end” made by a fellow-townsmen of my native village of Gallipolis, Ohio, one O. O. McIntyre. “Odd!”, as he was known in Gallipolis in the days when he chronicled the “up and down river” items in the leading daily, (or was it weekly?) of the quaint little French city, had once caught me carrying matches, and even smoking corn silk cigarettes behind his Aunt Kate’s house. It was to my cousin Harry Maddy that this prototype of the “old meanie” of today confided this curse.

It seems that I had been drafted for the new job because the studio bosses had discovered my predecessor sneaking time off from his duties of showing a delegation of the members of the Turnverein from Laupheim, Germany, around the lot and explaining what it was all about to visiting clothing salesmen from Oshkosh to write articles glorifying Universal stars and productions.

What a double decade of progress has been made since I, as a rosy-cheeked, idealistic youth of high enthusiasm and boundless energy, daily rode my high-wheeled bicycle over the historic Cahuenga Pass cowpath that is now the world-famous Cahuenga Boulevard, over which today stream endlessly the sleek motors of directors, stars, and other studio employees on their way between their sylvan, rural retreats in the San Fernando Valley and the Hollywood studios.

T WENTY years ago Hollywood was just a romantic name, also imported from Ohio, designating a vast expanse of orchard and prairie sleeping in the shadow of the sun-baked hills.

It had been founded by tireless prohibitionists who introduced local option to California, and had been annexed to Los Angeles because that was the only method of providing water supply. At its outset, paradoxically enough, the town was cradled in austerity and reeled with propriety.

Today the name and fame of Hollywood rings round the world. The U. S. Postal Guide lists no such postoffice as Hollywood, nor does Hollywood have a railroad station, an airport or a harbor. Its limits are known to very few of its residents and thousands of Los Angeles folks receive their mail addressed to Hollywood, but only through courtesy and efficiency of the postal department.

Los Angeles looks on Hollywood as one of its first-string suburbs, but to the rest of the world Los Angeles is a suburb of Hollywood.

Hollywood fashions influence the clothing of the entire civilized world. Greta Garbo once wore an Empress Eugenie hat and overnight millinery manufacturers all over the globe sweated their employees night and day to turn out Eugenie hats to meet the demand.

Hollywood has combed the world for exceptional skill in every craft, for exceptional talent in every art, gathering within her glamorous portals the cream of writers, painters, musicians, designers in metal, cloth and every other known material.

Hollywood has set styles all over the world in plumbing, motor cars and even speech and manners.

HOLLYWOOD has raided the New York stage for the best of its players, its directors, its most beautiful and accomplished stars, its designers and craftsmen and technicians, while the best of European talent has also been imported.

Naturally the population of this fabled community has increased apace.

Twenty years ago the district recognized as Hollywood had less than 35,000 inhabitants. Today the population is estimated at 165,000, while the glamour and the lure of Hollywood has been recognized as an important factor in the increase of the population of Los Angeles, which has grown from less than 200,000 to 1,300,000 in the last twenty years.

The payroll of motion picture production has averaged $150,000,000 a year for the past five years.

Not so many years ago, feeling that Hollywood had surely reached its peak, and that instead of being in its infancy it was really due for senile dementia, I reconditioned my fountain pen, made a down payment on a dozen pencils, and listened to the siren lure of other publicity pastures.

My Odysseus took me from Skagway to Ensenada, from Washington, D. C., to Manila, through Philippine Independence campaigns, stimulating world tours for steamship lines, battling for repeal of prohibition, enticing the countryside to county fairs, state fairs, orange shows and community pageants, and what have you?

But now I’ve gone Hollywood all over again, and am I happy?

I’m back with my people again, and say, folks: They’re regular folks!
NEW KIND OF PERMANENT LIPSTICK

Ends "lip-licking," the real cause of dull, dry, rough, wrinkled, cracked lips

GIVES LIPS SHIMMERING LUSTER

Too dry, too indelible lipstick causes many a lovely lady to unconsciously lick her lips... thus removing the natural oils from the skin as well as the protective oils from the lipstick. Dull, dry, rough, old-looking lips result.

The New TATTOO is a permanent lipstick... its transparent South Sea color stays on longer than necessary... but, the New TATTOO contains magical moistening and softening agents that instantly end all desire to lick the lips!

Consequently dryness, roughness and wrinkles quickly disappear, the lips become thrillingly soft and luscious. And instead of having the usual dry, dull, uninteresting look, lips appear temptingly moist, with shimmering luster that's exciting... irresistible!

Send Coupon For Trial Lipstick

So that you can instantly see and feel the astonishing difference, a generous introductory size of the New TATTOO in a clever silver and black case will be sent for the coupon below and 10c to cover postage and packing. There are five exciting South Sea shades of the New TATTOO... the most glamorous colors ever put into lipstick! Most women want more than one... for different moods and costumes. So why not send for several shades of this miracle lipstick today! You'll get an entirely new beauty thrill the instant you tattoo your lips... with the New TATTOO!

TATTOO, 11 E. Austin Ave., Dept. 19, Chicago
Send me trial size New Tattoo, postpaid, 10c enclosed for each shade desired, as checked.

☐ Coral (Orangish) ☐ Exotic (Fiery)
☐ Natural (Blood Color) ☐ Pastel (Changeable)
☐ Hawaiian (Brilliant)

Name ____________________________
Street ___________________________
City ____________________________ State _______
Miss Anne C. Rockefeller, of the distinguished New York family, enjoys entertaining in a casual, unpretentious way—intimate little dinners with a few friends who share her interest in the arts. Good conversation, unhurried pleasure...the menu itself kept very simple. Soup and entrée...a pause for a Camel...followed by a green salad, dessert, and coffee...with Camel between courses and after to accent subtle flavors. "Smoking Camels," Miss Rockefeller says, "makes the choicest delicacy taste that much better. They help digestion, too, and bring a delightful sense of well-being, an at-peace-with-the-world mood. When entertaining, I always see it personally, as a compliment to my guests, that there are plenty of Camels within their reach."

Add to the joy of good digestion by Smoking Camels

Remember the friendly touches that make Anne Rockefeller's dinners so charming. A simple menu, plenty of Camels. Smoking Camels, scientists agree, stimulates the flow of digestive fluids — alkaline digestive fluids that play such a welcome part in good digestion.

Smoke as many Camels as you wish, during meals and after. As Frank, head waiter of The Waldorf's Sert Room, says: "Excellent food calls for costlier tobaccos. In the Sert Room, where discriminating people gather, Camels are the favorite." Their delicate flavor gives each succeeding Camel a never-tiring taste. And, being mild, Camels never get on your nerves. Smoke them for digestion's sake!

Copyright, 1936, R. J. Reynolds Tab. Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.
What Love Has Done to Joan Blondell and Dick Powell

The Five Million Dollar Battle Over Gary Cooper
NEW REMINGTON NOISELESS PORTABLE

FACTORY TO YOU

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, impressive form...helps you write clear, understandable sales reports, letters, articles, stories. A Remington Portable has astonished 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 stoutly built of 3-ply wood. This handsome case is covered with heavy Du Pont fabric. The top is removed by one motion, leaving the machine firmly attached to the case. 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 quiet in 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 manifolding and stencil cutting of truly exceptional character. Furnished in black with shining chromium attachments. Mail coupon today!


CLIP COUPON NOW...

Remington Rand Inc., Dept 233-T
513 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 ______
She evades close-ups... Dingy teeth and tender gums destroy her charm... She ignored the warning of “Pink Tooth Brush”

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 toothbrush. 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 toothbrush, 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.

When answering advertisements, please mention January Movie Classic
Accept no substitutes! Always insist on the advertised brand!
She Battled Her Way to Stardom by E. J. Smithson 6
Who Discovered Deanna Durbin? by Howard Chase Farwell 8
What Love Has Done to Dick Powell and Joan Blondell by Murphy McHenry 20
Hollywood’s Cinderella Girl by Marian Rhea 23
Meet Bill “Sir Walter Raleigh” Powell by Katharine Hartley 24
Joan Bennett’s Ten Commandments for a Mother by Gladys Hall 26
The Five Million Dollar Battle Over Gary Cooper by Virginia T. Lane 28
“Calamity” Jean by Ted Towne 31
She Tried to Dodge Stardom by Harry Hammond Beall 34
Simone Simon Explains Herself by Charles Darnton 36
Romance for Anne by Arthur Janisch 41
Signing Off! by Lewis Allen 43
She’s a Staggering Success by Forbes Smith 47
How Henry Fonda Won His Bride by Denis Morrison 48
More Power to Him by William C. Walsh 50

A Zest for Giving by Alison Alden 32
Going South? by Sally Martin 37
Hollywood’s Un-married Go ’Round by Allen Carews 44
Going Gay with the Youngstars by Dorothy Dwan 47
Food for Holiday Festivities by Dorothy Dwan 56
Brushing Up on Your Coiffure by Dorothy Dwan 58

Bits of News 66

Hollywood Highlights—the latest in filmland gossip 10
The Show Window 12
Mervyn LeRoy’s $500 Trademark Contest 16
Homes of the Stars 42
On Location With the Maid of Salem by Ted Magee 52
Fans and Fan Clubs by Harmony Haynes 60
Movie Classic Crossword Puzzle 77

Go to your favorite newsstand for February MOVIE CLASSIC. You will find it on sale on December 30th.
She Battled Her Way To Stardom

A star in stock, a star on Broadway — and now a star in pictures — that's the record of the girl who has struggled alone for success since she was three years old.

Gladys George as she appears in Paramount's Valiant Is the Word for Carrie.

By E. J. Smithson

BLODGE, throaty-voiced Gladys George, star in Paramount's Valiant Is the Word for Carrie, sums up her philosophy of life so far as it concerns the theatre and the movies in the following ten words, no more and no less:

"If you keep on traveling you are bound to arrive.

And Gladys ought to know for she's been traveling back and forth behind footlights and in front of spotlights ever since she was a tiny tot of three.

Like all good trouper, however, Gladys isn't satisfied now that she has definitely "arrived" in pictures via Valiant Is the Word for Carrie. Paramount executives may be wildly enthusiastic over her portrayal of Carrie; they may be busier than bees lining up bigger and better stories for her; 'rave' notices may be finding their way into the public prints in increasing numbers—but Gladys isn't satisfied.

"I'll never really go to town out here," she insisted frankly as we visited in her home in Laurel Canyon, "until I get a part with good comedy in it. Heavy parts like Carrie get me down. You heard about my hysterics after the final scene was shot in Valiant. Well, it was the truth, so help me. You can't imagine an old trouper like me pulling a stunt like that, can you? But

[Continued on page 79]
Another Gary Cooper, Jean Arthur Triumph
Cecil B. DeMille'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 Movie Classic
Who Discovered Deanna Durbin?

Read the answer in this inside story about the fourteen-year-old girl who is credited with possessing the most remarkable voice ever discovered in America!

"WHO is the Voice Teacher of Deanna Durbin? Call ______ (giving telephone number).

"I am the real Discoverer of Deanna Durbin."

"Consult the real discoverer and first teacher of Deanna Durbin regarding your prospects."

"I trained Deanna Durbin for her first picture and radio work."

These, and other similar ones, are actual advertisements that appeared, and are appearing, in Los Angeles and Hollywood newspapers and publications.

For everybody seems to be claiming credit for the discovery and development of this amazing picture and radio sensation—the fourteen year old girl who became internationally famous before her first picture was released, and who received four thousand letters from radio fans after her first broadcast, and before her name was even known to the listening public.

Hundreds of these letters were addressed in care of Eddie Cantor and hundreds of others simply to "the little girl who sings on the Texaco hour."

Famous voice teachers, opera scouts and critics credit this girl with having the most remarkable voice ever discovered in America. Others, such as Lily Pons, Nelson Eddy, Gladys Swarthout and Irene Dunne, frankly admit being amazed at this phenomenal youngster. Eddie Cantor has announced over his radio program that hers will be the outstanding American voice of all time.

In the history of pictures no star has ever had such amazing developments in his or her career. A [Continued on page 75]

by

Howard Chase Farwell
Come On, Everyone
THE PARTY'S ON AGAIN!

Glenda coos the new Gold Digger's lullaby—"With Plenty of Money and You"—to those dashing heartbreakers and champion fun-makers—Victor Moore and Osgood Perkins!

Do you think you can take a bow, Lee Dixon, for stealing the show from Hollywood's fanciest steppers 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 dame and ditty number—"All's Fair in Love and War!"

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 maidens 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

"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. Yarburg

When answering advertisements, please mention January Movie Classic
Hollywood Highlights
by The Boulevardier

Dick Powell and Joan Blondell, Warner stars, visit Kitty Carlisle and William Gaxton, principals in White Horse Inn, backstage.
The Powells saw the play on their honeymoon in New York.

"O MIGAWSH!!" screamed Your Favorite Keyhole-Peeker and Transom-Snooper (I bow modestly) upon sustaining the Shock-of-the-Month on the MGM stage where they're shooting After the Thin Man. It was that moment when I beheld Myrna Loy, sitting on the sidelines, knitting a baby blanket! But when I came to, I was advised that the baby blanket is for Myrna's maid, Theresa. It's Theresa who's going to be a mother—pretty soon, now.

And so reassured, I hasten on to report other Cinemitems of the month.

Place Your Bets

For instance, the revolt of the Lily Pons at Radio. She weighs barely a hundred (or does she?) but when she gets mad, they'd rather handle Joe Louis over there. And right now, Lily is mad. She's mad because they want to cast Nino Martini in the same movie with her.

Lily said NO. She said it in English, French and anger. "One opera star," she declared, "in a picture is enough." And, she indicated, she would be that one star.

At this writing, it's a draw between RKO and Lily. Lily says she'll not sing in a picture with Nino. RKO says she will.

Sour Notes

Laugh-of-the-Month out of Hollywood's martial involvements is the one on Gladys Swarthout's husband, Frank Chapman (who, like Gladys, is a singer of no mean note.)

It seems that Frank's former wife, Buff Cobb Brodie, chanced to visit as house guest a filmland couple who live directly across the street from Gladys and Frank's house. Not until the next morning after her arrival at her hosts' did the former Mrs. Chapman learn that—and then it was through hearing, as she struggled out of the depths of slumber, Frank's voice carolling lustily as he sang in his morning bath.

She said nothing. But the next morning, Frank's singing again awakened her. Buff couldn't stand it. As he ended his aria, she yelled across the street:

"Do I have to be awakened at the break?"

[Continued on page 13]
Brilliant with Beauty! Dazzling with Dances!
Gorgeous with Girls! Looney 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
Filmom'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—there he is!

JACK SMART
Famous stage comedian & March of Time star!

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

CHARLES R. ROGERS, Executive Producer

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!

THE NEW UNIVERSAL'S GREATEST MUSICAL TRIUMPH!
LADIES IN LOVE—Whether or not this 20th-Century-Fox picture will appeal to the men folk of the family can only be determined by the box-office receipts, but none-the-less, LADIES IN LOVE is a film well worth seeing. With a cast that includes such notables as Janet Gaynor, Loretta Young, Constance Bennett, Simone Simon, Don Ameche, Paul Lucas, and Alan Mowbray to put the three-in-one plot across, theatre patrons really have a treat in store for them when they see it. Acting honors, so far as this observer is concerned, go to Alan Mowbray and Janet Gaynor both of whom turn in superlative performances. Constance Bennett as the unmarried companion of Paul Lucas; Don Ameche as the young doctor; Loretta Young as the impetuous showgirl in love with Tyrone Power, Jr., all of these sterling actors expertly take over difficult roles and play them to perfection. No little praise should go to Ed. H. Griffith's excellent direction. The task of keeping three separate love

[Continued on page 54]

of the LIGHT BRIGADE

The Show Window

Frank Reviews of the Latest Screen Offerings

EXCEPTIONAL

CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE—Without the slightest tinge of press-agent exaggeration, here's a film that possesses everything needed to make the customer happy—nerve-tingling thrills, grand acting, beautiful photography, stirring music and fine direction. Take our unbiased word for it, you'll come away from the Charge of the Light Brigade feeling glad that movies were born.

The story is based on Tennyson's immortal poem and is admittedly a highly fictionalized treatment in spots. But the ride of the valiant six hundred as caught by the camera is something as magnificent as it is spectacular. Nothing like it has ever been offered to movie fans.

Errol Flynn, cast as the brigade's major, is credited by this reviewer as giving a flawless performance. His rating in any popularity contest from now on will be near or above any top-flight competitor you care to mention.

Olivia deHavilland, charming and lovely, supplies the romantic interest in a rôle of a girl who has promised to marry one brother while loving the other. Patrick Knowles, as the younger brother, shows a world of ability in this, his first American picture. C. Henry Gordon as the sly and cruel Surat Khan scores a great hit in his rôle of villain. Henry Stephenson, Nigel Bruce, Donald Crisp, Spring Byington and David Niven contribute excellent work.

Special awards for excellence should go to Sol Polito for his photography, to Max Steiner for his music and to all the others who, in whatever capacity, helped to make the Charge of the Light Brigade one of the truly great pictures of this or any other year!—Warner Bros.

LIBELED LADY—There may have been other stories filmed that contain as many laughs per foot as Libeled Lady, but we can't recall them—and perhaps we wouldn't if we could for if ever a picture came as close to perfection, so far as comedy situations, sparkling dialogue, and suspense is concerned, Libeled Lady is it in capital letters. Jean Harlow re-establishes herself on top of the movie ladder as a comedienne without an equal. What she does to her rôle is something that deserves a bouquet of WW's orchids. Spencer Tracy as the hunting, bustling newspaperman too busy to marry Jean; William Powell as the slicker who tries to stave off a five million dollar lawsuit by conniving with Tracy to trap Myrna Loy, the international playgirl; Walter Connolly as Myrna's worried father—these four put more life and gusto, more genuine, 14-carat acting in one picture than you usually see in a dozen. And you don't have to take this statement with the usual grain of salt. Libeled Lady is nothing but one continuous laugh-fest—and what more can you ask in a comedy. Outstanding scene—the trout-fishing sequence in which Powell, admittedly the most amateurish of all fishermen, fools Myrna and her expert fly-casting papa. Untinted praise, too, must be accorded Charley Grapewin, Cora Witherspoon, Lauri Beatty, E. E. Clive and Charles Trowbridge for the excellence of their work. If you fail to see Libeled Lady don't call yourself a movie fan!—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

William Powell, Myrna Loy, Jean Harlow and Spencer Tracy form an quadruple love team in Libeled Lady

Paul Lukas, Simone Simon and Con- stance Bennett give outstanding performances in Ladies in Love
of dawn by your practicing!"

And then she cut short her visit and moved back to her own home.

That amused even Hollywood, accustomed as Hollywood is to hilarious interludes involving ex-hubbies and ex-wives when they meet unexpectedly. But even Hollywood got a variation of that non-old theme at a night club the other night—this time it was one of those embarrassing meetings between "that-way-ers" instead.

It happened at the door, when an incoming couple and an outgoing couple collided. One pair consisted of Cary Grant and Sonja Henie. The other consisted of Mary Brian and Tyrone Power, Jr. And inasmuch as Mary and Cary were reported at the very verge of maternity only a fortnight or so ago, well, the spot rustled with whispers like a gale in a palm grove for minutes afterward!

However, I must append an afternote:
A few days later, Cary learned that Mary was down with a cold. He sent her huge bogs of flowers. And right now, it's reported that despite Sonja and Tyrone, or others, Cary and Mary are very pit-a-patty again.

**Happy Birthday!**

THE Carole Lombard—Clark Gable matter still interests Hollywood's wonderwhats. Apparently, the friendship between Carole and Clark is running full blast. They're together everywhere, and Hollywood has never seen a couple who apparently have sweeter times together.

However, Carole is now denying herself to all interviewers, because, it is explained, she does not wish to be quoted in any way about Mr. Gable. Nevertheless (I don't know whether it's an interviewers' fault or Carole's) all interviews seemed inevitably to veer around to the Gable subject. So, to simplify the problem, all interviews were called off.

Meanwhile, may I report that for her birthday, just past, Clark presented her with a gorgeous bracelet. And a cocker spaniel. She just loves dogs, and Clark knows it. The spaniel makes her fourth.

May I also report that Hollywood's favorite fortune teller advised me, confidentially, that according to the planets, Clark Gable and Mrs. Rhea Gable, now legally separated, will never be divorced? However, that's merely an astrologer's forecast, Carole.

**Cupid's Calendar**

"W**HO'S Dating Whom in Hollywood?" Well, here are the latest romanswrs to that question:

Nelson Eddy? this most adamently-opposed-to-love-life-publicity gentleman has recently been escorting Mrs. Ann Franklin to the niteries, but won't talk about it. . . . Jimmy Stewart? he's still playing the field, with Virginia Bruce one night, Ginger Rogers the next, and Eleanor Powell the night after and so on and on and on . . . Dixie Dunbar? well, it's a toss-up between assistant director Bob Herndon and rich auto-dealer Bill Davis with Dixie, and she's alternating handicapping dates. . . . Alice Faye? probably wedding bells for her and Tony Martin pretty soon, now. . . . Robert Kent? still Astrid Allwyn and they've been house-hunting together. . . . Toby Wing? good-looking Davie Carlyle's her latest beau, and Tom Brown is dating elsewhere for a change. . . . Betty Furness? hats and all, she's being taken places by Alan Lane . . . Cesar Romero? he's running Jimmy Stewart a close second as a field-player, with Martha Raye and Virginia Bruce getting his top play. . . . Paula Stone? she's going to be Mrs. Henry Willson if it goes on . . . Brian Donlevy? when you don't see him out with Marjorie Lane, count it a lost day or night. . . . Ann Shirley? now that RKO's busy trying to build her from J-f-girll roles into adult ones, Ann is helping by plotting early marriage with Owen Davis, Jr. . . . June Lang? if she isn't Mrs. Victor Orsatti by the time you read this, it won't be much longer. . . . Lee Tracy? he's favoring ex's, what with stepping out one night with Marlin Sayres who used to be Mrs. James Murray, and the next with Florence Lake, who's separated from Jack Goode. . . . Francis Lederer? the apple of his eye is Margo and maybe she'll be his wife too if she's only say in-laws. . . . Marlene? well, all London's a-chatter over gossip about how much la Dietrich and Doug Fairbanks Junior are together—it's almost as definite as King Edward and Mrs. Simpson.

**Something Worthwhile**

F**RANCIS LEDERER, handsome screen star, is very generous with his services for radio interviews, guest speaker for clubs of both sexes and for any charity affair.

He exacts no pay for his services and agrees to appear with one proviso.

Somewhere in his talk, interview or else, he must be permitted to talk of World Peace, a hobby on which he spends the greater part of his income.

**Strike Up the Band, Roger!**

A**NN SOTHERN has to quit her honey-moon with Roger Pryor, and leave him in Chicago while she hurries back to Hollywood to be made love to by one of Hollywood's handsomest bachelors—Gene Raymond. It's all for a movie, but the love-scenes between Gene and Ann will be torrid, as usual . . .

However, is Hubby Roger Pryor worried? He is NOT. Because he knows that Ann Sothern and Gene Raymond dislike each other screen just as cordially as the script demands they love each other ON screen. As a matter of fact, it's reported that throughout the making of one whole picture together, Gene and Ann didn't speak to each other except when they spoke their lines before the camera!

So is Roger laughing? And is Ann burning?

**Boquets**

D**ON'T forget to put Hollywood on the back for one of its most heart-warming activities—the wave of adoptions that is bringing fortune into the lives of at least a few children who otherwise might have been doomed to bitter lives—

Within the past few weeks, Hollywood's top-liners have adopted a new group of (Continued on page 14)

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**Pat Ellis and Craig Reynolds, attending the Flashlight Frolic are shown holding that pose while "Buckwheat" Thomas and "Porky" Lee of Our Gang prepare to 'shoot'**
Hollywood Highlights

[Continued from page 13]

A big star line-up at a recent Lux Theatre of the air broadcast. Left to right—Doris Kenyon, Mrs. Lela Rogers, Alan Mowbray, Ginger Rogers, Warren William, Vera Teasdale and Cecil B. DeMille

What

JOAN CRAWFORD

Thinks of

JOAN CRAWFORD

All of us are more or less introspective, but would we dare speak out loud and let the world know what we think of ourselves? We dare say, no! But, Joan Crawford, first glamour lady of the screen, isn’t ashamed. She comes right out and tells us frankly and honestly what she thinks of Joan Crawford in the January issue of MOTION PICTURE.

And while Joan turns the spotlight on herself, we turn it on Shirley Temple, Robert Taylor, Gene Raymond, Margo, et al.

Life Is Like That

There are a dozen actors in films, now rating four figure salaries, who are there, solely and only, through the personal help and friendship of the late Will Rogers. Indeed, one of them whom Will pleaded for was passed up by every company in Hollywood until Will persuaded one of the companies to take a chance and promising to personally pay for any loss the picture might run up.

Will is gone and the actors mentioned are all doing well but of the entire lot not one of them ever seems to remember and credit the help Will gave them but one.

His name is Bob Burns. He never fails to give thanks to Will Rogers for his kindly advice and help.

Back in the Fold

One of the finest comebacks Hollywood has ever seen has been staged by Lee Tracy. He was Hollywood’s bad boy—no doubt about that. But some time ago Lee decided to settle down and RKO-Radio tried him out for one picture. He did a grand job and now he’s playing the lead in Criminal Lawyer and those on the lot who have seen the rushes will tell you it’s his finest job in years. Maybe Florence Lake, his heart flutter, is the good influence.

Narrow Escape

Only Bill Powell’s closest pals really know what a narrow escape he recently had from losing an eye. When he went fishing with Dick Barthelmess and some friends off the British Columbia coast, he suffered a very slight sunburn on the eyeball. Each wink of the eye irritated the condition and in the middle of shooting After the Thin Man he was in terrific pain. He tried to carry on, but it was useless. The eye specialists finally demanded that the studio order him to bed and he was locked in a completely darkened room for a week, while shooting was held up.

Wise-Crack

A GIRL friend of Martha Raye—Bob Burns tells the story—called up Martha and asked her to come along to a lecture
at a Hollywood club.

"What's it about," said Martha.

"It's all about Buddhism," explained the gal.

"That's out," said Martha. "I'm not interested in flowers."

They Deserve Salute

FREEMAN GODDON and Charles Correll—"Amos and Andy to you"—before they departed for the East presented the Hollywood American Legion with a pair of timeclocks, cost $2,000, and they are in place at the Stadium where the picture colony gets its Friday night festivities. Amos and Andy return soon to winter at Palm Springs after which they will make Beverly Hills their permanent residence.

Also they will make another picture around the first of the year, this time for Paramount.

Favres. Photo by Charles Rhodes

This stairway of fame holds a host of stars with their hostess, Margaret Graham, in the foreground.

Here's to Your Success, Joan!

NEARER and nearer gets Joan Crawford to that latest ambition of hers—a place on the singing stage, be it opera or the concert platform or maybe radio.

Her latest step came as a complete surprise, the other night at one of Hollywood's favorite nite-spots. Phil Ohman, who bats the band there, strolled to the table where Joan and Franchot Tone were celebrating their first wedding anniversary. He set down a microphone before Joan, and asked her to say a few words.

Instead, Joan sang! She crooned "Melancholy Baby" and she crooned it with a swing and a fervor and a deep passion that would make even a libbyholman envious.

The roof lifted three inches at least from the burst of applause that followed—and Joan was as thrilled as a little boy who's said his first piece at a school party without forgetting the words!

Joan has never forgotten that Rosa Ponselle said that her voice was good enough for even the Metropolitan, with sufficient training. If training will do it, Joan will get there!

If YOU Do Not REDUCE Your Waist and Hips

3 INCHES in 10 DAYS with the PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE

... it will cost you nothing!

Thousands of women owe their slim, youthful figures to Perfolastic—the quick, safe way to reduce! Since so many Perfolastic wearers reduce more than 3 inches in 10 days, we believe we are justified in making YOU this amazing offer. You risk nothing... simply try it for 10 days at our expense.

YOU APPEAR SMALLER AT ONCE!

Look at yourself before you put on your Perfolastic Girdle and Braziere—and afterwards! The difference is amazing. Bulges are smoothed out and you appear inches smaller at once. You are so comfortable, yet every minute you wear these Perfolastic garments you are actually reducing... and at hips, thighs, waist and diaphragm—the spots where surplus fat first settles.

NO DIET... DRUGS... OR EXERCISES!

No strenuous exercises to wear you out... no dangerous drugs to take... and no diet to reduce face and neck to wrinkled flabbiness. You do nothing whatever except watch the inches disappear! THE SAFE, QUICK METHOD

Every move you make puts your Perfolastic to work taking off unwanted inches. The perforations and soft, silky lining make these Perfolastic garments delightful to wear next to the body.

"Reduced my hips 9 inches", writes Miss Healy, "Hips 12 inches smaller", says Miss Richardson; "Lost 60 pounds with Perfolastic", writes Mrs. Derr; "Formerly wore a size 42, now I take an 18. I eat everything", writes Mrs. Faust, etc., etc. Why don't you, too, try Perfolastic?

SEND TODAY FOR 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER AND SAMPLE OF MATERIAL

See for yourself the wonderful quality of the material! Read the astonishing experiences of prominent women who have reduced many inches in a few weeks! You risk nothing... we want you to make this test yourself at our expense... Mail the coupon NOW!

PERFOLASTIC, Inc.
Dept. 71, 41 E. 42nd St., NEW YORK, N. Y.
Please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Diaphragm Reducing Brassiere, also sample of perforated material and particulars of your 10 DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

Name__________
Address_________
City__________State__________

When answering advertisements, please mention January Movie Classic 15
On Hollywood's perfectly appointed tables, charming in every detail, this gorgeous Silverware gleams. And, here is exciting news!... With the Quantity Saving ($2.50 or more) a 26-Piece Set, including stainless-blade Hollow Handle Knives, and a smart tarnish-proof Chest, can be yours for only... $13.50

One of Mervyn LeRoy's most notable directorial contributions to the screen was Oil for the Lamps of China for Warner Bros. The first picture for his own company, known as Mervyn LeRoy Productions, will be The King and the Chorus Girl.

JUST to keep the records straight on this easy contest, and also to prod those who have failed to enter, we're going to say right here and now that this $500 trademark contest closes December 20th—and that means, if you'd like to share in the cash prizes Director LeRoy is offering for a trademark, you'll have to sit right down today and work out ideas you think would be suitable as an emblem for the fine pictures he will produce by his own company to be known as "Mervyn LeRoy Productions."

REMEMBER THIS—All you have to do is to submit ideas. You don't have to be an artist or an advertising expert to stand a chance of winning a cash prize. And you can send in as many ideas as you wish—there's no limit. All Director LeRoy wants you to do is to jot down your ideas in writing—a brief, clear, and concise description of what you would consider an appropriate trademark idea symbolic of the fine pictures he intends to produce.

Here's what he says:

"All I want is a trademark that is original and entirely different from those now in use. It must be distinctive and impressive. My plan is to produce only class pictures with mass appeal and I'd like to have the contestants bear this in mind. Contestants need not go for artiness in their suggestions. It's the effectiveness of the idea that will bring home the bacon. No sketch is required, although contestants may submit them if they wish."

Mervyn LeRoy, as you undoubtedly know, stands very high as a director. Included among his greatest successes are Goldiggers of 1933, Little Caesar, Oil for the Lamps of China, Troyboat Annie, I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang, and Anthony Adverse. He recently completed Three Men on a Horse for Warner Bros., who also will release pictures produced by his own company—"Mervyn LeRoy Productions."

For his first picture as an independent producer, LeRoy will film The King and The Chorus Girl. He promises to produce it on so lavish a scale that it will indeed
to Enter
$500.00

With December 20th as the deadline for entries in this trademark contest you will have to get busy, now, if you wish to win your share of the cash prizes!

warm the heart of any king, Ferdinand Gravet, the French idol, signed some months ago to a LeRoy personal contract, is cast for the lead and will co-star with Julia Ballett. Edward Everett Horton also has a major role in The King and The Chorus Girl—that of the king's uncle.

Also in preparation for the coming year, Director LeRoy has purchased another sure-fire hit story entitled The Great Crooner, written by Clarence Buddington Kelland.

Now, back to the contest. First remember the closing date—December 20th. Next, take out your pencil and begin transcribing your trademark ideas to paper. And after you've done that, send them to Contest Editor, Movie Classic Magazine, 7046 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, Calif. DO IT NOW!

This same offer appears also in the January issues of Fawcett's affiliated film magazines—HOLLYWOOD, SCREEN, SCREEN PLAY, and MOTION PICTURE. The winner of ideas submitted to any of these magazines receives a $50 cash prize and a chance at the $250 grand prize.

Read the following rules over very carefully and when you have finished, start immediately on the pleasant task of transcribing your ideas. But—one rule that never fails to attract:

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 loneliness 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, radiant 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 now—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 obliga-

When answering advertisements, please mention January Movie Classic
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 SUMMERSVILLE, 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
Eugene Pallette, Helen Westley, Arthur Treacher, J. Edward Bromberg, Allan Lane, Astrid Allwyn.
Directed by William A. Seiter.

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

20th CENTURY FOX

Darryl F. Zanuck in Charge of Production

Accept no substitutes! Always insist on the advertised brand!
HAPPY NEW YEAR

from

SHIRLEY TEMPLE and MOVIE CLASSIC
What LOVE to Dick Powell

With Dan Cupid as director, love promises to give Dick and Joan, Hollywood's famous newly-weds, a new lease on life and a new reason for attaining even greater successes in their screen careers.

ALL HOLLYWOOD was happy when Joan Blondell said "I do" and became the bride of handsome Dick Powell. Somehow, Hollywood considered this an ideal match. There have been any number of "ideal matches" since Hollywood first hit the front pages as the movie capital and it is a sad necessity to admit that precious few of them have withstood the test of time.

But, for some reason that might be hard to explain in words, all Hollywood expects that this will be a lasting marriage. Surely, it is ideal in every sense of the word. It is the union of a couple of happy youngsters who are old enough to know what they are doing and young enough to enjoy in full measure the happiness that only marital bliss can supply. It almost seems as if Joan and Dick were born for one another and now that their year-long romance has culminated in marriage the curtain has been rung down on yesterday and the sun shines brightly on tomorrow's horizon.

For both Joan and Dick have known their darker hours. Both have suffered from unhappy marriages. They didn't plunge headlong into this one. For a year they were constant companions, in work at Warner Brothers' studios, where both are under contract, and at play. They were as eager for one another on the day they were married as they were on their first date.

To understand just what love has done to Joan and Dick, one must consider their backgrounds, their early lives—their struggles for professional success and for financial and social security. And, strangely enough, their careers bear a striking parallel, one for the other.

Let's take Joan first:
She is the daughter of two famous vaudevillians. Ed Blondell, her dad, was one of the stage's best known comedians. When she was only four months old, she made her stage debut in New York. Before she was old enough to be a high school graduate, she had traveled around the world seven times and had crossed continental United States fifty-six times.

THERE came the day when her devoted family wanted her to have the same chances other kids her age had. They settled down on the farm they had always longed for and Joan—only in those days did she respond to the name Rosebud—entered the Texas State College for Women at

Never was there a bride more lovely or more happy than Joan Blondell when she married Dick Powell aboard the S. S. Santa Paula in Los Angeles harbor on September 19.
Denton, Texas. All troupers dream of the day when they can "settle down." Usually, when the day arrives, they are sorry it has come and they live in the memory of those more exciting moments when they were in the public eye. The Blondells—all of 'em—were no exception. Joan had been used to performing for crowds, or enjoying the spotlight and the applause. College life was too dull. So she just quit and started out on her own, working as a model here, acting in a small stage show there, sometimes going into beauty contests and almost always winning title of Miss Something or Other.

Finally, she landed in New York and, in 1930, after a short session with the famous Ziegfeld Follies, she was playing in Penny Arcade. Another performer in the same show was James Cagney. Warner Brothers, who swept into power through their introduction of the talkies, bought the show for movie purposes and Joan and Jimmy were given contracts which took them to Hollywood, where they both made their film debuts in Penny Arcade, later released as Sinner's Holiday.

Press agents have a way of sensing talent. They made Joan Blondell a Wampas baby star and she was on the road to glory, riches and ultimate happiness. A year after her début, she was being billed in big type and all over the country her name was in electric lights. It is the simple story of the girl who had that something that Hollywood wanted. Fame didn't go to her head. With (Continued on page 89)
JOHN BOLES

Portrait of a gentleman in repose. A striking study of the stalwart screen actor, John Boles, by Alfredo Valente
How would you like to attend a picture show and become a modern Cinderella with Grace Moore for your fairy godmother? Well, that's exactly what happened to the heroine of this story!

by Marian Rhea

This is a new kind of Cinderella story. It should begin: "Once upon a time, there was a young girl who went to see a moving picture called One Night of Love. . . . And it changed her entire life."

Then the ending: "And now, she is secretary to a famous singing star so she's living happily ever after!"

But, of course, there is more to the story than that—much more. There is, in fact, another of those stranger-than-fiction dramas which abound in Hollywood. The heroine is the slender, pretty, blue-eyed girl who went to the picture show in Winnipeg one night and so became a modern Cinderella. The fairy godmother is Grace Moore!

As I say, it all began on that night, in Winnipeg, when Betty Gardner went to the movie and saw One Night of Love. And that night, as she walked out of the theater, that gorgeous aria from Madam Butterfly that Grace sings at the end still ringing in her ears, she said a strange thing:

"I am going to be Grace Moore's secretary."

Of course, the boy friend who had taken her to the show laughed a little.

"Granted you're a good secretary (Betty had been working for a group of physicians for some time) how'll you go about getting Grace Moore to give you a job? They say she's as exclusive as the King of England!"

"Never mind, I'll do it," Betty Gardner told him, quietly.

She started trying the next day by writing a letter to Miss Moore in her very best secretary-ish style and set forth her qualifications and her background (she is the daughter of a Canadian surgeon and has an excellent education). Then she finished the letter courteously with a statement something like this: "You perhaps will not be interested in me, now, but I shall keep on trying."

In due time—[Continued on page 72]
J E A N H A R L O W calls him "Daddy," Carole Lombard used to call him "Pop."
His first wife, Aileen Wilson, affectionately spoke of him as "the Pater." Which are
three very good reasons why we say there is no, M-S-M's so.

There is something benign about the gent. Something tolerant and protective, something
definitely paternal. It springs from his innate and childhood desire to be gallant.

"I have always thought all women were beautiful," he told me once. "I have always
thought of all women as damsel in distress. I have always thought of women as being the
particular and very special problem of man. Of course," he added humorously, "I know
they're not. That's the bunk. Many of them are better able to take care of themselves than
most men. But, anyway, I like to think it. When I was a boy Sir Walter Raleigh was my
idea of a man with a mission in life—to make the byways of the world safe, and dry, for
femininity.

"As a matter of fact, I suppose that's why I wanted to become a lawyer. I never figured
on having to defend hardened criminals. Oh, no, I'd leave that for someone else. My clients
were all to be lovely women with tears in their eyes—lovely, abused women for whom I would
right a wrong. Oh, dear, oh, me, oh, my," Mr. Powell sighed elaborately in remembrance.

But be that as it may, and notwithstanding, Bill Powell has given reality to his boyhood
dream. No actor, with the exception of Will Rogers, has gone to the aid of as many acting
damels in distress as Bill has. No actor has been more patient, more gallant, or more fatherly
in helping actresses over tough career hurdles. No actor has ever had so many actresses looking
up to him as children look up to their parental benefactors... with the same look in their eyes
that children wear when they insist that their father is stronger than any of the other kids' fathers on the block. You won't get him to admit it, but he doesn't have to. There are cases.

Luise Ranier was new to American picture making when she appeared in M-G-M's
Escapade, but due to Powell's friendly help it turned out to be her "discovery" picture

by
Katharine Hartley

THERE is, for example, the fatherly shove
that he gave to the careers of Carole Lombard, Myrna Loy, Kay Francis, Jean Harlow, Margaret Lindsay, Ginger Rogers, Rosalind Russell, Luise Rainer, and Jean Arthur. In fact, he was one girl he has worked with who hasn't benefited by his kindness, and there's where we'll rush into the ring with you!

Everyone is talking of My Man Godfrey as the triumph of Carole Lombard's career. Never before had she been so adorable and natural. Never before had she given such a magnificent performance. That picture brought forth the discovery of a new Carole Lombard and, believing that stars in love make better pictures, a lot of fans will credit this new Carole to the tip-toe vivacity which comes with a new love—her love for Clark Gable. But this is not the case. Carole was a success in that picture because Bill Powell willed it so.

My Man Godfrey was the realization of a four-year-old dream. Four years ago when Bill and Carole met and were married Bill had his idea of Carole's possibilities on the screen. He said that someday, lucky willing, he would find the perfect script for her. Came the separation and the divorce, and Bill still went on looking. That it was a long look can be seen by the following.

Two years ago Universal was to do The Great Ziegfeld, and because this promised to be a big
He's much too modest to admit it, but Bill Powell takes a sincere delight in helping ambitious actresses over tough career hurdles—and here is a story that proves it!

**Raleigh** Powell!

production. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer agreed to loan Bill for the title role. Then came a low spot in Universal's history, money ran short, and that studio sold the rights to the picture to Metro; but stipulated that they should still have the rights to Bill Powell for one picture.

And it wasn't until *My Man Godfrey* rolled along that Bill got around to talking starting dates with Universal. Naturally Universal was planning to co-star him with Margaret Sullavan—their biggest and best leading lady. But when Bill read the script he knew it was the script he had always been looking for, for Carole, and here was their chance, at last, to appear together. Fortunately, Universal had a "borrowing" contract with Carole.

So, not only did he find the feather for his ex-

[Continued on page 86]
“Be honest with your children and expect them to be honest with you. This is the first and the greatest of the commandments.” Joan had come into the living room of her Beverly Hills home to greet me, looking like Alice In Wonderland—but an Alice who knows just where the Rabbit came from and where he is going.

Joan always makes me think of a very wise child. I never quite get over my preliminary gasp of amazement when I realize that “the child” has children of her own and that she does not “play dolls” with them. On the contrary, she gives them thoughtful care and intelligent supervision of a woman of twice her years and half her cares.

She reads books on child psychology. She spends time with her children. She has nurses for them but she supervises the nurses. She always makes out their menus for them herself. There have been definite occasions when Joan has turned down a good part in a good picture because she felt that she should be more with her children.

Joan has been making one picture after another picture. Phones ring incessantly. Agents and producers do a quick routine on her doorstep. Joan and husband Gene Markey are planning to build a new home in Brentwood. But with all the vivid and colorful strands that go to make up the life of this least Bennetty of the Bennett daughters it is not of her career of which she talked. It was of the children.

And as we talked I realized how interested other young mothers would be in the problems Joan has met and faced with her children. She doesn’t like to talk about the children for the public prints. But I prevailed against her personal scruples by persuading her that she could really help other “little girls” who also have little girls of their own.

“I have certain commandments,” she said, “I guess you’d call them, that I obey—and expect the children to obey. And the first of them is: BE HONEST WITH your children and expect them to be honest with you.

“A mother has simply got to be as honest with the child as she hopes the child will be with her. I certainly try never to shade the truth where the children are concerned. I answer every question they ask me as honestly as I know how to answer it. And if I don’t know the answer I’m not ashamed to say ‘I don’t know.’”

2. Let your children share your life with you:

“This commandment,” said Joan, “is, in a way, an amplification of the first one. And to me its very important. So many parents are too busy or too worried or too indifferent to take their children into their confidence. And then when the children grow older and fail to take their parents into their confidence the parents feel abused and talk about ingratitude.”

“If you want your children to share their lives with you you’ve got to begin by sharing your life with them. You can’t make them feel like little outsiders peeking at you through a crack in the door. If you have problems share them with the children. If the problem is a servant problem let them help. If it is a financial problem discuss it frankly with them, make them feel that they are a part of your life, a part of the home.

“One evening not long ago Diana came into the living room here and found me walking up and down, all but wringing my hands. I was in a state. I’d had an unpleasant day at the studio. She asked me what was the matter, and I told her. I told her exactly as I told Gene later on. I didn’t attempt to ‘talk down’ to her. I explained that I had had a conference with a producer and why it had upset me. I told her I’d feel better about it after a night’s rest but at the moment I was having a bad attack of the jitters. And she understood. She said that the producer was ‘a bad man’ to worry me. And then she went away, tactfully leaving me to myself—and I knew that we were warmer friends than ever before because I had treated her as a friend and not a little outsider to be pushed away.”

3. Correct bad habits before they set: “Most children, being human, develop dozens of bad little habits. One of the most common of these is the little matter of tell-

by Gladys Hall
So that other mothers may profit from her mistakes, Joan Bennett reveals the problems she has met and faced with her children.

Fibs are always found out sooner or later and that no one has any respect for a person who tells fibs. I made it as clear as possible that there is no advantage in telling fibs—and every disadvantage. I stressed the fact of its being extremely silly.

"I have an easy time with her because she is very fond of me, especially so, I think, and very close to me. I know that it would really wound her unbearably to think that she had lost my respect, had hurt my great pride in her. And I think I made her realize that she would do just that if she persisted in telling fibs. I think I made her realize, first, that it is a very silly habit and also a very shabby one. And Diana is too sensitive to be able to bear a thought like that."

[Continued on page 70]
The Five Million Over

The stage is set for the greatest legal battle in the history of movie-making and all because a Montana cowpuncher rose from a twenty-five to a five-million-dollar box office threat!

They've signed a gold that they're building it on (tenuous points that, if they hold, will change many a star's future!): The studio contends:

That they "made" the Cooper name.

That they were obliged to spend vast sums on him in the beginning when he was merely a gamble, another Producer's worry. Why shouldn't they continue to reap the huge profits on that long-shot gamble?

Certainly they expected to the day those executives brought him a brand new contract to sign. In they walked—William Le Baron, who looks more like an English archbishop than a movie mogul, and Ernst Lubitsch, dark and with the inevitable cigar.

"Sorry, gentlemen," said Coop in that soft drawl of his. "I've already signed a contract that begins January first—when my present one expires. As a matter of fact, I signed it last January."

They were stunned. Questions poured out after a moment. Why was he leaving? Was it a matter of money? Coop shuffled uncomfortably. He liked the old lot and these men. They were personal friends of his. "It's just that I feel I've been around too long in one spot," he tried to explain. "Every-

Gary Cooper, the lovable, lanky riding cowboy from the Montana wilds who proved a gold mine in disguise

Gary and a young cheetah he captured alive during a wild game expedition

The popular film star as he appeared in Paramount's Lives of a Bengal Lancer

The most unusual damage suit ever recorded has been filed in the Superior Court in Los Angeles.

Paramount Studios are suing Sam Goldwyn, independent producer, for $5,000,000 because he has appropriated their Best Box Office Bet. That lanky, lovable, ridin' fool from the Montana wilds who proved a gold mine in disguise, Gary Cooper.

It's a turn of the tables, so to speak. Because just ten years ago Paramount took Gary away from Goldwyn by offering him twenty-five dollars a week more salary!

There was no suit then. You could pick up tall cowpunchers for a dime a dozen. Only—this cowpuncher clicked. To the tune of five million dollars! That is five times the estimated insurance value of the President of the United States. But Paramount considers the premium for Gary Cooper's services worth every cent of it. They've employed the finest outside legal talent in New York and California to plead the case for them along with their own staff of lawyers. Never has Hollywood been so interested in such a case. And here are the points...
Dollar Battle
GARY COOPER!

By VIRGINIA T. LANE

The Paramount star and his wife, the former Sandra Shaw, are pictured at their home in San Fernando Valley.

He needs a change once in a while."

He might have added that he was bone-tired. In the last year he has done six Class A pictures, two of them, Mr. Deeds Goes To Town and The Plainsman, of a road show scale, and all of them with exceptionally long production schedules. Most of the top ranking stars make three pictures a year. And that is what his new contract calls for.

A SALARY increase did not enter into the arrangement. After all, Gary has been making close to $10,000 a week on a forty weeks basis which is not exactly an amount to be shrugged aside. He is going to Goldwyn on a picture deal similar to the one Ronald Colman had at $110,000 a picture. Gary believes the whole thing (since it allows him more time for those hunting trips!) a great set-up.

From their point of view Paramount believes it a great setback—their point of view! Losing the man who, during these last ten years, has netted them around $45,000,000. Small wonder they're clearing the decks for action.

And back of all the brimstone and fire of battle is that strange, significant fact—"the rise of a single"

[Continued on page 88]
GLORIA STUART

Individual, beautiful, and happy—a three-word description of the girl who firmly believes her career in pictures is just beginning.
The gossips in Hollywood say that her screen triumphs have turned Jean Arthur’s head to a point where she’s the highest of the high-hatters—but this may change their views.

W ITH Garbo talking right out loud in interviews, receiving the press and even welcoming an occasional chance to say her say in the public prints, the palm for elusive-ness among screen stars now goes to Jean Arthur.

It is Miss Arthur, even more than the divine Greta, who wants to be alone.

Though she is still without aloofness, her fondness for solitude has become proverbial since her triumph as Calamity Jane in Cecil B. DeMille’s The Plainsman.

She swims alone in the ocean at six a.m.—and, what we mean, these icy mornings she is alone! She eats a solitary luncheon. She is never home to the press, politely straight-arming most would-be interviewers. And, even on the set, she stirs from her canvas dressing room only when called for a scene.

So imagine this writer’s surprise when her voice came rattling across the wires from Malibu not long ago, saying: “Why don’t you ever stick your head in at our house?”

Quicker than you could say Jack Robinson, Jr., we were swinging out a curving beach road. On one side were tawny cliffs and, on the other, the tumbling green waves of the Pacific. Here, close by the ill-fated citadel where Thelma Todd lost her life, is a colony of houses built almost wall-to-wall, right on the ocean front.

At first, you’re puzzled how to enter the Arthur domicile. Do you go through the garage whose doors yawn ahead of you, or do you try the tall wooden gate at one side? The gleaming brass lock on the door at the rear of the garage warns you that it won’t give, so you try the gate.

Inside are steep wooden stairs, painted cream and green like the house. You descend these to a front door with a fan light, reminiscent of Cape Cod. There is no bell, but a cast iron hand serves as a knocker.

Knock, knock.

“Who’s there?” comes a voice from above. There is only one voice like that—a little-girl voice with a mature, seductive inflection. It wins you with every crackle. Who could it be but Jean Arthur? You look up and see her with a red bandana around her head and a sunburned nose pressed against the window. “I’ll come down and let you in,” she says.

And she does.

No stopping to powder her nose. No looking to see if her lips are on straight. A thud of descending heels on the stairs, the door opens and she stands before you, the winsomest figure in Hollywood.

I can’t forget how she looked that day. [Continued on page 84]

By Ted Towne
As Christmas rounds the corner, human spirits quicken to the festive promise in the air and human hearts expand into the age-old gesture of giving. Unfortunately, this zest for giving must be accompanied by a talent for buying or one is likely to greet the eventful day with frazzled nerves and a whole new crop of worry wrinkles.

Nan Grey, Universal starlet, has made a discovery guaranteed to bring you up smiling Christmas morning—no matter how long your gift list or how varied its demands.

"Remember," Nan said laughingly, "how horrified we were, as children, when we read about old Scrooge who said, 'Merry Christmas, bah'!" In creating that character I believe Dickens must have envisioned a 20th Century Christmas shopper.

"I know I was becoming a bit Scrooge-like myself and, although I didn't say 'Merry Christmas, bah!' right out loud, I was something of a wreck by the time I had only about half my gifts purchased.

"Then, because I wanted a new lipstick, I stopped at the cosmetic counter—and that detour proved to be the finale to my Christmas shopping. Right there, in the smartest of holiday boxes, were gifts for friends of every age and taste. Furthermore I was confident they would be welcomed with honest delight because I gave each gift the test of personal approval. Would I like this perfume, that compact? The answer was invariably yes!"

No better test than Nan's could be evolved for Christmas buying. Beauty aids appeal to every girl and woman alert to the demands of perfect grooming and gracious living.

Right out in front among the choice holiday offerings this season is Kathleen Mary Quinlan's Rythm Perfume, just as new, gay and alluring as its name implies. This is a perfume for those competitive hours when a girl needs the confidence inspired by an aura of enchanting fragrance. Manufacturer's pride in this perfume creation is [Continued on page 83]
FOR GIVING

Colonial Dames' genuine leather manicure kit

"My Make-Up Secret" gift box by Max Factor

Campana's Italian Balm in Imperial Package

Drene shampoo formula for hair beauty

Nan Grey, in *Three Smart Girls* starts on her Christmas preparations
She Tried to Dodge

Believe it or not, seven years ago beautiful Jean Harlow was ready to run away from fame and fortune—only she was so terribly frightened she couldn’t!

by Harry Hammond Beall

It’s been almost seven years since Jean Harlow tried to run out on the night that was destined to be the foundation of her highway to stardom, but the tiara of success she has achieved as the result of those seven long years, and not altogether too happy years, has failed to make her forget the quaking knees and the shivers up and down her spine as the motor car inched its way through the heaviest traffic jam Hollywood has ever known to the world première of Hell’s Angels. With only her parents sitting beside her in the limousine, Jean experienced a stage fright almost unconquerable. If she could only grab a coat, pull it over her head and shoulders, leap from the auto and disappear into darkness of the night. Mentally she prayed for such a chance, but kept her prayers and fears to herself.

“It was the most horrible nightmare any girl could experience,” Jean confessed. “It was stupid, foolish, inane and idiotic. I know, but I just couldn’t help it. I should have been the happiest girl alive.
It was "Hamm" Beall who gave Jean Harlow her first big publicity build-up when he handled the world's première of Hell's Angels for Grauman's Chinese theatre on Hollywood Boulevard.

A reproduction of one of the many newspaper ads that literally propelled the blond Jean into stardom.

"Sid Grauman, the world's master showman, had arranged for a première of Hell's Angels in Grauman's Chinese that has never been equalled. Ben Lyon and Jimmy Hall had persuaded Howard Hughes, the producer, that I, a comparatively unknown fresh from the 'extra' ranks, was the girl for the feminine lead. You, Hamm, as Sid's publicity chief, had given me the greatest billing any screen actress had ever received to date. I couldn't read a paper, pass a billboard, sit down in a restaurant, but what my own face would be staring at me. And it wasn't done with mirrors.

"Then like a big baby, I sat there silent and glum—like I was on my way to the dentist to have every tooth extracted with hedge shears, but only after each and every one had been drilled with a trip hammer.

"How I got through that night: faced the crowds, the cameras, the news photographers, talked over the microphone, I'll never know. Your guess is as good as mine.

"But from what my friends told me, and the reports I read in the press, I must have gotten by. I don't remember seeing the picture at all. In fact I never saw all of Hell's Angels, despite the fact that I made personal appearances with it in more than a score of cities.

"What's more, I never intend to. If I had to look at myself as I appeared in it, I'd lose all confidence in my acting ability. I'd feel there was no hope.

"When I was making personal appearances I'd always sneak in the back of the house to watch the Zeppelin airplane attack. I never failed to get a tremendous thrill out of it. I probably saw that scene hundreds of times."

Wings, Paramount's epic of the air, had preceded Hell's Angels and taken the edge off sky-battles; Ben Lyon and Jimmy Hall, who had the masculine leads in the Hughes, while swell fellows and popular... [Continued on page 80]
Simone Simon Explains Herself

"I am not temperamental! I don't want to be a star! I don't like Hollywood men!" says Simone Simon, the screen's latest "find"

Charming! Just a dash of the gamine: Why not? Loosed at that raffish crossroads of the world, Marseilles, flung into the barbaric bypaths of Madagascar, swept along the challenging boulevards of Paris, it is only natural she should be nicknamed La Sauvage Tendre. Puzzling only is the real name of this tender savage of twenty summers and countless climes till she gaily explains:

"The family name it is Simon. Then my father he think it very smart if he name me Simone, so that the two they sound alike—Seemoan Seemoan—yet they are differ-rent."

Knowing this is to know that Simone Simon is smart as her name. Likewise as lively. In blue sweater and bluer slacks, her ruddy-brown hair sportive beneath a peaked soft hat Peter Pan might have flicked down from his eerie treetop, you see in her five-feet-three of French quicksilver.

Perhaps you saw her in the French picture, Lac aux Dames. If so, you glimpsed unblushing charms freed from cruelly imprisoning shoulderstraps. Since that first startling revelation of her in this country something, indeed much, has been left to the ever-moral American imagination. Yet in Girls' Dormitory, her first Hollywood picture, it is possible to guess at those hidden charms without guessing wrong. What she didn't hide, according to all accounts, in the making of this sheltered film, was her temperament. But, no matter, it made her a star.

Pretty good. Like her tennis game, from which she now has breezed into the room. She stretches contentedly on a couch. You see, "The skin on the heel it rub." But that temperament of which she has been accused—there's the real rub! You are sorry you mentioned it, for the effect is violently upsetting. She stares up. She sits up. She springs up.

"No!" she blazes, her lightning-blue eyes aflash. "I do not have the temper-ament. I am not difficile. It is only that they do not understand me. That is why they have the cold face. But I come with the warm smile on my face, and my arms are open."

Fair enough. A smile to melt ice, and arms inviting as a soft breath from the South.

"Never would I be temper-amental," and she looks so innocent you can almost believe her. "I be natural. But nobody gives me advices. People never try to help me at all because they think I am—oops! Then I become pretty mad when I think about that. What is this they tell me when I do something? Is it I have to be told what I do? Poof! When I come here I am not a beginner. For three years I am on the stage in Paris. Also I go in pictures. Now I go in them?"

She sits down beside you calmly, the storm over.

"A funny thing it happen. One day I am sitting all alone on the terrace of the Cafe de la Paix—nice there, yes?—when a man I never see before he sit down at my

[Continued on page 82]

by

Charles Darnton
Marguerite Churchill, who appears in the forthcoming Columbia production Legion of Terror, poses in a delightful chiffon evening gown from the advanced spring collection.
DRESSES ★ HATS ★ TEXTURES

The gowns pictured are the advanced cruise collection created by Ernst Dryden, Columbia designer in conjunction with Irene Bury, Violet Taturn, and Viola S. Dimmitt. The idea of so combining a designer-manufacturer and a studio designer is that the latter has lent his glamour and the manufacturer has given her practicality. All hats were designed by Rilla. (1) *Lady of Athens:* This gown created in conjunction with Violet Taturn for Marguerite Churchill, was inspired by the simplicity of early Athens. Its flowing skirt of misty rose chiffon, which falls softly over a matching slip of taffeta, and draped bodice and sleeves of pale grey typifies true Grecian beauty. (2) *Lido:* Well studied detail gives this simple sports frock of deep terry-cloth Ceda Londa with accent of dark brown a new style interest. This unusual costume worn by Rosalind Russell, appearing in the Columbia film *Craig's Wife,* was in collaboration with Irene Bury. The costume is completed with brown hat, bag, gloves and shoes. The spectator shoes are of suede. (3) *Casino:* calf with novel trim of overpinstriped knit. Stitched matelasse crêpe in a shade of golden yellow with center front panel of rose rust fashions this after-noon or cocktail frock worn by Joan Perry appearing in the Columbia picture *Shakedown.* The dress is contrasted with a black felt hat and accessories. Violet
Tatum collaborated with Dryden. (4) Capri: Tiny bows hold the front and back fullness of this charming costume at sunset time worn by Alagne Evans who will be seen in Pennies From Heaven Columbia film. Flower buttons close the front of this frock to the waistline. Navy blue again vies for early spring honors in accessories. Violet hat and shoes are smartly contrasted by bag and kidskin. Tutu suit with highlight of matching kidskin is smartly created by Jane Faurt, costume designer for Jane Eyre. Appearing in Lead Horizon, a forthcoming provincial spectacle sports frock created by Frank Capra. Columbia production of brown has a jacket blouson and its circular skirt of brown and brownish little peplum. The brown buttons that adorn the front are of Mexican making. Its golden yellow little peplum and brown buttons that adorn the front are of Mexican making. Its golden yellow little peplum and brown buttons that adorn the front are of Mexican making. Its golden yellow little peplum and brown buttons that adorn the front are of Mexican making. Its golden yellow little peplum and brown buttons that adorn the front are of Mexican making.
Dimmitt for Dolores Del Río soon to appear in the Columbia production *The Depths Below*. The soft panels are tucked at the shoulders and waistline to give form and feeling to this diaphanous creation. (11) Marguerite Churchill wears a coat of black Celanese taffeta over an arresting beach costume of gayly printed taffeta. The voluminous box-pleated shorts which reach to just above the knee are topped by a bias cut draped brassiere of matching taffeta which closes down the back with a row of tiny buttons and has no shoulder straps at all. Designed in conjunction with Irene Bury. (12) A huge cartwheel hat of black Celanese taffeta is worn by Marguerite Churchill. It is ingeniously fashioned so that the flat cartwheel effect is fastened to a gypsy bandeau which ties under the chin. *Style Flash of the Month*: Kidskin in shoes and accessories is going high fashion especially the new dull finishes that harmonize so well with smart cruise outfits as pictured.
A heart-breaker since she was four—that's Anne Shirley's record in love. And the boys must approve of it for she is one of Hollywood's most popular young stars.

**Romance for ANNE**

**EVEN** at the age of four Anne Shirley, the petite RKO star, thought life was real and earnest—so far as love and romance were concerned. You see, she became engaged to seven-year-old Byron Sage who somehow managed to slip a ring over her engagement finger! All of which should be proof enough that Anne always has been a heart-breaker, though if the truth were known, she didn't break Byron's heart and they are still very good friends. However, the pattern of Byron's life has been closely interwoven with Anne for fourteen years and while now she continues the merry, heart-breaking way of all eighteen-year-old girls, who can tell what the future will bring?

The engagement, with the full consent and delighted approval of the children's parents, took place when Byron and Anne were working in *The Spanish Dancer* with Pola Negri. One of these friendships all too rare in Hollywood was developing between Mrs. Shirley and Mrs. Lena Sage. Byron's mother. When picture engagements were few and far between and the Shirley larder ran low, Mrs. Sage could always be relied on to help out. And when fortune forgot to smile on Mrs. Sage, Anne's mother did her part.

They shared the joys and sorrows of trying to crash the movies and what Mrs. Shirley thinks of Mrs. Sage is no secret. Recently she had this tried and proven friend legally appointed as Anne's alternate mother. Desirous of protecting Anne's future welfare, Mrs. Shirley had legal papers drawn appointing, in the event of her death, Mrs. Sage as her daughter's guardian.

When Anne Shirley skyrocketed to fame in *Anne of Green Gables* she was dubbed the "Cinderella girl," much to her dismay. And in considering the various constructions that can be placed on this overworked title, one can hardly blame her.

"To me," Anne said, "a Cinderella is a poor girl who has been deprived of normal happiness and pleasures. While I have been in pictures since I was three, my childhood was as happy as that of the average non-professional child. We were never wealthy and at times we were very poor but thanks to my mother, I never realized just how poor we were. I always had plenty of food and there was never a noticeable absence of candy, ice cream cones and similar things dear to a child's heart. The only part of the Cinderella legend I'll agree to is that referring to the good fortune that brought me success in *Anne of Green Gables*. And that was the lucky break all actors pray for."

Mrs. Shirley was faced with the problem of earning her own living a few months after Anne was born in New York City. Getting a job was one thing and providing proper care for the tiny Anne was another. The outlook appeared desperate indeed to the worried mother.

*Continued on page 68*
Comfortable, homelike, spacious, and hospitable—a four word description of the Santa Monica home owned by Pat O'Brien, Warner Bros. star now appearing in San Quentin.

Dignity and charm go hand in hand in the simplified furnishing of the living room in the Pat O'Brien residence.

The library of the O'Brien home is Pat's chief pride and joy and for good reason! It's a man's room from the beamed ceiling to the hardwood floor.

This shamrock-adorned and famous-initialed old tavern bar features the trophy room. Ye host is evidently awaiting customers.
Signing Off!

If you're interested in autograph hunting, it will more than repay you to read this surprising story about Viola Seed, the Queen of the Autograph Hounds

by Lewis Allen

THREE things that annoy movie stars the most are: bad press notices, the income tax and Viola Seed.

The first two items are not so serious. For instance, a good performance in the next picture usually soothes the critics' wrath and the income tax man only comes around once a year. But the Viola Seed menace is not so easily dismissed. She is an ever present thorn on the rosy paths film idols tread, a daily shadow upon their lives, liberties and pursuit of happiness.

Viola Seed is the champion autograph hound of Hollywood. She has probably met more movie stars than any other girl in the world. She has several volumes of autograph books containing more than 1000 signatures of the great and near great of Hollywood to prove her claim to the title of Queen of the Autograph Hounds.

Viola is a pretty brown-haired St. Louis girl who came to Hollywood two years ago. Since her arrival in the film colony she has devoted at least eight hours daily, and often twelve and fifteen hours, to waylaying movie stars in a systematic quest for their autographs.

It's a strange life. Strenuous, too. She bears the scars of many battles—stubborn battles waged with Garbo, and Dietrich, and Hepburn, and Chaplin, and lesser gods, on the sidewalks of Hollywood.

VIOLA takes tremendous professional pride in her work, like any true craftsman. She simply adores movie stars. The fact that amazingly few of them reciprocate her admiration bothers her not at all. If all the film favorites who have publicly insulted Viola were laid end to end they'd extend from Hollywood Boulevard to Little America. But she glories in it. A snub to Viola is like a turkey dinner to a refugee. She just eats it up. Bejeweled hands have vainly tried to trust her 110 pounds aside. She both smiles and frowns, and has become a menace.

If a star emits sarcastic remarks or insults, she often has become a menace.

If a star emits sarcastic remarks or insults, she often has become a menace.

She knows all the soft answers for hard words. And she's as sharp-witted as she is persistent.

For example, one night she popped from the shadows outside a Hollywood radio station where she had been awaiting her prey and thrust an autograph book into Constance Bennett's dainty hands. Connie was hurrying to keep a broadcasting date. "I can't be detained now. My public is waiting," said Connie, attempting to brush past. "I'm your public," snapped Viola. "Sign here." Connie laughed, and signed.

On another memorable occasion Viola accosted Eddie Cantor outside the Hollywood American Legion stadium on a fight night. Cantor, accompanied by several of his daughters, was in a hurry. He wouldn't sign an autograph, and he was pretty decisive about it. Viola knew where his car was parked. After the fights Cantor and his daughters found Viola comfortably seated in the car.

"What's the idea?" Eddie asked.

"I want your autograph," Viola replied.

Cantor said: "Nothing doing." Whereupon Viola announced that unless he signed she'd remain in the car, make him take her home. And then he'd have another daughter.

"Stop!" screamed Cantor. "I'll sign."

THERE are about a dozen professional autograph hunters trailing the movie stars in Hollywood. Her gang, Viola calls them. Of course, there are hundreds [Continued on page 64]

Viola Seed with her autograph book at the gate of Paramount Studios
Hollywood’s Music! Laughter! and a gold ring for a prize keeps these romancers traveling at a dizzy pace.

With Buddy Rogers as her escort, Mary goes round in a whirl of romance these days.

Marie Wilson, Hollywood’s longest-lashed lady, is shown here entering the famous Clover Club on the arm of Nick Grinde, ace director.

It’s in the air that Kay Francis will wed Delmar Daves, well-known writer. Here, however, they are concentrating their interest on polo.

Fawcett Photos by Rhodes
John King is waiting, (and not too patiently!) for Gail Patrick to name the day. The camera catches them while attending a famous Hollywood premiere.

A gay twosome headed for the game.—Tom Brown and Paula Stone stride merrily towards the entrance of the stadium to join the band in the "pom-pom" parade.
Herbert Marshall pictured in the grounds of the Beverly Hills Hotel where his spacious bungalow is situated. He is currently co-starring in the Radio Pictures Production, Make Way For a Lady, with Anne Shirley.
A STAGGERING Success!

By Forbes Smith

Believe it or not, a 'drunk' routine in a New York night club, put Martha Raye, the new comedy sensation, in movies

"I STAGGERED into stardom," confesses Martha Raye, new screen comedy sensation. "Hiccoughs, wobbly legs, and a flair for publicly insulting strange gentlemen put me where I am today. And I don't mean in a police station."

Strange as it may seem, Martha has skyrocketed to the Hollywood heights along a rowdy route ordinarily taboo for girls aspiring to break into pictures. She's a staggering success, and the hangover is a long term contract with Paramount.

Of course, it was all part of an act. Martha's legs are not really wobblly, she doesn't make a practice of insulting persons, and her cheerful disposition belies her screen insolence. But for two years previous to her Hollywood arrival Martha supplemented her New York night club singing and dancing with a funny drunk routine. She weaved an uncertain path among drunk, jereed unsuspecting gentlemen by their coat lapels, thrust her body menacingly close and spattered insults and intimidations in their embarrassed faces. The patrons roared. It was a swell gag.

Martha jumped at the opportunity to play a four weeks engagement at the Club Casanova in Hollywood. Here was her chance to get a picture bid. She could sing hot numbers. She could dance. So she sang and danced. The engagement was extended to twenty-three weeks. The movie crowd dropped in and applauded. But no screen offers.

"They told me hot singers were a dime a dozen in Hollywood," says Martha. "And Eleanor Powell wasn't a bit jealous of my dancing."

Then the Club Casanova closed for the season. Martha wasn't any nearer to a movie camera. She decided to return east.

Martha's trunk was packed when the management of another famous night playground of the film celebrities, induced her to appear as a guest star in their floor show. Martha mischievously tried her old drunk routine on the distinguished cinema-gathering. It proved a hit.

Among those who enjoyed Martha's plastered pranks was Norman Taurog, a Paramount director. He told Martha to go home and unpack her trunk and he'd use her in Rhythm On the Range which he was preparing to shoot.

"It was the nicest hangover a girl ever experienced," cracks Martha. "Drunk and disorderly the night before and waking up the next morning with a chance to play opposite Bing Crosby in a picture."

Martha was rushed into the picture without the formality of a screen test. Taurog knew she was good. And that same drunk routine proved a comedy high spot of the production.

Taurog has long been recognized as a keen observer of talent. That night at the night club he saw far more in Martha than ability to impersonate a bawdy inebriate. He saw the possibilities for remarkable facial expressions, particularly comedy expressions, in her prominent features and large, mobile mouth. He recognized Martha's extraordinary sense of pantomime. Her skill in accurately timing comedy lines end [Continued on page 59]
How Henry Fonda

One of the sweetest and loveliest romances Hollywood ever smiled upon is the love story of Henry Fonda and his new bride

by Denis Morrison

STARS, directors, executives—grips, juicers, wardrobe women—everybody on the United Artists lot will long remember the homecoming of Henry Fonda.

He burst into the café at the studio one noontime recently—and burst is the right word—radiant, smiling, bumbling with the joy of living, so happy that he wanted all the world to be happy with him.

Could this be the moody young man who had departed only a few months previously with a dour look on his face? Standoffish, impatient sometimes, temperamental and "touchy" even with his best friends?

"What's come over you, Henry?" a studio executive asked him. "Never saw you looking so happy in your life before!"

Henry Fonda grinned his boyish, engaging grin.

"There's only one answer to that," Fonda said. "Only one possible answer. Love. I'm in love. She's the most marvelous girl in the world! She's my miracle girl—and the next time anyone tells me that love isn't a miracle—well, maybe I won't punch him in the nose, but I'll look very superior and smile condescendingly. Because I know!"

Henry Fonda's new bride, as all of you know by this time, was Mrs. George T. Brokaw, of the very hoity-toity New York Brocaws. She was born Frances Seymour, of the no less hoity-toity Seymours, of Morris-town, N. J., New York City, and Fairhaven, Mass.

And what very few indeed know is how they happened to meet and how Henry won her for his wife.

It is one of the sweetest and loveliest romances that Hollywood and the haute monde of New York and London ever smiled over, this love story of a handsome lad who had been scorched and embittered in his quest for happiness and the patrician beauty whose brief wedded years had been crowned with sorrow.

They met in London, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Kane. It happens that Mrs. Kane, herself a famous beauty, is the sister-in-law of Sidney Kent, and that Mr. Kent is the president of Twentieth Century-Fox which had had Fonda under contract.

HENRY was a very emotionally distraught and torn youth when he received his marching orders to go to London and star in On the Wings of Morning with Kane producing.

He had just finished making The Moon's Our Home for Walter Wanger in Hollywood and his co-star in that picture, you'll recall, was tempestuous Margaret Sullavan, who had been the first Mrs. Fonda.

Many there were who predicted, when these two ardent souls were cast together, that the old love would flare anew. Henry certainly was wildly in love with the blonde visp of flame that is Miss Sullavan. He admitted as much to his intimates.

She keeps me guessing every minute," he told a friend once. "Maybe I'm guessing at mine, too!"

Keeping 'em guessing is a way Margaret Sullavan has.

She kept Henry on tenterhooks the year they were married. At the end of the year, there was a New York to Chicago to fulfill a stage engagement and sent him this terse message:

"This is to let you know that I am getting a divorce."

No wonder Henry was terribly shocked. He had always considered the Sullavans his adoptive family. But he had known they wouldn't have been? And Margaret went on to quarrel with her director, William Wyler, all through the making of her hit picture, The Good Fairy, and to marry him almost the minute the picture was made. She divorced him—and then almost immediately came her co-starring film with Fonda.

Small wonder that tongues wagged. But nothing came of it. And Henry went away to London a moody and morose young man. All set for the rebound, some will say. Well—

At the Kane's house in London Henry found himself presented unexpectedly to a very lovely young matron, quiet of voice, evidencing high breeding, composed in the most impeccable taste.

"Mrs. Brokaw—Mr. Fonda—I'm sure you two will get along splendidly—Mr. Fonda, you know, is in London making a picture for Mr. Kane—"

Something clicked. Henry told his pals about it afterward. Frances Brokaw was so different from Margaret Sullavan. Her voice was quiet, vibrant, her beauty of the serene, patrician type. Up to that moment love had meant nothing to Henry except hurt, pain, tornadoes, bewilderment—torment. He who had dreamed of love as a safe and sunny haven had found it only a raging tempest.

Frances Brokaw was blonde like Margaret but right there the physical resemblance ceased. Even on that very first evening in the Kane residence she and Henry hit it off. By the time they said good night they were on a comradely basis.

The very next Sunday the Kanes were host and hostess at a boating party on the historic Thames. That's quite the thing to do in London on summer holidays and Henry fell in with the plan with enthusiasm, looking forward to meeting the very fascinating Mrs. Brokaw again.

He knew by this time that she had been widowed more than a year, that she had a daughter, Frances de Villers Brokaw, who was nearly five years old, that she had been married as a lovely young debutante to the wealthy George T. Brokaw, considerably her senior and member of one of the oldest Knickerbocker families as she herself was. Brokaw had previously been the husband of the brilliant and vivacious Claire Boothe Brokaw, and after their divorce she became the wife of the brilliant young editor, Henry Luce.

ON THAT eventful Sunday picnic on the lordly Thames, he learned a great deal more about Mrs. Brokaw and she about him.

Before the day was over both knew that they were in love!
Won His Bride!

It was a day redolent of romance. The broad river that empties into the ocean just a few miles from the sprawling capital of the British Empire was dotted with gaily festooned barges and power craft. History has been made for countless generations on that river. From its gently rolling bosom one sees the vaulted towers of the Houses of Parliament; the dome of St. Paul’s; the tall spires of Westminster Abbey; and there is in the very atmosphere the "feel" that here history has marched and men and women have marched with it to glorious or fateful destiny.

All this had more than a mere impersonal meaning to Frances Brokaw. She must have been thinking of her own ancestors and the parts they played in the rolling drama of events that unfolded in sight of the spot where she reclined on the deck of the boat. She must have been warmed by those memories as well as by the adoring devotion of the handsome youth at her side.

For nearly four hundred years ago her ancestor in the direct line, Edward Seymour, Duke of Somerset, perished under the headman’s axe for his temerity in plotting to elevate the lovely Lady Jane Grey—heart’s most pathetic heroine—to the throne of England.

And here was a young man from Omaha, Neb., in a country that hadn’t been dreamed of in that distant day, making ardent phrases to a descendant of that Duke—hard by the famous Tower of London where he met his tragic end.

Much water has passed under London Bridge since that fateful day. Dynasties have fallen, wars have raged over the British throne, a new continent has pushed the frontiers of civilization back—but love is the same today as it was then, human hearts entwine, and sweethearts seek to read destiny in each other’s eyes.

Dusk fell on the historic Thames. Bob Kane’s boat nosed to its mooring again and the gay folk aboard left her decks. But one unseen passenger stole down the gangway caroling a song in the hearts of Henry Fonda and Frances Brokaw—and that passenger was Love. Love had wrought its miracle again.

A merry summer season followed. Henry finished his picture work. A party was made up to go to Berlin for the Olympic Games. Henry and Frances were members of it. They were constantly thrown together. Their devotion became more and more marked. By the time the party came back to London, Henry and Frances knew they were going to be married.

The grand dames and dowagers of the clan Seymour may have been austerely shocked when they heard that Frances was going to marry an actor but if they were they didn’t betray it.

HENRY wanted a very quiet marriage. Frances vetoed that idea. She wanted to be married in a New York church with all the fuss and furbelows of a society wedding. Who could blame her? She was proud of her handsome young man and wanted the whole world—and especially her world—to know it.

[Continued on page 65]
More Power to Him!

Life has been no bed of roses for this young Irishman who has a penchant for seeking trouble—and finding it.

by
William C. Walsh

Tyrone Power was "discovered" by Katharine Cornell when he was twenty.

MOST people would imagine the son of noted theatrical parents—dark, straight and handsome, brilliant in studies, outstanding in athletics, and talented in his own right—found life a bed of roses from the very beginning.

But it didn't work out that way for Tyrone Power, Jr. Indeed, it seemed to be those very assets that got him into difficult and ticklish situations all the time. Or he may just have had the knack for getting into trouble.

But it was a life very conducive to "situations." He played Shylock in Shakespearean repertoire at thirteen . . . all prep school hallback at sixteen . . . soldier of fortune at eighteen . . . discovered by Katharine Cornell at twenty. Now, at twenty-two he is under personal contract to Darryl Zanuck . . . and with a romantic lead in Lloyd's Of London.

At the age of three months, Tyrone crawled off a sleeping porch and fell into a barrel of rain water. That was a typical beginning.

Born quietly in Cincinnati on May fifth, nineteen fourteen, Tyrone is the son of Patia and Tyrone Power, Sr., both players of note in the American Shakespeare theatre.

With the advent of their baby, these two established a home in the Ohio town. The father continued his career on the stage and Patia abandoned her own to provide a life for the child.

Tyrone, Jr., was a strong, wiry youth, and as his mother wisely made no effort to impel his interests toward the theatre, his boyish mind turned to athletics for diversion.

In the lower grades he was proficient in all the major sports and his name became something of a byword among the sand lots of Cincinnati.

At Purcell High School he was outstanding in football and basketball, achieving state-wide recognition in his senior year.

During the summer vacations he went with his father on touring companies and began to know and love the theatre this way.

At home learned self reliance and worked in a drug store at night.

The store bought a motorcycle for him to do delivery work and that gave him a great many bad moments.

"It was all right when you turned to the left," mused the young actor thoughtfully, "because the side car balanced it. But when your turned right, there was nothing to [Continued on page 67]
And here's the rousing treatment that keeps it vigorous...

HORRID skin faults are usually underskin 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 awaken 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—and 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 in more cream—briskly. Reuse 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 9 treatments, with generous samples of 3 other Pond's Creams and 3 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10c to cover postage and packing.

Copyright, 1924, Pond's Extract Company

When answering advertisements, please mention January Movie Classic 51
On Location with the Maid of Salem

By Ted Magee

If Fate could be reduced down to human conceptions, Director Frank Lloyd would be quite glad to take a poke at the fellow who handles the master switchboard of life. Two pokes, as a matter of fact. One of them would be to the snoot of old man Destiny in atonement for the grief that befall lovely Claudette Colbert. And he would like to slap the old coot's ears down for Fred MacMurray's misfortunes.

Chronologically, in telling you this story about Paramount's class picture, Maid of Salem, we should start with Fred's woes, up near Santa Cruz.

You see, when Director Lloyd was handed the script of this gripping witchcraft story, he cast about for a suitable location. Lloyd had to travel 500 miles north of Hollywood to find a New England background. He finally selected a spot in back of Santa Cruz, which is just south of San Francisco along the coastline.

We reached Santa Cruz at six in the morning, with the fog rolling down the cold, empty streets.

At nine o'clock the Paramount troupe, occupying two of the city's nicest hotels, was ready to go to work. For the world we couldn't see why. The fog still sat like a dozen of Carl Sandburg's cats yowling at the city.

But still, here was the troupe chatting gaily, gulping down last cups of coffee before rushing out before the camera. My good friend, Billy Edwards, who was to be my guide as well as savior-in-chief from the witches, said we would have a five mile drive into the hills to the actual location scene.

I shall never be able to describe the first three miles of the trip. Surrounded on four sides by a concrete wall of fog, we blasted our way through it, and then quite miraculously emerged into brilliant sunshine and blue skies. Around me, to my surprise, were giant pine trees, towering hills.

A few more twists to the mountain road and we were there, warm and comfortable in a shaded nook. Director Lloyd, Miss Colbert, and Mr. MacMurray had preceded us and already were at work, dancing the gavotte.

If you saw Fred in Texas Rangers, it is not easy to conceive him doing this antiquated dance, but there he was, being as dainty as a pair of dusty boots and tight trousers would allow. They were rehearsing with the aid of a dance director, gliding across a floor of pine needles and oak leaves. Director Lloyd was asleep at the switch. He has an uncanny knack of grabbing off forty winks during a call, then snapping his eyes open at the word "All ready now!" and pouncing into action.

A phonograph, with the gavotte previously recorded in the studio, was beating off measures with the precision of a cow switching her tail at flies. Billy Edwards informed me that the music, which sounded practically perfect to this uncertain ear, had been dashed off in a mere hour by Genius Ralph Ranger, the tunesmith, immediately after he snapped off a song or two for Paramount's Big Broadcast of 1937.

Illustration by Charles Winning field Meggs

Claudette Colbert and Fred MacMurray are teamed again in Frank Lloyd's historical drama, Maid of Salem

[Continued on page 74]
“W e 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 MOVIE CLASSIC
THE SHOW WINDOW
[Continued from page 12]

stories going smoothly, and with proper suspense, was a difficult one—made easy, however, by Director Griffith’s expert handling. Our advice—see this picture by all means!—20th Century-Fox.

THREE MEN ON A HORSE—Mervyn LeRoy, Warner Brothers’ ace director, has taken the highly successful Broadway stage farce about racetrack gambling and has given it a screen version which is just about the last word in movie entertainment so far as laughs are concerned.

Three Men on a Horse abounds in snappy, slangy dialogue and utterly absurd comedy situations all aided and abetted by Frank McHugh, Allen Jenkins, Sam Levine, Teddy Hart and Joan Blondell. McHugh, as the gift card writer whose secret hobby is picking winning horses, easily takes top honors in a role which fits him to the proverbial and well-known “T”. Sam Levine and Teddy Hart as the unlucky gamblers run McHugh a pretty close race for second honors. Joan Blondell, as the dumb chorus girl, sweetheart of Teddy Hart, does exceptional work. Her dance routine in McHugh’s bedroom wins a gold star from this observer. Whether or not you like horses or horse-racing, you will thoroughly enjoy Three Men on a Horse.—Warner Bros.

COME AND GET IT—Transferred to the screen by Samuel Goldwyn, Edna Ferber’s brilliant story of a lummy baron hungry for power and love, becomes one of the outstanding pictures of the season. Perfectly cast, and perfectly directed by William Wyler and Howard Hawks, Come and Get It, from the opening scene to the last is worthy of the highest praise. Edward Arnold, as the ruthless lumber king who gets everything he wants but love, gives a performance that seldom has been matched on the screen by any actor. Frances Farmer as the dance hall woman definitely establishes herself in the top rank roles they portray. Come and Get It is a picture that should be marked MUST on your movie calendar.—United Artists.

WE WHO ARE ABOUT TO DIE—Producer Edward Small and Director Christy Cabanne have taken the story David Lamson wrote in the death row at San Quentin Prison and turned out a product that should be one of the standout pictures of the year. The screen version, which is obviously fiction, is nevertheless a very convincing and authentic expose of the unscrupulous methods used by climbing politicians in their efforts to reach the top, and contains all the horror of Lamson’s many months in the death cell, and the terror that goes through the mind of an innocent man condemned to die on the gallows. John, played by John Beal, is an innocent victim of circumstances who is used as a pawn by an ambitious district attorney, who has his eye on the governor’s chair. The heartaches and pathos, the morbidity and humor of those men in condemned row who soon will die is very graphically put over by a combination of splendid direction and acting. Although the three leads, played by Preston Foster, Ann Dvorak, and John Beal, are very aptly portrayed, and lack nothing to make the characters realistic, special credit should go to Paul Hurst, who plays the part of Tip Fuller. His characterization of a “tough guy” who is really very human at heart, does much to lighten the picture. —RKO-Radio.

SAY MARGE—WHAT’S

[Continued on page 13]
THE BIG BROADCAST OF 1937—A musical with a plot! A musical with sense and nonsense! A musical with symphonic and swing-time rhythm! You learn about radio from this, as a big broadcasting company is its background. Jack Benny, the station manager, pouts and puts his way to another success. Gracie Allen is at her looniest and best. But then so is the rest of the cast, who clown through this production scattering laughs, music and a bit of romance where they'll do the most good. Think of Benny, Gracie, George Burns, Martha Raye, Bob Burns, Ray Milland, Shirley Ross, Sam Hearn, Benny Fields, Frank Forest and a scintillating flock of dancers and entertainers, all let loose without their inhibitions. Benny Goodman's hot swing band is GOOD! The addition of a Bach number by Leopold Stokowski is wonderfully effective. The whole piece pokes fun at behind-the-mike activities. Bob Burns blunders through the studio speaking his piece on various programs without realizing he is on the air. Martha Raye scores again in a big way. Altogether it's a swell show of which Paramount should be proud.— Paramount.

IN HIS STEPS—This powerful drama, again co-stars the beautiful, blonde Cecelia Parker and wistful, idealistic Eric Linden. They are shown as the innocent victims of their wealthy parents' greed, narrow prejudices and animosities. As an aftermath of their elopement, made necessary by their respective parents' obvious desire to completely dominate and crush the lives of the romantic couple, criminal charges are placed against young Linden in accordance with a strict anti-abduction law.

While hiding from their parents and the police, the runaways learn the meaning of extracting a living from the soil. It is the man of simple faith and serenity of soul, their devoted friend, Harry Beresford (Davidson), who comes to the rescue of these two in their darkest hour of despair. His courage, kindliness and high standard of living regenerates those about him and saves the whole situation. These players are supported by an exceptionally capable cast. Henry Kolker, Charles Richman, Olive Tell, Clara Blandick, Robert Warwick and Rogeraramo deservé great credit for their splendid characterizations.—Zeidman-Gr a n d National.

PIGSKIN PARADE—2oth Century-Fox deserves a well-earned pat on the back for this football musical for it's just about the funniest, most mirth-provoking film of the year and we're not overlooking My Man Godfrey either. They say it took six writers to turn out the story. If so, let's hope it becomes a habit with other studios for these six writers turned out a scenario that really has a laugh in every line. Pigskin Parade has much to recommend it besides the football angle. There's the Yacht Club Boys, for instance, who sing as only they can sing, four sparkling numbers that are worth the price of your theatre ticket. "Woo! Woo!" is undoubtedly the best of their musical numbers, but the other three are as pleasing to the ear as the most critical customer would want. The film also marks the picture debut of Judy Garland, a sweet little miss who sings two numbers so remarkably well that you can safely mark her down as belonging in the select group of top-flight songbirds from now on. Stuart Erwin, always good, climbs to new altitudes in fun-making as the bare-footed hillbilly, who is drafted into a jerkwater college because of his accuracy in tossing the pigskin.

Johnny Downs, Dixie Dunbar, Jack Haley, Patsy Kelly, Betty Grable, Arline Judge have roles in which all score heavily. See this picture even if you have to rob the baby's bank!—20th Century-Fox.

HAPPENED TO THE BOY FRIEND LATELY

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!
**Going Gay with the Youngstars!**

Hollywood's younger set work hard on their studio careers, but in their off-screen hours it's here today, gone tomorrow with games, party ideas—and even love.

LIKE the jovial, fun-seeking younger set of any American community is the youthful element in the Hollywood film colony. Just a bunch of kids—crazy as the rest of them—dodging around, pranking, uproaring and out to have the best of times.

What is known in the cinema capital as the "younger set" includes such youngsters as Pat Ellis, Mary Carlisle, Betty Furness, Anne Shirley, Paula Stone, Toby Wing and their handsome boy friends (order accidental) Jimmy Blakeley, Earl Blackwell, Tom Brown, Dick Cronwell, Owen Davis, Jr., and others.

The recently marrieds have such contributions as the Henry Fondas, the Warren Hulls, the Donald Woods', and the Frank Albertsons.

"Let's see how much fun we can have on how little money" is their aim, the same as it's the objective of most such groups. The fresh ingenuity of their "screwy" ways of entertaining themselves and each other is the talk of Hollywood.

California finds beach parties a favorite summer night sport. But this outfit likes 'em in winter, too—maybe a little better because then they have the beach to themselves. A little rough exercise is in order on the West's sprucy winter nights, with zestful recreation needed to keep the blood warm. After rendezvous in some pre-designated Hollywood home, the pleasure-seeking troupe drives to some Santa Monica beach spot where the hostess for the evening already has the fire roaring and the winers sputtering.

Warren Hull started the beach business. He's a brawny lad who wears one of those mahogany tans all year round. "In winter," he tells you seriously, "the water's only a few degrees colder, and if you run around, play ball, or build a fire, you hardly notice the temperature anyway."

New romances are always developing to keep the others musing. A little hand-holding in the shadows of the fire makes everyone feel the touch of young love.

Roller skating on a rink at Culver City is another favorite way of passing the time. Afterward, they'll pass by the Tropicadero with perfect savoir faire and "take over" some corner beer parlor that boasts a three-piece orchestra whose music may not be mellow but is good and loud.

One game which is often played when "the gang" converges at Paula Stone's house is "Spoons." Try it sometimes, and see if it

By Allan Carews

[Continued on page 61]
On the left, reading from left to right: Paula Stone, Tom Brown, Toby Wing, Johnny Downs, Suzanne Kaasen, Don Woods and Dorothy Stone acquiring a tan on the beach of the Del Mar Club.

The little red wagon is pretty crowded, but Nydia Westman, Paula Stone and Karen Morley don't seem to mind—and neither does Warren Hull who supplies the power.

The winner of Marchand's Blonde-of-the-Month Contest for December, lovely Miss Lollie admitted many of her friends commend her attractive appearance. "They all admire my golden hair," says Miss Lollie. Blonde or Brunette, you too can gain added popularity. Glorious, sparkling hair will bring you, as it did Miss Lollie, the admiring compliments of your friends.

Blondes—If your hair is dull, faded or streaked, rinse with Marchand's to bring back bright, sunny lustre of natural blonde hair. Marchand's Golden Hair Wash keeps your hair always the popular golden shade.

Brunettes—You will delight in a lovelier appearance once you rinse sparkling highlights into your hair with Marchand's. Or if you prefer, using Marchand's full strength you can completely lighten your hair to a golden blonde shade.

Blondes and Brunettes—Worried over unsightly hair on arms and legs? Women everywhere now use Marchand's to make "superfluous" hair unnoticeable. Invisible through even sheerest stockings! Start to benefit from this effective home beauty treatment today. Get a bottle of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash at any drugstore. Use it on your hair—your arms and legs—tonight, at home.

Would You, Too, Like to Visit New York—FREE
Full details of Marchand's Blonde-Of-The-Month Contest in your package of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. At your druggist. Or mail coupon below.

Marchand's Golden Hair Wash

When answering advertisements, please mention January Movie Classic
Food for Holiday Festivities

Follow the stars' advice—entice your friends with sugar and spice and everything nice!

by Dorothy Dwan

CAREFREE confusion is symbolic of Christmas Day. It's traditional that bright ribbons and gay wrappings litter the room, while amusing presents tumble out of boxes scattered under the lighted tree. Our feet trip over mechanical toys and red wagons while rushing to throw wide the door to welcome another happy group of friends who pop in at all hours to call out "Merry Christmas!"

We wouldn’t have the day otherwise and I’m sure that you will agree it's the memory of impromptu “Happy New Years” ringing through the house—shouted by drop-in well wishers that we cherish most.

There is a way to be sure your friends will find your street while driving from one house to another—choose one irresistible dish or drink, check full of the holiday spirit, and serve it year after year!

Chester Morris accidentally proved this suggestion to be true. I had heard of how friends from far and near gathered before Chester's hearth to drink his health with his famous “Holiday Special” and the actor was actually giving me his secret formula. He laughingly mentioned that last year he and Suzanne, his wife, received the following wire a few days before Christmas, from friends who had moved to New York.

Hold Open House on Christmas Day and follow Madeline Carroll’s recipes. The occasion will be momentous!

Chester Morris obligingly offers his own Holiday Special to you

WILL SLEEP UNDER YOUR HOSPITABLE ROOF CHRISTMAS EVE, HELD OUT AGAINST YOUR PLEAS TO MAKE A FLYING TRIP WEST FOR TWELVE MONTHS, BUT THOUGHTS OF YOUR INIMITABLE EGGNOG WERE OUR DOWNFALL. ANXIOUS TO SEE YOU, SUZANNE, AND THE YOUNGSTERS, BUT IF YOU ARE NOT PLANNING TO BREW UP A BATCH OF YOUR CHRISTMAS CHEER, WIRE IMMEDIATELY AND WE WILL POSTPONE TRIP UNTIL NEXT DECEMBER.

That is truly a testimonial for Chester’s eggnog and as he has served it for years, small wonder that it is known from one end of Hollywood to the other and that the Morris home resembles the Grand Central Station on Christmas. Here is the cherished recipe for you!

HOLIDAY SPECIAL

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Ingredient</th>
<th>Quantity</th>
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<tr>
<td>1 dozen fresh eggs</td>
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<tr>
<td>3 quarts milk</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>1 quart cream</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>1 cup sugar</td>
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<tr>
<td>1 quart mellowed brandy</td>
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</tbody>
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Imagine Christmas without egg-nog! Chester Morris obligingly offers his own Holiday Special to you.

Most appropriate and very tasty

Beverly Roberts contributes a Yuletide tree made of an appetizing cheese mixture.
business. The value of her husky, startling voice. Doing a drunk routine was a crude stepping stone in the career of this potentially great comedy artist. Of this Tawrog felt certain. Judging by her second screen triumph in Paramount's Big Broadcast of 1937, Martha is rapidly justifying the director's initial confidence.

Martha has no permanent home. Having spent sixteen of her nineteen years growing up in the country as a performer, Martha is completely free of home town prejudices. "I'm probably the only girl to enter the movies without a write-up in a local paper somewhere," Martha observes. This may seem unfair to her birthplace, Butte, Montana, where her mother quit the act for three days while Martha was ushered into the world. But it hardly qualifies Butte as a home town.

**Martha** remained in the vaudeville act with her parents until she was sixteen. Then she got a job in Chicago singing with Paul Ash's orchestra. She made good on her own immediately. She sang syncopated numbers and gradually injected comedy into her routine. A year later she jumped at a better offer doing an act with Benny Davis, the song writer.

Martha soon quit Davis to join an act which included Jackie Heller, Sonny O'Day, Hal LeRoy and Buddy and Vera Bergen. Evidently Martha wasn't so good. Everybody in the act beat her to Hollywood. But those who know believe Martha will last longer in pictures.

Before heading west Martha appeared in Earl Carroll's "Sketch Book" and a revue "Calling All Stars," also several New York night clubs.

Dances amazingly well, but never took a lesson in her life. Picked up the steps watching hoovers from vaudeville stage wings.

In the night clubs she worked from 11 p.m. to 4 a.m. Now she puts in from 12 to 18 hours a day working at Paramount, being fitted for gowns, recording songs, practicing new dance numbers and rehearsal for radio programs. Martha isn't complaining. When she becomes tired or discouraged she looks at her salary checks.

**Fanny Brice** is her idea of a real comedienne. She believes that Bob Burns has a great future in pictures—providing he remains teamed with her. Bing Crosby told her that she's one of the three real comedienne in pictures, but he didn't mention the other two.

Simply can't help being noisy off the screen, too. That's why she can be heard all over the Paramount lot when the company isn't working. She says hello to everybody she encounters, even though she doesn't know half of them.

Martha has a very large mouth. She worried about it when she was a kid, figured she could never be romantic. Now, like Joe Brown's, the mouth is earning her a fortune. Romantically, she isn't doing so badly. A select delegation of Hollywood swains, headed by Cesar Romero, are competing for the few leisure hours her picture and radio work permits.

As for the drunk routine, which won her movie recognition, Martha picked it up watching a certain Park Avenue debutante in a night club. Proving that a dash of culture often helps a working girl get along.

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When answering advertisements, please mention January Movie Classic.
Femmmine Hygiene
do't be-it is so easy, dainty
the modern way

There should be no confusion about that intimate and important subject—feminine hygiene.
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Fans and Fan Clubs

by

Harmony Haynes

WE TOLD you last month that this department was created in an effort to bring the stars and the fans closer together. Distance always means hazards and some of them are not so pleasant. However, they are there right in the pathway leading to your favorite star and if you will reach that star you will have to recognize and overcome them.

I'll point them out to you and expect you to accept them for what they are worth to you. There is nothing personal intended, you must all understand that.

Naturally it has to do with your letters, your personal letters to a star. Be careful of the advice you give a star. Let your criticisms dwell on screen work, stories in magazines, publicity in general. Keep away from the personal angle as much as possible.

Would you be surprised if I told you that many stars receive letters from fans telling them NOT to write to, or see other fans? I was surprised and so were the stars. They had hoped that the fans were fortunate enough to reach Hollywood and visit a star, that the rest of the fans would be happy about it.

Of course, such a letter does not stop a star from seeing her visiting fan and when she finds that fan a charming young person, she, quite naturally, has a very doubtful opinion about the writer of the warning letter. As one star said to me, "I'm afraid of such fans for if they can write such vicious letters against one of their own number, what else are they capable of doing?"

You must remember that, although you have received letters from a star, until you meet personally, and become friends, you are, honestly speaking, a stranger to her, and she is not the least bit interested in your personal grievance against another fan, and will not be a party to that grievance.

That's the first hazard. It's a bad one but I know you can overcome it and be healthier, happier fans.

The second has to do with "official" clubs. We find a lot of grief on that score. One fan will have a club for a certain star and in time the same star will permit another fan to also have a club. The first fan, or the second, will be hurt because he or she hasn't the "official" club, feeling that there cannot be two such clubs.

Isn't that a bit foolish and a bit selfish? One star may have several even millions of fans. Is it possible for one club president to handle that many members? Oh, I know you work hard and you don't want someone else to have "all the credit." Don't worry, you'll have the credit due you no matter how many "official" clubs a star may have.

And you can have more fun in a small club made up of local members than you can if your members are scattered all over the world. A perfect example of such a club is the one Lucille Carlson conducts for Alice White. Lucille placed her membership at 150, mostly local. They have parties every month and make what few who do not live near enough to attend, blue with envy.

All clubs for the same star should be friendly—you are working in a common cause and your interests should be mutual. Competition and rivalry only adds a zest of flavor and should make you happier than if you had no other club to compete with.

Chaw Mank, Junior, and John Garrison both have clubs for Craig Reynolds. They are rivals and have the most fun seeing who can get the most members, who can put out the best club paper, who can get the most publicity for their star. John has the edge on Chaw a bit because John lives in Hollywood and whenever a fan comes to town, he can assure that fan of a personal meeting with Craig. In order to make up for that little edge, Craig is inviting Chaw to be his guest next summer.

Club News

Loretto Schultz, who heads all Nelson Eddy Clubs in Canada, is to be congratulated and envied. Since she took over the membership of the Eddy Club, formerly sponsored by Ruth Sperling of Brooklyn, her club now boasts of over 500 members. Not bad, Loretto. And while we are envying Loretto, she is envying Ethel Hennig, who heads the [Continued on page 76]
Going Gay with the Youngsters!

[Continued from page 56]

isn’t as delightful as it is simple. For a
dozens guests, ditch eleven spoons in various
hidden spots throughout the house. The
sloth who fails to grab a spoon the first
round is “out.” The next time one spoon is
eliminated, and so on to the winner. They
say it’s quite a game, with the advantage
of not requiring mental concentration.

KAREN MORLEY gave a bicycling
party at her Palos Verdes place, and
this turned out to be even more athletic
than planned, for the bicycles were a bit
rusty (tsk! tsk!) and several broke down
completely. Whereupon these ladys and
lassies proceeded to use their thumbs in
the “It Happened One Night” manner—
nothing if not self-reliant.

Tom Brown introduced the feather game
because he likes to turn in early. Each
guest holds on to the edges of a sheet in the
center of which is a feather. All blow
and the first to be touched by the feather
loses. Tom reports that fifteen minutes of
this makes everyone ready for the hay.

Treasure hunts, of course, are a favorite
evening’s play—unless you’d call it work!
—and Lilian Emerson’s in honor of Earl
Blackwell still holds the four-star record
for originality. She turned on the radio
at 8 P.M. and the first clue was announced
by one of our popular stations. Half a
minute later and “Maggie” Sullivan, Rosa-
lind Russell, Eleanor Whitney, Michael
Bartlett, Henry Fonda, Dick Cromwell and
half a hundred others were racing all over
the landscape in search of a “castle tower
on a high flown ledge.” Four other clues
kept the searchers busy until almost midnight,
ending up at the Emerson home for
dancing.

Maxine Jones, daughter of Buck Jones,
the western star, gave another unusual
party aboard her father’s 85-foot yacht.
Guests were solemnly handed paint buckets
and brushes—and the yacht was entered in the
trans-Paciﬁc races with every foot
hand-painted by a movie star!

NICKNAMES go over big here, too.
Mrs. Warren Hull is “Pretty Puss.”
The gang knows Pat Ellis as “Toots.” In
other respects this gay and limited throng
of partiers is quite small-town, and they
have initiated many of the hallmarks of the
silly stunts which have agogged members of the same
strata through all America. For instance,
Knick-Knack, Handles, Did-you-avers, and
other passing gags of the fun world were
adopted and discarded by them before
spreading through the land.

Sometimes the boys and girls really pour
it on. Simones Simon, who bewitched
the nation, was almost forced to
move when a scavenger hunt required
personal trophies from her. The door bell
was buzzing half the night. But she took
it with a smile.

They can do serious things, too. Now
a musical comedy is in the air, with pro-
ceds to go to their favorite charity.
Organization of the little show at least
affords swell excuses for their chatter
get-togethers.

The kids may show powders of con-
centration on their careers at the studios—
and that’s necessary to get anywhere in
film work—but in their off-screen hours
it’s here today and gone tomorrow with
games, party ideas, and even love.

We’re Saving a Chance

...FOR YOU!

There’s still time to enter HOLD-BOBS’ “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-BOBS card, attach your photograph
and mail to “Search for Talent” Headquarters. Your nearest
HOLD-BOBS 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.

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Enter my photograph in the "Search for Talent"
Name: ........................................
Address: ........................................
City: ........................................ State
Age: ........................................ Height: ........ Weight: ....

When answering advertisements, please mention January Movie Classic 61
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 10 million people who have changed to FEEN-A-MINT, the modern laxative. Write for a free sample to Dept. M-1, FEEN-A-MINT, Newark, N.J.

Blondes, Browns!

Wash Sunlight Into Your Hair with New Shampoo and Rinse
Bring out the full radiant loveliness of blonde or brown hair with New Blondex, the Shampoo and Special Golden Rinse that washes it 2 to 4 shades lighter and brings out the natural lustrous golden sheen, the alluring highlights that can make hair so attractive. New Blondex keeps hair and scalp healthy and is absolutely safe, for it contains no harsh bleaches or dyes. Try it tomorrow. The new combination package—SHAMPOO WITH FREE RINSE—now also in 10c size at all drugstores.

Brushing Up COIFFURE

Karen Morley was the first to originate “The Juliet Bob”. Taken from the page boy styles of Juliet time, this latest hair style emanating from Max Factor’s famous beauty salon, is establishing popularity throughout the world.

Evelyn Venable, wearing a new style hairdress, “The Chinese Coil”, designed especially for her by Fred Fredricks, head man of Factor’s hair department. It was suggested by scenes from “The Good Earth.”

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DO YOU wish to be up to the minute in selecting your coiffure for your next party?

Then study the hair styles worn by motion picture stars in their latest pictures—I mean made, latest, for the real styles now popular among smartly dressed women, are suggested by the current costume films, or those depicting life long ago.

The Max Factor Studio prepares the wigs and hair pieces for most of the good motion pictures going out of Hollywood. Also, they design hair dresses for celebrities, working with the individuals to make them as attractive as possible. Where does Fred Fredricks, head of this huge hair department, get his ideas? Factor has volumes of colored prints from all ages, from which portraits of famous ladies of the past he designs wigs for such films as "Romeo and Juliet," "San Francisco," "Good Earth," and other period productions.

"The day after the preview of such motion pictures, some famous star usually calls us to request a new coiffure, suggested to her by the picture seen the night before," says Fredricks.

For instance, Evelyn Venable saw some scenes from "The Good Earth." She knew that Factor's designed all the wigs and hair pieces and hair dresses for this film, so Evelyn went to Fred and asked for a Chinese type coiffure for her personal use. The result—The "Chinese Coil," for Evelyn. Braid the hair over the ears, and twist the strands into flat coils—tuck your favorite flowers in the coils, and you will look as cute and charming as the actress does in her new style hair.

Karen Morley wears a long bob, and she became desperately tired of it—always the same, she complains. The night she saw "Romeo and Juliet," she thought, "Ah—that is the way to do my hair—I'll steal the page boy's bob. So the following day, Karen strolled in to see Fred Fredricks, and told him she had a new idea for her coiffure, taken from "Romeo and Juliet."

"But your hair is not long enough to wear it like Juliet," said Fred. And then Karen explained—she wanted to copy the bob of the little page, so together they waved her hair in loose waves, allowing the ends to touch the shoulders softly. They cut her bangs and brushed them flat, and Karen went out of the shop a changed woman.

The above handsome young man is Fred Fredricks, the man who designs most of the wigs and hairdresses for the stars.
of amateur signature chasers who prowl the restaurants, night clubs, studio gates, radio stations, and other haunts of the film famous, but they are interlopers who gather a few autographs and then retire from the field to their ordinary daily lives. They are not versed in the niceties of approach or deftness in retort that distinguishes Viola and her clique.

Late one working day at 11:30 a.m. The noon hour is usually spent patrolling the entrances to restaurants where the stars eat their noon day meal. Afternoons are devoted to picketing the studio gates. Evenings find the signature collectors clustered about theatres where stars appear to witness previews of their pictures, boxing and wrestling stadiums, night clubs, radio stations and even private homes where social functions are held. These veteran star chasers finally close their books about 2 a.m. Meanwhile, it's a craze occupation. But Viola claims the thrill of landing a star's signature makes it all worthwhile.

Viola says the three hardest autographs to capture are Greta Garbo, Charlie Chaplin and Katharine Hepburn. She hasn't secured them, but she's still trying. Only six persons in Hollywood have Garbo's autograph. They are personal friends of the elusive star, and not autograph hounds.

Late one recent afternoon Viola sped Garbo alighting from a car. With pounding heart, Viola begged the celebrity to spare an autograph. For a moment la Garbo seemed about to accede. Then she pushed the book aside. "I tank I don't sign," she spoke with a coldness that froze Viola's spine.

Hepburn is temperamentally fiery in her denunciation of autograph hounds. Once she flung Viola's book into the gutter and stamped on her pencil. And it was a very nice pencil, says Viola.

Chaplin is poison to the signature snatchers. Viola once followed him for several blocks on Hollywood Boulevard using all her prize tricks to win him over, but it was a futile task. Chaplin was good natured and had to admire Viola's resourcefulness. He just wouldn't sign. An amused crowd watched the encounter.

Joe E. Brown is a cinch for the autograph mob. Viola has landed his signature six times. She says he's a dear. On the other hand, the jovial Bing Crosby is hard to get. It took Viola four months to add his handwriting to her collection. She had to cling to his overcoat and be dragged down a muddy alley to a parking lot where his car was waiting before he melted and signed the book.

Mae West was corralled by a bit of stage wheedling. She was a little confused by the "come-up-an'-see-me-sometime" lady at the fights and studio had failed. Then Viola learned that Mae visited a certain hair dressing establishment at a regular hour each week. She had Mae all to herself, and got the signature. Mae even complimented her on the neat arrangement of the autograph books.

TACTFULNESS often wins where audacity fails. For example, last spring Viola accosted Dolores Costello (Mrs. John Barrymore) coming out of a Hollywood restaurant late one night. She asked for an autograph, Dolores refused.

"I'm retired," she explained, softly.

"Viola misunderstood. "I'm tired," too," she snapped at the ex-screen star. "I've been standing here for hours."

THE Coconut Grove, where the stars dine and dance, is an ideal spot to get autographs. Recently a special police officer was assigned to chase the autograph hounds from the entrance. It looked like a complete rout for the gang until Viola got the bright idea of asking the cop for his signature. He was so flattened that he let her slip inside. She got fifty signatures that night—a record coup.

Viola has Gracie Allen's autograph, but says it wasn't worth the trouble. Gracie talked so much that Viola had a time getting rid of her. As for Lupe Velez, some of the autograph hounds want her signature. She's too annoying, they claim.

"You look beautiful tonight, Miss Shearer."

"Thank you."

"Now will you sign, Miss Shearer?" And Miss Shearer signed, graciously.

Max Baer once pulled a fast one. When Viola got his autograph the prizefighter also promised to mail her a personal photograph. A few days later she received the photograph and a razor blade. There was a note from Max reading: "Here's the photograph. Use the razor blade to cut your throat."

Viola used to hop the running boards of movie stars' cars to get signatures. She doesn't anymore. Most of the stars have their cars specially wired so that anyone trying to jump the car in motion receives an electric shock. It is a precaution against stick-up men—and perhaps Viola.

Joan Crawford is Viola's favorite star. All of the autograph hounds adore her. Joan signs willingly at all times. Carole Lombard is just the opposite. She has no patience with them.

Stan Laurel signed readily, but Oliver Hardy resisted theusual advances. Viola had to bear down on him to collect.

HARPO Marx is the pet hate of the autograph hounds. He trips them and plays all sorts of tricks on them. Their frantic signs, "Thank you," you can't make out what he's saying. Once they cornered him in a garage and beat him with their books. Groucho will sign most anything but a dinner check.

Jean Harlow always makes excuses, but will sign if caught in the proper mood. Incidentally, most of the stars scribble their signature so that they are not quite genuine. This is to prevent forgeries in case the autograph books get into unscrupulous hands.

Viola finds new stars easy picking. They are more anxious to please and consequently more approachable. Those who are established are often indifferent to their followers.

May Robson, the grand old lady of the screen, isn't so grand about giving away her signature. Viola waited outside the studio gates for her one day from 9 a.m. to 7 p.m. The venerable star finally took pity upon her nemesis and signed.

Alison Skipworth signed, but told Viola that she ought to be home raising a family.

Marlene Dietrich isn't so hard to get. Viola anticipated a flat refusal, but Marlene was very sweet about it. George Raft is easy, so is Wally Beery.

Clark Gable signs but few autograph books. Viola accosted him outside the autographs the night she arrived in Hollywood. She had to tell a lie to get his signature. She told him that she was leaving for St. Louis. It's a trick Viola has employed profitably many times since. If you tell a star that you are leaving Hollywood they will frequently sign, figuring that you'll bother them no more.

HAROLD LLOYD is probably the hardest male star to capture. He doesn't frequent the usual Hollywood places. Oddly enough, jovial Al Jolson is an obdurate signature giver. Viola won him over by telling him about the time she played hookey from school in St. Louis to see one of his stage shows.

Dick Powell is very amiable. Viola has his autograph. She met C. Fields once rescued her from the path of an auto while she was soliciting his signature. James Cagney didn't show the autograph book in her face. He signed with a smile. Ned Sparks is grudgingly about it, but will sign if properly approached.

Viola worked a smart one on Kay Francis. She accosted Kay at a premiere and told about having a wonderful dream in which the Warner's star signed her autograph book.

"Give me the book," Kay grinned, "and I'll make your dream come true."

Edna May Oliver signed, but kept her nose in the air. Charles Ruggles is suspicious. Viola says she once signed a blank check thinking it was an autograph book.

Many of those who put their signatures in Viola's books ask her what she intends doing with the collection. What's she doing with it? Owing for all the time and energy she is investing? Viola explains that it is purely a hobby and the thrills of meeting the stars compensates for everything.

"I wouldn't sell my collection of movie stars autographs for $1,000," says Viola. "But—oh—make me an offer."

Helen Burgess, who makes her screen debut in The Plainsman, gets right into the Christmas spirit

Viola accosted Dolores Costello (Mrs. John Barrymore) coming out of a Hollywood restaurant late one night. She asked for an autograph, Dolores refused.

"I'm retired," she explained, softly.

"Viola misunderstood. "I'm tired, too," she snapped at the ex-screen star. "I've been standing here for hours."

—Eugene Robert Richee

—Original story by TERRY LEE

—Photo by Grauman

—C. Brown

64

Signing Off!
[Continued from page 43]
How Henry Fonda Won His Bride!

[Continued from page 49]

So that’s how it was done. Last September 16 at Christ Episcopal Church in Park avenue, with the Rev. Dr. Ralph W. Sockman pronouncing the words. Joshua Logan, a boyhood chum of Henry’s from Omaha, stood up with him. The maid-of-honor was Marjorie Seymour, Frances’s sister.

Only one circumstance kept the occasion from being flawlessly perfect for Henry. His mother and father both died within a few months of each other just as he stepped over the threshold of screen success.

Marriage has transformed Henry Fonda as it does few men. The change in him since he found his new love is so remarkable that you believe him when he says: “Love is a miracle—and no mistake about it.” He means it.

Courtship—love—marriage—why are these three things the most interesting of life’s milestones, the endless themes of novels, plays, stories, gossip? Because they represent the most important steps that human beings take in their search for happiness, and what is life itself but the search for happiness?

Henry Fonda thought, when he married Margaret Sullivan, that he had a right to hope for happiness in love. Instead he reaped a harvest of disillusionment. His sensitive nature was in danger of becoming permanently warped.

Now that danger is definitely past. No flamboyant or cyclonic personality himself, he has found his true mate in the daughter of a family whose roots are deep in the conservative soil of America. Frances Seymour’s maternal ancestors, the Fords, have lived in one house for nine generations—a rambling, colonial mansion at Morristown that once served as headquarters for General George Washington. She is “early American” to the core. Her New York cousins include the Pells, the Stuyvesants, the Costers, the Stuonturburghs, the Antons, the Howlands, the Fishers—all sturdily entrenched clans dating from Knickerbocker times.

Both Henry and Frances love children. Fathering a family is a vital part of Henry’s dream of wedded bliss—and Frances’s.

So—who knows? Perhaps the wise old Thomas, Father of Waters to every true Briton—was an accessory-before-the-fact in spinning the web of Hollywood’s Perfect Marriage!

NEXT MONTH

Be Sure to Read

Mae West Gives All the Answers—The First Story This Famous Star Has Written for Any Movie Magazine

and I thought college would be fun!

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 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 January Movie Classic
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

RELIEF FROM
PSORIASIS
with
Make THE ONE SPOT TEST

Dermoil has been used by thousands of men and women throughout the country to bring relief from the effects of this ugly skin disease. Dermoil helps to clear up scales, red patches, and dryness of complexion.

Generous trial size 25 cents stamps or coin. Start treatment now. Grateful users report the scales have gone, the red patches gradually disappeared, and their skin became clear again after years of suffering with ugly patches. Dermoil is backed by a positive agreement to give chronic sufferers definite benefit in two weeks; time or money is refunded. Beautifully illustrated booklet on psoriasis and Dermoil FREE. Trial bottle and amazing PROOF OF RESULTS 25c to those who need to dramatize name and address. Prove it yourself no matter how long you have suffered or what you have tried.

LAKE LABORATORIES
Box 6, Northwest Station, Detroit, Michigan

Accept no substitutes! Always insist on the advertised brand!
More Power to Him!

(Continued from page 50)

hold it upright and invariably you went flying over the side with the machine tumbling after you."

After graduation from high school, talent scouts from various universities came flocking about with various propositions for their colleges.

But for the first time young Power was dealt to the vision of a great athletic career in college. The blood of the theatre in his veins began to make its presence felt.

When Fritz Leiber proffered an opportunity to go with his company, he hesitated no longer. He appeared with that worthy gentleman for the better part of a year, during which time his father also joined the company.

His father telegraphed him one day to come to California to celebrate his birthday and the first starring rôle which the elder had received. It was the title rôle in the talking picture version of The Miracle Man.

When the picture was only four days in production, the senior Power died of a heart attack with Tyrone at his side. The film was made with Hohart Bosworth in the starring rôle instead.

Now in Hollywood, Tyrone cast about in a haphazard way for a part, but the minor gods who control the movie gates had no place for him.

Heading back east through Chicago, Tyrone met a stage manager he had known for three years. They were casting the play Romance with Eugenie Leontivich as the star, and young Power received a tidy little rôle in the production.

Thus fortified with a bit of money and a new wardrobe, he felt confident to try Broadway. But Broadway was difficult, too.

One day he entered a theatre for an interview with Guthrie McClintoc, distinguished producer and husband of Katharine Cornell, the actress.

Entering through the stage door from the bright sunshine into the darkness, Tyrone failed to notice a huge line of scenery stacked near the door. He lunged into it, stumbled into more, and in a moment, scenes, flats, backgrounds and side walls were tumbling and crashing all over the stage. McClintoc, alarmed, came hurrying up to find young Power alarmed but unwaveringly standing there amid the carnage like some ancient Greek hero astride the blood-soaked field of Thermopylae.

For some unaccountable reason this entrance amused the great McClintoc. He called his wife, Miss Cornell, and she was taken with the young aspirant. They told Tyrone he would hear from them and he departed sadly from the theatre, kicking himself for his clumsiness.

One morning then, as he was brooding by the window, he received a telephone call from McClintoc who urged him to report immediately. Tyrone was assigned the understudy part to Burgess Meredith in Flowers of the Forest.

Unfortunately, Mr. Meredith, being a hale and hearty youth, appeared in every performance and Tyrone had completely nothing to do.

But Cornell and McClintoc had not forgotten him. In their fine production of St. Joan he received an excellent part. After trouping all through the country, St. Joan opened in New York and early next morning wires went flying back to Hollywood relating about a vivid young man, who appeared with Miss Cornell in the first scene of the first act.

More wires flew and a week after, Tyrone found himself under personal contract to Darryl Zanuck, dynamic production chief of Twentieth Century-Fox studios.

Mr. Zanuck placed him in Girl's Dormitory for a tiny bit opposite the Gallie firebrand, Simone Simon.

Welford Beaton, gruff, far visioned editor of The Spectator, conservative trade paper, vonchased this remark: "A young man, whom I have never seen or heard of before was on the screen for less than a minute. His name is Tyrone Power, Jr. and this time next year, he will be one of Hollywood's greatest stars."

But the studio had already anticipated Mr. Beaton's remark. Tyrone was cast for the rôle of Jonathan Blake, the acting plumm of the year, in the million dollar production of Lloyd's of London, and he was off in a cloud of glory.

Power liked charred bacon and his eggs just so. He likes rain and arguments and lots of flowers everywhere.

Having secured himself for a long drawn out fight to stardom, he is disconcerted by his comparatively hasty rise.

### 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 — particularly the youngsters. It tastes just like delicious chocolate. At all drug stores in 10c and 25c sizes. Or write for free sample to Ex-Lax, Dept. FG 17, Box 170, Times-Plaza Sta., Brooklyn, N. Y.

**When Nature forgets — remember EX-LAX**

THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

When answering advertisements, please mention January Movie Classic 67
Romance for Anne

[Continued from page 41]

MRS. SHIRLEY decided that if Anne was to survive those perilous years she must find her a job and put her to work. The problem was solved when a buyer for a New York department store asked Mrs. Shirley to permit Anne to work as a model!

The thought of a professional career for Anne had not occurred to Mrs. Shirley although the fruits of the labor of the previous months had lured a commercial artist to hire her to pose for him. And so Anne became a child's clothing model when she was three years old. It was this work that led to her film debut in a picture directed by the late John Francis Dillon and before long she played her first important role in the William Farnum feature, The Miracle Child.

Encouraged by this success, Mrs. Shirley and Anne boldly set out for Hollywood with little Anne laboring under the handicap of a joking name of "Dawn O'Day"—a name one would assume was the creation of a writer of fiction writing with tongue-in-check about Movie ways.

The move to Hollywood seemed wise for Herbert Brenon, who had directed Anne in The Miracle Child, was directing the Spanish Dancer and needed a child of Anne's talent for an important role in the picture. Anne, of course, got the role and her career seemed definitely launched but the following 12 years were anything but a rose-strewn path for the Shirleys.

TO digress a moment, Anne's career as a film star might easily have ended at the age of five, following her role in The Spanish Dancer. Herbert Brenon and his wife fell madly in love with the beautiful child. They offered Mrs. Shirley $50,000 in hard, cold cash if she would permit them to adopt Anne.

Not in her most forlorn, panic-stricken moments did Mrs. Shirley ever consider accepting the offer. And now, to recompense her mother for the sacrifices and privations endured for her sake, Anne is buying a $60,000 annuity for her.

As Anne has said, she knew little of the heartaches and discouragements of those days of battling to win acceptance. At one time Mrs. Shirley had to live within a budget of $10 per week but Anne never knew what that meant. She never knew the heartbreak of futile calls at casting offices day after day, or why days, weeks and months would slip by without a call to work in a picture. Life was a glorious game to her with Mother continually devising schemes to keep the reality of their life from her.

But when Anne did work she appeared with many of the most famous stars of the period, including Adolph Menjou, Betty Compson, Wallace Beery, Lois Wilson, Tom Mix, Robert Harron, Marion Nixon, Bebe Daniels, Anita Stewart, Madge Bellamy, Myrna Loy, Barbara Stanwyck, Fay Wray, Janet Gaynor, and Anna Dvorak, to mention but a few. Many of these famous stars gave her dolls to celebrate their work together and until flood waters ruined them, Anne had a collection of 85 dolls that was quite distinctive. 

During this time, Anne had to secure her education as best she could, attending classes at Hollywood High School and augmenting these lessons with attendance at Hollywood schools while between pictures. And during all these trying times, Mrs. Shirley's only true friend was Mrs. Lena Sage.

Few child players can survive the transition from childhood to adolescence and maturity. They flail for a brief period as a child player and then, when they reach the gangling awkward stage, their career is ended. Few ever come back to win further success after entering their teens but Anne never seemed different. She had many fortunate persons who never had to go through the gangling, awkward stage.

Things were pretty bad, though when her chance came. In fact, things were so desperate that Mrs. Shirley tried to get her a job as an extra in a finishing School, though she knew there was a role perfectly suited to Anne and had tried to get it for her. She knew, too, that according to Hollywood legend a bit player who accepts extra work is through—except as an extra. But Mrs. Shirley was desperate—so desperate that she had to tempt this relentless dictum.

But somebody else also knew the role in Finishing School suited Anne. That somebody else was a young screen director by the name of George Nichols, Jr., who had been a cutter, or film editor, for years and was determined to tell a good story through his work. He tested her for the part, she won it and made good to the extent that she was acclaimed as an exceptionally promising ingenue. The picture, incidentally, was Nichols' first directorial assignment.

WHEN she followed this success with another hit in Basket Bowl, the skeptics were forced to admit a new star was in the process of creation. Nichols was selected to direct Anne of Green Gables and naturally cast her for a featured role. So tremendous was her success in this film that studio officials pronounced her a star—a star at the age of 16!

It was then that Dawn O'Day became Anne Shirley, with Anne personally choosing this name because of her admiration for the character she portrayed in the picture.

Since her elevation to stardom, Anne has appeared in Chasing Yesterday, Steamboat Round the Bend, Chatterbox, M'liss, and many others. And her M'liss character will be with Ginger Rogers in Mother Carey's Chickens.

And what has become of the little girl who became engaged at the age of four? You would have your answer if you could sit quietly by watching while Anne Shirley lunches with other young players at the studio commissary. Fresh-faced, jolly kids—a dozen or more, perhaps, grouped around a table intended for four or six at the most.

These are the young people you know in your high school and junior college circles but with slight difference. Perhaps you would never think of anyone of them as representing an inner assurance of an ability to meet life on its own terms not possessed by those who have not had to battle for a career. They make no pretense at sophistication though they know all the answers. They are unspoiled for life has not had time to baby and humor them. Quick-witted and keen, they lead a jolly chase for others who intend to keep up with their quips and repartee.

Anne's social set is that merry group of youngsters that includes, among others, Longfellow Frase, Stanwyck, Barbara Stanwyck, Carol Stone, Alan Curtis, Anita Louise and Owen Davis, Jr, son of the famous playwright, Ah, yes, Owen Davis, Jr.

"What about Owen Davis, Jr.," I asked...
knowingly, “And what about Byron Sage?”
“He’s just a very good friend—a big brother,” Anne replied, her eyes twinkling gayly.
A typical Hollywood answer!
“Uh, huh, And Owen!”
“He’s awfully nice, don’t you think?” said Anne, again in the manner of all stars answering questions pertaining to romance. Anne and Owen were together constantly before they went east to appear in his father’s new play. But while he was away did Anne go into seclusion pining for him? Yes, she did—like any fun-loving 18-year-old, filled with the joy of living and besieged for dates by the nicest young fellows in Hollywood.
If you visit Hollywood and look for Anne and her “gang” out for a good time, you won’t find them by visiting the popular night spots. Of course, once in a great while they like to dress and go to the Trocadero or Biltmore Bowl but those occasions are few and far between.
Their idea of a good time is a soiree to the beach, spending an evening playing all the concessions and enjoying all the amusement devices from merry-go-round and fun house to roller coaster. A round of hectic gayety to be topped off by a delectable hot dog eaten in a rumble seat on the way home.
They are too smart to spend money on swanky clothes and swanky pleasures; they know the uncertainties of the future and are content to enjoy the simple, wholesome pleasures of the present. Very often Ginger Rogers, who is practically their age, accompanies them on these fun excursions.
Anne Shirley is typical of these youngsters on whom the future of Hollywood rests. Sweet, wholesome and real, she is the sort you’d love to have as a chum or schoolday sweetheart.
When Owen Davis, Jr., Byron Sage or some other young Hollywood lad dashes up to the Shirley front door to breathlessly ask for Anne a scene typical of sweethearts and beaux the world over is being enacted. And Anne still cherishes the tiny engagement ring as her most treasured keepsake! When, where and how it will grow up to be a big diamond is a secret only Fate knows and Fate won’t talk.

FOR BETTER BREATH AND TEETH. Many actors and actresses are generous in their praise of Dentyne as a real aid to a healthy mouth—wholesome breath—beautiful teeth! The secret? Dentyne’s special firmness invites more vigorous chewing—gives teeth and gums healthful, needed exercise. It tones up mouth tissues and wakens the salivary glands, promotes natural self-cleansing. And yes—it does help your mouth and chin keep their firm, youthful curves!

ITS FLAVOR IS A WINNING NOTE. Just sweet enough—just spicy enough—Dentyne flavor is perfection itself! Fragrant—delicious—lasting. Try it—discover for yourself why it is the choice of people with critical taste. Another point in Dentyne’s favor is the smartly flat shape of the package—an exclusive feature—and handy as you please to slip into your pocket or purse.

Keeps teeth white—mouth healthy

When answering advertisements, please mention January Movie Classic
Joan Bennett’s Ten Commandments

[Continued from page 27]

4. Never scold your children: “That is certainly one of my commandments—for myself. And I obey it, scrupulously. For if you scold a child you succeed in doing one thing and only one—driving the very fault you are trying to correct like a nail, into the child’s brain and heart. He will always remember the scolding, the harsh ugly words, and in connection with the scolding he will remember the fault you were trying to correct. And because you hurt him he will, being humanly obstinate, try to retaliate by hurting you. And the best way he can hurt you, he’ll figure, is to keep on doing that very thing!”

5. Give your children self-assurance: “Perhaps I lay more stress on this than is necessary in all cases—because I suffered so badly from the lack of self-assurance, the lack of self-confidence when I was growing up. Even now I haven’t any too much. I have to force myself to hold my own in an argument.”

“I SUPPOSE,” laughed Joan, “I suppose Constance has a great deal to do with it, she was older than I. I admired her extravagantly. I was convinced that she was beautiful and popular and glamorous and that I was—just the opposite. Being the eldest she was, of course, the one to get most of the clothes and attention. I wore whatever happened to be considered ‘suitable’ whether it became me or not. It usually didn’t. I hated to go to parties, I didn’t think I looked as nice as the other girls. I was shy in school because I suffered from the conviction that all the other girls were better dressed, prettier, smarter than I. I made up my mind, when Diana was born, that she would never suffer as I had suffered—I made up my mind that she would have everything. I determined that she would never step foot out of the house unless she was charmingly and attractively dressed, her hair ‘fussed over.’ I made up my mind that she would always be able to hold her own with other children, have as nice dresses, have as many toys, as many books, as many shoes, as many coats, as many curls. I don’t mean by this that a child must have ridiculously expensive clothes. I don’t mean that a child should be drowned in toys. But I do mean that they should have at least as much of everything as the children they play with, the children they go to school with. They should never be allowed to feel inferior to their playmates in any way whatsoever.”

6. Give your children a sense of responsibility: “I do believe,” Joan said earnestly, “in teaching children to know that they must be responsible for their own affairs, their own life. I can explain what I mean by telling you about a problem I had with Diana. For Diana was the forgetfulst child! She had a habit of forgetting to tell us about the things she needed for school until the very evening before she needed them. This kept up and kept up. She would be told, weeks in advance, that she must have gym clothes for such and such a day, a costume on some certain date. She’d forget to tell us about it. And I would work myself into a lather getting costumes and things ready for her on twelve hours notice.”

“And so, recently, she breathlessly informed me that she had to have a costume the very next morning for a very important school play. I phoned her teacher and found out that Diana had known about this for over two weeks. I felt that the time had come to squash the ‘I forgot’ habit. I made her go to school without a costume. She was the only child in the class who didn’t have one. It was a drastic lesson, probably as painful for me as for her. I was in misery all that day! I almost felt that I should go on the set without any make-up on, too! But I went through with it and I have a very good idea that she will not ‘forget’ again so easily.”

Bobby Breen, the little lad with the big voice, rehearsing a song number for Rainbow on the River, an RKO-Radio release
7. Give your children work to do: "This is, in a way, another form of making your children shoulder their own responsibilities. For I do believe that children, no matter what their present circumstances in life, should be taught to use their hands. It's a very uncertain world we are living in," said Joan "and we certainly are liable to be here today and gone tomorrow, in more ways than one." I see to it that Diana makes her own bed every Saturday morning. She also has to straighten up her own room, clean her desk, run the carpet sweeper over the rug. And then we have 'Doll House Inspection.' I make this inspection in person, very thoroughly. I inspect every room, every article of furniture and see to it that all is spic and span and in good order.

"Diana and little Melinda know that they must pick up and put away their toys. If either one of them leaves a toy lying about in the garden or on the floor it is picked up all right and—taken away from them. They either keep their toys in order or they don't have the toys, that's all."

8. Know your children's playmates: "I think this is very important. After all, early associations shape the child for life. You can't, of course, let your child know that you are standing about like a sentinel or a school monitor. You can't eavesdrop. You wouldn't want your child to develop craftiness. But you can manage, indirectly, to join your children and their friends at a tea party or in the garden. You can sit with them while they are playing. Children play so wholeheartedly that they will soon forget you are there and go about their business in the normal way. And you can manage to observe what kind of games they play, what they seem to like, what they can and you should know the parents of the children your children play with."

9. Be fair with your children: "Children," said Joan, "have such a strong sense of fair play. Haven't you heard them, often, calling 'That isn't fair—that isn't fair!' Almost from infancy they seem to detest injustice, anything that isn't fair and square. Why should parents be the exception?"

10. Expect the decent thing of your child: "You'll usually get it," smiled Joan, "for I believe that what is expected of us is what we usually give. I know that when I'm working with a director whom I know I believe in, I'm far more apt to come through than when I'm working with a director who doesn't, perhaps, have very high hopes of me. If people expect us to play cricket that's usually just the game we play. And I think that the parent who expects her child to be truthful, honest, fastidious, courteous will find that her child is truthful, honest, fastidious and courteous."

"The real truth of the matter is," laughed Joan, as we started to go in for luncheon, "that our children bring us up! We try so hard to make up to what we want our children to be. Sometimes we almost succeed!"

Next Month
Don't Miss Reading
A
Director Doomed
Norma Shearer
to Oblivion

This All-Vegetable Relief for Constipation

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 living conditions are so strenuous 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 the first time you try them. So gentle and easy ... yet so very thorough. This is because Nature's Remedy is made up of a per-

By ELIZABETH MCKENNA

feet 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.

FREE: Beautiful $1.50 color Calendar-Thermometer. Also a complete set of NR and Friends. Send stamp for package and a subscription to A. List, Leda Co., Dept. 904, St. Louis, Mo.
Hollywood's Cinderella Girl

[Continued from page 23]

and because this story has its ironical twists to it—Miss Moore's secret is written to Betty Gardner. She could have tossed the letter in the waste basket, without ever mentioning it to Miss Moore, but she didn't. Rena Askin is not that kind of a person.

Instead, the note was acknowledged—to the effect that at the moment Miss Moore was not contemplating any change in personnel, but the letter would be kept for reference.

But true to her promise, Betty didn't give up trying. She wrote four more letters to Grace Moore that winter, each courteously but firmly saying some day, some way, she intended to be the diva's secretary. However, she didn't have to wait long.

About the second day out there came a call. "Miss Moore will be delighted to have you to lunchon." So Betty went to luncheon, there to find her hostess more charming than she had dreamed. They talked of many things before they got down to the business at hand, because that is the kind of a gracious hostess Grace Moore is. But finally, she said:

"So you want a job in my secretary?"

"Yes, I do," Betty answered her, directly. "Are you qualified?"

"Yes, I think I am."

THE next question was disconcerting, however. "Do you know French? My secretary must speak French fluently."

That was a cropper, but Betty answered honestly, "No," she said, "I don't know a word. But I can learn."

"When?"

"This summer. Immediately."

Miss Moore considered a moment.

"All right," she said. "You win—at least temporarily. You may work with my secretary, Rena Askin. Betty Gardner did not pursue her."

Betty's introduction to her duties as Grace Moore's secretary's assistant was far from easy, for the diva's first London appearance that season was her debut at Covent Garden. Betty reminisced excitedly about that event. "It was the most thrilling experience of my life," she told me, her blue eyes glowing. "All day long the uncourted excitement of arrival, the terrific amount of work, the responsibility of protecting Miss Moore from the slightest disturbance. How, I think I was to be only an assistant at that moment!

The air of expectancy and breathless excitement that we arrived at the Opera, the thousands of people surrounding the doors, and the thrill of being backstage. Then out in front with a capacity audience. Then the moment, like an electric shock through the audience, when the first notes of Miss Moore's glorious voice rang out. Then the curtain at the end of the first act and the moment when the audience rose to their feet as one man and cheered! You know, there is no applause allowed at Covent Garden during the acts—only at the end. For once realization by far exceeded every anticipation!"

Betty worked for the great star all summer and at the same time studied French. How?

"I took lessons, of course," she explained, "and I lived with a French family." In six months, she learned the language. A remarkable feat? Well, Betty is quite modest about it.

"It wasn't so difficult," she told me, "I just kept at it, that's all." Just as she'd kept at it while she was getting in contact with Grace Moore!

When that summer was over, the job was over, too, for the time being. Miss Moore went over to Hollywood to make The King Steps Out. But Betty remained in Paris studying. And the next summer (the summer of 1936), Miss Moore went abroad and Betty joined her for the Albert Hall concert in London. She remained with the diva for her Holland tour and was then invited to Canada. And then, when Grace Moore again
Lily Pons plays a peasant girl role in RKO-Radio's musical, the tiny diva's second starring film turned her face toward Hollywood, Betty Gardner, the ambitious Winnipeg girl who wouldn't take "no" for an answer, had reached her goal. Because her "tryout" had been fairly sound, she was to be Grace Moore's permanent secretary, assistant to Mrs. Askin, and she, too, was headed for Hollywood.

NOW she's living in that lovely big home on Palm Drive, Beverly Hills, which Miss Moore has leased for the season while she's making Interlude for Columbia. Betty gets up every morning (about 8:30, she says) and goes for a plunge into the big pool at the rear of the house. She breakfasts on the most delicious food imaginable. She opens mail, answers the telephone, always using her judgment as to what letters and what calls should go through to the diva herself. She sometimes goes driving with her employer, or to the studio when Grace is working. She greets guests, writes letters, performs the countless duties which any star's secretary must do before that backdrop of glamour with which Hollywood endows all of its great.

And she loves it. What girl wouldn't? Because, although the work is heavy and the situations in which she finds herself often trying, there is never an hour that isn't interesting—as you can well imagine.

Why did Betty Gardner suddenly decide to become a screen star's secretary and, specifically, Grace Moore's?

The answer is matter-of-fact. Not the raving of a too-ardent fan, but the judgment of a person given to straight thinking. "I realized that, with her, life would be interesting, worth while, and happy," she said. "To me Grace Moore, the star, and the woman, symbolizes the best and the finest type of person talent and success can produce."

ACCOUNTING the profession that pays

Accountants command big incomes. Thousands needed. About 14,000 Certified Public Accountants in U. S. earn $3,000 to $20,000. 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 54-page book free, "Accounting, the Profession That Pays."

LASALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY

When answering advertisements, please mention January Movie Classic 73
On Location with the Maid of Salem

[Continued from page 52]

Fred and Claudette talked to each other as they practiced. "I can't get that dip just right. Let's try it once more. I think I am hurting too much," confessed Claudette. They completed the dance to the expert's satisfaction. Lloyd was on his feet instantly. "Let's go," he said, "hills or no hills, the sun's hotter than a firecracker. It is a real trip and, vividly, you whirl. She makes a mistake. It's in the script."

Director Lloyd wastes no time, but neither does he travel 500 miles twice in a week or two to take a scene. He is a sort of a southerner on the sod gratefully. He was to regret it.

Lunch took only an hour. Director Lloyd was by way of washing up the last few scenes and ordering the big group of 150 back to Hollywood. Two weeks of location trip runs into big cash, big enough to make most of us sigh. So Lloyd took a time-out from all his friends. Bargaining for Google, and lived a philosophy of "Time's awastin.'" Russle yore bones out here. They had started scene lunch when Fred began to get a worried look on his face. Presently he stopped the camera and yanked off his shirt. His left arm was covered with welts. One of the technical crew, who had found out from a personal experience a few days previously, took one look at Fred and shouted, "Poison ivy!

LLOYD dropped his demeanor with a plunk and ran to Fred's side. With one glance he confirmed the verdict, shoved Fred into a waiting ambulance, and ordered it in all haste back to Santa Cruz and the local hospital.

"We'll get the rest of Fred's scenes in the studio," he said without hesitation. "Set the cameras up on Salem Square and shoot those final scenes of Claudette. Then we'll go home." Casting one eye at his watch and the sun now in the west, he sank down into his chair for another canapé. Presently all was ready. Lloyd took a look around with a snort.

"I give you this whole country to shoot at!" he exclaimed, waving off toward a few thousand evergreens. "And what do I get? One single, lovely tree! Only one! Let's improve the background."

The orders were carried out. The scene called for Claudette, on the lookout for her doctor friend (Harvey Stephens), to run down a steep hill and meet him as he returned on horseback from Boston. Running toward Harold was all right enough, but Claudette did not show any especial enthusiasm for the uphill return after four takes by the cameraman.

"Get a car and ready to haul her back up," Lloyd suggested. But Harvey had a better idea. Hoisting her into the saddle, they would ride back up the hill together. Then they would gallop around the foothill, presently to return so Claudette once more could run out to meet him.

By three o'clock the scenes were all completed. We walked back to the village. Instead of a trip to Salem, a replica of the original New England town which he had built on that farm near Santa Cruz. Approaching it from the rear, you could see the entire length of the church, the thirteen or so colonial homes were just movie sets, complete across the front but only one room deep. The church itself was "practical," capable of being used for congregations a month or a year in the future.

Another valuable contribution by the studio was three miles of hard-surfaced highway which would prove to satisfy specifications. It was cheaper to build an all-weather road than to take on a destructive rain storm. As I have hinted before—time comes valuable.

By nine o'clock that night the whole troupe was on a fast train, moving back toward Hollywood where Maid of Salem, had our time. It had been kind enough should have finished up in another eleven days.

But before I tell about the next mishap, you should know something about the story itself. Back in the tail end of the 17th century, when America was not even yet a gleam in Father Washington's eye, the persecution of witches was the number one colorable story.

Enterprising film writers, delving back into the musty records of 1692 or thereabouts, discovered a stormy period of persecution in the little town of Salem. During this brief spell some nineteen alleged and asserted witches were put to death. Not by burning at the stake, as we might imagine, but by the much more kindly method of hanging.

Grasping at this, the film writers turned out Maid of Salem. They created a role especially for Claudette, who becomes the New England girl in love secretly with a Virginia cavalier (hah! of course it's Fred MacMurray!). She is having secret trysts in the woods with her lover while his witch scare really gets under way. Inevitably Claudette is accused of being a witch, and is brought to trial.

The script calls for a sensational last minute rescue of Claudette from the gallows by the gallant Fred. And that's where the rest of Director Lloyd's beef against photography enters into the picture. And more extras 24 hours ahead of time, and arranged for their transportation to Paramount ranch for this gallows scene. With the extras all there she shut down the days, he needed immediate action. He thought he could make it. And then Claudette bumped her head.

She was a passenger in the back seat of the car. Jammed up in traffic, the machine was banged sharply from behind. Claudette went home complaining of a bruised head. When she failed to show improvement the doctors diagnosed it as concussion of the brain with possibly a tiny fracture. So Claudette's husband, Dr. Pressman, rushed by airplane back to Hollywood from New York and the actress herself remained strictly a patient in bed.

Meanwhile Director Lloyd, casting maleficence on the course of human events, attempted to "shoot around" her while Claudette was recuperating. But he ran out of scenes to take long before the doctors pronounced the lovely star well enough to resume safely her work again.

Keep an eye on this director-star team. Maid of Salem should prove to be a very unusual picture. For in contrast to the team are Academy winners: Lloyd for his direction of Mutiny on the Bounty, Miss Colbert for her acting in It Happened One Night. And the two work together. They liked the idea of Maid of Salem, and had a great time making it. In Hollywood that usually spells success for competent stars and directors—in spite of an adverse Fate!
DEANNA Durbin was born in Los Angeles in 1922 and, aside from singing in a local choir seemed to exhibit no indication of the amazing things that were to happen to her in the late summer and fall of 1934.

An older sister, who danced professionally, was the first to feel that Deanna, known then as plain Edna May Durbin, the younger daughter of a structural steel worker that the depression had hit rather hard, was possessed of any exceptional talent.

Fortunately, this sister had the courage of her conviction, and offered to furnish the financial aid necessary for Deanna, or Edna, to take lessons from a local vocal teacher.

Soon thereafter, Jack Sherrill, one of Hollywood's legion of theatrical and movie artists' agents, reached the conclusion that pictures provided a youthful singer who was as good in her line as Shirley Temple is in hers, or as Fred Astaire is in his.

A rather difficult order to fill, but Hollywood agents are prospectors at heart, and natural gamblers by instinct. A hundred this, a hundred that, is the certainty in the eyes of their enthusiasm.

"With Grace Moore, Lily Pons, Gladys Swarthout, Jeannette MacDonald, and the others making great hits in pictures," explained this agent, "and with youngsters a natural attraction to the movie going public. I figured a child with exceptional voice talent could be a natural. So I started out to find one."

And now comes one of those peculiar quirks of fate that make life worth living through to the last drop—just to find out what might happen.

Jack Sherrill asked a friend if he knew where he could find a girl with a wonderful voice—a young girl. The friend said no, but why not put the names of a lot of voice teachers in a hat, shake 'em up and draw one. And so we have just what the doctor ordered.

So, picking out a teacher, Sherrill visited him that very afternoon. It happened to be Herb Sherrill, who had left the Durbin family and decided on Edna.

"I'm looking for a young girl with a world-beating voice," confided Sherrill. "Have you anything here like that?"

"Well; it's pretty late in the day," explained the teacher, "and there is only one girl left. But she has an amazing voice. Would you like to hear her?"

Jack would—and twenty minutes later the Durbin family was on its way to fame and fortune, though the started, and somewhat frightened girl couldn't quite follow the story. The campaign was outlined for the conquest of pictures, radio, theatre and the opera.

But a few days later, when her newly acquired agent called to take her and her mother out to the studio for her first picture and voice test, she was ready and waiting.

THOUGH future writers may describe the turmoil and trials this girl went through to crash the movies, the truth is that, after an hour wait in the car with her mother, following this test, she was presented with a studio contract.

Nothing more happened to indicate that Fate had written this youngster's name in her book of surprises, to be pulled out of her bag of tricks to confuse music critics and cause movie moguls to sit up nights coming adjectives to describe her.

That is, not until the New Universal gave its Talent Parade Party. Then Deanna (for Edna was much too simple a name for the movies) sang, and some ten thousand movie folk and boulevard scouts hailed her as their individual discovery.

And it was just to this voice, this personable little girl, that the Nation's One Thousand Movie Scouts took their first film because of her talent, and because of her personality.

Newspaper articles on her made their appearance—and writers began to haunt sound stages in search of her. Hollywood was getting ready to crown a new queen.

Deanna sang at important banquets of moviedom—and Hollywood's hardened reporters forgot their "Oh Yeahs" and "knock-knocks" and sharpened their pencils.

And what has happened to Deanna in the past two months since she has soared from obscurity to Hollywood limelight, and to national popularity on the air?

Just this: a little more thoughtfulness and a little weariness have taken some of the dancing light from her eyes. Otherwise she is still Edna May Durbin, plain American kid.

School as required by the state, movie rehearsals, the study of lines, hours with make-up artists, hairdressers, and photographers, singing lessons, radio rehearsals, and broadcasts and the daily shooting of picture scenes.

A strenuous program for child or adult—but one which has not changed Deanna nor her voice. She is the friendly, quiet, understanding and perfectly natural girl—the kind of a lass you'd unhesitatingly ask to do an errand or tend the baby.

Hollywood ballyhoo and praise have left her unaltered. She can only hold ourthumbs and hope she will be as impervious to national adulation and commercial exploitation. Fortunately, as a glance at another picture will prove, hers is an equilibrium that is not easily tipped, and her surprisingly mature judgement and keen sense of humor are ballast many a so-called sound business man would be glad to possess.
San Francisco group of Eddy-minded boys and girls. That group is growing in social influence, in a big way—they have teas, luncheons, card parties, more dances, more. Ethel's address is P. O. Box 1618.

A. Louise Baldwin, president of one of the Brian Dodge clubs, is an interesting young lady. She writes: "Star Gazing" for the "Mount Vernon (Indiana) Democrat" under the by-line of "L. A. B." (Never mind how we found out—we're telling you and we pray someone is being right most of the time.)

Do you know Sid Voudean? Well, you should become acquainted because he's the world's most ambitious lad. Besides conducting a very successful Joe Penner Club, he ushers in a theatre up until midnight, then he has what he calls "a little job" from 6 to 8:30. A. M., then goes to school for the rest of the day. And what does he do with his "spare" time? He didn't say, but I'll bet he just filled it away.

Elaine Poliment has an interesting and unusual club for Preston Foster. She writes: "When I first started this club, I intended it for the SLENDRETS, because all of my 13 Brooklyn members were athletes. Therefore, for about five months, my club went on outings, competed with other teams in baseball, football, volleyball, and many other games. The games we played turned out to be all successful, winning money to supply ourselves with better equipment for all these outdoor sports.

"This went on until one day I began speaking about my club to some of my teachers, mainly because I was constructing and he asked me why I didn't make it universally known. I told him my reasons and he thought them very silly and explained to me that if I made it internationally I would have to put out a club paper and that would help me in my journalism."

"Then I asked a journalist and cartoonist about it, and they assured me it was the thing to do. So how about it, Harmony?"

"Well, Elaine, I agree with your friends—a wonderful club should be international. Good luck to you!"

Bunnie Hill, a club girl living in North Charleston, South Carolina, has always been a sincere admirer of Clara Bow. Last summer, Bunnie wrote Clara a letter. Time went on and Bunnie was pretty dis-appointed because Clara did not reply. I asked her to be reasonable because Clara was at the time a patient in a Santa Monica hospital. Then one day an air-mail special came for Bunnie—Clara had written her a nice long letter and now Bunnie will start a war with anyone who hints that Clara doesn't love and appreciate her fans.

Glenna Riley's club was organized in the first place for both Jeannette MacDonald and Will Rogers, and although the latter has not been making pictures in the United States for some time, the club is still anxious to hear from those who are fans. A word about the clubs listed for Francis Lederer. Although they are listed as separate clubs, they are really all one big organization with branches in London, Chicago and San Francisco. These clubs work to promote Mr. Lederer's World Peace program rather than his motion picture career, and their memberships number more than half a million. Their club paper "Czechago" is something of which to be proud. It is a slick pages magazine, filled with news and pictures.

Elise Moser tells me that for the time being her Midway Eagles Club is "inactive." This due to the fact, that after three years of activity, Elise needs a rest. The club will be continued some time later because "Madam Evans is such a wonderful girl to have a club for." We'll let you know when Elise is ready to go! Arthur J. Brodeck, who has Movie Stars Fan Club, tells us that his club is not for any one star in particular, that it is for all stars and their clubs. They issue two papers, "Starlist" and "Star-Gazer," both are given free to news and contexts.

Will Virginia Gilliland and Adelle Yanow, both of Chicago, get in touch with us? Mail sent to their present address is also returned.

Lorraine Mason, former editor of the Irene Dunne club paper, enters the hospital soon for a very serious, series of operations. Lorraine's address is: 112 N. 6th St., Vine-

LANNY FAN CLUBS ROSTER

(Continued from last month)

FRANCES LEDERER—Joan Drummond, 67 posts, Los Angeles, Calif.

NICK LUCAS—Charles Afflito, 764th Ave., New York, N. Y.

BELLA LUGOSI—Julia Jocafe Skripka, 318 S. Broadway, Baltimore, Md.

ERIC LINDEN—Ernest Johnson, 549 East 5th St., Galveston, Ill.

ELIZABETH LOY—William Eves, 1649 St. Nicholas Ave., New York, N. Y.


R. L. BRADWORD—Violet Pajzer, 521 Schiffler Ave., Trenton, N. J.


JOAN MARSH—Irving Gross, 189 East 2nd St., New York, N. Y.

FRANCES LEONARD—Dorothy Barkdale, 3505 West Copher, St., Calif.

ROSE MANN—Herman New, 1721 Hollywood, Calif.

JOE PENNER—Sid Voudean, 34 Strathmore Blvd., Toronto, Ont., Canada.

GLEN RAYMOND—Evelyn Cronin, 701 Cornell Ave., Baltimore, Md.

MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN—Alice M. Kelly, 141 Greenwood Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

VICTOR ORSINI—Marian Rose Thompson, 57 Park St., N. Y., Canada.

MILAN WISSEY—Evelyn Lowery, 4th Ave., Seattle, Wash.

ENRY RUCKER—Mildred Krueger, 156 Prospect Plage, Brooklyn, N. Y.

RAMON NAVARRO—Evelyn Cronin, 701 Cornell Ave., Baltimore, Md.

THOMAS NEWMAN—Alice M. Kelly, 141 Greenwood Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

RUTH ROLAND—Lillian Conrad, 4822 N. Lomita Ave., Los Angeles, Calif.

BUD ROGERS—Marilynn Connell, 54th West (4th) Ave., Milwaukee, Wis.

MELCO PEREZ—Muriel Alexander, 8 Downes Ave., Pawtucket, R. 1.


DICK POWELL—Chaw Mack, Jr., 226 East 2nd St., San Francisco, Calif.

JOE PENNER—Sid Voudean, 34 Strathmore Blvd., Toronto, Ont., Canada.

GAYE RAYMOND—Evelyn Cronin, 701 Cornell Ave., Baltimore, Md.

RUTH ROLAND—Lillian Conrad, 4822 N. Lomita Ave., Los Angeles, Calif.

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MELCO PEREZ—Muriel Alexander, 8 Downes Ave., Pawtucket, R. 1.

“I’m Hotel Hostess
Now—earning a
splendid salary”

Mrs. Charlotte Palmer, Hotel Hostess, Encounter Position, Though Without Previous Hotel Experience

“Disguised with my work, with no future possibilities and not even good pay, I welcomed the opportunity to prepare for the hotel Industry in the field I was in at home in leisure time, through Lewis Training. Shortly after graduating, I secured a position as Hotel Hostess, increasing my salary about $75. To anyone wanting to get out of the rut into real success I say enroll in Lewis Schools.”

OCCUPATION COUPON
Lewis Hotel Training Schools.
Sta., PA-851, Washington, D. C.
I send the Free Book, “Your Big Opportunity,”
without obligation, and details as to how to qualify for a well-paid position.

Name
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City State

DEAFNESS IS MISERY

Many people with defective hearing and speech are forced into a life of misfortune. Church and Radio, because they use language and speech which resemble Tiny Megaphones-failing the Ear to carry on. No wires, batteries or head piece. This is a valuable, “Write for booklet and sworn statement of the nurse who was himself deaf.”

A. G. LEONARD, Inc. Suite 151, 75th Ave., New York

face “Broken Out?”
Relieve the soreness and aid healing by washing daily with Resinol Soap and freely applying Resinol
Sample free. Resinol, Dept. 2-A, Balto., Md.

DONT WAIT—
UNTIL IT’S TOO LATE!

Baldness and this hair can’t be corrected if you wait until it’s too late! START NOW! Use our money-saving Resinol Lotion for shampoo and dry or oily scalp.

Resinol is a remarkable, pure salve assures you healthy hair. Used and endorsed by thousands of men and women. Trial Size: 5c, Regular Size: $1. MARVEL MFG. CO., Dept. 81-1, 1805 Court Ave., Far Rockaway, N. Y.

GOOD NEWS! A New Set of Film Stars’ Recipes!

Due to the fact that our former leaflets had such nationwide appeal, we have collected another set of delectable recipes—illustrated by the stars—which you may have for only fifteen cents! If you have our former recipes—by all means augment your Stars’ Cookbook by ordering these listed below. However, the present offer alone will prove invaluable to you in planning your menus.

Printed on heavy stock, size 8½ x 11 inches, and punched for loose leaf notebook cover, every recipe, of which there are many, has been kitchen tested and found worthy of your approval.

Scan the list of stars represented and their choice recipes for your next dinner—Rubie Keeler’s Delicious Cheese Dishes.
Margot Grahame’s Peppy Salad Dressings.
Anne Shirley’s Popular Candies
Pat O’Brien’s Midnight Snacks
Joan Blondell’s Variations on Vegetable Dishes.
Glenda Farrell’s Famous Appetizers.
Anita Louise’s Tempting Rice Dishes.
Ann Dvorak’s One dish Meals.
Dick Powell’s Favorite Pies.
Olive de Haviland’s Refreshing Drinks.

Address your letters to Movie Classic Food Editor, 7046 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, Calif., Tel. GASCOINE 15-CENTS IN STAMPS OR COINS!
She Battled Her Way to Stardom  

(Continued from page 6)

that isn't all. For three days before the finish I couldn't eat a thing. Once in a while a swallow of water would stay down—but nothing else. That was carrying Carrie a little too far, if you ask me. So from now on, it's going to be comedy roles, I hope.

And that was precisely what we hoped, too, we told her, having in mind her sensational success in the stage play Personal Appearance which ran for 698 performances during 85 weeks, 62 of which were on Broadway.

In her own words Gladys is a "Duke's mixture," being a combination of Irish, French and English.

Her parents were appearing on the road in stock when she was born and three years later she was hoisted on the stage to take the part of "Little Tommy" in Bach Among the Old Folks. She kept on playing "Little This" and "Little That" until she was ten. At fourteen she was the doll in The Dream Doll; at fifteen a part in The Betrothal; and then a jump to the coast for silent films that included starring parts in Home-spun Folks, with Lloyd Hughes; Red Hot Dollars with Charles Ray; The Easy Road with Thomas Meighan—just to mention a few.

It was at this time, 1920, that a gas stove exploded in her home and she was hospitalized for more than a year. Recovering, Gladys started a round of stock engagements that took her into about all of the theatres in the country.

Then, in 1924, the girl got a break! In fact two breaks. The first came when, hurrying to catch a taxi in New York, she slipped and fell heavily on the pavement—result one broken nose. Like the good trouper she was she kept on with her work in stock. Then came the second break—her meeting with Hal Skelly who immediately placed her in Queer People then casting for a Broadway opening. Sensational in this play she was even more so in The Milky Way.

Gladys was traveling fast now. Her name was one to reckon with along Broad- way and points North and South, not to overlook points East and West. A motion picture, Straight Is the Way, followed and then back to Broadway for her greatest success in Personal Appearance which later won her the big role in Paramount's Valiant Is the Word for Carrie.

Frank, honest and thoroughly human, Gladys George has been married three times. Her first marriage, to Ben Erway, then her leading man in stock, endured eight years; from 1922 to 1930. Temperament tipped over their marital cart.

Her present husband, Leonard Penn, whom she married in 1935, is, she is sure, to be her last. She claims to be eternally happy. Penn, wealthy heir to a beauty and manufacturing fortune, is a graduate of Columbia University where he later taught French. He is a concert pianist and amateur actor. His accomplishments as a student and musician are bringing to her much of the beauty her busy life had denied her, she asserts.

Check-full of humor, the impressive Miss George recounts with chuckles those many days when 25 a day had to feed her parents and herself; of those weeks and months when she would crouch down in day coaches to beat full-fare and, the very same nights, portray ladies of 20 and older, although at the time she was in her early teens.

She'll tell you further of kid days when, before the curtain time in tank towns, she paraded the main streets with sandwich signs reading: "Wouldn't you like to see me tonight in such and such a play at such and such a theater?" Yes, and ring up the curtain, take several parts in the play, count the cash and pack up for the next stop.

Even when things were apparently on the up, there were times when she would nonchalantly offer cigarettes to her producer and actor guests, only to gather up what remained of the unsmoked portions for morning use when the guests had departed. She early learned the show-world "must" of keeping up a front.

She has no such worry today, however.

When answering advertisements, please mention January Movie Classic
She Tried to Dodge Stardom

[Continued from page 35]

actors were not tremendous box office magnets, and so Sid and I had to find an angle. We found the angle in Harlow's curves, and the billing we gave her made Sheila's Camera preview to Edna May Oliver, and the Venus de Milo just a prototype of Polly Moran.

I don't believe Jean was any too pleased when we went on to the photo shoot the rather low cut gown she wore in the picture in a daring newspaper ad with the letters S.E.X at top and the Wyler impression that here was the girl to whom Havelock Ellis should dedicate his life and literature, and that should Freud ever write a novel, here was the ideal heroine.

Whether Jean liked it or not she was the same good sport then that she is now, and figured that probably the main object of the game was to start immediately to help recoup some of Mr. Hughes' bankruptroll for him.

At any rate these ads brought to the engorgement a record breaking run at top prices, and into every hamlet an atmosphere of the nation spread rumors of this brand new screen sensation, Jean Harlow, platinum blonde.

The Movie Classic office in Hollywood, where this is being written, is in the same structure, the Hollywood Professional Building a block west of the far-famed Roosevelt hotel on Hollywood Boulevard, where Sid Grauman had his executive, advertising and publicity offices.

Never having been featured before, Jean used to get a real kick visiting the Grauman-Hell's Angels offices, particularly the art department, where she was thrilled by watching "grandpa" George Hall, the Tren- tonic art director, weave her photos into ad layouts or marvel at the dear old soul paint torrid love scenes of the production in oil for the famous Grauman forecourt.

That same forecourt that boasts of footprints of every notable Hollywood star.

Because Ben Lyon and Jimmy Hall had given Jean a chance one day at the old Christie studio on Sunset boulevard, and taken her to Howard Hughes suggesting she play the feminine lead that Greta Nis- sen essayed in the silent unreleased version, Jean in gratitude was always battling for these two lads to be given top billing.

"Listen! Ben and Jimmy have been in pictures for years. They've got a big following. Play up their names in your advertising, use their pictures oftener in the papers. I'm nobody much, forget about me."

That's what Jean would say, and mean it.

But where editors would give Ben or Jimmy (who is leading an orchestra now, I believe) a half column cut, they'd play Jean's photo four times.

Her popularity overnight caused Hughes to send Noah Dietrich, his general manager, and Jack Marshall, his business man- ager, to Jean's door with a long term contract.

Loaning Jean to other companies helped pay some of the production costs on Hell's Angels, but it was rather tough for her. She was always "sold down the river" for siren rôles, more hardboiled than the depot lunch counter egg.

Outwardly she took it like a major. Inwardly she signed for a chance to show what she could really do playing either a bad little girl with a few redeeming traits, or a good little miss with a few minor vices. But there wasn't any light and shadow for her. It had to be all shadows until Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer saw the light and hired her forever.

Signed for The Secret Six with Wallace Beery and that rising young actor of the day, Clark Gable, she clicked.

Came The Red-Headed Woman, in which her platinum locks took on the tiffin hue.

Then Hold Your Man and Dinner At Eight.

Once again she packed her bags for a transcontinental personal appearance tour, and found even a greater welcome than on that journey when she let her flesh and blood personality to key city showings of Hell's Angels.

Jean for many recent months has been seen a lot, the night spots with Bill Powell, and she admits they are marvelous friends. Of late visiting firemen and mid- western tourists making the rounds in Hollywood haven't had a chance to be thrilled by hearing the actress in anticipation of an extra big tip, say:

"Don't look now, but there's Jean Har- low and Bill Powell over there in the cor- ner."

It may be that both Miss Harlow and Mr. Powell, like scores of other cinema celebrities, are fed up on the night clubs and cafes and prefer their fun "far from the madding crowd." To check up on this theory, I visited the Tocadero one Sunday night not long ago, and found the scattering of stars and near-stars outnumbered by actors' agents, song writers, scenario writers, assistant directors, insurance solicitors, and others who had something to sell to the stars.

All of them they are dodging the "Troc," long the ace playground of the elite of the silver sheet, there can't be such a lot of stepping out going on.

But to return to our heroine, Jean's lat- est released picture at this writing, Labeled Lady, a four-star constellation in which she shares honors with Myrna Loy, Will- iam Powell, and Spencer Tracy, is a laugh hit guaranteed to transform any "sour-puss" into a grinning Cheshire cat. It aboundes in abdominal risibilities, if you know what I mean, and bonny Jean is at her very best as a comedienne.

Let the dialogue writers put satirical, ironical, caustic, and semi-caustic wisecracks in the Harlow larynx, and she'll have any audience in more stories than I've been turned out in 24 hours by a battery of sewing machines in an east side garment shop.

Best of all, Jean's millinery bill may have increased as each salary raise in each new contract took effect, but whether it's a $200 topper or a $20 topper, or a Tyrolean, the crown has the same old diameter as that night seven years ago when Jean wanted to run out on that memorable premiere of Hell's Angels in Grauman's Chinese theatre.
Brushing Up On Your Coiffure

[Continued from page 63]

personality, for nothing gives a woman a new outlook on life like a freshly designed coiffure. Hence "The Page Boy Bob," is sweeping the country.

Patricia Ellis devours history books, particularly those dealing with the lives of fascinating women like Mary, Queen of Scots, so when Pat saw her favorite character on the screen, she decided she could copy the hair styles of that time with her own medium length bob. Again Fredricks, who did the hair styles for the film, was called into conference and they designed "The Queen’s Coiffure"—worn by Pat Ellis. It is simple—just cover your head with tight curls, such as the actress wears in this picture.

Marion Schilling thought the pompadours of mother’s day much more intriguing than the less exotic coiffures of today, and after "San Francisco" opened, Marion asked Fredericks to do her hair in pompadour style. It is modified of course for today. Just part it on one side, and roll your hair softly all around the head, brushing it well off the forehead, and you will have Marion’s "San Francisco Pompadour," as she calls it.

Nydia Westman decided she wished to appear taller in her latest Paramount film, "Rose Bowl," so she divided her hair in the median and a saucer were laid flat on top of her head. She did the curls on her neck just as of yore—such as you probably wear every day if you have a medium length bob. The center top part, Nydia brushed forward, and then from the forehead back again. Then she rolled the ends in curls and let them fall toward the face, softening the effect by dividing the curls a bit.

Indian pictures a plenty we have now, such as "Last of the Mohicans," "Daniel Boone," "Plainsmen" and others. Pretty Dianne Cook, of MGM studio, sat through these films and decided her own dark hair would be pretty dressed to suggest the Indian. She went in to see Fredricks and told him her idea. He divided the hair in two pieces off her forehead, and braided these sections, blending them into the curls on her neck. Then he struck bright colored feathers in Dianne’s dark hair for evening wear, and she was the belle of the ball.

Crossword Solution

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If you want allure

Beauty standards, personal charm and the art of feminine allure depend on alennd, graceful, youthful lines. Do you want to reduce; wear smart gowns; find beauty and invite romance?

Weight Controls are small capsules, containing no diastrophed, no thyroid or other harmful ingredinets. They increase metabolism and assist nature to banish excess flesh. One box of Weight Controls will last eight weeks. Letters from users tell us that the average weight lost by taking one box of Weight Controls, according to instructions, is 15 pounds.

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□ Enclosed find $6. Please send one box of Weight Controls postage paid.

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I will pay postman $6 (plus 25¢ postage).

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Poor English!

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Everyday your associates are judging you by what you say and how you say it. Bad habits, ill-chosen words, half-true statements, coarse, slovenly speech—these may cause a man as keen in thinking, thoughtless carelessness, words that give true shape and color, sentences formed with power and originality—there are the things that professional ability, that wins for their users swift advancement. Stop apologizing for poor English—it's inexcusable. In the quiet of your own home, mentally write long sentences, and then write with real distinction, learn to make the words you utter and the letters you compose stamp you outdistanced, cultured, a power to reckon with in the business world. Complete details in an attractive 20-page book, "Effective Business English," sent free upon request. Ask for it TODAY.

LaSalle Extension University, Dept. 130-85, Chicago

When answering advertisements, please mention January Movie Classic 81
Simone Simon Explains Herself

[Continued from page 36]

"Now I tell you," she merrily laughs, sitting close with the confidence she is to make, "I never imagine Hollywood with two stars. And the people here like to live like other people, that they have everything like every other. I think there is nothing but stars, and I am surprised I don't know of other stars live in houses and don't come out much to walk around in Hollywood. I think, they go up and down on the street that everybody see and admire them. But to me they are not so much the curiosity. In Europe I work with stars in pictures, so I know how they are, what they are. No one could tell me they are gods and goddesses—just stars."

YOU assume Simone had hoped to be the star she has become.

"First of all," she stoutly informs you, "I don't like that word 'star,' and if a woman she is one it makes me dislike her. It is too standard, an old-fashioned thing, just a sign hung out in front of you like a sign in front of a shop. You want to be a secret away how times you try. But sometimes the joke is it on me. One day in Paris a man raise his hat and say, 'You are Simone Simon?' 'No,' Then he say, 'I am sorry, I said a box of candy for her.' He walk away—and I love candy! In Hollywood I come out from the Vendome when someone with a book and pen is coming out to say, 'Are you a star?' 'NO!' I tell him. He walk off and don't care who I am.

Still, you feel it humorously possible that at least one or two Hollywood luminaries may have made some slight impression on her.

"This is so," admits Simone. "Garbo I have seen in only two pictures, Queen Christina and Anna Karenina, but I am not yet tired of her. She has everything required of the actress. She is so deep, so beautiful that she is far, far above all others, the goddess of pictures. And there is yet another who stands alone. You know who it is that now I mean? Charlie Chaplin! And he I was very unfair to him. I thought he was a clown. But I know he is suffering. Every time now I see his pictures I am unhappy. He makes me see the sadness. This is like me, for I am sad inside."

In her happy presence you can only observe she doesn't seem sad outside.

"But inside much so," she gravely declares. "Perhaps this is wrong for me, I do not know. If always I am gay the people like me better. I want them to like me just for what I am, hu-man, and not consider me as a star with a feather in my head. I love humanity, and humanity it is sad, oh yes! This is why I like to play simple girls, girls that are children. All I want to play Saint Joan, I think I'm typically looking like her, our Jeanne d'Arc. I look like a peasant girl. I'm the product of the common people. And I think I could play her because I am big and strong."

Not so big, even as she rises to her full height, but the hand she gives you is firm and strong. Pressing it, you remark it has been charming, to talk with her.

"I like it, too," responds Simone, with her man-killing smile, "you are easy to speak to."

These French!
A Zest for Giving

Continued from page 32

evidenced in the modish crystal bottle and smart container. The gift size bottle of Rythm is priced at $10.

For the holiday trade, Max Factor of Hollywood has assembled a gift box to delight the heart of every girl lucky enough to find one beneath her Christmas tree. On the top of the box is the inviting legend "My Make-Up Secret" and on the inside cover is a large photo and personal autograph of a star of the color type you select—Ginger Rogers for the redheads, Jean Arthur for the blondes, Ann Dvorak for brunettes, and Ruby Keeler for the girls with brown hair. The set contains large box of Max Factor's Face Powder, rouge and lipstick, all blended in color harmony, and the price is $2.50. The girl who receives this gift assortment will know that she is using the very same cosmetics as the star whose photo adorns the cover.

In a zipper case of genuine leather, Colonial Dames have fitted as neat and complete an array of manicure equipment as you could hope to find. The case opens flat and up pops a row of five bottles containing cuticle oil, cuticle remover, polish remover, and two shades of nail enamel (one for daytime and one for evening wear). File and other implements are secured by loops attached to one side of the case. This attractive accessory for the traveller or the girl at school is offered in red, white, black, brown, and blue leather at $2.50.

Christmas just wouldn't be a success for many a girl if someone didn't remember to add a compact to her store of treasures. The Jewel Compact offered by Primrose House and pictured with the orchid, is an exquisite, wafer-thin case of 24 karat gold plate. The jewel catch and motif add a further note of luxury to make this compact a fitting accompaniment to an evening of romance. Any girl will appreciate, too, the generous loose-powder compartment and French beveled mirror which gives perfect vision. The price for this concentrated elegance is $5.

Wrisley's, famous old house of soaps and perfumes, have put out for Christmas a Pine Set containing two amusing Soap Cones, Bath Oil, Cologne, and Sachet—all spiced fragrant with the scent of pine forests and all cool green in color to match the attractive box. Even the most conservative of women would revel in the soothing unguents of this bath ensemble. Priced at $1.

In a gaily-checked Christmas box is discovered that ever popular gift combination of powder and perfume. It's from the Lucretia Vanderbilt line, which has recently undergone many beneficial changes in formula. This particular gift set will prove an exciting experience for the girl who demands the very latest in beauty aids. A thoughtful addition is the atomizer top which can be fitted into the perfume bottle. Lucretia Vanderbilt preparations are identified with butterfly motif on a cream and gold box and this complete package comes at $1.50.

The big, little, and medium sized bottles of Drrene marshalled impressively in line are reminders that there is a beauty gift for the girl whose hair is her special pride. Drrene is that famous shampoo formula which is so easy to use and which adds new life and luster to one's tresses. The three sized bottles have three prices, of course, all within the scope of modest pocketbooks.

Dressed up for Christmas in the Imperial Package is the square-cut bottle of Campana's Italian Balm. This would make an ideal family remembrance and is an answer to the need for a small but useful gift. Campana's Italian Balm is at home anywhere—on a girl's dressing table, on the bathroom shelf, beside the kitchen sink, or on the beach when summer rolls around. Its simple mission is to protect and soften the skin and the vast popularity of this lotion attests to the thoroughness with which its task is performed.

Additional information on any of the items described in this article may be had by writing Alison Alden, MOVIE CLASSIC, 1501 Broadway, New York City. You may also consult Miss Alden, free of charge, on your personal beauty problems. Kindly enclose stamped, self-addressed envelope for reply.

Photo by Carrol Photo Service

Sigmond Romberg, noted composer, and Billie Burke stage an impromptu concert

When answering advertisements, please mention January Movie Classic
Besides the red bandana, she was wearing blue denim overalls and jumper, washed and worn pale. Bright socks and sandals. Lipstick, no powder. But never, in satin, was the Arthur silhouette set off to fairer advantage.

From now on, denim is one of the dainti-est of fabrics, to me.

"How about all those new pets I hear tell of your adopting?" was my first ques-
tion.

"New pets? Well, there's only Satan, the canary, and that nice white mule we used in the Deadwood, South Dakota, scenes of The Plainsman. I didn't bring the famous bird bath scene in Madam Satan. Mr. De Mille wants to keep him."

I didn't bring up her three dogs, and the other birds, fish and game to which she has given haven from time to time, because the idea of Satan intrigued me.

"I love Satan because he made friends for me," she declared. "When I started work in The Plainsman, I didn't know a soul on the picture except Gary Cooper and Mr. De Mille. It's not my home studio and I felt strange the first day, walking out on a set where there were five hundred people. Mr. De Mille was preparing to do a riverboat arrival scene. There were stavedowns and frontier characters everywhere. The catwalks overhead were alive with electricians and reflector men. The 'old guard' of a studio is sometimes hostile to a newcomer on the lot. They act distant and indifferent to you—as, I suppose, you do to them. I felt like a mote in a dust storm—until I saw Satan."

"In his dome shaped cage, he had been left by a property man right in the sun. I took him into the shade and gave him some water. Right then, I decided to make him my special charge. Pretty soon, people were smiling at me, and I was smiling back. Grips and electricians exchanged remarks with me about the bird. The actors made their friendship evident. So, you see, Satan broke the ice for me."

Of course, I don't know about that. Seems to me the entire credit for winning over that crowd shouldn't go to the bird. If you can imagine Jean in a blue Union cap, backskin jacket, tight leather trousers and high boots, tiny and because she was too wandering out onto that set like a small stranger in a strange land, you'll see what I mean.

It doesn't take long for her to establish that she is not distant, whatever you may be. She is retiring. She shrinks from many Hollywood contacts like a burnt child from flame. Because no girl of Jean Arthur's calibre has ever been so severely "kicked around" in pictures. Denied recog-
nition for years, she hung onto the fringe of the industry, begging for a break. She was shunted into small releases, driven out of town by the indifference of producers, returned to hope and gamble forlornly on her money. And she is still a little hurt and bitter, if she still bears the psychic scars of that experience, who can blame her?

But once you pierce that outer reserve, once you make the first overture of friend-
liness, you feel her barriers go down. She is appealingly anxious for your friendship. In return, she offers frankness, trust and reliance.

Because Jean has no delusions about her-
self. She is absolutely without airs.

When I asked her what she does to pass the time, she said: "Well, I don't look like an actress, so I can go almost any place I like without being bothered. I put on a coat and a pair of dark glasses, and I can go into any of the shops in Los Angeles without being recognized. So I go shopping, often with my husband."

It was the first time Frank Ross, the handsome young New York real estate broker Jean married four years ago, had been brought into the conversation. He's out here now, and you gather that they are great pals.

"We hike, too," she said. "Or maybe I should say that we trespass. Malibu is a community of restrictions, you know. You can't go on everybody's land. But we both have an adventurous streak. I love adven-
ture—when I'm rested. So one morning, after a good night's sleep, we started out. As you drove out here, you probably noticed the big stone castle over on the hilltop toward the canyon. That's been a landmark for years. They say it cost almost a million dollars to build, and it has never been occupied.""

"I hear that the owners have rangers on the property to keep trespassers off," I said.

"We'd heard it, too. But we crossed through the open fields and up to the house without anybody bothering us. From
Joe E. Brown and his wife are ardent football fans. They are seen here watching Loyola defeat Pacific

the foot of the hill, it looks like an ancient palace of King Arthur's time. You confidently expect to find a moat and a drawbridge when you get up to it. But it's really Spanish, with many patios and pergolas. And from the top of the hill you see down into a golden valley, thronged with orange trees and looking as if it's a magic new world where no one has ever been.

"So it's new worlds you want," she replied.

"Yes, it's fun to find new horizons. You'd love it here, no adventure without mystery. And why do you struggle up the hill? It isn't the peak that lures you. It's what's beyond."

I knew that here Jean was phrasing her entire outlook and philosophy, and encouraged her to go on.

"Of course. Nature has always been obscured," she said. "As a little girl, back in New York, I planned to be a teacher of foreign languages. Instead, I became a commercial model because the opportunity came along, and the work paid better. Then, just when I had become resigned to a career of posing for advertisements, I found myself with a movie contract."

"For a while, things looked pretty bright in the movies. I played opposite Richard Dix and William Powell. I had an important part in an English boxing picture. My friends said, 'You can't miss now, Jean'—but I missed!

"Pretty soon I found myself in pictures I was ashamed of. And next, there weren't any jobs at all."

"I went back to New York, so bewildered and bruised by everything that I thought I would try something far away from the theatre or films. I know I would have done something, might have become a designer—at least would have sought some career. But I have always been attracted to the theatre—always, that is, since people first began to show some interest in me as an actress. A chance to do a play came along and I took it. After that, though none of the plays I was in ran very long— I was in eleven of them in two years—I was happy. And I knew that I would never again be happy in any other career but acting."

"However, the screen didn't seem my métier. I was resigned to concentrating on the stage. When an offer came along from Hollywood I asked for a very elastic contract, thinking I would go directly back to the stage. I didn't go back, and don't know now that I ever will."

"So you see, I never know about the future. I only try to know."

And by "trying to know," she means that she makes acting, and all that pertains to it, a serious business. I know that because I know her schedule when she's working. Up at six a.m. for a dip in the ocean, a brisk drive to the studio, an intense day's work during which she tries to make every second she is before the camera count, home for a late dinner, an hour or so with her hairdresser, and she retires.

That sort of schedule she keeps up for days on end, while she is in a production, never going out at night and rarely speaking to anyone but her husband and the people with whom she comes in direct contact at the studio. It is easy to understand where she gets her reputation for solitude. But it's Jean's code to be earnest."

"I can't stand still," she says. "I must go ahead and try to accomplish whatever I can accomplish."

SHE adores Katherine Cornell and Helen Hayes, and spends hours analyzing their technique, discussing their conclusions with others. Director Frank Capra and Jo Swerling, writer, are her near neighbors, and they often take part in her discussions. She has a definite longing to do a great play on Broadway, something with an extended run. "Because people have told me," she says, "that the longer you play a part the more you learn about it—and yourself. You really get under your own skin, they say. And I want that experience."

As for the screen, her prayer is for more vital roles that are not routine romance. Calamity Jane she considers her greatest."

"Because the screen has never had anybody like Calamity," she says. "The girl is completely free and unhampered. She doesn't know what conventions are and she wouldn't care if she did. I had to learn to use a bullet, because Calamity was a two-fisted bullwhacking beauty. Practicing on De Mille, I cut him across the wrist with it. He's been so splendid. He wouldn't let me strike an extra he had hired to be struck until I had first practiced on him.

"And another thing I like about Calamity, she doesn't dress like anybody else you've ever seen on the screen; she doesn't talk or think like the average heroine. She's in love with Wild Bill Hickock—our Mr. Cooper—and she has healthy, generous human instincts. And that's all she knows."

Meanwhile the sun had been sinking into the red mid-Pacific. We had tea in Jean's glass sun house on the beach, and she walked to the door with me. We went out through the garage.

"I only wish I'd given you something to write about," she said, as she shook hands at my car. "But that's me. You'll have to take me or leave me."

I left her, to set down the things she had said to me. And these are the notes I have written.
Meet “Bill”—Sir Walter Raleigh  

(Continued from page 25)

wife, but he put it right in her hat for her, too. Throughout the picture he made himself the background against which she might shine. In countless ways, throwing the limelight in her direction. A most obvi- 
ous example was the scene of the party when Bill was passing food, and Carole was emoting in the background. He was bent low, so that the camera might shoot over him at Carole, as he proffered the tray to 
Gail Patrick. His back was directly to the camera, and he did not once turn around. 

Few people even noticed that figure! 

in the foreground was Bill until Gail men-
tioned that her sister was “having servant trouble” and looked pointedly at him. 

And so it went all through the picture. In 

their scenes together those wise to the 
meth methods of picture making could see that 

Bill was figuratively holding out his hands, 

urging her on, helping her over hurdles, 

handing her each scene on a silver platter. 

Not that she was not adept in the reading. 

Naturally Carole is no novice. But it was 

Bill’s help that put her on a new high 

pedestal, a pedestal that she might not have reached so safely and so surely, had an 

out-to-get-his-actor being played opposite 

her. 

But Bill has helped novices too. It was 

against his broad shoulders, as a matter of 

fact that Margaret Lindsay first leaned 

her troubles—we have to add, figuratively, 

not literally, because there was no love be-
tween them. But they were friends, and 

they did go dining and dancing together 

back in the days when Hollywood was still 
laboring under the delusion that Maggie 

was English. Bill Powell, too, believed it. 

She had made Cavalcade with Diana Wyn-
yard, Clive Brook, and Frank Lawton, and 
hers accent had stacked up with the rest of them. But after that, nothing happened— 

nothing very good, that is. Universal talked 
of borrowing her for a picture, then 

decided that the part should be played by an 

American. Several parts came up at 

Warner’s which she finally lost because of 

her accent. The accent that had gotten her 

into pictures was now threatening to keep 

her out of them. Margaret didn’t know 

what to do. She didn’t know whom she could trust. If she admitted her hoax and 

reverted to the American that she was, the 

bigwigs might feel it necessary to punish her. Then there was the added strain of 

the deception itself. Remembering her 

broad A’s nearly drove her crazy at times. 

Finally she just couldn’t stand it anymore 

and it was Bill Powell she turned to . . . 
told him the whole story . . . begged him to 

advise. Not only did he advise—he told 

her to give up the game and confess all— 

but he himself put in a strong word for 

her at the studio. Her career received a 

new spurt, and it’s to the man with the 

kid-glove manner that she says she owes 

much. 

It was at the same studio that he did 
even more for Kay Francis. Kay was not 

suffering from a lack of work, but she was 
suffering from too much of the same 

kind. When many another actor would 

have been worrying about his own parts, 

Bill was constantly egging Kay on to some-

thing besides those efficient, but unromantic, 

uniformed women she was always playing. 

“Now that’s a becoming thing,” he used 
to say in his best sarcastic manner, when 

he’d meet her on the lot clad in a plain 
dark serge for one of her secretary roles. 

“Such a will-o’-the-wisp, it does something to you, 

Kay.” Or when he’d see her in a white 

doctor’s uniform for another typical Kay 

Francis part—“Good morning, Dr. Kay. 

That lovely antiseptic scent you’re wearing is really entrancing. So romantic, 

Doctor dear, it makes my head swim. For heaven’s 
sake, Kay, when are you going to put your 

foot down on these mental-giant roles and 

become a wilting woman for a change? 

Don’t you know these stiff-collar parts are 
going to bury you some day?” 

Of course, Kay did know it, but as she 
told him time and time again, what was she 
to do about it? She had fought. Long and 

often, and hard. Her agents had fought. 

Now would he please not kid her any more 

about it, and leave her to her own sad fate 
in peace? 

Which is exactly what Bill Powell has 

never been able to do under any circum-

stances. Kay Francis might be the master of 

her own fate, or the master of the fate of 
hospitals, orphanages and big business, 
on the screen, but to him she was just a 

stranded youngster who must be taken by 

the hand and led home. He did it by the 
simple device of putting a bug in the pub-

licity department’s ear. That bug buzzed to the effect that Kay Francis is the Best 

Dressed Woman in Town! The word 

spread, and photographers caught Kay in 

her own personal wardrobe to prove it. 

There were feminine fur-trimmed suits, 

alluring and decollete evening gowns, exotic 
hats. Newspaper editors reached for these

SECRETARIES, STENOGRAPHERS 

and TYPISTS—Become An Expert 

STENOTYPY 

Stenotypy wins today’s preferred 

jobs and better pay. Stenotype’s 

machine speed, precision, and 

accuracy make your work faster, better, 

easier, and you get the credit. 

Executives welcome this ma-

chine way of taking dictation—fast, 

that every 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 the 

least cost and on easy terms. Write for interesting, free 

book, "suffering for the New Profession," de- 

scribing the many opportunities in Stenotypy and 
telling how you may mature it successfully. 

THE STENOTYPE COMPANY 

Dept. 136-57 420 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.
pictures instead of the set stills which showed Kay "in uniform" for her pictures. "Kay Francis, the best dressed woman in town." The slogan spread and took hold. "Well, why don't we let her wear some fancy clothes in a picture some time?" said one of the Warner executives. Whereupon Mr. Powell stepped up. No feminine lead has been assigned yet to One Way Passage, that new picture of mine.

"No, that picture is not her type," came the verdict. "The girl is ill and frail and feminine and clinging. No, definitely, not a Kay Francis part."

But in the end, Bill, and the publicity angle he had suggested, gained his point. Bill Powell and Kay Francis made One Way Passage together, and that picture marked a turning point. Kay still does uniform parts occasionally (Florence Nightingale, for example), but now there is nothing in the movie bible which says she can't do the other, too.

Other front-office moves which Bill Powell made in behalf of beauty involved the now-famous casting of Myrna Loy in The Thin Man. Never before had Myrna Loy been cast as a comedienne, and it was only due to the combined efforts of Bill and Director Woody Van Dyke that she was assigned to this picture. Bill's helping hand wasn't pocketed at that point—it re-mained out and gently encouraging all through the actual shooting. Much of the "business" was actually worked out on the set, and there were a number of scenes which appeared in the picture which were not in the script. These added scenes were all Myrna's, amazingly enough. Instead of hugging the picture as he might have done Bill Powell insisted on sharing it. The result is history.

But there is even a greater example of his unselfishness and his give-the-little-girl-a-hand-ismness in what he did for Luise Rainer when she was suddenly thrust into Escapade, in the part that Myrna Loy, in a money tiff with the studio had vacated. Here was Bill Powell, an old timer. Here was Luise Rainer, a newcomer. Not only was she new to American picture-making, but America's language was new to her besides. How Bill Powell could have walked off with that picture! Instead, it turned out to be Luise Rainer's "discovery" picture.

It was a number of years ago that a struggling young girl by the name of Jean Harlow worked with Bill Powell in a now-all-but-forgotten picture, The Green Murder Mystery. Jean had worked in pic-strung comedies and in Westerns and in an occa-sional feature, but she wasn't getting any place. This fact had robbed her of enthusiasm, spontaneity, hope. She wasn't kidding herself that her little bit of fame was amounting to anything.

Friends and employers, too, tried to convince her that all that was needed was for her just to hold on. But long came Bill Powell, who ad-vised her to do just the opposite... to let go... and for the first time Jean heard a voice that she could believe in, listen to. It was he who advised her to look for love and happiness first... and then, if she must carry on with her career, to go back to New York, get on the stage, start all over again along the new road to movie success, via the stage. That Jean followed his advice and found it good is an established fact today—with her career in a better state than it ever was.

If you have read a great deal the last year or so about the turnabout Jean Harlow has taken in her own ambitions, you can be sure that this, too, is the result of that famous Bill Powell guidance. For a long time Jean had wanted to take the glitter out of her platinum reputation and become a dramatic actress but she never knew exactly how to go about it until Bill came along to lend an attentive ear. "You'll have to dramatize your change—make other people realize it. Have a different kind of publicity, really strike out for different parts." Reckless followed—the first really dramatic part of her career. She made it with Bill Powell. He gave her the best support she had ever had. While the critics and fans were buzzing about that, he encou-aged her to strike while the iron was hot, to do something that would clinch the idea that she had changed. On his advice then, Jean blossomed forth in a new and milder shade of hair.

And so it goes, on and on. Advice, you may say, is cheap, but not the kind Bill Powell gives. For his is not flip or routine. It springs from a real human interest in the situation at hand. In each case it is made-to-order, tailored-to-fit. Nor, as we have shown, is it only advice that he gives. As Kay Francis said once, "He can't help helping—it's his gentleman's code of honor." But it is even more than that. It is his mana for cape-sweeping-over-puddles and for guiding beautiful wanderers. It is that quality in him which is best summed up by his nicknames of Daddy, Pop, and Pater. It is his urge to consider all women as the very special problem of man. Of this one, in particular.

When answering advertisements, please mention January Movie Classic 87
HENRY FONDA'S UNIQUE Society Marriage has been the subject of much gossip. Now you can learn the truth about the strange way in which the handsome actor wooed and won the famous beauty. "Rave for Our Skin," is a sparkling and witty story about caverndsmouth Martha Rye, whose popularity has been the target of envy. She's amusingly frank—and you'll love it! Read JANUARY SCREEN BOOK

Jean Arthur is being called Blonde Dynamite—and for very good reason! The story of her tempestuous outbursts will astonish you. All Hollywood is buzzing with talk about her. Read January SCREEN BOOK and get in on the fun!

Adventure in an Insane Asylum is a hair-raising story of a famous blonde star's night of horror in a mad house. Don't miss it! "Beauty Isn't Important," says Joan Crawford. She tells how loneliness and success may be attained by any girl. Her advice is inspiring!

The latest news, the choicest gossip and candid camera snaps fill the pages of January SCREEN BOOK.

ACCEPT THE CHALLENGE OF THE NEW MILLION DOLLAR ADVENTURE —success or failure —at your next show!

They required forty-eight "takes" for the second kiss. And Cooper wilted twelve collars. But in the end he got the idea. Every feminine star on the lot began asking for him. The publicity department got busy with a terrific build-up. They sold Cooper steadily to magazines and press syndicates. They splurged him on twenty-four sheets throughout the country. In all, the studio invested around $150,000 in the man before he became an actor. And he has netted them a thousand per cent profit and then some. Of all the stars who have come and gone at Paramount, Gary has received the largest amount of bad mail and the most varied. He now runs to him from smart young tyros and gentle old ladies; from thatched Morvi hut and Sicilian castles and Park Avenue penthouses. Gary has struck deep roots at the Paramount. Every corner of the lot is filled with old associations. There's the little table in the commissary where he used to eat nuts and sit. There's the turnstile at the entrance where Clara fought with him one day and kept shoving him away and in around it.

And there's the same old blackbird who shined his shoes for his first important part and gave him that sage piece of advice: "I always tell de young fellas nevah to part der hair in de middle and nevah put no water on it so dey can have dry thoughts. Yassuh!"

Yes, and there's the spot where the old billboard used to stand. In the days when Coop was searching for work as an extra, many a time he'd devour a loaf of bread behind it for want of a dining room.

Over there is the stage (greatly transformed since then) where Lupe Velez stormed at him. It was the first day on the set of Wolf Song and they had just met. "He is too bee to play opposite me. Too bee, I tell you!" she cried.

Gary Cooper has written some exciting pages of Hollywood history there at Paramount. Written them all unconsciously and with the abashed earnestness that is part of him. Perhaps one should start a chapbook one of these days.

He is, of course, taking his "gang" with him to Goldwyn's. Coop would be lost without the Invincible-Three. Jack Moss, Cracker and Slim. With the guns of the court battle booming about them, they're as steadfast as the Rock of Gibraltar.

Jack Moss used to be an assistant director at Paramount's Lincoln Island studio. When Gary went back there to do His Woman Jack rescued him from the thorns of shining Manhattan and the two of them went fishing. They've been bobbies ever since and Jack is now the Cooper business manager.

Cracker (the Uptown Cracker) is Gary's man Friday. (His brother, the Downtown Cracker, is Jack Oakie's.) Just why he is called is still a mystery. And Gary will draw a bead on anyone who pulls that "Polly wants a Cracker?" stuff.

Slim Talbot who has been Cooper's stand-in for the past six years, was a boyhood pal back in Montana. They've ridden the range together and gone bear hunting. They've been snowed in on the same trail and been pinched partners on fifty location trips. It's all right with Slim if the Big Shots fight over Gary. But not at him. Because in that case he'd have to begin oiling those 45s.

Souls At Sea is to be the next Cooper picture under the old regime. Then he and his wife, the lovely Sandra Shaw, are going to rent a houseboat on the Nile or plane to Bali. Anyway, he has a long way from here where all is peace and quiet.

What will 1937 hold for Coop? It's the start of a new adventure, it means sinking new roots. But nothing that could ever happen to him will be as dramatic as this last ten year period, which began with a $25 advance, and ended in a $5,000,000 battle!
plenty of money in the bank, Joan's first thoughts were of her family. And in Hollywood they'll all tell you she was and still is a mighty fine daughter and sister.

Being a beautiful, vivacious, normal young girl, Joan had plenty of admirers and autograph hunters. It was merely a question of time before she would say "yes" to one of the many who potted the idea of marriage. The winner was George Barnes. Handsome, well thought of in the industry as Samuel Goldwyn's ace cameraman, he had been married three times before. On January 4, 1933, they made the trip up the middle aisle.

Now, as a rule, vaudevillians are an extremely superstitious lot. Apparently Joan thought that superstitions were just a lot of nonsense. Because, after her marriage, she made her home in a house on a high hill, overlooking Hollywood and Beverly Hills. It is called Lookout Mountain, the house you must drive through Laurel Canyon. The thing that would have deterred many others was the fact that the house formerly belonged to the Shelby family, of which the unlucky Mary Miles Minter is a daughter. Another point is that in Hollywood many think that Laurel Canyon isn't such a lucky picture people. Call it hooby, if you will, nevertheless that superstition does exist. Joan laughed the whole thing off. She was happy in her Cape Cod cottage high on the hill—happier still after little Norman Scott Barnes arrived on November 2, 1934, to bless the union.

What happened to mar this happiness? Nobody knows. Neither Joan nor George Barnes ever talked about it. The divorce was a formal affair. Joan and George continued to be good friends—were even seen out in public together on a couple of occasions. But from the day that she saw the baby, which was nine months after the separation, Hollywood just took it for granted that she would ultimately marry Dick Powell. And Hollywood was right.

Which brings us to another part of the story. It concerns the background of Dick Powell.

He was born in Mountain View, Arkansas, and was christened Richard. Like Joan, he had to work hard when he was a kid. After his family moved to Little Rock, which is a metropolis when compared with Mountain View, Dick had to help buy the family groceries. And the telephone company will tell you, if you take the time to ask, that he was a darned responsible, hard working lad who would have gone far with the firm if he hadn't decided to be a musician. In those days, though, his only musical activities consisted in singing in the church choir.

When the day came for Dick to be the hard worked world beyond the city limits of Little Rock, he went to Louisville, Kentucky, and joined a band. By this time, he was already known to music and could sing a sweet lullaby as well. He was a handy man for any orchestra and it wasn't long before he was the talk of the town.

Then it was on to bigger and better things and Dick found his way to Pittsburgh. For three years he was master of ceremonies and soloist at the Stanley Theatre. There it was that Warner Brothers discovered him and his charm. With that, he signed into a big movie contract, he headed for Hollywood to make his screen debut in Blessed Event and he shared honors with the fast-talking Lee Tracy. Picture followed picture and Dick Powell's stock hit an all time high.

Girls the world over were clamoring for more of him. He had that something that goes for cinema greatness. With his acting, playing, singing, dancing, and love musing on the screen was a five way threat to all the other lads of the screen. But a man who was working as hard as Dick in those first years, had little time for girls. Most of his love making was done on the screen.

Besides, he was just getting over one match that had taken him to the altar. She was a non-professional girl he met in the east. The marriage didn't last long. They just weren't suited, Dick would explain on those rare occasions when he would mention it all. They agreed to go their separate ways and Dick was quietly divorced.

Like Joan he had thoughts after his success were for his family. His mother can—and will, if she gets the chance—tell you what a fine lad Dick has been. She came out to visit him in California and would spend her spare time putting up preserves in the massive kitchen of Dick's Tolula Lake home and wouldn't feel just right if she didn't tuck her boy in bed at night. And when she had to say goodbye and go back to Arkansas, there was a tear in Dick's eye. He's that kind of a son.

And, so, don't you agree with Hollywood that Joan and Dick are an ideal match? They sure look like a hard and happy pair to enjoy the surroundings of a comfortable home. Dick has disposed of his old Tolula Lake bachelor estate and they're moving into one that will give them a new start in life. There'll be a swimming pool and tennis courts, because they have a common fondness for those sports. And on top of these, Dick will have his polo ponies, for he swings a mean mallet.

Love has given them each a new lease on life, a new reason for attaining even greater success in the entertainment field. So, the next time you see the famous Blondell and Powell smiles, you'll know they're genuine, just as Director Dan Cupid ordained they should be.

**DID YOU KNOW THAT**

Bob Taylor used his gasoline scooter recently to make the 30 miles from studio to his home, then skinned his arms and legs in a spilt almost at his doorstep—and that his bosses have forbidden him to ride his new motorbike?

---

**USING THE SAME COSMETICS YOU USE TODAY**

When rouge or lipstick looks too heavy or exaggerated ever... or powder shows... or lips are too dark... 9 times out of 10 it's because the light throws shadows as you applied your makeup. So but true... one defect in makeup spoils your entire appearance.

THE SECRET OF HOLLYWOOD STARS

Emerge tomorrow... gloriously perfect! Follow the stars... use Hollywood Makeup Mirror. The non-glare light clearly reflects your features without shadows, permitting natural, uniform makeup. The optical magnifying mirror makes possible instant lining of eyes, brows, lashes, eye shadows and lips. Thrill at the flawless professional beauty you are hiding today. At leading stores everywhere. An ideal gift.

**AMERICAN AUTOMATIC DEVICES CO.**

$300 Throop Street, Chicago, IL.
In New York it's 42nd and Broadway.
In the cinema capital it's Hollywood and Vine.

Vine Street leads a double life. A mile or so south of Hollywood boulevard, its name changes to Rossmore, as the exclusive apartment skyscraper dwellings of such celebrities as Mae West and George Raft rear aloft their penthouses. And as Rossmore it invades Los Angeles' fashionable Wilshire district.

On the southwest corner is the Broadway Hollywood, a more or less swanky offshoot of the Broadway Department Store in downtown Los Angeles.

A few doors west is the studio of Sergis Alberts, world-renowned celebrity photographer, who like the marrying M'Divanis migrated to movieland from the steppes of Georgia.

Closeby is the Hollywood office of Western Union, where the young manager Bruce McLeod surely must have his tickers and teletypes equipped with extra ciphers to handle daily messages concerning million, billion, and trillion dollar productions.

On the northwest corner is a squatty building owned by Carl Laemmle and his brother-in-laws, Abe and Julius Stern. Abe and Julius were the lads years ago sponsoring Century comedies. They antedated Sam Goldwyn with Mrs. Malapropieties.

"Century comedies are not to be laughed at" was credited as one of their bonnier mots.

When Puddinhead Wilson was suggested for filming, both are said to have patriotically exclaimed, "Why insult our president?"

Julius, tradition has it, on hiring a scenario editor demanded, "So you're a scenario editor, are you? Well, spell me a big word."

The Coco Tree, an attractive and well patronized restaurant, occupies the street floor. The roof has as its unique decorative motif a battery of billboards.

Not far west is Eddie Brandstatter's latest venture; "Sardi's." He has named it after the famous Manhattan refueling station for writers, artists and theatrical folks.

It is Al Levy's Tavern and the original Hollywood Brown Derby, however, that lure the stars to the Vine and Hollywood locale.

Al started with a tamale wagon when the Angel City was a petico pueblo, and there was no Hollywood. His maitre d'hôtel, Alex Montoya, is known to every notable who ever visited Agua Caliente. His chief bartender, Jack Marsh, is the mixologist whose advice is sought by celebrities when their own cocktails taste like hair tonic, and their Planter's Punches resemble essence of well-brewed boxing gloves.

It was in the Hollywood Brown Derby that the late playwright Wilson Mizner used to let down his hair, telling of Alaskan adventures when the late Alexander Pantages and Sid Grauman mushed through the trail of '98.

The site of the Hollywood Plaza where many Movie Classic contest winners have been royally quartered, not so long ago was an orange grove, before the Sterns, father and sons, decided more hosteries were needed here. Tommy Hull, lessee of the Roosevelt, now operates this, too, as a part of his California chain.

Across Hollywood boulevard toward the hills is the Hollywood Playhouse, built by a man at this writing in San Quentin for looting the Guaranty Building and Loan, costing many stars, directors, writers and executives their life savings. Seldom housing a successful engagement, the Playhouse has sheltered varied offerings from Clifford Odet's communistic comedies to Minsky's strip teasers.

And there you have a more or less hop, skip, and jump voyage on roller skates, as it were, hitting highspots in the vicinity of Hollywood's best known crossroads.
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-smudging 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!

Maybelline
The World's Largest Selling Eye Beauty Aids
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”
MOVIE CLASSIC

MOVIE CLASSIC
10¢

ANN SOTHERN
Natural Color Photo

DIRECTOR DOOMED NORMA SHEARER TO OBLIVION
MAE WEST GIVES ALL THE ANSWERS
Do as the South Seas enchantress does . . .

TATTOO YOUR LIPS

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.

FIVE SHADES . . . CORAL . . . EXOTIC . . . NATURAL . . . PASTEL . . . HAWAIIAN
Finger Wave, Manicure and Facial
yet she overlooks tender, ailing gums

- ANOTHER "DENTAL CRIPPLE" IN THE MAKING

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 dol-
lar on beauty aids, and fret and worry
over the first sign of a skin blemish.
But her friends and even strangers sel-
dom 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 bril-
liant. But not until she does something
about her tender, ailing gums—not un-
til she knows the meaning of that warn-
ing 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 mas-
sage 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 circu-
lation 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

in
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 Camellias" (Lady of the Camellias) by Alexandre Dumas. Directed by George Cukor.
On the Cover
Posed exclusively for Movie Classic, this beautiful natural color study of Ann Sothern was photographed by Edwin Bower Hesser.

HIGHLIGHTS

A "Steele-Point" Etching of Ronald Colman by Joseph Henry Steele 16
Doomed to Oblivion by Reginald Barker 28
Three Weeks With Garbo by Leon Surmelian 31
Why I Married John Barrymore by Elaine Barrymore 32
From Rags to Riches with Bob Burns by Murphy McHenry 34
Men, Stay Away from My Door by Virginia T. Lane 35
Mae West Gives All the Answers 36
Learn to Dance the Champagne Waltz by Jack Stevens 38
Mae Clarke Laughs Last by Whitney Williams 42
That Girl From Paris by Harry Lang 46
Putting on the Ritz by Norman Paige 54
Hollywood’s Newest It-Man by Jule Butler 57

TO THE LADIES

Hollywood Fashions by Sally Martin 47
Perfume Preferred by Alison Alden 51
Best Dressed Star of the Month 61

NEWS

Hollywood Highlights 8
The Show Window by E. J. Smithson 22
Homes of the Stars 44
They Got The Breaks 52

Go to your favorite newsstand for March MOVIE CLASSIC. You will find it on sale on January 30th.
WHAT AN AWFUL HEADACHE!

● Splitting headaches made me feel miserable. I can’t tell you how it 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.

WE’RE TELLING YOU

So many inquiries have flooded Movie Classic’s editorial desk that we are opening a new department for the convenience of our readers. If you are curious about anything in Hollywood—from what is Marlo’s favorite color for those lace shoes to the latest picture to be produced by Pan Berman—we will find out about it and enter the answer in this column. Any questions?

WHAT ARE THE EXACT WEDDING PLANS OF JEANETTE MACDONALD AND GENE RAYMOND? asks H.R.

Both stars have applied for 60 days leave beginning June 1. The wedding on June 17 will be followed by a leisurely honeymoon and final preparation of their own home, probably about one hour’s drive from Hollywood in San Fernando Valley, home place of many stars.

IS THERE ANY CHANCE ERROL FLYNN WON’T RETURN TO HOLLYWOOD? queries V.T.

He not only will definitely return, but it’s virtually a cinch his next picture will be Robin Hood.

WHAT SIZE ARE MAE WEST’S FEET? O.L. wants to know.

They are size 4-B, perfectly proportionate to her height and weight. Among Hollywood’s most perfect feet, they are without a blemish of any kind.

IS IT TRUE THAT GLADYS GEORGE IS THE DAUGHTER OF SIR ARTHUR CLAIRE, WHO WAS KNIGHTED FOR DISTINGUISHED SERVICE TO THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT IN INDIA? inquires C.B.

Yes, it is true.

HAS VERA STEADMAN, THE SILENT SCREEN STAR, ANY RECENT FILM ROLES? interrogates L.E.

Her most recent is a bit role with Charlie Ruggles and Alice Brady in Mind Your Own Business.

IS MARY BOLAND MARRIED? questions E.R.

No, and she never has been.

IS FRANCES FARMER A COLLEGE GIRL? H.L. asks.

She worked her way through the University of Washington as an usherette in the very picture where her vehicle to stardom, Come and Get It, was premiered.

WHAT ARE THE FACTS ABOUT ROBERT CUMMINGS’ RISE TO WEALTH? queries B.C.

He found that supposedly worthless stocks left by his father had a market value of $1,600,000. Later he discovered that other investments of his sire, a Jiglin, Mo., physician may net him another million from interests in a sialic syndicate.

HAS FREDDIE BARTHOLOMEW HAD ANY LOVE AFFAIRS? asks A.D.

Well, not exactly, but he has received a proposal of marriage. Eleven-year-old Marian Aitkens, of Chicago, wrote she loved him very much and would like to marry him “as soon as I am old enough.”

WAS JOAN CRAWFORD’S REPLACEMENT BY MYRNA LOY FOR THE PARNELL FEMININE LEAD AN INDICATION THE STAR IS LOSING HER GRIP? questions S.A.

On the contrary. She traded with Myrna, gaining the fcm lead in The Last of Mrs. Cheyney. Joan’s motive was an escape from the steady succession of “costume pictures” in which she has been cast of late.

WHAT IS THE MEANING OF FREDRICK MARCH’S SEPARATION FROM HIS WIFE? H.P. wants to know.

Simply that Florence Eldridge had to keep a stage engagement in New York. The Marches are very much in love, and Freddie will fly to Gotham as soon as he finishes work on A Star Is Born. They will co-star in a Broadway stage play this September.

WILL CECIL B. DEMILLE PRODUCE ANY MORE OF HIS PAGEANT-Scale EPICS? queries V.M.

His next will film the conquest of Mexico by Cortez, which bids fair to be his most magnificent and spectacular film.

WHAT DID JAMES STEWART DO BEFORE ENTERING PICTURES? asks B.S.

He was a magician’s stage assistant.

IS WALTER HUSTON MARRIED? inquires C.I.

Yes, to Nan Sunderland. His first marriage to Bayonne Whipple ended in divorce.

[Continued on page 90]
Gladys and Fred go to town in handsome style

The thrilling romance team of "Champagne Waltz" take time off from work to tour Hollywood in a hansom cab. (By the way, the critics all tell us "Champagne Waltz" is the best picture either one of these stars has ever made.)

Gladys Swarthout and Fred MacMurray
"Champagne Waltz"
A Paramount Picture with
Jack Oakie • Veloz & Yolanda
Herman Bing • Vivienne Osborne • Frank Forest • Benny Baker • Ernest Cossart
Directed by A. Edward Sutherland

When answering advertisements, please mention February Movie Classic
While the cold winter blasts nip around the corners of the East, America's favorite dancing daughter, Ginger Rogers, basks in the sunshine in front of her Malibu Beach cottage.

Feminine admirers of Robert Taylor and Jimmy Stewart are hereby advised that they can still go on admiring Bob and Jimmy for it will be a long time before wedding bells will toll for either. Taylor is in circulation again and is seen in the night spots with Ginger Rogers and other de-lovelies and Jimmy does not confine himself to Virginia Bruce.

Incidentally Barbara Stanwyck is confining herself to her career and has said so, repeatedly and forcibly.

In the case of Stewart, Jimmy has told all and sundry that, socially, he is promiscuous in his dates and will never marry, if and when he does, a cinemactress.

In the Bob Taylor case underground rumor is that his new contract with Metro has a non-marriage clause covering quite a period.

So go on girls, keep adorning, it's okay.

Saving His Pennies

John Barrymore has gone economical. Following his marriage to Elaine Barrie, the famous John placed for disposal with realty agents his famous mansion in Beverly Hills and also his very expensive yacht "Infanta." With the new Mrs. John Barrymore he is living quietly in a modest rented home in the film colony and working harder than ever at his studio assignments.

Sign Here!

At a recent football game, a lot of people got the impression that Jean Harlow and Bill Powell were accompanied by a bodyguard of fifty or so. And all because Jean and Bill, munching on hot dogs and looking very happy, suddenly decided to leave before the end of the game, hoping to avoid the crowd, no doubt. So what happened? So immediately all the autograph hounds near them, who had probably been plotting it for a quarter or two, leaped to their feet and followed.

Singing Janet's Praises

The argument about whether blondes or brunettes have the edge, when it comes to color photography, has been going on for a long time out here. But from what we hear, the new color rave will be a redhead who was always plenty beautiful in black-and-white, too. None other than Janet Gaynor. Practically all you hear these days on the lot where she's making A Star Is Born for Selznick, is: "Have you seen the way color makes those brown eyes sparkle?" etc., etc., AND etc.

Wisequack

Joe Penner has informed his wife and the architect who's plotting their new home out Beverly Hills way, that they can go as far as they like and he'll pay the bills. The only thing he asks of them is that they find room for a baseball diamond somewhere on the place. What, Joe! No duck-house? Don't forget, on a big place like that you'll need some place to keep your watch-duck.

Not a Proud Papa

John Qualen is a quiet little fellow and in real life about as shy as the characterization of the papa that he gave in The Country Doctor and more recently in Reunion. That's why he is blushing over the fan mail he has been receiving from ladies who admire the father of quintuplets.

Frankly, Qualen doesn't enjoy it, because he's happily married, which makes the many proposals quite impossible.

[Continued on page 10]
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-fied Forest”—alike 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

Warner Bros.

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...

HUMPHREY BOGART
DICK FORAN - ERIN O'BRIEN-MOORE
ANN SHERIDAN - Helen Flint - Joseph
Sawyer - Addison Richards - Eddie Acuff
Directed by ARCHIE MAYO

When answering advertisements, please mention February Movie Classic
Hollywood Highlights

[Continued from page 8]

Jean Fools 'Em

STUDENTS at the University of Southern California got a thrill when they discovered that the pretty little co-ed regist-
tered under the name of Jean Fullerton was really Jean Muir. Jean wanted to complete some courses she couldn't take up
when she attended school in the east, so she quietly registered under her real name and started attending classes unrecognized
as a movie star. It was a month before anyone got wise to her real identity.

Still Dot-and Dashing

PARAMOUNT has, under contract, perhaps the most talented list of writers of popular songs.

They also have on the lot a telegraph operator named Lyle Tomerlin whose hobby is writing words and music.

Lyle turned out a little ditty which he sent to Bing Crosby for criticism. Bing thought it a good song, so much so that he
plugged it on his radio program.

The song is currently one of the outstanding hits of the country. You must have heard it—"South Sea Island Magic"?

Lyle Tomerlin is still a telegraph operator at Paramount. Nights he is playing around with another ditty.

Har! Har! Har!

APPROXIMATELY 400 extras worked in Parnell and they all had to wear beards. Only a few of them could raise their
own so the makeup man had to supply the false whiskers.

Then came trouble. When the call for lunch came the boys just couldn't keep the beards out of the soup.

So a parking space was provided where the boys could hang up the beavers while eating.

A few mixups after lunch but no real casualties.

Really Serious

THIS studio publicity does not always work out the right way.

Per example:

In the build-up of Sonja Henie at Twentieth Century-Fox the famous skater was told to get into circulation while making her
picture.

To step out, that is, at the dance and dance places, etc.

They selected Tyrone Power for an escort and now see what happened.

Tyrone and Sonja are really carrying on a heavy romance and have eyes nor ears for any one else.

Very very serious—their intimates say.

Trailer Fan

BARBARA STANWYCK has solved the portable dressing room situation. Barbara went out and bought herself a trailer, fitted it up to her own satisfaction and comfort, had it hauled to her studio lot and uses it as a dressing room. She has slept there nights when she worked late.

A little Neon sign on the trailer indicates that it is "Stanwyck's Shanty."

Ain't Love Grand!

THAT Dick Powell and Joan Blondell were truly happy honeymoонers was illustrated a few days after their return from New York where they spent the first part of their honeymoon.

Dick and Joan, Joan very cute in blue slacks, crossed Hollywood Boulevard and Vine streets hand in hand, breathlessly
heading for luncheon.

[Continued on page 12]
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 GOLDWYN 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

When answering advertisements, please mention February Movie Classic
Hollywood Highlights

[Continued from page 10]

W. S. Van Dyke, Jean Harlow, Bill Powell, and Wesley Ruggles took time out from their screen activities to dine and chat at a popular night spot.

And they never stopped until they landed right at the door of Sardi's, a favorite eating place of theirs and others of the film colony.

But, to Dick's dismay, they could not get in.

Reason—Sardi's had been gutted by fire three days previously. They evidently had not heard of it.

And if you don't call that living in a world of their own—then what?

Bob Burns Tells This One

Bob "BAZOOKA" BURNS of Van Buren, Arkansas, has decided to reveal a secret which he had nourished to his breast for 18 years.

Bob admits he won the World War, thus settling for all time controversy as to just who did win it.

Let Bob tell it:

"The boys of my detachment were in a dugout and feeling mighty low. I decided to cheer them up a bit and got out my old Bazooka which I always toted with me. I played the whole night long and the very next day came the Armistice. So me and my old Bazooka fixed for the boys to go home and won the war. And if we didn't, who did?"

House on a Hill

OUT on Beverly Boulevard, the swanky highway which leads through Beverly Hills to the Pacific Ocean, stands untenanted on a hill side, a beautiful home which has never been occupied during the several years it has been built.

It represents an investment of close to $100,000, is owned by Rudy Vallee and was bought to be the home of Mrs. Rudy Vallee.

She never occupied it. Recently she died after a long illness.

They say, when she was strong enough to do so, the pretty girl whose life was so saddened used to stop by and wander through the place.

Close friends of the family say that Fay

[Continued on page 14]
Amazing Profits
For Those Who Know
OLD MONEY!

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. Watch your change. Know what to look for. 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 $150.00 — 50c Pieces $100.00 — 25c before 1873, $300.00 — 50c before 1879, $750.00 — Silver Dollars before 1874, $2500.00
—Trade Dollars $250.00 — Gold Dollars $1000.00 — $2.50 Gold Pieces before 1876, $600.00 — $5 Gold Pieces $1000.00 — $5 Gold Pieces before 1888, $5000.00 — $10 Gold Pieces before 1908, $150.00 — Commemorative Half Dollars $80.00 — Commemorative Gold Coins $115.00.


FOREIGN COINS — Certain Copper or Silver Coins $15.00. Gold Coins $150.00, etc.

Don't wait! Send Dime Today for Our Large Illustrated List Before Sending Coins.

Address your envelope to:
ROMANO'S COIN SHOP
Dept. 161 Springfield, Mass.

CUT FILL OUT AND MAIL TODAY!

When answering advertisements, please mention February Movie Classic
A "Steele-Point" Etching of Ronald Colman

This revealing story is the unexpected result of a friendly chat one evening between the author and the subject. Colman, because of his long friendship with Steele, divulged many facts and facets of his life hitherto unpublished. The author has contributed to many national publications and has been an associate producer at RKO studios.

By Joseph Henry Steele

His eyes are penetrating, clear and brown.
In conversation his jaws close decisively, his lips firmly, and his sentences sharply. He likes women and approves of marriage which he considers the ideal state. He brands as false his reputation as a woman-hater.

His name is Ronald Charles Colman. He taught himself the piano. He plays it indifferently and only when alone. He never wore a moustache until he went into the movies.
He has a bass voice. He was born at Richmond, Surrey, England, on February 9, 1891. He wears no makeup in pictures. He has a very great affection for Erich Remarque's The Road Back and Richard Aldington's Death of a Hero.

He wants security; beyond that he has no interest in accumulating a large sum of money. His employers do not understand this. He prefers biographical novels. He wears high-ankled shoes when playing tennis, which he plays rather well.

His first professional appearance was at the age of seventeen as a banjo player at a Masonic smoker. If he had to spend the rest of his life on a desert island and had the choice of only two authors he would choose Dickens and Shakespeare.

Spasmodically he becomes very systematic and then revert to an innate dislike for rule and order. He is not considered a wit by his close friends. He has a keen appreciation of satire and broad burlesque. He is especially fond of French and Italian dishes.

His attitude towards life was influenced strongly in his youth by the essays and letters of Robert Louis Stevenson. He does not play golf. He has very rare periods of depression and is usually cheerful and philosophical. He does not like fancy shirts.

He would rather have been a writer or singer, if he could have excelled in these arts. He does not like to go shopping.

Colman's impersonation of Conway in The Lost Horizon soon to be released by Columbia is regarded by critics as the finest work he ever has done before the camera.

He is very familiar with the poems of Byron, Shelley and Keats. He does not betray his British origin except under stress of great excitement when all manner of characteristic British idioms and epithets burst out.

He seldom goes to Hollywood parties and when he does he is the last to leave. He is very punctilious. He has never owned a Rolls-Royce. He is not a good swimmer. He subscribes to Vanity Fair, Time, London Sketch, and National Geographic.

He is an exceedingly poor after-dinner speaker. He wears no jewelry. He considers Greta Garbo a great actress. In formal attire he likes to go without a hat.

He loves leaving a port but hates arriving at one. He has a wire-haired terrier. He never wears spats. He enjoys a prize-fight and a football game about once a year. His hair is brown. Every four or five years he reads David Copperfield.

He thinks London the most interesting city in the world. He has never had a physical trainer. His clothes are made wherever he happens to be. He considers William Powell the most amusing person he knows, about four o'clock in the morning.

H e considers Beau Geste the best picture he has ever made. He never wears a cap. He is a fatalist. He thinks "good breaks" have had a greater influence in his life than premeditated plans.

He thinks the experience of his first year in the United States taught him the most. He thinks good health and a decent philosophy the most important things in life.

He does not like personal appearances.

His favorite silent picture was Intoler-
[Continued on page 94]
**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—yet does so with the safest action ever known in tooth paste.

Because IRIUM—the thrilling new dental ingredient—removes film without scouring or scraping. It lifts the clinging plaque off teeth and washes it gently away. It leaves the enamel surfaces spotlessly clean—then polishes them to a brilliant luster you never even saw before!

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.

**Change to PEPSODENT TOOTH PASTE**

IT ALONE CONTAINS IRIUM
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 women—single or married—who need money and are ambitious enough to accept this easy way to get it. You just represent the world’s leading dress-making plan—Fashion Frocks, and show the gorgeous new 1937 spring dresses by friends and neighbors. Fashion Frocks enable you to make money with no work because all women love to look at and want new dresses. This fact enables you to make a fortune by giving away all women love to look at and want new dresses. This fact enables you to make a fortune by giving away

Send for Style Portfolio

126 LOVELIEST Spring DRESSES many as $2.98 or low as

Fashion Frocks styles this new Spring Season are more exquisite than ever. They are the last minute styles direct from fashion headquarters in Paris and Hollywood, and approved by the leading dress and apparel lines. Fashion Frocks are nationally advertised in leading women’s magazines and are endorsed by leading fashion editors. They are never sold in stores, but by authorized representatives only.

New Home Plan Starts You No House-to-Home Work

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 new and permanent dress business—working full or part time—that pays you a good regular income.

Send Free Coupon

Mail coupon at once for this magnificent free sample dress. Get the whole story of how you can make money at home. Win a trip or more in a week and get your own dress free of any cost. No obligation and no money necessary. Rush coupon today.

Fashion Frocks, Inc.
Dress PF-225, Cincinnati, Ohio

Irene Colman Right in the swim as a "gold digger" in Warner Brothers' Gold Diggers of 1937, and now ready to plunge into bigger and better screen roles

IRENE COLMAN is a dark, coal-eyed brunette of the Kay Francis type. A wealth of experience has been crowded into her twenty-three years of adventurous living. She has been college co-ed, trained nurse, artists' and photographers' model, and stage and screen player. She got her start appearing in amateur theatricals at Goodman's Theatre in Chicago, following that with stage appearances on Broadway and with Earl Carroll's show at Palm Island Casino, in Miami. As one of the "Gold Diggers" in the Warner Brothers' musical, Gold Diggers of 1937, Irene recently finished touring the country with twelve other beauties to give people in every section of the nation a taste of the glamour that is Hollywood. This stage to stage transcontinental railroad hegira of a stream-lined troupe of charmers is noted in Hollywood as the biggest studio advertising stunt ever pulled.

You look at her jewel-like sparkling eyes and understand right away why she won the Los Angeles Examiner's contest for the most beautiful eyes of Hollywood in 1935. But her eyes are not her only attraction. This shapely actress has a personality which is the epitome of appeal and charm. Tragically hard breaks at important times have not stopped the ebony-tressed actress in her quest for stardom. Laryngitis struck her while she was grooming for her biggest part in Broadway's Say When. But she is coming along fast in Hollywood, where her beauty is opening all eyes.

A distinguished accomplishment of which few people know is her flawless handwriting. She says it comes natural to her, that she has never worried herself over the study of penmanship.

Among the important pictures in which she has appeared since answering the siren-call of Hollywood are Gold Diggers of 1937, Anthony Adverse, Suzy, Three Men on a Horse and God's Country and a Woman.

Accept no substitutes! Always insist on the advertised brand!
No wonder... we can make this amazing offer
IF YOU DO NOT
Reduce AT LEAST
3 INCHES in 10 DAYS
...it will cost you nothing!

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. Derr, Omaha, Neb.

"A GIRLIE I LIKE"
"I never owned a girdle I liked so much. And I reduced 20 pounds."
Miss Betty Marshall, Valley City, N. D.

"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."
Mrs. Zella Richardson, Sycamore, 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 DuBuis, Newark, N. J.

"REDUCED FROM SIZE 49 TO SIZE 18"
"I used to wear a size 42 dress and now I wear an 18! I eat everything."
Mrs. Eliza Fussel, Minneapolis, Minn.

"REDUCED 6½ INCHES"
"Lost 20 pounds, reduced hips 6½ inches and waist 3 inches. I should be lost without Perfolastic."
Mrs. I. C. Thompson, Denver, Colo.

"SMALLER AT ONCE"
"I immediately became 3 inches smaller on the hips when first fitted."
Miss Olive Brown, 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 "but my hips have been reduced 9 inches without the slightest diet."
Miss Jean Healy, 299 Park Ave, New York

"Reduced from 43 to 34½ inches!"
"My hips measured 43 inches. I was advised to wear Perfolastic after a serious operation and now my hips are only 34½ inches!"
Miss Belle Brown, La Grange, Ill.

"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 168 pounds."
Mrs. E. M. Riggin, Memphis, Tenn.

Surely you would like to test the PERFOLASTIC GIRDLLE 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 Upfli Brasiere, also sample of perfolrated material and particulars of your 10-DAY TRIAL OFFER!

Name: _____________________________
Address: ___________________________
City: __________________ State: ______

When answering advertisements, please mention February MOVIE CLASSIC
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...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."

© S.S.S. Co.

JUBILEE

—and a silver one at that, in honor of Adolph Zukor, motion picture pioneer

TWENTY-FIVE years ago three leading stage artists had the courage to sneer at the prejudices of Broadway and risk their reputations by temporarily deserting the stage for the screen.

This willingness to pioneer gave strength and dignity to an enterprise which was in its infancy and the subsequent growth of which makes possible the celebration this month of Paramount's Silver Jubilee for Adolph Zukor, commemorating his 25 years of activity as a maker of stars and screen entertainment.

The three players and their billings on Broadway at the time were: James O'Neill, in The Count of Monte Cristo, James K. Hackett in The Prisoner of Zenda and Minnie Maddern Fiske in Tess of the Durbervilles.

Early in 1912 Adolph Zukor was ambitious with plans for his newly formed production company in association with Daniel Frohman.

The company motto, "Famous Players in Famous Plays," was based upon his conviction that the public was ready for films of greater length and with more important stars than the current two-reelers. He reasoned there was no better way to give the screen dignity and to erase the contempt in which the "movie" was then held than to present established players in plays of established merit.

If he could only win over the leading lights of the stage, the public would follow. But the theater did not care to acknowledge even a nodding acquaintance with its young and uncouth cousin, the "movie."

JAMES O'NEILL, father of playwright Eugene O'Neill had played the popular Count of Monte Cristo for thirty years. On tour much of the time, he had not become imbued with Broadway's antipathy towards the new medium—a circumstance which perhaps played no small part in his being the first to follow the lure of the cinema.

With O'Neill on his side, Zukor was ready to go ahead. If ever he lacked confidence in the idea all doubt had been dispelled by the success which he met upon showing the four-reel Queen Elizabeth starring Sarah Bernhardt, which he had imported from France a few weeks previously.

He placed The Count of Monte Cristo in production with the highest enthusiasm.

Immediately after this James K. Hackett turned a receptive ear to Famous Players' proposition and agreed to the filming of The Prisoner of Zenda. Elaborate arrangements were set for the release of The Count of Monte Cristo as the company's first picture when a serious obstacle arose. A Chicago company was ready with another Monte Cristo picture, filmed from the unprotected novel from which the play had been adapted, in three reels.

Although it was felt the other picture was an inferior product, Zukor's determination that nothing should jeopardize the success of Famous Players' first American release caused it to be placed temporarily in storage. Zenda was rushed to completion, and released as the first picture, which proved to be a decided hit. And Monte Cristo duplicated its success at a later date.

By now the new producer had overcome his biggest hurdle. The names of Bernhardt, Zukor has been identified with the making of pictures for the past twenty-five years.
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 THOROUGHLY WITH LUX TOILET SOAP

DON'T RISK COSMETIC SKIN—DULLNESS, TINY BLEMISHES, ENLARGED PORES!

LORETTA YOUNG...

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!

Star of the 20th Century—Fox Production "Love is News"

When answering advertisements, please mention February Movie Classic
WINTERTSET—A daring experiment is undertaken with striking success in this picture. Maxwell Anderson’s blank verse play, powerfully rewritten for the screen, builds its story of miscarried justice to a startling ironic climax.

It took courage by the studio to import an unknown though highly talented stage cast for a major picture along such unconventional lines of questionable mass appeal. But the outstanding merit of the picture is overwhelming and the sterling performance of every member of the cast should win for all of them an enviable niche in pictures. A heavy vehicle designed for thinking, cultivated audiences, Winterset will gain momentum as more and more people see it and talk about its tremendously convincing story. We nominate it as the best picture of the past three years!

Burgess Meredith captures the heart with an impelling portrayal of the young man driven by hatred and bitterness to establish the innocence of his idealistic, radical father, who was electrocuted in Meredith’s babyhood for a murder of which he was innocent.

The son’s search for the real murderers leads the young man into the slums of New York. There he eventually finds them and, there, too, he falls in love with the lovely sister of one of them.

Margo plays the sister rôle and gives the best performance of a career that is dotted with successes.

Eduardo Ciannelli is the cold-blooded, sinister Trock who committed the murder and superlatives would be weak words to describe his interpretation of this difficult rôle.

“Every player in the cast deserves special mention for meritorious performance. The nicety of plot structure and beauty of language should gain for Winterset’s author an immortal spot in literature. Every possibility in the written work is fully brought out in the picture, which thinking audiences will rank as exceptional.

The play’s cynical irony and unconventional sociological and psychological implications mark it as an extreme innovation in pictures. It initiates a trend which will be welcomed by movie fans. —RKO Radio.

LLOYDS OF LONDON—To Darryl Zanuck should go a world of credit for his courage in tackling what appeared to everyone to be an impossible task—that of building out of the title Lloyds of London, a story that would have box-office appeal. But the Twentieth Century-Fox topman has done it, and movie fans are due for one of the finest films treats they can ever hope to enjoy. Lloyds of London is really a noteworthy picture and a distinct addition to the few great pictures of this or any other year. Under the expert direction of Henry King the picture never loses balance as it successfully encompasses a whole era of British history when England was fighting Napoleon for the supremacy of the seas; nor does it lose sight of the bright thread of romance that weaves in and out of the plot. No picture has ever received such careful and adroit treatment than this considering the magnitude of events it has to portray. Tyrone Power, Freddie Bartholomew, Madeleine Carroll, Sir Guy Standing, C. Aubrey Smith, Virginia Field, Montagu Love and others contribute the best performances of their respective careers. Tyrone Power, after playing little better than bit parts in two previous pictures, will rate top billing in any film in which he appears from now on. His acting in Lloyds of London is as fine as the most critical could wish. By all means...
THE PLAINS MAN — It is unfair of the critics to call this a "horror epic" or a "super western." It is neither. The Plainsman is a motion picture saga. It is a gripping, outstanding historical drama taking rank even above The Covered Wagon as a top-notch story of the American West. Cecil B. De Mille presents probably his strongest picture. Woven around the plot of smuggling repeating rifles to the hostile Indians, the story has human drama which in many De Mille spectacles is submerged beneath a lavish and unconvincing pageantry. Gary Cooper has never been better than as Wild Bill Hickok. Jean Arthur is superb as Calamity Jane. Outstanding support is contributed by James Ellison as Buffalo Bill, Charles Bickford as the villain who imported the rifles, Helen Burgess as Mrs. Lew Cody, and Victor Varconi as Painted Horse.

Costuming is colorfully appropriate down to the smallest item. The dramatic surge of the picture has a terrific and unrelenting punch right through to the finish.

Added to its intrinsic appeal as a Cavalcade of the American West, the picture's stirring action appeal makes it a splendid film for every member of the family. It will be one of the year's best box office hits — Paramount.

see this picture — Twentieth Century-Fox.

Gentlemen don't talk about it... but

A GIRL CAN'T BE TOO CAREFUL

...AND THE LOVELIER WAY TO

AVOID OFFENDING IS A

BATH WITH PERFUMED

CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP!

BORN TO DANCE

— A sparkling filmu-

sical that leaves nothing to

de be desired in the way of

songs, dances, and comedy situations. Eleanor Powell proves her right to be
called the world's greatest woman tap dancer. It's worth the price of ten ad-
misions just to watch that girl hoof, and so far as this reviewer goes he wouldn't

trade her off for two Fred Astaires — and

that's what Aunt Lizzie would call a genu-
inse Powell fan. The girl really was born
to dance if ever a girl was! And while

we're raving over Eleanor we want to put

this in the record — she's tops too, when

she sings and acts.

But after all, Eleanor isn't the whole
show. James Stewart's acting is above
par and his singing of "Hi, Babe" above
that. Frances Langford's warbling of "Swinging the Jinx Away" and "Easy to

Love" is a delight to the ear. Virginia

Bruce, prettier than ever, takes care of

her role in a way (Continued on page 24)

THE ARISTOCRAT OF ALL FINE SOAPS

When answering advertisements, please mention February Movie Classic 23
"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 one natural charm. Have bright lustrous hair!

BLONDES—To have your hair truly golden, soft and even brighter, rinse with Marchand’s Golden Hair Wash. Restores sunny lustre to dull, faded or streaked hair. Keeps your hair soft and golden.

BRUNETTES—With Marchand’s you can add delicate glowing highlights that bring out the full lustrous beauty of your dark hair. Owing to Marchand’s full strength, you, too, can lighten and keep your hair a lovely golden blonde shade that looks naturally yours.

BLONDES AND BRUNETTES—Are you risking “superfluous” hair removal? Now use Marchand’s to make unnoticeable all “superfluous” hair on arms, legs or face. Keep your body soft and smooth with Marchand’s. And have all “superfluous” hair soft, invisible through even sheerest stockings!

Start this single effective home beauty treatment today. Get your bottle of Marchand’s Golden Hair Wash at any drugstore. Use Marchand’s yourself, tonight, at home.

Win FREE Visit to New York!
See details inside your package of Marchand’s Golden Hair Wash at your druggist’s. Or use coupon Now!

MARCHAND’S GOLDEN HAIR WASH

ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR MARCHAND’S TODAY, OR USE THIS COUPON
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The Show Window
[Continued from page 23]

The Show Window

that leaves no room for criticism. Buddy Ebsen hoofs and sings in the typical Ebsen manner—and that’s plenty good enough for anyone’s money. Sid Silvers and Una Merkel steal the show whenever they appear. Raymond Walburn as the testy skipper, provides his share of laughs. In passing out bouquets, we’ve reserved an extra large one for Director Roy Del Ruth who is really responsible for making Born to Dance a click, in big league fashion. Don’t miss it!—G-G-M.

GO WEST, YOUNG MAN—With the alluring Mae West heading the cast and ably supported by Warren Williams, Lyle Talbot, Alice Brady and Randolph Scott, this screen version of the sensational stage success, Personal Appearance, loses none of its entertainment value. In fact, with Mae West taking full advantage of her comedy lines and gags, the screen version is even better.

Impersonating an actress who is handicapped in romance by a no-marriage clause in her contract and likewise by the vigilant guardianship of her ‘‘public relations advisor,’’ Warren Williams, the glamorous Mae is at her best—and Mae at her best leaves nothing to be desired.

Henry Hathaway deserves a world of credit for his sparkling direction. —Major Studios.

GARDEN OF ALLAH—Beyond argument this screen version of Robert Eichers’ desert romance is one of the most beautiful color pictures ever made. The photograph effects, the exceptional musical score, and the splendid direction after an unusual background for the romance itself. Charles Boyer as the renegade monk gives an unforgettable performance and one that is certain to win him high and well-deserved praise. Marlene Dietrich, co-starring with Boyer, has a role perfectly suited to her talents and she, too, will find a public eager to give her acclaim. Included in the supporting cast are such screen notables as Basil Rathbone, C. Aubrey Smith, Joseph Schildkraut, Lucile Watson, Alphonse Maršak, John Carolin, and Charles Waldron. Tilly Losch, famed European dancer, contributes a memorable dance number in her role of dancing girl. The Garden of Allah is a MUST picture. See it by all means.—Selznick.

THEODORA GOES WILD—And so will you when you have an opportunity of enjoying one of the best pictures in months. Irene Dunne, as the prim, reserved New England miss who writes a selling sexy novel and who then, through circumstances over which she apparently has no control, has to live the life of one of her gaudy characters, has a role that fits her like the proverbial ‘‘T.’’ You’ll see a different Irene Dunne in Theodore Goes Wild, and you’ll like her even better than you did in Showboat. Co-starring as the ‘man in the case’’ Melvyn Douglas takes over the duties of his difficult role in faultless style. If ever an actor deserves high rank- ing it’s the same Douglas fellow who has been climbing the success ladder faster than any other actor in Hollywood. Adding much to the fine quality of Theodore Goes Wild is the supporting cast consisting of Mary MacLaren, Thomas Mitchell, Elizabeth Risdon, Margaret McDade, Robert Greig, Spring Byington, Leona Marque and Frederick Burton.—RKO Radio.
PENNIES FROM HEAVEN—Catchy songs sung in typical Crosby style (which is plenty good enough for anyone’s money), a plot that lacks nothing in the way of comedy situations, and with a cast that includes Madge Evans, Edith Fellows, Donald Meek, Louis Armstrong, John Gallaudet, Nynthia Westman, Tommy Dugan and William Stack definitely tag this picture as the best of the Crosby productions. Crosby fans are due for quite a musical treat when the famous crooner sings “One, Two, Button Your Shoe.” “Let’s Call It a Heart,” “Pennies from Heaven” and “So Do I.” Sharing top honors along with Bing are Madge Evans and Edith Fellows both of whom deserve high praise for the excellence of their work. Pennies From Heaven is one of those pictures you mustn’t miss.—Columbia.

CAREER WOMAN—A well-balanced picture as to story and cast and one that will prove to be a better and bigger box office draw than 20th Century-Fox expected. Dealing in satirical comedy with courts and lawyers and the circus stunts employed to impress moronic juries, Career Woman attempts—and succeeds—to show why justice is so often a mockery. Acting honors go to Isabel Jewell whose portrayal of the small town girl whose love affair has aroused a narrow-minded community in which she lives. Claire Trevor as the young girl lawyer, Michael Whalen as the city lawyer adept in courtroom showmanship, also receive honorable mention for the effective manner in which they handle their difficult roles. Included in the cast are Eric Linden, Virginia Field, Gene Lockhart, Edward S. Brophy, El Brendel, and Charles Waldron Sr. You’re missing a film treat if you pass up Career Woman.—Twenty-First Century-Fox.

LOVE ON THE RUN—Joan Crawford, Clark Gable and Franchot Tone keep Love on the Run in this gay story of two rival European correspondents for American newspapers, vying for the attentions of a million-heiress. Joan gives her “no count” fiancee a royal run-around and leaves him waiting at the church while she departs for parts unknown. As a fugitive from headlines, reporters become her pet hate. Clark Gable’s gesture in rescuing her from his persistent rival, Franchot Tone, gives him top billing in Miss Crawford’s favor in Twenty-First. She discovers that he, too, is a noted news gatherer—then the fun begins! The resulting adventures are exciting and exasperatingly funny.

In the supporting cast, Reginald Owen, and Mona Barrie stand out as a scheming pair of scoundrels. Ivan Lodenoff, William Demarest and Charles Judels portray their parts convincingly. The perfect timing and reckless comedy pace engineered through W. S. Van Dyke’s direction, is a potent contribution to the success of the picture.—M-G-M.

Next Month be sure to read "Bedtime Stories of the Stars"

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-promise." 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 grumpy 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 reappplies 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.

(You can paste this on a postcard.) FREE

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THE SHOW IN A MILLION!

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drama!

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ATINGLY NEW AND EXCITING
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100 glamorous girls dancing on skates
in dazzling ice-revels of breath-taking
beauty!

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Million'

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the lovely queen of the silvery skates!

SONJA HENIE
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ADOLPHE MENJOU
JEAN HERSHOLT
NED SPARKS
DON AMECEHE
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!

Accept no substitutes! Always insist on the advertised brand!
As the hoyden in Columbia's *Theodora Goes Wild*, Irene Dunne forgets her patrician poise and blossoms into one of the screen's foremost comédiennes.
It takes a lot of courage to admit that if he had had his way the world would have been deprived of Norma Shearer, one of its most outstanding stars—but this noted Hollywood director does this in the following amazing confession

by Reginald Barker

I OWE the motion picture fans of the world a confession. I almost deprived them of the outstanding dramatic star of the screen today, Norma Shearer. In fact I almost doomed her to oblivion.

It was in spite of myself that I had the honor of starting on her motion picture career the girl whose Juliet of the silversheet is ranked far in advance of the stage portrayal of Shakespeare’s best known heroine by such footlight favorites of yesteryear as Julia Marlowe, Mary Anderson, Katharine Cornell, Fannie Kemple, Mrs. Sarah Siddons, Helena Modjeska and others.

It was at the old Mayer-Thalberg studios. Louis B. Mayer had been producing independently for First National release, in the days when First National was really a combination of big-time theatre owners to finance independent releases.

The late Irving Thalberg had resigned as general manager at Universal to join Mr. Mayer in production activities in studios adjoining the world famous Selig Zoo. It was at Selig Zoo, by the way, that Col. W. N. Selig made his memorable wild animal serials.

At the time I was at the crest of a career which included direction of many outstanding screen epics of the silent picture days. My
judgment of cinema ability and promise was highly respected and I had the reputation of being an exacting task master.

A pretty young Canadian girl was being considered for the ingenue part in *Pleasure Mad*, a hit prospect of that day storying a newly-rich family which emerges from a rural life of hardship into a wealth-bestowed pleasure whirl only to discover that real happiness is back on the old home place and not in the vortex of urban social currents.

Norma at that time was merely a Montreal beauty contest winner struggling for a place in Hollywood. There have been thousands like her both before and since that time, and the great majority of them are swallowed by the yawning jaws of obscurity. Norma had done her best with crumbs and bit parts, but she had caught the Thalberg eye. Irving Thalberg’s eye had a record for the number of unknowns it brought to the top of motion picture fame.

Neither the shy young star-maker nor the ambitious, pretty little girl whose sparkle attracted his attention had any idea at that time that a few years later they would fall in love, marry, and become ... [Continued on page 78]
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America's Greatest Money-Saving RUG BOOK

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Glorious New Colors, Patterns—lovely, authentic Early American designs—Persian and Chinese Masterpieces—smart Modern Texture Patterns—fashionable new Plain and Two-Tone colors.

Any Special Size Rug You Want to fit any room, stair or hall. Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Back.

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Copyright, 1937, Olson Rug Co.
AFTER twelve years of entertaining the public as the screen’s No. 1 glamour gal, my and your weakness, the incomparable Garbo, remains the same elusive shadow, the same lovely enigma to the world that worships her at her feet. Sure, an enterprising fan muggar met her on her train as she was returning to Hollywood after an absence of several months and accomplished the hitherto impossible feat of having her talk for publication—but what did she say that helped clear the great Garbo mystery? Nothing. Just a few weary words, that’s all.

Now I’m going to let you in on a secret that’s been bothering me since 1932. It so happens, believe it or not, that I’m the only scribbling mug in the enchanting land of the cinema who has not only breathed the same air with Garbo, seen her in flesh and blood, but has actually cavorted before the cameras with her—not for an hour, for a day, but for three whole weeks! It was during the filming of the memorable Queen Christina, when Katharine Hepburn tried to crash Garbo’s stage as an extra but failed, while I succeeded. And now, I’ll give you an intimate close-up of the Swedish sphinx out of my own personal observations, brought up to date by some repertorial digging I did recently.

Of the countless stories you have read on Garbo only two or three have been written by people who have as much as caught a fleeting glimpse of her in real life. The vast amount of verbiage printed on Garbo has been, in a large measure, nothing but silly patter, hashed and rehashed for a public suffering from Garbomania, hungry for any information that might bring her closer to them.

Opinions might differ on this point, but I still consider Queen Christina the best picture Garbo has made up to now. She has just finished Camille, with the current romantic rage of the nation, Bob Taylor, opposing opposite her. In Queen Christina, you will remember, her leading man was John Gilbert, her one-time lover, doing his last important stint for a comeback on the screen which he once ruled as the cock of the walk. In that elaborate saga of her native Sweden Garbo was intensely interested; she had spent a whole year doing research work to insure its authenticity. She helped Adrian design the court gown she wore in the palace scenes and on which sixteen Spanish seamstresses had worked six weeks. She inspected the costumes we attached of [Continued on page 91]
Here it is—what, you hoped but never expected to read—an exclusive story on the recent Elaine Barrie-Barrymore marriage, by the one who really knows—Elaine Barrie!

"Why did you marry John Barrymore?"
I asked Elaine Barrie the question the day after her sudden marriage in Yuma, Arizona, which made her Mrs. John Barrymore, the Fourth.
We were seated in the Barrymore honeymoon suite in the Beverly-Wilshire, fashionable film colony hostelry. Slender, dark-eyed Elaine, ravishingly beautiful in brown polka-dotted lounging pajamas, took time out before answering the question to bestow a soft connubial glance upon her famous bridegroom.
Mr. Barrymore, attired more formally in a brown tweed suit, deflected his handsome profile from the evening newspaper and favored Elaine with a sly bridegroomish wink.
Mrs. Edna Jacobs, the bride's mother, beamed on the lovers. Golden-hued lounging pajamas emphasized her own youthful appearance. In an adjoining room Mr. Aaron Sapiro, the Barrie family attorney, rattled legal documents as though grimly determined to preserve the domestic tranquility.
"Oh, yes, about why I married John," Elaine began, as though snapping out of pleasant reverie.
"The answer goes back to my childhood. I've been in love with him ever since I was old enough to attend a theatre. I dreamed of marrying him years before he knew
I existed. Now my dream has come true. It’s a real love marriage. I’m going to be the last of the Mrs. John Barrymores.”

“You might say,” interrupted Mr. Barrymore, “that I married Elaine to save her from a life of shame.”

A strained silence descended on the room. Mrs. Barrie looked uncomfortable. Elaine stared bewilderedly at her husband. Mr. Sapiro stopped rustling his documents.

“You see,” Mr. Barrymore explained, “if I hadn’t married her Elaine planned to become a newspaper woman. I saved her from that disgrace.”

EVERYBODY seemed relieved and laughed. Mr. Barrymore laughed the most of all. He enjoys injecting a bit of drama into conversation. It peps things up. That’s why he’s such a good actor.

“I am a native New Yorker,” said Elaine, beginning at the beginning, while Mr. Barrymore resumed acquaintance with the evening newspaper. “My parents have always been successful. They gave me every educational advantage a girl could desire, but my earliest ambitions leaned toward a stage career. They disapproved, but I was determined to follow my first love, the stage.

“John Barrymore was my girlhood idol. Before I had taken a dramatic lesson I studied his acting. Whenever he appeared in a New York theatre I attended matinees, I sat as near the stage as possible, analyzed his talent, absorbed his personality. Afterwards I would stand before a mirror imitating his gestures, speaking his lines. I played scenes visualizing him beside me. I kept a scrap book of every article I could find pertaining to him. I guess I was pretty much in love with him, too.”

A message from the Beverly-Wilshire desk clerk temporarily suspended Elaine’s girlhood memoirs. A gentleman was in the lobby with a play written to co-star Elaine and Mr. Barrymore. It was the third gentleman with a play who had called that day. Mr. Barrymore didn’t care to see him. Neither did Elaine.

“I was heartbroken when John abandoned the stage for Hollywood,” Elaine resumed, “Watching him on the screen wasn’t half as satisfying as being in the same theatre with him. More than ever it fired my ambition to become an actress and enter his glamorous world. I took dramatic lessons. I studied hard. I assumed the stage name Barrie. It was close to Barrymore. I was on my way.”

Mr. Barrymore shifted uneasily in his chair. As becomes a modest bridegroom, he was embarrassed by so much flattery. “Tell him about the time we met in the hospital,” he suggested. “It’s more interesting.”

“I was coming to that,” Elaine smiled, with a reproving glance at her impatient bridegroom. “I learned through the newspapers that John was back in New York and seriously ill in a hospital. I had never met him, never written him a fan letter as so many girls have done. I was a total stranger, yet something unexplainable urged me to visit him. I phoned him, expressed sympathy and hope for a speedy recovery.”

“That’s right,” Mr. Barrymore nodded. “Elaine was the only person in New York thoughtful enough to phone, aside from newspaper reporters. I was lonesome. She asked permission to call on me and bring some [Continued on page 80]
Why I Married

John Barrymore

by Elaine Barrymore

(as told exclusively to Lew Garvey)

I existed. Now my dream has come true. It's a real love marriage. I'm going to be the last of the Mrs. John Barrymores.

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[Continued on page 80]
The Bazooka Boy from Arkansas travels in high-toned company these days. Here he plays his instrument for Leopold Stokowski, symphony orchestra conductor.

From Rags to Riches with BOB BURNS

Within a year Bob Burns has tooted his Bazooka to the tune of a $400,000 income—but it hasn't changed the size of his hat—he's too swell a guy for that!

The Burn family of Van Buren, Ark., had one of those old-fashioned, unabridged copies of the Bible. It was that kind of a family. One morning in 1896 the father, after a sleepless night, opened up the page reserved for such inscriptions and in his finest penmanship wrote the fact that on that day, at 4:30 a.m., Robert Burn, weighing ten pounds, had been born. The only prior entry had been made two years before when a first son, Farrar, had cried his way into the world.

About the only time that the proper name of the new individual was ever used was on that page in the family Bible. Robert was a very formal cognomen. The little lad was not at all formal, despite the fact that as he went into those early stages, he was less a boy and more a girl in the manner of dresses. Of course, that was in a day when the juvenile masculine mind ran to such things as long dresses and those very pretty curls.

So a fond mother called him Robin and soon everybody in Van Buren knew him by that name, because every time his mother would take him down town to buy the groceries, she would be stopped every ten feet or so by some admiring friend of the family who wanted to chuck little Robin under the chin and remark about the beauty of those curls.

That sort of thing went on for four and a half years. One day an energetic merchant, Cy Cordell, said it was about time he grew up and he utilized that correspondence course in salesmanship to sell Mrs. Burn a new suit or, to be more exact, a pair of pants. Thus did Robin Burn graduate from dresses to trousers.

You will note that the family name is referred to as Burn and not as Burns. This is correct. The name Burns came much later—and so did the Bob. At this point in life he is still [Continued on page 64]
Men, Stay Away from My Door!

Beautiful Olivia de Havilland could be the most popular young woman in Hollywood. In fact, she could be a sensation. But Olivia does not chose to "date"—and here's the reason why

by Virginia T. Lane

Robert Taylor took her in his arms. His voice was tender, impassioned. Then he kissed her.

A million people sighed simultaneously. Aunt Agatha's sigh was wistful; she was remembering the warm young romance those words evoked. Carrie was frankly crying; slowly she tore up her ticket to Reno and slipped her arms around her husband's neck. Dana's sigh held longing; if Ted would only say things like that! A million little life dramas going on at the receiving end of the radio...

And then the announcer's voice, clear and impersonal: "You have been listening to the Lux Radio Theatre production of Saturday's Children starring Olivia de Havilland and Robert Taylor."

As they came away from the microphone Bob held out his hand. "You were great, Olivia." They smiled at each other. A nice, matter-of-fact smile. Then Olivia came over to where we were standing. "I'm starving by inches," she declared. "Come on, let's go get some fried chicken."

I gasped and said severely: "Child, have you no romance in your soul? You play a love scene with Robert Taylor—and you want fried chicken!" I was thinking of all the other girls I knew who, in her shoes, would still be up there fluttering at Bob Taylor. But Olivia is strictly not a flutterer.

She giggled. She has, to be quite truthful, the most engaging giggle on two continents. "Don't you worry," she said. "There's plenty of romance in my soul. But I..."

[Continued on page 62]
Mae West Gives

ALMOST every day I receive letters from readers of your magazine. Not exactly fan letters because most of them ask intimate questions which demand replies. I enjoy these letters, I'd like to answer each one personally. Unfortunately, I haven't the time.

The editor has made the happy suggestion that I write a blanket reply covering some of your more pertinent queries. So sit back and relax. It may contain the answer to your letter. I hope so. Well, here goes.

What is your family history?
I'm glad somebody brought that up. Just because I was born in Brooklyn some people figure the West family tree a rubber plant. A genealogist recently traced the West branch of our clan back to Alfred the Great. That makes me a descendant of an English king which proves that the Wests were doing all right by themselves even in those days. The genealogist describes it as 'an ancient family of knightly rank,' and I notice he didn't spell it "nightly."

The genealogist goes on to say further that 'the Wests were connected by ties of marriage and descent with royal lineages and other families of peers and among the landed gentry of the oldest type throughout the kingdom."

Why do you prefer to live in an apartment?
That's an easy one. I like to live high up, and hear people moving about, and listen to traffic noises. Makes me feel alive and part of things. A quiet country estate would bore me. I'm a city gal and I like rackets—and I don't mean what you think. Besides, my apartment in the heart of Hollywood is close to the studio, the shopping center and amusement places I patronize.

Am I on a diet?
No. I eat what I like and whenever I feel like it. Broiled steaks are my weakness. Occasionally I drive out Ventura way for a spaghetti dinner at Jack LaRue's Italian restaurant. Or slip down to Los Angeles Chinatown for chicken chop suey at Tom Gubbins' chink joint. Never worry much about my figure and take very little exercise. A noted sculptor is doing my figure in marble and says I'd have made a perfect stand-in for Venus. Flattering, of course. But maybe not. That dame was cold and didn't have any arms. Anyhow, I don't diet. Whenever I get a bit overweight I work it off making a picture.

Why do you attend prize fights?
Oddly enough, they are my chief form of relaxation. Watching boys in action takes my mind off studio and business problems. Furthermore, my father was a good boxer. Guess its in the blood.

Will you continue to play sexy roles?
This question recalls what the late Will Rogers once told me. He advised: 'Keep giving the public what you believe they want. If they get tired of it you'll find out soon enough.' So I'll

Deluged with a thousand-and-one questions by Mae West fans, the Editor of MOVIE CLASSIC finally selected a score of the most pertinent ones and asked the famous stage and screen star to answer them personally. This she graciously consented to do—and here they are—answered as only she could answer them!
continue playing good bad ladies until the public wants something else. Thus far they seem satisfied.

What is your ideal type of man? There's no such thing. No man is perfect. And if he were perfect he'd be uninteresting. I always advise girls to pick a good companion. Homely men make good husbands. They usually have more S. A.

Is a clever woman more dangerous than one who is beautiful and dumb? They're both dangerous with a man around.

Do women with pasts interest men? Always. These men hope history will repeat itself.

Why do you build yourself up to appear hefty? Because anaemic women have to live alone and like it.

What time do you get up in the morning? About 11:30 a.m., when I'm not working.

Do you own a race horse? I do. My brother Jack has my stable of horses entered for the Santa Anita meeting. They'll race there and will be in the money.

Do you drink or smoke? Only on the screen. And I'm no angel.

What is your favorite book? Any one dealing with [Continued on page 60]
ALMOST every day I receive letters from readers of your magazine. Not exactly fan letters because most of them ask intimate questions which demand replies. I enjoy these letters, I'd like to answer each one personally. Unfortunately, I haven't the time.

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The genealogist goes on to say further that "the Wests were connected by ties of marriage and descent with royal lineages and other families of gentlemen and among the landed gentry of the oldest type throughout the kingdom."

Why do you prefer to live in an apartment?
That's an easy one. I like to live high on and hear people moving about, and listen to traffic noises. Makes me feel alive and part of things. A quiet country estate would bore me. I'm a city girl and I like rackets—and I don't mean what you think. Besides, my apartment in the heart of Hollywood is close to the studio, the shopping center and amusement places I patronize.

Am I on a diet?
No. I eat what I like and whenever I feel like it. Broiled steak is my weakness. Occasionally I drive out Ventura way for a spaghetti dinner at Jack LaRue's Italian restaurant. Or slip down to Los Angeles Chinatown for chicken chop suey at Tom Kiddin's chop joint. Never worry much about my figure and take very little exercise. A former sculptor is doing my figure in marble and says I'll have made a perfect stand-in for Venus. Flattering, of course. But maybe not. That dame was cold and didn't have any arms. Anyway, I don't diet. Whenever I get a bit overweight I work it off making a picture.

Why do you attend prize fights?
Oddly enough, they are my chief form of relaxation. Watching boxers in action takes my mind off studio and business problems. Furthermore, my father was a good boxer. Guess his in the blood.

Will you continue to play very roles?
This question recalls what the late Will Rogers once told me. He advised: "Keep giving the people what you believe they want. If they get tired of it you'll find out soon enough." So I'll

Deluged with a thousand-and-one questions by Mae West fans, the Editor of MOVIE CLASSIC finally selected a score of the most pertinent ones and asked the famous stage and screen star to answer them personally. This she grudgingly consented to do—and here they are—answered as only she could answer them!

continue playing good bad ladies until the public wants something else. Thus far they seem satisfied.

What is your ideal type of man?
There's no such thing. No man is perfect. And if he were perfect he'd be uninteresting. I always advise girls to pick a good companion. Handsome men make good husbands. They usually have more S.A.

Is a clever woman more dangerous than one who is beautiful and dumb? They're both dangerous with a man around.

Do women with pasts interest me?
Always. These men hope history will repeat itself.

Why do you build yourself up to appear hefty?
Because attracts women have to live alone and like it.

What time do you get up in the morning?
About 11:30 a.m., when I'm not working.

Do you own a race horse?
I do. My brother Jack has my stable of horses entered for the Santa Anita meeting. They'll race there and will be in the money.

Do you drink or smoke?
Only on the screen. And I'm no angel.

What is your favorite book?
Any one dealing with... (Continued on page 68)

An off-stage shot of the glamorous Mae and Randolph Scott. Directed by Henry Hathaway the two for an intimate romantic moment in the new West picture Go West, Young Man.
Learn to Dance

the CHAM

Here's your chance to take a step in the right direction in this unusual dancing lesson. Veloz and Yo-landa, America's foremost dancing team, introduced this beautiful new waltz in Paramount's Champagne Waltz, starring Fred MacMurray and Gladys Swarthout. It's yours for the practice!

1. Feet together. Man's left foot sideways, draws feet together, then left foot extended. Repeat, quickly, and turn to left.


3. Man's left foot backwards, followed by right foot in circular movement. Right foot sideways, crosses left foot front, right foot extended.

4. Man lifts girl slightly to bounce her on each beat. Three times right, three times left, making a semi-circular movement.

5. Repeat first step, with man bending knee on second, fourth and sixth beats. Girl bends knee on alternate beats.

6. Man revolves in circular pivot on right toe, followed around with left foot to make series of circles around right toe as pivot.

7. Man steps forward on left foot, forward on right, and then back on left foot. Girl follows same steps, with other foot.
8 Man steps once on right foot and once on left, followed by three very short steps done to double time. Turning motion to right.

9 Step forward on left foot, then on right foot and then on left foot. Run three steps forward. Can also be done on a turn.

10 From last position, girl makes half turn to man. In this position, repeat first step, in double time. Repeat, starting to right on right foot.

11 Both step forward on left foot, hop three times on left. Forward on right, raise left foot back. Hop forward on right three times.

12 Pivot on left foot. Turn with three whirling short, fast steps. Step forward on left, hold. Whirl, with three short quick steps.
Learn to Dance

Here's your chance to take a step in the right direction in this unusual dancing lesson. Veloz and Yolanda, America's foremost dancing team, introduced this beautiful new waltz in Paramount's Champagne Waltz, starring Fred MacMurray and Gladys Swarthout. It's yours for the practice!

1 Feet together. Man's left foot sideways, draws feet together, then left foot extended. Repeat, quickly, and turn to left.

2 Man's right foot sideways, draws left foot, right foot. Right foot extended. Repeat. Feet together at finish position.

3 Man's left foot backwards, followed by right foot in circular movement. Right foot sideways, crosses left foot front, right foot extended.

4 Man lifts girl slightly to bounce her on each beat. Three times right, three times left, making a semi-circular movement.

5 Repeat first step, with man bending knee on second, fourth and sixth beats. Girl bends knee on alternate beats.

6 Man revolves in circular pivot on right toe, followed around with left foot to make series of circles around right toe as pivot.

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12 Pivot on left foot. Turn with three whirling short, fast steps. Step forward on left, hold. Whirl, with three short quick steps.
Clark Gable and Joan Crawford, one of the top romantic screen teams, hold this pose for a scene from Love on the Run, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's hilarious comedy melodrama.
Mae Clarke Last

Once they’re down in Hollywood, they usually stay down—but this rule doesn’t apply to Mae Clarke who has been traveling at a fast rate along the comeback trail that will again lead her to stardom

by

Jack Stevens

You’ve heard about the business of climbing the ladder of fame in Hollywood. Everybody who has ever amounted to anything in the picture business has had to go the same route. It consists of starting at the bottom and climbing upward. Some go far, others hardly get started, still others get half way up and topple off into oblivion. Some get another chance, but few ever succeed on the second climb. You can count on the fingers of one hand the number of stars who have succeeded in a comeback. And if you’re doing that, you’ll have to save one of the fingers for Mae Clarke.

Not only has Mae climbed the ladder, slipped, and then climbed back up again. She’s done it several times and if you ask her, she’ll laugh and tell you that if she happened to slip again she would start right out and climb back. For Mae Clarke is a very determined individual. And on top of this she is possessed of all the requirements for success in pictures. She has beauty and charm. She has a personality that makes itself felt wherever she happens to be, a personality that literally glows from the screen. And on top of all this, she has a mentality that is far above the average, making her one of Hollywood’s most intellectual young women.

The day Mae started work for Grand National in Great Guy, in which she shares starring honors with James Cagney, I happened to be on the set. As Mae came through the stage door, I saw Cagney’s face brighten and then saw him rush over and greet Mae in the warmest fashion. Then I remembered. They had played together, years ago, in a

[Continued on page 68]
Small wonder that Lily Pons occupies a place in the heart of the world—she is one of the few prima donnas who go out of their way to meet the public and insists upon being one of them

by Whitney Williams

LILY PONS, looking for all the world like a vivacious gamine of the Paris streets—she was clad in a short black skirt and white glossy waist that set off her petite figure to perfection—cupped her pink chin firmly in the palm of her right hand, rested the weight of her small shoulders in the movement and spoke from the depth of her chair.

"I am so vairee happee to be back in Hollywood once again and to see all my vairee good friends."

A quick smile, born in her dark, expressive eyes, flashed swiftly over her face. It needed no seer to interpret the genuine pleasure Lily felt in returning to the studio and those she held close to her heart.

We sat, the two of us, on the set of her latest picture, That Girl From Paris, it's called, and the scene was a cheap little café. About us, heavy lights were being shifted, with all the accompanying confusion of a new camera set-up, and out on the floor Director Leigh Jason was rehearsing Gene Raymond, Jack Oakie, Herman Bing and Mischa Auer in a piece of comical nonsense.

Like a small girl Lily leaned back, but her vivacity could not long lie dormant and she broke into that charming accent that at once sets her speech apart from all those stiffly-cultivated accents one hears so frequently in the film colony.

"Hollywood is vairee dear to me. I see my friends and all those others who would see me. Yes, I am vairee happee to be back here."

All unconsciously, Lily uttered the keynote to her whole nature in those few words. For Lily, unlike the majority of stars, looks forward to
meeting her public—the fans who constantly clamor to lay eyes upon her, clasp her hand, touch her as she passes through the crowd. Just as most of the movie-great take undue pains to avoid the admirers face-to-face responsible for their exalted spot-lighted positions, so Lily's entire life is wound up in the public she loves so well, and she thrills to personal contact with her fans.

That warm friendliness which invariably characterizes her—that has captivated presidents and kings and banana peddlers alike the world over—first was caught by Hollywood during her brief stay last season. She struck then a chord untouched in the annals of the film colony. Never had a celebrity—a world-famous personage, especially—arrived in its midst and immediately taken down her hair, so to speak, to make her, overnight, the darling of the town. It was unheard of, and the word spread like wildfire.

There are plenty of stars who avow their love for their fans, but when time comes to display this affection they turn tail and hide for the tail timber. Lily's warm personal feeling for her fans is genuine, deep-rooted in her very nature.

It is based upon a life very full of attention and of living, descended from those days in her childhood that soldiers in her native France applauded madly her efforts at entertaining in their behalf, and later, the enthusiastic acclaim which greeted her appearance on the Parisian stage. It had its rise in days when the world knew not what next to expect and when a spirit of gay camaraderie filled the air.

Again, all her life she's been accustomed to living audiences, to the audiences of the opera and concert stage. The screen and radio are more recent mediums for her. Consequently, she does not know the feeling of fear that instills so many on the screen who have not enjoyed her training, and continually seeks the close association. [Continued on page 76]
FOR years, from the time she was a child actress, Glenda Farrell has cherished one ambition—to have a home, "a place to call her own."

Today, Glenda has satisfied this ambition—she owns a beautiful home in Laurel Canyon. While the exterior of the house conforms to the climate and California background, the interior just suits the Farrell personality. It is constructed in typical western ranch-house style, with a modest, cream-colored exterior, a wide front porch, colorful window boxes, and high brick wall.

The entire decorative scheme is Glenda's own. Each room has its own, distinct and charming flavor. The prevailing air is one of complete comfort.

Exquisite porcelains and jades and La Laique are so placed as to show themselves off with the greatest distinction.

Yet, with all this she is doing her house over all the time! First one room and then the other. She adds a room and tears another out, so there is always a brand new

1. PLAYROOM—The walls of Glenda's playroom are done in ivory with the floor of an inlaid composition in brown, copper, and white. The sofa, chairs, and the tops of the bar stools are also in white. The rounded bar has a mirrored back. The chairs at the small table are upholstered in brown and white leather.

2. GARDEN—When Glenda comes home tired from her work at the studio she invariably seeks a quiet spot in her spacious garden for an hour of relaxation. To make it easier to travel from place to place she has put rubber-tired wheels on her garden furniture.
As a matter of fact, many a visitor has been surprised into helping rearrange the furniture of a room.

"It's so much, much more than a house," says Glenda. "There is nothing inanimate about my home. It's something that grows and changes. Like a child. And since I've wanted a home all my life, what if I can't seem to let it alone?"

Well, since everyone who has seen Glenda's home unanimously agrees that each change she makes is decidedly for the better, and since Glenda herself derives so much pleasure in her redecorating experiments, there's really no reason why she should let her beautiful home alone.

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3. LIVING ROOM—The walls are in white while the carpet is of a Nile green color. The draperies are of Nile green and pebbled satin. The coffee tables are made of rosewood while the console tables, with white lamps, are of fruitwood. On the fireplace mantel stand a pair of Dresden figures.

4. DINING ROOM—The walls are done in white and the draperies in Nile green pebbled satin. Dining set is Duncan Phyfe in antique ivory and mahogany. The carpet is Nile green broadloom.

5. DEN—The walls and woodwork are in ivory. The carpet is beige broadloom. The throw rug is zebra skin. The sofa and large chair are of tan corded fabric that lends itself harmoniously to the general color scheme. The two end cushions on the sofa are made of leopard skin. The large ottoman has a leopard skin top.
WELL, they've given me a nice, cozy, little room here—all to myself. To be sure, the walls are padded, but that's very comfortable whenever I feel that irresistible urge to rush and wham my head against the wall while I yell: "Ritz! Ritz! RITZ!!"

But every now and then, one of the doctors looks in through a hole in the door, and tells me that I'll be all right again in a week or two, if I just stay quiet and try not to think about the Ritz Brothers any more. You see, that's what got me in this spot—the Ritz Brothers. I went to interview them. That's the last thing I lucidly remember—going to interview them. It was all because the editor asked me to. With a wild gleam in his eye the other day, he said to me: "Look here: why don't you interview the Ritz Brothers, out at 20th Century-Fox?" Well, I'd interviewed the Marxes, and Joe Penner and even Eddie Cantor, and survived. So I said: "Sure, I'll interview the Ritz Brothers."

And that was my fatal mistake. I took the fatal assignment and drove out to 20th Century-Fox, where the Ritzes were making One in a Million. You remember them in Sing, Baby, Sing, don't you? The crazy fools!

"Where," I asked, "will I find the Ritz Brothers. I'm gonna interview 'em."

Compassion glowed in the eye of Harry Brand, head of the press department at the studio. Harry's a friend of mine. "Look," he said, "take my advice and don't interview 'em."

"But I promised to," I insisted. "Where are they?" [Continued on page 86]
June Lang appearing in the 20th Century-Fox production "White Hunter," wears an evening gown of purple chiffon. The graceful skirt is cored in tiers.
Evening fashions, the first to appear on the Hollywood Horizon for Spring, will follow almost any silhouette. They will be slim sheaths which mould the figure closely or they will follow flowing lines with as much as six or seven yards of material in the skirt alone.

The gowns of Directoire inspiration have obtained great popularity. This type of gown follows a general pattern of a low-cut neckline, a tightly fitted bodice with a normal waistline and a swirling skirt with the fulness concentrated in the back. The hips frequently are defined by a peplum or basque and of course the short puffed sleeve.

Studio stylists predict a great future for gowns of first Empire inspiration. These are high-waisted with an off-the-shoulder neckline and a rather straight skirt falling in gathers from the waist.

Classic evening dresses are the preferred type chosen by some designers. They are made with high necklines in front with a backless decollete that clings closely to the body to the floor. The skirts often extending into a train in back, are usually so tight that walking is difficult and dancing impossible but they are nevertheless stunning when worn on the screen.
1) Navy blue sheer makes this attractive tunic dress with unusual back interest worn by June Lang. Narrow velvet ribbon set across the back ends in small cartridge pleats below each shoulder. A navy felt hat is trimmed with flame chiffon ending in bow and streamers.

2) Heavy black crepe makes this charming cocktail costume. Velvet is used to cord the front placquet on the bodice and skirt sections. Voluminous quilted sleeves of the velvet are reminiscent of the styles of Mary Stuart. A small velvet hat with veil and luxurious silver foxes add the finishing touch. Furs from Willard George.

3) Green light weight wool makes this extremely smart street frock with small pointed pockets on skirt and bodice. Tortoise shell buttons are interesting. A smart high crown leather hat is trimmed by crossing two feathers center front. Brown kidskin shoes from Wetherby-Kayser ride high over the vamp and lace up the back.

4) This attractive woolen street ensemble worn by June is a brown and white striped pattern.
The dress offers an unusual jabot effect bound in Kelly green. The full-length coat has interesting pockets and sleeve treatment. A brown felt hat with jaunty feather trim, brown bag, gloves and shoes complete the picture. 5) Heavy navy blue woolen makes this stunning princess line evening coat. Tremendous leg-of-mutton sleeves in velvet are intricately quilted. 6) Black net over a satin slip makes an attractive evening gown sprinkled with tiny mirrors that reflect the light. Cut on princess lines the gown flares below the knees. A short bolero jacket features tight sleeves puffed at the shoulders.

Current events always have an important effect on fashions. Last year the Italo-Ethiopian war brought about the Renaissance influence and later a military trend.

It is then, a safe bet, for the Czars of screenland fashions to predict forthcoming style trends will be strongly influenced by two of the most important happenings in the world today, the Spanish war and the coronation of King Edward VIII.
PERFUME has always been a love of mine,” Barbara Pepper told me as she proudly displayed the intriguing collection of bottles on her perfume table.

“When I was a kid I used to try to make it myself by soaking flowers or my mother’s face powder in water.” Barbara smiled from the superiority of her twenty years at these distant exploits. “One day someone told me I ought to let my perfume set in the sun to age, so after that I would line my bottles up in the windows and spend hours stirring and shaking one after another, waiting for the sun to take effect.”

Today Barbara is well on her way to film fame as an RKO starlet and collecting perfumes is her favorite hobby. Each fragrance in her collection of thirty-four has been selected to complement a mood, a dress or a momentous event—and a better investment in feminine charm could not be found in Hollywood.

“A perfume can put me in the right frame of mind for any occasion,” Barbara continued. “That is why I like so many types of fragrance. If the same perfume is used month after month without regard to costume or season, one becomes desensitized to the odor and it fails to give the mental lift which perfume should.

I FEEL that the pleasure of the wearer rather than the type of wearer should be the first consideration in selecting a perfume. I do not believe, for instance, that a demure girl must wear a demure perfume and a sophisticated woman must wear a dashing fragrance. The demure girl may need the dashing perfume to bolster her personality and give her confidence, while the sophisticate may respond to the more delicate, dreamy scent.

[Continued on page 75]
They Got

ALAN CURTIS was noted as one of the country's foremost advertising models before RKO-Radio scouts noticed his engaging personality and signed him to a long-term contract. He's a real comer and headed for important roles.

ANDREA LEEDS, was claimed by the movies after she appeared in a film produced at the University of California. She is a Samuel Goldwyn "find" and appeared in the Goldwyn production of Edna Ferber's Come and Get It. She's headed for fame and a Hollywood fortune.

DOROTHEA KENT, blue-eyed blonde, decided to become an actress while she was still in high school. She haunted casting offices in vain and later found a part in a "little theatre" production in Beverly Hills where Columbia sought her for a leading role in More Than a Secretary.

WISTER CLARK whose amazing popularity as a model for commercial advertising won sufficient feminine attention and interest to have three studios bid for his services. He is under contract at present to Universal Studios where he is being groomed for stardom.

HELEN BURGESS got her big break when Cecil B. DeMille, famous Paramount producer-director, saw her in the studio restaurant. She was immediately signed up and made her screen debut in The Plainsman.
The Breaks!

You never can tell! A talent scout may have you in mind this very minute. Future film stars are drawn from many fields of endeavor so keep your eyes open!

ROBERT TAYLOR was seen by a studio executive in a college production of Journey's End at Pomona and before the curtain went down his performance as an amateur had landed him a contract with M-G-M. You know what's happened since!

BETTY JANE RHODES, lovely, blonde Universal featured player won fame on the radio because of her beautiful contralto voice. Talent scouts brought her to Hollywood where she proved herself to be an accomplished actress in her very first picture.
A short, but amazing trip through one of America's busiest enterprises

by Norman Paige

"Hello. Western Costumers."
"This is M-G-M calling. Mr. Van Dyke wishes to speak with Mr. Abe Schnitzer. Thank you."
"Hello, Abe. Woody Van Dyke. Say, Abe, we're doing San Francisco, you know—right. Yeah, way ahead of schedule. Swell cast; best I've ever handled. Wow of a picture. Anyway, here's the dope, Abe. I'll need fourteen complete miners' outfits—not—not forty-niners—about nineteen six—I don't know what they wore—that's up to you. Yeah, and we have a sequence where we'll need a dozen 1906 Russian immigrants. O.K.? Tomorrow morning, for sure. I'll have the people in for fittings this afternoon about five. Central already has the order. Right, Abe. Thanks—and, by the way, all the equipment we've received so far is 100 per cent authentic. Mighty good work, Abe. Well—see you soon."

"Good afternoon. This is the Western Costume Company."
"This is Mr. Ford's office at RKO. Mr. Ford would like to speak with Mr. Joe Schnitzer. Please."
"Hello, Joe. John Ford talking. Joe, we're going to need forty Patagonian rigs. Late nineteenth century stuff. Next week? Heck! no. Need them right away. Gotta do it, Joe. Sure, props along with them. Central will send the people in tomorrow. Thanks, Joe, knew you could handle it. Goodbye."

"Good afternoon. This is the Western Costume Company."
"My name is Maize Finkle. I'm in charge of costumes for our high school operetta, and we wondered if you could help us out? You could? But it is a Swedish thing and is supposed to happen in 1746, and our teacher wants to make it look real. We thought maybe if we notified you now, with the show to be given next month that maybe you could—you can outfit the entire cast immediately? Good!"

A call for some costume arrangement every half minute. Calls for every conceivable style of wardrobe or fixture. And always comes the question, "Can you do it?" The mild-mannered Schnitzer brothers have to date always answered that they could. So far they have never once been stumped and in the years that this mammoth concern has done business, they have been put to the task of preparing every costume and fixture conceivable.

The company occupies an entire eight-story building. It employs 250 people regularly and there are many rush times when many more are added to the busy staff. There is no museum in the world that could match its several collections.
There is no curator who would not revel in a trip through its fantastic treasure rooms.

Six thousand swords, most of them indeed authentic, each of them carrying a definite romance, each one giving a thrill as you run your finger down the smooth steel blade, each one bringing stories to your mind as you gaze at its intricate or simple craftsmanship.

**GUNS, guns, guns. Big guns, little guns, six-barrelled revolvers.**

Revolvers so tiny you wonder at their shooting possibilities, hand guns so heavy you can't lift them. The senile or schoolboy, will, in this labyrinth of weapons allow his mind to dwell on buccaneers, on crusaders, on Indian fighters, on pirates, on explorers, on elephant and other big game hunters, on early revolutions, on all manners of strife, conflict, conquest and brute glamour. He may, at random, pick a gun from the racks, look at its antique structure and float back through the ages to the day when it was a modern messenger of evil or protection. It is said by the Schnitzer brothers, that their stock is so large half a million people could be fully and completely costumed at one time, which would include prehistoric cavemen, Neanderthals, even Cro-Magnins transcending then even to the grandsons of Buck Rogers. And yet these fantastic dealers of actualities keep over two hundred and fifty people constantly busy building new v. rd- robes, coniving more intricate apparel and always going to the extremes for authenticity. A Laplander, a Lithuanian, an Eskimo, or an Israelite has and will change in mode of clothing. Movies more and more arrive at the complete realism of the exact period to be duplicated. With the demand more strong than ever for “period” pictures, it seems impossible to believe they have not yet been baffled on any request. And the requests have been as varying in type as they have been large in amounts.

How do they do it? What, under the sun, would give so small a group such a great insight into history, such a thorough knowledge, such an organization that in twenty-four hours could produce from nowhere, say a complete wardrobe for a Chilean village of 1813? There are many machinations.

To begin with the Western Costumers have an immense library occupying one floor. It is dedicated to thousands upon thousands of volumes on period costumes, possessions and customs. From the centers of civilization to the farthest outposts of the world, one may quickly find just what people wore at a given date. Further, he may know the construction of their homes, what they ate from, what they ate, what facilities they had, what privations, what luxuries or what fads. But it doesn't end there: Audiences [Continued on page 72]
The two most camera-conscious non-professional dogs in Hollywood are the cocker spaniels owned by Joan Bennett, Walter Wanger star. Every time they see a camera they strike a pose and hold it until told to move.
Hollywood’s Newest IT-MAN

Just a word or two about an up-and-coming young man of the movies who has become the latest “heart interest” of feminine film fans throughout the country

by Jule Butler

EVERY once in a dull noon there appears on the Hollywood scene, a spectacularly handsome new man. What we mean, spectacular! Six-foot-two, broad of shoulder, Adonis profile, and sex-appeal plus! Not so long ago Cary Grant was the one to top them, perhaps, who knows? At any rate, he’s just what the doctor ordered in a new screen It-Man.

Under contract to Warner Brothers, with some dozen pictures to his credit, Craig isn’t the least bit averted by the fact that he has arrived at the point of interest, the Hollywood pulse—or by the prospects according to the fan mail pouring into the Burbank studio, that he is causing a similar heart-ailment with women throughout the country.

Craig is the self-confident type—no ego, understand, but a flexible assurance which swings with the breaks which come his way. He’s worked hard for them. He’s getting them. He’s grateful. And he’s determined to get more!

That’s the way he’s always worked it—since a kid.

Craig is from one of those conservative, well-meaning little families who never wanted their son to become an actor. Born in Anaheim, California, a small agricultural hamlet just outside of Los Angeles, Craig was the second son of a family of three boys. His father was a school principal and an active worker in the movement for progressive education. Craig’s brothers grew up to agreeably step in line with their father’s educational programs for them... college, professions and all the rest. While Craig rebelled at the thought of further books and larnin’ once he had graduated from “high,”

With the odds against him—his family’s thorough [Continued on page 84]
Spencer Tracy has steered a straight course through many a troubled movie sea to drop anchor in Success Harbor.
Reduce Pores... Soften Lines

WITH THIS ROUSING
UNDER SKIN TREATMENT

Miss Kathleen Williams: "A Pond's Cold Cream treatment makes my skin feel wonderful—just so fresh and invigorated. It smooths out little lines."

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 faults. 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 fibres underneath sag, lose their tone.

To keep these little glands and fibres 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.

THE Lady Morris

modern young aristocrat, says it's easy to have a lovely skin in spite of sports and a whirling London season. "I have learned that Pond's is the best way to avoid lines, roughness, or coarse pores."

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!

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, Chasgow, Conn.

Rush special tube of Pond’s Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 3 other Pond’s Creams and 5 different shades of Pond’s Face Powder. I enclose 10c to cover postage and packing.

Name ________________________________

Street ______________________________

City __________________________ State  

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When answering advertisements, please mention February Movie Classic 59
the weakness of mankind. I like to combine research with my literature.

Have you ever been really in love?
Once in Brooklyn, but he moved away.
Is your hair actually blonde?
Actually, and it’s all my own.
How far did you go in school?
Not very, but I’ve never heard of Cleopatra acquiring an A.B.

Were you a child actress?
Yes, and I appeared in “Alice in Wonderland” at the age of 6 with the Hal Clarendon Stock Company in Brooklyn. Do you enjoy Hollywood film premieres?
I wouldn’t know. I’ve never attended one.

What is your normal weight?
About 120 pounds. I built up to 135 for the Diamond Lil role in She Done Him Wrong.

Have you a hobby?
Yes, beds. I own a famous one that belonged to Diamond Jim Brady. And several others. Some day I’m going to round up a real collection.

What is the real secret of your success?
William J. Fielding, noted psychiatrist, once explained it. He said I appealed to the primitive instincts. He probably had me confused with Tarzan. Personally, I think it is because I behave naturally on the screen. People do not feel that I’m acting.

Where did you pick up the come-up-and-see-me expression?
You’d be surprised.

What do you require of a leading man?
Experience. Then I try to make them fall for me. It usually improves their acting.

What do you think of college boys?
I think of them all ways. Have you any marriage plans?
They should have asked this one first. No, I can’t be bothered with a husband right now. Maybe later if I ever get time.

Do you like dancing?
Yes, even when I dance with my feet.

Where do you write your screen plays?
Usually in bed. Like Mark Twain. He wrote good stuff, too. Besides, it keeps me in the mood.

Do you mind what people say about you?
Not so long as they keep saying it. The time to worry is when they stop talking about you.

What do you think of television?
I’d like it—it would give me a chance to come up and see you sometime.
The Best-Dressed Star of the Month

Our choice for the best-dressed girl this month is charming Astrid Allwyn who will be seen soon in the 20th Century-Fox production Stowaway. Astrid was week-ending in Palm Springs when we saw her waiting for her escort, attired in this striking dinner gown. Black and white leaf printed silk was used for both jacket and dress, the latter indicating a high waistline by means of a wide girdle of emerald silk and having a fan-shaped inset of three pleats set in the front of the skirt. The short sleeved jacket stopped at a line just below the hips. It was cut away in front and swung full and longer at the back. Astrid wore with the suit a turban of heavy white crepe, draped in folds about her head and had two green and one white tassel swinging to the shoulder on the right side. She carried an emerald green suede bag and matching gloves.

TO COME—if he saw me NOW...

Pimples 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—pimples appear. Fleischmann's Yeast clears these skin irritants out of the blood. Pimples go! Eat 3 cakes daily, one about 1/2 hour before meals—plain, or in a little water—until skin is entirely clear. Start now!
Men, Stay Away from My Door!

[Continued from page 35]

haven't given it an airing yet!"

"That's the trouble, Men die for you!—
On the screen only," she amended
quickly.

"They haunt your front door, and you
hang out the 'No Parking' sign! Haven't
you ever been in love?"

"Oh yes," mused Olivia. "But that was
back in Saratoga.

SARATOGA is in northern California.
It has, according to the latest census,
a population of eight hundred. And it's
noted for its pueblos, and for being the
"home town" of Miss Olivia de Havilland.
It was there she resorted with her parents
at the age of five, after getting herself born
in Japan. And it was there, a few days
after the move, that she met him. He had
dark hair and green eyes and an excellent
aim. "He threw rocks at me," she recalled
dreamily, "and I decided he was a man
after my own heart."

They did not exactly rush into romance.
They saw each other an average of
every two years—because he was away at
school. And when they did meet it was
on a very formal basis. They played "Old
Maid."

"He didn't really take me seriously until
I was sixteen," mused Olivia. "I saw him
that summer at Carmel. We discovered
we had a great deal in common; he was taking
typing lessons and so was I! He was, you
see, going to Yale that fall and he thought
it would help with his studies if he knew
something about a typewriter. He wrote
me a very neatly typed note. I did the
answer over ten times before I thought it
was good enough to send. His reply to
that was so scolding it sent me into the
depths for days. I had misplaced a comma!
After that we didn't write. We talked.
Soon he made an arowal. Maybe I did too."

Avowals are pretty easy to make on the
moon-washed shores of Carmel! What with
the Pacific lapping at your feet and the
glorious romances of gone generations
popping out of every cranny. He gave her
his ring.

"It was a silver ring with a blue stone,"
Olivia remembered. "I was so embarrassed
I made my mother wear it! Somehow it
gave me a stifled feeling. As if my future
were all cut and dried and settled before
I'd ever had a chance to be free."

"So it ended. Right back in Saratoga
where it started. And at eighteen I was
an Old Maid in Hollywood?"

"And that is the Big Love of your life?"
I questioned.

"It's the only love of my life—so far,"
said Olivia.

Abruptly I was thinking of that night
two years ago when she stepped onto the
stage for the first time in the Hollywood
Bowl. Aslant a "Hermia," as was ever
wooded and won in Midsummer Night's
Dream. I was hearing again the eager
words of that lad who has since become
one of the screen's greatest heroes. That
girl," he exclaimed, "typifies romance. It
would be the simplest job in the world to
fall in love with her!"

She could be the most excitingly popular
young woman in Hollywood. She could be
a sensation. But Olivia does not choose
to "date."

WHY

Her fans are asking that question. All
Movietown is asking it. So, in a very con-
cerned way, are the young eligible males
who have no chance to meet her.

"Well—why? What is the reason?"
I demanded.

FOR answer, Olivia drew a circle on the
back of a menu card. Then she drew
another close to it but without overlapping.
"Don't tell me you're going to solve love
gometrically!" I said.

She giggled. "I'm just trying to give you
a brief illustration of what I think of life,"
she told me. "It goes in circles. Here's a
Career Circle, for example. And here's a
Romance Circle. I think you have to com-
plete one before you can do a good job with
the other."

"And right now you're in the midst of
the Career Circle. Is that it?"

She nodded. "I have a terribly one-track
mind. Naturally it's best on pictures at
present. Men would be very complicating—
very disturbing!"

"But it seems to me I have read some-
thing about your courting the presence of
one or two."

"You read that article," her cheeks
flamed hot and lovely. She is the only per-
son I know who can still blush. "That
awful article! Right there in the front
section of the newspaper! I don't know
how they dared to print such stuff!"

Under a heading in big type, the article
had said in no uncertain terms that Olive
a de Havilland and James Blykily (that good
looking boy you saw in The Desperate)
were this and that way about each other.
It mentioned their devotion at luncheon

"Three girls on a horse.—It's a hobby
with them. Barbara Reid, Nan Grey
and Deanna Durbin are the Three
Smart Girls playing the title roles in
Universal's picture by that name.
together. It went so far as to say that Olivia had called him "Darling" and other endearing terms—and it ended with: "It'll be bells and the altar for this couple almost any day now."

"I didn't call him 'darling,'" stormed Olivia. "I didn't call him anything. I haven't even spoken to him since, I was so mad at the letters."

"You see, we were both in the Floradora Sextette for the Actors' Benefit. That's where I met him. I went out to luncheon with him, and immediately we were romance-according to rumor!"

"The whole thing makes you terribly self-conscious. I'd rather not go out at all. As a matter of fact I've been out only five times in the last one year."

"Five times! And ever since I've been knee high to a cricket, I've been hearing that you had to have a man in order to marry any kind of great artist. That you had to experience a surging, soul-stirring love life. Olivia has de-bunked that once and for all. She's a sweet kid who has lived a perfectly normal young life. And she's been called "the finest actress in America today" by both Max Reinhardt, producer of The Dream, and director Mervyn LeRoy."

A SQUARE-SHOOTER with glamour. That's De Havilland. A youngster who dares to be honest with herself. "I'm the sort of emotional person who would probably go to pieces if I was involved deeply in love," she said. "I never could do justice to it and to my work at the same time. The only way to avoid it is to remain emotionally independent. And the only way to do that is not to think of men!"

Miracle Woman! Not to think of men when the greatest experts in the world have made love to her! But, it seems, that's just it.

"I've had so much thrilling romance on the screen that I don't feel the need of it in my private life, she chortled. "And besides, all those men have been married, or engaged. Fredric March, Dick Powell, Jimmy Cagney, Joe E. Brown, and Errol Flynn. There doesn't seem to be any unmarried men on our lot. And I haven't had the time to meet many of them. But I'm not worrying. Four fortune tellers have told me I'd be married before my twenty-second birthday." That gives me two years to go.

"He's to be a man in uniform!"

But it doesn't matter which uniform so long as he's not an actor merely renting one! Actors see out. Olivia has no desire to be separated from her husband by long location trips, or by Hollywood rumors. She wants a home that is very much a home. Children. A closely-knit family life. As happy as the one she leads now with her mother and sisters.

They had a carefree, gloriously mad household. Sister Joan quite frequently wakes her up by squirting soda water on her. They read aloud, lying on the floor and hunching up on an elbow. They go for long walks, the three of them, along the palisades of Santa Monica and watch sea gulls dipping over the ocean. They work out crossword puzzles together, fighting furiously over every line.

"Most of the men who come to see us are my friends and Joan's boyfriends," Olivia chuckled. "She's awfully pretty. One of the other studios has her under contract now, you know," she added proudly.

Six hundred miles rode to death for Olivia de Havilland in The Charge of the Light Brigade. In her next picture they'll undoubtedly fight over her again. And again. But off-screen, it's going to take an extra strong—and strong-minded—man to fight that closed door of her's. To remove that "No Parking" sign!

When answering advertisements, please mention February Movie Classic.
very much Robin Burn, his mother's be-curling darling.

But the curls were soon to go the way of the dresses. It happened on the first day of Robin Bur's school life in Van Buren. The other kids all called him a sissy and otherwise taunted him about his tresses, nice as they were in the eyes of his mother. In his best English he came home from school that day and said that either the curls went or he'd have a fight the very next day. A fond mother who sheltered at the thought of having her baby's face all blackened or his little knuckles bruised, rushed him off to the town barber shop and while she gently bobbed the hardened tonsorialist snipped away and Robin Burn emerged from the shop with as modern a haircut as one could expect at the turn of the century.

There is no record of Robin Burn's early scholastic successes. In fact it is doubtful if he was anything more than a rather bad pupil. Those who remember the days of the early grammar school career of this remarkable fellow insist that he spent a portion of the time in the corner and not a few hours after school doing penance.

But nothing could stop an ambitious mother who saw in her son the spark of genius that was someday to elevate him to a prominence never at that time even dreamed of by the average citizen of Van Buren, Arkansas. She knew he was a born musician and so one day she led him, by the hand, to the home of Frank McLean, leader of the Queen City Silverstone Cornet Band. "Frank," she said, "I expect you to teach Robin how to play the mandolin."

Teach Robin to play the mandolin! A few weeks later he was not only the best mandolin player in Van Buren, but he was master of the piano, harmonica, guitar, trombone, violin and cornet. His pro-ficiency in the matter of music was the talk of the town. His performances at those kid shows they used to give out in the vacant lot on Saturday afternoon not infrequently drew adult audiences.

Somehow, Robin Burn managed to get through grammar school, even though he was a pretty good-sized lad when he walked up for the diploma. Probably the performance he gave at the com-mencement exercises made up for his lack in grades and there was compensation in that smile of appreciation on the face of his mother and the big slap on the back he received from his dad, who kept right busy at his civil engineering work so that the two sons could have the full ad-ventages of education. Education in Arkansas, in those days, wasn't in such heavy demand, but with a civil engineer for a father, it was different. He knew the value of book larnin'.

But if he was a poor student in gram-mar school, one can imagine how Robin Burn took to algebra, Latin, Ancient History and other topics of study in high school. And yet they HAD to tolerate him, because he turned out to be the best football player in the whole school. He was also something of a right smart baseball lad, and then there was talk that he'd make a great Texas Leaguer.

But come the summer and Robin's real nature would crop out. He just couldn't keep away from old man river and most of his summers he spent hanging around the ancient ferryboat that plied across the Arkansas. He sometimes helped the old colored fellow who ran the boat, but not when the going was real heavy.

Back in school after one such vacation, Mrs. Shaver, his teacher organized the Madison Debating Club. Robin was elected treasurer, which was a high but empty honor because the Madison De-bating Club was completely without funds.

And then happened one of those things that makes history. Robin and some of the boys were having a little hit of barbershop harmony in the back of Hayman's Plumbing Shop there in Van Buren. It was as informal a call as that. They were singing away and suddenly somebody said they needed some accompaniment. Robin agreed and he picked up a couple of gas pipes and a whiskey tunnel and soldered them together.

Thus was the Bazooka born.
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.

Radio Note: Listen to Gabriel Heatter review the news, Mutual Broadcasting System, every Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday evening, 7:45 to 8:00 EST on some stations, 9:00 to 9:15 EST on others. Consult your newspaper for time listing.

When answering advertisements, please mention February Movie Classic
From Rags to Riches [Continued from page 65]

And just when the pickings were the leanest, when he was wondering what would happen next, Bob Burns heard the newsboys hawking the evening papers. Without spending two cents, he learned that the United States had declared war and like a real patriot—if a hungry one—he went to the recruiting offices of the United States Marines and signed up—Bazooka and all.

In France he did right well by his country. When he wasn't sniping at Germans, he was playing the Bazooka and helping to make his buddies laugh. He wore out all the old gags he knew, he worked his songs overtime, so he had to make up new, impromptu dialogue and write original songs. And thus was born, on the fields of France, one of the greatest acts ever known to the stage, radio or screen. Bob Burns discovered the talent that was to take him from rags to riches in a transition so fast that it would leave his head swimming. This wasn't to happen immediately. Bob Burns had to finish out that stretch in France. He had to stand before General John J. Pershing and listen to words of praise from his commander-in-chief as the latter pinned on his breast a medal proclaiming him one of the greatest rifle shots in the American fighting forces.

And then Bob was to come back to America and again know poverty. But, with a little showmanship he managed to scrape together, he became a concessionaire at Atlantic City, on the Boardwalk. He ran one of those games of chance, his southern drawl, and his talent for wit coming to good use in luring customers to his counter.

Down the Boardwalk a shake was another concession. And soon Bob found he couldn't keep his mind on his business because it was always on the girl who ran the other stand. So they consolidated in business and became man and wife. Elizabeth Fisher was a great and understanding woman. She, like Bob, had known the harder side of life. And it was largely through this fact that Bob was able to pull through the tough, discouraging years that were to follow before success was to be his.

The first months after the wedding were rosy ones. With their savings, Bob and his wife opened a dance hall on the Boardwalk. But it failed and a week after the sheriff had sold Bob down the river, Robert, Jr., was born. Brave little Mrs. Burns knew what was running through Bob's mind. She encouraged him as much as she could, she gave him the strength to carry on. And, so, packing his Bazooka under his arm, he went the hard way. He worked in carnivals, running games of chance. Then he turned to vaudeville and all the prophecies of his brave wife were fulfilled. Almost overnight, their luck changed. They were on top. Bob could smile. They could be happy at home.

And it happened in a most peculiar way. Bob, after turning to vaudeville, worked out a blackface act. Talent scouts from the Fox studios heard about him and they purchased his services. The blackface team of Moran and Mack was going to great that at time and Fox decided to create a team of its own and call it Bush and Bob Burns. Bob Burns was one of the Boys. John Svar, brother of Moran, was the other. They headed

DEAF? AMAZING NEWS!

You may hear like normal again!
Amazing new instruments right from the makers of Deaf Aid.

The Godbend, new scientific, Electrically hearing Aid, is proven to you free. No cost to you. For the hour of instruments selling for $30, $50, $100, and more, PRICED AT $29.95 $49.75, equipped with our Super-Back Guarantee. Now you may enjoy sessions from back of churches, long-distance conversations, and parties. Compare prices of Deaf Aid. Not a disguised model. Godbend is a genuine BONE OF AIR CONDUCTION, both for less than the usual price of only one. Godbend has the genuine BONE OF AIR CONDUCTION, and the genuine BONE OF AIR CONDUCTION, of both with less than the usual price of $25.00, $50.00, and $100.00.

GODSEND COMPANY, Dept. R-122
7187 Berchmont, CINCINNATI, OHIO

Pimples Kill Romance

Many shattered romances may be traced directly to ugly skin blemishes. Why tolerate itchy pimples, eczema, angry red blotches or other disfigurements resulting from external causes when you can get quick relief from soothing Peterson's Ointment? Try it at your druggists. Peterson refunded if one application does not delight you. Wonderful also to soothe irritated and inflamed feet and cracks between toes. Free sample, Peterson's Ointment Co., Dept. K102, Buffalo, N. Y.

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Photo enlargements, both full length or part group, pets or pets subjects, sizes from a inch, 6x8, 8x10, and 10x12, are beautifully done, 24 hours, only 15.00. Your photo can be made bigger than your original picture. We do all types. Satisfaction guaranteed. Addresses all questions. Better make your present pony tail in photo wrapper and return for free estimate.

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to...

If you have

GRAY HAIR

and DON'T LIKE a MESSY MIXTURE... then write today for my FREE TRIAL BOTTLE

As a Hair Color Specialist with forty years European American experience, I am proud of my Color Imperator for Gray Hair. I use it like a hair tonic. Wonderfully GOOD for the scalp and hair. It does not cause gray hair to become a darker, more youthful color. I want to convince you by sending my free trial bottle and book telling All About Gray Hair

ARTHUR RHOADES, Hair Color Expert, Dept. 34, LONELL, MASS.
for Hollywood and prosperity.

They had a year's contract with Fox. They worked in Up the River as Black and Blue. And then they were idle.

And one day, when Bob Burns was down in the dumps of despair, his last money nearly gone, Will Rogers happened along. Will had taken a great liking to the big fellow from Van Buren. They had talked together of Oklahoma and of the lazy rivers that wind through the south. Will was convinced that Bob Burns had something on the ball. But he was afraid that Hollywood couldn't see his spark of genius. So Will told Bob to get out of town, to go East. Bob headed for New York City.

This time he knew a few people, at least. And so he talked Rudy Vallee into giving him a chance on the radio. He made good. Paul Whiteman sent for him. He turned a nation of listeners into hysterics with his good old Arkansas philosophy. Bing Crosby asked him to come to Hollywood and to share the honors of his program. Bob Burns had climbed the ladder of success. He had surmounted seemingly impossible obstacles.

Paramount figured he MIGHT be a motion picture attraction. So it signed him for two test pictures. You know what he did in Rhythm on the Range. He almost stole the picture from his pal, Crosby. Not intentionally, of course. This came as The Big Broadcast of 1937 and he was greater than ever.

Bob was making fine money—hundreds a week. But he remembered that once before he had been too optimistic about the future. So he and Elizabeth and Bob, Jr., decided to keep on living in the little apartment—to keep on driving the old Ford. And then came word that Paramount was so sold on Bob Burns it wanted him to sign a new contract. He would make three pictures a year at $60,000 each and he could make one picture each year for some other studio and he lined this up for $75,000.

He rushed home to bring the great news to Elizabeth. She was ill. Bob went to the cupboard to fix some medicine. He forgot all about his good luck. He thought only of Elizabeth, who shared his trying days with him.

In the hour of his greatest triumph, he drained the bitterest cup. His wife died. Bob Burns could hardly stand it. His signals in Hollywood wondered what would happen to him. They wondered if he could carry on. But Bob Burns isn't a quitter. He's a man's man and a real one through and through. He knew that he had to carry on—Bob, Jr. So he bolstered up his smile, he patted Bob, Jr., on the back and he carried on.

He signed that contract with Paramount, just as Elizabeth was so anxious he should do. And when his radio sponsors heard how the movies were going for him they tore up his old contract and gave him a new one boosting his air salary from $550 to $1700 a week at the start, and providing for an eventual payment of $4000 weekly. And on top of this came a newspaper syndicate asking him to write a daily feature like the one Will Rogers had done. They guaranteed him $500 a week to start. Other profits come from the sale of little Bazookas and from personal appearances, so that his annual income is now about $400,000—which isn't bad for a lad who rode the range and walked the sidewalks of New York, whose innards filled only with the pangs of hunger.

When answering advertisements, please mention February Movie Classic.
Mae Clarke Laughs Last
[Continued from page 41]

picture that was destined to make history. It was called Public Enemy and it was in that picture that Cagney, pursuant to the manuscript requirements, violated all rules for screen heroes by eating a grapefruit at Mae. And now they are reunited in a picture that means much to both of them.

But since that last picture together, much has happened in the careers of Mae Clarke and James Cagney. The newspapers have told of Cagney's studio troubles and of his deal with Grand National. Not much has been heard of Mae. Newspapers like to print stories of success. Columns for the person climbing the ladder—only memories for those who are slipping. And Mae definitely slipped. She was out of pictures—out cold. She had seen everything she possessed swept from under her. The acting reputation she had spent years building, the fans she had made admire her, the man she hoped to marry had been taken from her. It was a dismal wrench that Mae Clarke surveyed one morning when she left the hospital and again faced the world. Most persons would have sighed and given up. The task would have seemed hopeless. That's what MOST people would have done. But Mae Clarke isn't like most people, which is why she is again back on top, again starring in pictures.

And now let's tear back the curtain of life and look into Mae's rather hectic career. We'll go to Philadelphia on August 16, 1910, because this was the day and the place on which Mae was born. Her family wasn't rich and her dad had to work hard as a theater musician to make both ends meet. A couple of years later the family moved to Atlantic City, N.J., where Mae, in her adolescent years, found time after the elementary school hours to attend Dawson's Dancing School. She had definite ideas about dancing. She was serious about it because she felt that someday she would be an actress and she knew that a versatile actress had to know how to dance. That, you will remember, was in the days when anybody that thought they could exploit the picture business completely was considered a little bit off his mental balance.

When Mae was only fourteen years old, Earl Lindsay, musical director and dance producer and a close friend of the dancing master, witnessed a class performance. He saw in Mae Clarke that spark of personality and talent that was later to take her to the heights of success. He suggested that maybe she would like to go to New York and appear in a chorus. Would she? The answer was yes. Any girl would have given. And after much persuasion, she secured consent from her mother and went to New York. But there wasn't a job. It was a pretty rough situation and when things looked blackest, Mae landed a job through the same Lindsay. He was opening another show and he gave her a spot on the line. That was at the famous Strand Roof. Next came the Everglades Club and the Vanity Club.

A couple of years had slipped by so rapidly that Mae hardly knew they were gone. The glamour of Broadway, the roar of the subways and the milling crowds, the big, swanky restaurants and the little, out of the way but picturesque eating places, Fifth avenue and its shops, huge liners topping their way up the North and East

Years ago her mother taught her the importance of regular elimination.

Ever since she can remember, there has been a box of Olive Tablets on the bathroom shelf just as a reminder not to let more than one day pass by without doing something to assist Nature.

Originally the formula of an Ohio physician, Dr. Edwards, Olive Tablets are now widely recognized as a standard proprietary.

Mild and gentle in their action, one little pellet is usually all you need to take to get desired results. Thousands of women have made Olive Tablets their favorite laxative. Three sizes: 15¢, 30¢, 60¢. All druggists.

$200 My First Week
...Now in my OWN Business.


EASY TERMS

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.

VON SCHIABER MFG. CO.
172 Pl., Racine, Wis.
rivers—all this had been like a fairy story to the little girl who was facing the world for the first time. In the excitement of those fast moving days she had little time to realize that she had outgrown her girlishness and was now a young woman in the prime of life.

There in the Everglades Club of that day was another dancing girl. She had the spot next to Mae in the line and she answered to the name of Ruby Stevens. Today she is known as Barbara Stanwyck. In fighting the battle of life together, they became fast friends. They both had the same problems—little salary, uncomfortable living quarters, back-breaking hours of performances and rehearsals. But they were both determined and didn’t mind the trials of those early days.

So great was the attachment of these two young girls that when Anatole Friedlander offered Miss Stanwyck a job in a big revue, she turned it down until the producer also agreed to sign Miss Clarke to a contract. He was agreeable and the show went on.

Then came one of those instances that make fiction out of show business stories so interesting. Carter de Haven, who was then something of a big shot in show business, saw the girls and was convinced they should go to Hollywood and break into pictures. He painted for them a beautiful picture of Hollywood opportunities, of the riches awaiting them. Tired of struggling, hoping against hope that de Haven was right, they signed on the dotted line and left the show to await Hollywood’s call. But it never came. The little financial reserves broke down. Times were plenty tough. Once again Anatole Friedlander came to the rescue. He straightened out their contract difficulties and then arranged an interview with Willard Mack, who was about to produce The Noose.

[Continued on page 70]

Charles Quigley, Columbia’s newest candidate for stardom, is backing Mary Astor to come through with another superb performance as the Lady From Nowhere. Charles is under long-term contract, and plays opposite Miss Astor in this latest Columbia release.

When answering advertisements, please mention February Movie Classic.
Don't neglect your CHILD'S GOLD

MOTHER OF THREE EARN $32.55 A WEEK

- Non-nurses in Chicago School of Nursing, you have been able to support your three children and keep up your home expenses," writes Mrs. A. H. Waterbury, Conn. and Mrs. E. is only one of hundreds of men and women who have found O.S.E., teaching a way to a well-paid desired professional. C.N.A. trained practical nurse, all over the country, are being paid $15 to $25 a week. In private practice, in hospitals and institutions. C. N.A. nurses, new nursing homes. This easy-to-learn course, requiring for 3 months and endorsed by pharmacists—stabilizes men and women to be prepared without home and in their most time. For young men and women. This system is designed for men who want to earn while learning. Mrs. W. E. has been a nurse for 3 months, making the 1st lesson and earning $100 in 3 months. High school students, nurses. Complete course to get for "Nursing Opportunities in Nursing," which shows you how you can earn $30 a week. CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING Dept. 82, 10 East Ohio Street, Chicago, Ill. Please send full name and 10 sample lesson pages.

Mae Clarke Laughs Last [Continued from page 69]

Barbara Stanwyck got the big part and Mae Clarke drew little more than a bit. Mae isn't made to stand still. With a long run in the theater, she felt she was wasting her time staying there. So she just left quietly.

By this time Mae was known professionally. She could always get a job as a dancer. She wanted more. And again later, and she was teamed with Lew Brice, Fanny's brother, who was then on the run of vaudeville troupers. They headlined shows from one end of the country to the other in those days of vaudeville prosperity, just before sound pictures wiped an industry out of business. In the intimacy of their work and the constant companionship demanded by their travels, Mae and Lew fell in love—or thought they did. They were married, but they didn't last and two years later, when Mae was called to New York to make a motion picture there for Fox's Big Time, she told Lew she was through. It was okay by him, too, so a divorce was arranged.

GOING to New York for that test, Mae was still plenty skeptical. She remembered the Carter de Haven incident and several other times when the trip to Hollywood seemed just around the corner. But this time it was her skepticism, rather than her willingness to believe, that was jolted. She got her heart and headed west to make her screen debut opposite the fast talking Lee Tracy.

Picture followed picture until she got her big break, part of Molly Malloy in The Front Page. Universal took her off the free lance column and gave her a contract. Warners borrowed her, so did other studios. She was making big money, her name was in electric lights, she had settled her mother and father and her younger sister and brother in a beautiful home. Then she fell in love with a man high in the picture business. With her family at her side, with money rolling in from her work, and in love, Mae thought that last the dark days were forever gone. She was wrong. One day she awakened to read in the papers that the man she loved had married another woman—one of those spur-of-the-moment marriages. Mae tried to laugh it off, just like it didn't matter. But the blow was too heavy for such casual dismissal.

Everything looked black. And one day when a producer wanted Mae Clarke for a starring part, she just couldn't respond. Something within her had snapped. She tried to fight it out within herself, but couldn't. She collapsed and doctors told her worried family that she was suffering from a complete nervous breakdown. She would have to be utterly quiet for many months. There was no other out.

And that was how and why Mae Clarke dropped completely out of the picture. Faux flooded the studios with letters wanting to know what had happened. The girl who had climbed the ladder and almost reached the very top and fallen. She was just another one of many in the heap below the first rung.

And as she lay there, in that heap, she did what few others of the same spot have ever been able to do. She took stock of herself. Would she quit or try again? To quit would be so easy, to try again would be so hard.
hard. Would it be worth all the physical and mental effort? Mae decided it would be worth it. She summoned her mother and father, her doctors, her business manager. She wanted to know when soon she would get out of hospital, how long it would take her to get back into good physical shape, what her chances would be of getting back on the screen. The doctors shook their heads, the business manager suppressed a sigh. So few who slip ever get back up the ladder again.

But Mae was determined. She figured she was too young to give up. And so, when she felt physically able to do so, she started out all over again. She got a part here and a part there. And when the producers saw her on the screen, they marvelled. Here was the old Mae Clarke, except for the fact that she was a greater Mae Clarke. Her trials and tribulations, both mental and physical, had given her a new understanding. She seemed to put more feeling into her work. Her performances had more of the human touch. She smiled as she viewed the spectacle of producers battling one another for her services.

And about that time something else happened that made the battle all the easier. Mae met a young Hollywood physician and surgeon, Dr. Frank G. Nolan. The attachment for one another was strong. Being young and having had much experience as a studio doctor, he was able to talk with her in the terms of her profession. He could discuss her work on an intelligent and helpful plane. If she wanted to talk books, the stage, the studio or current events, Dr. Nolan was intellectually equipped to meet the situation. It seemed like an ideal match and just when Hollywood was hoping that something more than platonic friendship would come from it, Mae Clarke started wearing a big diamond ring and proudly told her friends that it was a token of their betrothal.

Right now, as she is finishing the biggest role of her whole career, that opposite Jimmy Cagney in Grand National's Great Gay, Hollywood is wondering how long it will be before they are married. They already have the license and it is probable that it will be used mighty soon, possibly before this can even get into print.

And so, having climbed back up the ladder down which she slipped so terribly and again being a ranking star, Mae Clarke looks back and laughs at her troubles, ten years of them.

"It was bitter, to be sure," Mae admits, "but it was like a great lesson. I've learned much from it. And what I've learned will enable me to enjoy the rest of my life as I never would have enjoyed it if I hadn't gone through the contrast of sorrow and grief."

Well, a girl with a philosophy like that deserves success and happiness!
to motion pictures have become too skeptical, too insistent in demanding authenticity and too good in their tracing down of anything tinged with fake. So the producer, ironically enough, demands complete accuracy of duplication. The Schnitzers comply.

TRAVELING over the face of the globe at this moment, are agents of this odd industry. Prying into little known spots, they look, study, and buy. They harry with natives in remote outposts, they make sign language, they resort to every gesture possible in every possible market, for they must return, not only materials, with genuine samples, but they must have a conversant knowledge of the present, past, and future of the places they have contacted. Reference bureaus are in daily contact with the extensive research department, artists copy the styles ordered, compare them with reproductions in books, send them to experts who further trace them. Not only the style is copied but the very material from which they were originally made. When the patterns and goods finally reach the tailoring department, with all the necessary "O.K.'s" pinned to them, the master tailors are in possession of drawings that would rival an architect's preparatory sketches and blueprints, together with a collection of the finest materials money can buy. They are to be made, not as flimsy replicas, to be used and discarded, but as models that would make the ghosts of the initial users livid with envy of modern materials and workmanship. They are, upon completion, as positive, as authentic, and as beautiful, as a genuine Rembrandt or, if the subject requires, as ugly as some of the subjects that great painter chose to immortalize.

Shall we wander back to that busy phone desk, take a call ourselves and then follow it through? Maybe it will give a clearer insight and it will surely prove a fascinating method of learning this procedure of one of the most fascinating of all industries. The call, fortunately for interest, comes from the RKO Studios. The adaptation of Mary Queen of Scotland has been completed. The principals have been named. The Central Casting Company has just been notified of the hundreds of extras, bit players and incidental actors to be used. The research department at the studio is well into the deep delving of styles, types, conditions, opinions, mannerisms, idiosyncracies, actualities, etc. Now, it is up to Western Costumers to supply the wardrobe. That will take weeks, for a special department—a Mary of Scotland department—must be created. One of the first to be used will be the group of Scottish Costumers. A student of history, is immediately placed on the detail. We can follow him to the big library on the mezzanine floor. Here he will spend a full day, in company with a group of researchers and artists, sketching the costumes, listing the materials, types of cut, methods of sewing and proportionate measurements. He and his men will read, not only the actual story of this eccentric queen, but other stories and intricate histories of those times in which she ruled. They will know that the guards had to stand well over six feet, that they had to be of certain physical accoutrements, that they must all be of exactly the same type. When all this is done locally, it is checked with outside authorities, then compared to the data compiled at the extensive laboratories of the studio. When there can be no argument as to completeness, artists put down in color, the exact costumes as they will appear when finished. Then lesser drawings, diagramming the cut and pattern are minutely made in complete detail. The exact plaid is ordered, to be specially woven in this case for it cannot be found already made. The materials must correspond in

Gadgets, Garb and Glamour
[Continued from page 55]

Personal to Fat Girls!—Now you can slim down your face and figure without strict dieting or back-breaking exercises. Just eat sensible 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 patients. Millions of people are using them with success. Don't let others think you have no will and that your will-power is as flabby as your flesh. Start with Marmola today and win the slender lovely figure rightfully yours.

What's wrong with this picture? Only one thing—Where there's a king, there should be a queen. Perhaps, however, Robt. Taylor is waiting until his dream castle is completed before Barbara Stanwyck enters the scene. He is shown here discussing the blueprint plans with his architect, Burton Schutt.
weight and texture exactly with Mary's conception of what her pet soldiers should wear. When all this is done, when the tailor has been assigned his job, when the cloth, shoes, buttons, leather incidentals and trappings, stockings, swords, guns; when the complete paraphernalia has been assembled, the men who are to wear them are called for first fittings.

Maybe you have been to a Bond Street tailor. Maybe you have been envied by tailors better than those famous designers. But until you have appeared in the fitting rooms of the film costumers, you have no conception of complete precision. As the tailor measures and marks, anywhere from three to ten representatives remain in the room, criticizing, correcting, praising, deriding or suggesting. When the second measurement comes up, then we see the sum of accuracy. Time is no factor and neither is money.

NEVER a day goes by but something doesn't happen to add to the glamour of this storehouse of memories. Armour, wrought once by gallant shadings staging fantastic array in its section. Long rows of flimsy court dresses, of stuffy, multi-pectinated ct specialist leather, helmets, hats, fessers, berets, fangs, plumes, ridiculous. This is sedate, silky, conservative, fabulous. But everything sorted, selected and stored with all its glories, awaiting rebirth when some producer decides to do a reenactment of its moments.

The many departments are laid out according to dates and these dates are then subdivided into nationalities or divisions of peoples. Within a few comparative steps your thoughts are carried from the American Revolution into Livingstone's search for Stanley, or war it the other way around. Oddly enough, and the reason is not explained, the future departmenrt lies directly over the medieval and ancient room.

The martial music and the thrill of men away to war lend romance to any period. The preserved uniforms, now idly hanging on their racks, come to life as we gaze. Our minds are carried to the bodies that in reality once filled those worn remnants, perhaps even dead while wearing them. Civil war uniforms were there, where we did not know to make this thought a bit more tense.

The heavy, pearl-bordered six-shooters, with the name "Jack Stoddert" engraved very close to five filed notches, gives a thrill as we hold the weapon in our hands. A different thrill no doubt, than it gave the associates of Jack Stoddert who is no longer a desperado but a romantic memory of the early west. It will bring and do something to the actor who happens to carry that gun in some motion picture.

This story is told both at Warner Brothers' Studio and at the modern waruseunirom of Western Movies, Taylor, an Englishman, upon receiving discharge papers from the British army at the conclusion of the World War, came to America, to Hollywood, and so to films. His work took him into the wardrobe department at Warner's. When a picture was selected that dealt with British regiments to the war, Taylor was called upon as collaborator for authenticity. Just to be sure, he went himself to the Schnitzer Brothers and asked that he be allowed to select the uniforms. He was escorted to a tremendous bin, wherein were gathered "Tommy" uniforms galore, together with rifle belts, rifles, side arms, mess kits, packs, tin hats, canoceans, puttees, shovels, and shoes. His memories of his war experiences still fresh, the young man became interested in finger-gaging the now dusty garments. His
Gadgets, Garb and Glamour

[Continued from page 73]

dreaming turned to a hair raising thrill sud-
denly. He shouted to the world at large:
"Come here! Look!" There was no mis-
taking the name on that uniform he held
in his hands. It was that of Allan Taylor.
And included upon it were the company and
regiment numbers in which he had served.

RELEASE of the costumes for rental
provides many intricate measures. This
is especially true of modern uniforms.
For instance, to explain the usage of police uni-
forms to people who might use them for
crime, they are never given in completeness
except to the largest studios and then only
under a heavy bond. Costumes of other na-
tions must remain so that they do not offend
that country, yet must be authentic. The
only uniform that is barred in entirety
to the Western Costumers is the Khaki rig
of the Boy Scouts of America. Any other,
from the Royal Mounted of Canada to the
jungle patrol of the native Zulus can be
fetched to your doorstep on a few hour's
notice. The weapons must always go
under bond, and they must be recorded
daily. Medals, trophies, heirlooms, and
authentic weapons can be used, but the
borrower must be of irreproachable char-
acter and the purpose for which they are
rented must be recorded and remembered.
Insurance is carried on the entire stock.
This means minute and detailed informa-
tion concerning every one of the millions
of articles. It requires a bookkeeping sys-
tem intricate enough to stump a public ac-
countant. The shipping rooms must check
both in and out with the keenest precision
and accuracy. Every employee must be cer-
tain of the correct price list. Nothing.
And when you enter into the spacious lobby
of this house of a million memories you
find it a tranquil, unhurried organization,
with a copious polite doorman who can
always find time to care for your individual
desires.

Romance, glamour, glory of tradition.
You have the feeling that you tread among
the ghosts of our predecessors as you stroll
through the long aisles. Behind that is the
ingeniousness of two brothers, backed by de-
mands of studios who, in turn, must serve
the demands of their clients. It is the
romance of present day lives that enable
them to construct a mammoth rendezvous
of relics, that give them the fortitude to dig
through the archives and carry their pos-
sessions from front to screen for use on
the screen. The wondering mind of the little
boy is somewhere in every man and the
Schnitzer brothers have made from it a
very profitable and fascinating business.
They have given Hollywood one of the
finest museums in the world.
Perfume Preferred

[Continued from page 51]

"To me, perfumes represent colors," Barbara explained. "In spring I like perfumes with a woody fragrance, summer calls for light floral odors suggestive of pastel shades, fall represents warm brown tones and spicy scents. Winter, of course, is the season for mystic or exotic perfumes."

What perfume would she wear with a yellow morning dress, a frothy pink dance frock, a deep blue dinner gown? Without hesitation Barbara supplied the answer to each, talking with an enthusiasm which showed her fascination in the subject. For sports she suggested perfumes with the scent of tweed or leather.

"Out of my first pay check as a Folies dancer I bought an ounce bottle of perfume and no purchase ever gave me a greater thrill. The fragrance is still one of my favorites."

Barbara indicated a popular brand well within the scope of modest pocketbooks.

"To be effective, the odor of perfume must be vague and elusive and therefore delicately used. The best method of applying is with an atomizer, spraying the hair, wrists, ears and throat. I don't believe it should be applied to outer clothing with the exception of furs which require an oriental or "winter" perfume. Occasionally, too, I spray a bit of perfume on the hem of a dance frock so that in motion it leaves a trail of faint fragrance.

"Perfume should be applied at least a half hour before going out to avoid any heaviness of scent, although I do like to carry a small flacon in my bag to spot my hair or ears after a long interval from home."

PERSONAL blend in perfumes has an exciting sound and Barbara assured me that it was a simple matter to achieve all sorts of delightful combinations that would defy identification. "Very often I blend perfume with toilet water," she told me, "by adding the perfume a drop at a time and stirring with a glass rod. Wood should not be used because it absorbs the scent."

"That reminds me, I have a wooden cigarette box in which I place a drop or two of perfume on the lid and in the bottom. By keeping the box closed, the cigarettes absorb just a faint scent. Girls adore these perfumed cigarettes but you should hear what father says when he gets hold of one of them!" she laughed.

Barbara says she is now looking for perfumes with the delicate odor of fresh fruit. "The fragrance of fresh strawberries, lime or persimmons—wouldn't that be enchanting?" she demanded. A tip for some enterprising manufacturer!

[Continued on page 81]

Beauty Advice for You!

You are invited to bring your personal beauty problems to Alison Alden, MOVIE CLASSICS beauty expert. Let her advise you on the care of skin and hair and the use of cosmetics. Brand names to meet individual needs supplied upon request.

Write Miss Alden in care of MOVIE CLASSIC, 1501 Broadway, New York City. There is no charge for this service. The only requirement is that you enclose stamped (3 cent U.S. stamp) envelope for reply.

Wendy Barrie, Universal player, shows how it's done down on the farm

WHAT A LUCKY BREAK THAT TOOTHACHE WAS!

LETTME TELL YOU ABOUT IT. I HAD JUST BEEN FIRED—ALTHOUGH I KNEW MY WORK WAS GOOD...

SORRY, BROWN, BUT WE'RE CUTTING DOWN

THEN MY GIRL THREW ME OVER

YES, PHIL, I LOVE YOU, BUT I WON'T MARRY YOU

AND TO TOP IT ALL, THIS TOOTH BEGAN TO ACH! SO I WENT TO THE DENTIST, HE PULLED THE TOOTH AND THEN SAID...

BROWN, DO YOU KNOW THAT MOST BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD DEPOSITS IN HIDDEN Crevices BETWEEN IMPROPERLY CLEANED TEETH? THAT'S WHY I ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS

AND SINCE THAT TIP ON COLGATE'S...

I HAVE MY JOB BACK.... HELEN'S CHANGED HER MIND.... AND I'M THE HAPPIEST MAN ALIVE!

MOST BAD BREATH BEGINS WITH THE TEETH!

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 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!

COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

MAKES TEETH CLEANER AND BRIGHTER, TOO!
That Girl From Paris

[Continued from page 43]

with her fans that those schooled only on the stage and screen do their utmost to shun. She could not be happy otherwise.

HOW the public—her public—responds to her allure has never been more admirably illustrated than upon the occasion just commemorated in the Hollywood Bowl last summer. Following her appearance as guest artist—and for this the great amphitheatre was packed to over-capacity—half of Hollywood milling around her backstage to pay her touching homage. And she expected it...not because she considered it her rightful due or through any sense of selfishness but because she knew that many people love to have people crowd around her and she knew that her friends knew she sincerely wanted to see them.

"It is so wonderful to have so many friends," Lily told me. "They are part of me. Life would be tragic indeed if one were not blessed with them. And it has been my lot, because of my career, probably to know the meaning of friendship more fully than the majority of people."

Watching young Frenchwoman emerge from a preview and in all likelihood you will think the Spanish rebellion has struck our shores. Her face swarms around her like a locust swarm. No sneaking out of back theatre-doors here, as in the case of so many popular stars...Lily is too happy to meet her adoring public. Her desire seems to be that of treating them in so scurril a fashion.

Let anyone in this mob, or anyone who might accost her on the street or in her hotel, ask for a photograph and sheguiously takes his name and address. Her secretary spends half her time in complying with these requests and pictures.

While on concert tour, she always carries tickets to the performance in her purse. Should an elevator boy or anyone she meets in a desire to hear her, and straightway she smilingly presents him with a ticket. Small wonder that hotels look forward to her arrival. It is her inate friendliness, and generosity that leads her to do this, and likewise engage bell hops, taxi drivers, policemen, men and women in every strata of life in conversation.

"Always I learn something from the people I talk to," the diva declares. "Perhaps it is much, perhaps only a little, but always I gain a new perspective..."

"Many times my taxi chauffeur, while driving me to the station or boat, comments on one of my performances. If it is a long drive to where the taxi is going he tells me, as a rule, about himself, his family." She twinkled. "I can tell you the life stories of many chauffeurs, whereas probably nobody else in the world." There's a quality about Lily Pons that invariably inspires all classes of people to confide in her. In two years time, while on a South American tour, she received a message from a convict, who poured out all his troubles to her. So touched was she with his story that she bought out the president of the country himself on his behalf. Men and women of all creeds and ages are continually besieging her with their problems. She is a repository of many a story, seeking her aid and advice, and never once has she turned down that she could reasonably assist.

Lily's cordiality is reflected in all who work with her on the set. There is not the slightest feeling of restraint present that almost always accompanies the presence of so great a star. I caught this the moment I walked onto the set, for over there by the piano Lily and Gene Raymond and two electricians were harmonizing at the top of their respective voices, with Lily performing a jig at the same time. In months, irrespective of the identity of the star, has been so completely imbued with the spirit of lackadaisical fun and good comradeship.

LEt me quote a case in point. Lily's command of the English language has not at all dulled the stage that she can be absolutely sure of herself. Consequently, she occasionally makes mistakes, both in pronunciation and in her phraseology. Indeed, while we were without the productive Kostelanetz, the Russian orchestra conductor to whom she is affianced, dropped by and she makes a word or two incorrect. On the occasion in question, she had a difficult speech to utter, difficult because it entailed a combination of words she found almost impossible to say correctly. Time after time the company rehearsed, until finally Lily had her lines down pat in her mind. Came the take—the actual scene—and everything progressed perfectly. "Let's take another," said Director Jason, and once more the company went through its paces. But the next time Lily mixed her phrases...and WHOOPED!

Seldon has so boisterous a scene occurred on the spur of the moment. Jack Oakie yelled at the top of his powerful lungs...Gene Raymond seized Lily in his arms and whirled her giddily around until time...and the entire company burst out in roars of laughter. Show me another great foreign star who could inspire so friendly a reception of a mistake. To have caught the entire cast in a scene no one could possibly have guessed that a world-celebrated diva was its center.

Fun, though, to Lily Pons is the very elixir of life. She owns a sense of humor second to none. As witness that day in Rio de Janeiro when she walked down the principal street of that Brazilian city, at the head of a column of nearly five hundred enthusiastic and rabid fans who followed her wherever she went. She might have hopped a taxi or darted into some building instead, but instead she walked...and had the time of her life.

You'll see plenty of her love for fun when you view her new picture, for hers is a comedy role. The story relates of a fated French opera star who rebels at a marriage of conveniences, and fells the orchestra director at the altar and becomes an ocean hitch-hiker in pursuit of a handsome American musician who has ignited a suppressed romantic spark. Changing into marriage numbers, Lily will offer a new and altogether intriguing glimpse of herself to her millions of admirers.

THE whole world has followed the career of Lily Pons as perhaps no other operatic star on record. Bora in Cumes, she was an illegitimate child of the maestro father, at the age of five she evinced a remarkable aptitude for music and at six was playing the compositions of Chopin.

During the World War, she played and sang for the wounded soldiers until her
childish fingers ached and her voice could scarcely trill. Following the end of the conflict and subsequent training in Paris, she made her operatic debut in Alsace-Lorraine in 1928, and became an overnight sensation. American audiences first heard her at the New York Metropolitan in 1931, when she sang the opera that had inspired her love for music when she was five...

"Lucia di Lammermoor."

South America, Europe and the United States, then, heard and saw her regularly on the operatic and concert stage. She could not begin to satisfy all the demands made upon her time from all over the world. But one she did accede to, and in complying performed a daring and gracious deed that exemplifies the warmth of her heart and the depth of her generosity.

She had arranged to give a benefit concert for the poor children of her native Cannes. Because of her unprecedented popularity, her South American engagement was extended until the regular means of transportation could not get her back to Europe in time for the charity event.

Instead of having this postponed, the diva, thinking only of the disappointment which her absence would cause her beloved children, crossed the Atlantic in the Graf Zeppelin, sailing the airway from Rio de Janeiro to Germany and braving a lash ing tropical hurricane. She then rushed to Cannes by special plane, arriving only a short time before the scheduled concert.

Do you wonder all the world loves her? Lily Pons' entry in pictures was hailed as a sensational event and in I Dream Too Much she endeared herself forever to the public. Hollywood, with its customary reserve in receiving newcomers into the colony, waited before it passed judgment upon her.

But Lily took matters into her own deli cate and capable hands. Overnight, she disproved the fact that all prima donnas are temperamental and Hollywood awoke to the realization that in Lily Pons at last was found the star it often had dreamed of but rarely known... the star who went out of her way to meet the public and insisted upon being one of them. Small wonder that Lily Pons today occupies a place in the heart of the world.

"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

When answering advertisements, please mention February Movie Classic 77
one of the happiest couples in Hollywood.

Tests for Pleasure Mad had been taken, silent, of course, since this was the pre-talking era. Mr. Mayer, Mr. Thalberg and I sat in the projection room as the tests were run.

After seeing them I shook my head doubtfully. I could see no enthusiasm. I saw no hope for a screen success for the actress destined to outdistance practically all the stars of her day.

"She's pretty, yes," I said. "But her personality is devoid of sparkle. She lacks personal magnetism. To me she is cold and uninteresting. Let's forget about her. Let's see some other tests.

In that nonchalant manner I tried to wave aside the hidden talents of the young Dominon beauty who was to tread, step by step, up the ladder to the pinnacle of motion picture fame and win the prestige which is indispensible hers today.

But Louiebee and Irving insisted she be used in the picture, so with mental reservations I agreed. What else was there for me to do? A tyro with no stage experience and very little film background was to have a major role in a screen talent assembly for my Pleasure Mad. I was worried. I slept little that night.

It took me exactly twenty-four hours to discover my error in judgment. I was sold one hundred per cent after a day's work with her. She demonstrated real perseverance, great ability and every quality needed to crash the gates of "too bad to be released." And of the superlative cast who majored in that old picture, what others are tops today? Yet supreme in that day were such names as Huntley Gordon, Mary Alden, William Collier, Jr., Winifred Bryson, Ward Crane, Frederick Truesdell, and Joan Standing.

Huntley Gordon, lead in her first important picture, described conditions to which Norma was subjected by his well-known aphorism of a tyro who never works for Barker sell your Ford and buy a lantern.

You never get to go home anyway.

When our favorites flash galumphingly before us on the screen, we sit back in our soft seats among the audience and lose ourselves in the artificial world being created. In the picture the players appear graceful, and move effortlessly through the scenes in the story. But there is a story the screen never tells.

It is a brutal story of hard work, you might almost say gladiating under the director. It was in this exacting, painful labor which means long hours and the toughest kind of work that Norma Shearer excelled, and does to this day. How or why, you ask. And she always took her arduous assignment with a smile and came back for more, graciously, uncomplainingly, and with constantly improving performance.

My NEXT and last picture with her was the one which catapulted her to stardom. After being loaned to Warners' for Broadway After Dark, a transaction which itself attested her success in Pleasure Mad, she returned to Metro to be leading lady in Broken Barriers. It was her first release after the merger which created Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

BrokenBarrier story about a proud, intelligent young woman of strong character who defies convention to live her life as she sees fit, was a story typical of the post war decade when morals were registering a kick-back from the catalytic of the World War. Her vehicle to stardom established her in the type of glamour girl rôle which she made famous through the first stage of her development.

In a series of pictures culminating in Gay Divorcee she swept to fame in a series of rôles as an intelligent, but blasé, tra-la-la girl whose knack of knowing the walls. Strange Interlude combined the climax of this earlier screen Shearer with the new exponent of heavier, more tragic rôles scaling classic heights with Barretts of Wimpole Street and her masterpiece, Romeo and Juliet!

Her Romeo and Juliet, incidentally, not only culminated her career to date but climaxxed a series of motion picture productions of Shakespeare's greatest love story.

I CAN remember the primitive first version of Romeo and Juliet in 1908, the prehistoric era of motion pictures. It was a 90 minute film, not quite one reel which Vitagraph produced in one afternoon in Central Park. The finished film ran less than fifteen minutes.

As the years wore on, as the two-reeler producer in 1911, by Thanhouser, which later came out with the Bard of Avon's Tempest and Merchant of Venice. I knew that Pathe, in 1913, produced a Romeo and Juliet announced as A Wonderfully Colored Film of the Immortal Playwright's Great Romantic Play, but according to hearst was branded "too bad to be released." This one betrothed Juliet to Tybalt, eliminating the whole character of Paris as superfluous overtures.

In 1916 emerged the first full-length screen production of the play. What a long step from those early film aspirations is the modern, talkie version of Romeo and Juliet—the posthumous masterpiece of Irving Thalberg, producer; the crowning glory of Norma Shearer, actress.

Vivien Leigh as Bronte Barriers she had in a very brief spell driven her way from the obscurity of near rejection from major rôle consideration to a fixed place in the cinema hierarchy she has been4 well-scented by society ever since. And as the critics say, she won this starring rôle because she had both beauty and brains.

It is the quality of Norma Shearer which in my opinion ranks her as the screen's first lady. Her physical, exterior beauty shrouds her whole being, filtering down through the interior and in to every recess of her, glowing from her mind and personality to flood every characterization she gives. In short, Norma a machine for work. Where others chafed or tired or blew up in a flare of Thespian temperament under the pressure of long, intense rehearsals Norma carried on steadily, ever seeking perfection. Thus she marched to the top, and into the hearts of all who worked with her, all who saw her, all who have known her. She demands dozens of rehearsals. She tries to perfect, and then again, and driven by her own passion, not to a driven to it, but insisting on continuous effort for the consummation of her art.

I've always admired people who work hard, and now the minute perfection of her work in the later pictures shows her mastery of that drudgery which is the lot of all players—rehearsing, rehearsing, rehearsing. Developing in every picture, her ability became rounded out with experience.

Accept no substitutes! Always insist on the advertised brand!
I HAVE always thought she gets over
intelectuality better on the screen than
does any other player. That is partially be-
cause in her private life she is an intellec-
tual. She spends hours in home study, even
brining in tutors to help her master lan-
guages, philosophy, and other subjects
which stretch her fertile mind. While
waiting to have her children she studied
French and went farther into other subjects.
She deserves all the success she's had be-
cause she is a thinking actress who knows
what it all about.
She plunged her whole life into her career
and into her marriage, doing with mag-
nificent superiority everything that could
contribute to the success of both.
Now there has come into her life that
supreme test which necessitates a readjust-
ment no one can predict. It was the real
Norma Shearer who kept vigil by the
bedside of her husband and who with her
strength away in years after the death of
Irving Thalberg. But I can stand for the
petition that he will be her way back
into the vital, important life which is hers
in the fateful trend of things.
Her heart was prostrated with grief
from the heavy blow, but she is too much
in the pulse of destiny to withdraw from
the tide of moving events.
People ask whether she will retire after
her husband's death, or carry on. It would
be a great pity for her to give up her
work while she is so young and at the high
point of her career. Her heart is so wrapped
in the highest art of the cinema, with its
power both to express and improve human
life, that I do not think she can relinquish
it.
She belongs to life, which led her to
marry, though she once had not intended
to. And life will bring her back to her
work, though now in the burden of her
grief she hesitates to contemplate working
again.
As her first director in major roles, I
have followed Norma Shearer through
glamour girl and noble woman roles. I
have followed her through one of the most
beautiful of the screen's private lives.
The stage had its Sarah Bernhardt. The
screen has Norma Shearer. She, a truly
distinct and outstanding screen personality,
has the ability to portray gracious women
in a lovely way. Her performances spell
refinement and culture. Off the screen or
on it, at home or on the lot, she is regal.
And now, from the crucible of her suf-
fering, she will emerge more beautiful,
deeper, more understanding.

Don't let this small-town scene fool you. It is only rural atmos-
phere on the back lot of the 20th Century-Fox Studio. Alice
Faye and Michael Whalen are seen taking the turn on high.

REGINAHD BARKER, whose reputation
is of such caliber that he is big enough
to admit a mistake, even as grave a one as
failing to see the latest talent in such a
star as Norma Shearer, has for many years
been a leading director of Hollywood. Throu-
ging the late H. I. Luce brought him from New York,
where he had been stage director for Henry
Miller, and under Barker tutelage such stars as
William S. Hart, Louise Glaum, Dorothy
Dalto, Charles Ray and others of silent fame
started their careers.
Since the advent of the talkies Mr. Barker
has directed a number of all star produc-
tions for various independent studios.
**Why I Married John Barrymore**

*Continued from page 33*

reading matter. I told her to come along.

ELAINE reached over and patted Mr. Barrymore's hand. It was sweet of you, John. I was so—so—and. And why shouldn't I have called? If Clark Gable were ill in a New York hospital wouldn't a lot of girls he didn't know try to visit him? I can't imagine that John.

"I'll never forget the day I sat beside John Barrymore's bed, I wasn't timid. Somehow it seemed that I belonged there. I read a poem that I had written, described my theatrical ambitions and what I had learned from studying his roles. He encouraged me, urged me to persevere. He coached me in reading certain dramatic passages. It was a thrilling visit."

"Didn't you know Mr. Barrymore was a married man?" I interrupted.

"Oh, yes." Elaine replied. "I was quite aware of it. I also knew that he had been separated from Dolores Costello for more than a year before I met him and had started divorcing proceedings, and that nobody seemed alarmed whether he lived or died in that hospital, nobody but me. I believe that my visits improved his mental state of mind a great deal. I face the memory, I remember how delighted I felt one day when the doctor informed me that John could leave the hospital in a week or two. Imagine how John rang the bell to our Riverside Drive apartment that same night. It was a bitter cold night. John, becoming restless, had foolishly left his hospital bed convinced that he was cured."

"John was mistaken. He was still a sick man. Mother realized it that night. She stepped inside the door. She took his temperature. It was 104. We insisted on keeping him overnight. It would have been fatal for him to venture out again. The apartment was small so we phoned father to remain downtown and sleep in a hotel room. Father was puzzled. What was the matter? It was John who laughed at me when I explained that John Barrymore was occupying his bed." Mr. Barrymore laughed. He did so every time Elaine recalls the incident.

"But seriously," Mr. Barrymore continued, "Elaine and Edna saved my life that night. I was critically ill. I remained in that bed for several days. The girls were fine nurses. They pulled me through."

"When John felt stronger he insisted on giving me dramatic instruction. I was in a seventh heaven. The greatest American actor, the man I adored, was living in my home and teaching me the rudiments of the profession we both loved. There was but one thing more I desired. I wanted to become Mrs. John Barrymore. We had fallen in love. I knew we should marry. And he did. He married me happily whereas other women had failed. I wanted his arms around me always. I'd be the last and best Mrs. John Barrymore."

As Elaine spoke so sincerely, I recalled the scandalous interpretation certain newspapers had begun smearing on the famous actor.

"Those New York tabloids were dispicable," Elaine snapped, dark eyes flashing.

"They distorted the facts. Their contemptible lies have no foundation. John was a good sport. He took it like a gentleman, and avoided any controversy. I distinctly recall one story which described us being having ridiculously at a night club. We actually spent that night at home—John, mother and myself—playing "jacks" on the living room floor."

Then coming along, his cavalcade John's business affairs were in a tangled mess. He discussed them with mother. She's a good business woman. She helped John settle a number of financial problems that had been causing him a lot of heart. Previously he had been surrounded by persons in whom he had lost confidence.

"Then came that delicious night when John informed mother and father that we were betrothed. We would be married when his divorce from Dolores Costello became final. He made the announcement more delightful by insisting that I must not forsake my other love, the stage. He had confidence in me and my dramatic talent and intended to help me prove that marriage and a career can be successfully blended.

"A few days afterwards we joined John for a cruise on his yacht. It was a heavenly trip, even if the newspapers capitalized on it to make us appear notorious. Then we made a radio appearance together—"Miss Simone and John Barrymore" with complete confidence. John "blew" some of his lines. Guess he was too concerned over making me good.

"What about that Ariel and Caliban cross continent chase?" I asked.

"Wasn't that dreadful?" Elaine shuddered. "And so much misrepresented. Nobody knew my true reason for chasing John across the country. I'll tell you the truth. John was the victim of a despicable plot. He was spirited from New York and placed aboard a train for California to prevent exposure of irregularity in the handling of his business affairs which would have been extremely embarrassing to certain persons. Later the details were partly aired in the Los Angeles columns."

I pursued John to prevent these plots from causing him financial loss. I became discouraged on reaching Kansas City and returned home. They kept me away from John. And John felt capable of handling the situation alone.

"The rest of our romance is history of more recent vintage. I came to Hollywood and the late Irving Thalberg gave me a screen contract with M-G-M. I made numerous tests, but there was no opportunity to place me in a picture. "John and I were together again. Nothing else mattered. During the making of Romeo and Juliet John rehearsed his lines with me. It was exciting—doing Shakespeare together.

"And now we are married. And house hunting. Maybe we'll find a place by the sea. And I love it. Later we'll go east and do a stage show together. It will be wonderful. Imagine me—John Barrymore's leading lady. Perhaps we'll play every theatre. And we'll have our own row of worshippers. It would be glorious."

I, Mr. Barrymore winked mischievously at Elaine. Mr. Sapiro rustled a new bundle of important looking documents. The phone rang. Somebody else was at the door. There was an answer. And with a play down in the lobby. Graciously, Mrs. Jacobs escorted me to the door. "They don't have much privacy," she sighed.
COTY has a perfume to fit your every mood, and if you, too, wish to glamorize your moods with scent, it will be worth your while to examine this famous line. For your impromptu dates which mean going out directly from the office, you'll find the "Purser" a real aid. The "Purser" in this case is not a seafaring gentleman who aims to give service, but Coty's charming new purse container for your perfume. A gold toned metal case with a modernistic design protects it from breakage... and you from going perfumeless to your dinner date. The price of the "Purser" filled with L'Aimant, L'Origan, Paris, Emeraude or Chypre is $1.00, or with Styx $1.35.

Heroes of romance always have scented hair. And the Ogilvie Sisters have come to the rescue of the romanceless members of their sex with special hair perfumes warranted to make the gentleman who dances with you think twice at least about romance. The first came out about two years ago. It is called Aura. The second, in response to enthusiastic demand of Aura users, was just recently put out, and it rejoices in the name of Halo. An Aura might be an aura of sophistication, but the Halo definitely suggests sainthood. Try them both and see whether it is an Aura or a Halo that your personality needs to enhance it. Both add gloss and luster to the hair and will help to keep your wave intact. With atomizer the price is $1.25, without atomizer $1.25.

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If you're gadget minded—and who isn't nowadays?—you won't be able to resist Mary Dunhill's latest idea to delight the perfume-covetous. Mary Dunhill is the creator of the delightful "Flowers of Devonshire" perfume, and her latest creation is a perfume ring, no less. It looks like the kind of ring anyone with lovely thoughts of you might present to ornament your hand and delight your soul with a combination of silver and pearl. But there's a catch to it, and it isn't the kind of catch some rings have. The pearl in the ring can be unscrewed and the compartment beneath filled with perfume (cotton absorbs the scent). And then you can point your finger at anyone with impunity. The ring comes at $5.00... or you can buy for $2 each a Mary Dunhill compact and lipstick with their own ornamental perfume containers.

Sachet is enjoying a revival of popularity, and what daintier way is there of having scented lingerie and hankies than to put them lovingly to bed with old-fashioned sachet bags? Lentheric, famous house of perfumes, offers two styles of quaint pattern, one shaped like a flower basket which is designed for frock hangers, and the other a fringed bag tied with a bowknot to tuck into dresser drawers and handkerchief cases. The bags come in different color satin to represent a long list of Lentheric scents and to match your individual color scheme. The Sachet Bags (3 in a box) are $2 and the Sachet Baskets are 75 cents each.

And while we're on the subject of old-fashioned fragrance brought up to date, have you heard about Odoricide put out by

[Continued on page 75]

Melt it Smooth ... Instantly!

WON'T TAKE MAKE-UP?

How skin roughens. Dead, dried-out particles on top scuff loose, catch powder. You can melt them off!

Skin Flaky?

Skin Flaky?

8-Piece

Pond's, Dept. 8-VB, Clinton, Conn.

Rush 8-piece package containing

Chambray brand Sachet for your

Lentheric's Sachet Bags

and lentheric's Sachet Baskets.

4 Sachet Baskets

and 4 Sachet Bags.

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Street.

City.

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When answering advertisements, please mention February Movie Classic.
by Beecham's Laboratory? It's a violet-scented deodorant that accomplishes a double purpose with a minimum expenditure of effort. Just sprinkle a few drops on a piece of cotton and apply. Faint violet fragrance nullifies any unpleasant odors and excess perspiration is checked. Priced at 55 cents and $1 a bottle.

Perfumes users who know warn those who don't about the atomizer that doesn't accomplish its purpose. A line of atomizers that's sure to please your practical as well as your aesthetic sense is the De Vilbiss, offering a vast assortment of exquisite styles to fit your tastes and your purse. What's more, an evaporation and leak-proof closure assures you that when your perfume evaporates it's going to evaporate to your advantage.

You can wear orange blossoms tomorrow? Or at least you can carry the aura of their fragrance with you to remind you of what has been, what might have been, or what might be again. You take your choice of reminders and keep your hands soft at the same time. Chamberlain's Lotion is the inspired preparation which, aside from the heavenly scent, I can recommend highly to the woman who is fastidious about a skin softener of multiple uses. The price is 50 cents.

Can you think of anything that starts the day out better than emerging like a flower, dew-covered, from the morning shower? Somehow, it seems to give us courage to face the demands of the workaday. La Vall has a cold-cream base soap whose delightful perfume is sure to give you this incomparable feeling of freshness. La Val- lière is the name, and it's right. ...you wear it around your neck on a cord while you're showering. It comes, cellophane wrapped, in five dainty colors and the price, cord and all, is 60 cents.

Don't neglect your furniture in your resolve to glamorize your life with scents. There's a new paint sachet put out by Charm House, in ever so many fragrances suitable for lingerie, furs or linens. The paint is applied with a little wooden ladle and will keep dresser drawers and closets scented for weeks and weeks. The price is $1.00 for a carton of three applications.

**Perfume Preferred**

[Continued from page 81]
THE fashion supremacy of the world will be definitely and openly challenged by Hollywood for the first time in history when the Associated Apparel Manufacturers in their spring style show January 13, 1937, in the Biltmore Bowl will offer creations from the famed designers of the studios. These designs will be selected by Sally Martin, fashion editor of Fawcett Publications, Inc.

The entire show will be sponsored by Fawcett Magazines, and invitations to attend will be issued to buyers and merchandise executives throughout the world. Only these style authorities will be admitted. Miss Martin will be the directress of the show. She has been active in the fashion field both in the United States and Europe for the past ten years. Hollywood, she strongly insists, is, or should be, the logical center for fashions. She bases her belief on the fact that studios have imported to America the world’s most famous style expert to design fashions for film stars who exert a great influence upon the attire of the world through the medium of the screen.

HERETOFORE the Associated Apparel Manufacturers only clothes on display at formal meetings were those designed by the wholesale designers. This year the manufacturers have agreed that the background of the Fawcett fashion editor qualified her to select from the studio designers outstanding fashions which she feels will, in the very near future, have a decided influence on fashion trends of New York and Paris.

Will Paris abdicate to Hollywood?

Will Hollywood take over the fashion throne now shared jointly by New York and Paris?

The selection of Miss Martin is a splendid tribute to the supremacy in the feminine field of Fawcett’s Woman’s Group.

NEW DISCOVERY GIVES THOUSANDS 10 TO 25 LBS.—IN A FEW WEEKS!

IF you are "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 lovely color, new pep and charm, loads of strength and popularity.

New body-building discovery

Scientists recently discovered that thousands of people are thin and run-down 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 live yeast. By a new process the finest imported cultured live yeast is now concentrated 7 times, making it 7 times more powerful. Plus it is combined with 5 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 to aid in building you up, get these new 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 the curve develop and slenderness come 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 run-down you may be from lack of sufficient Vitamin B and iron, these new, patented Ironized Yeast tablets should aid in building you up in just a few weeks, as they have helped thousands to get the benefits of the very best package, money back instantly.

Special FREE offer

To start thousands building on their health right away, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package or 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, "How Parts About Your Body?" Free member, results with the very first package—or money refunded. Address Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 235, Atlanta, Ga.

When answering advertisements, please mention February Movie Classic
Sensational
How To Often
LOSE FAT
7 to 62 Pounds Quickly
Without Thyroid Extract, Diabete
phenol, Hot Baths, Starvation Dieting, or Enforced Exercising—
So You Can Improve Your Figure and Get to Feeding Better
DELICIOUS AND REFRESHING
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Orange Pekoe
and HERB TEA

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Orange Pekoe Tea you drink 15 months before you lost and that
plastic pleasant, purely vegetable GERMANIA HERB TEA,
which you serve each day, together with pleasant with your diet,
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making intestinal toxins or poisons on the decrease, so
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UNLESS REMOVED ROOT AND ALL

Amazing New Method Removes
Corn for Good!

WHEN you danger
quietly return
corn at home, you merely trim the surface. The root
remains imbedded in the toe. Soon the corn comes
back bigger, more painful than ever. That's why
millions of Americans are adopting these old-fash
ioned methods and now use this new easy double-action
Blue Jay method. The pain occurs instantly
by removing the pressure, then that entire corn lift
off root and all in three short days (exceptionally
stubborn cases may require a second application)
Blue Jay is a modern medicated tiny plaster. Easy
to use, invisible. Get Blue Jay today.

FREE OFFER: We will be glad to send one Blue
Jay absolutely free to anyone who has a corn, to
prove that it pain instantly, removes the corn completely. Just send your name and address to
Dr. Thomas A. Dowler, 142 South Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill. Act quickly before this trial offer expires. Write today.

A plug of dead corns root-like in form and position. It
will serve as focal point for continued development.

Hollywood’s Newest It-Man

(Continued from page 57)

disapproval, his lack of any financial assis
ance, and without the first idea of how
amusing young upstarts go about becom
great actors, Craig set out to do some
thing. His is an art world of backrooms
where the family were concerned,—"to
grin and bear them."

He got a job shingling roofs, then a
steadier one in a parking station,
then a better paid one driving a lumber
truck, and six months later a soft-collar
d position as assistant manager for the lum
ber yard. All the while he was seeking
little theatre contacts—and what was equally
important and just as difficult—saving
over fifty percent of everything he made.
In a few months, the assistant manager's
job began to cramp his plans. It required
longer hours, which if continued, would
necessitate giving up the little theatre
work evenings. So he resigned. What to
do next?

Enter Frank—for it was Frank who
promptly answered that question. A tall,
lanky, wide-creamed fellow, Frank had
been a school buddy of Craig's. That real
kind of buddy, with the capacity for lik
ing and knowing which has no decrease
with time or neglect, the kind who's
around whether you need him or not, but
always when you need him. Frank stepped
forth with a bright and timely suggestion.

"There's a fella with a peanut, popcorn
and hamburger stand who wants to sell
you. With a bucket of paint tossed over it,
'd be a sweet little cart. At least, you
could be your own boss, keep your own
hours, and act your head off if you liked."

Craig thought both arms up and clasped
them high over his head. It's a character
istic gesture when anything pleases him
beyond expression. "How do you like
your hamburgers?" he whooped.

Within an hour the "cart" was Craig's,
Frank his partner, and the Craig Reynolds
Frank Cline (Unlimited) had opened for
business.

The Reynolds boy's trait for "pushing"
forward always to something bigger and
better than the present offer, was evid
ced in his ambition for that hamburger stand. They would make it
a chain—something superior, an important
income. And in six months they were well
on their way to doing just that. With five
stands flourishing, they were prepared to
finance three more, when Craig met Jos
ephine Marie Dowler, a local little theatre
organizer. She asked him to join her company—Craig sold out to Frank—and
financially independent, at least for a time,
he turned all his interests to acting.

In a short few months, he joined the
Pasadena Community Little Theatre,
the most highly regarded training
school for young people in this part of the
country, and there he met the woman to whom
he today credits his bid for success—Vera
Gordon. The noted actress selected him
for her new production of the play, The
Sketch, which ran on Broadway for a
year—during which time Universal scouts
spotted him and handed him a ticket back
to Hollywood.

That's all I could find out about Craig
Reynolds—that is, from Craig Reynolds.
An eager, ambitious, hard-working
loving guy, this spectacular-looking young
man will tell you what a swell fellow
that person is, who a grand girl this one is,
how much he admires the acting of Wil-

Are your nerves on edge?

If your day begins with
backache, headache, or
periodic pains, you
need the tonic effect
of Dr. Pierce's Favorite
Prescription, which has
been helping women in
every state in the
Union. Your favorite druggist
will supply you with this old reliable vegetable tonic
which increases the appetite and
strengthens the body. Women
everywhere praise it.

Buy now! New size, tablets 50 cents.
Write to Dr. Pierce's Clinic, Buffalo,
N.Y. for free medical advice.

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Killed Permanently

In bare, body or grave with no
possessions. [He] burned the
dress. Guaranteed to

Hollywood to forget about

Round, smooth, beautiful

Small, broken, ugly

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...a smart guy from Hollywood. He's Craig's a boyish trust in people. Anyone always had a sense of fair play. Craig was a leader in his profession, a man who always put his heart into his work.

But Frank didn't have to tell me a story to prove it. I happened to be at a hotel night spot one evening where Craig was staging it with a group of friends. The hour was late when the party broke up and on the way through the deserted lounge to get his car, Craig came across a girl, buried in one of the divans desperately ill. A lady in real distress, deserted by her escort, and left to face an awkward situation when the night policeman made his rounds. In a moment Craig had called the hotel doctor, phoned for a taxi, and sent the girl home. The little "gallantry" cost him twenty dollars. The girl lived over twenty miles from Holly-wood, and the doctor's fee came high at that hour in the morning.

Meeting Craig Reynolds personally, one is promptly aware of the magnetism which currently has half a dozen and more of Hollywood's most popular girls eager for his attentions. The way he shakes your hand, looks you direct in the eye, holds your eyes fast for a moment and then releases them with a mischievous lift of the brow. A flash of white glinting teeth, then, and a voice smooth and rich in masculinity saying "hello." Phew! But don't say I didn't warn you—that here indeed is the screen's most exciting new romantic.

Ferdinand Gravet, idol of the French stage co-stars with Joan Blondell in Mervyn LeRoy's The King and the Chorus Girl

ALL I CAN SAY IS — YOU'RE NOT THE SWEETHEART I MARRIED!

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When answering advertisements, please mention February Movie Classic 85
"All right," and he shrugged his shoulders; "then sign this." He made me sign a statement freeing the studio from all responsibility for the consequences, and then told me I'd find the Ritz Brothers having lunch at the studio's Cafe de Paris. Oh, boy! I knew from then on, I'm going to try to really sell those gobs, without embellishment of any kind, and honestly. I've told it to the nice doctors here, and they merely said, "Yes, it's just that you really prove it. I'm crazy." However—

I FOUND the three of them sitting at a table, looking like nice young men. "This," said the person who introduced me, "is a writer. He wants to interview you.

Up jumped the three Ritzes, the very souls of courtesy. Each stuck out his hand. I grabbed at one of them—later I found it was Sam. "I make it," As we talked, a horrid, ghastly, clammy feeling smote me. I screamed and dropped his hand, and as I did so, a raw oyster plumped shamed on the floor. Harry had had the oyster in his hand. Now only heaven knows what the others had in their hands; I'm only telling about Harry. And you can imagine how much I felt about people who have raw oysters in their hand.

"Let's," said Al Ritz, who's one of the short ones (Harry is the tall one; the other two wear monograms on their shirts so you can tell which is Al and which is Jim, except when they swap shirts) "go onto the set. They had some rehearsing to do, and we're to go to the set. (Where that was down. If I'd just sneaked out then, I could have escaped. But I went to the set with them.)

So no sooner had we popped inside the door than a man began screaming. It was Director Sidney Lanfield.

"Get out," he yelled. "Get out and stay out. I've got to shoot this picture, and you're not in a scene now. Get off this set."

So the Ritz Brothers paid no attention to all. They merely formed into single file and did an Off To Buffalo right across the stage, while Lanfield tore at his hair. They waved him good-bye and kissed and chucked off one another. "Papa Sid, I commented Harry to me, "he doesn't like us on the set except when we're in a scene. He says we interfere with his pictures."

"Just because," explained Jim, "we stayed nice and quiet on the sidelines when Menjou was working in a serious scene. We didn't do anything at all—except talk up our sleeves. I said, up my sleeve, of course: 'Gee, there's that Menjou again. Well, Menjou is all right, but if I had only some swallow lines like lines he'd be better. And maybe if the Ritz Brothers were in there instead of Menjou it'd be better, too. If it wasn't for the Ritz Brothers this picture wouldn't be very good."

"It's because of your eye contact," Al explained, "and your touch."

"And anyway," broke in Al, "was there any reason for Director Sid Lanfield to get mad the other day, just because Harry, he's such a careful chump, climbed up on the catwalks and pulled a fire alarm?"

"No, that was just his voice and gave orders about replacing the lights and whole scene was wrecked." And anyway, why didn't the electricians recognize his

Putting On the Ritz

[Continued from page 46]
IOA] asked, "Is that all?"

"Why," explained Harry, "we're going to do a number burlesquing the three bad men of the screen. I'm Karloff."

"And," shot in Jim, "I'm Lugosi."

Al said: "I'm Lorre—you know Lorre?"

"What Lorre?" I asked, like a sap.

"Lorre, Lorre, HALLELOOOOO- yah . . . !" screamed all three, and went into another dance wherein Harry (he's the tall one) stood in the center, while Al and Jim danced to and fro on each side of him. Harry touched his finger to the top of his head and twirled and twirled and twirled, and then Al stuck his finger in Jim's eye, and Jim slapped Al, and Al slapped Jim, and Jim slapped Al and Al slapped Jim and then Jim challenged Al to a duel and gave him his card and Al gave Jim his card, and then they exchanged cards once more. That made four cards, so Harry stopped twirling and Al pointed at the cards and yelled "Ah! four aces!!!" and then they all slapped me, and said "ha ha."

He said "ha ha," but I didn't have any cards to hand 'em so I was licked at the start!

"Hey," I yelled, "I came here for an interview. I want an interview . . . !"

INTO a ring-around-the-rosie they went, with me in the middle, although I've never been a rosie before.

"Tell me," I begged, "something about yourselves."

They all sat down. Harry pointed at Jim and began to talk. Jim pointed at Al, and began to talk. Al pointed at Harry and began to talk. Each began talking about the other at the same time, so this was what they did:

"Our Hollywood yes family is pop name swell was is but a clown Joachim but we can't that's we'll like take how the name it too we of the Hotel Ritz serious got instead we this way . . .

"Nuts!" I yelled. They all snapped to attention. "One at a time, please," I protested. For a moment, they were silent.

"I said," Harry, "that our pop was a clown and that's how we got this way. He was a famous stage clown but he drowned at home too, in front of us, and look at us now."

"And I," I said Al, "was explaining that our family name is Joachim (we were born in Newark, do you mind?) but when we went on the stage we liked the name of the Hotel Ritz better so we took that."

And I said "I was just trying to tell you, if these brothers of mine wouldn't but in, that Hollywood is swell but we can't take it seriously or should we?"

"You're really brothers?" I asked, being reduced to dithering naiveté by now.

"Sure. Triplets. Born a couple of years apart," said Al.

[Continued on page 88]
Putting on the Ritz
(Continued from page 87)

“We’ve been brothers ever since,” added Jim.

“Except when I’m Leslie Howard,” shot in Harry, and off they went again.

“Let’s get back to the interview,” I begged; “are you married?”

“Yes.”

“No.”

“Maybe.”

“Who,” I yelled, “said yes?”

“Me,” I’ve been married eight years,” said Al.

“Who said no?” I prompted.

“Jim.”

“And who said maybe, and why?” I wanted to know.

“Me,” said Harry. “Walter Winchell said in his column that I’m married, so I wired him and said, ‘Dear Walter please send me my wife’s name and address because I’ve never met her, but he never answered me so I don’t know whether I’m married or not. Do you know Al has a bump on his head?”

“What’s being married got to do with a bump on Al’s head?” I asked. “Ha ha,” said Harry and Jim, “maybe but this time Al didn’t get it that way. He got it from a scene we were shooting. It’s where we’re supposed to go into a backwoods lodge and we are assigned to an attic room and it has a low ceiling and when we straighten up, we bump our heads. Only Sid Lanfield, when he’s in the room, made us shoot that ‘take’ seventeen times, so Al has a bump on his head. Come over here and we’ll show you.”

So like a say, I never there. I followed them to a set with a low doorway.

“Look out,” warned the Ritz Brothers, “that doorway is low. So I ducked, I ducked, thanking them for their warning and being suddenly convinced they were nice fellows after all to warn a guy like that.

“Fine,” they chorused as I stepped through the low doorway without bumping my head. “Now, we’re through.”

So I straightened up and wham!!! someone hit the ceiling.

The ceiling in the room I’d just entered was about five feet high, only “Ha ha,” yelled Al, “Ha ha!” screamed Jim. “Ha Ha Ha!” bowled Harry, “that’s how Al bumped his head, too. Ha ha ha ha haaahahahaaahaaa . . .”

And it was right there that I started screaming. They’ve told me, in my quiet moments since, that I started clawing at Harry and Al and Jim, and jumped up and down and yelled things.

And then they brought me here. I’m not allowed to have any knives or ropes or things like that. But I can have visitors. And I guess the Ritz Brothers are really nice boys after all, and sorry for what they did to me.

Nice boys, aren’t they?

I’m told, too, that I’ll be all right by the time one or two million is released. But the doctors say I must never, never, never go near the picture. They say it’ll give me a permanent relapse, and that I’ll be crazy for keeping them and will have to stay in here forever.

Well, maybe I’m crazy. But I’m not so crazy that I can figure this one out.

If I’m in here, then why—WHY IN THE NAME OF ALL THAT’S FAIR—ARE THE RITZ BROTHERS STILL AT LARGE!!
Jubilee

[Continued from page 20]

Hackett and O'Neill were magnetic. Minnie Maddern Fiske agreed to make *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*. It was at this time that John Barrymore signed with Famous Players.

**MARY PICKFORD** also at this time came into the group. Miss Pickford first had played a child part in the Belasco stage production *The Warrens of Virginia*. Then under the guidance of David Wark Griffith, she became the "Biograph Girl!" or "Little Mary, the Girl with the Curls." Her name was unknown to the picture-going public. Belasco re-engaged her in 1911 for *The Good Little Devil*, which became a major hit of the season and enabled her to gain personal recognition.

When the play run ended, Famous Players purchased the screen rights. Thus armed, Zukor approached Miss Pickford and the outcome of the negotiations was a contract under the terms of which she was to receive $30,000 a year. Neither dreamed that by 1916 Miss Pickford's guarantee would climb to $10,000 a week.

As Famous Players progressed in the East, history also was being made in Hollywood.

Jesse L. Lasky and Cecil B. DeMille, with Samuel Goldwyn as third partner, had organized the Lasky Feature Play Company. Dustin Farnum, starred in their first picture, *The Squaw Man* was offered $5,000 in stock for his services. He elected, instead, to take a salary, a choice which, not long after, proved to have been a sorry one.

DeMille, with his star, had left New York for Flagstaff, Arizona, in search of locations, landed finally in Hollywood and at the corner of Vine Street and Selma Avenue in the midst of a lemon grove, acquired a barn as a studio.

The deal for the property was closed on December 16, 1913 and their *Squaw Man* went into production December 29, 1913.

Upon viewing the Farnum picture in New York later, Famous Players' Zukor was impressed and telephoned conclusions to Jesse Lasky. The incident led to a friendship between the two and eventually the merging of their interests as Famous Players-Lasky.

Thus the building which has come to be known as the Lasky barn, and which stands today in a place of honor on the Paramount studio lot, was the birthplace of Paramount pictures in Hollywood.

James O'Neill, James K. Hackett and Minnie Maddern Fiske, three grand old trouper Kings who played their part in Adolph Zukor 25 years ago have passed on to their rewards.

They will be missed when Mr. Zukor on his birthday night January 7th, plays host at his Silver Jubilee dinner to those who have been associated with him during Paramount's development.

Yet there remains a vivid momento of those days—a carefully preserved and almost perfect negative of Sarah Bernhardt's *Queen Elizabeth*.

**NEXT MONTH**

ARE you the Perfect Wife—

asks Wm. Powell

Be Sure to Read It!

When answering advertisements, please mention February Movie Classic
We’re Telling You
[Continued from page 6]

WHO IS MADELEINE CARROLL’S HUSBAND? requests J.M.

WHAT IS MARY BRIAN’S REAL NAME? quizzes L.T.
Mary Louise Dentzler.

IS FERNAND GRAVET THE WORLD’S WEALTHIEST ACTOR? writes E.P.
Not exactly, though he is quite wealthy. But the bulk of the Gravet fortune belongs to Mme Gravet, née Jane Renouardt, the toast of Paris.

WHY DOESN’T MARY PICK-FORD’S COUSIN, ISABELLE SHERIDAN, GO IN PICTURES? queries J.S.
Though talented and beautiful she refuses to ascend on her cousin’s merits. She has been stand-in for many famous feminine stars, but her time has not been wasted. She has collected material and absorbed atmosphere for an inside novel and a series of articles about the real Hollywood. She now has a 100,000 word piece of fiction almost ready for the publisher.

WHAT IS MAE WEST’S FAVORITE PASTIME, J.E. inquires.
One of her most amusing is to listen to “Mae West jokes.”

IS MONTE BLUE STILL AROUND? L.J. wants to know.
Yes, and he’s beginning a comeback with “Secret Agent X-9.”

WHAT WAS ADOLPH ZUKOR’S FIRST FILM? queries J.J.
Queen Elizabeth, starring Sarah Bernhardt, had him all the action in a 15 minute reel. It will be reproduced for Zukor’s Silver Jubilee, but will probably look very weird to modern screen-goers.

The Utterly Balmy
Home Life of CAROLE LOMBARD

"Fieldsie," secretary, confidante, manager, advisor, etc., etc., to Carole Lombard, gives MOTION PICTURE readers a glimpse of the utterly, utterly balmy home life of the Lombard and her menage. Read this terribly amusing story in the February issue, together with a host of other stories about Hollywood’s sophisticates written especially for the sophisticated fans. And when we say sophisticates—we mean such stars as Katharine Hepburn, Miriam Hopkins, Ginger Rogers, Charles Boyer, Wallace Beery, Merle Oberon, Gladys Swarthout, Pat O’Brien. These cinemalites and many others appear in the February issue, now on sale at your favorite newsstand.

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Three Weeks With Garbo

[Continued from page 31]

the Spanish ambassador wore—all custom-made, the stage during paintings hanging in the Prado museum of Madrid. John Gilbert was the Spanish ambassador.

THAT day, when I reported for work, I was expected to report in my authentic uniform as a Spanish officer of the 17th century. Garbo came on the stage promptly at 9 o'clock in the morning. Suddenly emerging from her portable dressing-room at the farthest corner of the huge sound stage, in quick, long, panther-like steps she walked up to her throne, where a colored maid trailing behind her with a make-up box. She wore soft-soled slippers, and carried the long robes of her royal robe bound up under her arms. On reaching the throne, she turned around, and facing us directly, said “Good morning.” in a barely audible voice, her eyes glistened sweet with a shy smile. The cameras are always loaded, the lights set at the proper angles, everything and everybody is ready as soon as Garbo steps up on the stage.

We had to do the throne-room sequence. The Spanish ambassador had just arrived at the palace to present his credentials to Queen Christina. To the thumping music of the “March of the Toreadors” from Carmen we beplumed magnificoes went through our paces, marching ten abreast behind Gilbert, our left fists gripping the tasseled hilt of our swords. As we came to within a few feet of the throne, occupied by Garbo as a majestic queen of ethereal beauty, we flourished our gorgeous hats in unison, one-two-three, and bowed before her in studied veneration. She enjoyed the courtly homage we thus paid her, like a young girl playing “queen.”

Every morning she arrived at the studio promptly at 7 o'clock, and was driven in her old limousine directly to her dressing-room at the end of the old dressing-room line. There, in strict privacy, she had her breakfast, rehearsed her lines, and got ready for the day’s grind. She was on the stage at 9 o'clock sharp. At the end of every scene she retired immediately to her portable dressing room, four “flats” slotted together. Here, she remained in seclusion until the director, Rouben Mamoulian, called her again.

At 12 o'clock she was driven back to her dressing room, where, alone or with Mamoulian, she had her lunch. She likes chicken broth, herrings, European cheeses, and plain vegetable salad with sour-cream dressing. She makes the salad herself, in her dressing room. It must be just so. She was back on the stage at one o'clock, and always left at 5. In all the years she has spent in Hollywood she has worked after 5 only twice—once 8 minutes past 5, and another time 20 minutes past 5, I believe.

I’LL never forget the hushed atmosphere on the stage during her presence. We spoke in whispers, and moved about on tiptoe. Not by order, but because, almost subconsciously, everyone on us was affected by a strange reverence for this un-earthly woman, so close to us, and yet so remote and untouchable. She never spoke to anyone on the set except Mamoulian—not even to Gilbert. Gilbert, it was said, had wept from joy when the studio gave him the part after an all-night huddle, thus resigning him with Garbo for the first time in five years. He was very nervous.

[Continued on page 92]
has one of the lesser roles in the picture, played the piano and sang delightful little songs between scenes. "I wonder if you could make him to play my favorite song," Garbo said to Cukor apologetically. "Certainly," Cukor said, "what is it?" "Harlem's On My Mind," the great tragedian of the screen replied. And Rex, a huge Englishman, 6 feet 3 inches tall and weighing 275 lbs, obliged her by playing Harlem's On My Mind several tunes.

"She seems very cheerful, which no doubt is due to Cukor's influence. He likes fun. During the filming of an intimate love scene with Taylor a fly kept buzzing around and spoiling the takes. Cukor made a crack about flies, and she nearly died laughing. She doesn't retire to her dressing room after each scene as she used to do in previous pictures. Now she stays around, and watches the work of other players. She chats with the electricians and the prop men, and likes riding on the camera around the stage during 'trucking' shots. The other day she took part in a gay birthday party given by Miss. Aldrich, formerly of the Metropolitan Opera, who is now in Garbo's company. In former days, she always made the short trip to her dressing room in a closed limousine. Now, you can see her walking boldly to her dressing room. She still has the old place, and wouldn't move to newer quarters. But I don't know how she lives. Her home address remains a dark secret. Although she seems to be more cheerful than I've ever seen her, her private life is still shrouded in a veil of mystery."

I remember a conversation I had with Marlene Dietrich some time ago. 'I envy Garbo,' she said. 'Mystery is a woman's greatest charm. I wish I could be mysterious like her. I don't want people to know everything about me! Garbo never gives any interviews. I wish I could do the same.'

Bob Taylor, Garbo's 17th leading man, has joined her "Know-Nothing" party. The other day, as we limched together in the M.G.M. commissary, I questioned him about her, but he wouldn't talk. He just looked at me with avacuous expression in his eyes, and asked me how I liked my salad. Much has been written about the famous Garbo crew, who always work in every one of her pictures. Bill Daniels, her cameraman, and Adrian, who designs the stage clothes she wears, are considered among her closest friends. Yet none of these men will talk about her, for fear she might throw them over if they did. I cannot imagine a more cruel remark about Garbo than to say her silence and seclusion is a publicity stunt. Anyone who has seen Garbo off screen knows how genuine is her fear of crowds—it's really a phobia—and that she is the kind of person, gifted with a high poetic sensitivity, who is destined to walk alone in this life. To mistake her pose for a publicity gag is the most unfair thing that could be done to Garbo. Not that she doesn't read what people write about her. She reads every line. Recently she complained to her hairdresser that they are writing too much about her again.

After 12 years, the greatest artist of the screen, aを通 through the bizarre whirligig of movie town in her own sweet solitary way, a fugitive wraith of a unique, lovable, enigmatic woman.

Wm. Powell asks—"Are You the Perfect Wife?" Read the answers in March MOVIE CLASSIC.
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OCCUPANCY COUPON

![Image of a coupon for occupancy, with fields for address and city, state, and an offer to save on hotels in Florida.]

A Steele-Point Etching of Ronald Colman

[Continued from page 16]
for cameramen to light.

He never goes to fortune-tellers. He believes talking pictures have lost much by leaving less to the imagination. He says E.T. was meant to be seen rather than heard. His father was a silk importer of modest circumstances.

In The First Battle of Ypres as a member of Lord Kitchener’s famous “Contemptibles.” He appeared in school theatricals when a boy. He is reticent and makes an unobtrusive demand for privacy. He appears Latin rather than English. In 1920 he arrived in New York with $37, three clean collars, and two letters of introduction. He married Miss Thelma Raye just after the war while they were appearing together in a spy melodrama. Before the war he had several magazine articles published. As a youth he was shy of girls and was given to silent and distant adoration. He does not dance the tango.

He likes to play poker and is lucky at gambling. He does not like air travel. He is fond of German musical pictures. He was employed in a silk mill at heart and believes that naturalization is a needless gesture unless there is an important reason.

He enjoys his business of acting. He is five feet, eleven inches tall. His first important role on the stage was in Brieux’s Damaged Goods. His first job was with the British Steamship Company at a salary of $2.50 a week. He demands the right to live as he chooses; quietly, with dignity, enjoying the peace and contentment that is a man’s privilege in his leisure. He has never owned a boat but some day plans to get one. He does not play bridge. He likes to dance and dislikes the radio. He ranks principle above policy and fights stubbornly to keep faith with himself. He considers a man fortunate who can afford to put up such a fight. Someday he plans to retire and make life itself an occupation.

He does not believe in continuing to work for big money, per se, after security is attained, unless there is gratification in the work itself. He is descended from the Gnome Sylvester of Connecticut; his brother theatrical fame. No other relatives since have been identified with the theater. He likes costumes and uniforms but refuses to do anything war work unless, although the Dark Angel was one of his best pictures. He was one of the three to build a beach house at Malibu. He has no hobbies. English divorce laws and residence in different countries made it difficult for him to obtain a divorce. He is now divorced. His first picture was a two-reel comedy. It was never released, much to his relief.

He was disabled at Messines, near Ypres, in 1917. He appeared in Le Tendresse supporting Ruth Chatterton and Henry Miller. He was discovered in this by Henry King with the result that he played the lead opposite Lillian Gish in The White Sister. He played in Los Angeles in the road company of East Is West back in 1921 but the movies did not think him a good type.

He is very English at heart. He has a scar paralleled with his right eyebrow which he got in a fall at the age of four. He would not have the period of ten years, pure for the degradation from Guy B. Shaw in which the Irish dramatist adorns play producers to leave the impression of pure truth to the discretion of the actor. He has a use for that quotation. He permanently lost sixteen pounds because of the World War, marriage, and influenza.

 Killing Kidney Acids

Win Back Pep,
Clear Your Skin,
Look Younger.

Women Need Help More Often Than Men

When sickness and polices accumulate in your blood, your vitality and your skin becomes coarse and discolored. When sickness and polices accumulate in your blood, your vitality and your skin becomes coarse and discolored — you actually feel and look years older than you are. Anattacked, functional kidney disorder can cause serious ailments, such as Getting Up Nights, Nervousness, Loss of Appetite, Emaciation, Sickness, and Diarrhea. These symptoms are indications of a kidney trouble.

A person suffering from a kidney trouble is likely to have a tired and listless appearance. It may be called a “morning chill.” He may have headaches and feel feverish at times. His skin may be rough and his hair may fall. He may have a nervous complaint, such as insomnia. The history of his family may indicate that he has a kidney trouble.

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The only way your body can clear out the Acids, polices, and toxins from your blood is through the function of 9 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 harm. Fortunately, it is now easy to help stimulate the natural action of the Kidneys with a Doctor’s prescription. Cystex (renamed Spin-Tex), which is available at all drug stores.

Doctors Praise Cystex

Dr. G. B. Knight, of Camden, New Jersey, recently wrote: “When Kidneys don’t function properly and fail to properly throw off the waste matter strained from the blood, acids develop in the muscles and joints, the appetite suffers, sleep is disturbed, and the patient is generally run down and suffers with impaired vitality. Cystex is an excellent prescription to help prevent this condition. It starts its beneficial action almost immediately, is non-irritating, non-irritating, and has no harmful ingredients. I consider Cystex a preservation which men and women in all walks of life should find beneficial in the treatment of functional Kidney disorders.”

Dr. A. Z. Bradfield, famous Laquer, Surgeon, and Scientist, of London, says: “Cystex is one of the finest remedies I have ever known in my medical practice. Any doctor will recommend it for its definite benefits in the treatment of many functional kidney and bladder disorders.

World Wide Success

Cystex is not an experiment, but is a proven success in 21 different countries throughout the world. It is prescribed with scientific accuracy and in accordance with the strict requirements of the United States Dispensary and the United States Pharmacopoeia, and because it is intended especially for functional Kidney and Bladder disorders. It is swift, safe and sure in action.

Guaranteed To Work

Cystex is offered to all sufferers from functional Kidney and Bladder 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 years younger and work to your entire satisfaction in 8 days or you merely return the empty package and your money is refunded. You are safe and find benefit to your own satisfaction. Cystex costs only 25 c. a dose at all druggists, and as the guarantee protects you fully, you should take doses of cheap, inferior, or irritating drugs or with money. Ask your druggist for guaranteed Cystex (renamed Spin-Tex) today.

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Bay City, Michigan
Hollywood Highlights

[Continued from page 14]

$15,000 error. The cathedral scene with the choir was filmed silently and the voices of Bobby and the choir "dubbed" in later. Action and sound were given official okay as individual efforts, but when the completed film was run for the benefit of the exploitation force, an eagle-eyed publicist, who is well-versed in Catholicism, discovered Bobby's gestures for the sacred number somewhat paralleled those of Al Jolson doing a minstrel show. Brought to the attention of Sol Lesser, the producer, he ordered the cathedral scene reshot with Master Breen repressing his gestures. Cost? $15,000.

**Imitations**

JANET GAYNOR has gone a little sophisti-cated meaning that, in her forthcoming picture A Star Is Born, La Gaynor, so they say, will do a priceless imitation of Simone Simon and also Mae West—imagine. Likewise Miss Gaynor will do her- self, meaning that in a scene satirizing the Motion Picture Academy Awards, Gaynor will be seen awarded the gold statuette, which she really won some years ago for her work in Seven Brides for Seven Brothers. Incidentally, the statuette used will be Janet's very own.

**Classic**

NOW that Leslie Howard has ceased his stage production of Hamlet in New York there is no harm in telling a little wisecrack, made by a Hollywood wilt, nor Gene Fowler nor Dorothy Parker, we hasten to make clear. It was made by a feminine star, who had returned to Hollywood from a trip to New York.

At a party she was asked, among other things, "Did you see Leslie Howard play Hamlet?"

"I didn't bother," cracked the gal, "I already had seen him play Hamlet in Romeo and Juliet."

**Wise Crack!**

CREDIT this one to Patsy Kelly, before it starts in circulation.

Patsy and Lyda Roberti were having lunch at the Brown Derby. Lyda had a date there to meet a friend who was going to motor her to San Diego in his high-powered car.

Standing on the front in the walk of the eating place the chap drove up in his car, greeted the girls, and Lyda stepped into the car.

"Bye bye, darling," cracked Patsy, "and remember what I told you. Vote 'NO' on Proposition Number 1."

VISIT MOVIELAND

1937 Vacation Tours Now Being Planned

Hundreds of letters from enthusiastic readers who saw Movieland in the 1935 and 1936 Movieland have urged that Fawcett Publications repeat the Movieland vacation tours in 1937. Because these tours have been so successful, we are planning two more tours for the summer of 1937. And what grand tours they are! Visit Hollywood. See the stars and their homes. Meet them in person with them. Every effort will be made to make the 1937 tours even more successful than the two preceding ones. Watch for full details in next month's issue of this magazine.
I PAID $200 to J. D. Martin of Virginia for Just One Copper Cent

"Please accept my thanks for your check for $200.00 in payment for the copper cent I sent you. I appreciate the interest you have given this transaction. It is a pleasure to do business with a firm that handles matters as you do. I wish to assure you it will be a pleasure to me to tell all my friends of your wonderful offer for old coins." — J. D. Martin, Va.

Post yourself! It pays! I paid Mr. Manning, New York, $2,500.00 for a single silver dollar. Mrs. C. F. Adams, Ohio, received $740.00 for some old coins. I paid W. P. Williams, of Pennsylvania, $15,000.00 for his rare coins. I paid J. T. Neville, of North Dakota, $2,000.00 for a $10 bill he picked up in circulation. Mr. Mehl paid $1,000.00 to Mr. Brownlee, of Georgia, for one old coin. Mr. Brownlee, in his letter to Mr. Mehl, says: "Your letter received with the check for $1,000 enclosed. I like to deal with such men as you and hope you continue buying coins for a long time." In the last thirty-six years I have paid hundreds of others handsome premiums for old bills and coins.

All Kinds of Old Coins, Medals, Bills and Stamps Wanted

$1.00 to $1,000 paid for certain old cents, nickels, dimes, quarters, etc. Right now I will pay $50.00 for 1913 Liberty Head nickels (not buffalo), $100.00 for 1894 dimes ("S" Mint), $85.00 for 1888 quarters (no arrows), $10.00 for 1866 quarters (no motto), $200.00 each for 1884 and 1885 Silver Trade Dollars, etc., etc.

I Have Been Buying OLD MONEY for 36 Years

Any bank in Fort Worth or Dun & Bradstreet will testify as to my responsibility. My volume of business, built on fair and prompt dealings for 26 years, is such that I own and occupy my own building devoted to my coin business. You will find every representation I make to be true and not exaggerated. It will pay you to do business with me.

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Dear Mr. Mehl: — Please send me your Large Illustrated Coin and Stamp Folder and further particulars, for which I enclose 4 cents.

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When answering advertisements, please mention February Movie Classic 97
It's going to be a Happy New Year in Hollywood.
Not that 1936 was so hard to take, but production plans studios are
making for 1937 are so staggering that they might even make the fabled
Atlas trip and fall, or at least groan and grunt under the
load.

With the presidential election a matter of history
and the belief that Franklin Delano Roosevelt is making
it first order of business to see that plenty of currency is
in circulation, and bugaboo of unemployment due for
many more vigorous kicks in the pants, movie magnates
of the magic-lantern metropolis feel they will have little
difficulty in loosening the purse strings of Wall Street money barons with
the same enthusiasm as the old-fashioned wife, fair-fat-and-forty, grabbed
at her corset strings the minute she hit home after an evening at whist or
authors.

With money in circulation picture palaces are going to get their share.
New theatres will be built. Competition will be keen.

This means crying need for bigger and better pictures will reach its
crescendo, and let it not be said that any Hollywood producer could
ignore a crescendo, even if he had to send his secretary out to buy a
dictionary to find out whether it was a new kind of French pastry or the
Latin name for a black widow spider.

SERIOUSLY entertainment entrepreneurs of filmland are going to town
in a big way this coming year. Talk with your local theatre managers.
They'll tell you what to expect in the way of thrills, throbs and laughs made
possible by producer enterprise in contracting supreme artists of screen,
stage, radio, opera and even the circus world.

Outstanding novels of today and yesterday and newest modern plays,
along with the classic dramas of yesteryear, are to be made into magni-
ficent spectacles.

It would take reams and reams of paper to tell you in detail what your
favorite producers, stars, directors and writers are plotting.

I have only one page here, but if you want to keep up with what's
happening in the greatest entertainment industry the world has ever
known, buy yourself each month a few of the more popular film magazines
such as Screen Book, Hollywood, Motion Picture, Screen Play and
Romantic Movie Stories—of course, not forgetting Movie Classic.

Then curl up in an armchair before the fire and Hollywood's most in-
triguing writers will picture for you in intimate detail just what happy even-
ings are in store for you at the theatres in your town.
TRY SPEED COOKING WITH HORMEL SOUP

1011 VALUABLE PRIZES IN NEW CONTEST

FIRST PRIZE FREE TRIP TO HOLLYWOOD OR $500.00 IN CASH

Try these new recipes. They're typical of SPEED COOKING—the art of using soup to make good things to eat in a hurry. Hormel Soup, of course. For only Hormel Soups, with their true beef stock, have the richness, the flavor, the substance you need in good cooking.

Try Hormel Vegetable-Beef Soup in this good beef pie (try Hormel Cream of Mushroom Soup in an Asparagus Mushroom Rabbit). Use soup to stretch the leftovers, to make thrift dishes go further.

And don't miss this big chance to win one of the 1,011 prizes in this brand new contest!

READ HOW EASILY YOU CAN WIN

Enter this big new contest. The winner gets: A free trip and vacation in glorious Hollywood (or $500) Visit a big moving picture studio, dine with Miriam Hopkins herself!

5 Second Prizes—beautiful Benrus Wrist Watches for men or women (worth $45 each). 5 Third Prizes—new de luxe Toastmaster Hospitality Tray Sets with toaster, worth $20.00. 1,011 other prizes—handmade luncheon sets in gay peasant colors, one prize to a thousand women.

Here's what you do: Write one sentence—25 words or less—on "Why I Like Hormel Soup best." Send this sentence and a label from one can of any Hormel Soup (or a facsimile) to Contest Department C, George A. Hormel & Co., Austin, Minn. All entries must be postmarked before midnight February 14, 1937.

That's all you have to do. The 1,011 best reasons, in the opinion of the judges appointed by Hormel, will win the prizes. Judges' decisions will be final. In case of tie, duplicate prizes will be awarded. Winners will be notified as soon as possible after contest closes.

All entries become the property of Hormel and will not be returned. Contest not open to Hormel employees or members of their families. Don't delay—mail your entry now!

SEE MIRIAM HOPKINS IN "A WOMAN'S TOUCH." AN ALEXANDER KORDA PRODUCTION. RELEASED THROUGH UNITED ARTISTS.

Enjoy this original dinner that popular Miriam Hopkins suggests.

MIRIAM HOPKINS

SAVED-COOKED DINNER

Hormel Chicken Broth

with Roast Turkey, Broccoli, Vegetable Tips, and Asparagus Tips

Asparagus Mushroom Rabbit

Quickly made with Hormel Cream of Mushroom Soup

Make a sauce with 3 tbsp. melted butter, 5 tbsp. flour, 1'/2 cups 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 asparagus tips. Garnish each portion with strips of pimiento—a feast for the eye, a festival-food for your song! Try this new taste sensation today! (It's extra good for after-bridge or theater spreads!)

HORMEL SOUPS

CREAM OF MUSHROOM • NOODLE • CREAM OF TOMATO • VEGETABLE-BEEF • ONION • VEGETABLE • PEA-BEAN • CHICKEN BROTH • CONSOMME MADRILENE

THE ORIGINAL DOUBLE MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

Go to the grocer who displays Hormel Soups. There you’ll get—free—these soup and recipe suggestions for the Miriam Hopkins Speed-Cooked Dinner, and other suggestions which may help you win a prize. Tell him if you win he wins the same price you do. He will keep Hormel soup on display and aid you in preparing your entry.
A WELCOME mealtime touch is the serving of Camels. Your guests will prefer Camels for their mildness, and because they accent subtle flavors in fine foods. But it is also true that Camels have a pleasant effect upon digestion. Smoking Camels, scientists affirm, encourages a generous flow of digestive fluids — alkaline digestive fluids — so imperative for good digestion. Camels are enjoyed the world over. "On shipboard," says O. Naffrechoux, Maitre d'Hotel Principal of the Normandie, "Camels are a distinct favorite. People get more pleasure out of dining when they add Camels to the menu."

COSTLIER TOBACCOS — Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS... Turkish and Domestic... than any other popular brand

FOR DIGESTION'S SAKE — SMOKE CAMELS

A few of the distinguished women who prefer Camel's costlier tobaccos:

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Mrs. Alexander Black, Los Angeles
Miss Mary Byrd, Richmond
Mrs. Powell Cabot, Boston
Mrs. Thomas M. Carnegie, Jr., New York
Mrs. J. Gardner Coolidge 3rd, Boston
Mrs. William 1. Bollingworth, Jr., Los Angeles
Mrs. Chauncey Dunbar Langhorne, Virginia
Mrs. Jasper Morgan, New York
Mrs. Nicholas G. Pomerleau III, Baltimore
Miss Anne C. Rockefeller, New York
Mrs. Brookfield Van Rensselaer, New York