

PHOTOPLAY

MARCH

25 CENTS
30 Cents in Canada



*Earl
Christy*

NORMA SHEARER

IS IT GARBO OR HEPBURN?

Janet
GAYNOR

Lionel
BARRYMORE



Robert **YOUNG** • Richard **CROMWELL** • Mona **BARRIE**
Henrietta **CROSMAN** • Stepin **FETCHIT** •

DIRECTED BY HENRY KING
SCREEN PLAY BY REGINALD BERKELEY
FROM "THE HOUSE OF CONNELLY" BY PAUL GREEN

Glorious love story in a setting vibrant with drama. Seven stars, the season's most illustrious cast, enthrall you as it unfolds. A human, pulsing romance that will be engraved in your memory for all of 1934.

FOX

What a **FOOL** She is!



She GIVES THE JAUNTIEST TURN TO A SPORTS HAT . . . IGNORES

HER CLOUDY TEETH . . . HER TENDER GUMS . . . AND SHE HAS "Pink Tooth Brush"!

Can you imagine a girl's taking the trouble to find just the right hat and to give it just the right tilt—and then strolling off to a luncheon engagement in a sports coat all wrinkled from a ride in the rain?

Yet this girl's dingy teeth are just as conspicuous—and just as disappointing—as a wrinkled coat would be! They don't fit in!

Of course she brushes her teeth. As often and as carefully as you do! But she hasn't yet learned that if your gums are weak

and flabby and have a tendency to bleed, no amount of brushing your teeth will make them look their brightest!

YOUR GUMS NEED IPANA, TOO!

Those soft foods which you eat day after day can't give proper stimulation to your gums. And inactive gums soon become soft and tender. You are likely to develop "pink tooth brush."

Follow the advice of dental science: *Massage your gums.* After cleaning your

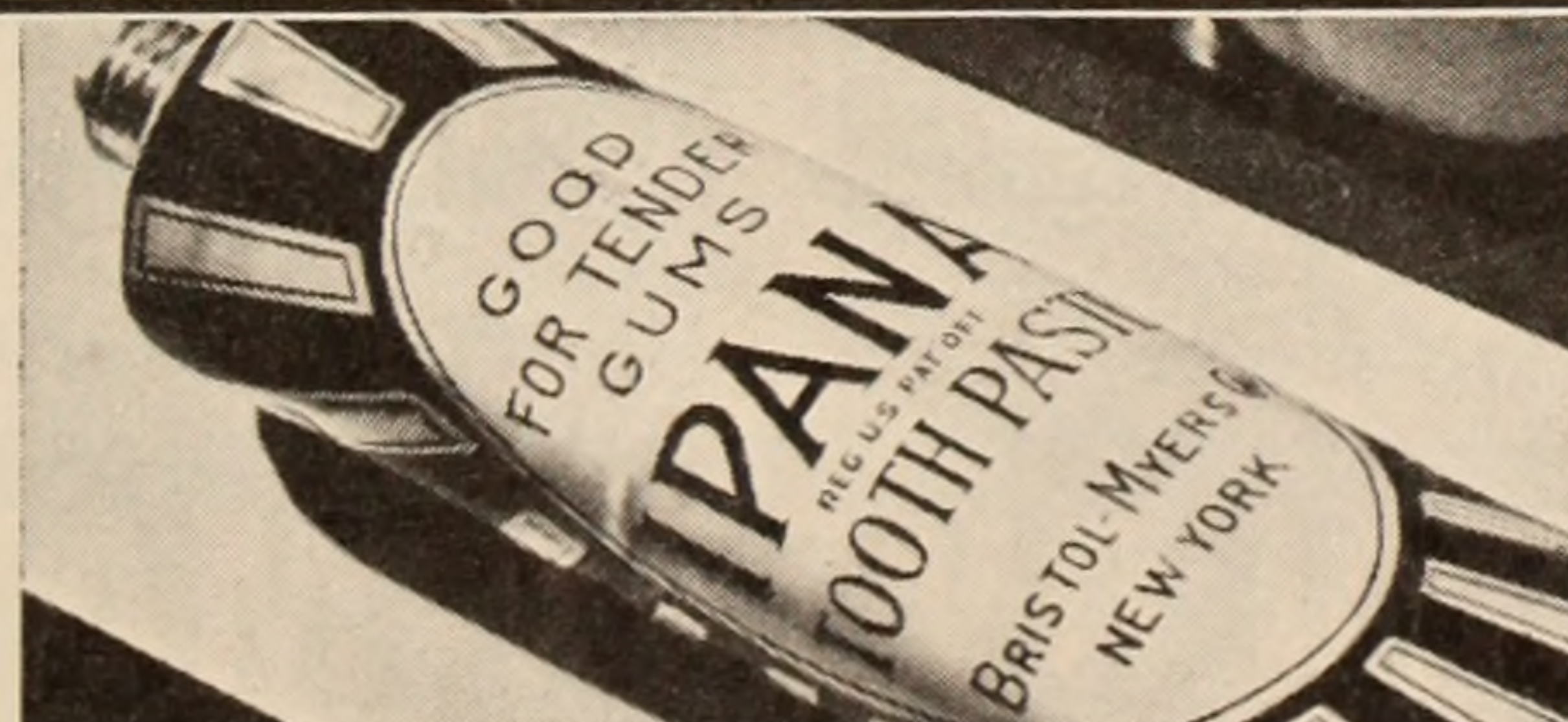
teeth, put a little extra Ipana on your brush or fingertip and rub it lightly into your gums. The ziratol in Ipana aids in toning and hardening your gums.

In avoiding "pink tooth brush," you avoid not only dull teeth—but the possibility of gingivitis, pyorrhea, Vincent's disease, and other threatening gum troubles. You avoid, too, the possibility of endangering perfectly sound teeth.

Use Ipana with massage—and your teeth will be as attractive as the rest of you!

THE "IPANA TROUBADOURS" ARE BACK!
EVERY WEDNESDAY EVENING, 9.00, E. S. T.
WEAF AND ASSOCIATED N. B. C. STATIONS

I P A N A
TOOTH PASTE



BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. I-34
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.
Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a three-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name.....
Street.....
City.....State.....



Scotty Welbourne

JEAN MUIR looks most attractive in her black and white ensemble, with a galyac turban and gloves to match. The elbow length fur gauntlets are an interesting fashion note, but rather a warm fad, it seems, for sunny California! Jean recently finished making "As the Earth Turns," a Warner film in which she played the feminine lead

Warner Bros.' parade of stars marches to greater glory!..

"42nd Street"... "Gold Diggers"... "Footlight Parade"
... and now the most spectacular attraction the
show world has ever known — "Wonder Bar". Sensa-
tion of two continents on the stage, it comes to the
screen in a blaze of unrivalled splendor to give you a
gloriously new conception of musical screen spectacle!



"WONDER BAR"

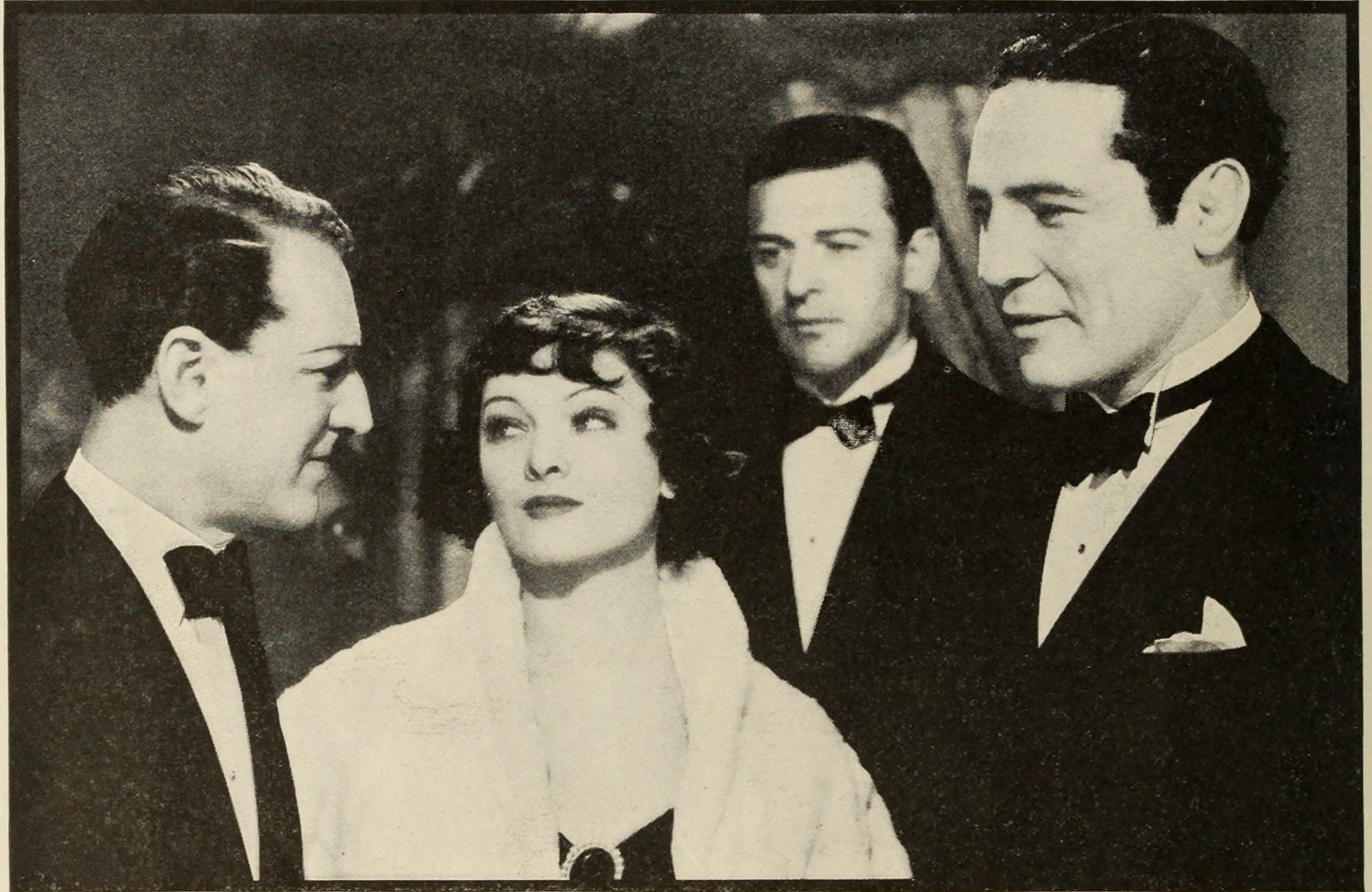
Starring

A L J O L S O N	K A Y F R A N C I S
D O L O R E S D E L R I O	D I C K P O W E L L
R I C A R D O C O R T E Z	H A L L E R O Y
F I F I D ' O R S A Y	G U Y K I B B E E
H U G H H E R B E R T	K A T H R Y N S E R G A V A
R U T H D O N N E L L Y	R O B E R T B A R R A T
M E R N A K E N N E D Y	H E N R Y K O L K E R

Directed by LLOYD BACON • Dance numbers created and
directed by BUSBY BERKELEY • A First National Picture



The Audience Talks Back



Max Baer has become King of Hearts since movie-goers have thrilled to his performance in "The Prizefighter and the Lady." Here Max is shown in a scene from the picture, with Myrna Loy and Otto Kruger (left)

THE \$25 LETTER

My day as secretary in the office of two busy doctors goes something like this—a continual rushing from one telephone to another, answering frantic calls: "No, sir, this is not the morgue." "No, madam, I wouldn't advise you to feed your two months' old baby pork and beans." Etc., etc.

Comes six o'clock. Faint buzzing in my ears. Furniture seems to be moving of its own accord. *Diagnosis*—on-coming hysteria. *Cure*—no, not pills. Quickly grabbing the evening newspaper, I turn frantically to theatrical news. Glad tidings of great joy! Now playing at my favorite theater is a movie I've been waiting long to see. What luck!

Zip! off comes my uniform. Click! out go the office lights. Bang goes the door. I'm on my way to a sure cure for the blues.

HELEN M. ANNAND, Vancouver, B. C.

THE \$10 LETTER

Pish! Then a couple of pishes! Will the human lemon drops, crab apples, and vinegar jugs of this old world transform their "contract hearts" into "contrite hearts" and stop muttering that youth is going to the bow-wows? In fact, youth is making an exit from the kennels.

Don't think the two hundred "teen types" who daily come to my classes are saving their pennies to see pictures filled with blood and thunder, sex and machine guns. No indeed, they save for such films as "Little Women" and "Alice in Wonderland."

This era of clean movies is having its effect

This month has brought a veritable avalanche of mail commending those two fine photoplays, "Little Women" and "Only Yesterday." Limited space permits our publishing but a few of these complimentary messages.

There are many new nominations for "Hollywood's Ideal Couple," as well as dozens of votes for those already named. Who are your candidates?

Several readers have expressed a desire to see the Gaynor-Farrell team together again on the screen. These folks will be pleased to know that Janet and Charlie are now at work on the film, "Sun Shines Bright."

From others come the suggestion that producers film popular operettas.

When the audience speaks the stars and producers listen. We offer three prizes for the best letters of the month—\$25, \$10 and \$5. Literary ability doesn't count. But candid opinions and constructive suggestions do. We must reserve the right to cut letters to fit space limitations. Address The Editor, PHOTOPLAY, 221 W. 57th St., New York City.

upon youth's taste for good literature and, if it continues, will have a marked effect upon the upward trend of American literature.

KARLA VANCE, Newark, Ohio

THE \$5 LETTER

The high school which I now attend
Is full of movie stars!
New brilliant finds, like Anna Sten.
No Barbara La Marrs!

Lee Tracy throws his arms about,
The campus knows his vim.
Mae West? She wiggles in and out
From study hall to gym.

The Barrymores? You'll find them down
In classroom *one O one*,
The way they pop their eyes and frown
Would make Schenck say, "Well done!"

Our Laughton's getting rather slim
For old King Henry's clothes.
Clark Gable? Well, we've three of him,
And eight or ten Garbos.
JIM BOOTHE, Sweetwater, Texas

MAXIE SCORES A KNOCKOUT

In "The Prizefighter and the Lady," Max Baer gave one of the best screen performances I have ever seen, and considering the fact that he is an amateur, that's saying a lot.

Otto Kruger also deserves much credit. In fact, the whole thing was superbly written, directed and acted.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 12]



Marlene Dietrich

in

"THE SCARLET EMPRESS"

(Based on a private diary of Catherine the Great)

directed by JOSEF VON STERNBERG

A PARAMOUNT PICTURE



Consult this picture shopping guide and save your time, money and disposition

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

★ Indicates photoplay was named as one of the best upon its month of review

ACE OF ACES—RKO-Radio.—Richard Dix in a not-so-hot wartime aviation story. (Dec.)

ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN—20th Century-United Artists.—As punishment for neglect of his job as reporter, Lee Tracy is made "Miss Lonelyhearts" editor of the newspaper. Sally Blane, Isabel Jewell, Sterling Holloway, C. Henry Gordon lend able support. Fair. (Feb.)

AFTER TONIGHT—RKO-Radio.—Connie Bennett's a Russian spy in love with Austrian officer Gilbert Roland; fast, exciting. (Dec.)

AGGIE APPLEBY, MAKER OF MEN—RKO-Radio.—Country-boy Charles Farrell is made into a tough mug by bad-lady Wynne Gibson. Bill Gargan. You'll laugh and like it. (Dec.)

★ **ALICE IN WONDERLAND**—Paramount.—Lewis Carroll's fairy tale filmed for the amusement of both young and old. Charlotte Henry is charming as Alice. A technical achievement. (Feb.)

ANN CARVER'S PROFESSION—Columbia.—Fay Wray shows her competence aside from horror stuff, as a successful lawyer married to Gene Raymond. Gene gets into trouble; Fay must save him. Acceptable entertainment. (Sept.)

★ **ANN VICKERS**—RKO-Radio.—Irene Dunne in a finely acted tale of a social worker who loves but doesn't marry. Walter Huston, Bruce Cabot. Strictly for sophisticates. (Dec.)

★ **ANOTHER LANGUAGE**—M-G-M.—A slow-moving but superbly acted story of a bride (Helen Hayes) misunderstood by the family of hubby Bob Montgomery. The late Louise Closser Hale plays the dominating mother. (Oct.)

ARIZONA TO BROADWAY—Fox.—Joan Bennett, Jimmie Dunn, and a good cast, wasted in a would-be adventure yarn about slicking the slickers. (Sept.)

AS HUSBANDS GO—Fox.—When wife Helen Vinson is followed home from Europe by admirer G. P. Huntley, Jr., husband Warner Baxter takes him out fishing, and straightens things out. Mediocre. (Feb.)

AVENGER, THE—Monogram.—Adrienne Ames and Ralph Forbes wasted on this one. (Dec.)

BEAUTY FOR SALE—M-G-M.—An amusing tale about the troubles of girls who work in a beauty shop. Una Merkel, Alice Brady, Madge Evans, Hedda Hopper, others. (Nov.)

BEFORE DAWN—RKO-Radio.—Dorothy Wilson, a spiritualist, tries to help detective Stuart Erwin solve a murder mystery—in a haunted house! Not for the kiddies. (Jan.)

★ **BELOVED**—Universal.—The story of a composer's life. His poverty, his disappointment in a worthless son, his scorn of grandson's modern musical triumphs, his great love for his wife, and his belated success. John Boles, Gloria Stuart. (Feb.)

★ **BERKELEY SQUARE**—Fox.—As subtly done as "Smilin' Through"; Leslie Howard thrown back among his 18th century ancestors. Heather Angel. (Sept.)

BEST OF ENEMIES—Fox.—No great comeback for Buddy Rogers; he and Marian Nixon reconcile quarreling papas Frank Morgan and Joseph Cawthorn. (Sept.)

BIG EXECUTIVE—Paramount.—Ricardo Cortez, Richard Bennett, Elizabeth Young, wasted in another of these stock market tales. Weak story. (Oct.)

BIG SHAKEDOWN, THE—First National.—Ricardo Cortez forces Charles Farrell into cut-rate drug racket but when a fake drug kills Charlie's and Bette Davis' baby, then Charlie retaliates. A poor film. (Feb.)

BIG TIME OR BUST—Tower Prod.—Regis Toomey and Walter Byron try hard, but to no avail. However, the good singing voice in the film may make you forget the old plot. (Feb.)

BITTER SWEET—United Artists.—A British musical, about a woman musician who lives on after her husband was killed defending her honor. It could have been stronger. (Nov.)

BLARNEY KISS, THE—British & Dominions.—British restraint takes zip from this tale of an Irishman who kisses the Blarney Stone, and then has great adventures in London. Well acted. (Nov.)

STYLES
that are new!
Turn to Seymour's famous fashions on page 61 of this issue for latest designs and accessories

BLIND ADVENTURE—RKO-Radio.—Adventurous Bob Armstrong tangled with Helen Mack, crooks, and a jovial burglar, Roland Young, in a London fog. But the plot is as badly befogged as the characters. (Oct.)

★ **BLONDE BOMBHELL, THE**—M-G-M.—(Reviewed under the title "Bombshell.") Jean Harlow superb in an uproarious comedy of Hollywood life. Press-agent Lee Tracy makes her the hot "Bombshell"; she wants to lead the simple life. (Dec.)

BLOOD MONEY—20th Century-United Artists.—Underworld bail bondsman George Bancroft falls in love with pretty Frances Dee and deserts his gangster friends who made him. Good suspense. (Jan.)

BOMBAY MAIL—Universal.—Murder aboard the Bombay Mail train. Inspector Edmund Lowe solves the mystery. The large cast includes Shirley Grey and Onslow Stevens. Good suspense. (Feb.)

★ **BOWERY, THE**—20th Century-United Artists.—Grand fun while Wally Beery as Chuck Connors and George Raft as Steve Brodie battle for leadership of the Bowery in old days. Jackie Cooper, Fay Wray. Don't miss it. (Dec.)

BRIEF MOMENT—Columbia.—Night club singer Carole Lombard marries playboy Gene Raymond to reform him. It has snap and speed. (Nov.)

BROADWAY THRU A KEYHOLE—20th Century-United Artists.—Walter Winchell's melodrama of Gay White Way night life. Entertaining. (Dec.)

★ **BROADWAY TO HOLLYWOOD**—M-G-M.—Frank Morgan, Alice Brady, others, in a finely-done life story of two vaudeville hoofers. No thrills, but supreme artistry. (Nov.)

BROKEN DREAMS—Monogram.—Buster Phelps shows how a little child can lead them; it's slightly hokey. (Dec.)

BUREAU OF MISSING PERSONS—First National.—Good, stirring detective work by hard-boiled Pat O'Brien, directed by chief Lewis Stone. Bette Davis. (Nov.)

BY CANDLELIGHT—Universal.—A well-directed piece about butler Paul Lukas and ladies' maid Elissa Landi who aspire to have an affair with royalty. They meet, each masquerading, only to learn the truth later. Nils Asther. (Feb.)

CAPTURED!—Warners.—Leslie Howard, Doug Fairbanks, Jr., captured aviators held by prison commander Paul Lukas. Fine acting; weak plot. (Sept.)

CHANCE AT HEAVEN—RKO-Radio.—"Poor but noble" Ginger Rogers and rich Marian Nixon want Joel McCrea. Excellent playing makes this old plot highly appealing. (Dec.)

CHARLIE CHAN'S GREATEST CASE—Fox.—Warner Oland in another delightful tale about the fat Chinese detective, and a double murder. Heather Angel. (Nov.)

CHIEF, THE—M-G-M.—Ed Wynn in a filmful of his nonsense that's good at times and at others not so good. (Dec.)

CHRISTOPHER BEAN (Also released as "Her Sweetheart")—M-G-M.—Marie Dressler, Doc Lionel Barrymore's maid, gives you plenty of laughs when she helps daughter Helen Mack elope with Russell Hardie, much to the annoyance of Beulah Bondi, doctor's wife. See it. (Jan.)

COLLEGE COACH—Warners.—Football as it is played and won by coach Pat O'Brien who buys talent to win at all costs, while Ann Dvorak, his neglected wife, finds romance with Lyle Talbot, football hero. Fast moving. (Jan.)

COLLEGE HUMOR—Paramount.—Regulation movie college life. Jack Oakie as hero. Bing Crosby; Burns and Allen, Richard Arlen, Mary Kornman, good enough. (Sept.)

★ **CONVENTION CITY**—First National.—The scene is Atlantic City; the incident, another sales convention. Gay and eventful as always. Joan Blondell, Adolphe Menjou, Dick Powell, Mary Astor, Guy Kibbee, Frank McHugh and Patricia Ellis. (Feb.)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 13]

YOU'LL SEE TWO CONSTANCE BENNETTS . . .

in this intoxicating, spectacular romance with music! . . . the Connie you've always loved—blonde and enticing . . . And a new Connie—brunette, seductive and ravishing! . . . teamed with Franchot Tone to create "the perfect lovers" of the screen!



JOSEPH M. SCHENCK

Presents

CONSTANCE
BENNETT

MOULIN ROUGE

FRANCHOT
TONE

TULLIO CARMINATI
RUSS COLUMBO
BOSWELL SISTERS

Directed by Sidney Lanfield

20th
CENTURY
PICTURE

A DARRYL F. ZANUCK Production...Released thru UNITED ARTISTS

Brickbats & Bouquets



"She's a testimony to the triumph of Real Worth," is what one reader says about petite little Mary Pickford, Sweetheart of all America

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8]

If one could get a story, direction and acting as good as this in more pictures, it would be worth while visiting the movies more often.

KERMIT LASCH, Elkhorn, Wis.

AND SO DOES OTTO

Ladies and gentlemen! Did you see "The Prizefighter and the Lady," and *Otto Kruger*? What an actor! Star material of the first caliber.

J. WASSO, JR., Pen Argyl, Penna.

HEAR YE, PRODUCERS!

As the tide of time sweeps by taking romance, youth and possessions, we old folks experience much poignance and loneliness. Friends are scattered and memories dimmed.

At the movies I sit and watch the few Gay Nineties pictures there are. They seem to bring back memories of childhood. Please let's have more Gay Nineties pictures.

H. B., Los Angeles, Calif.

LEAD ON, PHOTOPLAY

The candid comments of PHOTOPLAY's capable reviewers steer me away from the "lemons" and lead me to the best that Hollywood produces.

Keep up the good work!

CLAYTON H. CHARLES JR., Milwaukee, Wis.

TO MARY PICKFORD

Though the roses are faded and falling
And the candles have guttered and died,
Though the silver is nothing but tinsel
And the tears on your cheek are scarce dried;

Though the beautiful home is in darkness
And its inmates are scattered and gone,
Though love folded his arms, like the Arabs
And fled, like the mist in the dawn;

We love you, we beg you'll believe it
We have faith that after a while
You'll come as of yore and still give us
The sweetness and charm of your smile.

FRANCES G. QUINN, Los Angeles, Calif.

THROUGH THE YEARS

Each day, as I drive my husband down the imposing thoroughfare that winds from the Parliament Buildings to the heart of the city's business section, I salute a tiny house.

It has known happiness. It has known sorrow. It has seen the middle-class, pleasant street change to the widest, busiest motor-driveway in town. It has just missed the wreckers many times but still it stands, dauntless, dignified, boarded-up, empty but serene—seeing changes, experiencing changes, but never cheapened by them.

It is on University Avenue, Toronto, Canada, the house where the little Canadian girl, Gladys Smith, lived before she became Mary Pickford, America's Sweetheart.

The little house stands, as the magnificent Mary does, a silent testimony to the triumph of Real Worth.

RICA M. FARQUHARSON, Toronto, Canada

A PERFECT OUTLET

All of us, at one time or another, feel that everything is wrong, and we want to scream loudly, swear violently, kick doors or throw things.

It was just such a day for me when I went to see "Only Yesterday." Result—I cried quite freely throughout most of the picture. I know of no saner, safer way as an outlet for tense nerves. It soothes and calms. One's own troubles seem small in comparison.

Most women enjoy a good cry scattered along between "Footlight Parades" and "I'm No Angels."

PATRICIA ROGERS, Santa Barbara, Calif.

TRULY AN ARTIST

After having seen the marvelous drama, "Only Yesterday," starring Margaret Sul-lavan, one cannot help but love her. She is an artist; she is graceful and alluring. The story digs down deep into one's heart.

One feels like shouting to her: "Tell him who you are. Tell him how you have suffered—how you have loved him," but our better self says: "She was right; he *should* have known her."

W. M. HUNT, Montebello, Calif.

MAIN ST. ON SATURDAY NIGHT

Let's take a look at the long line of cars on Main Street on Saturday night.

Those cars are waiting for Mr. and Mrs. Farmer who are enjoying two magic hours of travel in strange lands, of laughter and of tears.

Is it any wonder that the farmer's wife, thus brought in touch with the lives and problems of the rest of the world, feels not quite so lonely now?

FRANCES GALWEY, Pasadena, Calif.

A NEW NOMINATION

I wish to cast my vote for Norma Shearer and Irving Thalberg as "Hollywood's Ideal Couple."

They lead a simple, quiet life, and are fond of their home and child.

In spite of great success, they are unaffected. I believe they have found everlasting happiness.

BETTY SEAY, Indianapolis, Ind.

THE LLOYDS ARE ON TOP

Our bridge club meets once a month and, as is customary with a modern group of girls, at some time during the evening conversation turns to movie folk and Hollywood news.

At our last meeting, we decided to take time out to cast our votes for "Hollywood's Ideal Couple."

Here is the result:

3 for Joan Bennett and Gene Markey
1 for Ruby Keeler and Al Jolson
4 for the Fredric Marches
1 for the Warner Baxters
6 for the Harold Lloyds
1 for the Richard Barthelmesses

RUTH MAYER, Indianapolis, Ind.

DELICATELY BEAUTIFUL

Paramount deserves high praise for its beautiful and artistic production, "Cradle Song."

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 14]

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10]

★ **COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW**—Universal.—John Barrymore, in a splendid portrayal of the lawyer who rose from the Ghetto to position of New York's foremost legal advisor. Bebe Daniels, as his secretary, is excellent. Each member of the large cast does fine work. Never a dull moment. (Feb.)

CRADLE SONG—Paramount.—Just as charming is Dorothea Wieck in this her first American picture as she was in "Maedchen in Uniform." The beautiful story of a nun who showers mother-love on a foundling. (Jan.)

DANCE, GIRL, DANCE—Invincible.—Dancer Evalyn Knapp can't get along with vaudeville partner-husband Edward Nugent. But when she clicks in a night club, they make up. Entertaining. (Jan.)

★ **DANCING LADY**—M-G-M.—A backstage musical with gorgeous settings, lovely girls, novel dance routines, some good song numbers, a real plot and a cast of winners, including Joan Crawford, Clark Gable, Franchot Tone, Fred Astaire. (Feb.)

DANGEROUS CROSSROADS—Columbia.—Chic Sale does the locomotive engineer in a railroad thriller. For confirmed hokum addicts and Chic Sale's followers. (Sept.)

DARK HAZARD—First National.—Fascinated by a greyhound named *Dark Hazard* and by the racing fever, Eddie Robinson loses wife Genevieve Tobin through neglect. Grand night scenes at the dog track. (Feb.)

DAS LOCKENDE ZIEL (THE GOLDEN GOAL)—Richard Tauber Tonfilm Prod.—Richard Tauber, as village choir singer who attains grand opera fame. His singing is superb. English captions. (Sept.)

DAY OF RECKONING, THE—M-G-M.—Richard Dix, Madge Evans, Conway Tearle, below par in an ancient tale of an embezzling cashier and a double-crossing friend. (Dec.)

DELUGE—RKO-Radio.—Earthquakes, tidal waves, the end of the world provide the thrills here. Cast and story alike dwarfed by the catastrophes. (Nov.)

DER SOHN DER WEISSEN BERGE (THE SON OF THE WHITE MOUNTAINS)—Itala Film.—Luis Trenker, skiing hero, and cast do good work. But the gorgeous Alpine views run away with this German-made film. (Jan.)

★ **DESIGN FOR LIVING**—Paramount.—Noel Coward's unconventional stage play of a triangle, involving two men (Fredric March and Gary Cooper) and a woman (Miriam Hopkins). Excellent. Sophisticated. (Jan.)

DEVIL'S IN LOVE, THE—Fox.—A shopworn Foreign Legion story; but Victor Jory, Loretta Young, David Manners, Vivienne Osborne, save it with fine acting. (Oct.)

DEVIL'S MATE—(Also released under title "He Knew Too Much")—Monogram.—A good melodrama about a murderer who was murdered so he couldn't tell what he knew. (Oct.)

DIE GROSSE ATTRAKTION ("THE BIG ATTRACTION")—Tobis-Tauber-Emelka, Prod.—Richard Tauber's singing lends interest to this German film. English subtitles. (Oct.)

DISGRACED—Paramount.—Not a new idea in a carload of this sort of stuff. Mannikin Helen Twelvetrees; rich scamp Bruce Cabot; enough said. (Sept.)

DOCTOR BULL—Fox.—Will Rogers brings personality to the tale of a country doctor struggling with a community that misunderstands; mild, except for Will. (Nov.)

DON'T BET ON LOVE—Universal.—So-so; Lew Ayres wild about race-horses; sweetheart Ginger Rogers feels otherwise. Ends well, after some race stuff. (Sept.)

★ **DOUBLE HARNESS**—RKO-Radio.—Scintillating sophistication, with Ann Harding wangling rich idler Bill Powell into marriage, and making him like it. (Sept.)

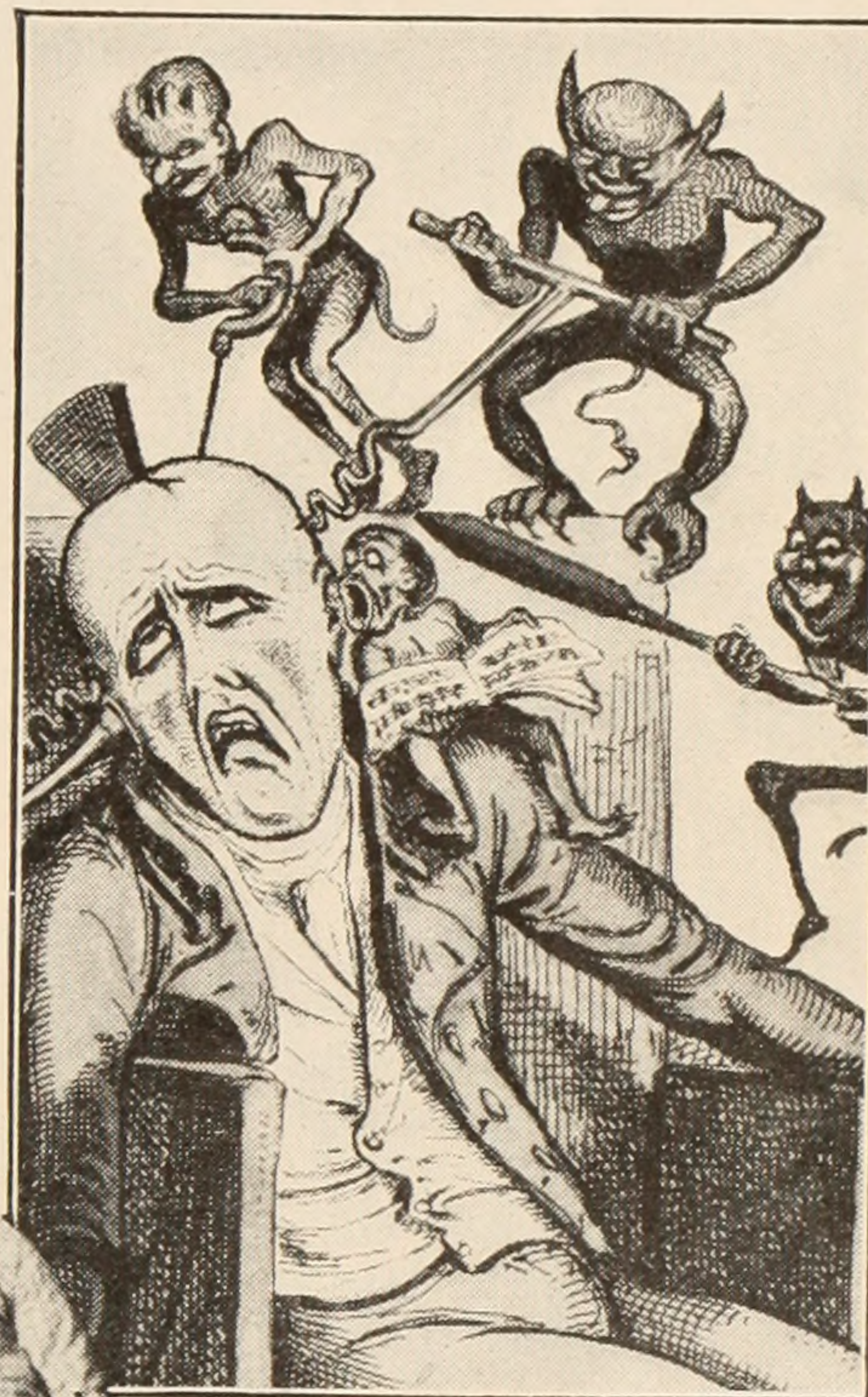
[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 16]

How the White Man Gave the Eskimo Tooth Decay

Before the white man came, tooth decay was unknown. Now the Eskimo eats the wrong foods, doesn't clean his teeth, has civilized habits, and pays the penalty with poor teeth



An uncivilized African who files her teeth to pin points for beauty's sake.



A 17th century artist's conception of pain which might have been caused by an abscessed tooth.

(Left) The modern Eskimo after a half century of civilization's luxuries.

BEFORE he ate the soft, starchy foods of civilization, toothache was unknown to the oldest Eskimo, unless perhaps he had broken off a tooth by accident. Then the toothache of civilized races began to appear. It was found to result from common tooth decay.

Now dental science explains the cause of tooth decay in this way: Modern diet consists largely of soft, sticky foods. After eating, particles of food cling between the teeth and under the gums. Germs cause this food to spoil or decay. As food decays, acids are given off which decay or dissolve the tooth enamel. Once through enamel decay progresses rapidly until the nerve is reached and the entire tooth is undermined.

Not one person in ten thousand has teeth hard enough to resist the acids which cause decay. These acids are produced by germs. The germs live and multiply in a coating of film or *mucin plaque*, which forms on teeth. Film is tough and clings stubbornly to teeth. It catches the acid-producing germs and glues them to the tooth surfaces.

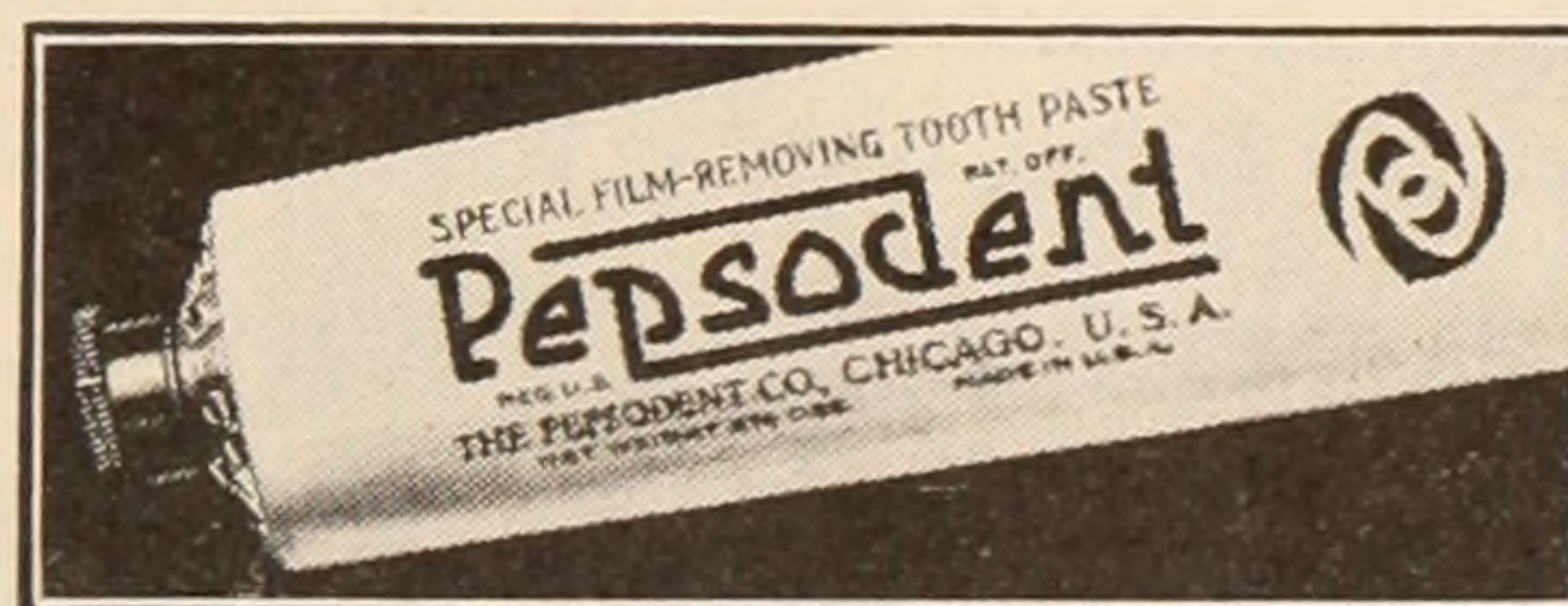
Removing film is, therefore, the

most important problem in saving teeth. Recently a notable discovery was made in the Pepsodent laboratories. It is a revolutionary cleansing material. The cleansing and polishing material is the part of any tooth paste that does the work. Herein lies the difference between the New

Pepsodent and ordinary brands.

Most cleansing materials are either so hard and abrasive that they scratch the tooth enamel or else they are so soft that they fail to remove film and stains. Pepsodent's new material is twice as soft as that commonly used in other tooth pastes, yet it is also remarkably effective in removing film.

FREE—10-Day Tube



THE PEPSODENT CO., Dept. 113,
919 No. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ 4364

This coupon is not good after August 31, 1934
Only one tube to a family



Send In Your Reactions



husband, beautiful siren and neglected wife parts are almost passe? Let's have more fresh, sparkling films with the vivacious Janet and heroic Charlie.

ED KESNER, Cleveland, Ohio

STAGGERING—STUPENDOUS

"Dancing Lady" towers to new heights in screen musical entertainment. A smashing parade of song hits.

Here is the Joan Crawford of old—the Crawford who stampedes the box-office. Teamed once more with Gable, Joan plays her chorus rôle with all she's got. When she dances—with Fred Astaire—well, she dances!

MRS. CHARLES TOLES,
Colorado Springs, Colo.

DANCING OFF THE POUNDS

After seeing a grand picture like "Dancing Lady," I catch myself tap dancing about my work and making the firmest resolutions to become as slender and graceful as Joan Crawford.

DOROTHY CARMACK, No. Little Rock, Ark.

OPERETTAS

The lilting tunes of "Blossom Time," "Naughty Marietta," "The Chocolate Soldier," "My Maryland" and "Mademoiselle Modiste" still linger in my mind as pleasant memories. Why not bring these to the screen? Surely their oft-repeated renditions on the air attest to their eternal popularity!

May I nominate John Boles as the outstanding choice for these musicals. He proved his ability for this type of rôle by his success in the popular "Desert Song."

CATHERINE WEYANT, Philadelphia, Penna.

YES, WHO?

If you were to select *one* star from all of Hollywood's brilliant assemblage, one person

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12]

Followers of the legitimate theater, and students of the drama viewed with considerable apprehension the prospect of seeing Martinez Sierra's exquisite play transformed into a motion picture.

"Cradle Song" was directed with a sensitiveness that is all too rare in the art of motion pictures.

As *Sister Joanna*, Dorothea Wieck more than fulfills all expectations.

F. E. BRENON, Brentwood Heights, Calif.

I had the supreme pleasure of attending Dorothea Wieck's "Cradle Song." It is the loveliest thing I have ever seen portrayed on the screen. Miss Wieck is an artist and I hope we will be favored with many pictures by her, as touching and beautiful.

MARY S., New York, N. Y.

SO SHALL IT BE

How about another Gwynor-Farrell film back to the "7th Heaven," "Street Angel" era, since drawing-room films are draggy and gay

Commendations are showering in on the dazzling, spectacular film, "Dancing Lady," and on the lovely Joan Crawford, who is teamed with lithe Fred Astaire in the brilliant dance numbers

Dorothea Wieck's delicate beauty and her dramatic talent, displayed in "Cradle Song," her first film in America, have won the hearts of motion picture audiences all over the country



On Every Film You See

whom you would want to know intimately and call your friend, who would that person be?

To me, Katharine Hepburn is all I should want in a friend. Loyal, considerate, a great personality, eager, full of warmth, a sense of humor—these and others are Katharine's attributes, which, reflected from the screen, qualify her as a true friend. She is human and real and clever—and above all sincere. What more could one ask for?

VIRGINIA WENTZ, Portland, Ore.

AS WE KNEW THEM

To those of us who have read, reread and loved "Little Women," the picture gave actuality to our inward visions of those characters.

The quieting and sweetening of tomboy Jo, portrayed by Katharine Hepburn, was one of the details that made the girls real people rather than dream girls.

Louisa M. Alcott, as well as all the girls who have loved her story, would feel that her Jo and all the March family had truly come to life.

MARJORIE VACHON, Stockton, Calif.

MUCH MORE, INDEED

"Little Women" is more than a two-handkerchief sob picture; it is life, and truth, and beauty. What if the locale and atmosphere are those of sixty years ago? The American people, for all their jazz and riotous pace, still idealize simplicity.

DANIEL MASTA, Portland, Me.

NATURALLY!

I could rave on forever about Ann Harding, who is undoubtedly the most unique type of actress on the screen today. I like everything in which she has ever played. Have just seen "The Right to Romance," which I thoroughly enjoyed.



Her low voice, her frank manner, and her naturalness endear Ann Harding to the movie-going public. Notes keep coming in about her excellent work in "The Right to Romance," with Nils Asther

One film devotee would choose as a friend Katharine Hepburn in preference to anyone else, if she were to make her selection from the vast Hollywood assemblage. What say you about it?

To me, Ann is ethereal, and her low voice is fascinating. She seems to say the right thing, in the right tone, and uses words that are plain and frank, yet the natural thing to say.

ELCY OBERDICK, Leavenworth, Kansas

REFRESHING MEMORIES

This is just a word of thanks for your interesting work from a great enthusiast of your publication in far-away Poland.

I left the United States six years ago, but have not missed a single copy of PHOTOPLAY since. I like Poland very much and Warsaw is a jolly city, a sort of "petite Paris," still there are times when I long for familiar sights in Uncle Sam's country. Then I turn to the movies for comfort.

MRS. A. DRZEWIECKI, Warsaw, Poland

DON'T WORRY, WE HAVEN'T

I live in dread from one month to the next that the department "Casts of Current Photo-plays" will be discontinued. I trust you have no intention of dropping this feature.

VERNON LOWE, Los Angeles, Calif.

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13]

★ **DUCK SOUP**—Paramount.—The Four Marx Brothers get mixed up in a revolution in a mythical country—and boy, how they get mixed up! A riot of fun. (Jan.)

EAST OF FIFTH AVENUE—Columbia.—Melodrama centering around the lives of ten people who live in a cheap New York rooming house. Dorothy Tree, Mary Carlisle, Walter Connolly and Wallace Ford. Just fair. (Feb.)

EASY MILLIONS—Freuler Film.—A fine mix-up when "Skeets" Gallagher finds himself engaged to three girls at the same time. Johnny Arthur is his professorish roommate. Good supporting cast. (Feb.)

EAT 'EM ALIVE—Real Life Pictures.—A nature drama about snakes and gila monsters. Perhaps a bit too gruesome for women and children. (Feb.)

EMPEROR JONES, THE—United Artists.—The great Negro actor Paul Robeson, in a filming of his phenomenal stage success about a Pullman porter who won rulership of a Negro republic. (Dec.)

ESKIMO—M-G-M.—A gorgeous picture of life in the Arctic, and Eskimos tangling with white man's law. Eskimo actors; a treat for all who like the unusual. (Dec.)

EVER IN MY HEART—Warners.—Barbara Stanwyck in a too-horrible tale about persecution of herself and hubby Otto Kruger as German-Americans during the World War. (Dec.)

FAITHFUL HEART—Helber Pictures.—Not even Herbert Marshall and Edna Best could make anything of this. (Nov.)

FAREWELL TO LOVE—Associated Sound Film.—Especially for those who enjoy Italian opera airs. Jan Kiepura, tenor, and Heather Angel do the best possible with their rôles. (Feb.)

FEMALE—First National.—Ruth Chatterton, who toys with men in her own motor company, melts before George Brent. Chatterton fine. (Jan.)

FIDDLIN' BUCKAROO, THE—Universal.—Ken Maynard and horse Tarzan in a dull Western. (Sept.)

FIGHTING PARSON, THE—Allied-First Division.—Hoot Gibson tries comedy, as a cowboy bedecked in the garb of a parson. Not exactly a comic riot, nor is it good Western. (Oct.)

★ **FOOTLIGHT PARADE**—Warners.—Not as much heart appeal as the earlier Ruby Keeler-Dick Powell "backstage" romances, but it has Jimmy Cagney. He's grand, and the specialty numbers are among the finest ever done. (Dec.)

F. P. I.—Fox-Gaumont British-UFA.—A well-done and novel thriller, about a floating platform built for transatlantic airplanes. Conrad Veidt, Leslie Fenton, Jill Esmond. (Oct.)

FROM HEADQUARTERS—Warners.—A gripping murder mystery, showing real police methods for a change. (Dec.)

FRONTIER MARSHAL—Fox.—George O'Brien as a "dude" marshal in a Western town. Ruth Gillette does a Mae West impersonation. Well worth your time. (Feb.)

★ **GALLANT LADY**—20th Century-United Artists.—As the gallant lady in distress, Ann Harding does such fine work that even Clive Brook's exceptional characterization as a social outcast cannot overshadow her performance. Tullio Carminati, Otto Kruger, Dickie Moore, Betty Lawford. (Feb.)

GIRL WITHOUT A ROOM—Paramount.—Charles Farrell, Marguerite Churchill and Charlie Ruggles in a picture that kids the pseudo-art racket in Paris. Light entertainment. (Feb.)

GOLDEN HARVEST—Paramount.—Farmer Dick Arlen grows wheat; brother Chester Morris is a Board of Trade broker; a farmers' strike brings the climax. A strong film. (Dec.)

GOOD COMPANIONS, THE—Fox-Gaumont-British.—A mildly pleasing English tale of trouping in the provinces. (Dec.)

GOODBYE AGAIN—Warners.—Good, if not howling, farce. Author Warren William pursued by ex-sweetie Genevieve Tobin; he's for Joan Blondell. (Sept.)

GOODBYE LOVE—RKO-Radio.—Charlie Ruggles in a would-be comedy that's really a messy mixture of unsavory material. (Dec.)

GUN JUSTICE—Universal. (Reviewed under the title "Rider of Justice.")—Ken Maynard shows up in the nick of time to save the pretty girl's ranch in Arizona. The same old hokum. (Jan.)

★ **HAVANA WIDOWS**—First National.—Joan Blondell, Glenda Farrell and Guy Kibbee in a rollicking comedy. A climax that will tickle your risibilities. Good fun. (Jan.)

HE KNEW TOO MUCH—Monogram.—Also released as "Devil's Mate." See review under that title. (Oct.)

HEADLINE SHOOTER—RKO-Radio.—News-reel man William Gargan rescues reporter Frances Dee, in an acceptable thriller with a new twist. (Sept.)

HE COULDN'T TAKE IT—Monogram.—Pals Ray Walker and George E. Stone get mixed up with gangsters in a highly amusing comedy concoction. Virginia Cherrill. (Feb.)

HELL AND HIGH WATER—Paramount.—Dick Arlen, owner of a garbage scow, falls heir to a baby and a girl (Judith Allen) at the same time. Dick fine; story poor. (Jan.)

HELL'S HOLIDAY—Superb Pictures.—Another assemblage of official war film—with the usual anti-war conversation added. Otherwise, acceptable and interesting. (Oct.)

HER BODYGUARD—Paramount.—Showgirl Wynne Gibson's so pestered, she hires Eddie Lowe as bodyguard. Good enough fun from there on. (Sept.)

★ **HER FIRST MATE**—Universal.—ZaSu Pitts tries to make a big time mariner out of Slim Summerville who's supposed to be first mate, but who is really selling peanuts, on the Albany night boat. Una Merkel helps scramble up the hilariously funny plot. (Oct.)

HER SPLENDID FOLLY—Hollywood Pictures.—Generally speaking, this is pretty poor. Lilian Bond plays the rôle of double for a movie star. Alexander Carr is a producer. (Feb.)

HIS PRIVATE SECRETARY—Showmens Pictures.—An Evalyn Knapp romance with John Wayne. Distinctly better than most films in which Evalyn has appeared. (Oct.)

HOLD THE PRESS—Columbia.—This time Tim McCoy is a newspaper man. He has exciting times trying to expose a group of racketeers, and in the end he does. Good suspense. (Feb.)

★ **HOLD YOUR MAN**—M-G-M.—Clark Gable and Jean Harlow; both crooked to start, both go straight for love. Not another "Red Dust," but good enough. (Sept.)

HOOPLA—Fox.—Clara Bow as a carnival dancer. Love interest, Richard Cromwell, whom Clara is paid to vamp—and does she like it? Story so-so. (Jan.)

HORSE PLAY—Universal.—Cowboys Slim Summerville and Andy Devine go to England with a million dollars, just in time to save pretty Leila Hyams from jewel thieves. Just so-so. (Feb.)

★ **HOUSE ON 56TH STREET, THE**—Warners.—After twenty years' unjust imprisonment, Kay Francis' life means little to her. Then it is her lot to save daughter Margaret Lindsay from a similar fate. Ricardo Cortez and Gene Raymond. (Jan.)

IF I WERE FREE—RKO-Radio.—Irene Dunne and Clive Brook, both unhappily married, turn to each other for a bit of happiness. Familiar plot, but sophisticated, clever dialogue. Nils Asther, Laura Hope Crews. (Feb.)

I HAVE LIVED—Chesterfield.—Alan Dinehart, Anita Page, others, help this obvious tale about a playwright and a woman of easy virtue. (Nov.)

★ **I LOVED A WOMAN**—First National.—Edward G. Robinson, as a rich Chicago meat-packer, finds his life torn between wife Genevieve Tobin and opera singer Kay Francis. Excellent and "different." (Nov.)

I LOVED YOU WEDNESDAY—Fox.—Life and loves of dancer Elissa Landi. Victor Jory throws her over; Warner Baxter loves her. Pleasant; not gripping. (Sept.)

Photoplays Reviewed in the Shadow Stage This Issue

Save this magazine—refer to the criticisms before you pick out your evening's entertainment. Make this your reference list.

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★ **I'M NO ANGEL.**—Paramount.—It's Mae West, and how! Sizzling, wise-cracking. This one simply wows audiences. There's Cary Grant, but Mae's all you'll see. (Dec.)

INVISIBLE MAN, THE—Universal.—Shivery, this H. G. Wells tale, in which newcomer Claude Rains makes himself invisible—and then loses his reason. A creepy, but compelling picture. (Jan.)

IT'S GREAT TO BE ALIVE—Fox.—Perhaps squirrels who see this will think so; most audiences won't. Herbert Mundin, Edna May Oliver help some. (Sept.)

JIMMY AND SALLY—Fox.—With the aid of secretary Claire Trevor, publicity director Jimmy Dunn manages to find his way out of all sorts of scrapes that result from his fantastic schemes. Lya Lys, Harvey Stephens. (Feb.)

KENNEL MURDER CASE, THE—Warners.—William Powell in another Philo Vance murder mystery; smoothly done and entertaining. (Dec.)

KING FOR A NIGHT—Universal.—Chester Morris, a swell-headed, though likable prize-fighter, stands the consequences for something sister Helen Twelvetrees has done. Exciting. (Jan.)

LADIES MUST LOVE—Universal.—A "gold-digger" partnership breaks up when June Knight really falls for Neil Hamilton. Thin, but it has good spots. (Nov.)

★ **LADY FOR A DAY**—Columbia.—Applewoman May Robson thought a society dame by her daughter; a stage crowd throws a party to save the day. Fine fun. (Sept.)

LADY KILLER—Warners.—When ex-girl friend Mae Clarke becomes a nuisance, Jimmy Cagney tries the new stunt of dragging her about by the hair. Margaret Lindsay, Leslie Fenton. Fast comedy, but unconvincing story. (Feb.)

LAST TRAIL, THE — Fox. — A Zane Grey Western with racketeers instead of rustlers, and speed cops in place of cowboys. The changes don't help it. (Oct.)

LIFE IN THE RAW—Fox.—George O'Brien and Claire Trevor in a Western enriched with new ideas. (Oct.)

★ **LITTLE WOMEN**—RKO-Radio.—This classic is exquisitely transferred to the screen. Katharine Hepburn, as *Jo* is sky-rocketed to greater film heights. Joan Bennett, Frances Dee and Jean Parker, as *Jo's* sisters, give splendid performances. (Jan.)

LONE AVENGER, THE—World Wide.—The big bank robbery is the burden of this Ken Maynard Western. Youngsters won't be disappointed. (Sept.)

LONE COWBOY—Paramount.—Without Jackie Cooper there wouldn't be much of a picture. Jackie's sent West to comfort his dead father's pal embittered by his wife's (Lila Lee) faithlessness. (Jan.)

LOVE, HONOR AND OH, BABY!—Universal.—(Reviewed under the title "Sue Me.") Shyster lawyer Slim Summerville tries to frame ZaSu Pitts' sugar-daddy. Riotously funny, after a slow start. (Nov.)

★ **MAD GAME, THE**—Fox.—Spencer Tracy, imprisoned beer baron, is released to catch a kidnaper. He loves the assignment—after what the kidnaper did to him. Love interest, Claire Trevor. Well acted. Not for children. (Jan.)

★ **MAMA LOVES PAPA**—Paramount.—Lowly Charlie Ruggles is made park commissioner; involved with tipsy society dame Lilyan Tashman. Great clowning. (Sept.)

MAN OF THE FOREST—Paramount.—Far from being a topnotch Western. Randolph Scott, Verna Hillie, Noah Beery. Good work done by a mountain lion. (Sept.)

MAN'S CASTLE—Columbia.—A deeply moving tale of vagabond Spencer Tracy and his redemption by Loretta Young's love. (Dec.)

★ **MAN WHO DARED, THE**—Fox.—Life story of the late Mayor Cermak of Chicago, from an immigrant boy in a coal mine to his assassination at the side of President Roosevelt. Fine cast, Preston Foster in the lead. (Oct.)

MARY STEVENS, M.D.—Warners.—Slow tale of two doctors (Kay Francis, Lyle Talbot) who love, have a baby, but won't marry. (Sept.)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 123]



MUMMY, JOEY AND JENNY NEXT DOOR ARE GIVING A PARTY AND I'M INVITED

THAT'S FINE, JACKY



EVERYBODY'S SO NICE TO JACKY, BUT WHY AREN'T THEY MORE FRIENDLY TO ME? WHAT MAKES THEM SO DISTANT?



MUMMY, HERE'S A STORY WITH LOTS OF PICTURES. READ IT TO ME

ALL RIGHT, JACKY. IT'S A LIFEBOUY AD. ABOUT A LITTLE BOY NAMED TEDDY AND HIS MOTHER



THAT'S A NICE STORY, MUMMY. BUT WHAT MAKES YOU LOOK SO FUNNY?

NOTHING, JACKY. I'M JUST.... THINKING...



...UNPOPULAR BECAUSE OF "B.O." ...CAN THAT BE MY TROUBLE? I'LL GET LIFEBOUY AND PLAY SAFE



SUCH GLORIOUS LATHER AND SUCH A REFRESHED FEELING! I'LL ALWAYS USE LIFEBOUY NOW

"B.O." GONE — lots of friends now!

SHUT YOUR EYES AND GO TO SLEEP LIKE A GOOD BOY, JACKY. THE FOLKS NEXT DOOR ARE COMING OVER TO PLAY BRIDGE

OH, MUMMY, YOU HAVE SO MANY PARTIES NOW!



YOUR FACE FEELS AWFUL SOFT AND SMOOTH, MUMMY

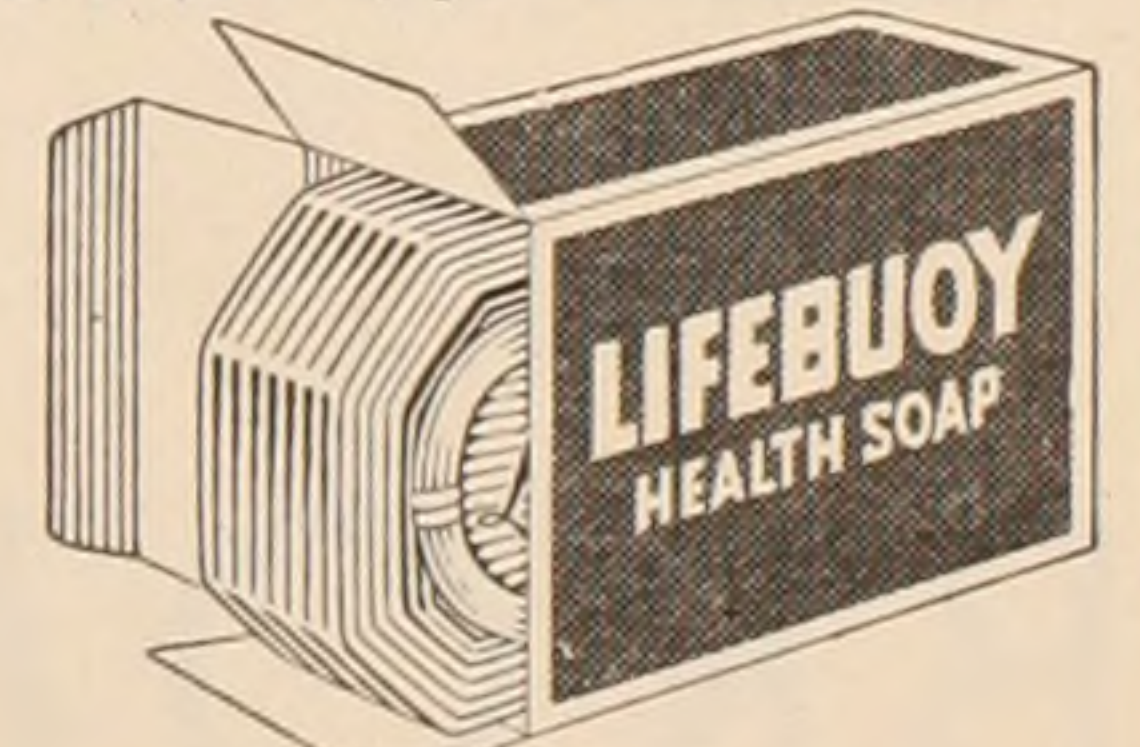


LIFEBOUY IS KEEPING MY COMPLEXION AS NICE AS YOURS, JACKY

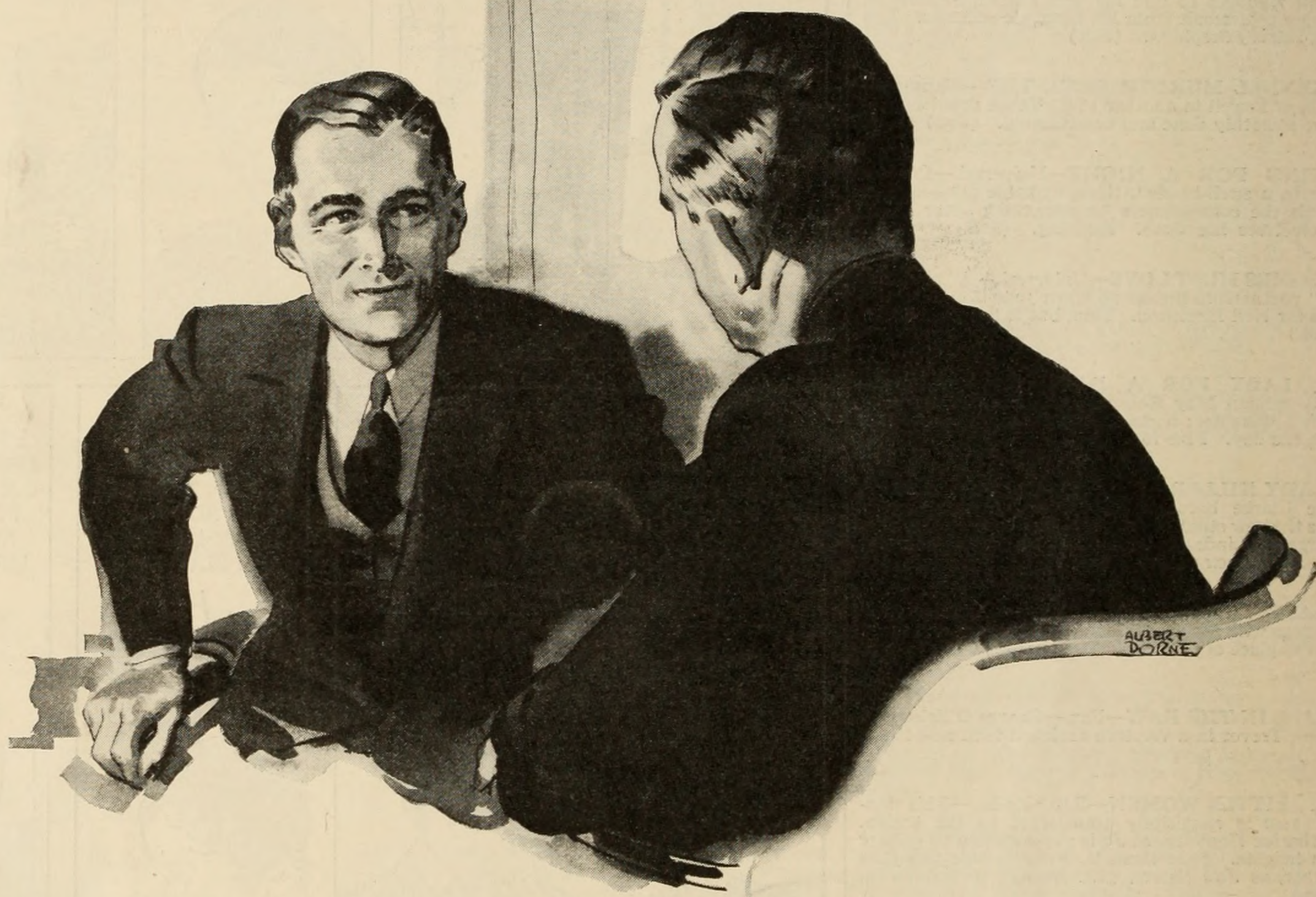
LIFEBOUY'S creamy, searching lather coaxes out pore-deep dirt—freshens dull skins to glowing health. Its pleasant extra-clean, quickly-vanishing scent tells you that this rich, penetrating, hygienic lather purifies both face and body pores.

An ever-present danger

"B.O." (body odor) in cool weather? Yes, indeed! Summer and winter alike our pores give off a quart of odor-causing waste daily. Take no chances with this unforgivable fault any time of year. Play safe always—bathe regularly with Lifebuoy.



Take a headache for example



MAYBE YOU OVER INDULGED the night before—possibly it was something you ate. You wake up with a throbbing head. Your alkaline reserve is lowered. You feel depressed and loggy.

Then you take Bromo-Seltzer—drink it as it fizzes in the glass. See what happens! As Bromo-Seltzer dissolves, it effervesces. This is one of the reasons why Bromo-Seltzer so promptly gives relief from gas on the stomach.

Then Bromo-Seltzer attacks the throbbing pain. Your headache *stops*. Your nerves are calmed and soothed. At the same time you are gently steadied, cheered up. And all the while, the needed alkali is being supplied to your blood.

Before you know it, your head

clears . . . the pain is gone . . . you feel refreshed—like a new person!

Combines 5 medicinal ingredients

Bromo-Seltzer is a *balanced compound* of five ingredients, each with a special purpose. No mere pain-killer can equal its results.

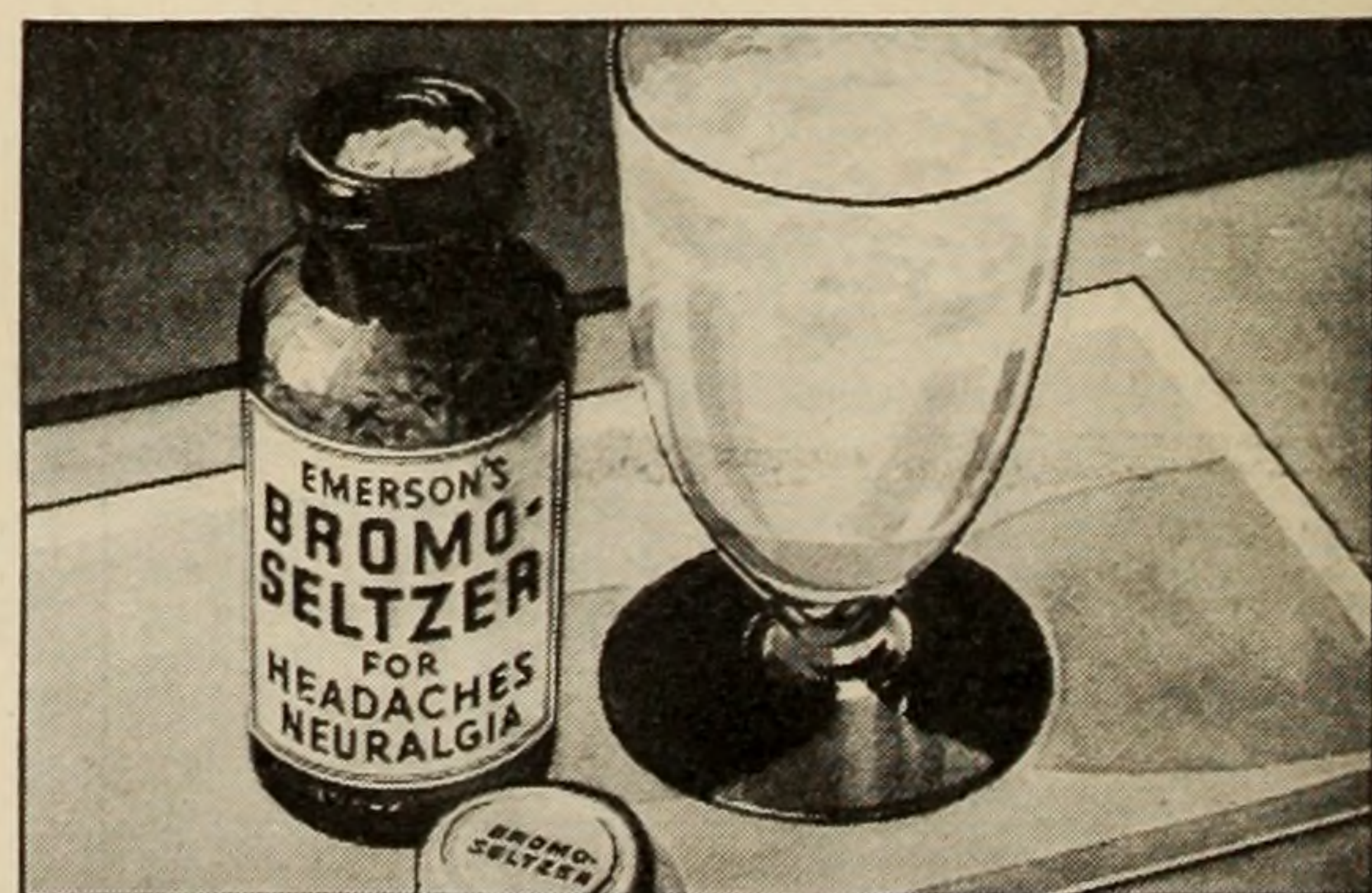
Remember, too, you take Bromo-Seltzer as a *liquid*—therefore it works much faster.

Best of all, Bromo-Seltzer is pleasant and reliable. It contains no narcotics, never upsets the stomach.

You can get Bromo-Seltzer by the dose at any soda fountain. Keep the economical family size bottle at home. Ready at a moment's notice to relieve headache, neuralgia or other pains of nerve origin.

It pays to make sure of the one and only Bromo-Seltzer. Look for the full name "Emerson's Bromo-Seltzer" on the label and blown into the famous blue bottle. Imitations are *not* the same *balanced* preparation . . . are *not* made under the same careful system of laboratory control which safeguards Bromo-Seltzer. Sold by druggists everywhere for more than forty years. Emerson Drug Company, Baltimore.

NOTE: In cases of persistent headaches, where the cause might be some organic trouble, you should of course consult your physician.



EMERSON'S
BROMO-SELTZER



Quick

Pleasant

Reliable



Ernest A. Bachrach

THE exciting life is Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.'s heritage, and the Fairbanks grit and vigor is evidenced in every line of his sharply chiseled profile. Young Doug has become a restless ocean hopper. He made "Catherine the Great" in London, returned to Hollywood for "Success Story," and soon may be back in London to do a picture with Fairbanks, Sr.



Russell Ball

FLORINE McKINNEY'S gorgeous blue eyes reveal a dream and the determination to make it come true. They've been trained on the high goal of stardom ever since she set out from Fort Worth, Texas, for Hollywood in a spluttering flivver two years ago. Recently seen in "Beauty for Sale"—she has it to spare—her next is "Hollywood Party"



Clarence Sinclair Bull

DIANA WYNYARD, post-graduate of the English charm school, has been missed by American screen audiences since her appearance with John Barrymore in "Reunion in Vienna" some months ago. M-G-M has been shifting plans for her next vehicle, but it should not be long before this fine actress of "Cavalcade" fame is before her public again



Otto Dyar

DO you think Rosemary Ames looks like Marlene Dietrich? Many people do. Others see a resemblance to Tallulah Bankhead. Fox, however, insists she will be quite a personality in her own right, following release of her first picture, "Disillusion." Miss Ames, an Evanston, Ill., girl, made good on the London stage before Hollywood recognized her

SATIN-SOFT HANDS
PLAY STAR ROLES IN LOVE

Satin-textured hands, laid confidently on a man's sleeve... soft, white fingers, brushing a caress across his cheek... how they send up heart-beats! Learn from the screen stars, experts in love, the value of soft, alluring, white hands. So easy to have them! Every night, and after exposure or washing during the day, smooth in **HINDS HONEY AND ALMOND CREAM**. Hinds is much more than a finishing lotion. It is a rich, penetrating cream in liquid form, that smooths, softens, and protects. And it's so inexpensive!



NOW IN A SMART NEW BOTTLE

Enchanted moments . . . with JEAN PARKER'S lovely, expressive hands enfolded in Tom Brown's. Scene taken from RKO's new film, "Wild Birds."

TRY Hinds Cleansing Cream, too, by the same makers. Delicate, light...liquefies instantly, floats out dirt! 10c, 40c, 60c.



Hurrell

JEAN HARLOW'S beauty lends itself superbly to studies in contrast and dramatic portraiture. All a good photographer needs is a black background, one bright light, the lovely platinum blonde for a subject—and the result is as striking a picture as ever came out of Hollywood

PHOTOPLAY

Close-Ups and Long-Shots

A VITAL movement is the cleaning-up of film advertising. The Associated Motion Picture Advertisers—which represent the advertising fraternity of the several major companies—have set themselves the task of barring offensive publicity.

There has been a tendency—a perfectly human one, by the way—to overstep conventional bounds in the ballyhooing of certain films. And films themselves have not been entirely above fault.

The following excerpts from a statement, prepared by the board of advertising censorship, in the Hays organization, are significant.

“**T**HE motion picture industry has resolved to clean itself up. It has resolved at the same time to modify its salesmanship and its objectionable advertising. This is because now that the industry is operating under the NRA code, being forced to recognize its tremendous responsibility to the public, it has come to realize that if the government is all powerful in its determination to modify or even to close up certain motion pictures, then the duty lies heavy on this industry so to modify its output that the criticism that is so often leveled against it may be killed at the outset—not by the powers of the government, but by the motion picture producers themselves.

“**I**T is absurd to think that any government would allow the continuance of any industry which daily and hourly was holding up to a vast majority of our citizens ideals of conduct, ideals of moral behavior, customs of undress or habits of common morality which, if adopted by a majority of our people, would change this country of ours from a country of homes and home-loving people into a country of libidinous immoralists.”

Vigorous language, perhaps, but it is a criticism of the motion picture industry from within the industry itself. And, yet, I cannot feel that the situation is quite as bad as represented. Perhaps the crusading spirit is riding just a bit too hard.

THE Will Hays organization—Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America—has ordered a stop to the releasing of publicity photos that are not in good taste. There has been a flood of such

pictures and, indeed, one or more magazines have made a specialty of publishing them.

With the recent crop of musicals, filled with imitative Sally Rands and other dancers, the number of dubious publicity photos has been on the increase.

HOWEVER the great majority of the “still” photos that creep into print are not even of actual scenes from pictures. They are specially posed. But, naturally, the public does not know this.

Moreover, scores of unknown extras and bit players are induced to have their scantily clad figures reproduced in the less discriminating publications.

Hence, the Hays office ban is wholly logical and sensible.

GRETA MEYER, German actress, appearing in the film, “Let’s Fall in Love,” adds her bit to “what’s wrong with Hollywood.” She says that European actors are given a complete theatrical education, which includes everything from dancing, diction and make-up to the history of the theater.

Well, our stars may be badly trained, but what puzzles us is, why are they so much more popular on the other side of the water than the home talent there?

AND John Barrymore believes that the old school of melodrama makes actors. That sort of training nourished versatility, says John. He points to brother Lionel and Paul Muni as shining examples. He might have added that he once joined with Ethel and Lionel on a barnstorming tour. And Lewis Stone came to pictures via the hard and rocky route of a San Francisco stock company.

KATHARINE HEPBURN, in an interview, remarks that the stage “improves one’s acting immeasurably.” Well, probably few will quarrel with that statement. Hollywood’s raids on Broadway theaters would indicate screen producers share that opinion.

Going back to Greta Meyer’s comment, it would appear that Europeans lay emphasis on preliminary training, Americans on actual experience. I incline toward the American method.

WHAT does an American movie star do when she is presented to the Prince of Wales?

What would *you* do?

If you didn't do just the approved thing, very probably you would stir up no end of commotion and comment, just as Greta Nissen did recently.

We're going to let you in on an interesting letter written by Greta to a friend in Hollywood.

"IT was all a very stiff and formal affair," says Greta, "and the English ladies curtsied deeply upon the arrival of the prince. I, for one, did not curtsy; being a foreigner, I did not feel I had to—but as I was the only one in the whole room who did not, it stirred up quite a commotion."

So we gather from Greta's letter that the best thing to do when you meet a prince is to say, "How do you do?" Leaving the nip-ups to the home talent.

IF your boy or girl gets into the movies, that proves it is brighter than the average child. Miss Lois Horne, school-teacher on the Warner Brothers lot, has made that discovery. The quotient 100 is used as the basis of the average child's intelligence. Miss Horne finds that studio children rate a quotient of 109. She bases her report on her work with 5617 youngsters she has taught on picture lots.

GEORGE RAFT was resting on the set of "Bolero," between shots of his famous tango with Carole Lombard.

"All right, George," the assistant director called, "get ready for rehearsal."

"Why rehearse again?" asked George. "Let's do it."

"Yes," snapped up Mack Gray, the Raft shadow, who hasn't one thing to do with the dance or the picture, "we want to do it while we feel in the mood. We don't want to rehearse around all day. We're in the mood to shoot it."

SHORT subjects *are* popular. In fact, the motion picture industry grew up on that fare. In 1910, for example, recklessly extravagant purveyors of screen entertainment were giving as many as six films (each a separate subject) for a nickel.

Some patrons didn't like the two-reelers when they first appeared. And managers of the local houses heard about that.

Today, New York City has theaters which show only newsreels and other short subjects. Of course, Walt Disney's Silly Symphonies, or other cartoons, are part of the program.

IN practically every picture theater in the land, "shorts" fill out the bill. They are, as one producer has long announced on the screen in connection with

his particular offering, "The Spice of the Program."

The books of one major studio are said to show that these little films constitute twenty-five per cent of the profits of the corporation. Yet aside from those in which such famous personalities as Laurel and Hardy, and Mickey Mouse, appear, the studios seldom publicize these tidbits.

Surely, what is good enough for the public to accept is good enough to advertise.

THE critics mostly say that they were disappointed in Hepburn's acting in the stage play, "The Lake." But if Sarah Bernhardt or Eleanor Duse had won her reputation first in pictures and then had come to Broadway, the critics would have been disappointed in them, too.

The screen is the land of true fantasy. Those who continue to call stage dramatics an art and motion pictures an industry may choke on that statement. Yet every person that is flashed on the screen—even though he be but a bit player—takes on an importance and an interest out of all proportion to reality. And when Katharine Hepburn returns to Broadway, fresh from such astounding triumphs as "Morning Glory" and "Little Women," critics are likely to note the absence of the screen halo.

A goddess in the flesh, looking very human in make-up behind the footlights, can never radiate quite such glamour as when sitting, aloof, on Mount Olympus.

COLUMBIA is now, most definitely, in the major league. There's a score of familiar names—including some famous ones—on their roster.

Some, as John Barrymore, are signed for one picture; others for several. Claudette Colbert will do three a year. Gene Raymond has a three-picture arrangement. As has also Elissa Landi.

AND read this list of names: Marian Nixon, William Gargan, Edmund Lowe, Ann Sothorn, Mary Brian, Fay Wray, Jack Holt, Grace Moore and Joseph Schildkraut, Richard Cromwell, Walter Connolly, Tim McCoy.

President Harry Cohn of Columbia has, in a remarkably brief time, brought his company right up to the front.

ONCE upon a time there was a little boy from the slums of New York, who went away, one summer, to a Fresh Air Camp. And it was cool one night, so the little boy crept out and stole the two blankets off the little boy in the next tent. And the Camp Master talked so kindly and reasonably to the little blanket-pilferer, that the next night he stole only *one* blanket!

The little boy was Eddie Cantor, and his companion was Walter Winchell.

KATHRYN DOUGHERTY

Day-Dreams come True for *Joan* . . . with her Lovely **CAMAY COMPLEXION!**



2 "I'm even pleased with myself! Now that my skin is lovelier, I can compete in looks with other girls."

1 "I've always wanted to be attractive to men, and to hold their admiration. But until I began using Camay, my skin was so dull that men never seemed to notice me. Camay has changed all that!"

Turn all your day-dreams into fact! Don't miss the good times that are due you! There's fun in life for the pretty girls—for the girls with Camay Complexions!

ALL LIFE IS A BEAUTY CONTEST

For—like Joan, the girl above—you, too, are in a daily Beauty Contest. At a party, a dance, as you walk down the street—wherever you go—your beauty, your charm, your skin are judged by the

searching eyes of men and women.

So get yourself a Camay Complexion—a skin soft as petals and down. Then gallant remarks and sincere compliments will be a daily occurrence.

Camay, the Soap of Beautiful Women, is your ally. Use it faithfully for one month, and very soon you'll detect a new perfection in your skin.

Get a supply of Camay today. The price is amazingly low!

Pure, creamy-white and delicately fragrant, Camay comes in a green and yellow wrapper, in Cellophane.



Copr. 1933, Procter & Gamble Co.

CAMAY The Soap of Beautiful Women



Garbo's amazing personality has kept her high upon the throne, worshipped by millions, for over a period of seven years. Will her reign continue?

IS IT GARBO

FOR over seven years Garbo has sat on her throne, aloof, inaccessible, and mysterious as the dwelling place of deity itself.

For over seven years her keen rapier of a hypnotizing screen personality has been sufficient to ward off any ambitious usurper.

But today Katharine Hepburn, wielding a smashing, shattering mace of sheer dramatic genius, through a short campaign of little more than a year's great acting, stands challenging at the very portals of that heretofore secure citadel.

Will she eventually overcome Garbo and wrest from her the coveted perch by virtue of her genius, or will Garbo remain invulnerable through her inexplicable, universally appealing "something," her fascination which has conquered everyone from the country plowboy to the cosmopolite—from the miner's wife to the millionairess?

Which one is destined eventually to triumph—and rule?

Katharine Hepburn is probably the greatest actress ever to come to Hollywood. She has proved beyond doubt (and there were plenty of early doubts, including her own) that she can throw herself completely into a characterization until she is the person she portrays. There were skeptics after "A Bill of

Divorcement," and more after "Christopher Strong," but most of them capitulated with "Morning Glory." "Little Women" thoroughly clinched the argument.

And so, although her first sensation was a controversial sensation, her latest has amounted to universal capitulation. Capitulation to her genius.

But can acting genius alone secure for her and hold for her the supreme place on the screen? Can it overcome the mysterious but recognized force that is Garbo's?

Hollywood history says no.

BUT then, to repeat, Hollywood has never seen anything like Katharine Hepburn.

It had never seen anything like Garbo. It has never seen anything like Garbo since. Never seen such a matchless personality.

And, heretofore, personality has been the precious metal from which movie idols have been molded. The greatest, the most enduring screen personalities have never completely lost themselves in their rôles. They have not been able to, and still remain screen idols. Even such a finished dramatist as George Arliss remains George Arliss, whether in the screen guise of *Disraeli*, *Voltaire* or *The Rajah* in "The Green



OR HEPBURN?

Hepburn's acting ability marks her as one of the finest artists that ever came to Hollywood. Is genius alone sufficient to make her a monarch?

One rules with personality,
the other with artistry—
but only one can be queen

By Kirtley Baskette

Goddess." The incomparable Barrymores remain Barrymores, with distinct Barrymore gestures, inflections and mannerisms, although able to create the feeling somehow that no one but a Barrymore could have possibly played that particular rôle. And so it is with every great screen idol—Marie Dressler, Joan Crawford, Ann Harding, Chevalier, Dietrich, Harlow—on down the list.

There are even great actors who consistently out-act the stars in so-called "character rôles," big and little rôles. Walter Huston, Jean Hersholt, Lewis Stone, Otto Kruger, May Robson. But they don't become screen idols.

Personality—Garbo has it, if you can limit her esoteric

charm to such a commonplace word. Personality on the screen and off. Enough to create and maintain a legend. Enough to weave about her a magic spell of mystery, which continues to intrigue everyone because it is genuine, though impossible to identify or touch.

Off the screen, Katharine Hepburn has apparently attempted to construct such a legend of mystery, but that "something" is absent, and instead of effectiveness, it has resulted in downright craziness. Her off-stage mysteriousness (and this is not debunking, because it's common knowledge to Hollywood) evaporated quickly, exposing pranks resembling those of a schoolgirl putting on an act.

THE exotic lady from Sweden could do it, but not the madcap from Bryn Mawr.

Hepburn simply can't be consistent in her oddities.

On her arrival in Hollywood she begged for seclusion and privacy, but her outfits were enough to stop the proverbial clock. She wanted to slip creepie-mousie around Hollywood, but she rented a spectacular foreign-made car to do it in, and rode with her feet cocked up on the back of the front seat! She wanted to be left alone—so alone—but she insisted on standing in the middle of RKO-Radio's streets, or sitting in a



busy studio doorway, to read her mail.

She went around the lot carrying a white monkey, which she tied to the desks of people she wanted to plague. She gambled with the publicity department whether she would grant an interview or not. She shooed photographers away one minute and then took it "big" with a wide grin for them the next.

She took an almost pathological delight in allowing the wildest tales to be broadcast about her, without denial. She was supposed to have several million dollars as a rich New York heiress; she was also terribly poor. She was the mother of several children from her different marriages; she had never even been in love. She was this and she was that.

The thing wasn't a mystery. It was a gag. And gags are old stuff to Hollywood.

CONTRAST this (and you can't compare Hepburn and Garbo on one single point—you have to contrast them) with the actual mystery which surrounds Garbo even today, after her long years under Hollywood's searching microscope.

At her own studio no one knows anything about her. Outside of one or two very close friends, no one in the whole town has any faint inkling of what she does, or why, after her old-fashioned limousine rolls out of the gates. Most of the M-G-M employees have never even glimpsed her. Other top notch M-G-M stars are barred from her set. She is the lady no one knows, and she is the real McCoy.

She is not just odd, she is

Hepburn's artistry makes her rôles great. In the above scene from "Trigger," the movement of her hands, the attitude of her body, her facial expression, give the scene reality. She is an actress, expertly playing her part. With Garbo, it is the force of her own powerful personality that makes her pictures great. Below, the moment in "Queen Christina" is made dramatic because of Garbo's hypnotic presence, rather than because of acting technique



individual, to the nth degree. Strikingly individual. Her coat, turned up at the collar, her long "Garbo bob," her mannish skirts and rough clothes when they were first aired were undeniably hers. They suited her. They were odd, but they fitted. She offered no apologies for her eccentricities. Her sphinx-like silence might have been calculated, but it was effective. If her personal myth was a myth, and an act, which is very questionable, it has grown into a reality—at least an accepted myth, which is the next thing.

THE point is that off the screen Garbo makes them like it and Hepburn makes them laugh. There's a lot of difference.

But on the screen—the difference has narrowed down to a very thin margin indeed.

Each captivates, devastates in an entirely different manner, but each does captivate, and each does completely devastate.

Garbo does so *because* she is Garbo, and Hepburn does so *in spite* of Hepburn.

There is no argument about the fact that Hepburn was an unknown quantity, even after "A Bill of Divorcement." To some audiences she was actually antipathetic. They didn't like her. Her voice grated, her manners were too positive, too masculine, too rough. Her personality, mainly, was what they were criticizing.

Now we have the astounding situation (very possibly the first time in the history of the screen) where an actress has swept everything [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 99]

Only Al Wanted to Play

The amazing story
of the making of
"Wonder Bar"

By William
F. French



IT'S a gay set—a scene that delighted jaded Broadway some three years ago—now being reproduced in thrice its original splendor. A great room, the center of which is a glass-like dance floor, circled by a hundred brightly lighted tables, sporting a brilliant floor show, a teasing, tempting orchestra—with Al Jolson strutting his stuff before the gorgeously gowned Dolores Del Rio.

All about us are beautiful women. We hear the rustle of silk, the clink of glasses and the restless rhythm of youth and pleasure.

Close to the camera Director Lloyd Bacon is stretched out in his canvas chair, hat jammed down over his eyes.

Facing him, their backs to the famous "Wonder Bar," which extends along the far wall, sit Kay Francis, Ricardo Cortez and Dick Powell. They are joined by the grinning Al and the smiling Dolores. All five raise their glasses to a toast.

Happy, happy set!

"Click," goes the still camera. The players at the bar change their pose—and that is not all. Kay shrugs,



Dick Powell tried every way to get out of the picture, and couldn't. So Dick sings the part assigned him and good-naturedly takes the crumbs that fall his way

Dolores Del Rio and Al Jolson are quite distressed about Mr. Cortez! But Ric, and some others in the cast, would just as soon be carried off the set and never come back

glances about her and settles back with queenly indifference. Ricardo's toothful smile straightens into a thin, hard line and friendly Dick Powell grins sheepishly at his director.

Meanwhile Al Jolson edges a little forward in the center of the group and Dolores keeps discreetly silent. The almost inevitable friendly repartee that follows a shot is strangely missing.

"Just one big, happy family," I suggested to Director Bacon.

"Yeah," he returned, drily.

"But we are going to get a good picture out of this."

And there was more than just prophecy in his words—as the amount of night work the players did on the production and final results prove.



In "Wonder Bar" Jolson keeps the spotlight. The lovely lady, of course, is Kay Francis.

Bacon happens to be the kind of director who backs his bagful of tricks with a bull-dog grip; which wasn't a bad asset in the making of "Wonder Bar," with Jolson intimating a walk-out if he didn't get his own way, and Kay Francis expressing a queenly hauteur, and Ricardo Cortez' smile assuming knife-like sharpness—and with even Dick Powell besieging the office with demands for his release from the picture.

But why? And why did the cheers of Guy Kibbee, Hugh Herbert, Louise Fazenda and other members of the cast assume the resonance of the well-known raspberry?

For the simple reason that no one on the lot wanted to play in the picture and practically everybody in the cast was dragged in. In fact, it was the grandest little shanghaiing act ever

staged in Hollywood; which is saying a great deal. With the exception of Dolores Del Rio, whom Jolson personally picked and who has the juiciest part, outside of Al's own, every player in the picture came to work in handcuffs, so to speak.

The general complaint? Bad parts—or bits, as some of the players claim. That, and Al's alleged inclination to go into a huddle with the camera too frequently.

Without doubt, it is difficult for a stage star who used to carry his own show almost single-handed not to hog scenes—but you can't bat all the time in the big league. The other players have to be let in on a little teamwork—especially if they happen to be featured players and stars.



Photo by Charles Rhodes

While atop a camera crane, Busby Berkeley skilfully directs the lavish dance spectacle

To use Guy Kibbee's words: "It's no fun wearing the uniform if the other fellow's the whole band."

The grievance, however, is deeper than just that—for none of the players selected felt they had parts that did them justice. They were not all as nimble in dodging the call as was Warren William, who, upon being informed that he was nominated for one of the parts, merely raised his eyebrows—and took a little trip to New York. There was nothing Warren would rather do than play Kay's husband, but—er—not in "Wonder Bar."

Kay, meanwhile, had been told a little fairy story about the really charming part which was being re-written for her, and which Mr. Jolson was going to have built up big. Al, you know, happened to own the story—the picture being made from his

New York show of the same name, which had a moderate run.

"I didn't like the part the first time it was suggested to me," explains Kay, "and after I got the script I liked it less. In the first place, there was really no part there for me at all. Just a bit—nothing more. It was a part any one of twenty girls on the set could play just as well as I.

"Naturally, I told them I didn't want to do it. They insisted—and I had to play it even though it was not re-written into anything.

"No actress likes to play an insignificant part—especially if it has no place in the script and could be cut out entirely without hurting the story—but it is not the mere playing of a small bit that I resent in this instance. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 111]

DID you ever wonder about those eye-filling gowns worn by the movie queens of Hollywood? Those sleek and shiny ones, those ruffled and puffy ones, those glamorous and seductive ones? Whence they come? And how and when and why?

Well, you can bet your bottom dollar on one thing. They didn't just happen like Topsy. They're the result, those gorgeous clothes of the screen stars, of long weary hours of fitting. Of standing on one foot. And then the other. And possibly the head before it's all over.

Those fitting room walls! Oh boy, oh boy! What they could tell if they could talk! Those studio designers! What they could tell a waiting world! And won't, drat 'em! Except—

Well, it seems Carole Lombard was working on one lot, and going over to Paramount to have her clothes made by her favorite designer, Travis Banton.

And the minute Carole left the front door, all the little dressmakers and fitters and cutters began flying about like mad, getting out the Lombard frocks. They knew she was on her way, for that loud, screeching sound

that any ordinary citizen calmly dismisses as a fire siren in full blast, was just Carole preparing to enthuse over Banton's newest creation.

Up the stairs to the fitting room, she bounded.

Still screeching and still screaming. "Travis, get the beaded dinner majigg ready, I'm on my way." As if everyone within two miles didn't know it already.

The beaded dinner majigg was brought out. "Travis," the squeals grew wilder, "it's gorgeous. It's gr-rand—oh—I—Travis—"

The fringed negligée was next.

The screaming increased. The fitters, practically deafened and, by this time, almost as hysterical as Carole, flew madly about. Everything from an unusual scarf to a bit of lace, became another reason for wild bedlam.

Well, by the time it was over and Carole was blithely on her way, the fitters were prostrate, while Banton held his throbbing, aching head in the water cooler.

BUT do they love it? And do they purposely design the loveliest of all clothes for the enthusiastic, to say nothing of the slightly feverish approval, of Carole?

Hopkins, little Miriam, of course, sends everyone screaming for the nerve tonic by the time she appears. By the time Miriam is through, at least four fitters and one tailor are seized with the heebie jeebies and can't stop twittering like birdies or something.

It's quite awful.

There she stands. A tiny little blonde honey.

"Travis, it's lovely. But here at the hem—" the fitters spring to the hem—"the sleeve is too loose"—they spring to the sleeve—"the seam—the hem—oh, I love the neckline—the back is too low"—they leap to the back—"the jacket is"—they leap jacketward—"the belt"—well, when it's over, the



"Stop!" Norma cried, when the green dye bath was finally ready. "Maybe white is best after all. Or do you think the green, or maybe—" In the end, the gown was water-melon pink. And Norma, looking very charming in the color, wished she had decided on blue. Or maybe green

Fitting Room

Rip, sew and gossip
—there are screams
and jitters when the
stars try on clothes!

By Sara Hamilton

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK DOBIAS

leaping fitters go leaping about the studio like kangaroos, jabbing pins into people and things. Miriam has the dress on upside down, one leg through an armhole, the other through the neckline. The jacket is now a train and Banton a bewildered maniac.

And Miriam loves it. Adores it. Upside down or not. Leg in armhole or not in armhole.

She thinks it's too elegant. And that always helps.

But Dietrich. Now we're going to let you in on something very special. That glamour, that allure, that—whatever the heck it is—is manufactured right in Travis Banton's fitting-room. Made, mind you, like so many washing machines, and isn't that "sumpin."

Remember the knock-'em-dead coque feathered turban she wore in "Shanghai Express?" And the fasci-

nating nose veil that accompanied it?

Let me tell you about that. Feather by feather, that glamorous headpiece came to life. One feather was added near the left eyebrow. It was surveyed by Marlene, by Banton, by the fitter, by the

tailors and, last but not least, by Joey Von Sternberg himself. It should be, maybe, just a sixteenth of an inch to the right, someone would suggest. So the feather was placed one sixteenth of an inch to the right and again it was previewed enmasse by the anxious audience.

After something like two and one half days on one feather, another would be added with the same performance all over again. After four weeks, three days, seven hours and three-and-one-half minutes, all the feathers were placed at their most alluring, provocative angle, and everyone was ready for the nose veil.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 104]





Clarence Sinclair Bull

IT took lots of persuasion to get Otto Kruger off Broadway into movies. But once there, he made up for lost time! Kruger played leading rôles in six pictures during 1933—his first year in Hollywood. His next is the movie version of "Men in White"

Little Girl, Don't Cry!

Hollywood deals harshly with wild-eyed youngsters who want to be slinky heroines

By *Jeanne Hayes*

IF you've ever seen a dream walking, it's little Mary Carlisle, as sure as you live.

Mary with those China blue eyes, round apple dumpling cheeks, a little nose that turns slightly up, and hair two shades off the gold standard.

All of which is just too bad for Mary. For looking like a doll is about the worst thing that can happen to any little girl within whose girlish bosom yearneth the desire to be-eth a great, heaving, husky-voiced, slinky-limbed heroine. For Mary will dimple in the comicest places and giggle at the wrong times.

"And what chance have I," Mary says, "when people keep calling me 'Dolly'? I'll bet no one ever called Garbo, 'Garby.'"

Seriously though, and no kidding, it is something to think about.

For here's this swell little kid with a marked degree of talent, a tremendous capacity for taking it on the chin, a willingness to work, and, to top it all off, a burning, seething, flaming ambition. And she has to look like that. Dimples in her knees and an ache in her heart.

RIGHT now, of course, it's cute. That roly-poly business and the little girl giggle. But Mary is going to be a big girl any day now. Mary is nearly twenty-two. Mary will just have to grow up.

So little girl, what now?

You see, Mary could never be happy off a motion picture lot. It's all she's ever really known since she was fifteen. It has taken the place of those fudge party, pillow-fighting days of boarding school. Where those lasting, undying friendships are formed. It's taken the place of the wild excitement of a college dance. The whispering and sweet romancing of a girl in school. It's the only school so many of these little girls of the screen ever know. And it's why they are never happy in a world outside motion pictures, once they've had the slightest taste of it. I've seen them. Other wide-eyed little blondes of the screen who have come and gone. And then stood, pitifully unhappy little girls for the rest of their lives, outside looking in. You could name a round half dozen of them yourself, off hand.

Striving, weeping, dying within. Youth, happiness, everything hopelessly lost in the struggle, that grows harder and harder with the Hepburns, the Garbos, the Dietrichs, taking their places in the sun.

Brave, gallant little lost girls of the screen.

Pitiful, isn't it?

And so we look at Mary, her yellow curls bobbing, her giggles echoing up and down the studio lot, meeting all rebuffs and disappointments like the

Dimples in her knees,
an ache in her heart!
Mary Carlisle can't
forget her ambitions—
not even while dancing
with Bing Crosby in
"College Humor"

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 107]



THEY, TOO, WERE



Ralph Graves, once a movie hero, is now a writer. This picture was taken after he married the late Marjorie Seaman, left. The other lady is Colleen Moore

WHEN Clara Kimball Young was discovered recently living in a shabby, four-family flat in Los Angeles, financially pressed for the necessities of comfortable existence, Hollywood shuddered when it recalled the Clara Kimball Young of only yesterday.

Then she was the magnificent star whose city estate was one of the show places of Los Angeles. Then she was the best dressed actress in Hollywood, whose \$50,000 chinchilla coat established a legend of sartorial splendor.

It seemed that Clara had suddenly been harshly dealt with by life, by the Fates of Hollywood who spin destinies with small regard for feelings. But, of course, it wasn't sudden at all—just seemingly to Hollywood, which is so busy with exciting affairs of the moment that it hasn't time to look back very often.

Someone outside of Hollywood had to tell Hollywood about Clara Kimball Young. From that she got her first screen job in many, many months—the part of Jackie Coogan's mother in Jackie's film comeback. It was a job she needed badly.

It is at times like this that Hollywood,

startled into semi-shame at its own forgetfulness, looks around to check up on the lost legion of stars that were. At such times when a player, whose name once was a toast and still is a tradition, bobs up shorn of the glittering robes of stardom.

True, some of those who tasted glory are doing well enough in careers far removed from greasepaint. Others are having a hard, heart-breaking time of it, trying to stay in the profession which remains their very life's blood. Some have new philosophies—others live in the past. But all prove that Fate, where careers are concerned, plays few favorites in Hollywood.

Fifteen years or so ago, the biggest star on the Universal lot was pretty Ella Hall, still remembered for the film, "Jewel."

Today, Ella Hall is a saleswoman at the most exclusive women's dress shop on Hollywood Boulevard. And she's a very good one, too—so good that all the stars' trade contacts are in her charge.

Ella was said to have been in love with Director Robert Leonard, but vivacious Mae Murray, coming out from the "Follies" stole him away.



Clara Kimball Young, at one time most glamorous of stars, was recently discovered in a shabby Los Angeles flat. The old fellow receiving the drink is George Fawcett, once famous for his grumpy rôles

STARS

Read the roll of famous names of other days. What do we find these folk doing now?

*By Kirtley
Baskette*

So Ella married Emory Johnson, an actor-director, who failed of complete success. When their children needed additional support, she took a job behind the counter and made good.

When Bebe Daniels and Mrs. Skeets Gallagher opened their new dress shop in Westwood Village, they wanted Ella to take charge of it. But her employer wouldn't let her go. She was too valuable. She was reckoned a star again—but this time a star saleswoman.

Business always has attracted stars to whom the screen seemed to offer nothing



Francis X. Bushman was idolized, and all women envied Beverly Bayne. But when he offered to marry any woman who could support him, no one took him up

further. Some have developed latent trade talent and achieved success. To others, the venture has meant the loss of what financial security they had left.

Kathleen Clifford, "Pretty Kitty" Clifford, who at one time was Hollywood's most beautiful blonde ingénue and, later, leading lady, started and operated a chain of florist establishments in Hollywood and Beverly Hills until the depression came along and forced her to give them up. Now she runs a beauty shop, a more modest business, but one which she is making yield her a living.

Katherine MacDonald, the stately "American Beauty," whom President Woodrow Wilson nominated as his favorite of all screen stars, launched her own cosmetic shop with some success, while Florence Lawrence, the famous old "Biograph Girl," who was the biggest star of the biggest company of its day—even before Mary Pickford had ascended to her throne—failed not long ago in a beauty salon venture. Now she lives in an obscure section of Hollywood, completely out of the scintillating world.

Many will never forget Milton Sills and Katherine MacDonald in "The Woman Thou Gavest Me." Her movie days over, Katherine went into the cosmetic business. Sills died in 1930, after a heart attack



Dorothy Davenport Reid was a big star when her much more famous husband, the late Wallace Reid, was doing bit parts. As he ascended in the movie firmament, she retired to the real life rôle of wife and mother, but, upon his death, emerged again. With the substantial means left by Wally she added to her personal fortune, but made the mistake which has spelled ruin for more than one star. She turned producer and took heavy losses, which ate up her fortune, and forced her to make a living managing an apartment house in which she had a half-interest.

Of late, her ambition has been to mold the screen career of Wally Reid, Jr.; and as for herself, she has fought back to a place in Hollywood as a scenarist and director, recently directing "The Woman Condemned" for Willis Kent, an independent producer.

YOU recall how Charlie Ray lost a large fortune producing "The Courtship of Miles Standish." The "Ince wonder boy," who had a tremendous following as America's country cousin, had suddenly gone sophisticate, donned tails and a top hat—and failed. He tried again and again. Several times during the past few years he has attempted a feeble comeback, but Hollywood has turned a cold shoulder in his direction. Vaudeville engagements keep him alive, although every year a rumor trickles through that Charlie is about to stage a comeback. Now no one even believes the rumor.

But even before Charlie had definitely arrived as a star, Monroe Salisbury was devastating hearts as the screen's perfect lover. Marguerite Clark sought him for her leading man in several of her pictures, and Marguerite Clark, you will remember, was running right along-side of Mary Pickford.

Today, Monroe is night clerk at the Warner-Kelton hotel in Hollywood (owned by Pert's folks) and at one time had an interest in the place, while Marguerite, retired for many years, is the wife of a wealthy New Orleans man, and her Southern mansion with its carved glass door on magnolia-scented St. Charles Street has few things in it to remind her of her star days.

Marguerite Clark was the sweet, nice girl of those early days,

but the wicked vampire, the sensuous siren, was Louise Glaum, another Thomas Ince star who scored a sensation in a sticky picture called "Sweetheart of the Doomed."

Luring men to their downfall was her forte for the camera then, but today it's luring customers to the box-office, for Louise with her husband operates a movie theater in National City, California, not far removed from the honky-tonks of Tia Juana.

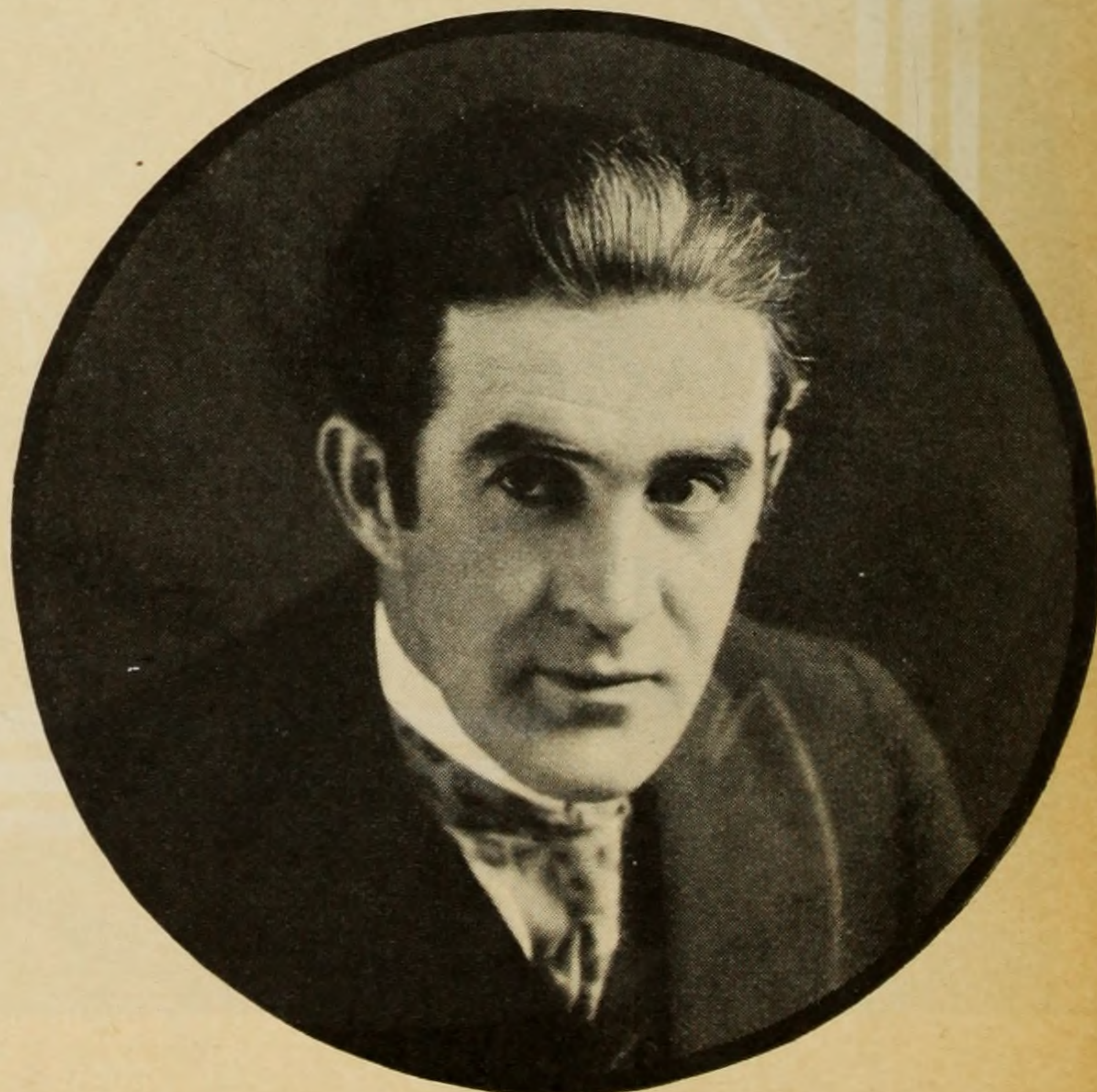
They don't make much money, because there aren't very many people in National City, but there, where Louise is said to be happy and healthy, there isn't the tragedy of hanging on when the crowd has passed by.

Perhaps the most pathetic side of Hollywood is presented by those who stand in the extra lines and sit on the set watching new stars receive the adulation—the attention that once went to them. Ethel Clayton has stayed in Hollywood, turning to the studios when bad fortune overtook her. Can a star of her former importance relish the tiny bits she must play?

Recently, on the set of "Bolero" at Paramount, Elinor Fair, the beautiful girl who played with Bill Boyd in the memorable "Volga Boatman" and then married him, and Julanne Johnston, once Douglas Fairbanks' leading lady, sat practically unnoticed in their extra-bit capacities while Carole Lombard and George Raft held the spotlight they used to know.

Mae Busch, Mary MacLaren,
[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 94]

Raymond Griffith (center) was a favorite in pre-talkie days. His inaudible voice hurtled him from top-rank. Now he is Zanuck's ace writer at 20th Century



Today, Francis Ford works as extra, when he gets a part, and watches others in leads he used to play



JANET GAYNOR goes Southern and turns back the years in "Carolina." The photographer caught her in one of her most demure moments, resting on the studio set and looking very charmingly old-fashioned. Yes, suh, her new rôle, with its rustle of silk and romantic appeal, should be highly pleasing to Miss Gaynor's enormous personal following



Ernest A. Bachrach

"MY darling, what is the matter?" Robert Young seems to be trying to administer tender solace to Katharine Hepburn in her sadness. This scene is from Katie's latest photoplay, "Trigger," the story of a girl of the Kaintuck mountains

THIS scene from "As the Earth Turns" is laid in New England's countryside, and Donald Woods—you've heard of him on New York's stage—makes a pretty picture of ingenuous love with gray-eyed Jean Muir, the farmer's daughter



Scotty Welbourne



MY, my, how those Continental lads can make love to pretty American girls and how pretty American girls can respond! At any rate, Jeanette MacDonald and Ramon Novarro are having a very delightful time in "The Cat and the Fiddle"

CAN she believe him? Well, Claudette Colbert looks as though she does. Take that dreamy expression in her dark, French eyes! And Clark Gable turns to see if his wooing is going over. You'll find out in "It Happened One Night"





Ernest A. Bachrach

THIS striking suit of silver lame accentuates the loveliness of Irene Dunne, now to be seen in "Transient Love." In private life Irene is the star of a "long distance" marriage. Her husband, Dr. Francis Griffin, is a New York dentist. One or the other is always on the jump between Hollywood and New York. Absence seems to whet their fondness



By Ruth
Rankin

He won't act in a play that's "written for him." Don't try to "type" him. It can't be done

What's This Muni Mystery?

NOW some are calling Paul Muni the "Garbo man" of Hollywood. A legend has been built around him—a legend of temperament and aloofness that would establish him as the masculine counterpart of the esoteric Greta.

His independence occasions no little awe. His refusal to mingle with the crowd, the manner of his stealing away from Moviedom whenever the spirit moves him, the way he dictates production plans—these and other highlights of the Muni legend keep Hollywood prattling over its tea.

"Some one was going to play the masculine Garbo sooner or later," say the prattlers. They have figured Muni as more nearly filling the rôle than that other aloof and independent gentleman, Ronald Colman.

As for Muni, "Garbo Man" or no, there is one thing he will do: He will talk about himself, will give his explanations for being what he is.

"I am always worrying, always tormented, when I am in the midst of a picture—yes, and long before, preparing. I have no mental peace. Physically, I am not equipped to mingle. At the end of a day, I have not enough strength left to go out.

Is he the "Garbo Man" that some maintain he is?

"I did not start out in life to be convivial. To begin now would be an affectation. I have no small talk.

"Not that I wish to appear a highly mental person. I do not rate any higher intellectually than others.

"My mental calibre is simply different. It is not pretentious. I value simple, normal things most highly.

"I know actors less than any one, although my own family and my wife are of the theater. I mean, as Hollywood views knowing actors. It seems to me they meet, they immediately ask what the other fellow is doing, each proceeds to explain at some length. But frankly, I cannot think they are truly interested.

"Then, the subject exhausted, they look at each other with a great deal of pathos—and long for an escape.

"I am ungainly in a gathering of graceful, social persons. I cannot hop right in with just the right degree of informality and ease. I don't know the approach. I don't blend.

"I cannot exhibit myself, except when *outside* myself. I mean, except when under the refuge, in the complete disguise, of a character.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 100]

CAL YORK *Announcing* The Monthly Broadcast of



It's a long time between lunch and dinner. So Clark Gable thinks. Consequently Mr. Gable was a regular customer at the hot-dog wagon that stationed itself near the set of "It Happened One Night." Clark co-stars with Claudette Colbert

SAY what you will, the Bennett girl is fair. Watching her husband's picture, taken in far-off Bali, the credits flashed on the screen . . . "Produced by the Marquis de la Falaise." Then the next, "Directed by the Marquis de la Falaise and Gaston Glass."

Nudging Gaston in the darkened room, Connie said, "You know a lot more about directing than he does, and you well know you did most of it. Put your name first!"

HOLLYWOOD is chatting about the change in young Doug Fairbanks since his sojourn in England. Instead of a nervously pacing rather unsure-of-things young man, Doug has gained enough poise and calmness to last him the rest of his life.

"Are you going to let Franchot Tone steal Joan away from you?" one reporter asked.

"Well," laughed Doug easily, "I couldn't think of a finer gentleman for Joan. I'm very fond of Franchot, myself." And with the same easy smile, he walked away.

A NEIGHBOR'S little girl, dragging a battered doll, wandered into the Bing Crosby home the other morning while the nurse was bathing Bing's young hopeful.

"How long have they had that baby?" inquired the visitor.

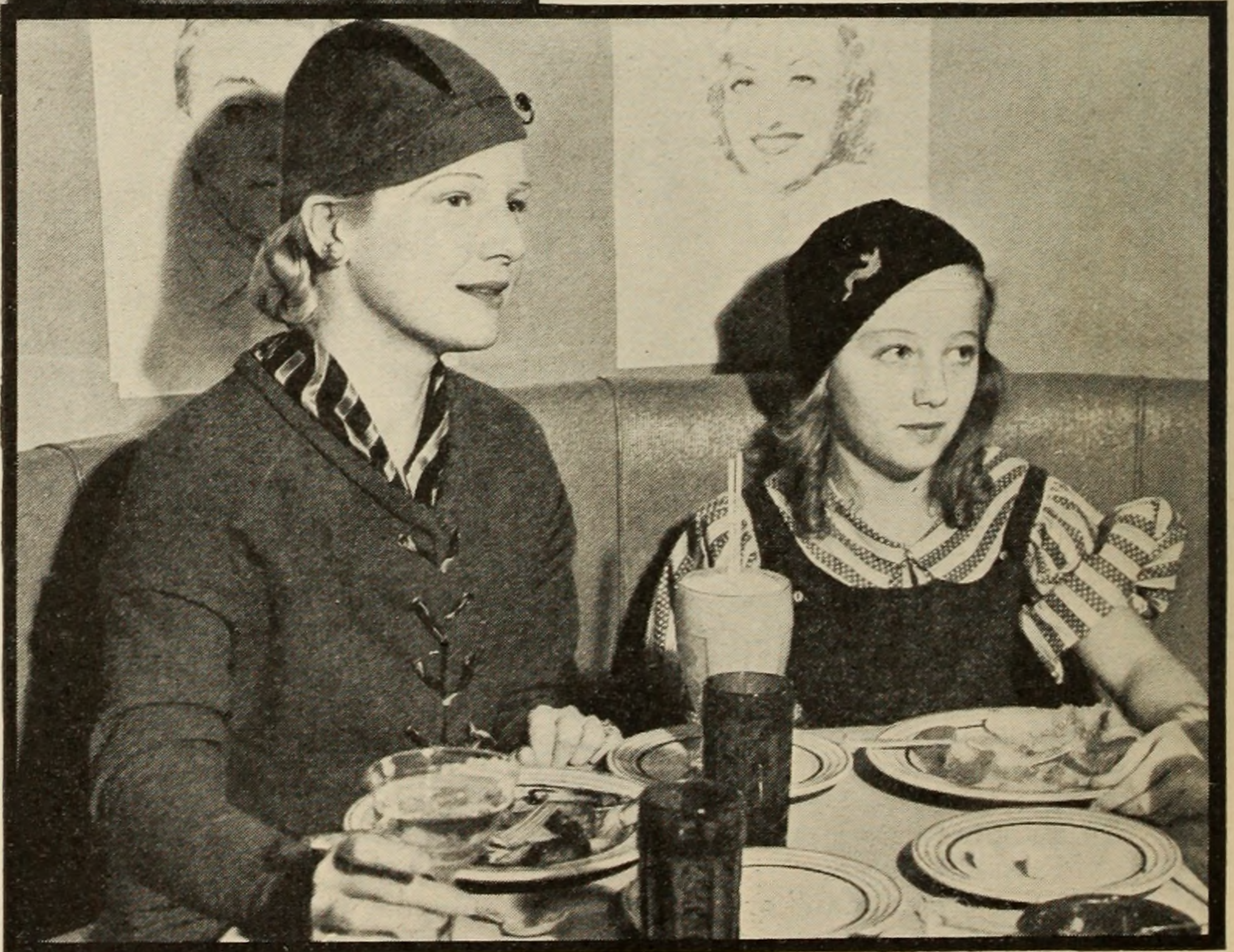
"Oh, about seven months," answered the nurse.

"My goodness, but you've kept him nice!" admired the young caller.

IT'S no secret that Al Jolson is doing everything in his power to get Ruby Keeler to quit movies cold. Warner Brothers have already felt the pressure of Al's influence on Ruby.

Al declares he doesn't want Ruby to be tied up to a contract. He wants her to be free to come and go. But a lot of people feel Ruby's rapid rise has been a little too much for Al. After all, one star in a family seems to be the rule these days.

MAYBE Mae West actually did start something. At any rate, the millennium has arrived. Two actresses in Hollywood have been ordered to put on pounds. Claudette Colbert, in training for her rôle of *Cleopatra*, has some fifteen to assemble to charm the voluptuous Ptolemy. It seems that Cleo was a little Westish, and Caesar and Antony liked 'em that way.



Ann Harding and her little niece, Dorothy, chose a quiet corner when they went to lunch at Sardi's, but they couldn't escape the cameraman. Ann's own child, Jane Bannister, is about the same age as Dorothy

Hollywood Goings-On!

Carole Lombard is drinking cream to round out the figure after "Bolero" reduced her to a nub.

ROSEMARY AMES, one of Fox's new contract players, importation from England, is still a little confused about Hollywood.

The publicity department brought a magazine interviewer out to see her the other day.

"Have you been interviewed before in Hollywood, Miss Ames?" queried the scribe.

"No," replied the actress, and then brightly, "but an insurance salesman called yesterday!"

IN "Queen Christina," Greta Garbo and John Gilbert have a rendezvous in an inn. To Christina, all of the inanimate things in their chummy room become very dear, due to their association with her romance.

One sequence consists of Garbo moving about the room, caressing various objects, while Gilbert watches, silently. She takes her time, too.

To some her every motion seems as graceful as a dancer's—a joy to behold.

Others are impatient, or were when the sequence ran so long at the world premiere of the film in New York.

At that showing, irreverent ones in the audience snickered when Gilbert's well feigned curiosity finally stirred him to ask! "What are you doing?"



The camera can make midgets of us all—if the angle is right. And this is how Leslie Howard photographs when the camera looks down on him. The picture was taken aboard the Aquitania, on Howard's recent return from his native England



The "Queen of Sheba" in her dressing-room—with Herbert Mundin—doing her make-up! Betty Blythe is back in pictures after an absence of years. She will be featured with Mundin in "Ever Since Eve"

WARNERS suddenly discovered that they needed Lyle Talbot for another scene for "Mandalay"—and needed him real badly. But he couldn't be found. After much probing around, it was discovered that he had started, with the Countess di Frasso, as guest at a ranch. They finally hit on the expedient of broadcasting for him—that brought him back a-running.

GUY KIBBEE took his wife and little girl out to luncheon at the studio the other day. As he was reading things from the menu, little Shirley stopped him with the inquiry, "Daddy, what's a croquette?"

"One man's meat," answered papa without even pausing to think, "is another man's croquette."



Two Bennetts were cornered by the camera at Colleen Moore's party — Barbara and Joan. It's rumored that Barbara is going back into movies. If so, the two blonde Bennetts may have sisterly brunette competition

WELL, maybe Jeanette MacDonald is putting on a little weight, as one of our leading daily columnists recently pointed out carefully. But the French like them that way. Anyhow, at a very dignified ceremony conducted by the French consul, Henri Didot, Jeanette was presented with a scroll which appointed her to a vice-presidency in the Alliance Francaise, one of the oldest French Fraternal institutions. Because Jeanette is the most popular American picture star in France, that's why.

VICTOR JORY once drove a taxi in Los Angeles. At the end of the first month he had taken so many of his friends riding, he owed the company \$2.60. So he took up acting.

ALTHOUGH they had two marriages within a year—enough, you would think, to convince each other they both meant “sure-enough,” Sidney Fox and her writer-husband, Charles Beahan, have cut the nuptial knot for keeps.

Sidney, who was somewhat of a darling at Universal, may return there to resume her screen career, abandoned for the domestic rôle.

KAY FRANCIS rushed out to a lonely little spot on Long Island and went into hiding the moment news of her anticipated divorce became public. And is her face red after all those things she said not so long ago about “how to hold your man.”

IT looks as though Henry B. Walthall has the all-time screen record of them all. The veteran *Little Colonel* of “The Birth of a Nation” revealed recently that he has played in no less than six hundred pictures in his career, spread over some twenty years.

SHADES of a bygone glamorous day came to mind the other evening when Mae Murray did a solo “Merry Widow” on the floor of a smart New York night club. Mae got up to dance when the orchestra played that waltz and, when she was recognized, the dancers backed off, leaving the entire floor to the terpsichorean art of the famous dancer.

WELL, you can take it or leave it — anyway, a certain young lady couldn't rehearse her dance in Paramount's “Bolero” one day, because she had contracted a bad cold sitting too near a fan. Her name is Sally Rand!

IF you've ever seen a small boy suddenly discovered by his teacher doing something he shouldn't, you'd be reminded of that guilty expression in getting a load of Max Baer the other afternoon holding hands with a blonde cutie. Max was in a little hideaway restaurant where none of the Broadway crowd ever go



Here's one little girl that has plenty of protection! At least, while she's playing ice hockey. It's Dorothy Lee, an ardent devotee of the game, all dressed up to take on any team at the Ice Palace in Hollywood

when, zippo, a news hound came up to him and said hello. Max blushed—honestly—and squirmed about a little, then blustered something incoherent, while the blonde grinned.

IF Claire Trevor's relatives ever begin moving in on her, she will have to take over a hotel. Claire has twenty-two first cousins, and that's just a starter.

AND a very well chaperoned honeymoon Gary Cooper had with his bride. Her parents and his were with them most of the time.

WOULD you like to hear Groucho Marx's conception of "The Last Round-up"?

"Many a night," jitters Prof. Marx, "have I bought the last round up in a Hollywood penthouse speakeasy."

HARRY GREEN, inimitable comedian, as he came out of the studio gate, ran into a group of children assembled there to obtain autographs from the outcoming stars.

His arrival caused some silence, and finally one little girl approached him dubiously.

"You don't look like a movie actor," she said, "but I'm not taking any chances. Sign here."



A trio of sisters—Sally Blane, Loretta Young and Polly Ann Young. Polly is the only one who isn't in the movies! If people *will* get in a dither over rôles and contracts—well, Polly leaves it to her sisters



KATHARINE HEPBURN was very snooty to the Washington newspaper men, but she says now it was all a mistake. She didn't have the faintest idea that Jed Harris, New York producer of the play she is now doing, had specially invited the reporters to call on Katharine at the station. Always remember, Katie, a reporter is a reporter wherever you find him—whether he's had a special invitation or not!

CHARLIE RUGGLES was sick in bed with a cold for a few days. But sister-in-law Arline Judge says she knew he was getting better when she caught him trying to blow the foam off his medicine.

"**A**LL things come to her who waits," says little Joby Arlen.

"It took me seven years to achieve a baby—and nine years to get an engagement ring!"

Dick Arlen broke down with a grand emerald-cut diamond for a Christmas present.

FAN dancing pays. Of course, a lot depends on the lady behind the fan. Anyway, Sally Rand has invested the proceeds from her Chicago Fair fan-dance episode in a 15-acre orange grove at Glendora, California. Her mother has been installed as "boss of the ranch," and Sally spends her week-ends out there.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 96]

On your mark—get set—ready—go! George Raft loves his work so much, he remains ready to jump onto the set at the director's bidding. George is ready here, to leap into one of the last scenes in "Bolero"



Green-Eyed Jealousy

When stars stoop to trivial personal enmities, the whole industry gets the jitters

By C. B. Gray

This team was a hit in "Love Me Tonight," but Maurice Chevalier has no love for work with Jeanette MacDonald

DID the long arm of Hollywood's famous jealousies actually reach into Mexico to prevent the amicable settlement of the argument between Lee Tracy and the Mexican government and to stir up additional trouble, in this way becoming instrumental in the cancelling of the popular star's contract?

Newspapers reporting on the "late unpleasantness" stated that "friends of Tracy said they blamed his predicament in part on professional jealousy of other actors who, they alleged, could have avoided much of the trouble if they had wanted to. They also declared other actors caused the investigation to be reopened after Tracy was released the first time."

If this is true, then is it not time jealousies of this type were stamped out, or at least muzzled so that their rabies cannot infect the entire industry? Of course, there are those who claim professional jealousy does more good than harm, as it fosters greater individual effort on the part of the stars and inspires them to do their best work.

Others, however, believe that fair spirited competition would actually wipe out jealousy, especially jealousy of the type expressed at the Mae West opening in Hollywood of "I'm No Angel."

The première at Grauman's Chinese Theater was to be a great affair, with numerous bright lights, celebrities, masters of ceremonies, radio hook-ups and impromptu talks by stars.

So the radio announcers were all set to do a lot of introducing, but as the cars pulled up to the curb, and the great lights made night into day, and the crowd was surging restlessly, they looked in vain for the stars who were to cluster about the microphones.

Then began the combing of the lobby, the theater and even the neighboring drug stores for the missing celebrities.



Was it nice of Miss Tobin to raise havoc with Joan's picture, "Goodbye Again?"

And all Hollywood snickered—and giggled—and grinned. Then the truth came out. The stars weren't surging with the general public to see Mae strut her stuff. Not only were a number of stars from other studios "not interested," but it was reported that it took heart-to-heart pleading to bring the stars out from her own lot.

Why?

Jealousy. Good, old-fashioned, dyed-in-the-wool jealousy.

"**M**AE had too much of everything for them," they tell us, "and the other stars couldn't take it. Later on, they sneaked in to see the picture, but they were too jealous to show Mae the courtesy her ability deserves."

Whether it was jealousy, or whether they all happened to be working cross-word puzzles that night, exceedingly few film celebrities accepted Mae's invitation to "C'm up 'n' see me som'time."

Jealousy in film land is often expressed in subtle ways, and

double-edged retorts. Sweetly, and with a smile—but below the belt, just the same.

There was fear of a jealousy between Dietrich and West, and dread at the thought of another situation like that between Gloria Swanson and Pola Negri.

But Mae, it seems, has a way of shedding unpleasant subjects with a shrug and a wisecrack.

When the absence of stars at her opening was brought to her attention, she is reported to have shrugged and retorted:

“Maybe they figure seeing this picture would come under the head of homework.”

Not all stars regard expressions of jealousy as lightly as Mae appears to, and in some cases old feuds have smoldered for years, and been carried from studio to studio. They extend throughout entire careers and into the lay world after their participants' picture days are over.

AND, strange as it may seem, half the time the parties to the jealousies do not, themselves, know what started them. They seem to grow from nothing into something small enough to be merely annoying, or big enough to menace a career.

When asked once of the reputed jealousy between herself and Lilyan Tashman, Constance Bennett is reported to have replied: “That is beyond me; I don't even know the woman.” Yet it is generally believed that neither will go to a party if the other is invited.

Without doubt, most Hollywood jealousies are started through misunderstanding and gossip.

It takes little to give birth to jealousy in the film colony. Many are holding their thumbs, awaiting the outcome of Kay Francis' statement that she can think of



The Jimmy Cagney-Eddie Robinson rivalry is keen but friendly. Not so with all men stars, however

Jealousy kept the stars away from the opening of “I'm No Angel.” Mae didn't care! She fixed them with wisecracks

nothing more tremendously unimportant than being the best-dressed woman in pictures. It seems hardly reasonable that Kay meant that as a “dig” at anyone, but some are wondering if the proud Lilyan may not see it as a gauntlet tossed to her.

Joan Crawford is said to have suggested that a picture of Jean Harlow be taken from the set on which she was working.

“What's the idea of putting other stars' pictures in my set?” Joan is said to have demanded. Needless to say, Jean's picture came down, pronto. That, however, does not necessarily indicate an outburst of jealousy.

What causes these jealousies? A number of things—most universal of which is a healthy functioning of the law of self-preservation. This law is all powerful in a motion picture studio where a star's life is short and uncertain, at best, and where extras sky-rocket into favor almost overnight. Where every newcomer is a potential threat. Hence professional jealousy.

Nor have the stars a corner on jealousy—as any casting director will tell you. Over at Central Casting real diplomacy is needed to keep extras from giving battle over the assignment of “calls.” Bitter jealousy among the extras is a matter of amusement in Hollywood, but the “misunderstandings” among the stars keep the entire industry in a case of “jitters.”

You may think men don't go [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 117]

SING, HOLLYWOOD,

TIDDLE de iddle boom de aye, tra la la la hip hooray!
It all started with the advent of the musicals. And with the musicals came the necessity for songs. And songs and songs and more songs. They couldn't import song writers fast enough to fill the orders. So what happened? Overnight the place was alive with people who didn't know one note from another writing boo boo boo boos and do dum e day doos.

Actors sang, lawyers sang, bakers sang, doctors sang. I sang, he sang, we, you, and they sang. It was terrible. It still is. And growing by the minute.

Perfect strangers run up hallooing to other strangers: "Mister, wait. I've got as far in this song as 'Oh, night in June, under the moon,' and now where do I go?"

"Well, you go three blocks to the left and one to the right. In My Old Kentucky Home Kosher Delicatessen, there's a wiener stuffer who knows some swell words for 'moon' and 'June.' New hot stuff like 'baboon' and 'buffoon.'"

And like the wind the stranger is off for the wiener stuffer. Blythe ladies trip aboard the trolley cars and with a gay little tune sing:

"Mister Conductor, here's my nickel.

"A transfer, please, and don't be fickle.

"How do I get to Fifth and Main?"

"Let's all join in the sweet refrain."

Milkmen, at early dawn, rush up to movie star's stucco, out-of-lucko, hillside homes with

"Sleep on, lady, have your dream,

"While Cupid brings your milk and cream."

Which isn't so hot for just then the fair dreamer slithers up to the front door and answers:

"'Ttle Cupie, hoopy doopy,

"Mustn't be so gosh darned snoopy."

And anoints the singing milkman with a little whipping cream in a manner in which he has never before been anointed.

Why, once upon a time, tablecloths in Hollywood were used to cover luncheon tables and a lot of monkey business, but now, alas, they are used mainly and insanely to write songs on. More theme songs and current hits are written on Brown Derby and Vendome tablecloths than a Bus Berkeley cutie could shake a leg at.

For instance, people are no more seated at a lunch or dinner table than out come the pencils, pens, crayons, water colors (you find the water color type in every profession, these days)—



anything that will make a mark, and like fiends, they go to work, batting out a song.

Waiters hover near, giving suggestions. And darn good ones, too. In fact, no Hollywood restaurant will have a waiter these days who doesn't know what rhymes swell with a lot of words like "June," "Croon," "Baby LeRoy," and "Warner Brother-First National."

SING!

By Sara Hamilton

ILLUSTRATED BY
FRANK DOBIAS



And can skip with the agility of a mountain goat from three fourths time to a teasing rumba in nothing flat. They may not be so hot on the onion soup pouring, but they're there on their pianissimos.

So many swell little numbers were actually written out on Hollywood tablecloths, the cafes decided to dispense with all laundry work and keep the cloths intact, filing them away carefully for future use, according to their subject matter.

For instance, all songs relating to love were filed in one cabinet marked LOVE. The various drawers were marked "sex," "passion," "Gary Cooper," etc.

All songs concerning matters such as "When I'm gonna away, you'll be sorry, you two-timing papa, you," were simply listed as "walk-out knock-outs."

Many a studio in the midst of a musical foolsical would hurriedly 'phone over to a popular cafe and say "Quick, what-cha got that will fit in somewhere between Jimmy Cagney smacking the leading lady on the kisser and the scene where

Unless you can hum a perfect rumba without ever going flat—and know that stupid rhymes with cupid—you're a flop in this hey-hey day of musicals



the hero finds he loved the other dame all the time?" And like mad, waiters and cashiers rush to the tablecloth filing cabinet and drag out a suitable little number that might fit in. Something like

"I may break your heart (head or jaw could be substituted)

"But you're my real sweetheart."

If the word "head" is used, it could easily be changed to

"I may break your head,

"But you're my real sweetbread."

If the studio insists on using "jaw," the writers feel that's up to them. There's no rule in music or lyric that covers a downright body beating or a first class brawl. That's exactly the way they feel about it. So there.

AND, of course, there's that awful, ghastly thing that happened recently when a certain well-known song writer had just finished a knockout, a masterpiece, and the waiter dropped some Camembert cheese on the place that said

"Darling, I beg you not to tease

"I am your own to hold and squeeze."

But the Camembert dropped right on the last four words of the gorgeous last line and the masterpiece was ruined.

Nothing daunted, however, the cafe sold the number to an independent movie company that had only \$3.50 to spend for musical selections and feeling they had a bargain, because the writer was a famous one, they merely wrote in,

"Darling, I beg you not to tease.

"I am your own little piece of cheese."

Well, sir, believe it or not, it was the hit of the picture. People went about for days humming and singing the little cheese number. The chorus girls were all dressed as slices of rye bread and the whole thing was as fetching a little routine as ever you saw.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 105]

HAPPY LANDING!



Here they met—for a love scene in "His First Command."
If romance then was pretense, it came true later on

HE came from far down in the valley of men to occupy the finest home on a mountain in California.

Though it cost far more than one hundred thousand dollars, it is as simple and beautiful as a lily. In traveling over many nations, I can still pronounce it the finest site for a home I have ever seen; and this does not except the most magnificent show estates on any coast of this continent.

The superintendent in the building and furnishing of this home was none other than the beautiful Dorothy Sebastian, Bill Boyd's wife—the Alabama girl who went into George White's "Scandals," and later made good in pictures.

It is hard to say which one loves the home more—Bill or Dorothy.

On arriving at the house, which is about fifty miles from Hollywood, beyond Malibu, in the Ventura Mountains, Dorothy first waves at the cow, and then at the horses. Dorothy claims that the horses will follow her into the living-room for a lump of sugar.

They found the site for the home while horseback riding with the friends who owned the place. Before night Bill bought the forty acres. From then on they planned the house of their dreams.

It is more than a place of dreams. The wise couple have so planned things that the forty acres support all who live upon them. Butter, milk, fruit and eggs are in abundance. A eucalyptus grove supplies wood for the immense fireplace. Turkeys wander over the ranch. Deer come at night to gaze at the lights from the strange intrusion upon their ancient peace. Eagles circle above the high mountains, and gulls fly in from the sea. The stars hang, blazing in an inverted sea of azure. Indeed, it is a setting for kings, acquired by the two prudent children of Hollywood, who watched so many rainy

days come for others in the tinsel town.

The top of the mountain had to be cut flat and a road had to be built. This took several months. The house is some miles from the ocean and all material had to be taken up the mountain on a narrow earth road. They dug nearly five hundred feet before they found water.

From a window ten feet wide in the living-room, the blue ocean can be seen through a deep canyon. From the opposite side of the house can be seen in a valley, more beautiful than any Washington Irving ever imagined, an orchard, farm house and stables, neat and white, in which dwell the farmer and his wife who take care of Bill's place.

In back of the farmer's house, is a magnificent mountain of rock, in startling contrast to the rolling



Away from tinsel Hollywood, high on their mountain-top ranch, Dorothy and Bill gather their harvests

Bill and Dorothy are safe on a mountain top—and the world is forgotten

By Jim Tully

and lovely valley beneath. Dorothy has named all the mountains about her place. It would not do for map-makers to follow Dorothy; she calls the highest and rockiest mountain Bill Boyd.

In one end of the huge living-room is a picture of Bill portraying what I believe to be the finest rôle of his career—*Feodor*, in "The Volga Boatman." Who the painter was I do not know. He put forever on canvas the best rôle played by Bill Boyd, and the finest creation yet to come from Cecil B. DeMille.

IT was my honor to see this film in New York with the great Cecil himself. The opening scene, in which Bill Boyd and the gang of roustabouts walked along the river singing the "Volga Boatman," was something to linger long in the memory. Now and then through the picture was a real touch. In it, DeMille forgot his gilded bathrooms, his over-shaped and half-clad ladies, his houses, the interiors of which had been furnished by bric-a-brac dealers.

In furnishing her home, Dorothy Sebastian took no lesson from Cecil B. DeMille. It is warm and harmonious.

The view from all of her windows is a Corot landscape many times magnified.

Bill and Dorothy have a Negro man of all work who deserves a paragraph in the history



Boyd's work in "The Volga Boatman," several years ago, brought Bill to the front. He still thanks Cecil De Mille for that chance



Consoling each other over the poor success of their last movie together, "Officer O'Brien," they fell in love

of films. He has been with Bill for seven years, and operates this magnificent home with more precision than a teacher of domestic science. His name is Mose, and he was once an erring man.

After drinking oceans of Bill's liquor and staying inebriated for weeks, Bill was forced to bid him a sad farewell. Then a great light came to Mose. Blinded like another Saul of Tarsus, he returned to Bill four years ago, and said, "It just ain't right, Mr. Boyd, me drinkin' that way — 'specially your liquor." Mose hasn't had a drink since.

Bill's father was a laborer. He was killed when Bill was thirteen years old. The lad was born in Cambridge, Ohio, and when he was ten years old the family moved to Oklahoma. When Bill was fourteen he decided to go to San Diego, California. His money gave out in a small town a hundred miles from his destination. He got a job picking oranges, and made a living at odd jobs until 1918. The spirit of adventure moving him again, he came to Hollywood, and joined the hundreds of men and women seeking extra work about the studios.

He obtained three days work in as many months.

He had a room for which he paid fifteen dollars a month.

For a long time thereafter Bill walked the streets of Hollywood arm in arm with hunger.

By this time, the owner of a [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 110]



Dorothy says the horses would follow her into the house for a lump of sugar. Bill says, "Let them!"

Select Your Pictures and You Won't



★ *MOULIN ROUGE*—20th Century-United Artists

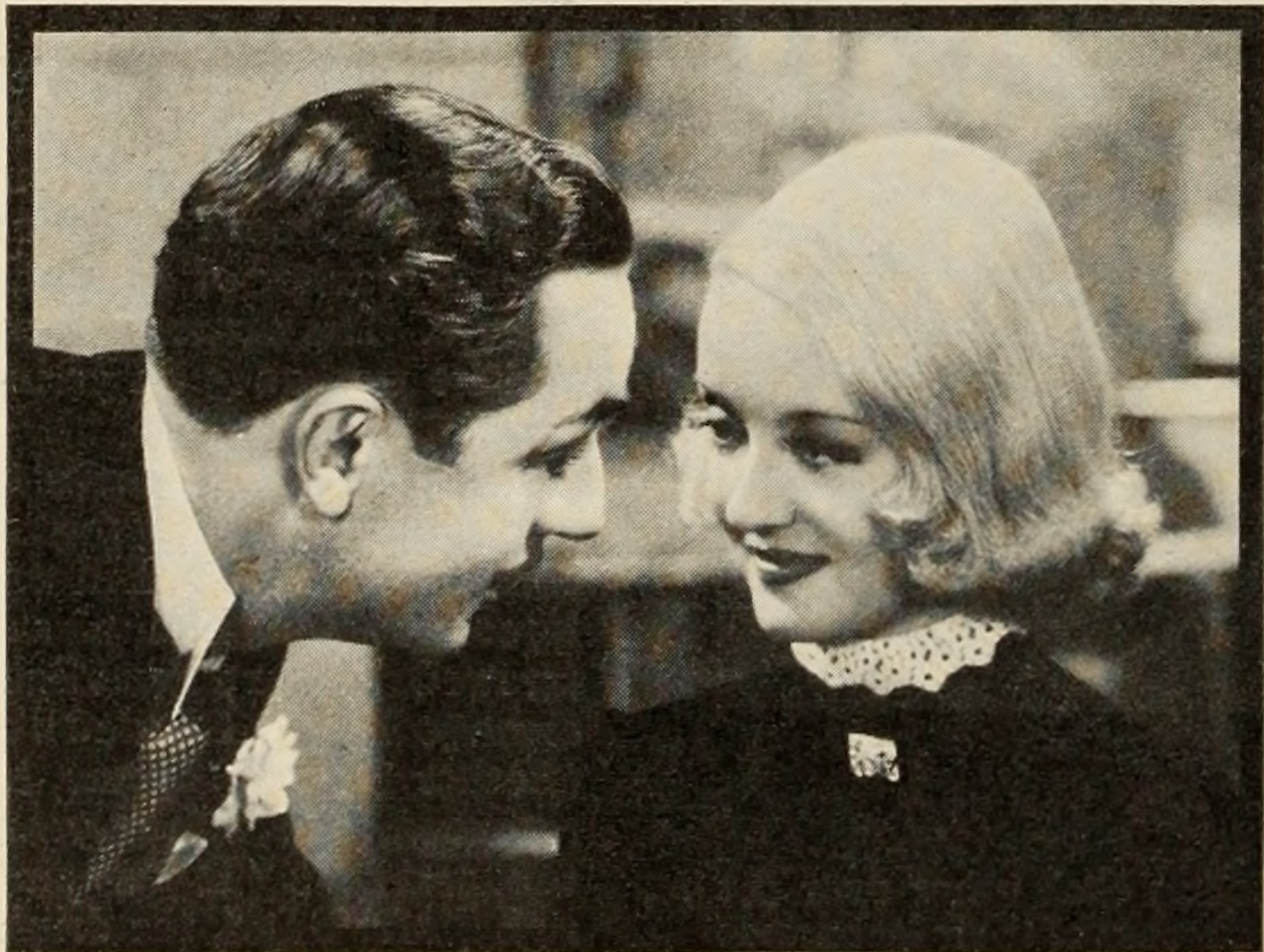
LA BENNETT steps out in a knockout rôle, in stunning clothes, and in some very hot-cha dance numbers.

Her work in a dual rôle—a pseudo-French actress, *Raquel*, and an American girl impersonating her—takes Constance up, up, up the Hollywood ladder.

As the husband, fooled to the point of infatuation by Connie, Franchot Tone turns in a performance that will really put him on the map. To Tone's other accomplishments may be added his capability as a comedian.

In two grand song numbers, Miss Bennett is assisted by Russ Columbo and the three Boswell Sisters of radio. And then there's Tullio Carminati, perfectly cast.

You'll fall for Connie, with her delightful accent, all over again. Dialogue is right there. Direction fine.



★ *FASHIONS OF 1934*—First National

EXACTLY what you mean when you say "an eyeful." Only there are several eyefuls in this fashion extravaganza, dance classic and delightful, fast-moving film. It's something brand-new. And you'll love it!

All about a suave "fashion crook," William Powell, who schemes Paris right out of its swank style creations, in the grand manner, and makes everyone concerned, you included, like it.

Packed with cleverness, spectacle, beauty, sophistication and tickling humor, not to mention excitement, this picture offers a bargain in entertainment.

Busby Berkeley's dance creations are breath-taking. But Powell, Bette Davis, Frank McHugh, Reginald Owen are letter perfect. Hugh Herbert is too funny for words.

The Shadow Stage

(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

A Review of the New Pictures



★ *QUEEN CHRISTINA*—M-G-M

GARBO, as Sweden's stately sovereign of the Seventeenth Century!

The magnificent Greta, after an absence of over a year, makes a glorious reappearance on the screen. Besides being grateful for that, movie devotees will welcome the return of Jack Gilbert to his high estate as an actor. Gilbert portrays the rôle of *Don Antonio*, an emissary from the King of Spain.

The scenes at the inn where *Christina*, incognito, and *Antonio* spend three snowbound, romantic days are moving and exquisite.

Her Majesty's abdication from the throne, over the tearful protest of her people, is impressive—compelling.

Sometimes the story flows with a grand flourish; sometimes it staggers a bit under its own weight. But, on the whole, Rouben Mamoulian's direction is admirable; S. N. Behrman's dialogue is scintillating; settings and costumes are rich.

Garbo, enchanting as ever, is still enveloped by her unfathomable mystery.

In the opening scenes, little Cora Sue Collins effectively impersonates *Queen Christina* as a child.

The supporting cast is equal to every situation—and that's saying a lot when Garbo is creating the situations. Lewis Stone, Ian Keith, Reginald Owen splendid.

Have to Complain About the Bad Ones

The Best Pictures of the Month

QUEEN CHRISTINA
MOULIN ROUGE
GOING HOLLYWOOD
FLYING DOWN TO RIO

I AM SUZANNE!
FASHIONS OF 1934
MISS FANE'S BABY IS STOLEN
NANA

The Best Performances of the Month

Greta Garbo in "Queen Christina"
Constance Bennett in "Moulin Rouge"
Franchot Tone in "Moulin Rouge"
William Powell in "Fashions of 1934"
Marion Davies in "Going Hollywood"
Bing Crosby in "Going Hollywood"
Dorothea Wieck in "Miss Fane's Baby Is Stolen"
Alice Brady in "Miss Fane's Baby Is Stolen"
Anna Sten in "Nana"

Casts of all photoplays reviewed will be found on page 120



★ I AM SUZANNE!—Fox

HERE is something entirely different at last. Jesse Lasky's newest production more than lives up to its predecessors. The famous Piccoli Marionettes and the Yale Puppets play some of the principal rôles and almost steal the show, especially the Lucia Sextette number.

Lilian Harvey gives a better account of herself as *Suzanne* than in any of her previous American films. She does some astonishing acrobatic dancing as the revue entertainer, who falls so disastrously and breaks her leg. Gene Raymond, sixth generation puppeteer, who runs the marionette show, has worshipped her from afar. When deserted in her illness by her mercenary manager (Leslie Banks), Lilian is nursed back to health by Gene.

The romance has a charming "7th Heaven" gentleness. Gene addresses his attentions to the marionettes he has made in *Suzanne's* exact likeness, until she is consumed with jealousy. She recovers from her illness, and can dance again, so she returns to the revue, where the marionette act is also signed, to show Gene that she can dance better than any mere marionette.

The story is the pet brain-child of the director, Rowland V. Lee, who rates plenty of credit for this original production.

Excellent entertainment for grown-ups and children alike.



★ GOING HOLLYWOOD—M-G-M

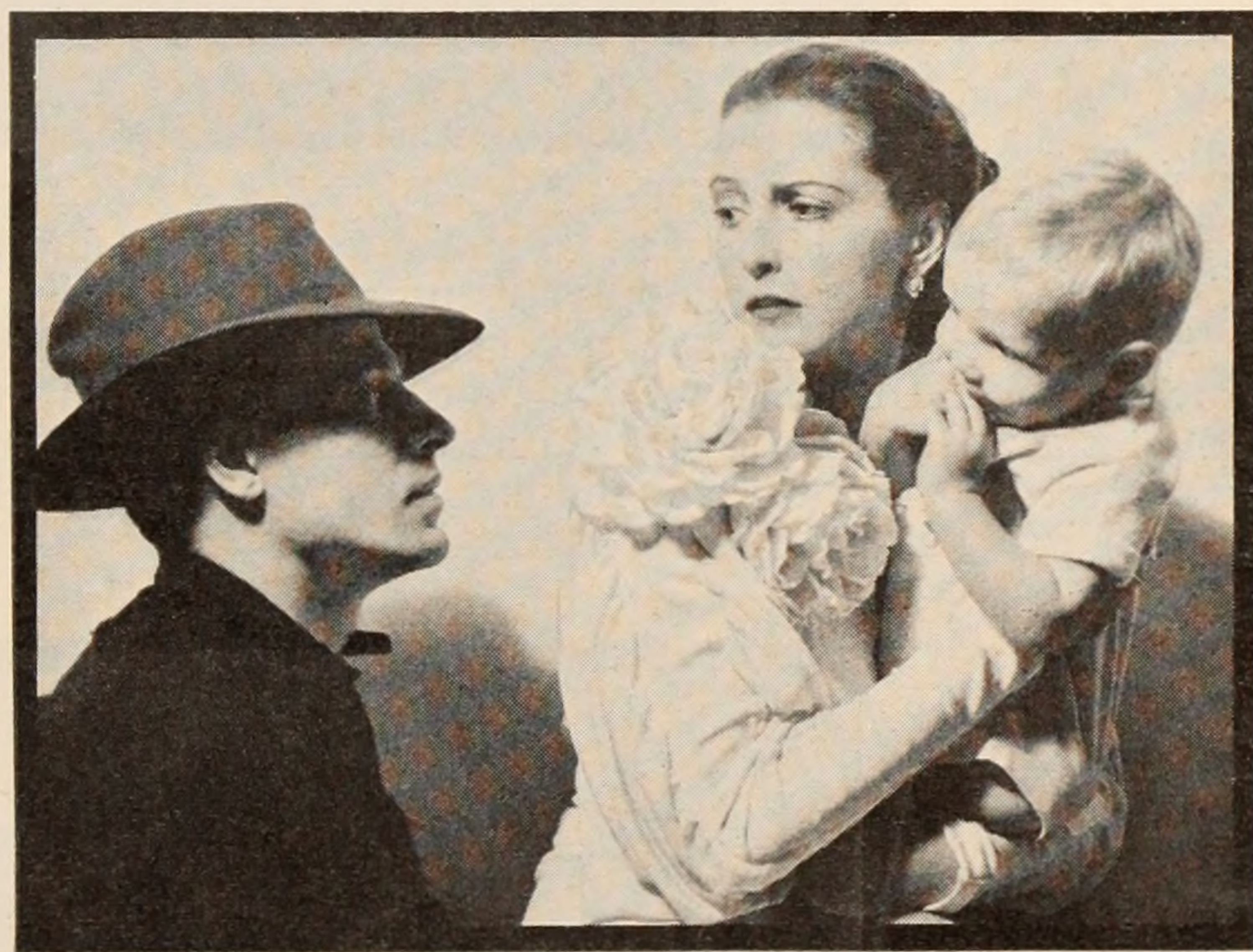
NEVER has Marion Davies looked more beautiful than she does as the little French teacher who, having fallen in love with Bing Crosby's voice over the radio, follows the crooner to Hollywood.

Bing has some simply grand songs, and it is now quite evident that the lad is also an actor.

The production is done on the most lavish scale of any seen to date, offering much in the way of novelty.

There are oodles of gorgeous girls, many colorful ensembles, tuneful music, and Marion displays some heavenly costumes.

Fifi Dorsay is well cast as the temperamental film siren. And the inimitable Stuart Erwin, as an amateur producer, lends a neat comedy touch.



★ MISS FANE'S BABY IS STOLEN—Paramount

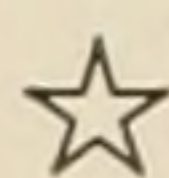
THIS picture, reminiscent of the Lindbergh kidnaping case, is a powerful presentation of what actually happens when a child is seized for ransom. It offers thrills, terrific suspense and will bring a sob to your throat. Dorothea Wieck, as *Madeline Fane*, famous star, is madly devoted to *Michael* (Baby LeRoy). In the night the baby is kidnaped and then a struggle arises as to whether the mother shall inform the police or make contacts herself with the kidnapers.

She keeps a rendezvous with the "snatchers"—Alan Hale, Jack LaRue, Dorothy Burgess. But this plan goes astray. Alice Brady, as a farmer's wife, intervenes at the critical moment. Dorothea Wieck, Alice Brady and Baby LeRoy are superb.

A film you will long remember.

The National Guide to Motion Pictures

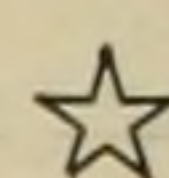
(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)



**FLYING
DOWN TO
RIO—
RKO-Radio**



GIRLS performing on wings of planes and the South American dance numbers, especially the "Carioca," make this a decided change from the run of recent musicals. Gene Raymond falls for *Senorita Dolores Del Rio*, only to find, upon his arrival in Rio de Janeiro, that she is the fiancée of his chum, Raul Roulien. Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers contribute some good comedy and better dancing.



**NANA—
Samuel
Goldwyn—
United Artists**



A NNA STEN'S magnetic allure and dramatic art will make this Russian lady an American favorite. Zola's classic takes Anna from the streets of Paris, through many loves and tragedies, till impresario Richard Bennett makes her a star. Although Bennett, Lionel Atwill, Phillips Holmes and Mae Clarke do fine work, the show is all Anna Sten, perfect in her rôle and in her speech.

**CROSS
COUNTRY
CRUISE—
Universal**



GOOD comedy which turns to melodrama as the film progresses. Playboy Lew Ayres sees June Knight taking a bus to San Francisco and buys tickets for himself and Arthur Vinton. Alan Dinehart, who planned to travel with June, cannot shake suspicious wife (Minna Gombell), and complications set in over the scenic route. Alice White plays deluxe hitch-hiker. Fine supporting cast.

**ABOVE THE
CLOUDS—
Columbia**



A THRILLING picture with plenty of air action and a climax in which a dirigible cracks in mid-air and Richard Cromwell, as the discredited hero newsreel cameraman, is vindicated and gets the girl, Dorothy Wilson. Robert Armstrong is Dick's superior who takes credit for all good work until the day of reckoning. Many fine shots of actual news topics enliven the film.

**ALL OF ME
—Paramount**



THE eternal conflict between a man and a woman presented forcefully. Fredric March and Miriam Hopkins sidestep marriage when she fears the bonds might throttle love. But ex-convict George Raft and his sweetheart, Helen Mack, facing motherhood, show such simple faith in life and death that superficialities vanish. You'll like Nella Walker and William Collier, Sr., in bits.

**HIPS, HIPS,
HOORAY—
RKO-Radio**



WHEELER and Woolsey, a pair of medicine show fakers selling cosmetics and specializing in gin flavored lipsticks, muscle into partnership in the beauty concern owned by Thelma Todd and Dorothy Lee. Money disappears and Bert and Bob, suspected, muscle into a cross country automobile race to make their get-away—and what a finish they turn in! Plenty of hilarity, dancing, girls and music.

Saves Your Picture Time and Money

THE POOR RICH—
Universal



SUDDENLY poor and hilariously helpless, Edward Everett Horton and Edna May Oliver entertain *Lord and Lady Featherstone* and their daughter, Thelma Todd, who assume their hosts are wealthy. Andy Devine, village character, becomes chef. Leila Hyams, aluminum-ware peddler, is pressed into service, also sheriff Grant Mitchell, as butler. Plenty of laughs.

HIS DOUBLE LIFE—
Paramount



ADAPTED from Arnold Bennett's novel, "Buried Alive," it is an amusing story of an artist (Roland Young) who, through a mistake in identity, is believed dead. He marries his deceased valet's mail-order fiancée, Lillian Gish, and is finally discovered through a legal fight over his unsigned paintings. For those who appreciate subtle comedy and gentle satire.

PALOOKA—
Reliance-
United Artists



CHUCKLES galore in this story of a confused country bumpkin prize-fighter. Garnished with Jimmy Durante, Lupe Velez, Marjorie Rambeau and Robert Armstrong, all in top form, it offers Stuart Erwin as the laugh-stuffed main entrée. Between dangers of a ring crown won on a fluke and designs of Lupe, Stu is in a stew, until Mama Rambeau saves him. Durante pulls a Bing Crosby.

THE SON OF KONG—
RKO-Radio



AMERE splinter off the old block is the twelve-foot youngster of fifty-foot *King Kong*. The film has a few mechanical thrills, and is spiced with hokum. Robert Armstrong, beset by an indictment for damage done by *Kong*, goes back to the ape's island home and discovers the offspring. *Kid Kong* plays cupid for Bob and Helen Mack, and saves the hero when an earthquake sinks the island.

FUGITIVE LOVERS—
M-G-M



THE continual chase of an escaped convict (Robert Montgomery) by the authorities, and his love for a girl (Madge Evans) whom he meets when he boards the transcontinental bus as it passes the penitentiary. Nat Pendleton, as Madge's unwanted companion on the trip, does well, as do C. Henry Gordon and Ted Healy. The moments of high suspense almost make up for occasional dull lapses.

FOUR FRIGHTENED PEOPLE—
Paramount



AGRIPPING tale of four people lost in the Malay jungle, and the metamorphosis that happens to each. Claudette Colbert, a homely teacher, becomes a lovely woman. William Gargan, ego-minded radio star, shrinks into insignificance. Herbert Marshall, a self-effacing chemist, grows assured, as he grows to love Claudette. Mary Boland, Leo Carrillo fine.

[ADDITIONAL REVIEWS ON PAGE 102]



Sweet Alice Brady

Here's what the
little serio-comic
of the screen is
really like

*By Jane
Hampton*

exquisite taste. The drapes are lovely. Except the dogs have them chewed into befuddled looking masses of something and Alice thinks it is just too cute for words. On the wall hangs a beautiful Matisse. An original. While directly under it, piled high on a beautifully carved chair is a pile of paper-backed detective magazines. Quaintly called "Dead-Eye Dick," or "Ten Murders in One Bar Room." Piles and piles of them. As fast as Alice reads them, which is one a night, they are tossed on the beautifully carved chair under the original Matisse, and the green grass grows all around.

NOW for the dining room, if you can tear yourself out of Alice's living room. And let me warn you if you're not strong you had better stay right there, for that dining room is something. It's all in bright, dazzling bright, crimson plush. The wall paper is a crazy-quilt pattern of splashed crimson. But wait! On that wall hangs something so lovely, so exquisite, that it fairly catches the breath. It's an original Bellows. In black and white.

In fact the Bellows was the only thing that kept Adrian, the famous M-G-M designer, from passing out completely when he beheld yon Brady dining room. All of which (the passing out and the moaning and the groaning at the horror of it) amuses Alice no end.

As for Alice herself, she's exactly like her house. Consistent in her inconsistencies. An absolutely astounding person. Over a little \$14.95 frock she [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 113]

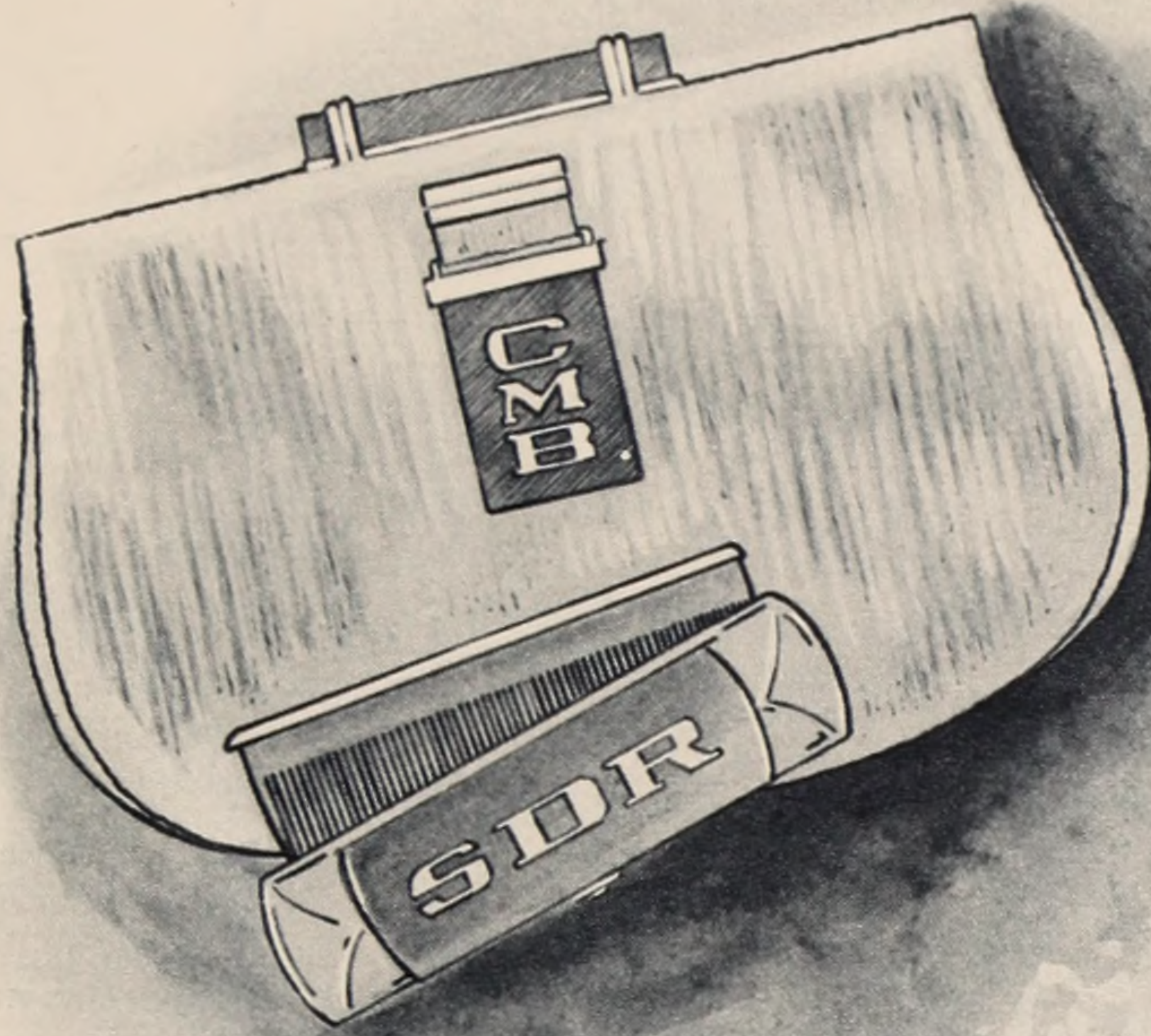
While visitors turn giddy in her extraordinary home, Alice Brady only laughs

ALICE BRADY thinks she behaves as everybody else does. She thinks those things she does are quite all right. And as far as that goes, they are all right—for Alice.

For instance, her house. Why, nobody has houses like that in Hollywood—or what would people think, for heaven's sake? There's her beautiful snow-white living room furnished in

Seymour-Reports

A new spring bag with wooden trim — each with an opera comb — initials that are gum-backed so that they can be stuck on like postage stamps —



The popular clip earring as worn by Fay Wray



Gloria Swanson matches the crystal clip on her bib collar and the buckles on her pumps



Suede on mesh makes this smart bag seen about town. The drawstring pouch design and chain handle are very chic —

Baby bonnet in jet and net with matching bib — Sharon Lynne's contribution to restaurant dining



Lowheeled suede oxfords and socks — a younger Hollywood fad

A new way to wear gardenias as seen on Ona Munson — the blooms are clipped either side of the neckline —





Suit Is Favorite of Chic Stars

HOLLYWOOD FASHIONS

here sponsored by PHOTOPLAY Magazine and worn by famous stars in latest motion pictures, now may be secured for your own wardrobe from leading department and ready-to-wear stores in many localities. . . . Faithful copies of these smartly styled and moderately-priced garments, of which those shown in this issue of PHOTOPLAY are typical, are on display this month in the stores of representative merchants.

HOLLYWOOD'S favorite daytime uniform is a suit. Wherever you lunch or shop, you see the smartest stars wearing either the strictly man-tailored suit or the softer, dress-maker type like this one of Suzanne Kaaren's. You will see Suzanne wearing this costume in "Coming Out Party." It is a soft blue woolen with high front buttoning, wide lapels and trim pleated skirt. The blouse is a gaily hued plaid cotton fabric



BILLIE SEWARD wears the classic man-tailored suit in black and white pin checks. All the stars, including Joan Crawford, have these made by a Hollywood tailor—we have had this one copied exactly for you. It has a cutaway line to the jacket in front and a Norfolk type back. Three patch pockets and a plain skirt with a single front pleat. You can alternate with a plain skirt or jacket



SHIRLEY GREY, you will see her next in the picture, "One Is Guilty," wears one of the pet costumes from her own wardrobe. It is a simple black crepe dress with a deep V-shaped bib of the white crepe. This bib is detachable, thus making possible a number of changes for the dress. Shirley's jewelry ensemble is interesting; it is made entirely of satin, with earrings, bracelets and necklaces

Hollywood Wears Daytime Prints



IDA LUPINO wears this charming floral print which is a copy of the dress Travis Banton designed for her to wear in "Search for Beauty." Bright flowers on a dark ground are offset by a wide collar of starched linen, a linen belt and cuffs held with buttons



SHIRLEY GREY advocates simple styles in dresses when the fabric is a gay floral print like this one above. Shirley's dress has loops of the fabric making an unusual neckline trimming. A scarf is worn across the shoulders to give a flare to the short sleeves

And Crepe For Afternoon

- Seymour



THIS stylish crepe frock, worn by Marian Nixon in Columbia's "The Line-Up", has wide ties that form a belt in the back. The trimming of embroidered net forms bows caught in the center by jeweled clips. Similar bows are caught with clips on the sleeves at the wrist. This frock has the dolman type sleeve. Stunning!

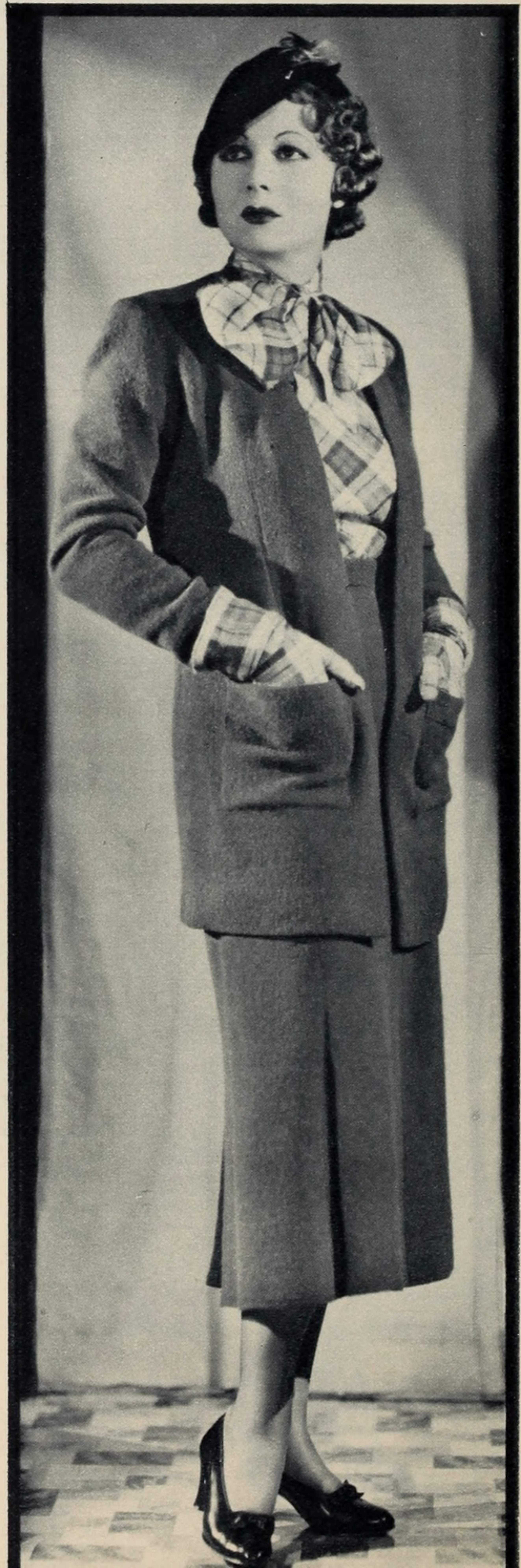
Details Give Two Costumes Smart Accent

- Seymour -



MARIAN NIXON wears this good looking daytime dress in "The Line-Up." It's a bright navy crepe with gauntlet cuffs and wide collar of fine handkerchief linen and lace. The linen is tucked and stitched, with the lace to give it a delicate charm. Notice that the collar widens as it reaches the shoulders—the dress is simple, otherwise

SHARON LYNNE, who is soon to return to the screen in the film, "Bolero," considers this ensemble one of the smartest in her personal wardrobe. It is a three-piece affair with skirt and three-quarter coat in a soft myrtle green woolen. The plaid blouse has a high scarf neckline and the matching plaid gloves are a gay touch

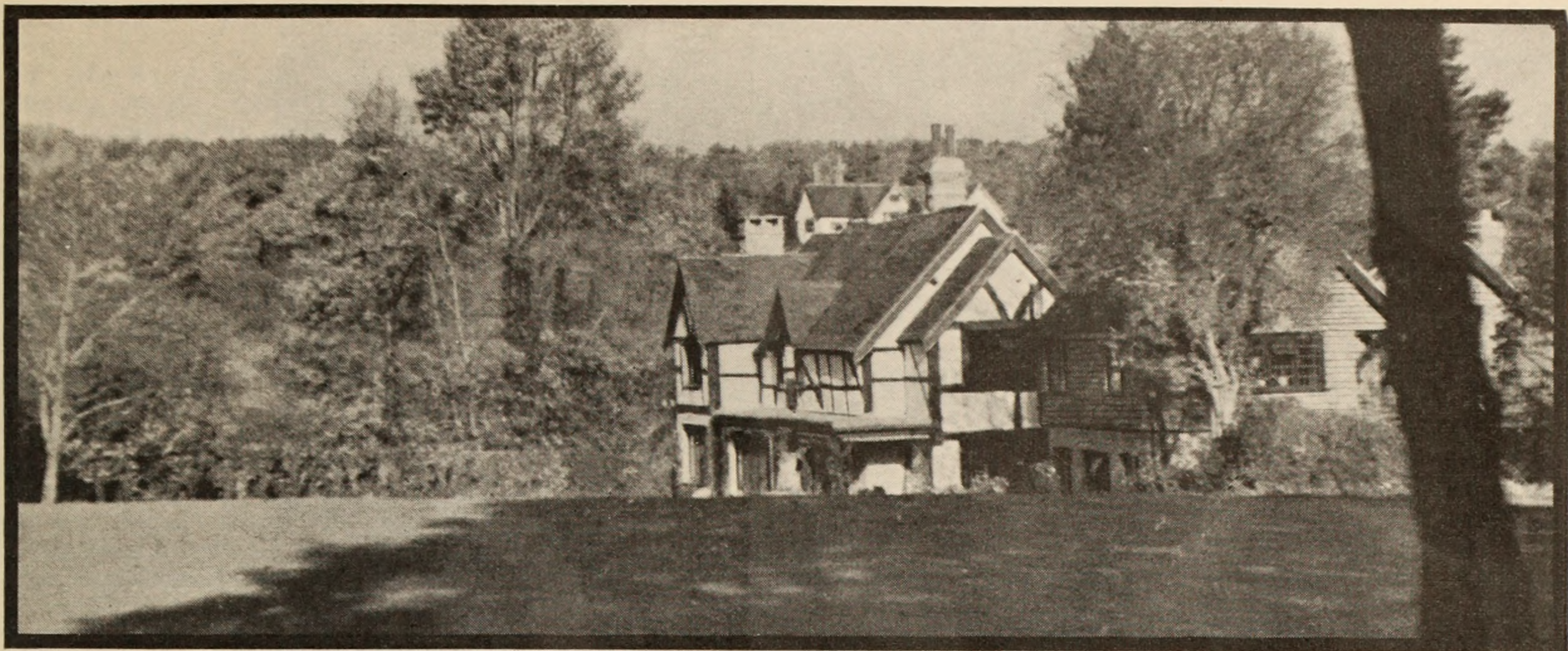




DOROTHEA WIECK'S second American picture is "Miss Fane's Baby Is Stolen." The many who admired her work in the German production, "Maedchen in Uniform," hope for a duplication of that success over here. Dorothea has the ambition to play *Madame Bovary* on the screen. Irrelevantly we add, she adores Bach's compositions



'TIS "Bolero," the dance made famous after adapters had jazzed the music of Maurice Ravel's famous composition. And how Carole Lombard and George Raft can turn their toes to its exciting, sensuous rhythm, in the picture of the same name! George plays the rôle of *Raoul*, the gay night club dancer who makes love to his floor partners



Tenement days are over for the Howards! This is the charming home, outside of London, they occupied when in England

Leslie Howard's Lucky Coin

INTO a shabby, walk-up tenement up on Claremont Avenue in New York, a gaunt young man trudged his way. Each day his shoulders would become a little more hunched; each day a haunted look in his eyes spelled disappointment and discouragement. For the young man could find no work and money was terribly scarce.

That man was Leslie Howard. The time was about 1923.

Neighbors up on Claremont Avenue remember him as a transient tenant, carrying delicatessen food in small paper bags now and then, his clothes not at all the Bond Street perfection of the world-famous actor today.

It sounded a little incredible—this vastly different person compared with the charming, soft-spoken Leslie Howard of romantic movie glamour. The Leslie Howard of "Smilin' Through" and "Secrets" and "Berkeley Square."

"How about that?" I asked him.

"It's true," he said frankly. "I lived up there for quite a while when I was broke, going the Broadway rounds looking for a job. I lived in furnished rooms in the Fifties, too, eating marmalade and crackers for days when money was so scarce I'd almost forgotten what a dollar bill looked like.

"That was when my wife, who'd stayed in England because we couldn't afford two boat fares, sent me the lucky guinea."

He fingered a gold coin suspended from a chain which he always wears around his neck.

"Ruth sent me this because she knew I needed money badly. And

Some believe Howard might still be adding figures if it weren't for the golden charm

By Virginia Maxwell



Leslie thinks he may die by drowning. Because the only time he ever goes without the lucky coin is when he is swimming

the day it arrived, my luck changed. Turned about so completely, that I didn't need the money. So I had it made into this keepsake which I wouldn't part with for the world. I wear it always—just for luck—and the only time I ever take it off is when I go swimming. Sometimes," he laughed, "I wonder if I shouldn't die by drowning, because my lucky token wouldn't be with me."

He scrutinized the token carefully.

"I'd no business wanting to be an actor. I had had no experience when I first went on the stage in England after the war—just a tremendous desire to act, to express something I had always wanted to do with writing but never hoped to attain in that field.

"I had worked in a bank in London before the war. I've often since accused myself of wanting to join the cavalry just for the thrill of getting away from the monotony of adding up figures.

DURING the war I met Ruth. We were married in a little town where our troops were quartered for a while. Ruth didn't know anything about the stage, either. But she had a great sympathy for my ambition. We would talk for long hours about the things I wanted to do. And it was she who fired me with courage to try the stage, believing I should always feel cheated if I hadn't at least one fling at it.

"Just as soon as I was mustered out of the army, I went to a booking-agent in London. Ruth and I were very poor, living in a



Mr. and Mrs. Howard and daughter, Leslie, arrive in New York. Son, Ronald, wouldn't get in the picture

cheap little flat. We had no telephone. So I had to call on the agent every day to learn if he could find me a place anywhere.

"Eventually—and it may have been because he grew tired of seeing me come around so often—he offered me a very small rôle in a tour company. I grabbed at the opportunity. Ruth and I packed our one bag, got aboard the theatrical company train and started out on our adventure, deeply thrilled that I had at last gotten a start."

Leslie Howard stopped talking for a moment; his face softened and his keen blue eyes took on that far-

Two Leslies, father and daughter, smile down from the attic window of the English country house

away expression as if he were living over again those days.

"It was summer time and England was lovely. We toured through Devonshire and Wales, playing at stable theaters, gas-lighted back rooms, always amazed that people liked our show and forever wondering just how long this blessed luck would hold out.

"We never hoped to play London. That is the last word in England, the London stage, just as Broadway is the goal of every American actor.

"But I found this tour an amazing training school. I was learning to be a good trouper, to take disappointment with a grain of philosophy, to look up and out and never back—the creed that keeps people of the theater going along so hopefully."

THERE came then an opportunity for Leslie to do a play in London. It was called "The Freaks," and it was the vehicle which gave him a chance to show whether he had something real to offer in stage talent or whether he might have to go back to counting figures over a bank ledger.

Little money, scarcely enough to live on, but opportunity.

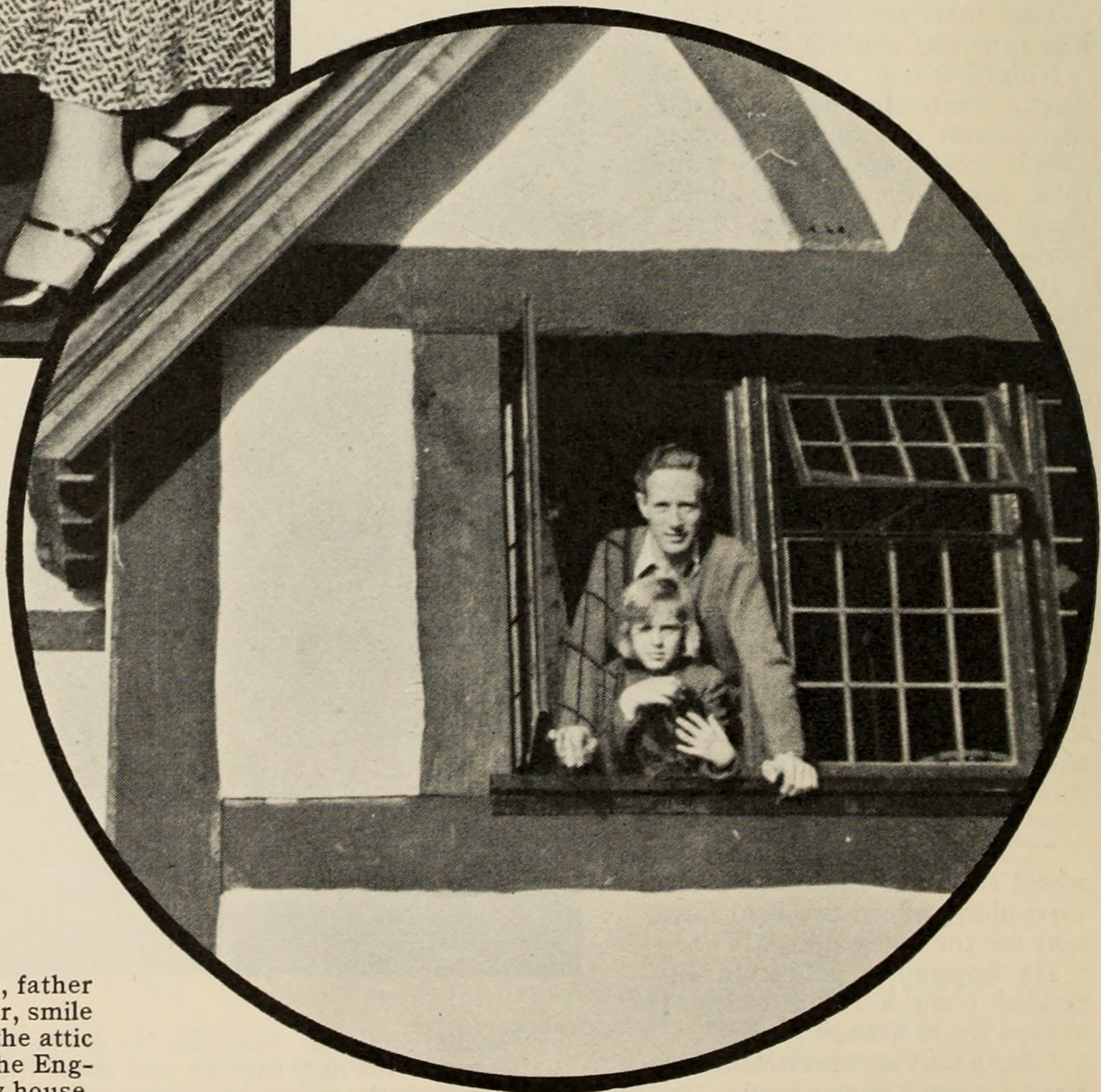
The critics' statement that he was splendid, although the play was not very successful, gave him the chance to come to New York, because Gilbert Miller believed what the London critics had said about Leslie Howard.

"Ruth had to remain in England," he commented, with a naïve, boyish sadness in his blue eyes. "We couldn't scrape together enough money for two boat tickets. So I came alone, with high hopes."

He did "The Green Hat" and made some money. He sent for Ruth and she came over, happy to be with him again. But luck turned for them a little while after she arrived with their son. And it was then they moved to the Claremont Avenue flat where neighbors remember him as the actor out of work.

They got back to England somehow, glad to be on home ground again.

Then Fate threw another quirk and Leslie Howard was offered a part in the American production of "Her Cardboard Lover." He [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 108]





Manatt

WITH this man as executioner, there's little hope for the condemned! It's Leo Carrillo as *General Sierra* in "Viva Villa." Sierra was executioner for Villa, Mexican war lord, whose life story is told in the movie

"Look Out,



DEAR PATRICIA: What's happened to you? Several months ago I saw you in "The Narrow Corner" and thought you were one of the loveliest newcomers I had seen on the screen in a long time. Then the other day I saw you in "Convention City," and again I cry, "What's happened to you?"

Let me answer my own question and tell you what has happened. You've put on weight—several pounds of unnecessary fat. And, darling, we're going to have a little heart to heart talk right now, only I'm going to do the talking. I'm going to tell you how to get rid of the excess weight and get back that lovely figure you had a few months ago. And this time you're going to keep it!

Patricia, listen to me! It's no easy job to be a movie star. I know because I've been over the ropes with the greatest of them. Your devotees demand that you be everything that they themselves want to be as far as beauty of figure and face is concerned. And you've got to satisfy them always.

This is straight-from-the-shoulder talk, and it's common sense. It is the truth and I want you to take these tips and get busy!

I am a fanatic—perhaps you never knew that. I simply can't stand to see a youngster like yourself risk handicapping her career by neglecting her figure.

Patricia, you have everything before you. You can be a great star—but that extra weight must come off. It adds five or six years to your looks and that is a shame when you're only eighteen!

Now, in the first place, don't slump! Remember that scene in "Convention City" in the hallway with Mary Astor? You slumped terribly and it accentuated your stomach (and in a minute I'm going to tell you what to do about that stomach, too). You're intelligent enough to correct that faulty posture. Walk in front of the mirror. Study your posture, practice improving it. Remember every minute that you're before the camera to carry yourself correctly. I'm going to leave that up to you.

NOW to take your hips down. I'm going to give you my very best exercise. The extra pounds on your hips are a little toward the back. Or do I need to tell you? Every day—and I mean every single day—stand stocking-footed with your feet six to eight inches apart and just a little pigeon-toed. Now raise your hands above your head. Don't stiffen. Relax and stretch. Now slowly bring your torso sideways—with the arms still above your head—and as you do that twist so that you can feel movement in the muscle that you want to take off. I know how you feel. It's tough but you've got to do it. Now, still with your body twisted, slowly lower your torso until the right hand is on the left heel and the left hand is back of the right hand about five inches. Then come up slowly and repeat on the other side. Don't forget the little twist and be sure that you're relaxed even when you stretch.

There is a trick to all exercises. The twisting and relaxing are the tricks in this one. Do this ten or fifteen minutes every single morning. When you feel the muscles over your hips pulling, there at the back, you'll know you're doing it right. I want that extra flesh to come off fast, because I know how much you picture girls hate to exercise.

Now for your tummy. I want you to get the abdomen nice and flat and strengthen the muscles so that it will be held in. I hear that you have a grand mother, and I know she'll help you with this exercise. I'll bet she has told you about that tummy anyhow, but lots and lots of times girls won't mind

Miss Ellis is a promising young actress, but Sylvia says she must reduce. Exercises and a diet, which gives Pat plenty to eat without adding weight, are prescribed

their mothers. That's why I have to tell you the things you ought to hear. You take them from me because you know I'm not prejudiced. And I don't care if I make you good and mad by bawling you out. Then maybe you'll pitch in and work like the good little trouper you are!

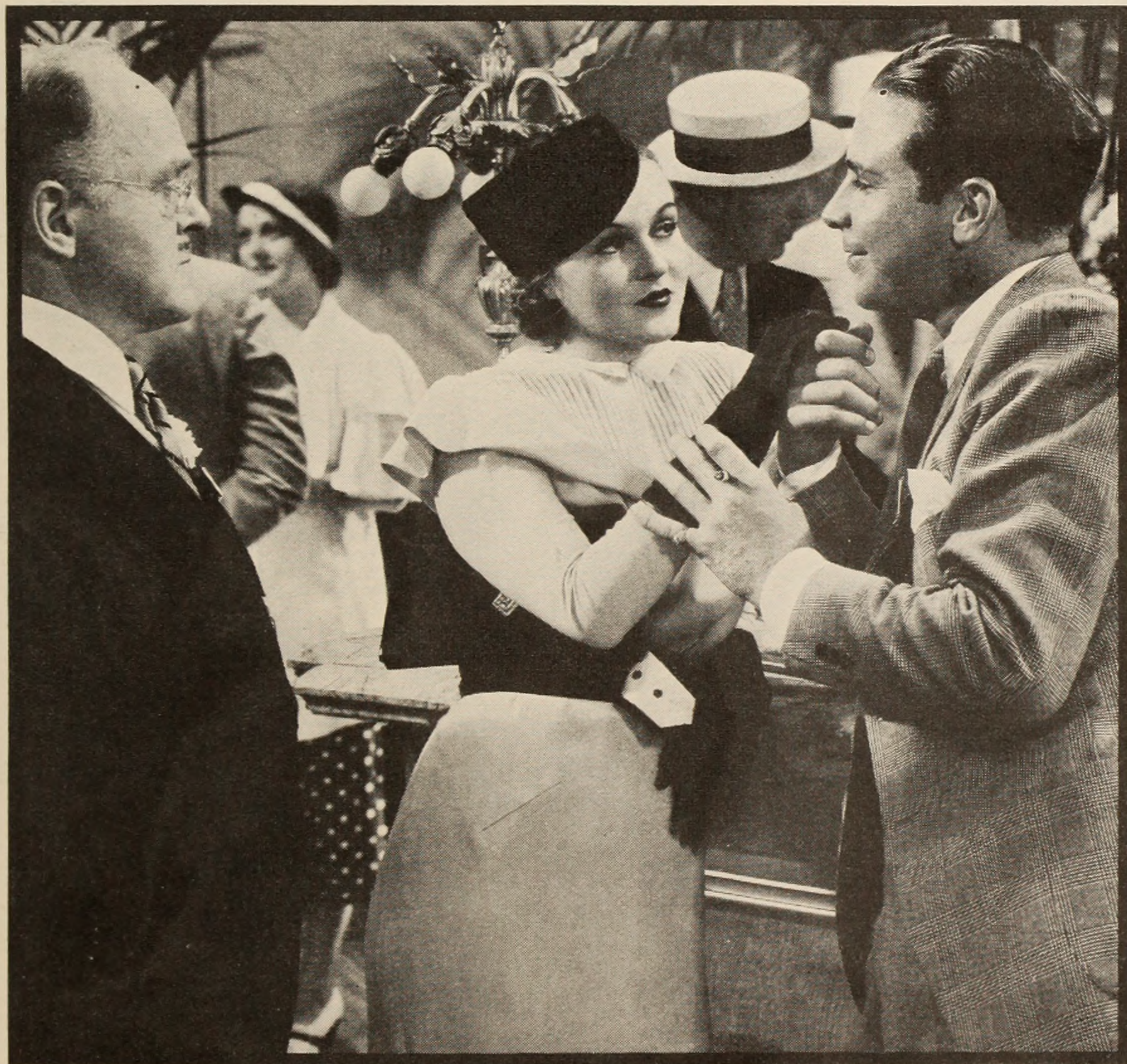
Patricia!"

says Sylvia

Take off those excess pounds, correct that figure! And here's how!



G. Maillard Kesslère



In "Convention City," Sylvia thought Pat had too much weight through hips and stomach

Put a sheet on the floor. Wear some loose-fitting pajamas. Lie on the floor on your stomach with your arms straight out above your head and your legs straight. Don't stiffen. Relax. Have your mother stand at the side and take hold of your

need energy to do the work you've got to do! So I'm going to give you my energy diet. It will give you so much pep, you'll be rolling great big rocks up those hills by the First National Studios. The diet will also make [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 88]

She has a critical eye! But Sylvia's frank analyses and good advice have preserved many a famous figure

ankles. Now remember, Patricia, relax so that you're a dead weight from your waist to your knees. Bend your knees and let your mother slowly pull up your legs away from the floor and in the direction of your head as far as you can stand it. This raises your thighs from the floor and lifts the abdominal muscles. The abdomen sort of rolls on the floor. Do it back and forth as much as you can take.

I'LL admit it isn't a sweet feeling and you'll be sort of sore for about three days. But if you'll relax the whole time it won't be hard, and does it do the work!

I want you to dance as much as you can—but maybe I don't need to tell you that for I hear that you're one of the most popular girls in Hollywood. And the next time you go to a party I want everybody to rave about how wonderful you look. Because you're a rising star, people are watching you, and you've got a big responsibility.

Speaking of your being a rising star reminds me that I must give you a word of warning about your health. You

And don't miss Sylvia's personal answers to girls, on page 88!



As Midnight Neared

Noted ones paired at
Hollywood's celebra-
tion, New Year's Eve

Staff Photos by William Phillips

Rumor has it that Mr. and Mrs. Cy Bartlett spent New Year's Eve in a telephone booth at the Cocoanut Grove. The couple has an alibi. They were calling their friends, wishing them happy New Year. It took a long time because Alice would tell Cy what to say, then Cy would yell, "Wait a minute—what Alice?" Alice would repeat her message—and so on, far into the night

Jeanette MacDonald, looking especially lovely, celebrated with her constant escort, Bob Ritchie. Even on New Year's, snooping reporters and curious cameramen interrupted the merry-making to corner the couple and boldly inquire if they were married. But all they got for answers from Bob and Jeanette were laughs and side-long glances. Guess again! Because they won't tell

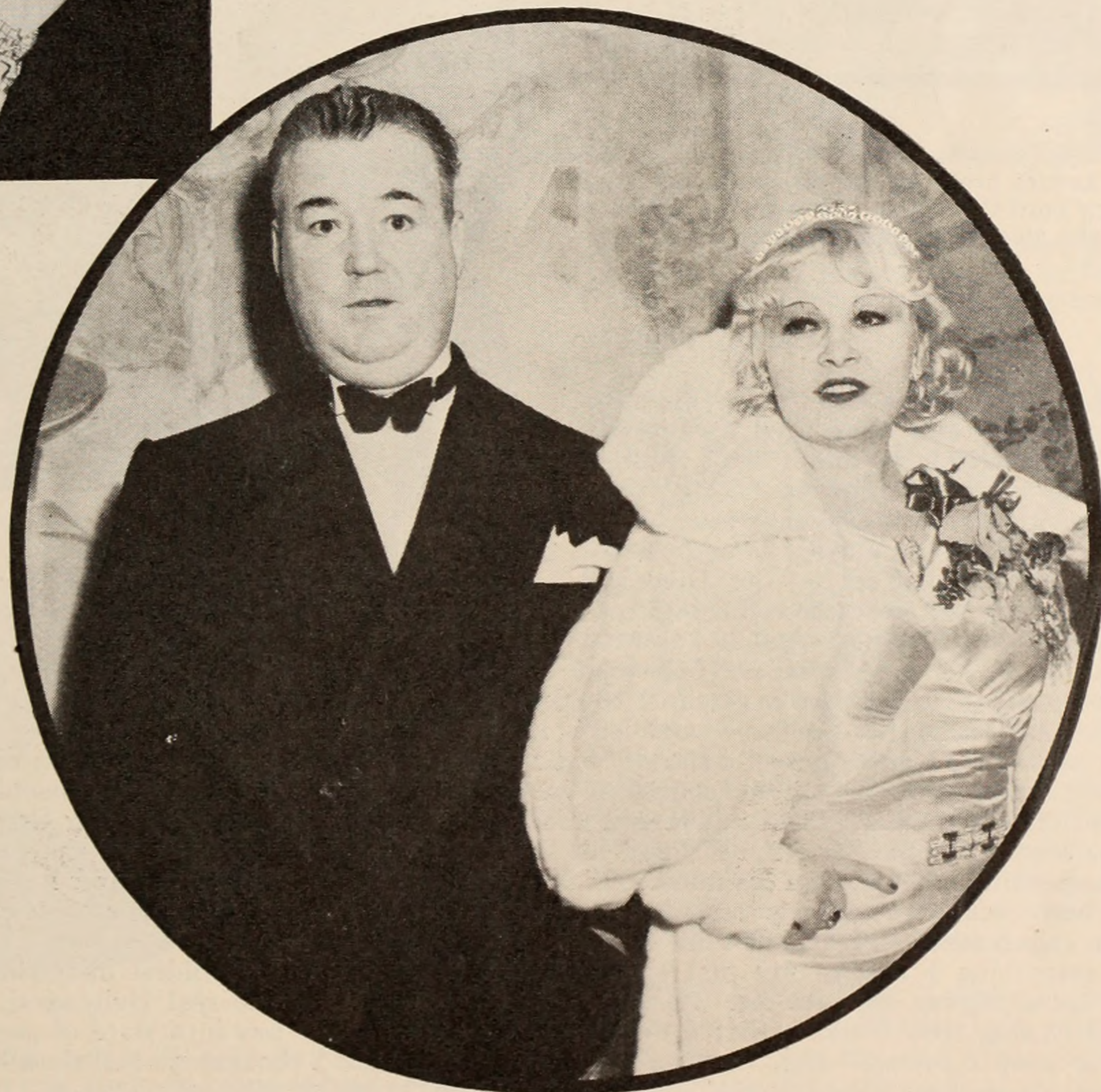




Jack Oakie got back to Hollywood from Honolulu in time to celebrate with Hazel Forbes. Jack's grin is wide because "Skeets" Gallagher just thanked him for the gift he sent. It was a fifty pound rock, shipped collect to "Skeets" from Honolulu. Gallagher regrets that the rock was too big to throw



Judith Allen and John Warburton rang out the old, rang in the new, together at the Little Club. Rumors or no rumors (and there aren't any!), that's a come-hither glance in Judith's eyes, and Mr. Warburton looks as if he would like to accept the invitation



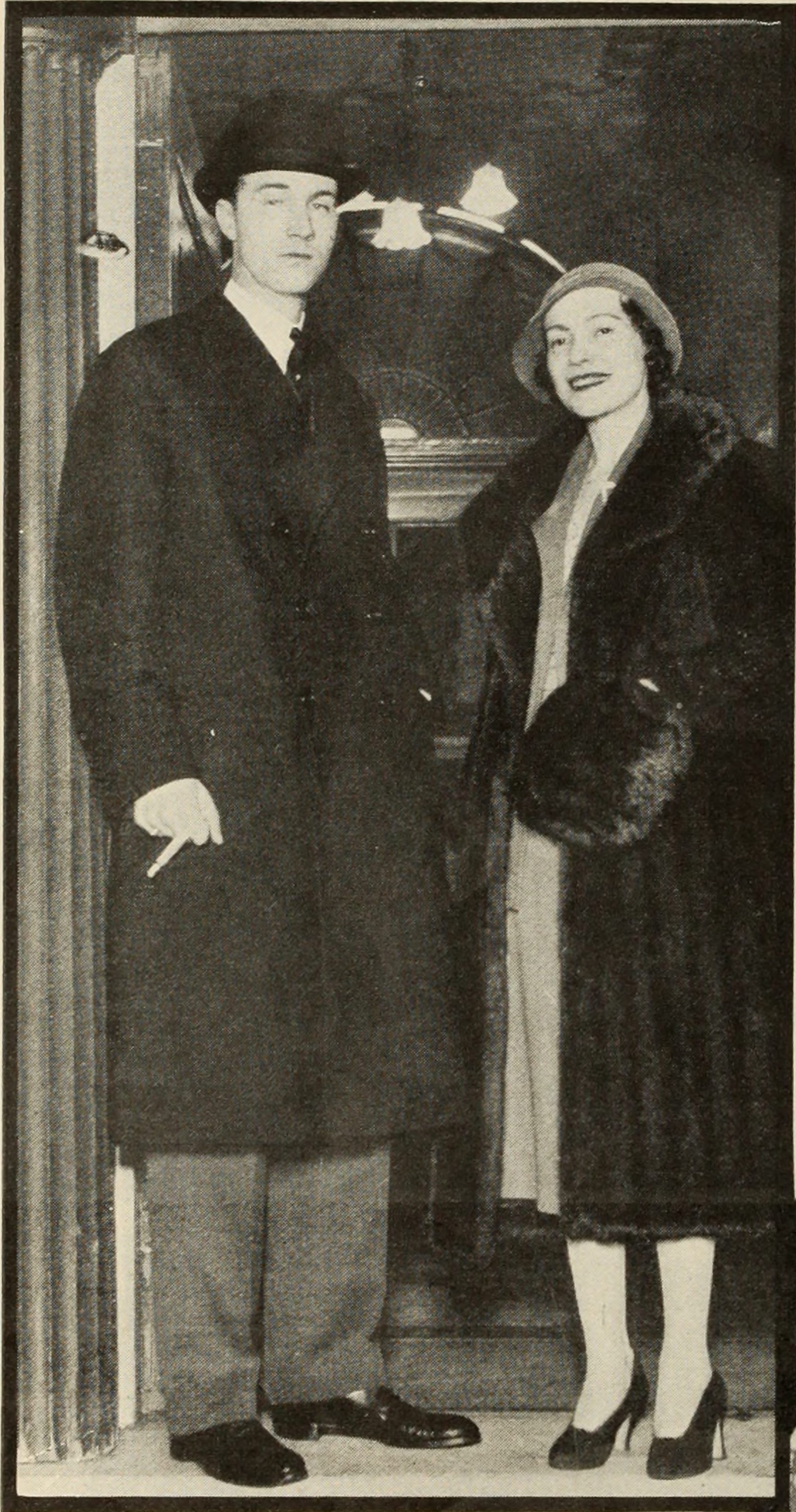
Nearly everyone has been asked to come up sometime, but here's the only man who is always welcome! Mae West attends all celebrations with Jim Timony. Handy, too. Because Jim's her business manager. And if any stray contracts should come wandering around, things could be settled there and then

Star News

from

London

By *Kathlyn Hayden*
 PHOTOPLAY'S London Correspondent



Adele Astaire broke up the famous dance team to marry Lord Cavendish. Now in the audience, she gives brother Fred stage fright



Fred can't understand why Hollywood wants him—with *that* face! Astaire and his wife are in London where Fred is dancing

London, England.

"THIS face of mine!"

That may not be the title of his autobiography—if and when Fred Astaire gets around to writing it—but I can't think of a more apt one, and it's his for the taking.

A half hour with him in his dressing-room at the Palace Theater (where he is playing to enthusiastic audiences of London's smart set in "Gay Divorce") has been far and away the most interesting high spot of the month's news gathering. And it was what he had to say about his experiences in Hollywood that convinced me that the cruelest caricaturist couldn't make the Astaire face as grotesque as Fred's own opinion of it.

"I'm keen about this picture game," he said, "but I'm still wondering why anybody else should be keen about having me do my stuff before the camera. With this face of mine—!"

He left the sentence unfinished—the shrug of his shoulders eloquently bespeaking what was on his mind.

"I'd have been even more flabbergasted when I got my first offer of a film engagement—if it hadn't come at a time when I was giving everything I had to my first stage appearance without my sister playing opposite me. As it was, I was so intent on convincing New Yorkers that I didn't depend on Adele for our show's success—and, in spite of unfavorable newspaper notices, we kept 'Gay Divorce' going for thirty-two

weeks on Broadway—I didn't realize how amazing that offer really was.

"I hadn't been in California since I was seven. Of course, I'd met a lot of picture people; they're all great theatergoers, you know. And I knew Crawford was a great little trouper. If she wanted me in the cast of 'Dancing Lady'—and the M-G-M people assured me she did—it was okay with me. At least it would be a great experience.

"BUT my wildest imaginings had never pictured anything like the real Hollywood. In the ten weeks that I was there I was in a state of perpetual amazement. Up to that time I thought we had show business developed to the highest possible pitch of efficiency. It didn't take me long to discover

that the big Hollywood studios start where we of the stage leave off.

"Why, just to mention one instance, I learned more in those few weeks about make-up than in all my years behind the footlights. Those make-up experts are positively uncanny. I'm still gasping as I think what they did with this face of mine.

"They even put a toupee on my head—and to my amazement, when I saw the rushes, the wig on my photographed self looked more like my own hair than my own hair. Incidentally, I found out that several of Hollywood's champion heart-breakers—you know, the lads who always carry the heavy love interest—are similarly be-wigged. It isn't because their own locks are thinning, it's because a make-up expert decides a toupee will heighten the effect of his work on their features.

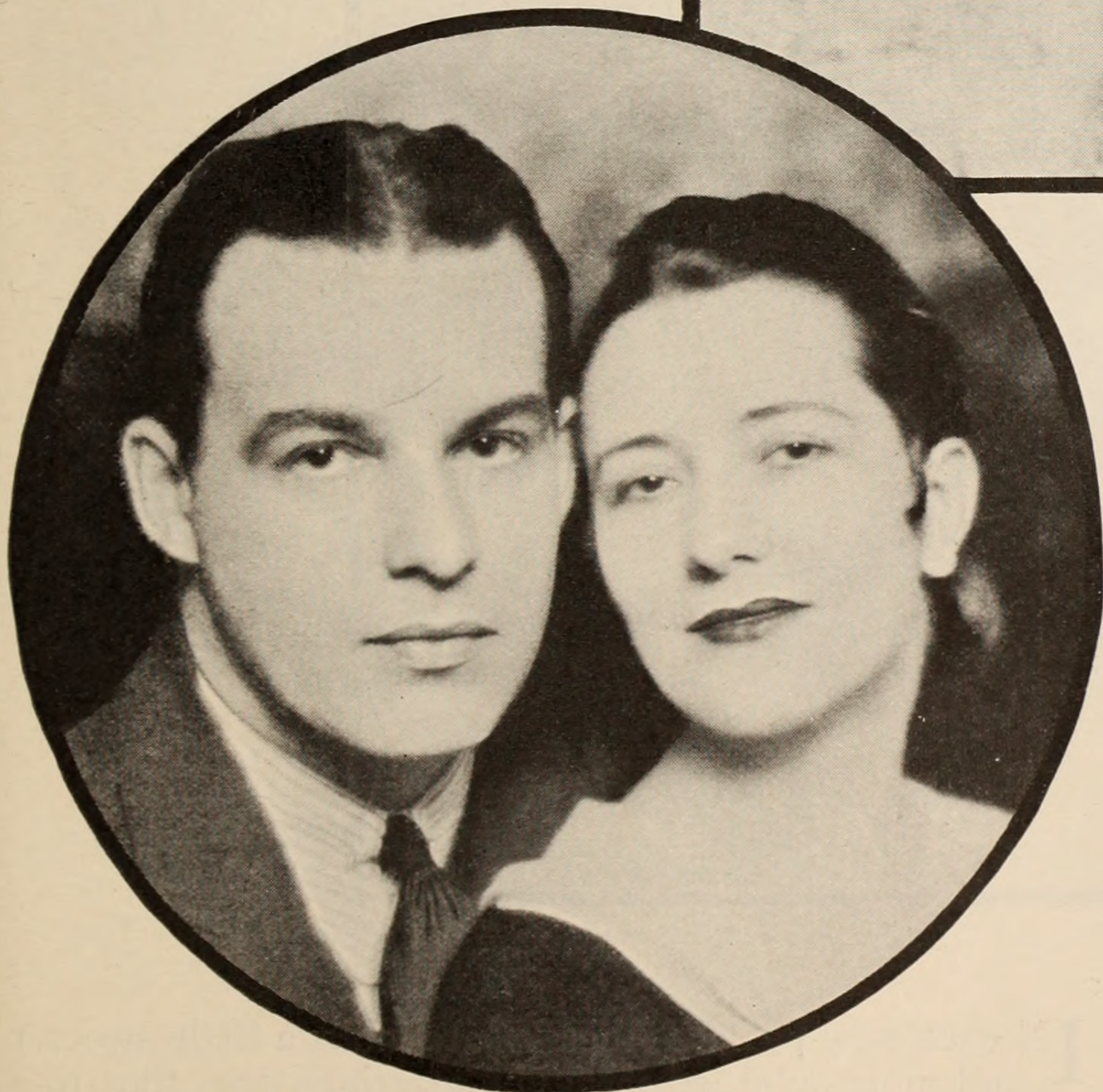
"CRAWFORD was grand to work with. So were Gable and Tone. Of course, I didn't know a camera from a cow catcher. But, at least, I knew I didn't know. Also, I realized that everything I'd ever learned on the stage was of no use now.

"That's what still bewilders me. Here I am—with this face of mine—and nothing much besides. Nobody'd ever accuse me of being a Caruso. As for my dancing—I've always felt that dancing on the screen as an exhibition is about the dullest part of any film. So, as far as I could make out, the only possible chance I had to get on in the picture game was to click—with my personality.

"Something of that kind must have happened—or I shouldn't have been asked to work in 'Flying Down to Rio.' And now, as soon as this London run



As pretty a blonde as ever came from Hollywood, is Marian Marsh. On her arrival in England, she had surprises for reporters



Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne went to London for "Reunion in Vienna." Back on native soil, Lynn was branded an alien

ends, I'm off to Hollywood again—this time to make two pictures for RKO-Radio. The first will be 'Gay Divorce'—probably with Ginger Rogers in the Clare Luce rôle.

"It's great, mind you—but still I can't understand it. With this face of mine—!"

FRED ASTAIRE—by the bye—has had three nerve-racking experiences since the London première of "Gay Divorce." Three times his sister (Lady Cavendish as she is now) has been in front, watching her erstwhile partner do his stuff with the exotic Miss Luce. On each occasion, Astaire tells me, he suffered pangs of stage fright such as no actor ever knew.

Those of you who have a brother or a sister may, perhaps, appreciate this. I can quite understand the dreadful self-consciousness a chap must feel under such conditions.

HOW different the American viewpoint is from that of the general run of British film producers! Take the case of the company that produces the films [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 112]



Freulich

IN each new picture Alice White looks a little sweeter and more subdued. Maybe marriage does that to a person! Or maybe Alice is growing up. However, there should be antics in her next movie, and maybe a swat or two. It's "The Heir Chaser," with Cagney

Hollywood, *the World's* Sculptor

Remolded and reshaped, it's
a wonder some of the stars
can recognize themselves!

By Winifred Aydelotte

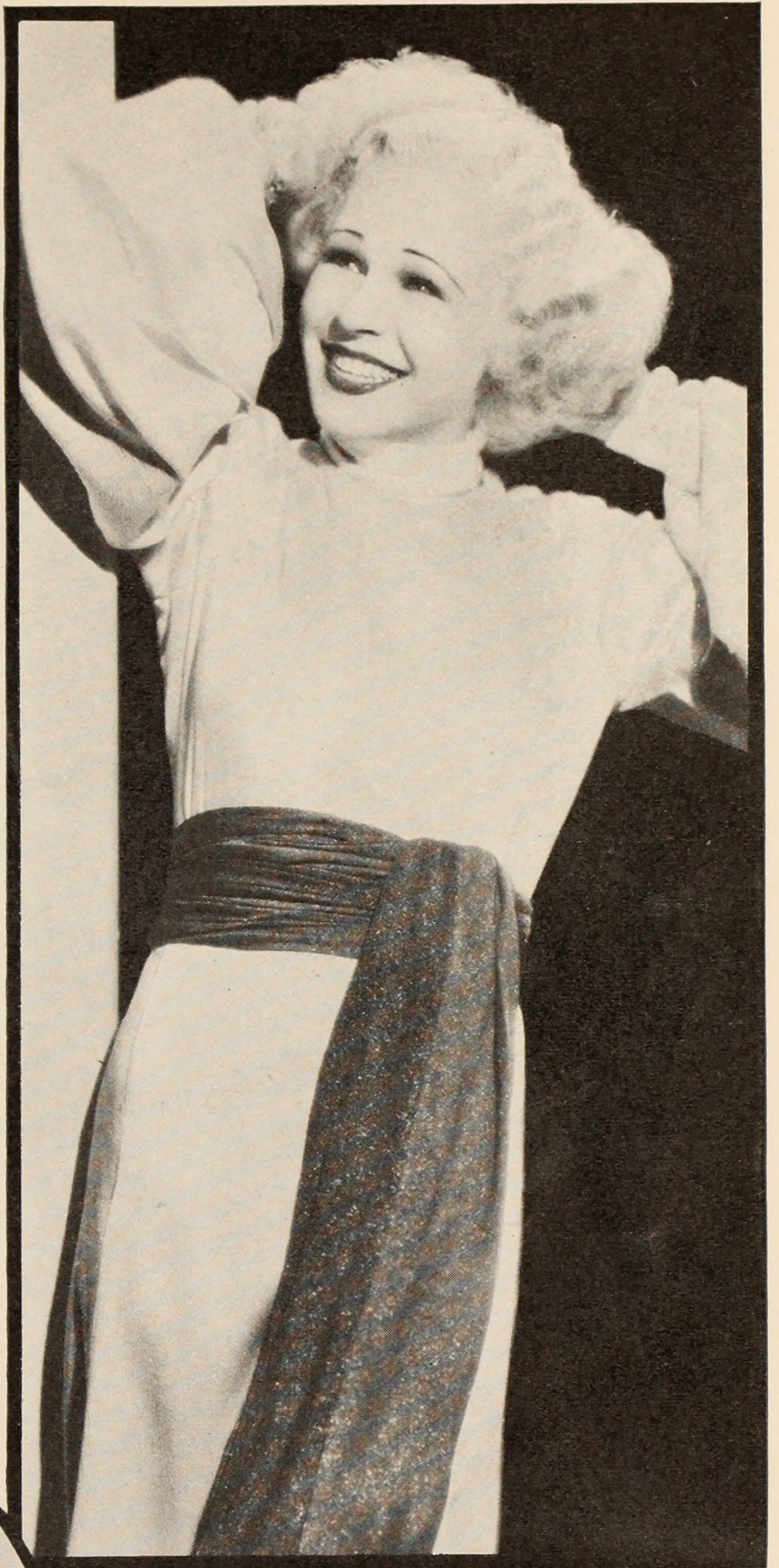
HOLLYWOOD is a quick-change artist.
A gigantic sculptor, leaning over an immense
bench, and the clay that responds to its long, sensitive
fingers is the dramatic genius of the world.

All anyone has to do to lose his individuality completely is
to arrive in the City of Change with sufficient clamor. At the
noise, the sculptor pricks up his ears and pounces on its victim
with a good deal of glee.

"A find! A find!! The dramatic discovery of a decade!!!



"What lovely clay!" cried Hollywood, the sculptor, when Miriam
Jordan arrived from England. But when the movies finished
remaking her, Miriam didn't consider it a work of art



"Nothing much you can do with a cyclone,"
the sculptor said of Lyda Roberti. For Lyda
had found fame in jazz on Broadway and she
didn't intend to have the mold changed

Now listen, Tallulah, you slayed 'em with
comedy in London. Well, forget it. You're
going to be a bitter tragédienne here, tasting
the dregs of life. And, you, what did you do in
Roumania, my dear? You look so frail and
sweet and charming. Oh—Lillian Gish things?
Let's see, we have too many of them. I've got
it! You will play stark, stiff maids and things
in horror stories. And you, you cold, haughty,
penthouse beauty. No, don't tell me. Let me
guess. Well, never mind, we'll make you a
bronco-bustin', wide-open-spaces, Western fe-
male star."

And so on. Hollywood is never at a loss.
"You've got black hair? Bleach it. You've
got blonde hair? Make it dark. I don't like
your feet. I don't like your nose. I don't like
your nerve. Change, change, change!" Dis-
satisfaction with anything as it is is the mother
of creation here.



"Unbend, girl, unbend!" And Elissa Landi, quiet, reserved, obeyed the sculptor and unbent in a burst of activity. Then she rebelled

Sometimes, however, the clay comes to Hollywood with stubborn lines and a rigid refusal to be re-shaped. But it all comes, sooner or later, this great lump of genius—stage stars from New York and London; little movie-struck girls from Podunk and Terre Haute; ingénues from the country's stock companies, and the foreigners.

What Hollywood has done to its foreign stars in the matter of re-vamping is miraculous, one way or the other.

Marlene Dietrich, Anna Sten, Greta Garbo, Miriam Jordan, Lyda Roberti, Ramon Novarro, Elissa Landi, Dorothea Wieck, Greta Nissen.

Already beautifully molded came Elissa Landi, a member of the Imperial Austrian nobility. She came, tall, cold, poised and dignified, and in her was (and is) embodied an Old World reserve, pride of tradition, an intellectual aloofness that forbade her yielding to the hail-fellow-well-met, up-and-down-the-emotional-scale, pillow-fighting school of acting that makes Hollywood the fascinating place of contrast it is.

For Fox she made "Body and Soul," "Always Goodbye," "The Yellow Ticket," "Wicked," "The Devil's Lottery," "The Woman in Room 13," and "A Passport to Hell." All of these rôles, in spite of the encouragement the titles gave, were Landi-reserved, emotionally distant and not quite on speaking terms with our red-blooded American expansiveness. They raised an enquiring lorgnette at the general public.



Eighteen months of artistic effort were spent by the sculptor on Anna Sten. In the meantime, Anna did things to Hollywood



"I said *scram!*" The sculptor tried in vain to teach Benita Hume to use American slang without an English accent

"Unbend, girl, unbend," cried Fox, who, basking in her intellectual shade, had become chilled to the bones.

So she harkened unto the sculptor and unbent—in "The Warrior's Husband."

"... and marble, soften'd into life, grew warm."

This was followed by "I Loved You Wednesday," in which a startled public saw a Landi that cooed, gurgled, skipped, wrestled romantically over a pillow with Victor Jory, and couldn't say a word without waving her arms like a windmill and registering an overdose of *joie de vivre*.

"Hooray!" shouted Fox, taking off muffler and wrist warmers, "she's human!" So they proudly presented her with "I Am a Widow," a story that demanded an asbestos screen.

SHE took one look at the script, drew herself up into an ivory column of scorn, and departed. And the Landi retreat will go down in the annals of Hollywood history. The sculptor was wrong. It had tried to carve a skip and a simper into a cold curve of dignity.

Marlene Dietrich, already an established actress in Germany, came to Hollywood, and the sculptor set to work.

"In Hollywood," the studio said to Miss Dietrich, "the stars help in the matter of publicity. They keep themselves in the public eye; they do things that our press scribes can plaster on the front pages of newspapers; they do not lead quiet, uneventful, retiring lives. They attract attention! Now, let's see what you can do."

Marlene flew to work, and never was a publicity job undertaken more seriously in the gag city than was hers. And everything helped her; Von Sternberg, her legs, and an article of apparel called pants. The innate puritanical streak of Americans helped, too. Unconsciously,

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 114]

PHOTOPLAY'S Hollywood Beauty Shop

Conducted By Carolyn Van Wyck



IRENE BENTLEY'S lovely hands give you a perfect pattern for correct nail shaping and use of lacquer polish

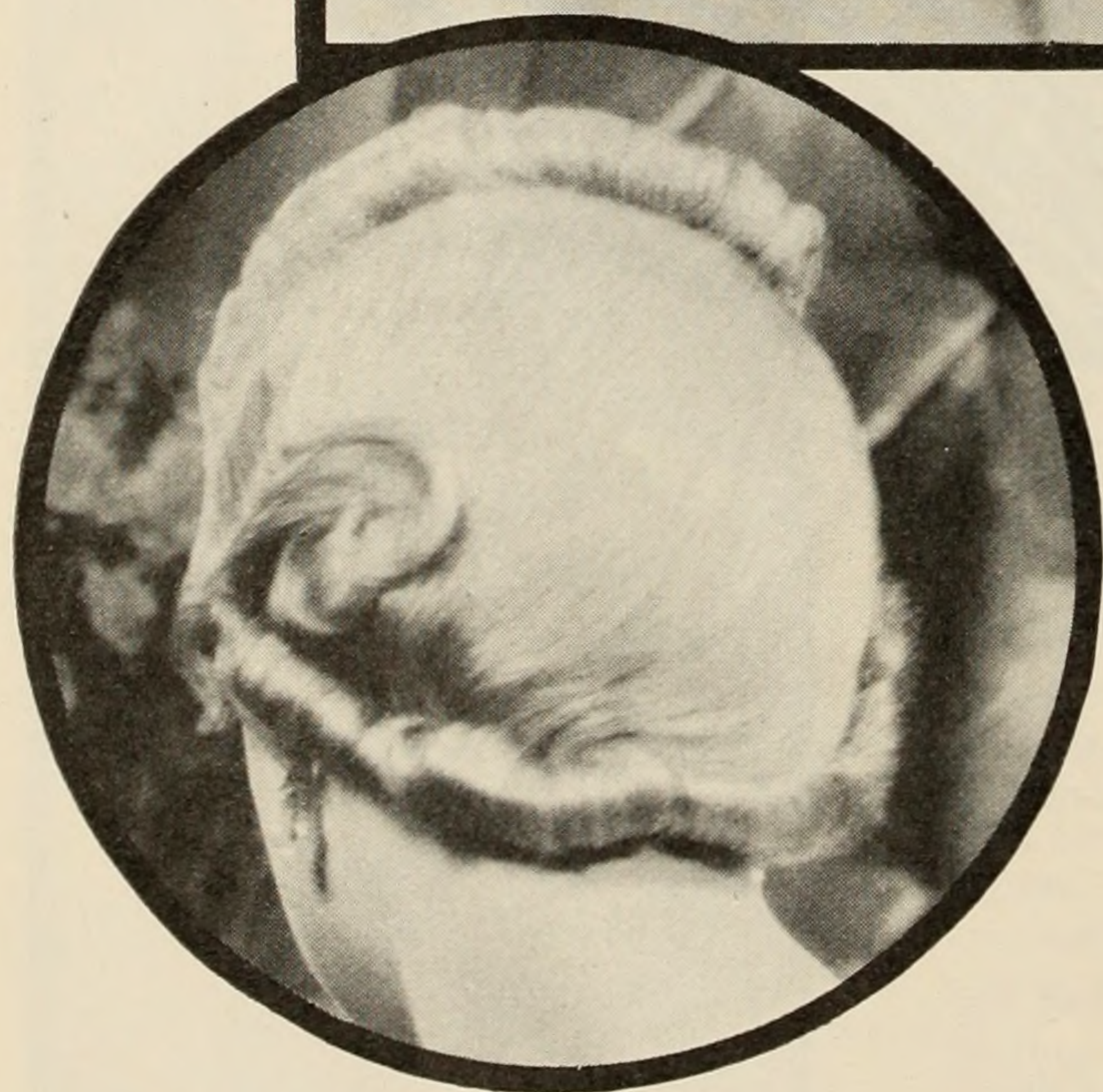
CLAUDETTE COLBERT is powdering from a very new and very smart leather covered compact that resembles a tiny camera. Claudette reminds you always to use your compact puff gently. Press your powder on; never rub in

"RETAIN the natural lip outline for day make-up and reserve special lip shaping for evening," advises Mary Brian. Mary is using a new French lipstick ornamented with a sparkling stone. It comes in three smart tones



All the beauty tricks of all the stars brought to you each month

Spotlight Coiffures by Bette



HOW do you like the back of Bette's arrangement at the right? Isn't it a dream? Those rolls and flat curls have the sculptured beauty of marble. Not very difficult for your hairdresser, either

IN several scenes in "Fashions of 1934" Bette Davis wears her hair in this dramatic, exotic manner. It gives the color and sheen of her golden hair gorgeous play, but is advised only when you wish to seem slightly theatrical

HERE Bette looks very queenly and almost Grecian with the classic simplicity of this coiffure. But wait until you see the back. It has tricks galore for you. A charming suggestion for the younger person and sure to gain you compliments



Davis in "Fashions of 1934"



THIS is a variation of the coiffure on the left page. Instead of the smooth effect, the hair has been softly waved and that roll brought forth in a bang. A universally flattering style, especially for the girl with too much forehead

FOR the style above, Bette's back hair has been metamorphosed into a mass of little curls across the back of her neck. This is a perfect ruse for the too long neck, and is girlish and lovely. Later you can turn those curls into rolls



If you think Bette's circular roll on the opposite page is too much of a good thing, here it is in modified form. Just enough to be charming, different and refreshing. Don't you think it is nice?



A THRILLING triangle coiffure is worn by Gail Patrick. Every view is surprising and different. The side view, above, presents a mass of tight ringlets. The front view, at lower right, shows you that this slant gives a very demure picture. Then the back, at lower left, is very lovely. Hair is slightly wavy, the ends gently rolled, a jeweled band separating the curls. Try this for that next party and be a great success. This glamorous coiffure, naturally, requires the skill of a good hairdresser but is well worth it



(For More Beauty Tips
Turn to Page 92)

"I NEVER TIRE OF
THE FLAVOR OF CAMELS"

MRS. JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

■ Mrs. James Russell Lowell loves sports, plays tournament tennis and bridge enthusiastically. Her Park Avenue home, which she decorated herself, has great distinction. She summers on Long Island with her two young children or in Europe, and divides her winters between Palm Beach and New York. She invariably smokes Camel cigarettes.

"THEY ARE SMOOTH AND MILD"

"The taste of Camel cigarettes is always delicious — smooth and mild without being flat or sweetish. And they never get on my nerves—which I consider important," says Mrs. Lowell. "Naturally, I have other brands in the house, too, but most people agree with me in preferring Camels."

People do seem to prefer a cigarette that doesn't make them nervous. That's why steady smokers turn to Camels. Camel's costlier tobaccos never get on your nerves no matter how many you smoke. And they always give you a cool, mild smoke.

**CAMELS ARE MADE FROM FINER,
MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS THAN
ANY OTHER POPULAR BRAND**

*Camel's
costlier tobaccos
are Milder*





In Saint Louis . . .

Hollywood Fashions as shown in *Photoplay*



ARE SOLD EXCLUSIVELY BY
STIX, BAER & FULLER
COMPANY

As in Hollywood, so in Saint Louis! Look for "Hollywood Fashions" . . . faithful copies of the smartest costumes worn by the most fashionable stars . . . in stores of fashion leadership! Exact reproductions of the clever little frock worn by Marian Nixon in the Columbia picture, "The Line Up" are being shown today in the resourceful store of the Stix, Baer & Fuller Company . . . as in other stores of equal style reliance, in many key cities! "Hollywood" Fashions for March, sponsored by PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE and selected by Seymour, PHOTOPLAY'S stylist, are on display!



Only genuine Hollywood Fashions bear this label

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

919 N. Michigan Ave.

Chicago, Ill.

In Association with WAKEFIELD & O'CONNOR, INC.



If "Hollywood Fashions" are not sold in your city, send PHOTOPLAY your name and address, mentioning the department store from which you buy ready-to-wear.

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Ask The Answer Man



Dick Powell doesn't look worried over the controversy going on among his admirers as to who should hold the title "most popular lad in musical pictures"

LETTERS come from far and near asking about Bing Crosby and Dick Powell. Their popularity seems to be at a draw. Some admirers write in saying that Bing is handsomer and has a better voice than Dick. Others say, in no uncertain terms, that Dick has all the looks and the best voice. In sewing circles, at clubs and bridge parties, the question of the popularity of these boys seems to start a battle. Just who will come out on top is a puzzle.

This old Answer Man has been called into the argument to say his little piece in defense of the lads, but really can't speak up for fear of getting a boot from either side. So he'll just sit back and wait to hear what you readers have to say about Crosby and Powell. Now for a short biography of the boys, which so many of you asked for.

Bing—I mention him first because he is the elder—had a six months' start on Dick. They were both born in 1904; Bing on May 2nd, Dick on November 24th. Dick is 6 feet tall and weighs 177 pounds. Bing is three inches shorter and twelve pounds lighter. Dick has auburn hair, while Bing's is light brown. Both boys have blue eyes, although Bing's are much lighter than Dick's.

Bing is from Tacoma, Wash. His real name is Harry Lillis Crosby. You'll have to put up your "dukes" if you ever call him by his middle name. He is married to Dixie Lee and has one son whom he calls Gary, after his pal Gary Cooper. Bing can't read a note of music, but he can play the drums and swings a mean

Read This Before Asking Questions

Avoid questions that call for unduly long answers, such as synopses of plays. Do not inquire concerning religion, scenario writing, or studio employment. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address. For a personal reply, enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Casts and Addresses

As these take up much space, we treat such subjects in a different way from other questions. For this kind of information, a stamped, self-addressed envelope must always be sent. Address all inquiries to Questions and Answers, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 221 W. 57th St., New York City.

cymbal. His favorite sports are golf and fishing. His latest pictures are "College Humor," "Too Much Harmony," and "Going Hollywood."

Dick is from Mountain View, Ark. His full name is Richard E. Powell. At this writing he is matrimonially fancy free. Can play a number of musical instruments. He spends his spare time playing golf and tennis. His latest pictures are "Footlight Parade," "College Coach," "Convention City" and "Wonder Bar."

MARTHA ARNOLD, BETHEL, VT.—Yes, Martha, the Phil Harris who played in the picture "Melody Cruise" is the same Phil Harris you hear over the radio.

DOROTHY BOYLE, FORT WILLIAM, ONT., CAN.—Douglas Scott was the little fellow who played the rôle of *Derek* in "Devotion." Dickie Moore was *Little Hal* in "The Squaw Man."

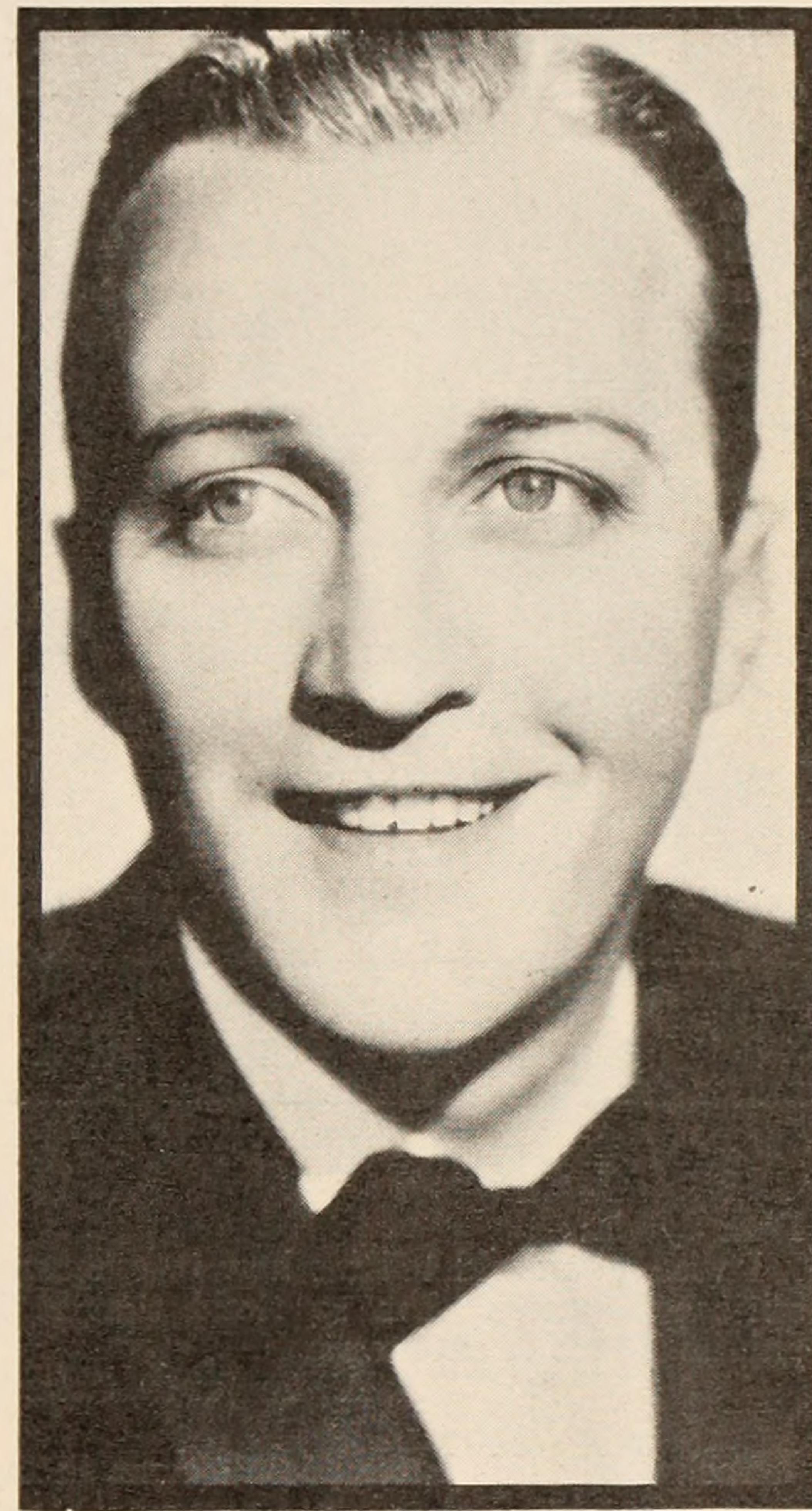
EVE KIRKMAN, BROOKLYN, N. Y.—The rôle of *Katharine Howard's* lover in "The Private Life of Henry VIII" was played by Robert Donat.

ANITA GAMEWELL, SAN BENITO, TEX.—Cary Grant was born in Bristol, Eng. He has brown eyes and black hair. Mae West, born in Brooklyn, N. Y., gives her birthday as August 17, 1900. You were almost right. Dick Arlen has blue-gray eyes. Warner Baxter has been married to Winifred Bryson since 1917.

SEVERAL LATIN WOMEN, BUENOS AIRES, S. A.—You girls have too many favorites for me to describe in this small space. However, here's the lowdown on lovely Jean Harlow. Jean was born in Kansas City, Mo., March 3, 1911. She is 5 feet, 3 inches tall, weighs 112 pounds and has platinum blonde hair and blue eyes. Her real name is Harlene Carpenter. She was married to Hal Rosson last September. If you want your other questions answered, send a self-addressed envelope.

ALICE LA FLAMME, HOLYOKE, MASS.—Bruce Cabot's real name is Jacques Etienne de Bujac. He is married to Adrienne Ames. Alice, don't believe everything you read in the newspapers. I know it was reported that Ruby Keeler would desert the screen to be with her husband Al Jolson when he retired from pictures. But Al is so pleased with the way his picture "Wonder Bar" has turned out, that he has decided to stay in Hollywood and make several more. So you will be seeing more of Ruby, too.

RUBY T. HOWELL, TARBORO, N. C.—Two versions of "Hold Your Man" were made.



Bing Crosby, a contender, seems rather pleased that he is in on the fight. The Answer Man wonders where the Rudy Vallee-Russ Columbo contingents are hiding

In the first, Jean Harlow and Clark Gable were married by a colored minister. The other one, showing them being married by a white minister, was made to replace the first version in States in which any controversy over the matter might arise.

A CAVALIER, HACKENSACK, N. J.—As you didn't give me your name or send a stamped envelope, I couldn't arrange to send you the Fan Club information. If you want a list of Fan Clubs, write to the Photoplay Association of Fan Clubs, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill. Each month, in the magazine, you will find up-to-the-minute news of the activities of various clubs. Watch for it.

R.T.M., BUFFALO, N. Y.—Yes, it is true that Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell will make pictures together again. Charlie signed with Fox to make two pictures with Janet. I know how glad the Gaynor-Farrell admirers will be to hear this.

DIXIE WENTON, LITTLE ROCK, ARK.—The hats you mentioned were named after the actress and are still being made under her name.

HELEN HUTCHINS, BALTIMORE, MD.—Helen, you'll be seeing your old friend, Ronald Colman, back on the screen once more. He is going to make "Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back" for 20th Century. For a second time, Loretta Young will be Ronnie's leading lady.

"Look Out, Patricia!" says Sylvia

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 73]

you have a wonderful complexion and will give you the disposition of a saint because you'll be so beautifully healthy.

First thing in the morning, take a glass of cold water with the juice of half a lemon squeezed in it.

Then have your luke warm shower (you can taper it off with cold water if you like) and scrub your body with a good stiff brush and plenty of soap, working most vigorously on your spine. This increases circulation. Now have your first meal.

Breakfast

Two sliced oranges
One coddled egg
Three or four pieces of toasted rye wafers with a little butter and honey
Coffee or tea—clear

Eleven O'clock

Glass of tomato juice

Luncheon

Big dish (and I mean big) of sliced, raw, red cabbage with an apple grated in it and just plain lemon juice on that. Eat as much of this as you can.

Dish of fruit jello—no cream

If you like it take a cup of tea with lemon, no sugar.

Four O'clock

Glass of orange juice

Dinner

One whole stalk of celery
Cup of consomme with a tablespoon of chopped raw parsley in it
One double lamb chop or an equal amount of any broiled meat
Three tablespoons of fresh green peas
Two heaping tablespoons of turnips
One-fourth head of lettuce with a thin

French dressing without much oil and a raw carrot grated on top
(Eat salad with meat course)
Raw fresh fruit and demi-tasse.

There's a diet that won't put an ounce of weight on you but which is probably more than you're eating right now. You'll never starve on that diet and it also contains the valuable minerals you should have. It's a wonderful health builder and beautifier.

And it will do something else for you, too. It will make you feel so good that when you smile, the corners of your mouth will turn up instead of down as they did sometimes in "Convention City."

That's the end of the lecture, Patricia. Every word I've written you is true. And every word goes for other girls as well. I've done it for your own good. Hop on that diet wagon and those exercises right away. And the best of luck in the world to you.

Yours,
SYLVIA.

Answers by Sylvia

Dear Sylvia:

I wish you could tell me how to overcome self-consciousness. I'm so timid that it is painful for me to enter a room.

A. A., La Junta, Colo.

Technically this letter doesn't come in my department but I'm going to answer it, anyway, because I've got an answer for it. If you stay on my health diets, if you make your figure so lovely that you'll know you're the best-looking girl in your set, and if you learn to walk with your shoulders back, your stomach in and your head high you can't be self-conscious because you'll be sure of yourself. You'll *know* you're attractive! And that's the only way to overcome timidity—to know you're okay!

My dear Madame Sylvia:

Now that wines and liquors are in I've been wondering if they're fattening. Almost everywhere I go they serve wine with dinner and I don't know what to take.

Mrs. R. H. T., New York City.

Alcohol if taken in large quantities is fattening. But so is food. The diet I've given you is moderate. Well, be moderate about your drinking, too, and a little wine with your meals won't hurt you. Don't overdo it—that's all.

Dear Sylvia:

My bust is large enough but I have a bony chest. I wish you could tell me how to cover up those bones. As a matter of fact, except for my bust, I'm slightly thin all over.

B. D., San Antonio, Texas.

Then the thing for you to do is to go on my building-up diet and exercises. If you don't have this information, send a self-addressed stamped envelope to me, care of PHOTOPLAY Magazine, 221 West 57th Street, New York City, and I'll send it to you. A lot of you thin girls have a large bust, but when you start to build up generally your bust won't become larger. Anyway, it's very fashionable to be large through the chest and don't be afraid that you'll put on any more weight there, because you won't. You're probably undernourished and aren't eating the right foods.

MY, how the troubles come in—but how I like to see them! I know, you see, how I can make them disappear—so you'll understand why Aunt Sylvia says, the more the better. If you have a problem, I'll be glad to help if you'll just write, addressing your letter to Sylvia, care of PHOTOPLAY Magazine, 221 West 57th Street, New York City. For a direct answer, enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope; otherwise watch these columns. No obligations whatever, of course—I'm only too glad to help.

SYLVIA

Dear Sylvia:

I took your reducing diets and exercises and they worked marvels. When I was just the weight I wanted to be I went back to eating as I had been before and put on three pounds in a week. What should I do about that?

M. H., Sacramento, Calif.

Shame on you! I'll bet I know exactly what you did. The minute you got down to the size you wanted to be you thought your responsibility was ended and you began to eat your head off. Well, you can't do it! I've an in-between diet—one that won't put flesh on but that keeps you at the right weight—which I'll send if you enclose the usual self-addressed, stamped envelope.

Dear Sylvia:

A friend of mine tells me that apples are fattening. I'm very fond of them but don't want to put on any more weight.

Mrs. L. L., Tacoma, Wash.

Maybe if you ate a dozen apples a day along with your regular meals they'd be fattening. But almost no fresh fruit is fattening and it is wonderful for your health. I recommend apples on many of my diets. A wonderful way to eat them is to grate them over sliced, raw, red cabbage and squeeze a little lemon juice over it. What a grand salad that makes!

Dear Sylvia:

I'm quite nervous and although I'm very careful about my diet and don't eat rich or highly seasoned foods, I feel uncomfortable right after every meal and then if I eat less I notice that between meals I feel faint and hungry. I'm trying my best to get over my nervousness, so please don't bawl me out about that.

W. R. Y., St. Louis, Mo.

I never bawl anybody out if I find that person is honestly trying to overcome a handicap and your letter sounds most sincere. You're just the sort of person I like to help best. Instead of taking three big meals a day take five light meals a day. This will aid your digestion and give your stomach something to be busy with all the time. Eat as little meat as possible. Eat plenty of fresh vegetables and fruits and lots of grated carrots.

My dear Madame Sylvia:

I am sway-backed and I wish you would tell me how I can overcome it.

B. T., Lexington, Ky.

In the first place be thankful that you're sway-backed instead of stooped. You must learn to support yourself with your abdominal muscles. In this month's letter I've given Patricia Ellis a fine stomach exercise. Even if your stomach isn't very large that exercise will strengthen the muscles and help you correct your posture. Stand in front of your mirror and practice proper posture.

Dear Sylvia:

I am fifteen years old, with no weight problem. But I love sodas. I drink lots. My mother tells me it will ruin my skin. What do you think?

M. H. Reading, Penna.

Your mother is right. Lay off sodas if you want a good skin. Since you have to have sugar for energy, take it in natural form, brown or unbleached sugar on your breakfast fruit—any kind but bananas. Include tomato and orange juice and plenty of fresh, green salads and fresh fruit in your diet. Take your milk in the middle of the morning instead of with meals.

"What's the use?"



This young wife thought romance had fled—UNTIL . . .



AND SOON TOM'S ATTITUDE CHANGES



AVOID OFFENDING

Underthings absorb perspiration odor— *protect daintiness this easy way . .*

No girl need ever be guilty of perspiration odor in underthings. Lux takes it away completely and saves colors! And it's so easy.

But do avoid cake-soap rubbing and soaps containing harmful alkali—these things fade colors, injure fabrics. Lux has no harmful alkali. Safe in water, safe in Lux.

—for underthings

Removes perspiration odor—Saves colors



"Girls who know this

says

YEARS AGO MY
LOVELY SOUTHERN
GRANDMOTHER
FIRST TAUGHT
ME THAT A GIRL
WHO WANTS TO
BREAK HEARTS
SIMPLY MUST
HAVE A TEA-ROSE
COMPLEXION.

RKO-Radio Star

SO MANY GIRLS have asked Irene Dunne how to make themselves more attractive . . . how to win admiration . . . romance.

Here this lovely star tells you! And her beauty method is so simple . . . regular, everyday care with exquisitely gentle Lux Toilet Soap.

Do follow her advice! See how much clearer, softer, lovelier *your* skin becomes

. . . how that extra-lovely complexion wins hearts—and *holds* them!

Nine out of ten glamorous Hollywood stars . . . countless girls the country over . . . have *proved* what this fragrant, white soap does for the skin.

Is yours just an "average" complexion? Don't be content—start today—have the *added beauty* Lux Toilet Soap brings!

YOU can have the *Charm* men

secret *always* win out — ”

IRENE DUNN



NOW THAT I'M ON THE SCREEN I REALIZE MORE THAN EVER THE FASCINATION THERE IS IN PEARLY-SMOOTH SKIN. I FOLLOW MY LUX TOILET SOAP BEAUTY TREATMENT REGULARLY EVERY DAY.



IT'S REALLY AMAZING HOW QUICKLY JUST THIS SIMPLE CARE BRINGS TEMPTING NEW BEAUTY TO THE SKIN. TRY IT—YOU GIRLS WHO WANT TO MAKE NEW CONQUESTS! YOU'RE SURE TO WIN OUT!



can't resist

Precious Elements in this Soap—

Scientists say: "Skin grows old-looking through the gradual loss of certain elements Nature puts in skin to keep it youthful. Gentle Lux Toilet Soap, so readily soluble, *actually contains* such precious elements—checks their loss from the skin."



For EVERY Type of Skin . . dry . . oily . . "in-between"

How to Make Your Eyes Lovely

By Carolyn Van Wyck



ROCHELLE HUDSON poses for us to illustrate Lilian Harvey's unique method of making up her lashes. First, a tiny bit of cream is applied to the under side of upper lashes, these dusted with a little powder. Then the mascara is applied. Cream and powder give additional body to lashes. Suggested for extra heavy effect only



FOR depth and beauty, a touch of shadow to upper lids is necessary. Rochelle Hudson comments that brown is the least conspicuous of all tones. Use only on upper lids; never beneath

of eye injury that seemed to have resulted from the use of dye. But mascaras and darkeners are not dyes in any sense, and you have no need to fear good brands. This make-up aid, as you know, is merely a substance applied to the lashes for darker and heavier effect. And does it work wonders on lashes, especially on those that are scant or very blonde!

Always use your mascara or darkener according to the instructions on the box. Remember that this advice has been worked out for you most carefully and will give better results than a careless method.

Mascaras are very convenient because you apply them when you want, take them off when you want. They have developed to the stage today where they do not dry or make your lashes brittle, and many are water-proof so that you may see your favorite picture and weep, or walk in rain or snow without fear of the moisture ruining your eyes. You may also use this type when in swimming without fear of running or streaking. Cream seems to be the best way to remove the water-proof type. If your mascara is not water-proof, remove it with cold water. Always work very gently on the eyes; never scrub or handle them roughly.

IN applying mascara, always brush upper lashes upward and lower lashes downward. Hollywood often darkens its upper lashes without touching the lower ones. In the case of blondes, this often gives a beautiful effect to the eyes. If you have long lashes that droop slightly toward the outer eye ends, mascara them all lightly then make that outer end quite heavy. This will give you that unusual Garbo lash effect, and make your eyes appear longer. If you have the round Mary Brian type of eye, an even lash fringe is more flattering.

In applying shadow, always use it lightly. The upper lid is the place. The color may extend lightly to the brow, but should be concentrated just above the lashline. Tones are most exotic, some flecked with gold or silver, which gives the lids a dewy freshness.

The eyebrow pencil is a great aid for brows and you may also do some nice things with it on the eyes, themselves. You can extend the outer corners just a bit and give yourself larger, longer eyes, or you can draw a light line on the lid just above the lashes before you darken them. Experiment carefully with your eye make-up to give your eyes just the touches they need for more beauty.

"EYES Like the Stars" is the newest leaflet we have worked out for you. It gives practical Hollywood hints for eye health and beauty and lists names of reputable products. Leaflets on skin, hair, home manicure and personal daintiness are still available. Simply send a self-addressed, stamped envelope to Carolyn Van Wyck, PHOTOPLAY Magazine, 221 West 57th Street, New York City, for these or consultation on your personal beauty problems.



★
JOAN CRAWFORD
and
CLARK GABLE
in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's
"DANCING LADY"
Max Factor's Make-Up Used
Exclusively



WHEN BEAUTY ATTRACTS
 YOU FIND
Romance

Learn How Screen Stars Create Romantic Beauty with
HOLLYWOOD'S COLOR HARMONY MAKE-UP

THE secret of beauty's attraction is color. This is the reason for the different appeals of blonde, brunette, brownette and redhead types. To emphasize this attraction, Max Factor, Hollywood's make-up genius, created color harmony make-up for each individual type. Every famous screen star knows this secret, and intensifies the charm and allure of her type with

correct color harmony in face powder, rouge and lipstick. Natural beauty is emphasized with a color harmony that attracts.

Now you may share this Hollywood secret. The luxury of color harmony make-up, created originally for the stars of the screen by their genius of make-up, is yours. See how Joan Crawford—illustrated below—creates her own color harmony make-up.



POWDER

... You'll marvel how the color harmony tone of Max Factor's Face Powder actually enlivens the beauty of your skin. Matchless in texture, it creates a satin-smooth make-up that clings for hours. You will note the difference instantly... One dollar.



ROUGE

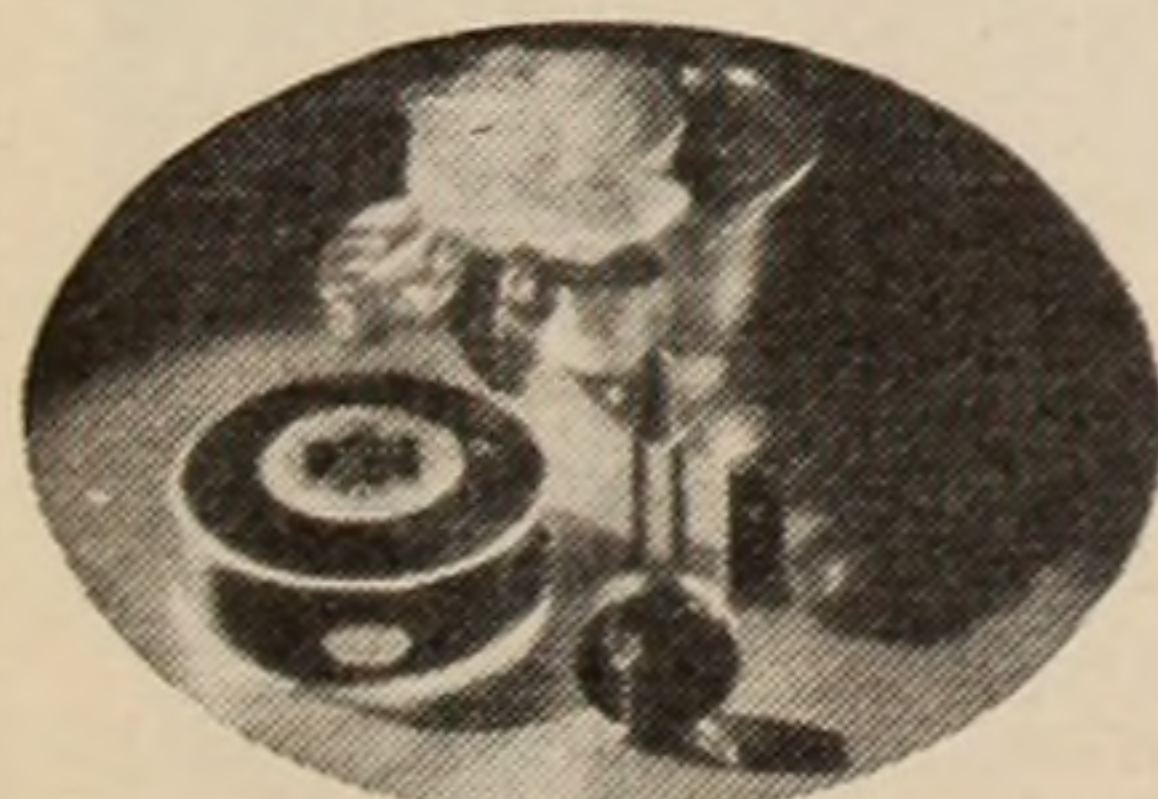
... Created to screen star types, the color harmony tones of Max Factor's Rouge impart a fascinating, natural and lifelike glow to your cheeks. Creamy-smooth... like finest skin texture... it blends and clings just as you would want it to... Fifty cents.



LIPSTICK

... Super-Indelible, for in Hollywood lip make-up must remain perfect for hours. Moisture-proof, too... you apply it to the inner surface also, giving a uniform color to the full lips. In color harmony tones to accent the appeal of lovely lips... One dollar.

Max Factor ★ *Hollywood*
 SOCIETY MAKE-UP... Face Powder, Rouge, Lipstick in Color Harmony



Test YOUR Color Harmony in Face Powder and Lipstick

Just fill in coupon for purse-size box of powder in your color harmony shade and lipstick color tester, four shades. Enclose 10 cents for postage and handling. You will also receive your Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and a 48-page illus. book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up"...FREE.

MAIL THIS COUPON TO MAX FACTOR, HOLLYWOOD 1-3-73

COMPLEXIONS	EYES	HAIR	
Very Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Blue <input type="checkbox"/>	BLONDES	NAME _____
Fair <input type="checkbox"/>	Gray <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	
Creamy <input type="checkbox"/>	Green <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWNETTES	
Medium <input type="checkbox"/>	Hazel <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	STREET _____
Ruddy <input type="checkbox"/>	Brown <input type="checkbox"/>	BRUNETTES	
Sallow <input type="checkbox"/>	Black <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	CITY _____
Freckled <input type="checkbox"/>	LASHES (Color)	REDHEADS	
Olive <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	STATE _____
SKIN Dry <input type="checkbox"/>	Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	If Hair is Gray, check type above and here. <input type="checkbox"/>	
Oily <input type="checkbox"/> Normal <input type="checkbox"/>	AGE _____		

"Dry those tears, sister. You were a silly to believe that fancy soaps would make you beautiful. We've known right along that no soap smooths up the skin like Ivory!"



"And don't think your complexion stops at the neckline, sister! Please, if you want your all-over complexion to match your face, do as we do—take Ivory baths."

If you want a baby-smooth skin, use the baby's beauty treatment

Spring's on the way! Now's the time to take stock of your good looks if you want to be able to wear the alluring bright colors that will be so popular this season.

How's your complexion? Dull-looking? Roughened by raw winds? Then make-up alone won't do the trick. Your skin needs a little attention. Get busy with a cake of Ivory Soap and start working for a naturally clear, baby-smooth complexion.

Ivory, you know, is the soap that keeps so many millions of babies' skins rose-petal soft. Doctors advise Ivory for sensitive complexions because it is so pure—because it won't

dry up the natural oils that lubricate your skin. No dyes—no soapy perfumes in Ivory!

It's smart to be a baby about your bath, too. Quaintly enough, your complexion doesn't stop at your neck—it extends all over you. And your all-over skin needs Ivory's purity just as much as your face does. So hop into your Ivory bath and scrub yourself shining clean with Ivory's cleansing lather. You'll step out radiant and glowing. Ivory's the best daily beauty treatment your skin can receive. Lucky for you that its price is so modest! And you can buy Ivory at any grocer's.

Ivory Soap

99 44/100 0/0 pure • It floats

They, Too, Were Stars

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 40]

Grace Cunard, Francis Ford, Flora Finch (John Bunny's leading lady), Alice Lake and King Baggot are among the many who make a living this way.

But there are others who continue to force Hollywood to yield them success by applying their experience and contacts, tempered with more than a dash of wit and ingenuity, to the business of making a living, although without the glamour and fame of yesteryear.

Helen Ferguson and Eileen Percy have heeded the call of printer's ink. Helen, left a comfortable fortune by her late husband, William Russell, lost every penny in a crash of a Beverly Hills bank, and started a publicity business.

Today Helen ranks among the most active press-agents of Hollywood, with a long list of clients, including Fay Wray, Gene Raymond, Johnny Mack Brown, Patsy Ruth Miller and Sidney Blackmer.

EILEEN PERCY, still as beautiful as she was when counted among the leading serial queens of the screen, writes Hollywood news in a column which is syndicated.

Seena Owen recently initiated a literary career by joining the scenario staff of Paramount studios, a route followed before by Raymond Griffith and Ralph Graves with more than ordinary success. Ray, whose lack of an audible voice sent him from a top-ranking star's berth to retirement overnight when the talkies came in, is Darryl Zanuck's right hand writer and producer at 20th Century, and Ralph occupies a similar spot at M-G-M. Douglas MacLean is at Paramount as an associate producer.

Movie stars confronted with the problem of raising their boys to be soldiers have enabled Earle Foxe, who was starred for years in two-reelers and who was featured in many early releases, to make quite a good thing out of the Black-Foxe Military Academy, one of Southern California's most pretentious institutes.

Max Asher, the old Century Comedy star, clings to Hollywood with his magic shop; George K. Arthur, the English comic, produces his own stage plays at the Hollywood Playhouse; Gardner James improves cinema minds at his Boulevard book shop; Ann Little manages the Chateau Marmont, fashionable Hollywood apartment, and Hank Mann, still doing sporadic screen rôles, keeps the grocer paid with his new beer parlor—a Repeal idea emulated by Francis X. Bushman, the first male beauty of the screen and heart beat of the nation's matrons.

BUSHMAN, it was, who, not over two years ago—boasting that he had spent a million dollars in his life and was accustomed to luxury—offered to marry any woman who could keep him in the style to which he was accustomed! (No one took him up.) He opened a liquor store in Chicago, where he had made his unusual offer, when the country reclaimed John Barleycorn.

But reclamation is exactly what ruined the once immensely wealthy and powerful director-producer, Edwin Carewe, famed as the discoverer and developer of Dolores Del Rio.

Carewe, who always had the propensity for spreading his interests, taking turns at "angeling" stage shows and magazines, went into the garbage reclaiming business on a big scale not long ago.

The company, known as the Biltmore Conservation Company, operated in Dallas, Texas, and Petaluma, California. Ambitious city contracts were obtained and the garbage turned into chicken feed and fertilizer. Carewe

dropped thousands in the venture and today is in bad financial straits.

If you don't mind jumping from garbage to marriage, it's easy to account for many former big stars who have found the answer in Hollywood marriages and screen retirement.

Theda Bara, as the wife of Charles Brabin, the director, is a prominent social leader in the colony. Jobyna Ralston is satisfied with being just Mrs. Richard Arlen. Enid Bennett is Mrs. Fred Niblo; Marjorie Daw, Mrs. Myron Selznick; Mildred Davis, Mrs. Harold Lloyd; Laura LaPlante, Mrs. William Seiter; Bessie Love, Mrs. William Hawks; Gertrude Olmstead, Mrs. Robert Leonard; Cleo Ridgley, Mrs. James Horne; Constance Talmadge, Mrs. Townsend Netcher; Rosemary Theby, Mrs. Harry Meyers; Virginia Valli, Mrs. Charles Farrell, and Jewel Carmen, Mrs. Roland West.

Marriage also has called away many stars from the town which made them famous. Irene Castle became a Chicago McLaughlin; Dorothy Dalton is the wife of Arthur Hammerstein, the stage producer, and lives in retirement on Long Island; Rex Ingram took Alice Terry to live with him abroad, where he recently adopted the Moslem faith; Carol Dempster married Edwin Larsen, a New York banker.

PHYLLIS HAVER, the Sennett beauty, is the wife of the wealthy William Seeman of New York; Madeline Hurlock boils the morning eggs in Manhattan for Marc Connelly, playwright of "Green Pastures" and Pulitzer prize winner; and Gladys Walton is the wife of a Universal film exchange manager in Chicago.

The list of forgotten stars winds on endlessly, with every year that passes adding new names to the scroll.

Hollywood is too busy to keep track of its alumni, failures or successes. Like the rest of the world, it must ever look to the future instead of to the past.

But it is dangerous as well to speculate too much on the future, so in Hollywood the stars take the fruits of today while they hang, rich and ripe with wealth, fame and adulation, hoping against hope that the harvest will always be bountiful, that never will they have to stand in the crowd by the wayside to watch the dazzling parade pass by with only this wistful claim to distinction—

"Once I, too, was a star!"



Hollywood's heroine steps out to a gay party. Remember the seige of long invalidism Anna Q. Nilsson so bravely survived? Now she's on her way back to screen popularity

TRY... just try... to equal the New GLAZO even at 3 times the Price!



Does the smartly wise girl pay more than a quarter for nail polish? Not any more... not since the new Glazo. But the glory of Glazo on your fingers' ends is something quite apart from a mere matter of price.

For the richer lustre of Glazo's new lacquers gives your fingertips a lovelier sheen that wears... by actual test... 50% longer.

And Glazo's six authentic shades are nominated for perfection by beauty and fashion authorities. The exclusive Color Chart Package eliminates any "guess" in selecting the ones you'll like best.

A new metal-shaft brush, with its soft, uniform bristles, makes application easier on either hand. And the brush won't come loose!

Polish Remover... when you suddenly run short... can be a mighty important thing in your life. But the extra-size bottle of Glazo Remover goes just as far as your polish and gives you more for your money.

No wonder so many ardent rooters for the new Glazo are girls who used to pay lots, lots more!



GLAZO LIQUID POLISH. Six authentic shades. Natural, Shell, Flame, Geranium, Crimson, Mandarin Red, Colorless. 25c each. In Canada, 30c.

GLAZO POLISH REMOVER. A true cosmetic, gentle to nail and skin. Removes even deepest polish completely. Extra-size bottle, 25c. In Canada, 30c.

GLAZO CUTICLE REMOVER. A new liquid cuticle remover. Extra-size bottle, 25c. In Canada, 30c.

GLAZO TWIN KIT. Contains both Liquid Polish and extra-size Polish Remover. In Natural, Shell, Flame, 40c. In Canada, 50c.

THE GLAZO COMPANY, Inc., Dept. GQ-34
191 Hudson Street, New York, N. Y.
(In Canada, address P. O. Box 2320, Montreal)

I enclose 10c for sample kit containing Glazo Liquid Polish, Polish Remover, and Liquid Cuticle Remover. (Check the shade of Polish preferred)...

Natural Shell Flame Geranium

Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49]



Look at that trick way Colleen Moore's arranged her hair. Everyone's talking about it. Colleen was snapped thus at her own party with guest Jeanette MacDonald

CECIL B. DE MILLE isn't hard to please—not at all.

Describing the actor he was seeking to play the rôle of Mark Antony in "Cleopatra," De Mille said—"He must have a chest big enough to camp an army on and be strong enough to drink all his soldiers under the table and then complete a love affair with the most desired woman in the world."

Until the "whattaman" shows up, why not use Jimmy Durante? Maybe he couldn't encamp the army on his chest, but they could roost on his nose.

PITY the poor postman in Hollywood—or maybe he's not to be pitied at all—it depends on how you look at it. Most of Mae West's fans take delight in addressing her indirectly.

Most letters have been addressed "Come Up and See Me Sometime, Hollywood." "You Can Be Had," "Tell Your Fortune," "You're No Angel" and "Take Your Time" have also been popular addresses.

THERE is one confirmed nudist in Hollywood—Oscar the penguin.

Oscar went on location with Victor McLaglen and Edmund Lowe in "No More Women," who tried to put him in decent shape for his appearance before the camera.

But as soon as they would paint a row of buttons down his white chest, Oscar took his bill and rubbed them off.

No fine and fancy feathers for him.

ALL the publicity anent the anti-kissing clause in virginal Evelyn Venable's contract with Paramount finally backed up on Evelyn, and caused her to send out a hot retort to the effect that "If a kiss comes my way, I'll know how to handle it."

Of course if too many kisses come her way, Evelyn can always fall back on the contract, which says osculation is out, even if it is only acting. Evelyn's father stood pat on that.

ONE of the sights the fans will never see. Georgie Raft, all dressed up in an embroidered white suit for his tango dance in "Bolero" sitting on the set with his aching feet in a bucket of hot water. Oh, Romance, how could you do this to us?

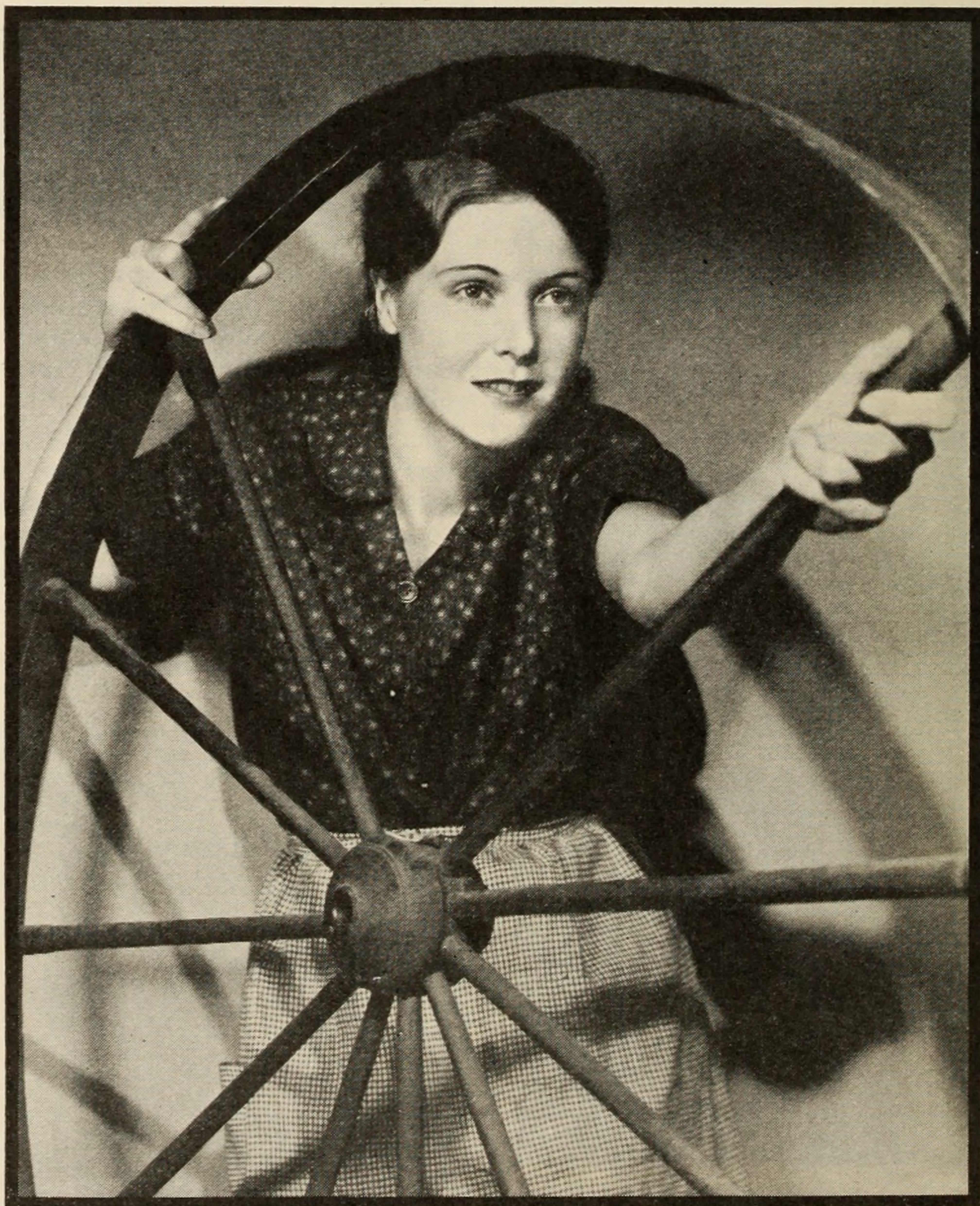
PERHAPS you might say "I didn't raise my boy to be a butler," but that isn't the way Halliwell Hobbes feels about it. Hobbes is one of the ace butlers on the screen—and his eighteen year old son, Peter, is serving an apprenticeship with his father in Norma Shearer's new picture, "Rip Tide."

GOOD gracious, you can't star a girl with a name like "Ginger" in a famous old Ethel Barrymore play. Ginger Rogers is set to play

in a picture version of the stage classic, "Declasse," and the studio is prospecting for a new moniker.

WOULD you have an ultra-smart living-room, modeled after the swankiest in Hollywood? Here's how.

Get out grandma's old-fashioned pickle and conserve dishes, and grandpa's moustache cup. Put matches and cigarettes in them, and scatter around. Leave the floor absolutely bare, but for one hook rug in front of the fireplace. Resurrect a number of old mirrors, with the silver cracked off the back, so they throw you out of focus. Frame one in a tarnished gilt frame and hang over the mantel. Remove all books from sight, and introduce a tall rubber plant, in a white pot. Make a pink lamp-shade exactly like the Mad Hatter's hat, sew glass leaves around the bottom, and set it on a base that looks exactly like a silver gold trophy. Toss some white dotted swiss pillows with ruffles, on the sofa. Place a huge framed photograph of your husband and yourself, in



Jean Muir looks particularly charming in this scene from "As the Earth Turns." She's one of Warner Brothers' new finds—a graduate from the stage, beautiful, ambitious, very determined, and starred for success

costume of the Gay Nineties, on the piano. On a what-not, in the corner, place some resurrected shepherdesses and other antique porcelains. Get out all your souvenir spoons (Chicago World's Fair—1893, Niagara Falls, etc.), and the oldest, thinnest, fanciest china and silver, for tea. If you haven't an old sugar bowl that looks like a gravy boat, then use the gravy boat for sugar. The smartest hostesses are serving tea (since the repeal) in place of cocktails, with lovely fragrant China tea, and little old-fashioned spice cakes or nut bread.

When your living-room looks like this, it will be a duplicate of one of the smartest rooms in Beverly Hills—the one in the home of Lilyan Tashman and Eddie Lowe!

EDMUND LOWE will probably never learn about Victor McLaglen's chin. It's hard—very hard.

In spite of all the fights those two have had in their rough and ready screen career, Eddie has never been able to pull his punches enough to save his own hands when he lands one on Vic's button, which is something like the rock of Gibraltar.

So it never hurts Vic a bit, but after "No More Women," Eddie, as usual, appeared with his hand in a sling. He had his usual broken fingers.

AT the tea Mrs. Borzage gave her director husband, Frank ("7th Heaven") Borzage, Johnny Mack Brown seemed to attract all the fair ladies by wearing a loud tan and beige checked sport coat and beige trousers. And with those black curls, did Johnny look handsome?

Bruce Cabot, it was noticed, never left his fair wife's side, and Adrienne seemed to want it that way.

Lyle Talbot was dancing attendance, as usual, on the Countess di Frasso and Mary Brian brought her brand new conquest, Russ Columbo.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 126]



Bob Woolsey certainly looks snooty! But Thelma Todd is right there with the cold shoulder! The pair are acting silly in "Hips, Hips, Hooray"

"Look what I found when I lost the 7 stains"



"YES, that gorgeous ring means I'm engaged!—to the man I've always loved—and almost lost.

"For a time, he seemed to avoid me. I wondered why, until . . .

" . . . he sent some flowers to my chum, and I . . . I read the card. It said 'To the girl with the loveliest smile I ever saw'!

"That day I spent gazing into my mirror. Realizing how dull my teeth had become—wondering how my chum kept her teeth so sparkling white.


"Well, trust me. I found out. 'The things you eat and drink,' she told me, 'leave 7 kinds of stains on teeth. Mere hints of stains, at first. But most toothpastes don't remove them all, so your teeth gradually grow duller. Use Colgate's Dental Cream—it's specially made to remove all seven kinds of stains!'

"Well, you can see I took her advice. See how my teeth gleam—how gorgeously white they are.

"We're being married in June."

Would you love to see your teeth whiter, more sparkling? Then let Colgate's two cleansing actions remove all 7 kinds of stains that come from food and drink—stains no dental cream with one cleansing action can remove.

And ten days from now, see what a difference this two-action dental cream can make. Gives sweeter breath, too. And Colgate's, at 20c, is the most economical of all good toothpastes . . . the least expensive of all beauty aids. Buy a tube today.

If you prefer powder, Colgate's Dental Powder also has TWO cleansing actions. It gives the same remarkable results and sells at the same prices. 



*Don't let the 7 stains mar
your beauty...your happiness*



Tempting Snacks for the Cocktail Hour

very thinly, and fill them with the mixture.

The popular Russian Pyrochok is made with a filling exactly the same as a chicken croquette mixture, with plenty of onion. Then little shells of puff paste are filled with this concoction, and baked.

A delicious accompaniment to cocktails is the cheese stick, as made by Chef Lehn. Cut long, thin strips of American and Swiss cheese, with enough body to keep them from breaking. Then roll in beaten egg, flour and bread crumbs. Fry in hot butter fat, and serve very hot. These are

Chef Lehn is shown serving an attractive tray of cocktail accompaniments to Colleen Moore, who takes great pride in her parties

COLLEEN MOORE'S parties are hailed as among the most popular in the film colony, and when she wants especially appetizing delicacies, she calls on Fernand Lehn, head chef of the Roosevelt Hotel in Hollywood.

Lehn has consented to pass on to you some of his choicest recipes.

In the silver bowl is one of the grandest mixtures you ever set a cracker to. Or, if you prefer, use potato chips to scoop it up!

Mix a square of cream cheese (about half a pound) to a smooth mixture with 2 tablespoons of mayonnaise, 1 tablespoon of onion juice, and $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon of Worcestershire sauce. Beat it to a smooth cream. It's elegant.

Another one, delightful and easy—place thin slices of pickle on saltines or butter crackers. Cover each with a slice of American cheese and a dash of paprika. Place under the broiler until the cheese melts. Be sure to serve hot.

ANICE departure from the usual olive-and-bacon delicacy, is to use large ripe olives stuffed with anchovies or walnuts. Wrap the bacon around the olive, anchor with a tooth-pick, place in a hot oven until bacon is crisp and serve hot.

A rather elaborate cocktail accompaniment is Chef Lehn's "Cornet of Chicken, Suedoise" or Swedish.

For this, dice very finely some celery, apples, smoked salmon, grapefruit and chopped watercress—same amount of each. Season and moisten slightly with French dressing. Form cornets with slices of chicken cut

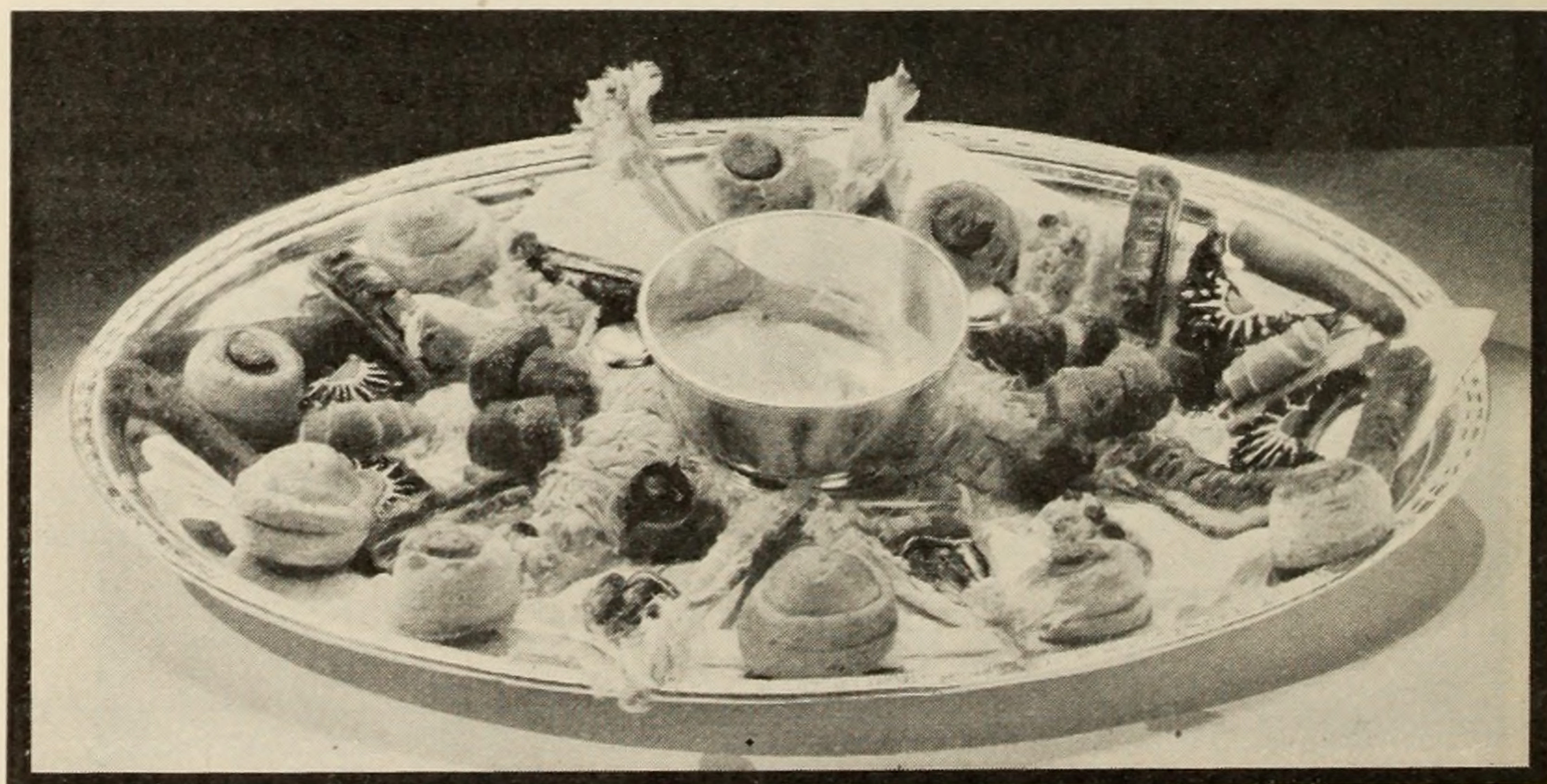
exceptionally tasty tidbits.

The little mushroom-shaped tempters are made of *foies gras*, on a toast foundation. Brown little rounds of toast, and small strips. Then cover with *pâte de foies gras*, shaped to resemble the top and stem of a mushroom. Then stick them together, and roll in very brown crumbs.

Caviar canapes are simple to make. Cut out crescents of thin toast.

Blend caviar, paprika and finely minced onion or onion juice. Spread on the toast and garnish with pimento.

And celery stuffed with the delicious "silver bowl" mixture is both decorative and appetizing.



Here you may distinguish the delicacies for which Chef Lehn has given you his own tested recipes. It always seems much simpler to make these fancy little tidbits once you have seen the finished product

Is It Garbo or Hepburn?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30]

before her and become a universal idol purely through *acting ability*.

An acting ability which almost all Hollywood agrees is greater than Garbo's.

And you can't relegate Garbo's ability to any mediocre classification. She is a great actress, a soulful actress, a devout actress. No one can see "Queen Christina" without feeling the hypnotic power of this woman when she comes on the screen. It cannot all be a "typographical error," as the disgruntled author complained in "Once in a Lifetime." It can't all be an illusion.

No, Garbo is a tremendous actress, by virtue of that very power, that very "presence" which dramatic historians will doubtless try to explain hundreds of years from now. But she is not the purely histrionic artist that Hepburn is.

Acting is a slow, studied thing with Garbo. It has given rise to stories emanating from her sets that she was actually slow-thinking. Her deliberation, to fast moving, high-strung actors, seemed brought about by a cumbersome brain.

It is known, for instance, that no matter how slight the scene, how brief the line, Garbo must retire to a remote section of the stage alone and go over it all by herself. She may take a half hour or more on the most insignificant bit of dramatics; then come back and do several takes of the scene. Often intricate combinations of movements coupled with lines will seem to defeat her completely before the camera. In "Queen Christina" in a scene where several documents are handed to her to sign, she had difficulty signing them until they were handed to her one at a time.

Now, turning to Hepburn, just the opposite type of dramatic temperament exists. Hepburn, throwing herself naturally and completely uninhibited into her character, is what Hollywood knows as a "one take" actress. She has the gift of doing it right the first time, and without any apparent effort.

GEORGE CUKOR, a man who has been more responsible than the public realizes in developing Katharine Hepburn for the screen, discovered this fact when he made "A Bill of Divorcement." But Cukor, a shrewd mentor as well as Hollywood's outstanding directorial artist, knows his actresses. Hepburn needed handling when she first came out. And several times, notably during the scene where Hepburn as *Sidney* runs up and down a staircase, Cukor whispered an "okay" to the script girl at his side after the first "take," so she could mark it for printing, while he called for some ten or twelve extra "takes," until the impatient Hepburn, chasing up and down the stairs, was tired into tractability. Even thoroughbreds have to be "handled."

The struggle between Hepburn and Garbo is already in its first stages, but the battle cannot be swift, sudden and decisive in Hollywood. For Hollywood is not the battleground of this particular contest. The battlefield is the world, and only time will tell whether the world still wants what it has always indicated it wanted—a screen queen whose scepter is personality, or one crowned with the sparkling tiara of unparalleled artistry.

Tradition goes with the former—and Garbo.

But these are strange times—revolutionary times. Traditions are being tossed to the winds, new rulers with new banners are toppling the age-hallowed thrones of the world.

Perhaps Hollywood is due for a change.

If it is, then Katharine Hepburn is the one they will mean when they shout, "The Queen is dead—long live the Queen!"



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What's This Muni Mystery?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45]

"I am hideously uncomfortable at being pointed out, recognized, discussed. It is because I dread to disillusion the other fellow. I want to live up to the illusion he has created, and cannot. I cannot carry the burden of acting both on and off. Acting is too serious to me. I envy the men who can do that.

"They can, because different actors use different methods to create a rôle. With some, it comes so very easily that they can play all night at a party, and go into their character the next morning with no effort. But I—I must go through contortions. Every nerve is pointed and tense, quivering. My mind is tormented.

"IT is the greatest strain of all when I must appear relaxed, easy. I am afraid I will not drain every possible meaning out of every moment I am working. My only confidence comes from knowing exactly how the scene should look, from a complete intimacy and one-ness with the character—through studying and thinking about him. The thing then is to make the finished conception match with the one in my mind."

Paul Muni gives the immediate impression of great power—a mental and physical coordination that is striking. Not as large as he appears to be on the screen, his fine leonine head, his generously sculptured nose and strong, full mouth, together with clean, penetrating brown eyes, give him weight and drive. Here, you say, is a person. Here is character.

The man is so filled with vital energy that it's difficult to conceive of him in relaxation. A talk with him is far from restful. He sees too many sides of a question. He goads and belabors and accuses himself. His sincerity is terrifying.

He sits, holding himself down, kneading his volatile hands into each other, probing into his very marrow for the right word—always finding it—delving into his restless, churning, brilliant brain for ideas—finding them, exhausting them, leaping to another. A disturbing man. One not cut from the pattern of those who know all the right answers. He finds his own answers, Paul Muni—and then they don't satisfy him.

I had the feeling that he would be happier pacing the floor and hurling his arms through the air in expressive arcs, for emphasis . . . that he restrained himself forcibly only because he didn't want to run the risk of being considered dramatic . . . that he was a completely natural man, without pose, dressed in the trappings of a civilization he merely tolerated—with considerable impatience.

He hates clothes—they are merely another concession to civilization. But he loves the costumes of his characters as if they were his children. Muni has every single article he has worn in every rôle, carefully treasured in a cedar room, especially built, and adjoining his big rambling ranch house. In this, he is like George Arliss. He was born in Vienna in 1897. Born Muni Weisenfreund, he changed it to Paul Muni for the screen. To his family and the few persons who are privileged to know him well, he is always "Muni."

The change in his name is the only concession he has ever made to popular demand.

HE has several obsessions—but the greatest of these is story.

The story is all that matters, and he will not tell the same one twice—on the screen.

"An actor must eternally guard against the rôle similar to the one he has just played—or that he has ever played. After 'Scarface' I was offered dozens of gangster rôles. Of course I didn't take them.

"A woman came to my dressing room not

long ago—I don't know yet how she got in—saying, 'Oh, Mr. Muni, you must read my play. It was meant for you.'

"I said, 'Well, madame, what is your play about? Perhaps I can tell whether it would be worth using our time if you can tell me a little about it.'

"It's exactly like the play you are doing now. It just fits you!"

"I did not read her play. An actor permits himself to be typed, and he becomes monotonous to himself. What must he eventually become to a public?"

Muni will not be typed, he will not be starred, he will not be tied down to a term contract. His ambition is not to make money, as Hollywood regards money. Riches overnight. He says if a man is willing to work twenty years for independence, then he appreciates it—and he can make just as much on the stage as on the screen. A little faster, if he combines both.

"It comes too fast on the screen—a little while at the top, then zoom.

"I feel easier on the stage than in pictures. When a play is bad it doesn't last; it goes to the store-house and is forgotten. But when a picture is bad, you can't live it down. It haunts you. Months later, when you have nearly forgotten it, you drive through some little town, and there it is—blazoned on some



Rudy and Windy arrive in town for work. The crooning Vallee is to sing his sweet melodies in George White's "Scandals," while Windy looks on critically

theater-front, to make more people suffer. I asked him the answer to good and bad acting.

"The answer is—if the audience likes it. The audience sits in judgment. It is the great Last Word. No matter what I think of a performance, I am only an interpreter, and it is up to me to reduce—or elevate—my character into a common denominator. I must never do an obscure thing, because the audience has an uncanny sense of knowing exactly what *that man* would do.

"In the stage play, 'Counsellor-At-Law,' one fellow thinks Otto Kruger is better, one thinks I am. So we are both equal. One man's work is as good as another's, if an equal number of estimators think so.

"I HAVE been twenty-eight years in the theater, but this business of being an actor still tantalizes and eludes me. With all the thought I have given it, I have not yet found the solution. There is no formula.

"It is a life of little beginnings. A lawyer or a doctor, reasonably successful, builds a steady practice and moves up to an assured place in his profession. But with every play and every picture, an actor begins his career all over again!

"If he has a bad story, he will appear very awkward, no matter how good his performance. It will brush away with one sweep all his good work in the past.

"Every single part he plays is like trying to find gold in a mine. And if he allows himself to be typed, he is soon mined away.

"I can suffer a great nerve exhaustion, reading plays and stories, looking for a suitable vehicle. Because, as I read, I unconsciously play the part, as that is the only way it conveys a full meaning to me.

"So I am always working very hard, trying to relax. My wife or some one reminds me, 'You must relax.' And I keep putting it off, saying sternly to myself, 'All right. I'll begin relaxing tomorrow.' The way women are always going on a diet.

"Then I make one magnificent resolution to banish all my worries. They are not important, I say. Let some one else decide on the story. Let some one else worry about the picture, the play. . . . It must be the law of averages that catches up with me. Some one has to do the worrying, highly intensified, to take the place of all the other persons who blithely refuse to worry. The someone seems to be me.

"You can begin to see why I will never be a success as a play-boy. Why I feel so hopelessly artificial a pretender at social gatherings.

"Oh, if there were some sort of club, where one could go to hear fine, spirited conversations and debates—and take part in them—I would like that. A place where every man was only as good as his ideas. I would talk my head off. They would have to throw me out! But immediately I am faced with the monstrous ordeal of small talk—of futilities—I am terrified."

MUNI stopped short, and seemed to search through his mind, looking at all sides of the subject. . . . Then he burst out:

"But all the time, it is possible that what I am doing is acting! I am willing to accept the challenge. I am evading issues that are supposed to be part of the interchange in the life of a normally social man.

"God knows, I wouldn't like anyone to think I am satisfied and smugly happy with myself. I am honestly bewildered. Never do I feel completely sure of myself except when I am some other man. As long as I find it impossible to play in the other fellow's

back-yard, I stay in my own. In that way I am not abused, or abusing. It is really inspired by my sense of obligation towards others—only that sounds confused, I know.

"Every man has his own way of arriving at a goal. If I had to play politics or go about it in any but a direct way—my way—I wouldn't get to first base."

MUNI lives a very close-knit family life. His wife, a small, attractive, vivid, little woman, is his constant companion. She was Bella Finkle, a well-known dramatic actress in the Jewish theater. She sits, silent and apart, on the set during all her husband's scenes. He consults her anxiously about everything he does, every bit of wardrobe, every line.

"And why not?" asks Muni, surprised that it has ever been regarded as unique. "I have complete faith in her knowledge of the theater. And who in all the world is more entitled to tell me what's wrong, or who is more conscientiously interested in what is right in my performances?"

"I solicit her advice. I must have someone on whom I can depend to tell me the absolute truth—about how I looked as I played the scene, and how it *felt* to her. Her response is so right and so accurate. I cannot bear to look at the day's rushes. It is too disconcerting.

"I would want to do it all over again. But Mrs. Muni has the less intensely personal, the broader view, where I could find the most infinitesimal faults.

"I have made only six pictures in six years. That is comparatively no experience. I need an honest critic."

Muni rehearses his lines into a dictaphone and then reads them back. He has a horror of his still pictures being retouched. He doesn't want to be "prettified." He has an ardor for sincerity and a capacity for taking pains down to the smallest detail, that can scarcely be matched among actors.

After a picture is finished, he invariably is ill with nerve exhaustion and in bed for several days.

Then he and Mrs. Muni are likely to pick up and cruise off any place.

Muni says his work is done by impulse and instinct "with no strategic diagrams," and their vacations happen the same way. They never know where they are going—but always arrive some place.

They bought their rambling, lovely ranch out in Van Nuys, a few miles from Hollywood, the same day they first saw it. And another nearby, where Muni's mother and brother live. When absent from home they keep the house going for the two dogs, an airedale and a setter.

MUNI believes that a man should have as much quiet as he wants when he needs it, and that it is wiser to live for oneself and one's nearest and dearest.

He does not smoke and drinks only wine. He has an automatic iron-fast gate at the entrance to his ranch which takes an act of congress to get by.

His favorite dish is cottage cheese (schmerkase) with fresh chopped vegetables mixed in it.

He is passionately fond of music. Most of his public excursions are made to concerts or the opera. His brother is a concert violinist.

He says, humbly, that he feels he has been tolerated more than he deserves—but adds that he has endeavored to give sincere performances.

He adds then, with a tragic note of apology that he knows himself to be very poor "copy," and sympathizes with the writers who have to struggle to get a story out of the material he can give them.

I leave you to be the judge of whether Paul Muni deserves the descriptive "Garbo Man," adding the statement that Muni is the most fascinating complex, interesting and provocative actor I have ever met.

Is your hair **TOO DRY** or **TOO OILY** to train in these **New Hollywood Styles?**



Here is the coronet coiffure introduced to America by a glamorous screen star. A loose twist of hair crowns the head, its ends lost in curls over the ears. The charm of its skein-silk contour would be destroyed by fly-away ends of dry, harsh hair. To help dry hair, use the Packer's *Olive Oil Shampoo* treatment below.

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OLIVE OIL SHAMPOO
for **DRY** hair



Another Hollywood star parts her hair an inch to the right above a long bang and draws wide, soft waves like a satin cap into the neck-line. The revealing simplicity of this style should not be attempted with oily, stringy hair. Packer's *Pine Tar Shampoo* treatment (given below) helps to correct too-oily hair.

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PINE TAR SHAMPOO
for **OILY** hair

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The Shadow Stage

The National Guide to Motion Pictures
(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 59]

LET'S FALL IN LOVE—Columbia

HOLLYWOOD from the inside. Ann Sothorn, newcomer, plays a fake Swedish film discovery of Director Edmund Lowe, palmed off on Producer Gregory Ratoff. Discovery of the hoax is brought about by the director's jealous girl friend, Miriam Jordan. Musical theme, "Let's Fall in Love," is catchy. Lowe good. Ratoff highlights this one.

MADAME SPY—Universal

THE plot of this spy story is quite the same as many we have witnessed in the past. However, that does not matter a great deal, for the production is skilfully handled. Alluring Russian spy Fay Wray marries Austrian officer Nils Asther. Betrayed by his wife, Nils in turn becomes a spy and is aided in his escape by Fay, who discovers that she really loves him. Vince Barnett, John Miljan and Edward Arnold.

THE SEARCH FOR BEAUTY— Paramount

THIS picture was the result of Paramount's world-wide search for beauty, presenting thirty contest winners whose appearance is but a fleeting flash. James Gleason and Robert Armstrong click as two racketeers conducting a phoney health school and magazine. Ida Lupino and Buster Crabbe, playing the parts of beauty contest winners, thwart their plan. Interesting, with lots of laughs.

MASSACRE—First National

INDIAN propaganda laid on thick. Richard Barthelmess, an educated Indian, is a crack shot and becomes a World's Fair attraction. He goes debutante crazy. Learning his father is dying due to neglect, he returns to the reservation and cleans up on a crooked government agent, with the aid of Ann Dvorak. Barthelmess is up for murder, but a native uprising frees him.

FOG—Columbia

A SEA-GOING mystery thriller with an ocean liner, passengers, crew and audience all lost in fog which envelopes one, two, three murders. Robert McWade, as an irascible millionaire is strangled, whereupon the slayer kills ship's doctor and a clairvoyant lady who threatens to unravel the mystery with her crystal ball. Donald Cook is good as a psychoanalytic detective and is half of Mary Brian's romance, with Reginald Denny the other half.

THE MEANEST GAL IN TOWN— RKO-Radio

A BATCH of good troupers make this a bright little comedy. El Brendel is a barber who won't marry ZaSu Pitts until he gets a second chair in his shop. "Skeets" Gallagher is a fast-talking salesman who feuds with Jimmy Gleason over Pert Kelton, a stranded show-girl acting as manicurist in the barber shop.

SONS OF THE DESERT— Hal Roach-M-G-M

TROUBLE, turmoil, fun and laughter. Laurel and Hardy, henpecked and down-trodden, take an oath to attend a lodge convention and their ridiculous maneuvers in

getting away from their wives will have you in stitches, and have the boys constantly in hot water. Mae Busch makes a grand plate-throwing comeback as Hardy's wife. Charley Chase, Dorothy Christy, Lucien Littlefield complete the cast.

I LIKE IT THAT WAY—Universal

YOU very possibly *will* like Roger Pryor ("Moonlight and Pretzels") that way, but you'll find the story pretty familiar. Roger, a go-getter salesman, plays the show cuties but makes sister Marian Marsh walk the chalk line. When Marian unmask his good girl fiancée, Gloria Stuart, as an entertainer at a gambling club, it looks like a ruined romance—but Roger comes through with somewhat drooping colors. Fair.

EIGHT GIRLS IN A BOAT—Paramount

THIS rather odd film does not have much story value or movie formula. It lags considerably. But the story of Dorothy Wilson, a student at a Swiss academy, who is to have a baby, is set forth in such a straight-forward manner that one cannot help being taken in by it to a certain extent. Douglass Montgomery, Kay Johnson, Walter Connolly. Excellent photography.

TWO ALONE—RKO-Radio

THIS film, formerly titled "Wild Birds," offers little in the way of entertainment. It's a dull tale of unredeeming villainy and pure virtue. Jean Parker, as the orphan bound to the cruel farmer (Arthur Byron), is lovely and convincing in her naive simplicity. Tom Brown, as a runaway boy from a reformatory, does well. ZaSu Pitts and Nydia Westman.

ORIENT EXPRESS—Fox

ANOTHER Continental Express zooms across the screen with its various passengers whose lives become entangled in one great drama. Norman Foster, a young business man, falls in love with a dancer, Heather Angel, and comes to her rescue after the plot thickens with political intrigue. Ralph Morgan is splendid as a politician. Roy D'Arcy, the villain, Herbert Mundin and Una O'Connor, comics, and Dorothy Burgess are among the passengers. Fair.

DAWN TO DAWN— Cameron Macpherson Prod.

WITH the exception of a few interior views of an old farm house, this film was photographed entirely on the plains. The camera angles are unusually effective. The characters—Julie Haydon, Frank Eklof and Ole M. Ness—do little talking, but the dramatic expression is so nigh perfect that one does not miss the dialogue. A rather too short and highly imaginative picture.

WHEELS OF DESTINY—Universal

ANOTHER trek to California, this time, with Ken Maynard featuring a gold rush, bandits raiding the town, buffalo stampedes, Indian fights, prairie fires and rainstorms, to say nothing of Tarzan the horse, and a racing, jumping longhorn steer. Plenty of action. Children will like it, but it's pretty slim adult entertainment.

MAN OF TWO WORLDS—RKO-Radio

FRANCIS LEDERER clicks as an actor, even if the story of a mighty Eskimo hunter who finds the white man's race barrier too high to hurdle is dull. Tremendously popular on the New York stage, Lederer got a bad break on story material for this, his first American film. But his performance is well worth seeing. Elissa Landi, J. Farrell MacDonald, Henry Stephenson. Good photography

**THE SIN OF NORA MORAN—
Majestic Pictures**

THIS is a grief-laden story of a girl who goes to the electric chair for the man she loves. The tragic story of her life is told by flashbacks into her past immediately after her electrocution for a crime she did not commit. The story is depressing and confusing. Zita Johann is in the title rôle, and Alan Dinehart is the district attorney and narrator. Paul Cavanagh, John Miljan.

THE LAST ROUND-UP—Paramount

MONTE BLUE as a cattle stealing, stage coach robber, assisted by Fred Kohler and Fuzzy Knight. Monte ends his rather hectic career in a colorful manner. Randolph Scott can't make up his mind whether to be hero or outlaw, while Barbara Fritchie is a bit hard-boiled for the heroine. Fine direction; good suspense.

**THE CHARMING DECEIVER—
Majestic Pictures**

CONSTANCE CUMMINGS very beautiful in a light romance of a London mannequin who impersonates a famous movie star and finds her true love in Deauville. The true love, too, does a bit of mistaken identity stuff, because that's the kind of story it is; not too logical, but acceptable entertainment. Frank Lawton is the 'andsome 'ero.

**CRIMINAL AT LARGE—
Helber Pictures**

ENGLAND once more gives us an exciting mystery drama made from Edgar Wallace's novel. If you are an addict to creaky old houses and strange murders, you will thrill to this convincing story of the *Lebanon* family. *Lady Lebanon*, last of a long line of blue bloods, chooses a healthy girl as her son's future wife. The girl is invited to live at the family castle where she learns startling things about the family skeletons.

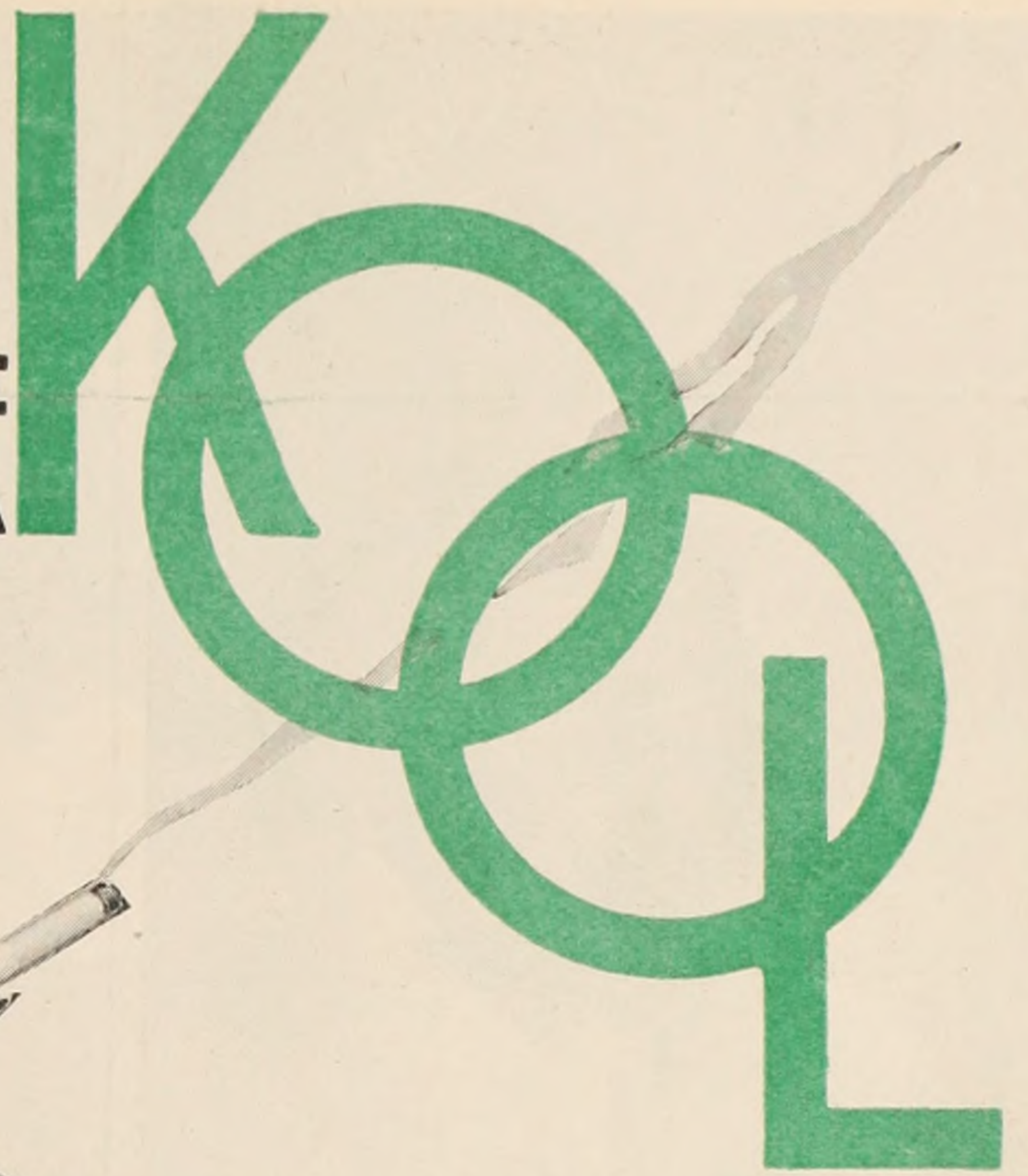
A WOMAN'S MAN—Monogram

MARGUERITE DE LA MOTTE'S comeback film is just that for the blonde actress whose long vacation has improved her acting. All about an empty-headed movie star who messes up prize-fighter Wallace Ford's career with her philanderings but makes it right after the big fight. John Halliday as the director is perfect, and you'll like Kitty Kelly's humor. Enjoyable.

SAGEBRUSH TRAIL—Monogram

IF you like Westerns, you'll get a few thrills out of this picture with its bad hombres, rough riding and sagebrush intrigues. John Wayne is the hero who finally marries the storekeeper's daughter after tipping them off to a robbery by the outlaw gang he so unwittingly is forced to join. Excellent shots of the wide-open spaces.

I'D SKATE TO
THE SOUTH POLE
FOR A



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WHEN we use Frostilla Lotion to care for our hands, no man can ever tell what they've been up to! We keep the children and the house clean, we do the cooking... then we pat in just a few drops of this famous, inexpensive skin-protector and let its ingredients do their work.

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KADETTEN (Cadets)— Reichsligafilm Prod.

THIS story of "Boys in Uniform" is much the same in theme as "Maedchen." The boy (Franz Fiedler) is at a military academy against his will. His every free minute is spent composing songs which he dedicates to his young stepmother (Trude von Molo). German dialogue, with English captions.

POPPIN' THE CORK—Fox-Educational

A SHORT, short musical comedy featuring Milton Berle, and having the "repeal" angle. There are two good song numbers,

"Here's Looking at You" and "Poppin' the Cork."

MARRIAGE ON APPROVAL— Freuler Film

A SMALL town minister's daughter (Barbara Kent) is married to the boy she loves (Donald Dillaway) during an all night party. But she doesn't know it because she has been drinking. Her young husband, by some strange reasoning, decides to keep the marriage a secret although they live together. And, after many complications, all is straightened out as it might have been so easily in the beginning.

Secrets of the Fitting Room

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35]

From Monday to Wednesday they tried it chin length. From Wednesday to Friday, to the lips. From Friday to Monday, to the nose tip. Next week, back to the lips. Then, up to the nose. Just below the eyes. Three-fourths of an inch above the nose tip. And on and on it went. For days. Weeks. Finally it was ready. And the result was worth the effort. A manufactured glamour that knocked the customers out of their respective seats.

Naturally, there's Tashman. With her keen, intelligent clothes sense. And the more they know about clothes, Banton asserts, the less fuss they make.

BUT, about Tashman. It seems that several years ago Banton was called over to the United Artists studios to design some gowns for Lil Tashman to wear in a picture.

Everything had been long waistlines and Lil was all set for several long-waisted knockouts.

"Wait," Banton said, "there's a definite new trend in the air. The normal waistline is due. You mark my words. Let's give it to them right here and now."

Naturally Lilyan was anxious to be a bit ahead of the game, but at the same time she was skeptical. After all, a Lil Tashman can't afford to make any mistakes in clothes.

"All right," she finally agreed, "but, so help me, Travis Banton, if you've guessed wrong I'll kill you with my own two hands."

So the dresses were made with the startling new waistline. Three months later the picture was released just as the "normal waistline news" hit America from Paris with a bang. Of course, Lil's gowns were the very last word. A sensation, no less.

Sometimes, the hardest task of all falls to the studio designer. On his shoulders rests the tragedy of breaking a heart.

For instance, at the last minute, the studio may decide to switch players. One star may be taken from a picture and another substituted. No one has the nerve to tell her. The executive passes the buck to the director. The director to the designer. And it isn't until the star, bubbling with excitement and happiness, barges into the fitting room and sees her clothes on another, that she knows.

Those are black, horrible moments in the fitting rooms. Yes, if only those walls could talk. The stories they could tell. Especially those fitting room walls at M-G-M.

Mon Dieu, what they know!

For instance, there's Garbo's fitting room behavior. Carefully she scrutinizes all of Adrian's sketches. Laying down this one with a mere "Ya" or that one with a "Very nice." But let some crazy, eccentric little bit of business creep in and, well—it simply throws Greta into hysterics.

She'll shriek with laughter. Howl, in fact. "I loff it," she laughs and wipes away the tears. The pill-box hat in "As You Desire Me" nearly finished her. Never does Greta balk

at the most trying style, if only it's violently insane. Otherwise, she isn't interested.

Norma Shearer is the patient Griselda of the M-G-M lot. She'll have it right if it kills her. As a matter of fact, it nearly kills everyone but Norma.

She'll peer at every stitch in every seam. Intently. Then decide the sleeves should be taken out. And put back in. And then out. And then in. And—well, as often as fifteen times Adrian has ripped out a sleeve. And fifteen times little fitters have sewed it back. With Norma chattering busily and happily between sleeve-ripping-outs and sewing-ins.

Then, the sleeve pronounced okay, Norma suddenly decides the color isn't right for the mood. Green? That would be fun. Yes sir, that's what it should be. Green. So the dye vats are set to boiling, the dyer holds the dress ready to drop it in when—*stop*. Norma decides white is best after all. Maybe. Or do they think the green after all—

Well, anyway, three weeks later Norma appears in the dress. Which, strangely enough, turns out to be a watermelon pink. Only Norma wishes she had finally decided on blue. Or maybe, the green would—

Joan Crawford it is, who is entirely interested in everything about clothes. Only, Joan can't make head or tail of any sketch unless it's colored in blue. Blue is the one and only color Joan understands. No matter if the dress is to be finished in bright yellow, the sketches must be blue. Or Joan won't know the top from the bottom.

The dress on, Joan goes into those acrobatic antics of hers. Her arms swing high, wide, around, up, usually landing a punch on someone's nose before it's over. But if the dress is the least bit binding under the arm, off it comes.

Joan must have freedom around her arms.

Then the weight business begins, with Adrian moaning and wailing. Every hem must be loaded with weights.

"Joan," Adrian will argue, "so many weights at the bottom are unnecessary. The dress will sag."

AND how she walks in it, no one knows. Her every dress weighs at least 30 pounds.

But it's Marie Dressler who throws the yellow and white dressing-room of Adrian's into a gorgeous bedlam.

"What's this thing?" Marie will demand. "Oh, it's a pleat. Thought it was a strange interlude."

"Adrian," she'll call, "what's this funny business sticking out of the neck? You sure you didn't sew Jimmy Durante up in this thing? Looks like Jimmy's nose to me."

And the fitters roll. And the tailors scream. And Adrian howls. And it's fun. And it's laughter. And sometimes, when Marie's old ache comes back, it's sorrow.

All, all in the fitting rooms of Hollywood.

Sing, Hollywood, Sing!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53]

The payoff came, however, when the song writing populace discovered that all in the world one had to do was pick up a current title of a movie, book or play, wrap it up in a few words that had nothing to do with the book or play, drag in a slightly used tune and there you were. The fact that the song need have nothing to do with the subject matter of the movie, made it just too hunky-dory for everyone. And saved a lot of reading and movie going.

For example, the book and movie entitled, "I Cover the Waterfront," dealt with a reporter whose duty it was to write up the doings of the waterfront.

But did the song called "I Cover the Waterfront" have anything to do with a reporter on the old waterfront? It did not. It was all about somebody, a stranger to me, I assure you, waiting for a lover to come back from somewhere and get friendly. Too friendly, if you ask me.

Take the book and play, "A Farewell to Arms," which meant a farewell to arms of war. Guns, bayonets, or whatever it is they monkey doodle around with. And the song, "A Farewell to Arms." Did it have one single solitary thing in common with the book and movie, except the title? It did not. It was all about someone (who are these people, anyway?) saying goodbye to a lady's upper limbs that weren't going to caress him anymore and let that be a lesson to him.

Take "Dinner at Eight," that all star picture that knocked us cold. And then take the song, "Dinner at Eight," that had nothing in common with the movie except once again the title, and it was all about a fellow who laid a couple of gardenias at his girl's plate and warned her to tell her mother she'd be good and late. Well—late, anyway.

And when Hollywood got hep to that gag, well, song writing became as easy as the proverbial "log rolling off of."

FOR instance, a new picture no more than started production than a dozen new songs began flooding a town that was already drowned. There was Will Rogers' new picture, "David Harum." All over the place songs sprang up about

"David Harum, you harem scarem.

"I'll bet you dare 'em

"In your harem

"You rascal, David Harum."

Can you picture, by the wildest stretch of imagination, Will Rogers daring anyone in a harem? I mean, for heaven's sake! Where would he park his gum?

Before Ronald Colman could as much as get himself on a boat bound for Hollywood to make "Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back," the frienzied mob was at it. "Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back, You are my own, With arms of love, you strike back. My very own." That was one little ditty that ought to please little Ronny out of a year's growth.

"Anthony Adverse," bought by Warners, was a bit more of a problem. But don't think they were stumped for long. For out comes one enterprising young writer with "Anthony Adverse, you could be worse. But I am nerts. For my Tony Adverse."

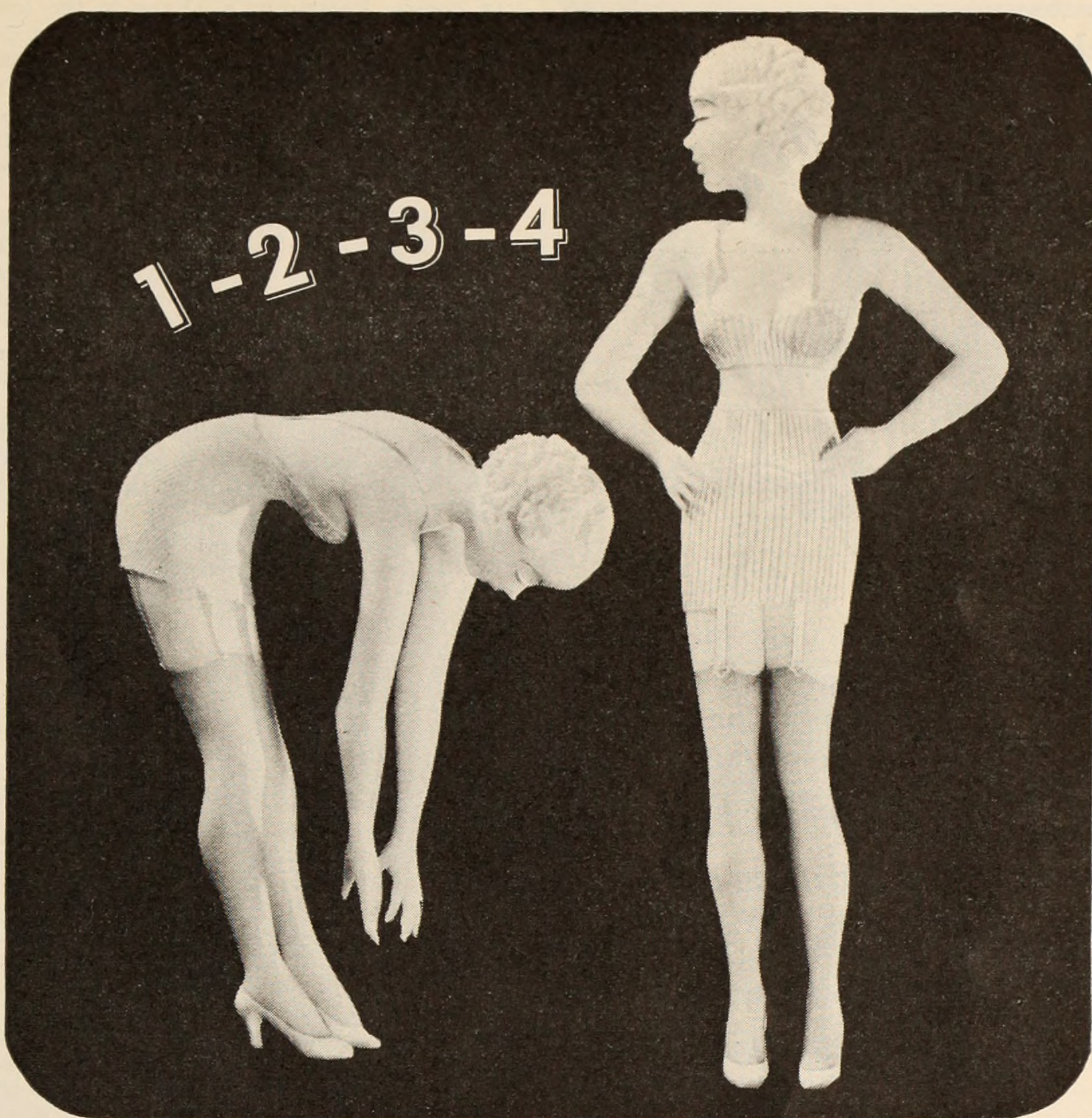
Some wax very tragic and lovely. For instance, "Death In The Afternoon," which deals exclusively with bulls and bull fighters, came out

"Death in the Afternoon, I adore you.

"Death in the Evening, I abhor you.

"Death in the Morning, how you bore me.

"But death in the Afternoon, a hot cha cha, and a hey nonny nonny."



4 RULES for keeping foundation garments shapely

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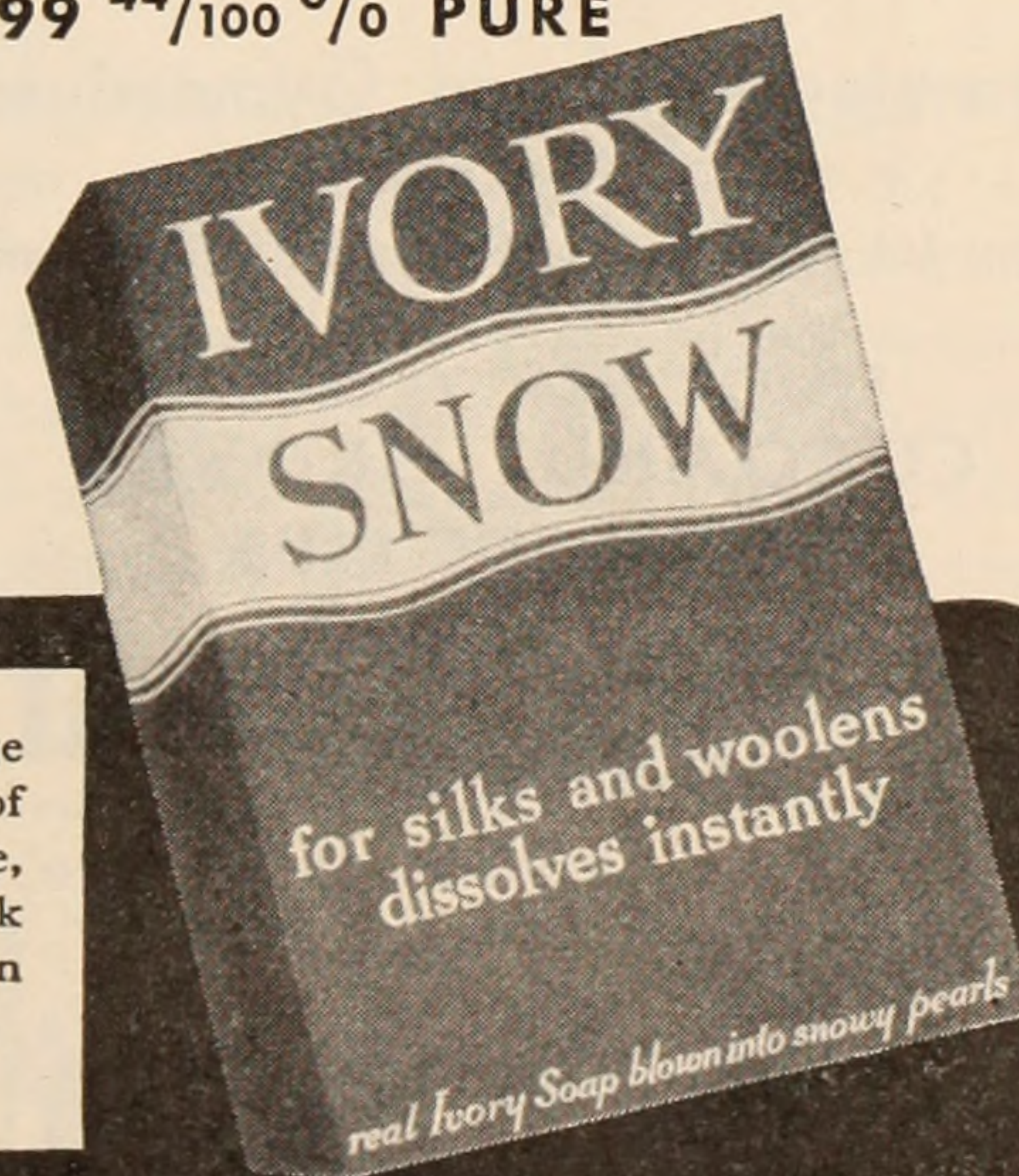
2. Use pure, mild soap. "Ivory Snow is ideal," says Kathryn Martin, Washability Expert. Ivory Snow is made from pure Ivory Soap. You can use Ivory Snow as often as you like, and you can use enough of it to make thick suds, because it contains nothing strong or harsh to fade colors, shrink satin, or dry out elastic.

3. Rich suds, lukewarm, not hot! Remember, heat spoils elastic! You do not need heat to take out oily dirt when you have Ivory Snow's rich, fluffy suds. *And you don't need hot water to make suds with Ivory Snow.* Ivory Snow is fluffy . . . melts quick as a wink in safe LUKEWARM water. Don't squeeze or twist garment. Slosh it gently up and down in the suds,

or, if heavy, scrub it with a soft brush.

4. Gentle, lukewarm rinse — don't wring. Ivory Snow suds are easy to rinse. No flat pieces in Ivory Snow to paste down on your garment and make soap spots! Roll foundation in a towel to blot up excess water; then shake out and dry in a place removed from direct heat. Before entirely dry, work it in your hands a bit to limber and soften it.

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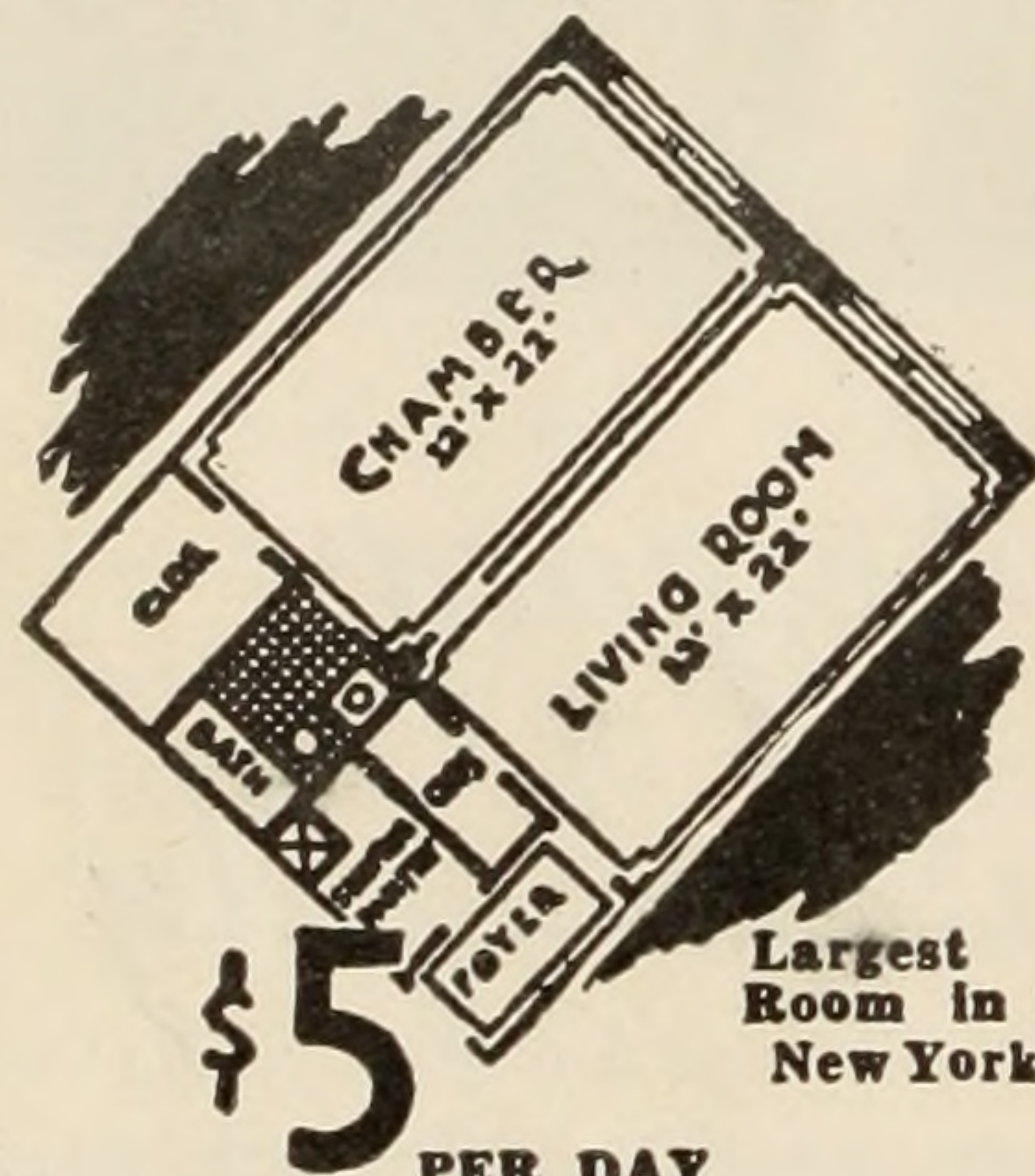


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Of course, Paramount's "Baby in the Ice-box" was a cinch. "Just get yourself an oven for I need a bit of lovin'" was the general trend of that particular little sketch.

And oh, my sainted aunt, what they did to "Little Man, What Now." I mean, the things they suggested Little Man do next would have curled Aunt Lizzie's bangs. Whewie!

But the whole mad, insane climax was reached when some bright lad suggested a theme song for each studio. Exactly like a college song. And not only suggested it but set out to write it.

"It will give spirit and pep to the whole studio," he argued, and actually seemed honest enough in his belief.

He began with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. He wanted to bring in the studio's esteemed leader, Louie B. Mayer. First he tried the old one

"How doth the little Louie B.

"Improve each shining hour?"

It was too slow. Lacked snap and pep.

Then he bethought himself of Leo, the M-G-M lion. And wrote

"Leo, Leo, let your roar

"Come to the very fore

"For all our famous sons and daughters

"Of old M-G-M, our Alma Maters."

He wasn't content, like most people, with one alma mater, you notice. He had to have, he felt, one for Metro, one for Goldwyn, and one for Mayer.

NOTHING daunted with the ghastly result, he moved on out to Universal and waxed too, too grand for words. He wrote

"Universal, Universal

"Strong and mighty do we stand.

"Like our brave and stalwart leader—

And just then Junior Laemmle, five foot, one and a cold in his head, stepped to the front and somehow the whole matter was quietly dropped.

But the song rage goes just as feverishly, just as frantically. on and on and on.

The Fan Club Corner

GERTRUDE B. PERKEL, president of the Official Joan Crawford Club, had the honor recently of having lunch with Miss Crawford and Franchot Tone, during Miss Crawford's stay in New York City. Miss Perkel has advised the PHOTOPLAY Association of Movie Fan Clubs that an entire detailed outline of the occasion will be found in a future edition of "The Crawford Chatter," the club's publication.

There was a surprise for members of the James Fidler Fan Club, when they received the club's paper, "The Fiddle Plays." With the paper came an 8x10 photograph of Jimmie and his season's greeting to members.

The Joan Crawford Fan Club, of which Miss Marian L. Dommer is president, is celebrating its second anniversary and has issued a special "Crawford News" in honor of the occasion.

"It seems just as if last month we sent out the first issue of the 'Crawford News,'" Miss Dommer wrote the PHOTOPLAY Association. "It was just a three page affair." Since then, Miss Dommer said, the mimeograph which Miss Crawford gave the club has made it possible to issue a much larger and a more interesting paper.

Miss Dommer wrote that she enjoyed lunch with Miss Crawford in New York City.

One of the newer members of the PHOTOPLAY Association of Movie Fan Clubs, the Silver Star Club, of which Miss Phyllis Carlyle is president, states that the club was founded in honor of Franchot Tone. Among the honoraries are Joan Crawford, Jean Harlow, James Cagney and Onslow Stevens.

A notice from the Tri C Club, of Syracuse, N. Y., mentioned the fact that the largest event of the year, a big jamboree, will be held very shortly.

A NEW move in club work is being undertaken by the Official Joan Crawford Fan Club, writes Miss Perkel. It will be operated under a "department system." The members have already been selected to care for these departments. They will compile a publication of their own to tell members of their activities in each department. The system will deal with interests that the members indulge in outside of fan clubs and movies.

Another issue of "Joel's Joelers" from Miss Helen Moltz, president of the Joel McCrea Fan Club, has been received at the PHOTOPLAY Association offices, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago. In it members will find a detailed account of Miss Moltz's recent visit to Hollywood and her meeting with Mr. McCrea.

The Bodil Rosing Club sent through a fine issue of "Bodil and Her Fans" with neatly

drawn sketches pertaining to the Holiday season. Chaw Mank, Jr., is listed as a vice-president of the club and plans call for a space contribution from Chaw as often as he can find time to write.

John Boles is now a Kentucky Colonel, states the John Boles News, issued by Lillian Musgrave, president of the club. The January issue was chock full of news.

HERE'S a new one for the Association—the Alice White Fan Club, of which Lucile Carlson is president. With the application came a fine issue of the club's paper. Some of the contributors are active members of other clubs. There were a number of holiday greetings reprinted from the various stars who are honorary members of the club.

"The Crawford Chatter," publication of the Official Joan Crawford Fan Club, is conducting a contest for the members' interest. The topic is, "Why I think Joan Crawford is interesting." Prizes will be given to the first three winners by Miss Crawford, personally.

The Screen Guild, James J. Earie, president, announced in the "Lode Star," publication of the club, that a number of changes were soon to be made in the Guild. Mr. Earie stated that the club would be re-named to honor Eric Linden.

"Among the Stars," publication of the Screen Fans' Club, issued by Al Kirk, president, contains some very interesting comments on new films. Mr. Kirk has rated them and carries a rather extensive review in the paper.

Fans writing to Dick Powell, according to Chaw Mank, Jr., are assured that Mr. Powell reads and personally answers (with the help of a secretary) all of his mail.

A LETTER from Miss Ethel Musgrove, secretary of the Ramon Novarro Service League, stated that the League was organized as a philanthropic organization and that it had been officially recognized by the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer publicity department. The League has been carrying on a worthy work this season collecting clothing to be distributed among the destitute. They also sent many Christmas dinners to needy families.

"The Jordan Journal," issued by Carl E. Lefler, president of the Dorothy Jordan Fan Club, was another of the interesting bulletins received during the past month. Mr. Lefler deserves much credit for the arrangement of his newsy little publication.

From Miss Lilian Conrad, president of the Ruth Roland Club, we learn that Miss Roland presented the club with some of her clothes for an auction, the proceeds of which are to go into the club's treasury for carrying on their work.

Little Girl, Don't Cry!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37]

courageous, little soul she is, growing rapidly into womanhood. And we say, what now?

The first thing that ever drew any attention to this little Carlisle person was that giggling bit she did in "Grand Hotel." Mary, you remember, was the little giggling bride who entered just as the poor dead baron was carried out.

And right well she did, too. But better than Mary's bit is her own encounter with Garbo.

"I was standing there on the set just like this," Mary says, "and someone said, 'Come on, I want you to meet Garbo.' My knees (giggle) knocked together so much I could hardly (giggle) walk, and Garbo looked me up and down and said, 'So, you are the little bride, eh?' (giggle) I nearly died (titter), I tell you. Well, anyway, she told me, Garbo did, the costume I had on wasn't pretty, and told me to go to Adrian (giggle) and to tell him that she (giggle) Garbo had said I was to have a whole new outfit to wear (business of dying in her handkerchief). And I did, and Mr. Adrian, or is it just Adrian (double hysterics with whipped cream and chopped nuts), made me the cutest, darlinest little pink suede costume with pink suede hat to match, and I went back to Garbo (giggle, giggle) and she looked at me in the front and in the (giggle) back and said, 'Now dot is somethen like.'" (Complete spontaneous combustion.)

TO add a good-sized backache to the headache of Mary's looking like a doll when she's too old and much too ambitious, is the fact that the girlish plumpness of Mary's is almost certain never to be conquered. It's like Longfellow's turnip that grew behind the barn, and it grew and it grew and it grew. For behind Mary are several generations of very large women. And the fight Mary has to wage constantly is too utterly heart-breaking. It's as natural for Mary to grow plump as it is for Joan Crawford to sprout freckles. Both can be taken care of for a time, but eventually



The last picture taken of Kay Francis and hubby Kenneth MacKenna before Kay cried "quits," to marital life. Who'd have thought that this happy couple would go that way?

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Winx, the new type mascara, is composed of many LIVE tones—not one thick, solid tone. Therefore it darkens lashes and makes them look live, glistening, *natural*. Their silky, languid beauty lasts for many hours. Winx can't smear, smudge or flake off. Never forms ugly "beads."

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It's just as simple as that. Apply mild, pure, fragrant DeWans—then wash it off, and with it the disfiguring facial hair—without smarting or even "pinking" the skin! This mild facial hair remover, being economical, is therefore, also more desirable for removing hair from arms and legs. DeWans is \$1 at the best department and drug stores.

**DeWANS Special FACIAL
HAIR REMOVER**



there they are. Back at the same old stand, doing a brisker business than ever.

Mary's dieting is the scream of the studio. "I'm on a diet, everybody," Mary will inform the entire studio commissary. "Nothing but grapefruit juice for me." And then Mary will stop to speak to a friend, and in some way his creamed chicken on toast will manage to get about two-thirds of itself into little Mary, and someone else's cake or pie will go the way of all flesh, and then Mary will say goodbye and it's no use for any of them to insist upon her eating one bite for she's on a strictly grapefruit juice diet.

She gains half a pound that day and can't, for the life of her, imagine why.

"Can you dance?" they asked Mary when she first applied for work at the M-G-M studios.

"Well, I think I can," she said. "I never tried, but I think I can."

SO they put Mary under what they call a dancing contract, which was grand except for one little fact. She couldn't dance. She tried hard, mind you, but it was just no go.

"Why don't you ask them to change it to a stock company contract?" the dance director asked. "They'll do it for you." After all, he had to think up some way to get rid of this little roly-poly who kept everyone out of step.

And with no fear of the front office (the lambs know no better), Mary actually did round up a stock company contract—"git along little blondie, git along."

Nothing happened rapidly. And then Oliver Hinsdell, who teaches the M-G-M starlets to say "a-a-a-a" and pull in the "tummy," decided to put on a play at the Beverly Hills little theater and for some reason, it's even hazy to himself, chose Mary for one of the rôles.

She was the first at rehearsals and the last to leave. And the opening night, she kept repeating her entrance line over and over until the whole cast was "nuts." The only drawback to the entrance line business was that the minute Mary made her entrance, she forgot the oft-repeated line. Couldn't remember a syllable.

"So what did little Mary think, in her nest at peep of day? Mary thought, like little birdie, mother let me fly away."

Anyway, someone finally got it to her and from then on everything went splendidly (too splendidly, they might have known). Mary, during the course of the second act, was called upon to drink a glass of ginger ale. Sweet, beautiful, doll-like Mary stood there drinking her ginger ale when, suddenly, Mary went "bur-r-r-up."

Well, sir, coming from Mary it brought down the house. It was as much the look on Mary's face, a pained, surprised stare, that had the audience shrieking and pawing the air. It rioted them. So they kept it in, and Mary was a success. She had simply burped

her way up the ladder, for Paramount saw her, and into "College Humor" went Mary.

I watched her make quite a bit of the picture. In fact, I was constantly tripping over Mary as she sat flat on the floor of the set peering at herself in a hand mirror. "For heaven's sake, Mary," I'd urge, "sit on a chair somewhere and get off the floor." She merely giggled. "I like it better on the floor," she'd say.

IN one of the scenes the rain was supposed to be pouring down. And Mary was to enter Bing Crosby's room, remember? Naturally, it was necessary for Mary to be rained on. And time after time she stood there while they literally broke a cloud-burst over her head. She was wet and miserable. And still she giggled, good little sport that she is, as over and over they drenched her. The grin never left her face.

Can she take it?

"Hello, stupid," a few smart souls around the studio will call at her. "Hi, stupid."

Just the tiniest, little flick of a blue eye betrays the hurt. And then the giggles spring out.

"Hi, yourself," she'll call.

Swell little egg to take it right on the chin like that.

And the funny part of it is, Mary isn't stupid. You know that, of course, if you saw her in "Should Ladies Behave?" But those curls and that bland, innocent little expression are getting in their deadly work already, you see. Even off the screen.

For some reason, someone said, they never treat Mary as a grown-up human being around the studio. They took a test of her at the studio the other day for an important part in a coming production, and the test turned out marvelously. Everyone on the lot knew it but Mary.

NERVOUS, anxious to know, game little thing that she is, she never asked or complained. For days under the terrific suspense, she waited. Waited for someone to say, "Well, Mary, you were terrible," or "Mary, you were grand."

No one bothered. It was only little Carlisle. Little baby doll.

Finally someone did tell her.

There was a quick catch of the breath. A tear stood for a moment in those blue eyes. And then someone called, "Hi, stupid," and she shook her head quickly and then, with a sudden giggle, called back, "Hi, yourself."

So you see, it's no wonder we wonder what's ahead for Mary. After all, one can flutter through only so many pictures. Can giggle only so long. "Cute," they say, as Mary, gallant, brave little heart, goes about her way. "Cute, isn't she?"

But Mary is growing up. Mary is getting to be a big girl.

So little girl, what now?

Leslie Howard's Lucky Coin

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 70]

couldn't afford not to take it. And with the last money they could get together, he set out alone for New York once more.

"Laurette Taylor was to be the star and I her leading man," he said. "We rehearsed for a long while, then the play had its tryout in Great Neck, Long Island.

"Sadly enough, it was a failure, or shall I call it a flop, as you say in America?" His eyes twinkled merrily.

"Oh, I can laugh at the experience now, but frankly I was heartbroken. I'd taken the last money we had to make the trip, anticipating that my previous success would herald a new and greater triumph. And I admit I was a disillusioned, discouraged, very thin and very

hungry young actor out of work when the thing blew up.

"I came back to New York and hid away in a shabby, little room on a side street, wondering why I'd ever come from England on so thin a chance. I was terribly lonely. I walked the streets for hours, gazing into shop windows to take my mind off the disappointment which stayed with me like a nightmare.

"I was sitting disconsolately on the side of my bed one morning trying to figure out whom I could see next about getting a job, when the little envelope arrived, with the gold piece, from Ruth. I slipped it into my pocket and started out—really to buy some breakfast.

"At the corner of Broadway and Forty-

Sixth Street, I ran into an acquaintance, a fellow I'd met while doing the rounds of theatrical offices.

"Haven't you heard the news?" he shouted at me with great enthusiasm. "Miller's going to try 'Her Cardboard Lover' again—this time with Jeanne Eagels. Better hike up there and make a try for the part."

"I rushed over to Gilbert Miller's office and was greeted with open arms. They'd been looking all over town for me. And there I had been, sitting in a shabby, little side-street room wondering where I'd find a job."

THE rest is theatrical history. How very much of a hit the play was; how it ran for a long time on Broadway to capacity houses; how the night the audience applauded with thundering encores, Leslie Howard went to his dressing-room fingering his lucky coin, glad that Jeanne Eagels had made such a hit.

Jeanne ran upstairs to him and fairly dragged him to the stage, while Leslie held tightly to the lucky charm which—if you believe in such things—had given him this chance in a hit play at last.

"It's *you* they're calling for, Leslie," said Jeanne. "I've taken three bows. They won't stop until you come out."

It was all so true. The audience had found a fine, new, talented actor. And they insisted upon his receiving their acclaim.

Leslie Howard confesses now that he was stunned by the ovation.

It was Jeanne Eagels' play. She was the star. Leslie Howard was comparatively unknown. Yet she was glad to share her stardom with the new young man in whom Gilbert Miller had such unswerving faith. At last he was started.

And that beginning was the first of his sensational success on the stage which led to those enviable picture contracts later on.

AND now, sometimes, in the middle of the night, Leslie Howard has a bad dream that he is back again in those days of struggle and despair.

Then his hand goes mechanically to the gold coin on the chain around his neck.

Once, it wasn't there. He jumped out of bed, turned on the lights and began a prolonged search until he found it—under the bath sponge at the side of his tub.

"It's funny," he laughed, "how significant the thing has become. I suppose nothing would happen to me if I lost it, though it would make me very uncomfortable, indeed. That's why I guard that lucky coin so carefully."

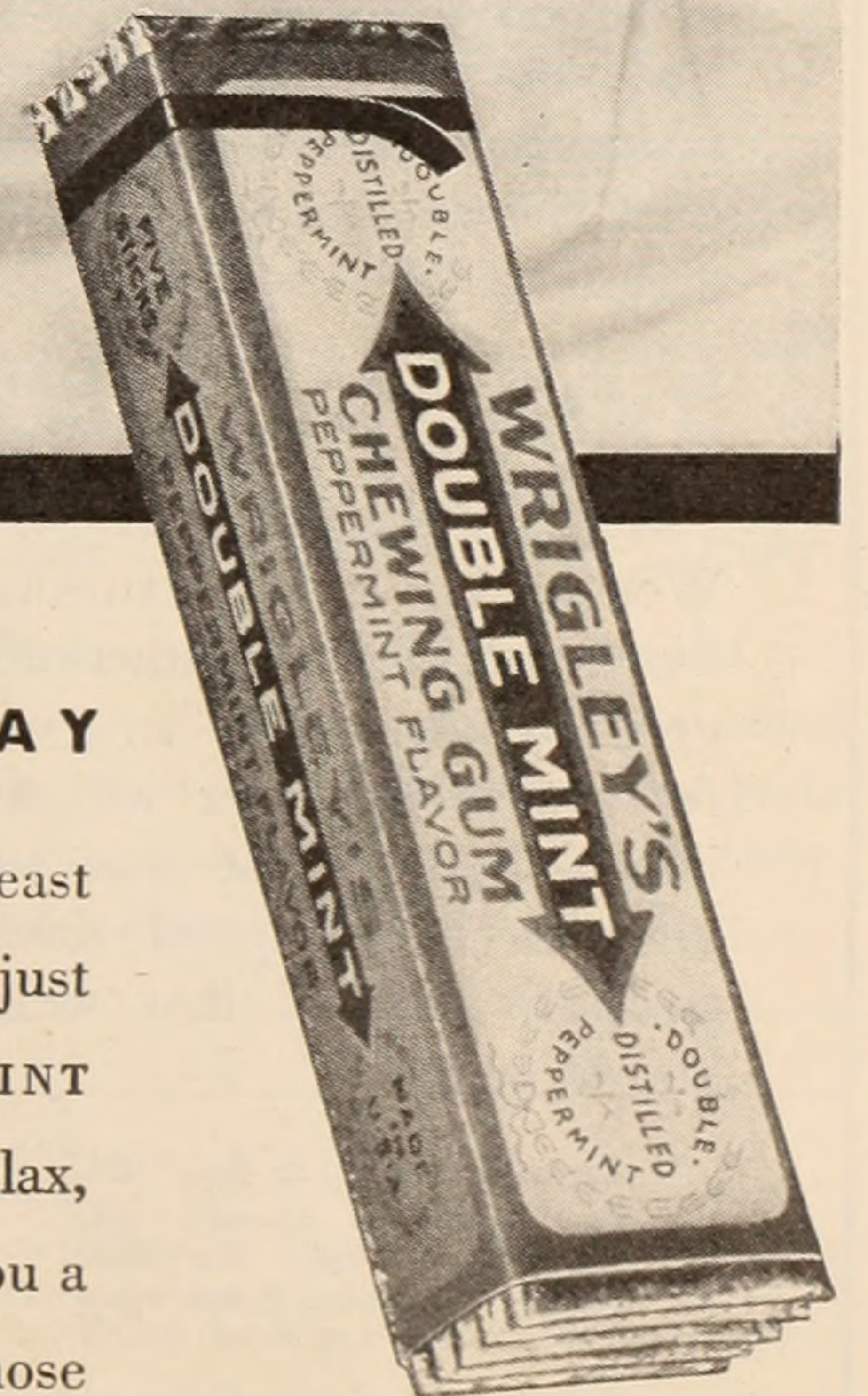


The chap with Rogers would be Kaiser some day, if Germany were still a monarchy. He's Prince Ferdinand. Came to lunch with Will and liked the ranch so well he remained there for a whole week



AFTER A STRENUOUS DAY

... or at any time at all when you feel the least bit tired, do what they do in Hollywood—just enjoy a fresh stick of Wrigley's DOUBLE MINT gum. The chewing at once helps you to relax, as the screen stars know. Besides it gives you a glamorous new beauty because it eases up those tense, unbecoming lines which come around your mouth and eyes when you are tired. Try it.





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In short, here is a COMPLETE VACATION in "The Center of the Wintertime World," as well as luxurious living in one of America's greatest hotel estates . . . offered at a cost that will fit into a budget that was set up even before good times peeped around that well-known corner.

Open Oct. 28th to June 30th
For information, literature and reservations address the hotel direct or see your travel agent

MIAMI BILTMORE
CORAL GABLES, MIAMI, FLORIDA

Happy Landing!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55]

cafeteria trusted him for food for many weeks. To the glory of Hollywood, it can be recorded here that this man is often now the guest at Bill's mansion on the mountain.

At last, he was given a small contract by Famous Players-Lasky which was to run five years. He was to receive twenty-five dollars per week the first year, and sixty dollars during the last year. The day Bill signed the contract, he walked many miles to his home, stopping every few blocks to gaze at the paper showing the magnificent salary he was to get.

This contract was not renewed after the third year.

ANOTHER period of idleness followed. Finally a call came from the casting director of the Fox Studios. His luck changed again. Bill was engaged to play the heavy opposite Buck Jones in a Western film. The salary was two hundred dollars a week.

The future seemed much brighter, when one night he went for a ride with a friend, and slipped from the running board of the car and broke his ankle. The accident laid him up for many months.

This was the darkest period of his life. He could do nothing but wait—in a furnished room.

During these months his mother and grandmother died. The grandmother had been the most understanding friend in his life. "I understand the boy," she used to say. "He is just restless, and a rover, like his father. Some day he will find himself, and then watch!"

Bill remembered her words, but had little faith in her as a prophet while sitting destitute with a broken ankle in a furnished room.

The rooming house in which Bill Boyd lived was run by a lady named Maggie McCabe—and may God in his Heaven bless her.

She was about as poor as Bill. Maggie McCabe would leave her house at a certain time each day. Baked potatoes, boiled beans and pieces of meat were left in her ice box in such a way that even an actor with a broken

ankle could abstract victuals therefrom and not be detected.

Bill told me proudly how he used to hobble into the kitchen and take this food, and pray that Maggie McCabe would leave her house the next day. This she always did. Bill will learn for the first time, when he reads this article, that Maggie McCabe left the house each day on purpose.

I knew Maggie McCabe. "Shure," she said, "the poor bye was hungry, an' he was too proud to beg; and may the sun never shine on me poor father's grave in Ireland if I'd ayven let an actor starve in Hollywood."

One day the actor with the broken ankle borrowed a crutch and hobbled to the DeMille set. The mighty matador of synthetic emotions saw him leaning on his crutch. He left the set and went to Bill. Hearing of his plight DeMille gave Bill a check for three hundred dollars and sent him to his room at Maggie McCabe's in his own luxurious car.

A letter arrived next day from C. B. DeMille. It said something in effect to the actor that perhaps he was being tried in the furnace, and the great showman hoped that he would emerge—pure metal. "A man, stern old Ibsen," wrote DeMille, "who has suffered more than most men, has somewhere written, 'Never be so mad as to doubt yourself.' I hope you will remember this, and when you are able to walk again, come to me."

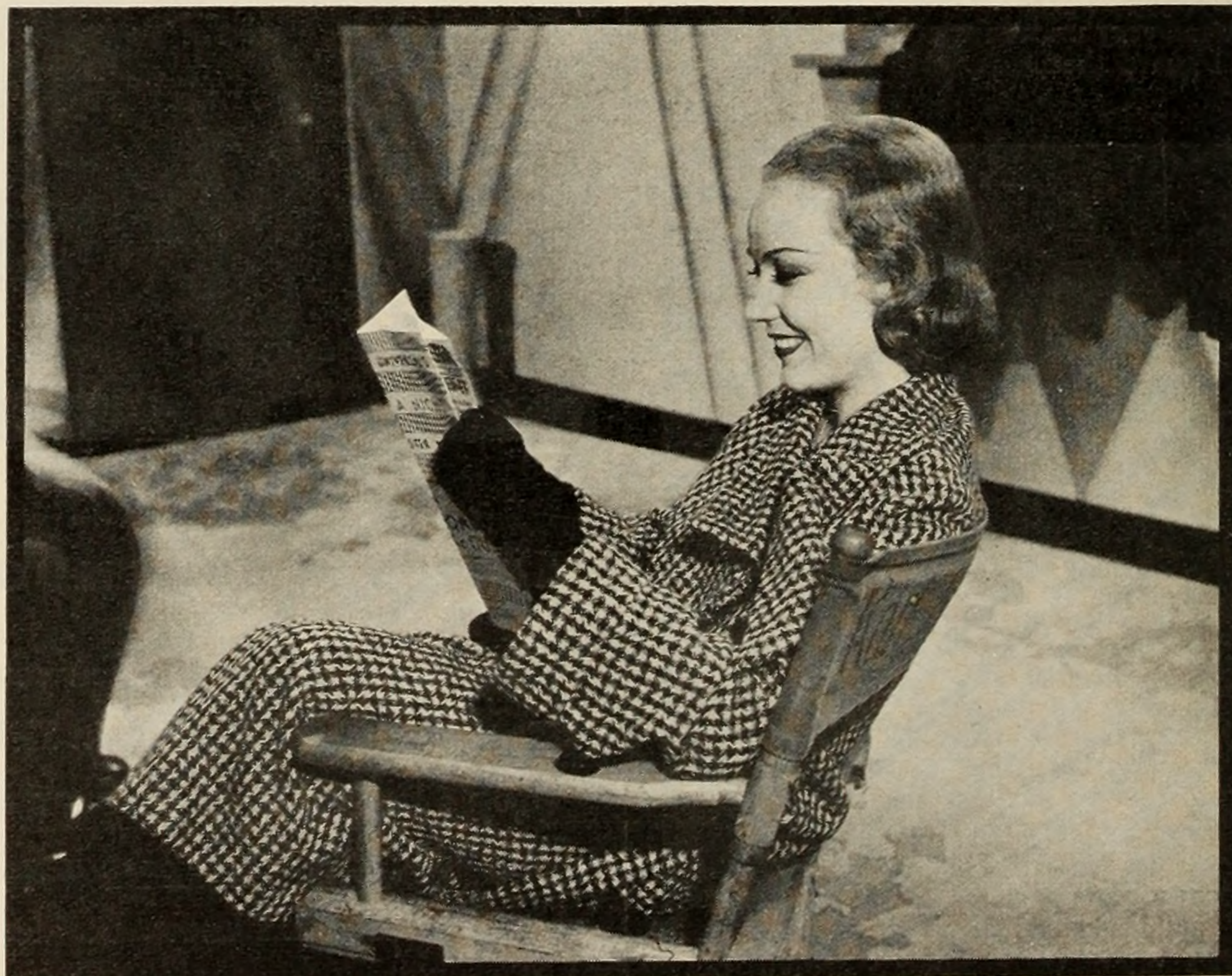
WHEN he was able to walk, he went to DeMille, and was given his first part of consequence in that director's film "Road to Yesterday."

When this picture was finished, and another film had intervened, DeMille gave Bill the lead in "The Volga Boatman."

The rest is film history.

I cannot close this particular phase of Bill's life without mentioning his great admiration for DeMille. "Say something about my gratitude to him," he said.

Now that the dream of the home has been



Fay Wray with her mittens on. No reason. And it isn't a new Hollywood fashion note, either. Fay is perusing a news sheet—and finding it most amusing. Her latest production is "Madame Spy"

realized, the petite and lovely Dorothy Sebastian has become philosophical. "We must keep working," she says, "to keep our minds active and to make our home a restful place for our friends."

And this, Dorothy does, with all the inherited hospitality of the South.

Dorothy comes of a family of missionaries. Her grandparents were stationed in Constantinople four years.

While in New York playing in George White's "Scandals of 1924," she also wrote syndicated articles. When the "Scandals" closed she went home to Alabama, where she remained several weeks, and decided to gamble the five hundred dollars she had saved by investing it on a trip to Hollywood.

WHILE under contract to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer she was loaned to play opposite Bill Boyd in "His First Command," in 1929. Her next picture with her future husband was "Officer O'Brien." The picture was so bad that in consoling one another they fell in love. They were married in 1930.

A reception was given after their marriage. Many notable people attended.

In a corner of the room stood a little old lady dressed in black. She came up to me as I entered, and said, "It's glad I am to see you among all these big bugs. And isn't it a beautiful wife the bye picked?"

The little lady in black was Maggie McCabe.

Only Al Wanted to Play

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33]

"If 'Wonder Bar' were being made by an all-star cast from this studio, I wouldn't object to doing a minor part. Then I would feel that it was a matter of give and take between players on this lot. If I were asked to do a small part in support of Jimmy Cagney or Warren William or Eddie Robinson or to fill in a cast for Stanwyck or Blondell, or any of our own women stars, I'd grin and do it.

"But this is different. Not only was I cast to a rôle in a picture I did not want any part of, but I was put in a picture in which the male lead is not recognized as a screen star and the girl with the only feminine part that can be called a part, is borrowed from another studio.

"There is nothing personal in this at all. Dolores is a good friend of mine, and I'm glad to see her get a nice part—but she is not under contract here and I do not think I should be asked to support her at the cost of playing a weak bit.

"POOR parts," continued Kay, "hurt an actress more than the average person can realize. The public does not analyze the part a star plays; it thinks only of her performance in that particular picture. No star on the screen can play four bad parts in succession without meeting disaster. And, personally, I think I had my share for the time being.

"I could understand being cast to such a rôle if the studio did not value my services and had not renewed my option, but, under the circumstances, it seems inexplicable to me."

Almost unanimously, the players in the cast of "Wonder Bar" felt that Miss Francis had ample grounds for her feeling—though some of them were of the opinion they had taken equally as hard a rap. But more of that later.

All things considered, no one could possibly accuse Miss Francis of poor sportsmanship. But, as a matter of fact, exactly the opposite is true.

"I don't care what I portray," explained Kay, "from a cheap honky-tonk girl to the Queen of England, but I want it to be a part that means something and a rôle I can build up.

"Gee whiz," exclaimed the frank Dick

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Powell, "I thought I was due for a good break—because I've been merely marking time since 'Gold Diggers.' You know, I really need a chance to do something right now, because I must make my mark while the musicals are still popular. Wasting time is suicide for me.

"When they talked to me about 'Wonder Bar,' I told them I didn't want to go into it. I knew Al Jolson would never let another singer do anything in it. But I didn't know how much he wouldn't until he took the good song that was assigned to me and gave me in exchange the eight bars he didn't like.

"I suppose you can't blame a singer for that. I know, because I've seen it work out in stage shows and on the radio—one singer will never let another in the same show have good numbers. I've gone up to the office two or three times, trying to be taken off the picture, but it's no good. I've got to go through with it and take the crumbs that fall my way, I suppose.

"I'm new in pictures, and can't battle it out like Ricardo Cortez is doing. Anybody that hogs a scene with him is going to have to step lively."

And that remark brought to mind the razor-like smile of Ric's and his dry comment that it was a "swell picture" for him. Cast to the part

of a crooked professional dancer, two-timing his sweetheart, is no break for Ric—but nobody is jostling him out of scenes—as evidenced by his skillful blocking of Al's casual little stage tricks.

"Ric'll probably make something out of that part of his," continued Dick, "but I'm all bottled up. And just when I need a break, too.

"You know I've been teamed with Ruby Keeler for three pictures—and I thought maybe Al would want to see me built up a little. But I guess I guessed wrong, because he's going over all the scripts suggested for us—as Ruby's manager and I'll probably be whittled down in them."

And that's how things were on the "Wonder Bar" set, with almost all the players in the cast struggling to get out of the net. But at least they are not asked to raise their right hands in salute and cry, "Viva Yoelson."

And here's a very curious foot-note to all the above. Every actor in the cast is so determined not to have Al steal all the scenes, that I can forecast "Wonder Bar" is going to be an exceptionally good show. Everyone of them is upon his toes when he steps before the camera. And as for Al—well you know what a sensation he has always been on Broadway.

Star News From London

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 77]

in which Gracie Fields is starred. Of course, Gracie Fields doesn't mean a thing to you—but she is by far the biggest box-office name in all of Britain.

Exploited as "the richest working woman in the world," this extraordinary woman is said to be earning the equivalent of \$750,000 a year from film and stage engagements, broadcasting and phonograph records. Yet her exploiters insist they'd not think of attempting to crash the American market with her—either in the flesh or on the screen.

As for Gracie herself, she will tell you, in her inimitable provincial dialect, that England's good enough for her, thank you very much.

DOWN at Elstree one recent day I had an interesting chat with Ralph Ince. This member of the famous family slipped into London on gum shoes, instead of with the usual blare of trumpets. He is playing a leading rôle in the British International picture, "Love at Second Sight."

On the completion of this film the B. I. P. chieftains are planning to give Ince a picture to direct.

THAT same day I had luncheon in the B. I. P. commissary with Marian Marsh, as lovely a blonde as ever came from Hollywood. She told me with a smile how she'd given the reporters two surprises when they met her aboard the S. S. Washington at Plymouth.

First, she showed them her passport—and it definitely proved her status as a British subject. (She was born in Trinidad.) Then she told them that, although it was well past midnight, she would be at work before the camera before the day was over! And she was!

It was five o'clock in the morning when she got to her London hotel. After breakfast, she received the corps of studio dressmakers who fitted her for the gorgeous dresses which she wears in "Love at Second Sight."

Following luncheon, Marian drove to Elstree, where she worked until seven o'clock that evening. Even then, she declared she wasn't a bit tired, but the director called a halt to proceedings.

I'VE had enough experience with the vagaries of film stars to take for granted almost anything any of them do. (Witness, for example,

young Fairbanks' last-minute decision to return to Hollywood within a day or two of his solemnly declaring to me that he would never revisit the film capital to make another picture as long as he lives!) Wherefore, I take Gertrude Lawrence's denials of her intention to become Fairbanks' bride—when his divorce from Joan Crawford becomes final in May—with a large grain of salt.

All I can do—in my capacity as your dutiful correspondent—is to record the fact that thus far Miss Lawrence has dispatched a long cablegram to young Douglas every day since his departure from London. And every day there has come to her an equally lengthy cabled message from him!

There I leave it.

LAST, but by no means least, I'm disgusted and mad—to the boiling point.

Here we have in our midst the woman who, according to almost every New York critic, is the foremost actress of the English speaking world—and upon her arrival, the London newspapers refer to her as a "U. S. A. star."

That would be all very well if it were not for the fact that Lynn Fontanne was born in London of English parents. It wouldn't make one so sore, if it were not for the further fact that for years Lynn haunted managers' offices in the West End, trying her best to get a chance to show them what she could do.

It was actually Laurette Taylor who gave Lynn her first real opportunity. (It would be an American.) It happened during the war when Laurette was in the midst of her three-year run in "Peg O' My Heart." The star realized that her New York accent didn't fit in so well—at the teas and after-theater supper parties to which she was invited by titled folk.

So she made a deal with Lynn to coach her in English—as it is spoken in Mayfair.

That was the beginning of a friendship which culminated in Laurette's taking Miss Fontanne back to America with her, and giving her a part in one of her husband's plays.

Of course, you all know the rest of the story—her marriage to Alfred Lunt, and her soaring to heights in the theater, reached by only the illustrious few.

And now she comes home—to appear with her husband on the stage in "Reunion in Vienna"—only to be branded an alien.

Sweet Alice Brady

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 60]

picked up in some little out-of-the-way shop (and adores) she'll wear an almost priceless chinchilla coat. Soft and beautiful. Except for where the dog chewed the sleeve nearly off. Outside of that you couldn't buy it for a king's ransom. The hat will be a little before-the-depression number that she clings to regardless of dozens of new ones, but the earrings beneath will be worth a small fortune. And altogether, she'll look like a million.

THOUGH she reads the comical little paper-backed blood-and-thunder magazines, she's also read most of everything good that has been written in years.

Her grin is the most surprising, disarming, spontaneous, gamin-like thing that anyone ever beheld. She's never down. Never complains. And yet her heart lies severed within her at the tragedy of her broken marriage. And for the little son who will ever and ever be ill.

But perhaps the most amazing thing about her is the fact that movie actress that she is, she isn't bothered about publicity. Always glad to see writers and interviewers but three minutes after they've arrived she's forgotten just why they're there. And so have they.

And work? Of all the things about her, that's another one that Hollywood simply can't get over. With most actresses complaining and groaning about overwork and wanting to do but two or three pictures a year, here's Brady crazy to work all the time.

She no more finished "Broadway to Hollywood" than she was capering about in "Should Ladies Behave?" and when Paramount wanted her for "Miss Fane's Baby Is Stolen," and the studio thought it would be too much for her, Brady was fit to be tied in knots. She was on the 'phone pronto. First, the casting director. Who referred her to a supervisor who, in turn, referred her to a producer. "What's this about my not making the Paramount picture?" she yelled at all of them. And I mean yelled. "Of course, I can do it. I've got Sundays off from this picture, haven't I? Well, I can do the part on Sundays. And lunch times. Why, I never heard of such a thing as thinking I can't do it. And stop sputtering in my ear," she screamed through the 'phone at the dumbfounded producer who thought he had suddenly gone nuts. As he probably had.

"Ridiculous," she went around muttering, "a body has to fight to get a little work to do around here," and she made the picture, too.

SHE descended on Hollywood, a well known, thoroughly established stage star. A somebody from the New York stage with "Mourning Becomes Electra," "Forever After" and "Mademoiselle" all to her credit. And they expected someone that—well, you know, would be a bit stiffish and stand-offish and not too good in pictures right off. After a few rôles, Miss Brady, maybe, would be ready for a little loud huzzahing from the studio, they thought. Not too loud, of course. No ear splitting yells or anything. Just enough to let people know that Alice was in pictures and you could ignore it, if you wished. So they stuck her in a minor role in "When Ladies Meet" and hoped to heaven Ann Harding and Myrna Loy would make up for any blunders Miss Brady would make.

And what does Alice do to everyone's amazement but walk off with the show. And didn't even know she did it. Doesn't yet, in fact.

She hasn't the slightest egotism. Anyone can tell her she's no good in a certain part, and she'll believe it implicitly. And 'phone all her friends and warn them she's absolutely terrible in that picture. So and so said so.

"It skids, that's the trouble with it. It needs chains. Just when I'm trying to be seri-



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“SHE WANTS TO SUFFER! I TOLD HER HOW MIDOL EASES REGULAR PAIN”

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4	5	6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	X	X	X	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	31

Watch the calendar, take Midol in time, and you can often avoid even one twinge of the expected pain and be comfortable throughout the period.



Take one tablet  then drink a full glass of water. Even when the pains have begun or are at their worst, you're at ease in ten minutes.

Periodic pain is *out*. So is discomfort at this time. That's a fact, and it's just too bad for the girl who doesn't know it. A million women have had it proved to them. At least that many women now use Midol, keep their dates and keep comfortable.

Midol is as harmless as the aspirin you take for an ordinary headache. But don't be fooled by ordinary pain tablets offered as a specific for menstrual pain! Midol is a special medicine offered for this special purpose. Its action is unusual. Its relief is felt almost immediately.

Take a Midol tablet just before the expected pain. You may have no pain at all. If you do, a second tablet will usually check the pain *in seven to ten minutes*. That's how rapidly this remedy works! And the relief is unusually lasting. Two tablets should see you through

your worst day. Decide now your next period will be comfortable. Get some Midol tablets and have them ready. Meantime, you might try one on an ordinary headache for proof of its speed. Menstrual pain will be eased just as quickly, so it's folly to suffer. Midol is not a narcotic. It forms no habit. It does not interfere with the natural and necessary menstrual process—just makes it comfortable and easy.

These tiny, tasteless tablets come in a slim little case of aluminum. Tuck it in your purse and be prepared. Then make your engagements—and keep them—without worry as to the time of month. Every drugstore now has this relief for periodic pain. You'll usually find it on the toilet goods counter; or just ask for Midol. Directions telling exactly how to use it will be found inside.



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ous on the screen the thing skids and I'm doing a tragic scene with a comic face. Look at it. I often see those little blonde babes around here giving me the once over. I bet they're thinking just how that one fits into pictures with a face like that."

And she'll give one of those famous grins, accompanied by that little snort of laughter that simply throws everyone into stitches.

You should see Alice arrive at the studio, barging up the dressing room steps with her four dogs yapping at her heels.

"Edie," she starts calling at the bottom step to her hairdresser up stairs, "Edie, yoo hoo! Look at my hair. Edie, it sticks out all over. Yoo hoo Edie . . ." until Edie, to silence the turmoil, will emerge from Norma Shearer's or Joan Crawford's dressing room and call back, "Yes, all right. I see you. I'll fix your hair in a minute."

EDIE, incidentally, would lay down her life for Alice, because as Edie says—Alice doesn't pick all the curls out of the wigs after she has spent hours curling them.

She has decided to be a blonde in all her pictures. She thinks blonde hair does something kind to her face. It will be only blonde wigs, however. Her own hair remains black.

She's even inconsistent in her English, this Brady. For instance, they were rehearsing a scene in "Should Ladies Behave?" when Alice stopped in the middle of the dialogue. "You know that sentence doesn't sound right to me," she said.

"There's something faulty in its construction."

"Sounds all right to me," the director said.

"No," argued Alice, "now let's parse it and see." And parse it she did with everyone rubbing his head in puzzlement over the wrong participle and Alice proving she was right.

"Now," she grinned, "Ain't that better?"

She has a mania for buying gadgets. Trick cigarette lighters. And giving them all away. And wants to try everything she ever reads about. The false fingernail thing, though, was ultra-extraordinary.

She had read about them some place and nothing would do Brady but she had to have false fingernails. The kind that just slipped on over her own. So she telephoned everywhere in town, but no fingernails.

"Now Alice, for heaven's sake, you wouldn't wear them if you had them," a friend expostulated.

Alice gave that famous grin. "No, I know.

But I thought they'd be so cute to look at. Can you imagine me walking down the street and have some gentleman come up and say, 'Lady, pardon me, but did you drop your fingernail?'"

AS for food. How she does go in for exotic dishes! For instance, she'll spend half an hour discussing dinner plans with her cook with no one for dinner but herself. "Woodcock in sherry," she'll order, giving all the directions for the unusual dish. And then as likely as not, she'll forget all about it and have a ham sandwich at the studio.

During the making of "Should Ladies Behave?" some ultra-fashionable visitors were being shown about the sets. They came to Alice's set murmuring graciously over the exquisite beauty of it. And suddenly their gaze was riveted on one of the gold-trimmed opera boxes. There sat Alice, resplendent in a gorgeous evening gown, with a huge ham sandwich laid out over the elegant upholstery and a bottle of beer clutched in one hand. About as elegant, all in all, as a Bowery beer parlor. With Alice as nonchalant as you please.

What confounds Hollywood so utterly is that Brady doesn't place the same value on material things as it does.

Things in a house don't have to be according to Willie Haines to make it a home for her. She couldn't even conjure up the picture of building and furnishing an elaborate home for friends to pass stiffly through and exclaim over. She has things exactly the way she wants them and doesn't care who likes them. Or who doesn't. That they're right or wrong doesn't bother her.

SHE wears what she pleases, does what she wants to do and is still eager, humble and anxious to please. She may be a see-saw sort of person but there's plenty of good old horse sense to make a perfect balance when things go up too far or down too low. Common sense, inherited, no doubt, from her grand old producer father, William A. Brady.

You see the trouble with Hollywood and Alice is that Alice is miles and miles ahead on the road to culture. She has had all the things that Hollywood strives for so ardently, years ago.

She's a true sophisticate, is Brady, with scarcely anyone suspecting it. That's why she's so everlastingly herself.

And will always be Hollywood's most consistent inconsistent.

Hollywood, the World's Sculptor

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 80]

perhaps, but definitely. And Dietrich, who at first had promised to be very fine, malleable clay in the potter's hand, became too strenuous even for Hollywood. And now the sculptor has been trying to figure out how to destroy the mold and recast it while the lady isn't looking.

FROM England came Miriam Jordan, proudly beautiful, simple and charming.

"Ooooooh!" said Hollywood, "what lovely clay! Let me at it!"

So to the winds it threw Miss Jordan's reserve; to the shears it sacrificed her long, shining hair.

And out bounced Mimi.

But the sculptor was fooled. Out bounced Mimi—for a while! And bounced right back again.

"No!" she said in that low, cultured, poised voice of hers. "I am not a flapper and I refuse to submit to your hey-nony-nonsense magic. I shall remain myself."

And Miriam chose to overlook her little Hollywood spree and forget the brief excite-

ment of Mimi, and really, even the sculptor is glad. Now, all she has to do is wait until her hair grows out again and she'll be as good as old.

Came Garbo! And the strange part of it is that nobody realized on the day she arrived in Hollywood that the most beautiful, pliable, and important piece of clay it would probably ever have, was lying inarticulately there on its work-bench.

But it took the sculptor only a few hours—so the story goes—to wake up to the Garbo possibilities and begin molding.

It took a raw, awkward, shy young Swedish girl and made her into the world's most glamorous figure. And if Hollywood ever finds itself drowning in a sea of mistakes, Garbo is a grand straw to hang on to.

It can always retain its artistic pride in this masterpiece. Garbo stands alone and majestic as the sculptor's supreme gesture toward immortality.

"A sculptor wields

The chisel, and the stricken marble grows
To beauty."

And the beauty of it is that Hollywood can keep on molding and molding. There is no other star in Hollywood who can fit, with such whole-hearted glamour, into so many diversified rôles.

Garbo hasn't hardened yet, artistically, even if she does present a concrete front to the prying public.

The sculptor didn't do so well by the other Greta, but Miss Nissen is doing pretty well by herself. In Europe, Miss Nissen was famous as a pantomimist and dancer. Hollywood never heard about it—or if it did, chose to overlook it. Hollywood made an obvious, effective vamp out of a subtle, intelligent artist.

But Miss Nissen philosophically respected the turn of the potter's hand and set out to prove that a lady can go on a vamping in quite an artistic fashion.

LYDA ROBERTI, born in a circus (her father was the clown), molded herself when she made her stage debut in New York singing jazz in Polish.

So Hollywood, having met its master, was reluctantly persuaded that there is no need for its sculptor's tools.

"Nothing much you can do with a cyclone," it mutters discouragedly, and lets it go at that.

But what it did to the English Benita Hume is very funny. It tried to make a gangster's moll out of her (did you see "Gambling Ship?"), and endeavored to make the purity of Miss Hume's very English tongue wrap itself around such lines as, "D'yuh get me, kid? I said *scram!*" and "Aw, don't give me none o' that, big boy!" It was all a little difficult for Miss Hume to live through—let alone her audiences. The sculptor hid its head in shame.

Then it perked up and put in eighteen hard months on Anna Sten. Miss Sten was kept so "secret" during that year and a half—no studio publicity, no pictures, no interviews—it is pretty hard to tell just how much reshaping and change took place at the hands of the sculptor. However, the finished product in "Nana" was—shall we say—Stenning. And if Hollywood didn't do much more to Anna than teach her English, the actress did plenty to Hollywood—thousands of feet of negative destroyed, directors changed quicker than she could say "I don't like heem," and quite a supply of temperamental fireworks. But that is another story.

And there is the dentist's son, who slipped through bandit lines at the Mexican border, arrived in Los Angeles penniless; worked for four dollars a week at a grocery store counter; taught piano; went to New York to study music and there became a bus boy in a restaurant.

Back again to Los Angeles; worked as a waiter in a café during the day, and as an usher in a theater at night.

AND this little Mexican boy is now the foremost foreign romantic thrill on celluloid today, Ramon Novarro. And the sculptor's fine Hollywood hand is seen here to beautiful advantage.

Charity began at home when Hollywood took a Shakespearean actor named Bill Hart and made a cowboy out of him, and then took a cowboy by the name of Gary Cooper and made him into the town's most fashionable host.

Lionel Atwill, to mention another actor at random, turned in one of the subtlest, most expert pieces of acting ever seen on the New York stage (in "Deburau"); won his dramatic spurs as the suavest of sophisticated actors, came to Hollywood and what is he now?

A horror expert.

There is only one person I can think of who has dodged the sculptor's yea for alteration. And that is Marie Dressler.

And Miss Dressler, like the Mississippi, will just go on and on—being herself.

MARY FINDS WHY WOMEN ARE QUITTING THE RAZOR by Wells



NOW! Actually Get Rid of Arm and Leg Hair

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Modern science has at last found a way to actually GET RID of arm and leg hair. A way that forever banishes the bristly regrowth that follows the razor. Ends the stubble that makes women lose their charm and allure; and that men shrink from when they feel it on a woman's arm.

This new way is called Neet; an exquisite toilet accessory. All you do is spread on like a cold cream; then rinse it off with clear water. That's all. Every

vestige of hair growth rinses off with it. No stubble. No sharp regrowth. The hair is so completely gone that you can run your hand across your arm or leg and never feel a sign of it.

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"MY customers are glad to pay up to \$5 for the glorious new clearness and freshness of skin that we obtain through these modern facials. Yet they could have the same results, at home, for a few cents!" That's what Jean De Chant of the famous Maison Jean, beauty shop in Chicago, says. "Apply dainty new Golden Peacock Bleach Creme to your face and neck. In no time at all see how smooth and milky-white your skin appears! This new fineness and whiteness seem to take years from your face!"

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by Seymour

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- WEST VIRGINIA**—
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CHARLESTON.

Green-Eyed Jealousy

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51]

in for that sort of thing. Maybe not—but the smiling Maurice Chevalier didn't want the beautiful Jeanette MacDonald cluttering up his new picture, "The Merry Widow." Why? Well—because—er—well—he didn't.

Meantime the boys in the know say that Maurice didn't like the way Jeanette rang the bell over in France on her concert tour. She sort of rubbed it in on the home grounds, so to speak. And, incidentally, Jeanette is the most popular American star in France.

And while he was at it, Maurice didn't like the way Ernst Lubitsch had been getting credit for his pictures. So he didn't want him in on his next, either.

Meanwhile, some said they had discovered signs that Dennis King did not seem too well pleased with Jeanette's working with him in "The Vagabond King."

Can you imagine a couple of two-fisted, hell-roaring, broncho-busting cowboys being jealous of one another? Well it seems Hoot Gibson opined the Westerns were all washed up, and Ken Maynard reckoned that merely because they were for Hoot didn't mean that they were for regular fellows.

You may remember that the same Ken took Hoot for a trimming at the air races. Which reminds us that there is a bit of a story concerning how Hoot Gibson and Art Acord used to battle out their mads with fists, boots and what-not, every time they met. There was right active jealousy between that pair.

No—we can't let the men off yet. There's the case of Wheeler and Woolsey, who are credited with carrying their grievances to William LeBaron so many times that he refused to listen to them any more. The charge against them is that they were so jealous of one another that they used to count the words in a

script, and every time one had a few more words than the other the injured party would start for LeBaron's office.

The natural consequence of this was that they tried it alone—each doing a picture by himself and then falling into one another's arms and hanging on forever more. Today they are reported the very best of friends, each with a knowledge of the other's importance to the twain.

And while all this jealousy between players was going on at the other studios, the Warner Brothers were leaning back, thoroughly enjoying their ringside seats. Over on the First National lot they had a couple of rivals, too—but of a different nature. Eddie Robinson and Jimmy Cagney had both come into fame via the gangster picture route and had both battled to the top through hard work and sheer merit. Between them there was a keen rivalry—but a friendly and helpful one.

First National was certainly sitting pretty.

THEN along came Tobin. A quiet, lady-like, unobtrusive sort of person was Genevieve. And there was Blondell—as nice and friendly a girl as you would want to meet was Joan.

Ah well, the dove has flown from the rose-scented Burbank lot. There were no blondes at First National to worry Joan—and right at the very start Tobin, looking strikingly like Blondell on the screen, proceeded to raise havoc in Joan's picture "Goodbye Again."

Joan didn't in the least object to giving the newcomer a big hand, but she hadn't figured on having a picture pilfered right out from under her nose; and is figuring it isn't going to happen again. But it's all one big, happy family over at First National, and Warner Brothers have a nice supply of aspirin on hand.



"I'll take off my hat, but that's as far as I'll go!!"



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● One important reason for her great fascination has been her jealously-guarded secret for years. Now, with her permission, it can be told. It is the perfume she uses... an odeur especially blended for her by Mme. Gabilla, foremost perfumer of Paris.

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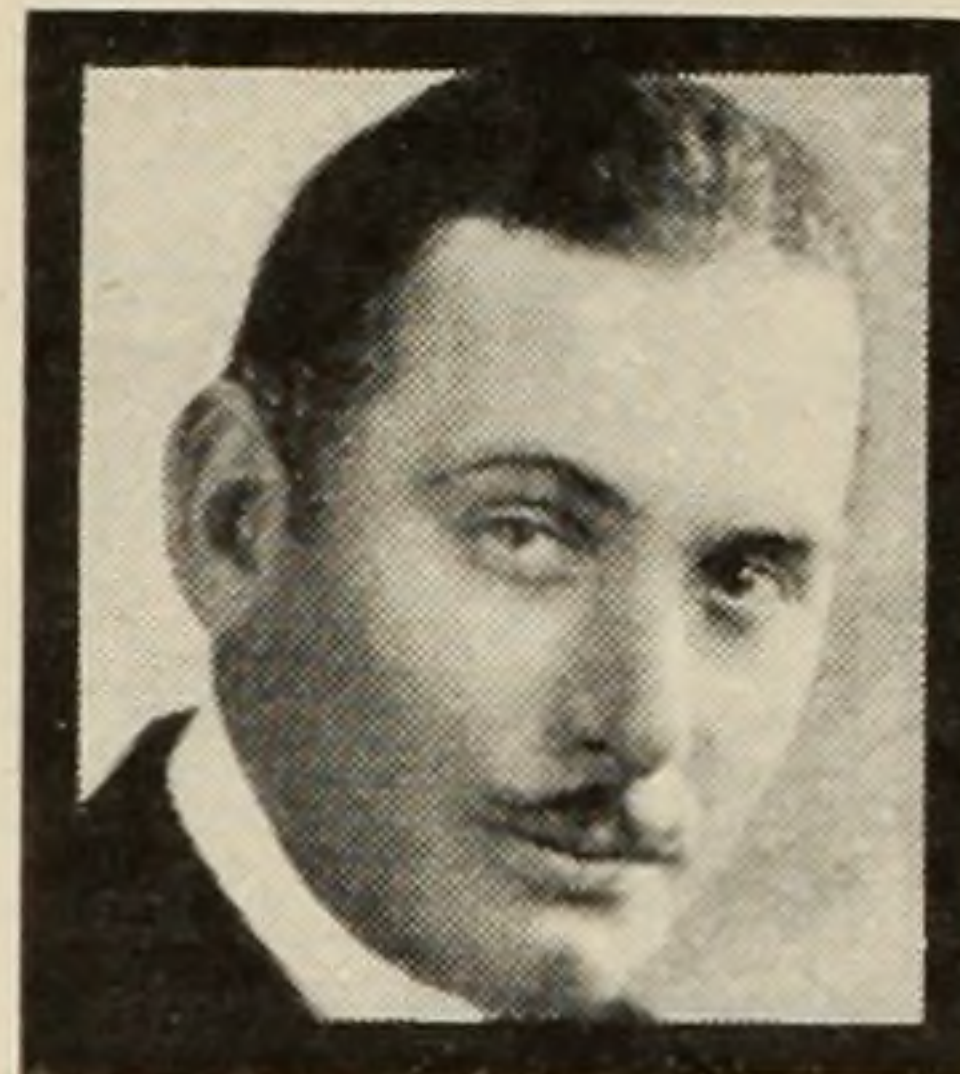
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NOTE: This is not merely an endorsement — this is the personal perfume of Mae West!

Screen Memories From Photoplay

15 Years Ago

A PHOTOPLAY editorial in March, 1919, quoted a picture chieftain as saying: "Influenza hit the film business harder than four years of war." Once the industry "tottered on the brink of anarchy," and he believed that had there been a single producer acceptable as a dictator, all picture makers would have merged into one vast protective organization. Yet the young screen business survived.



Lew Cody

Samuel Goldwyn, seeking a leading woman for Tom Moore, found none other than Tallulah Bankhead, even then up from Alabama and determined on a stage career.

Lew Cody was confessor in "The Confessions of a Male Vampire."

"Women today are doing their best to kill romance," said Lew. "They have grown too clever."

Cecil B. DeMille had assembled "the most notable stock company that the dramatic world has seen since history claimed Augustin Daly for her own."

George Loane Tucker's production of "Virtuous Wives," with Anita Stewart, was commended; Universal's "The Heart of Humanity" was one of the most elaborate of the war stories, and Douglas Fairbanks in "Arizona" provided swift entertainment. Our reviewer found it paced a bit too swiftly. On the cover—Lina Cavalieri.

"It never has had a big financial disaster! Not one!" (That was in 1919.) England, France and Germany were groping out of the war chaos. Editorially we commented that we would have to face an invasion of European films, "and it will be the best thing that ever happened to us."

Thomas H. Ince himself wrote of "The Early Days at Kay Bee" and the Inceville adventures. Bill Hart made his first Westerns at Inceville.

10 Years Ago

THE thirteen Wampas Baby Stars of 1924 were presented in the March issue of that year. Mop-haired Clara Bow was one of the group. Others were Marian Nixon, Julianne Johnston, Ruth Hiatt, Elinor Fair, Lucille Ricksen, Margaret Morris, Hazel Keener and Gloria Grey.



Clara Bow

Incidentally, Los Angeles didn't evidence any great hospitality toward the 1924 Wampas party, with the Police Commission refusing to permit dancing after midnight. On the invitation of San Francisco officials, the party was moved to that city and many Hollywood celebrities made the trip north.

Adela Rogers St. Johns observed at the time that the percentage of divorces in Hollywood was no higher than elsewhere. Actresses in the movie colony had evolved what they called "cat parties"—evenings of gossip and hot chocolate, while the men were sent to the

fighters. PHOTOPLAY commented editorially on Rudy Valentino returning to work after his year-long feud with Famous Players-Lasky.

George Ade, writing about Tom Meighan, said: "He is one of the highest salaried actors in the world and he is deserving of all his success."

The six best pictures of the month were "Abraham Lincoln," with George Billings, previously inexperienced as an actor, in the

title rôle; "The Great White Way," "Wild Oranges," "West of the Water Tower," "Boy of Mine," and "Black Oxen."

Will Rogers, "after missing fire the first time," had returned to the screen under the Hal Roach banner with greater promise of success. He had won the right to employ his own ideas.

This month cover honors went to the lovely Pola Negri.

5 Years Ago

LETTERS from movie devotees pouring into the PHOTOPLAY offices in March, 1929, indicated that talking pictures still were regarded as a novelty. However, the sound revolution was on in full force. Greta Garbo, Colleen Moore and Clara Bow had passed their voice tests, but M-G-M took its big gamble in giving Jack Gilbert a high-figure contract without a test. Rumors had Emil Jannings ready to go back to Germany—too much accent.



William Powell

Foster and Doris Dawson.

There was a beaming home-life study of Doug, Jr. and Joan Crawford. Madge Bellamy said a few sharp words about women, adding: "Men are not selfish." Tom Mix revealed that most of his loves were bald-faced cowponies—"but horses are a lot like movie stars."

"Don't Envy the Stars" was an article reminding us of the inconveniences and discomforts paid for the price of greatness by

such as Garbo, Gilbert, Chaplin, et al. Bill Powell pleaded not guilty to the charge that he was a picture stealer.

The best pictures of the month were "Wild Orchids," "His Captive Woman," "The Rescue," "The River," "The Doctor's Secret," and "My Man."

We printed what was believed to be the only existing photograph of Dolores Costello in a bathing suit. On the cover—Marion Davies.

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Paramount Studios

Brian Aherne	Charles Laughton
Judith Allen	Baby LeRoy
Lona Andre	John Davis Lodge
Richard Arlen	Carole Lombard
George Barbier	Ida Lupino
Mary Boland	Julian Madison
Grace Bradley	Herbert Marshall
Carl Brisson	Ethel Merman
Burns and Allen	Gertrude Michael
Kitty Carlisle	Jack Oakie
Marguerite Churchill	Gail Patrick
Claudette Colbert	George Raft
Gary Cooper	Sally Rand
Larry "Buster" Crabbe	Lyda Roberti
Bing Crosby	Lanny Ross
Alfred Delcambre	Jean Rouverol
Dorothy Dell	Charlie Ruggles
Marlene Dietrich	Randolph Scott
Maxine Doyle	Clara Lou Sheridan
Frances Drake	Sylvia Sydney
W. C. Fields	Alison Skipworth
William Frawley	Sir Guy Standing
Barbara Fritchie	Colin Tapley
Frances Fuller	Kent Taylor
Gwenllian Gill	Eldred Tidbury
Cary Grant	Evelyn Venable
Charlotte Henry	Mae West
Verna Hillie	Dorothea Wieck
Miriam Hopkins	Dorothy Wilson
Roscoe Karns	Toby Wing
Percy Kilbride	Elizabeth Young
Jack La Rue	

Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave.

Rosemary Ames	Janet Gaynor
Heather Angel	Lilian Harvey
Lew Ayres	Rochelle Hudson
Jane Barnes	Roger Imhof
Mona Barrie	Miriam Jordan
Warner Baxter	Victor Jory
Irene Bentley	Suzanne Kaaren
John Boles	Howard Lally
Clara Bow	Ralph Morgan
Nigel Bruce	Herbert Mundin
Joe Cook	George O'Brien
Henrietta Crosman	Pat Paterson
Florence Desmond	Will Rogers
James Dunn	Raul Roulien
Sally Eilers	Wini Shaw
Alice Faye	Sid Silvers
Stepin Fetchit	Spencer Tracy
Norman Foster	Claire Trevor
Preston Foster	Blanca Vischer
Dixie Frances	June Vladek
Ketti Gallian	Hugh Williams
Henry Garat	

RKO-Radio Pictures, 780 Gower St.

Fred Astaire	Wynne Gibson
Nils Asther	Ann Harding
Ralph Bellamy	Katharine Hepburn
Constance Bennett	Dorothy Jordan
Joan Bennett	Pert Kelton
El Brendel	Edgar Kennedy
June Brewster	Francis Lederer
Clive Brook	Dorothy Lee
Tom Brown	Eric Linden
Bruce Cabot	Helen Mack
Mowita Castanada	Sari Maritza
Ada Cavell	Joel McCrea
Chick Chandler	Colleen Moore
Alden Chase	Ginger Rogers
Jean Connors	Robert Shayne
Frances Dee	Adele Thomas
Dolores Del Rio	Thelma Todd
Richard Dix	Nydia Westman
Irene Dunne	Bert Wheeler
Charles Farrell	Thelma White
Skeets Gallagher	Howard Wilson
William Gargan	Robert Woolsey

United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave.

Eddie Cantor	Douglas Fairbanks
Charles Chaplin	Mary Pickford
Ronald Colman	Anna Sten

20th Century Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave.

Judith Anderson	Paul Kelly
George Arliss	Fredric March
Janet Beecher	Blossom Seeley
Sally Blane	Judith Wood
Constance Cummings	Loretta Young
Arline Judge	

Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower St.

Walter Connolly	Toshia Mori
Donald Cook	Jessie Ralph
Richard Cromwell	Gene Raymond
Jack Holt	Joseph Schildkraut
Elissa Landi	Billie Seward
Edmund Lowe	Ann Sothern
Tim McCoy	Fay Wray
Grace Moore	

Culver City, Calif.

Hal Roach Studios

Charley Chase	Lillian Moore
Billy Gilbert	Billy Nelson
Oliver Hardy	Our Gang
Patsy Kelly	Nena Quartaro
Stan Laurel	Oliver Wakefield
Dorothy Layton	

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios

Katherine Alexander	Otto Kruger
Elizabeth Allan	Jay Lloyd
Agnes Anderson	Myrna Loy
Max Baer	Ben Lyon
John Barrymore	Jeanette MacDonald
Lionel Barrymore	Mala
Wallace Beery	Margaret McConnell
Alice Brady	Florine McKinney
Charles Butterworth	Una Merkel
Mary Carlisle	Robert Montgomery
Ruth Channing	Polly Moran
Mae Clarke	Frank Morgan
Jackie Cooper	Karen Morley
Joan Crawford	Ramon Novarro
Marion Davies	Laurence Olivier
Marie Dressler	Maureen O'Sullivan
Jimmy Durante	Earl Oxford
Nelson Eddy	Jean Parker
Stuart Erwin	Jack Pearl
Madge Evans	Nat Pendleton
Muriel Evans	Esther Ralston
Clark Gable	May Robson
Greta Garbo	Shirley Ross
C. Henry Gordon	Ruth Selwyn
Russell Hardie	Norma Shearer
Jean Harlow	Martha Sleeper
Helen Hayes	Mona Smith
Ted Healy	Lewis Stone
Jean Hersholt	Franchot Tone
Irene Hervey	Lupe Velez
Phillips Holmes	Johnny Weissmuller
Jean Howard	Ed Wynn
Art Jarrett	Diana Wynyard
Isabel Jewell	Robert Young

Universal City, Calif.

Universal Studios

Robert Allen	Ken Maynard
Vilma Banky	Chester Morris
Vince Barnett	Charlie Murray
Andy Devine	ZaSu Pitts
Louise Fazenda	Roger Pryor
Sterling Holloway	Claude Rains
Leila Hyams	George Sidney
Buck Jones	Onslow Stevens
Boris Karloff	Gloria Stuart
Jan Kiepura	Margaret Sullavan
Evalyn Knapp	Slim Summerville
June Knight	Luis Trenker
Paul Lukas	Alice White
Mabel Marden	

Burbank, Calif.

Warners-First National Studios

Loretta Andrews	Lorena Layson
Mary Astor	Hal LeRoy
Robert Barrat	Margaret Lindsay
George Blackwood	Marjorie Lytell
Joan Blondell	Aline MacMahon
Joe E. Brown	Helen Mann
Lynn Browning	Frank McHugh
James Cagney	Adolphe Menjou
Hobart Cavanaugh	Jean Muir
Ricardo Cortez	Paul Muni
Bette Davis	Theodore Newton
Claire Dodd	Pat O'Brien
Ann Dvorak	Henry O'Neill
Patricia Ellis	Edwin Phillips
Glenda Farrell	Dick Powell
Philip Faversham	William Powell
Helen Foster	Phillip Reed
Kay Francis	Edward G. Robinson
Geraine Gear	Barbara Rogers
Hugh Herbert	Kathryn Sergava
Ann Hovey	Barbara Stanwyck
Leslie Howard	Lyle Talbot
Alice Jans	Sheila Terry
Allen Jenkins	Genevieve Tobin
Al Jolson	Gordon Westcott
Paul Kaye	Renee Whitney
Ruby Keeler	Warren William
Guy Kibbee	Pat Wing
Esmond Knight	Donald Woods

Lloyd Hughes, 616 Taft Bldg., Hollywood, Calif.
 Harold Lloyd, 6640 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.
 Neil Hamilton, 9015 Rosewood Ave., Los Angeles, Calif.

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These Four Effects

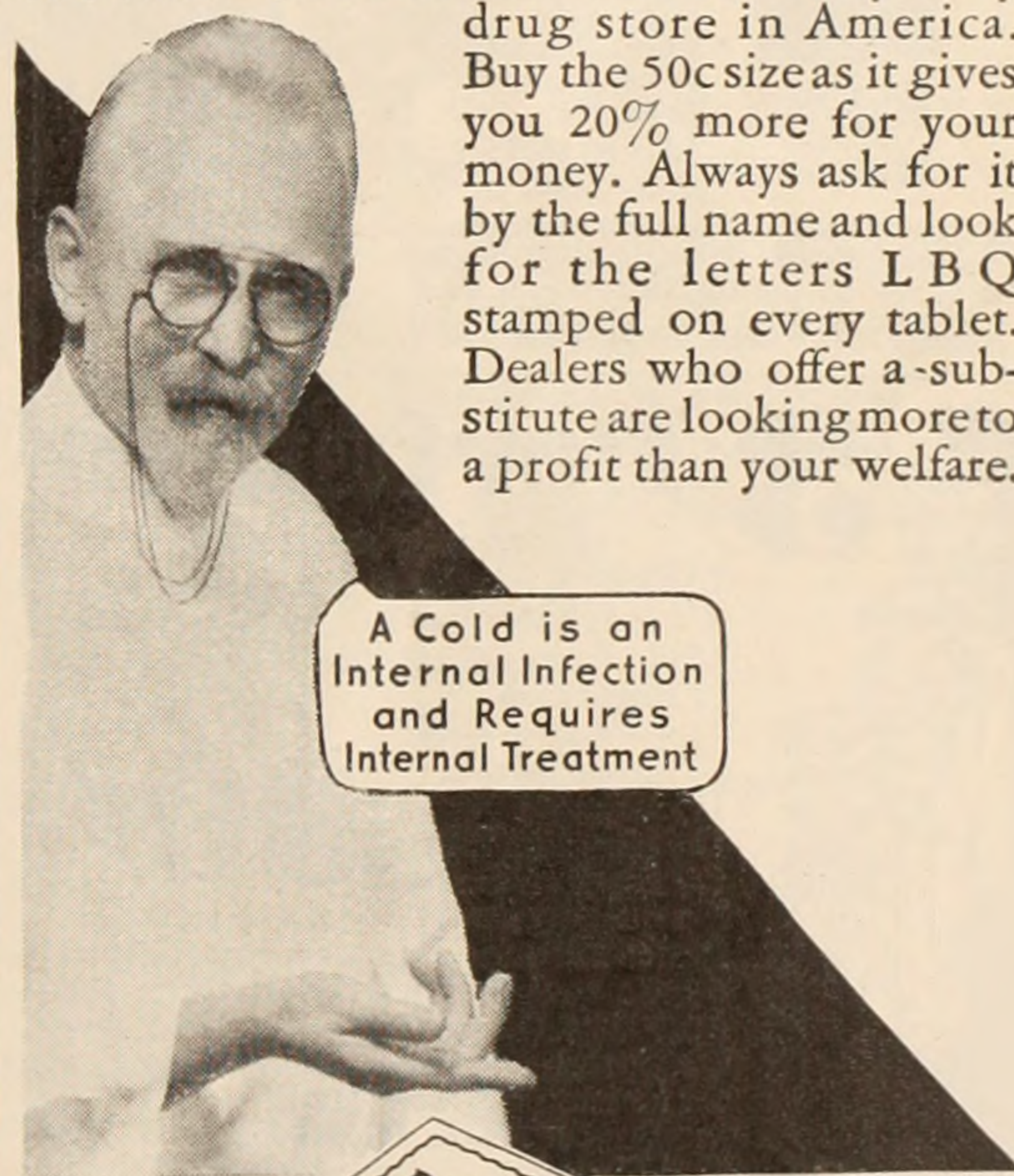
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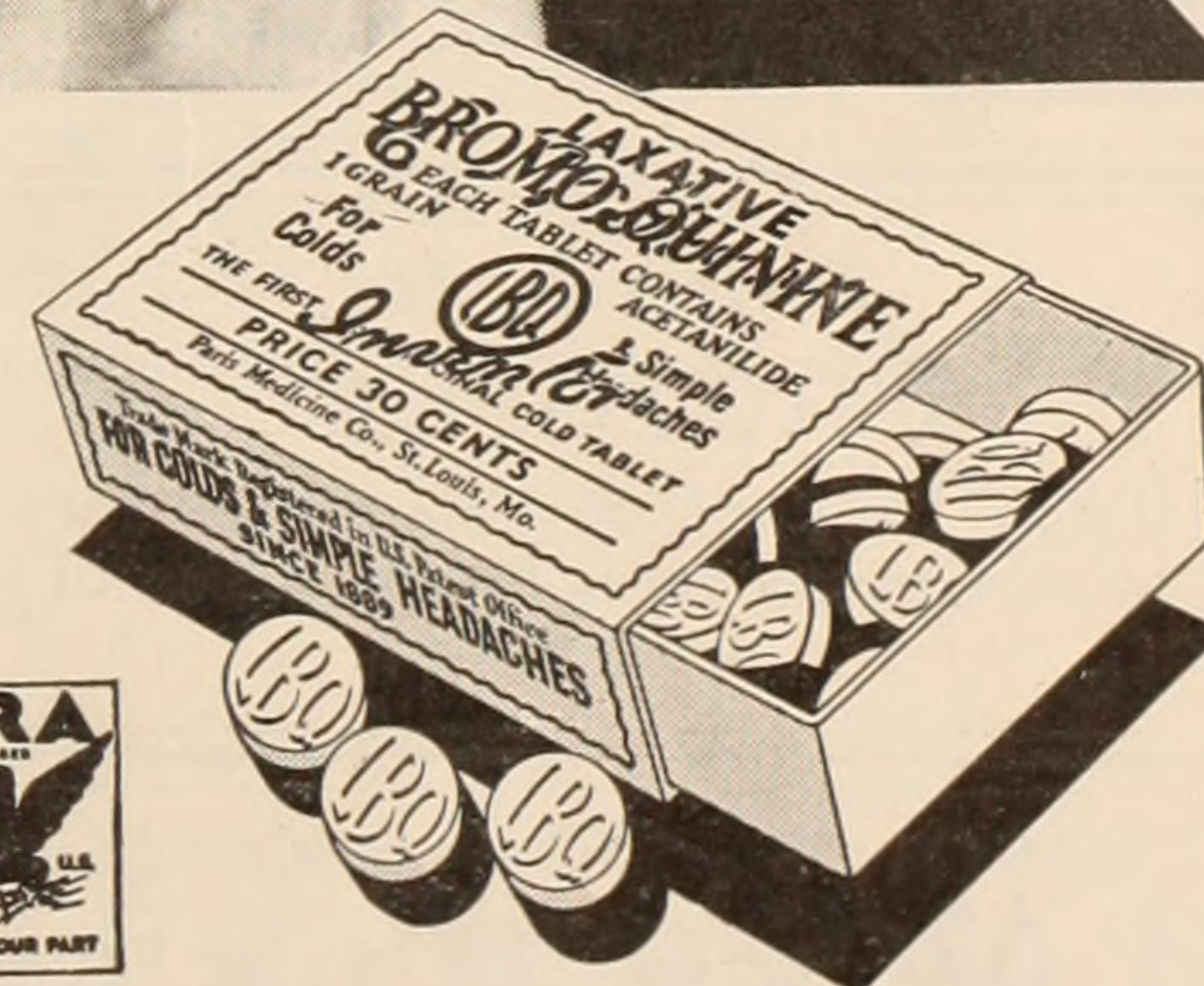
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Casts of Current Photoplays

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"ABOVE THE CLOUDS"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by George B. Seitz. Screen play by Albert DeMond. Directed by Roy William Neill. The cast: *Scoop*, Robert Armstrong; *Dick*, Richard Cromwell; *Connie*, Dorothy Wilson; *Crusty*, Edmund Breese; *Chandler*, Morgan Wallace; *Dolly*, Dorothy Revier; *Mother*, Bessie Barriscale; *Mabel*, Geneva Mitchell; *Speakeasy Owner*, Luis Alberni; *Doyle*, Sherry Hall.

"ALL OF ME"—PARAMOUNT.—From the play "Chrysalis" by Rose Albert Porter. Screen play by Sidney Buchman and Thomas Mitchell. Directed by James Flood. The cast: *Don Ellis*, Fredric March; *Lyda Farrell*, Miriam Hopkins; *Honey Rogers*, George Raft; *Eve Haron*, Helen Mack; *Mrs. Farrell*, Nella Walker; *Jerry Halman*, William Collier, Sr.; *The Dean*, Gilbert Emery; *Miss Haskell*, Blanche Friderici; *District Attorney*, Guy Usher; *Nat Davis*, John Marston; *Guard*, Edgar Kennedy; *Lorraine*, Kitty Kelly.

"CHARMING DECEIVER, THE"—MAJESTIC PICTURES.—From the story by Fred Thompson. Screen play by Fred Thompson and Victor Kendall. Directed by Monty Banks. The cast: *Betty Smith*, Constance Cummings; *Dorothy Kay*, Constance Cummings; *Toby Tyrrell*, Frank Lawton; *Lil Pickering*, Binnie Barnes; *Otis Dove*, Gus McNaughton; *Singer*, Iris Ashley; *Reggie*, Claude Hulbert.

"CRIMINAL AT LARGE"—HELBER PICTURES.—From the story by Edgar Wallace. Directed by T. Hayes Hunter. The cast: *Lord Lebanon*, Emlin Williams; *Lady Lebanon*, Cathleen Nesbitt; *Chief Inspector Tanner*, Norman McKinnel; *Sergeant Totty*, Gordon Harker; *Sergeant Ferraby*, Cyril Raymond; *Aisla Crane*, Belle Chrystall; *Dr. Amersham*, D. A. Clarke-Smith; *Gilder*, Percy Parsons; *Brooks*, Finlay Currie; *Kelver*, Julian Royce; *Studd*, Eric Roland.

"CROSS COUNTRY CRUISE"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Elmer Harris and Stanley Raugh. Directed by Eddie Buzzell. The cast: *Norman*, Lew Ayres; *Sue*, June Knight; *May*, Alice White; *Steve*, Alan Dinehart; *Nita*, Minna Gombell; *Bronson*, Eugene Palette; *The Grouch*, Robert McWade; *The*

Italian, Henry Armetta; *Murphy*, Arthur Vinton; *Jim*, Robert Allen; *Sid*, James Conlin; *The Old Maid*, Ara Haswell; *The Sick Man*, Dick Stevens; *Toots*, Peggy Terry; *German Girl*, Herta Lind; *School Teacher*, Jean Fenwick; *Wife of Henpecked Man*, Kay La Velle.

"DAWN TO DAWN"—CAMERON MACPHERSON PROD.—From the story by Cameron Macpherson and Josef Berne. Directed by Josef Berne. The cast: *The Girl*, Julie Haydon; *The Father*, Ole M. Ness; *The Boy*, Frank Eklof.

"EIGHT GIRLS IN A BOAT"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Helmut Brandis. Screen play by Casey Robinson. Directed by Richard Wallace. The cast: *Christa Storm*, Dorothy Wilson; *David Perrin*, Douglass Montgomery; *Hanna*, Kay Johnson; *"Pickles"*, Barbara Barondess; *Frau Kreuger*, Ferike Boros; *Mr. Storm*, Walter Connolly; *Paul Lang*, James Bush; *Smallman*, Colin Campbell; *Hortense*, Peggy Montgomery; *Elizabeth*, Margaret Marquis; *Bobby*, Marjorie Cavalier; *Mary*, Virginia Hall; *Katza*, Kay Hammond.

"FASHIONS OF 1934"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Harry Collins and Warren Duff. Adapted by Gene Markey and Kathryn Scola. Screen play by F. Hugh Herbert and Carl Erickson. Directed by William Dieterle. The cast: *Sherwood Nash*, William Powell; *Lynn*, Bette Davis; *Snap*, Frank McHugh; *The Duchess*, Verree Teasdale; *Baroque*, Reginald Owen; *M. Sautier*, Hobart Cavanaugh; *Duryea*, Henry O'Neill; *Jimmy*, Phillip Reed; *Joe Ward*, Hugh Herbert; *Harry*, Gordon Westcott; *Glenda*, Dorothy Burgess; *Glass*, Etienne Girardot; *Feldman*, William Burress; *Mrs. Van Tyle*, Nella Walker; *Telephone Man*, Spencer Charters; *Caponelli*, George Humbert; *Jules*, Frank Darien; *Book-seller*, Harry Beresford; *Mme. Margot*, Helen Freeman.

"FLYING DOWN TO RIO"—RKO-RADIO.—From the story by Louis Brock. Screen play by Cyril Hume, H. W. Hanemann and Erwin Gelsey. Directed by Thornton Freeland. The cast: *Belinda de Rezende*, Dolores Del Rio; *Roger Bond*, Gene Raymond; *Don Julio*, Raul Roulien; *Ginger Bell*, Ginger Rogers; *Fred*



Russia comes to our shores in an enchanting form when England sends her screen version of "Catherine the Great." *Katushka* is played by Joan Gardner, pretty enough to make anyone want to go native. Doug, Jr., czared in this picture, while Marlene Dietrich did another version of *Catherine* in Hollywood

Ayres, Fred Astaire; *Dona Elena*, Blanche Friderici; *Señor de Rezende*, Walter Walker; *Colored Singer*, Etta Moten; *Greek*, Roy D'Arcy; *Greek*, Maurice Black; *Greek*, Armand Kaliz; *Mayor*, Paul Porcasi; *Banker*, Reginald Barlow.

"FOG"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Valentine Williams and Dorothy Rice Sims. Screen play by Ethel Hill and Dore Schary. Directed by Albert Rogell. The cast: *Brown*, Donald Cook; *Mary*, Mary Brian; *Dr. Winslow*, Reginald Denny; *Holt*, Robert McWade; *Alva*, Helen Freeman; *Dickens*, Samuel Hinds; *Mullaney*, George Pat Collins; *Captain*, Edwin Maxwell; *Mrs. Jackson*, Maude Eburne; *Mrs. Bentley*, Marjorie Gateson.

"FOUR FRIGHTENED PEOPLE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by E. Arnot-Robertson. Screen play by Bartlett Cormack and Lenore Coffee. Directed by Cecil B. DeMille. The cast: *Judith Jones*, Claudette Colbert; *Arnold Ainger*, Herbert Marshall; *Mrs. Mardick*, Mary Boland; *Stewart Corder*, William Gargan; *Montague*, Leo Carrillo; *Mrs. Ainger*, Nella Walker; *Native Chief*, Tetsu Komai; *Native Boatman*, Chris Pin Martin; *Native*, Joe de la Cruz; *First Sakai*, Minoru Nishida; *Second Sakai*, Teru Shimada; *Third Sakai*, E. R. Jinadas; *Fourth Sakai*, Delmar Costello.

"FUGITIVE LOVERS"—M-G-M.—From the story by Ferdinand Reyher and Frank Wead. Screen play by Albert Hackett, Frances Goodrich and George B. Seitz. Directed by Richard Boleslavsky. The cast: *Porter*, Robert Montgomery; *Letty*, Madge Evans; *Withington*, Ted Healy; *"Legs"*, Nat Pendleton; *Daly*, C. Henry Gordon; *Babe*, Ruth Selwyn; *Three Julians*, Larry Fine, Moe Howard, Jerry Howard.

"GOING HOLLYWOOD"—M-G-M.—From the story by Frances Marion. Screen play by Donald Ogden Stewart. Directed by Raoul Walsh. The cast: *Sylvia Bruce*, Marion Davies; *Bill Williams*, Bing Crosby; *Lili Yvonne*, Fifi Dorsay; *Ernest B. Baker*, Stuart Erwin; *Conroy*, Ned Sparks; *Jill*, Patsy Kelly; *Thompson*, Bobby Watson. Also: Three Radio Rogues.

"HIPS, HIPS, HOORAY"—RKO-RADIO.—From the screen play by Harry Ruby, Bert Kalmar and Edward Kaufman. Directed by Mark Sandrich. The cast: *Bert*, Bert Wheeler; *Bob*, Robert Woolsey; *Ruth Etting*, Ruth Etting; *Miss Frisby*, Thelma Todd; *Daisy*, Dorothy Lee; *Beauchamp*, George Meeker; *Mulligan*, James Burtis; *Sweeney*, Matt Briggs; *Mr. Clark*, Spencer Charters.

"HIS DOUBLE LIFE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the novel "Buried Alive" and the play "The Great Adventure" by Arnold Bennett. Directed by Arthur Hopkins. The cast: *Alice*, Lillian Gish; *Priam Farrel*, Roland Young; *Duncan Farrel*, Montagu Love; *Oxford*, Lumsden Hare; *Mrs. Leek*, Lucy Beaumont; *Will*, Charles Richman; *Leek Twins*, Oliver Smith and Philip Tonge; *Henry Leek*, Roland Hogue; *Lady Helen*, Audrey Ridgwell.

"I AM SUZANNE!"—FOX.—From the screen play by Rowland V. Lee and Edwin Justus Mayer. Directed by Rowland V. Lee. The cast: *Suzanne*, Lilian Harvey; *Tony*, Gene Raymond; *Baron*, Leslie Banks; *Mama*, Georgia Caine; *Fifi*, Geneva Mitchell; *Dr. Lorenzo*, Halliwell Hobbes; *Luigi*, Murray Kinnell; *Manager*, Edward Keane. Also: Podrecca's Piccoli Marionettes.

"I LIKE IT THAT WAY"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Harry Sauber. Screen play by Chandler Sprague and Joseph Santley. Directed by Harry Lachman. The cast: *Anne Rogers*, Gloria Stuart; *Jack Anderson*, Roger Pryor; *Joan Anderson*, Marian Marsh; *Peggy*, Shirley Grey; *Mrs. Anderson*, Lucille Gleason; *Stuart*, Noel Madison; *Trixie*, Gloria Shea; *Elsie*, Mae Busch; *Information Girl*, Merna Kennedy; *The Professor*, Clarence Wilson; *Pupil*, Eddie Gribbon; *Messenger Boy*, Mickey Rooney; *Harry Rogers*, John Darrow.

"KADETTEN" ("Cadets")—REICHSFILMFILM PROD.—Directed by George Jacoby. The cast: *General von Zeddin*, Albert Bassermann; *Helene*, Trude von Molo; *Rudolf*, Franz Fiedler; *Der Richter*, Friedrich Kayssler; *Rittmeister von Maltzahn*, Johannes Riemann; *Hauptmann Berra*, Paul Otto; *Hilda*, Ellen Schwannicke; *Von Brunning*, Hans Zecht-Ballot; *Mueller*, J. Mylong-Munz; *Von Zerbitz*, Karl Ballhaus.

"LAST ROUND-UP, THE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Zane Grey. Screen play by Jack Cunningham. Directed by Henry Hathaway. The cast: *Jim Cleve*, Randolph Scott; *Joan Randall*, Barbara Fritchie; *Jack Kells*, Monte Blue; *Sam Gulden*, Fred Kohler; *Bunko McGee*, Fuzzy Knight; *Judge Savin*, Richard Carle; *Charley Benson*, Barton MacLane; *Sheriff*, Charles Middleton; *Shrimp*, Frank Rice; *Rush*, Dick Rush; *Old Man Tracy*, Buck Connors; *Scarface*, Bob Miles; *First Miner*, Sam Allen; *Second Miner*, Ben Corbett; *Bartender*, Jack Holmes; *First Outlaw*, Jim Corey; *Second Outlaw*, James Mason.

"LET'S FALL IN LOVE"—COLUMBIA.—From the screen play by Herbert Fields. Directed by David Burton. The cast: *Ken*, Edmund Lowe; *Jean*, Ann Sothorn; *Gerry*, Miriam Jordan; *Max*, Gregory Ratoff; *Lisa*, Greta Meyer; *Allen*, Anderson Lawlor; *Forsell*, Tala Birell; *Nellie*, Ruth Warren; *Svente*, John Qualen; *Composer*, Arthur Jarrett; *Agatha*, Marjorie

Gateson; *Archie*, Niles Welch; *Ray*, Kane Richmond; *Star*, Ethel Clayton; *Secretary*, Lorin Raker; *Barton*, Selmer Jackson; *Garland*, Charles Giblyn; *Trent*, Michael Visaroff; *Roland*, Edwin Stanley.

"MADAME SPY"—UNIVERSAL.—From the play "Unter False Flagge" by Max Kimmich. Screen play by William Hurlbut. Directed by Karl Freund. The cast: *Maria*, Fay Wray; *Capt. Franck*, Nils Asther; *Schultz*, Edward Arnold; *Weber*, John Miljan; *Seefeldt*, David Torrence; *Karl*, Douglas Walton; *Pahlke*, Oscar Apfel; *Peter*, Vince Barnett; *Sulkin*, Robert Ellis; *Lulu*, Mabel Marden; *Petroskie*, Alden Chase; *Baum*, Rollo Lloyd.

"MAN OF TWO WORLDS"—RKO-RADIO.—From the story by Ainsworth Morgan. Screen play by Howard J. Green and Ainsworth Morgan. Directed by J. Walter Ruben. The cast: *Aigo*, Francis Lederer; *Joan*, Elissa Landi; *Sir Basil*, Henry Stephenson; *Michael*, J. Farrell MacDonald; *Eric Pager*, Walter Byron; *Tim*, Forrester Harvey; *Dr. Lott*, Ivan Simpson; *Capt. Swan*, Lumsden Hare; *Guinana*, Steffi Duna; *Olago*, Sarah Padden; *Knudson*, Christian Rub; *Natkusiak*, Emile Chautard; *Mrs. Natusiak*, Gertrude Wise.

"MARRIAGE ON APPROVAL"—FREULER FILM.—From the story by Priscilla Wayne. Adapted by Olga Printzlau. Directed by Howard Higgin. The cast: *Barbara Kent*, William Farnum; *Leila McIntyre*, Donald Dillaway; *Edward Woods*, Dorothy Granger; *Phyllis Barry*, Otis Harlan; *Lucille Ward* and *Clarence Geldert*.

"MASSACRE"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Robert Gessner and Ralph Block. Screen play by Ralph Block and Sheridan Gibney. Directed by Alan Crosland. The cast: *Joe Thunder Horse*, Richard Barthelmess; *Lydia*, Ann Dvorak; *Quisberry*, Dudley Digges; *Dickinson*, Henry O'Neill; *Cochran*, Wallis Clark; *Norma*, Claire Dodd; *Charles Moffitt*, George Blackwood; *Sam*, Clarence Muse; *Dawson*, Robert Barrat; *Grandy*, William V. Mong; *Jake*, Tully Marshall; *Dr. Turner*, Arthur Hohl; *Jennie*, Agnes Maicho; *Adam*, James Eagles; *Judge Eldridge*, Samuel Hinds; *Scatters*, Charles Middleton; *Shanks*, Sidney Toler; *Missionary*, Frank McGlynn, Sr.

"MEANEST GAL IN TOWN, THE"—RKO-RADIO.—From the story by Arthur Horman. Screen play by Richard Schayer, Russell Mack and H. W. Hanemann. Directed by Russell Mack. The cast: *Tillie*, ZaSu Pitts; *Lulu*, Pert Kelton; *Chris*, El Brendel; *Duke*, James Gleason; *Jack*, Richard "Skeets" Gallagher; *Clark*, Edward McWade.

"MISS FANE'S BABY IS STOLEN"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Rupert Hughes. Screen play by Adela Rogers St. Johns. Directed by Alexander Hall. The cast: *Miss Madeline Fane*, Dorothea Wieck; *Mrs. Molly Prentiss*, Alice Brady; *Michael Fane*, Baby LeRoy; *Captain Murphy*, William Frawley; *MacCreedy*, George Barbier; *Sam*, Alan Hale; *Bert*, Jack LaRue; *Dolly*, Dorothy Burgess; *Agnes*, Florence Roberts; *Joel Prentiss*, Irving Bacon; *Johnny Prentiss*, George "Spanky" McFarland; *Judge*, Edwin Maxwell; *Chief of Police*, Charles Wilson.

"MOULIN ROUGE"—20TH CENTURY-UNITED ARTISTS.—From the story by Lajon de Bri. Screen play by Nunnally Johnson and Henry Lehrman. Directed by Sidney Lanfield. The cast: *Helen*, Constance Bennett; *Douglas*, Franchot Tone; *LeMaire*, Tullio Carminati; *Mrs. Morris*, Helen Westley; *McBride*, Andrew Toombes; *Joe*, Russ Brown; *Drunk*, Hobart Cavanaugh; *Frenchman*, Georges Renavent; *Eddie*, Fuzzy Knight; *Ramon*, Ivan Lebedeff.

"NANA"—SAMUEL GOLDWYN-UNITED ARTISTS.—From the novel by Emile Zola. Screen play by Willard Mack and Harry Wagstaff Gribble. Directed by Dorothy Arzner. The cast: *Nana*, Anna Sten; *Lt. George Muffat*, Phillips Holmes; *Col. Andre Muffat*, Lionel Atwill; *Greiner*, Richard Bennett; *Satin*, Mae Clarke; *Mimi*, Muriel Kirkland; *Bordenave*, Reginald Owen; *Zoe*, Jessie Ralph; *Grand Duke Alexis*, Lawrence Grant.

"ORIENT EXPRESS"—FOX.—From the story by Graham Greene. Screen play by Paul Martin, Carl Hovey and Oscar Levant. Directed by Paul Martin. The cast: *Coral Musker*, Heather Angel; *Carlton Myatt*, Norman Foster; *Dr. Czinner*, Ralph Morgan; *Mr. Peters*, Herbert Mundin; *Mrs. Peters*, Una O'Connor; *Janet Pardoe*, Irene Ware; *Mabel Warren*, Dorothy Burgess; *Anna*, Lisa Gora; *Conductor*, William Irving; *Josef Grunlich*, Roy D'Arcy; *Major Petkovich*, Perry Ivans; *Colonel Harlep*, Fredrik Vogeding; *Lieut. Alexitch*, Marc Lobell.

"PALOOKA"—RELIANCE-UNITED ARTISTS.—From the story based on the comic strip by Ham Fisher. Screen play by Gertrude Purcell, Jack Jevne and Arthur Kober. Directed by Benjamin Stoloff. The cast: *Knobby Walsh*, Jimmy Durante; *Nina Madero*, Lupe Velez; *Joe Palooka*, Stuart Erwin; *Mayme Palooka*, Marjorie Rambeau; *Pete Palooka*, Robert Armstrong; *Anna*, Mary Carlisle; *Al McSwall*, William Cagney; *Trixie*, Thelma Todd; *Doc Wise*, Franklyn Ardell; *Whitey*, Tom Dugan; *Slats*, Guinn Williams; *Blacky*, Stanley Fields.

"POOR RICH, THE"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Ebba Havez. Screen play by Ebba Havez



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and Dale Van Every. Directed by Edward Sedgwick. The cast: *Albert*, Edward Everett Horton; *Harriet*, Edna May Oliver; *Andy*, Andy Devine; *Grace*, Leila Hyams; *Tom*, Grant Mitchell; *Gwendolyn*, Thelma Todd; *Lady Featherstone*, Una O'Connor; *Lord Featherstone*, E. E. Clive; *Abdul*, Andre Beranger; *Arbulnot*, Sidney Bracy; *Station Agent*, Jack Clifford; *Tony*, Henry Armetta; *Motor Cop*, Ward Bond.

"POPPIN' THE CORK"—FOX-EDUCATIONAL.—From the story by Harold Atteridge. Directed by Jack White. The cast: Milton Berle, Norma Taylor, Mary Cole and Gertrude Mudge.

"QUEEN CHRISTINA"—M-G-M.—From the story by Salka Viertel and Margaret P. Levino. Screen play by H. M. Harwood and Salka Viertel. Directed by Rouben Mamoulian. The cast: *Christina*, Greta Garbo; *Antonio*, John Gilbert; *Magnus*, Ian Keith; *Oxenstierna*, Lewis Stone; *Ebba*, Elizabeth Young; *Aage*, C. Aubrey Smith; *Charles*, Reginald Owen; *French Ambassador*, Georges Renavent; *Archbishop*, David Torrence; *General*, Gustav von Seyffertitz; *Innkeeper*, Ferdinand Munier.

"SAGEBRUSH TRAIL"—MONOGRAM.—From the story by Lindsley Parsons. Directed by Armand Schaefer. The cast: *John Brant*, John Wayne; *Bob Jones*, Lane Chandler; *Sally Blake*, Nancy Shubert; *Ed Walsh*, Yakima Canutt; *Sheriff Parker*, Robert Burns; *Deputy Sheriff*, Wally Wales; *Dad Blake*, Henry Hall; *Blind Pete*, Bill Dwyer; *Henchman*, Art Mix.

"SEARCH FOR BEAUTY, THE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by David Boehm and Maurine Watkins. Screen play by Frank Butler and Claude Binyon. Directed by Erle C. Kenton. The cast: *Don Jackson*, Larry "Buster" Crabbe; *Barbara Hilton*, Ida Lupino; *Sally*, Toby Wing; *Dan Healey*, James Gleason; *Larry Williams*, Robert Armstrong; *Jean Strange*, Gertrude Michael; *Newspaper Reporter*, Roscoe Karns; *Susie*, Verna Hillie; *Caretaker*, "Pop" Kenton; *Reverend Rankin*, Frank McGlynn, Sr. Also: Thirty winners of the International Beauty Contest.

"SIN OF NORA MORAN, THE"—MAJESTIC PICTURES.—From the play by Willis Maxwell Goodhue. Screen play by Francis Hyland. Directed by Phil Goldstone. The cast: *Nora Moran*, Zita Johann; *John Grant*, Alan Dinehart; *Bill Crawford*, Paul Cavanagh; *Paulino*, John Miljan; *Mrs. Crawford*, Claire Dubrey; *Mrs. Watts*, Sarah Padden; *Father*

Ryan, H. B. Walthall; *Nora (child)*, Cora Sue Collins; *Mrs. Moran*, Aggie Herring; *Mr. Moran*, Otis Harlan.

"SON OF KONG, THE"—RKO-RADIO.—From the story by Ruth Rose. Directed by Ernest B. Schoedsack. The cast: *Robert Denham*, Robert Armstrong; *Hilda*, Helen Mack; *Englehorn*, Frank Reicher; *Helstrom*, John Marston; *Chinese crew member*, Victor Wong; *Mickey*, Lee Kohlmar; *Red*, Ed Brady; *Peterson*, Clarence Wilson; *Mrs. Hudson*, Katherine Claire Ward; *Girl Reporter*, Gertrude Short; *Servant girl*, Gertrude Sutton; *Chinese trader*, James B. Leong; *Native chief*, Noble Johnson; *Wilch King*, Steve Clemente; *Process server*, Frank O'Connor.

"SONS OF THE DESERT"—HAL ROACH-M-G-M.—From the story by Frank Craven and Byron Morgan. Directed by William A. Seiter. The cast: *Stan Laurel*, Stan Laurel; *Oliver Hardy*, Oliver Hardy; *Charley Chase*, Charley Chase; *Mrs. Hardy*, Mae Busch; *Mrs. Laurel*, Dorothy Christy; *The Doctor*, Lucien Littlefield.

"TWO ALONE"—RKO-RADIO.—From the play "Wild Birds" by Dan Totheroh. Screen play by Josephine Lovett and Joseph Moncure March. Directed by Elliott Nugent. The cast: *Mazie*, Jean Parker; *Adam*, Tom Brown; *Esthey*, ZaSu Pitts; *Slag*, Arthur Byron; *Mrs. Slag*, Beulah Bondi; *Corie*, Nydia Westman; *Marshal*, Willard Robertson; *Sandy*, Charles Grapewin; *Mill*, Emerson Treacy; *Sheriff*, Paul Nicholson.

"WHEELS OF DESTINY"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Nate Gatzert. Directed by Alan James. The cast: *Ken Manning*, Ken Maynard; *Mary*, Dorothy Dix; *Rocky*, Philo McCullough; *Pinwheel*, Frank Rice; *Bill*, Jay Wilsey; *Dad*, Ed Coxen; *"Scalp-em-Alive"*, Fred Sale, Jr.; *Red*, Fred Mackaye; *Ed*, Jack Rockwell; *Deacon*, William Gould; *Trapper*, Nelson McDowell; *Tarzan*, Tarzan.

"WOMAN'S MAN, A"—MONOGRAM.—From the story "The Great God Fourflush" by Adela Rogers St. Johns. Adapted by Frances Hyland. Directed by Edward Ludwig. The cast: *Tom Cleary*, John Halliday; *Gloria Jordan*, Marguerite de la Motte; *Joe Flynn*, Wallace Ford; *Molly Evans*, Kitty Kelly; *Roger W. Penley*, Jameson Thomas; *Pete Miller*, Tom Dugan; *Ralph Mallon*, Wallis Clark; *Walter Payson*, Don Douglas; *Crane*, Leigh Allen; *Assistant Director*, George Mayo; *Fight Announcer*, Harry Green; *Joe Ferrera*, Jack Perry; *Blonde*, Billie Van Every.



Lots of Iowans go to California, but Margaret Lindsay is the only one we know who got there via the English stage. Born in the tall-corn state, she got her big break in pictures ("Cavalcade") because of her perfect English accent. Margaret's latest is "Lady Killer," the Jimmy Cagney film

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17]

MASTER OF MEN—Columbia.—Both the plot and the dialogue are old. But there's a good cast, including Jack Holt, as the mill hand who rises to financial power; Fay Wray, his wife; Walter Connolly, Theodore Von Eltz, Berton Churchill. (Feb.)

MEET THE BARON—M-G-M.—Jack Pearl's film version of his radio nonsense about Baron Munchausen. Grand support; often hilarious. (Dec.)

MIDNIGHT CLUB—Paramount.—George Raft plays crook to catch chief crook Clive Brook, but falls in love with Helen Vinson, one of the gang. Not as good as the grand cast suggests it should be. (Oct.)

MIDSHIPMAN JACK—RKO-Radio.—A colorful story of Annapolis and a careless midshipman who makes good. Bruce Cabot, Betty Furness, Frank Albertson, others. (Dec.)

★ **MOONLIGHT AND PRETZELS**—Universal.—Leo Carrillo, Lillian Miles, Roger Pryor, Mary Brian, in a musical. Familiar theme but excellent numbers. (Nov.)

★ **MORNING GLORY, THE**—RKO-Radio.—Katharine Hepburn at her superb best in a story of a country girl determined to make good on the stage. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Adolphe Menjou, Mary Duncan. (Oct.)

MR. SKITCH—Fox.—The trip West in the family rattler of *Mr. and Mrs. Skitch* (Will Rogers and ZaSu Pitts) provides laughs galore. Florence Desmond's impersonations are grand. (Feb.)

MY LIPS BETRAY—Fox.—A musical comedy kingdom in which cabaret singer Lillian Harvey falls in love with king John Boles, and is loved by him. El Brendel. Fair. (Jan.)

MY WOMAN—Columbia.—Wally Ford gets a radio break when his wife, Helen Twelvetrees, vamps Victor Jory into the idea. But success goes to Wally's head; he loses his job—and his wife. (Jan.)

★ **MY WEAKNESS**—Fox.—Lilian Harvey as a Cinderella coached by Lew Ayres to catch his rich uncle's son, Charles Butterworth. Charles is a riot. (Dec.)

MYRT AND MARGE—Universal.—Two popular radio stars do their stuff for the movies; an amusing little musical. (Nov.)

★ **NIGHT FLIGHT**—M-G-M.—All star cast, with two Barrymores, Helen Hayes, Robert Montgomery, Myrna Loy, Clark Gable, others. Not much plot, but gripping tension and great acting, as night flying starts in the Argentine. (Nov.)

NO MARRIAGE TIES—RKO-Radio.—Richard Dix as a brilliant sot who makes good in advertising, with Elizabeth Allan clinging to him. Good Dix stuff. (Sept.)

OLSEN'S BIG MOMENT—Fox.—El Brendel is not only a janitor, but a matchmaker and a caretaker for an intoxicated bridegroom. Plenty of laughs. Walter Catlett and Barbara Weeks. (Jan.)

★ **ONE MAN'S JOURNEY**—RKO-Radio.—Lionel Barrymore struggles from obscurity to universal esteem as a self-sacrificing, conscientious country doctor. May Robson, David Landau, Joel McCrea, others, in support. (Nov.)

ONE SUNDAY AFTERNOON—Paramount.—Dentist Gary Cooper suddenly finds his life-long enemy in his dental chair, at his mercy, and thinks back over it all. Direction could have done better with cast and story. (Nov.)

ONE YEAR LATER—Allied.—Melodrama that turns a slow start into a good finish. Mary Brian and Donald Dillaway. (Oct.)

★ **ONLY YESTERDAY**—Universal.—It's a hit for Margaret Sullavan in the rôle of a girl who kept the secret of her unwise love from her lover, John Boles, for many years. Splendid direction. (Jan.)

★ **PADDY, THE NEXT BEST THING**—Fox.—Janet Gaynor in a whimsical, delightful story of an Irish madcap girl who doesn't want big sister Margaret Lindsay forced to marry rich planter Warner Baxter. (Nov.)



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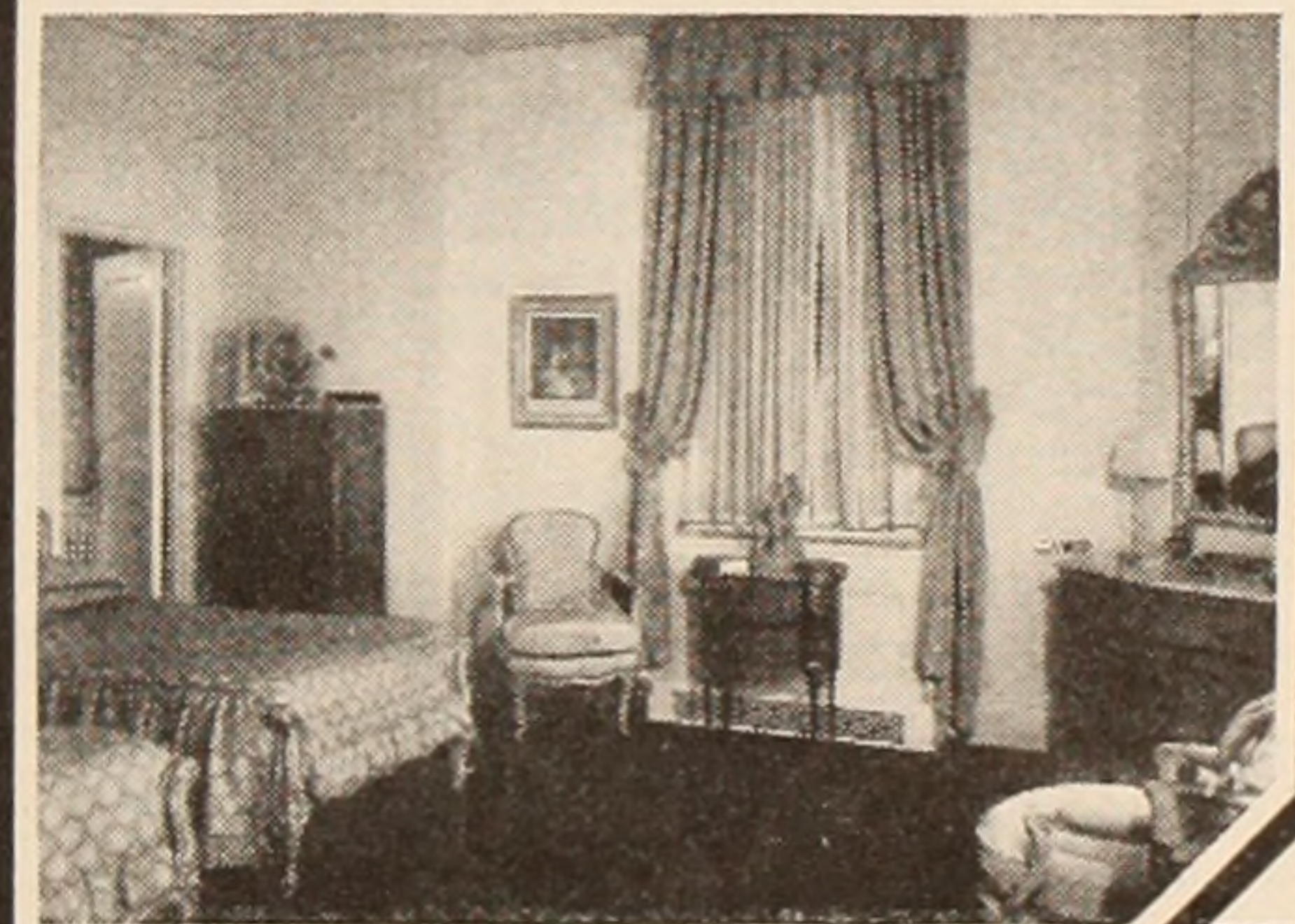
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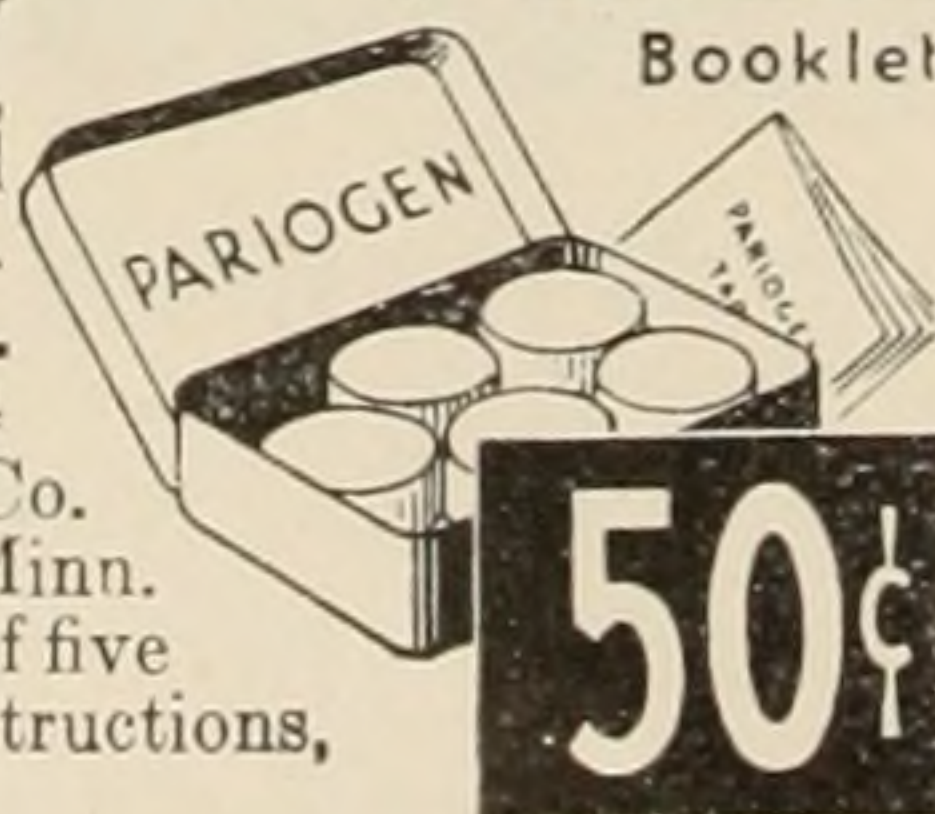
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★ **PENTHOUSE—M-G-M.**—Standard melodrama about a "high life" murder, but thrillingly done by Warner Baxter, C. Henry Gordon, Myrna Loy, Phillips Holmes, Mae Clarke, and others. (Nov.)

PICTURE BRIDES—Allied.—Scarlet sisters, diamond miners, and not much else. (Dec.)

POIL DE CAROTTE (THE RED HEAD)—Pathe-Natan.—Redhead Robert Lynen splendid as the lonely boy who tries to hang himself. English captions. (Sept.)

POLICE CALL—Showmens Pictures.—Wild adventures in Guatemala; a mediocre film. (Nov.)

POLICE CAR 17—Columbia.—Tim McCoy, in a radio squad car, chases a crook, and winds up in marriage with Evalyn Knapp, daughter of the police lieutenant. Just so-so. (Jan.)

POWER AND THE GLORY, THE—Fox.—Ralph Morgan relates the life story of his friend the railroad president (Spencer Tracy). Colleen Moore "comes back" in this. Unusual and good. (Sept.)

★ **PRIVATE LIFE OF HENRY VIII, THE—**London Film-United Artists.—Charles Laughton superb and also gorgeously funny as the royal Bluebeard; photography is inspired. (Dec.)

★ **PRIZEFIGHTER AND THE LADY, THE—**M-G-M.—With Myrna Loy to make love to, and Carnera to fight, Max Baer is the hero of one of the best ring pictures yet made. He'll challenge any lady-killer now. (Jan.)

QUATORZE JUILLET ("JULY 14")—Protex Pictures.—A taxi driver and a girl enjoy the French national holiday together. The comedy can be better appreciated by those who know French. Fair. (Jan.)

★ **RAFTER ROMANCE—RKO-Radio.**—Scrambled plot, but good fun. Two down-and-out youngsters (Ginger Rogers and Norman Foster) sent to live in the attic because they can't pay the rent. Unknown to each other, they meet on the outside. Then the fun begins. (Oct.)

RETURN OF CASEY JONES, THE—Mono-gram.—A disjointed railroad melodrama. (Sept.)

★ **RIGHT TO ROMANCE, THE—RKO-**Radio.—Ann Harding, a plastic surgeon, tired of success and eager for love and adventure, marries playboy Robert Young, while constant doctor admirer Nils Asther patiently awaits the outcome. Sophisticated. (Feb.)

★ **ROMAN SCANDALS—Samuel Goldwyn-**United Artists.—Quite different from the ordinary musical. With Eddie Cantor and a bevy of beauties; Ruth Etting of radio fame; some lavish dance ensembles, and a chariot race that's thrilling to the finish. (Feb.)

SATURDAY'S MILLIONS—Universal.—Football hero Robert Young thinks the game a racket, but finds it isn't. Bright and fast. (Dec.)

SAVAGE GOLD—Harold Auten Prod.—A corking travel film, showing the Jivaro Indians of the upper Amazon. You'll see human heads shrunk to the size of oranges, among other gruesome thrills. (Oct.)

SECRET OF THE BLUE ROOM, THE—Uni-versal.—Well-sustained melodrama about a sealed and deadly room. Gloria Stuart, William Janney, Paul Lukas, Onslow Stevens. (Sept.)

SHANGHAI MADNESS—Fox.—Melodrama in China; Spencer Tracy, Eugene Pallette, Fay Wray, better than the story. (Nov.)

SHEPHERD OF SEVEN HILLS, THE—Faith Pictures.—A finely done camera visit to the Vatican, with scenes showing Pope Pius XI. (Nov.)

★ **SHOULD LADIES BEHAVE?—M-G-M.**—(Reviewed under title "The Vinegar Tree.")—Mary Carlisle won't listen to reason when her parents, Alice Brady and Lionel Barrymore, try to keep her from marrying suave Conway Tearle. Amusing. (Jan.)

SING SINNER SING—Majestic Pictures.—Torch singer Leila Hyams tries to reform hubby Don Dillaway. Paul Lukas, George Stone also in cast. So-so. (Oct.)

SITTING PRETTY—Paramount.—Five popular songs do much for this musical. Song writers Jack Oakie and Jack Haley meet Ginger Rogers as they hitch-hike to Hollywood. Entire cast splendid. Fan dance finale at end, effective. (Feb.)

SKYWAY—Monogram.—A humdrum thriller about an airplane pilot, played by newcomer Ray Walker. (Oct.)

SLEEPLESS NIGHTS—Remington Pictures.—The old farce idea of a man and girl supposed to be married, and thrust into bedrooms accordingly; but it's better than most British attempts at humor. (Oct.)

SMOKY—Fox.—The life story of Will James' wild colt "Smoky," from colthood to "old age." Victor Jory turns in a good performance as broncbuster. (Feb.)

SOLITAIRE MAN, THE—M-G-M.—Crooked doings in an airplane. Herbert Marshall, Lionel Atwill, and Mary Boland as a screamingly funny American tourist. (Nov.)

SON OF A SAILOR—First National.—Joe E. Brown has a weakness for gold braid and pretty girls including Thelma Todd. Good, clean fun. (Jan.)

SONG OF SONGS, THE—Paramount.—A once-thrilling classic about artist-model Marlene Dietrich, deserted by artist Brian Aherne, and married to blustering baron Lionel Atwill. Charming; not stirring. (Sept.)

S. O. S. ICEBERG—Universal.—Thrilling and chilling adventure adrift on an iceberg; marvelous rescue flying. (Dec.)

SPECIAL INVESTIGATOR—Universal.—Onslow Stevens and Wynne Gibson are rounded up as murder suspects. When things look darkest, Wynne saves the day. Too mystifying to be easily followed. (Jan.)

STAGE MOTHER—M-G-M.—Alice Brady and Maureen O'Sullivan in an "ambitious mother and suppressed daughter" tale; Alice Brady's great work keeps it from being boring. (Dec.)

★ **STORM AT DAYBREAK—M-G-M.**—Kay Francis and Nils Asther two unwilling points of a triangle, with Serbian mayor Walter Huston as the third. A powerful story of war days in Sarajevo. (Sept.)

STRANGE CASE OF TOM MOONEY, THE—First Division.—Newsreel material showing Mooney's side of this noted case. Effectively done. (Oct.)

STRANGER'S RETURN, THE—M-G-M.—The folks secretly detest rich, crotchety farmer Lionel Barrymore—all except city granddaughter Miriam Hopkins. Grand "back to the farm" feeling; superb acting. (Sept.)

STRAWBERRY ROAN—Universal.—Ken Maynard and Ruth Hall good; but the horses are so fine, humans weren't needed. An exceptional Western. (Dec.)

SWEETHEART OF SIGMA CHI, THE—Mono-gram.—Buster Crabbe and Mary Carlisle ornament an otherwise so-so tale of college life. (Dec.)

SYAMA—Carson Prod.—The elephant doings here might have made a one-reel short; otherwise, there's nothing. (Nov.)

TAKE A CHANCE—Paramount.—Tent-show crooks James Dunn and Cliff Edwards try to build up June Knight for Broadway. Lilian Bond and Buddy Rogers. Excellent musical numbers. (Jan.)

TARZAN THE FEARLESS—Principal.—Buster Crabbe doing Johnny Weissmuller stuff in a disjointed Tarzan tale. Indifferent film fare. (Nov.)

★ **THIS DAY AND AGE—Paramount.**—Cecil B. DeMille produces a grim but gripping story of boys who clean up on a gangster when the police fail. A challenging picture that everyone will talk about. (Oct.)

THIS IS AMERICA—Frederick Ullman, Jr. Prod.—Newsreel material, brilliantly selected and assembled by Gilbert Seldes, tells the story of America from 1917 to the present. Well worth seeing. (Oct.)

★ **THREE-CORNERED MOON—Paramount.**—Nicely done comedy about an impractical, happy family. Mary Boland the impractical mama; Claudette Colbert the daughter, in love with would-be author Hardie Albright. But Doctor Dick Arlen moves in and upsets things. (Oct.)

THUNDERING HERD, THE—Paramount.—A well-directed Zane Grey tale with old-timers Harry Carey, Monte Blue, Noah Beery and Raymond Hatton. Randolph Scott and Judith Allen provide love interest. (Feb.)

TILLIE AND GUS—Paramount.—Even W. C. Fields and Alison Skipworth couldn't make much of this would-be comedy. (Dec.)

TO THE LAST MAN—Paramount.—Randolph Scott and Esther Ralston, as representatives of feuding ex-Kentucky families, lend welcome plot variety to this good Western. (Dec.)

★ **TOO MUCH HARMONY**—Paramount.—A zippy musical enriched by Jack Oakie, Bing Crosby, many other A-1 laugh-getters. A riot of fun. (Nov.)

TORCH SINGER—Paramount.—Claudette Colbert is an unmarried mother who succeeds as a singer. Her songs are fine; Baby LeRoy. (Nov.)

TRAIL DRIVE, THE—Universal.—An acceptable Western with Ken Maynard. (Oct.)

★ **TUGBOAT ANNIE**—M-G-M.—Marie Dressler and Wally Beery provide fun running their tubgoat about Seattle. Not exactly a "Min and Bill," but splendid entertainment. (Oct.)

★ **TURN BACK THE CLOCK**—M-G-M.—Lee Tracy does a bang-up job as a man given a chance to live his life over again. Mae Clarke, Peggy Shannon, Otto Kruger, others; a fast-moving, gripping story. (Nov.)

★ **VOLTAIRE**—Warners.—A triumph for George Arliss, as the whimsical French philosopher intriguing at court. Reginald Owen superb as Louis XV. (Sept.)

WAFFLES—Helen Mitchell Prod.—They shouldn't have tried making a Southern girl of Sari Maritza. The rest of it is in keeping with this mistake. (Nov.)

WALLS OF GOLD—Fox.—Sally Eilers, others, wander dully through a dull tale about marrying for money after a lovers' falling out. (Dec.)

WALTZ TIME—Gaumont-British.—Charming music helps a dull, draggy story. (Dec.)

WAY TO LOVE, THE—Paramount.—Maurice Chevalier wants to be a Paris guide, but finds himself sheltering gypsy Ann Dvorak in his roof-top home. Plenty of fun then. (Dec.)

WHAT PRICE INNOCENCE?—Columbia.—Parents Minna Gombell, Bryant Washburn, won't tell daughter Jean Parker the truth about sex, as advised by doctor Willard Mack; tragedy follows. A powerful sermon. (Sept.)

WHITE WOMAN—Paramount.—Charles Laughton, ruler of African jungle kingdom, discovers that Carole Lombard, cast-off, whom he is sheltering, has fallen in love with Kent Taylor. And what blood-curdling horror follows! (Jan.)

WILD BOYS OF THE ROAD—First National.—A well-done story of youngsters who turned hoboes during the depression. (Dec.)

WINE, WOMEN AND SONG—Monogram.—To save her daughter (Marjorie Moore), in love with dance director Matty Kemp, from clutches of theatrical operator Lew Cody, Lilyan Tashman poisons Lew and herself. Nothing new here. (Feb.)

WOMAN I STOLE, THE—Columbia.—Hergeheimer's "Tampico" done in Algeria. Big oil man Jack Holt after Donald Cook's wife, Fay Wray. Fair. (Sept.)

WOMAN WHO DARED, THE—Wm. Berke Prod.—Assisted by reporter Monroe Owsley, Claudia Dell manages to outwit gangsters who threaten to bomb her textile plant. Good cast; fair story. (Feb.)

WOMEN IN HIS LIFE, THE—M-G-M.—A very melodramatic tale about a lawyer (Otto Kruger) who finds himself in the odd position of defending the man who has murdered the woman he (Kruger) loved. Una Merkel, Roscoe Karns provide comedy relief. Ben Lyon is young love interest. (Feb.)

★ **WORLD CHANGES, THE**—First National.—Paul Muni splendid in the life story of a Dakota farm boy who amasses a fortune in the meat packing industry, but is ruined by greedy snobbish relatives. (Dec.)

WORST WOMAN IN PARIS?, THE—Fox.—Adolphe Menjou, Benita Hume, Harvey Stephens, in a mild tale about a misunderstood woman. (Dec.)

WRECKER, THE—Columbia.—So-so story about he-man Jack Holt, in the house-wrecking business, who loses his wife (Genevieve Tobin) to home-wrecker Sidney Blackmer. George E. Stone great as a junkman. (Oct.)

YOU MADE ME LOVE YOU—Majestic Pictures.—In this swift-paced English farce we see a new Thelma Todd. The "Taming of the Shrew" idea, with Stanley Lupino adding much to the film. (Feb.)

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Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 97]

ANDY DEVINE procured for himself one of those angular, precarious hillside houses in Hollywood wherein he and his new bride settled down in blissful repose.

But California had a flood, a real honest-to-goodness "unusual" flood, and it wasn't so kind to the love-nest.

Right after the deluge someone asked Andy about his homelife.

"It's a washout," he gargled ruefully.

IT'S getting to the place where they talk about practically anything in pictures now. In Fox's new "Disillusion" they have a beautiful girl who is cruel and pinches her boy friends. In another scene, the girl, played by Gertrude Michael, tries to feed John Boles strawberries—soaked in ether!

Unique idea—but we don't think it will ever be popular.

DID you know that Joan Crawford is one of the most sensitive girls in Hollywood? Unless Joan feels the people around are in complete sympathy with her, she is ill at ease and unable to work.

A new girl in the M-G-M publicity department was sent out on the Crawford set to deliver a message. Joan saw the girl standing on the side lines watching her. Instantly she became shy and imagined the girl was watching her critically.

"Who is she?" Joan demanded, "I feel sure she doesn't like me."

The girl was introduced and found to be a great Crawford fan. And from then on Joan was at perfect ease and the work went on.

YOU should see that trim, smart look about the M-G-M male stars these days. The sparkle in their eyes and the spring in their step. And it's all due to one Mike Cantwell, trainer for Max Baer. Mike has established a training station on the lot and Ramon Novarro, Clark Gable, Robert Montgomery and all the others are pupils of Mike. "I'll make Max Baers out of these actor guys yet," he boasts, and from the results it looks as if he will.

KINDA tough on all the real estaters who have been camping on Mae West's trail—but Mae has decided not to buy a house yet.



Southern belles weren't excluded in Paramount's "Search for Beauty" contest. Clara Lou Sheridan was discovered in Dallas, Texas — and she has her movie contract now



A new sound miracle emanates from the studio when Nelson Eddy, formerly of the Metropolitan Opera, New York, sings a glee club chorus to himself. He's explaining it all to Florine McKinney. Eddy records his own voice by singing different parts of a selection and makes a chorus with no other voice but his own

She likes the sound of people all around her. Says she can't get any writing done at home if somebody isn't playing a piano next door or an elevator doesn't bang now and then. Nobody but servants around is depressing. So she'll go right on living in her comfortable apartment in the center of Hollywood, where friendly sounds drift in.

IF they follow tradition, how in the world will they put a happy ending on "Napoleon"? The only way will be to let him win the Battle of Waterloo.

AND if you don't think Mary Pickford is still America's sweetheart you should have heard three college youths, home for a holiday from school, raving about little Mary. She was making personal appearances at New York's Paramount and she drew a full house every day.

THIS is one of those things that always sound like it was made up but it's the goods, honest!

Clark Gable made a request that almost bowled Producer Irving Thalberg over. Seriously, even firmly, Clark asked to be an extra just for one day on the set of "The Merry Widow." It seems that the first chore he ever did at M-G-M was a uniformed extra in the original silent version of that particular film, and now he wanted, just for sentimental reasons, to go back a few years and try to appreciate how kind fate has been to him, by standing in his old extra shoes once more.

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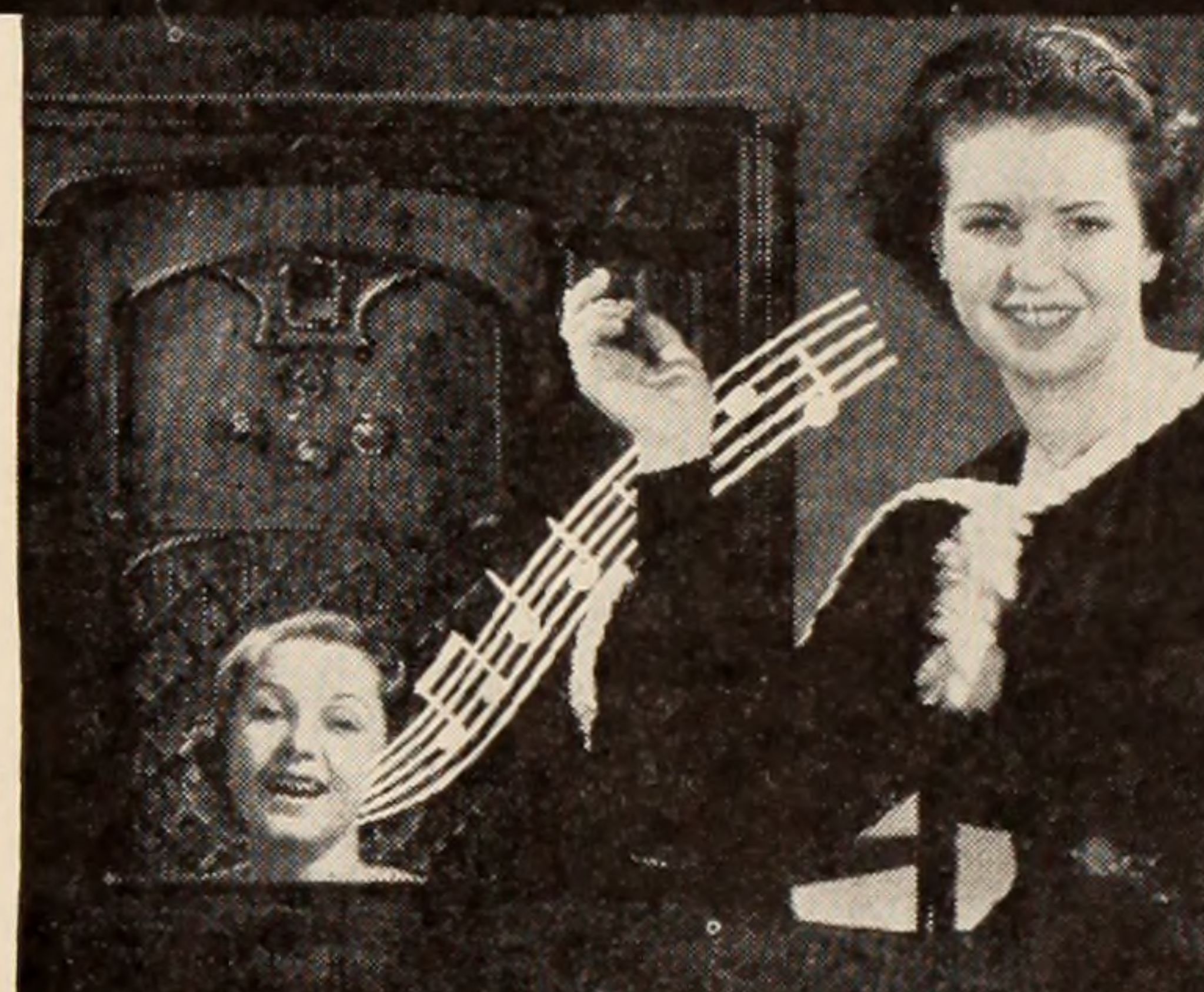
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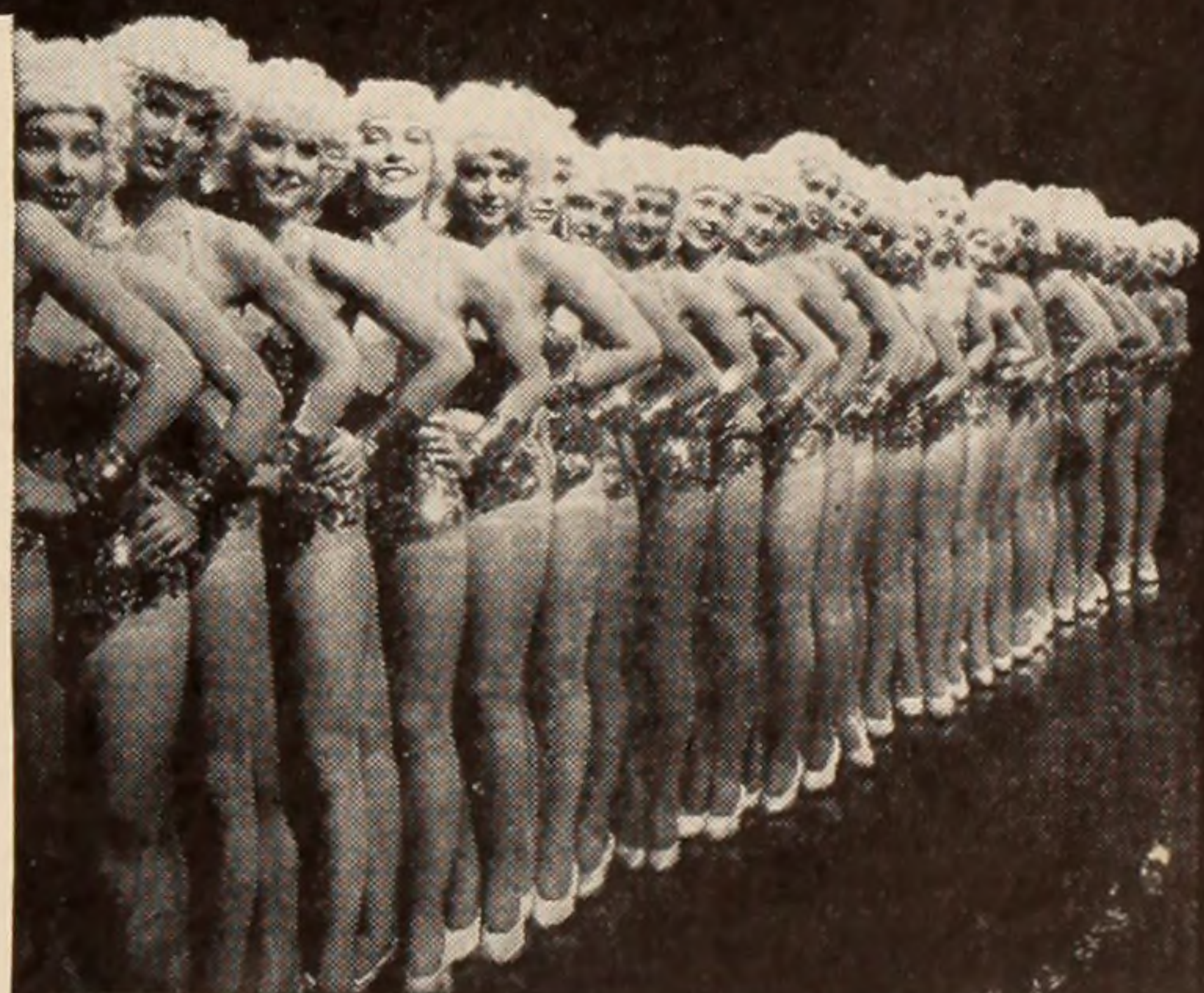
HOLLYWOOD NEWS!

High spots of life in Hollywood dramatized—to keep you as well informed as any daily visitor to the lots!



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