PHOTOPLAY

HOLLYWOOD'S FASHION AUTHORITY

25¢

FEBRUARY

CLARK GABLE
By Paul Hesse

New! COMPLETE IN THIS ISSUE
Movie Book of the Month

WE ARE NOT ALONE
BY JAMES HILTON

THE NOVEL ON WHICH THE PAUL MUNI FILM IS BASED

A FORMER ZIEGFELD GLAMOUR GIRL GIVES YOU HER SECRETS FOR AN

Alluring Complexion

Satiny, youthful skin ● Luxurious, lustrous hair
Eyes that thrill ● Facial beauty ● And all
those charms that add up to
RADIANT GLAMOUR

NOW, for the first time, you can discover how the famous beauties of the stage, screen and society maintain their alluring complexions. You can learn how to bring luscious, colorful results to the most commonplace face. How to lend sparkle to your eyes, glow to your cheeks, vividness to your lips. Yes, you can learn how to develop your beauty to glamorous proportions by merely following the simple, easy instructions contained in Helen Macfadden's new book, *Help Yourself to Beauty.*

Helen Macfadden, daughter of Bernarr Macfadden, was one of the late Florenz Ziegfeld glamour girls. She has packed her book, *Help Yourself to Beauty,* brim-full of practical, new beauty secrets — secrets that will enable you to acquire new loveliness . . . radiant beauty.

Beauty Is An Art

Today no girl need fade out of the picture because her face is not as fair as her ideals dictate. Smart girls realize that beauty is an art.

Romance comes to the girl with an alluring complexion

And beauty, like any other art, can be mastered only by following the advice of an authority. Copy the simple tricks Helen Macfadden explains in *Help Yourself to Beauty* and you can master the art of beauty.

Everyone who reads *Help Yourself to Beauty* has it within her power at this very moment to act rather than dream of what she would like to become in her physical appearance. Unless you're born with a stunning figure and a gorgeous face, the world is not going to come and seek you out. You've got to do things to yourself and for yourself if you're going to be rated as an attractive girl or woman. It's easy to visualize one's self as a radiant, lovely being. But achieving that dream is built on cleverness plus a foundation of health! Beauty is something that can be won and *Help Yourself to Beauty* will win it for you.

This practical handbook of beauty contains chapters on the care of the hair, skin, teeth, eyes, and gives a series of daily steps in beauty-building, with special attention to routines for the beautification of the figure.

Get This 180-Page Book Today

Help Yourself to Beauty has an easy, flowing style and is written in simple, understandable language. It contains 180 pages and is beautifully bound in deep red cloth. The price of this splendid book is only $1.00 postpaid. Send for your copy of this amazing book TODAY.

CRITICS RAVE OVER HELEN MACFADDEN'S BOOK

New York Mirror: A guide to health glamour via food and exercise ● **New York Times:** Advice on charm ● **New York Herald Tribune:** General and specific care of personal appearance ● **New York World-Telegram:** Helen Macfadden gives a fine list of hints which should be helpful ● **The Boston Globe:** Tells you how to be a glamour girl ● **Philadelphia Daily News:** A prerequisite to beauty ● **Newark Sunday Call:** Miss Macfadden has injected plenty of common sense into her advice to beauty seekers ● **Cincinnati, Ohio, Enquirer:** A practical new handbook of feminine loveliness ● **Charleston Gazette:** The book has an easy, flowing style and is so written that it can be followed with a minimum of mental effort and little if any concentration ● **West Palm Beach Post and Times:** Contains suggestions on diet and exercise, and takes into consideration different needs for office girls and housewives. The book is a good one ● **Winston-Salem Journal and Sentinel:** Help Yourself to Beauty is the book that tells you how to keep your zest for life and with it that "schoolgirl complexion" ● **Bridgeport, Conn., Times-Star:** A straightforward and eminently sensible plan for every woman.

MACFADDEN BOOK CO., Dept. P-2
205 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

Send me, postage prepaid, the book, *Help Yourself to Beauty,* by Helen Macfadden. I enclose $1.00.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

.....

Shopping FOR YOU AND THE STARS

By Frances Hughes, New York Fashion Editor
Assisting Gwenn Walters, Fashion Editor

Going some place? Most everybody is this winter. You'd be surprised if you knew the vital statistics of vacations! One of the biggest department stores in the country told us that 40 per cent of their people are now taking *winter* instead of summer vacations every year! As for the leisure classes—well, you know how they follow the sun! So we simply put two and two together and decided to find you some going-away gadgets this month. Then somebody said, "But there are stay-at-homes too, in spite of the statistics." So we compromised. We looted the shops and emerged with something for everybody. Business girl or butterfly, gadabout or grind, there's something for you personally in these pages. Take your pick, then write to Frances Hughes, Photoplay Magazine, 122 East 42 Street, New York City, for the name of the shop that sells it.

1. YOUR OVERHEAD

"Your first spring hat must top your suit," says Gage, doing over our fall favorite, the postilion, into a slick straw braid for spring! Exotic violets . . . a chenille-dotted veil . . . we gals certainly cling to the frivolities that flatter. And we baffle our beaux by teaming this coachman's folly with our most severely tailored suits. We ourselves are just as baffled by the tiny price—$5.00.

2. LIPS AND FINGERTIPS

We've often wondered, haven't you, why such nail polish experts as Revlon, knowing that smart women always match lips to fingertips, never took that one next step that would have made life so simple for us gals—made lipsticks to match their nail varnishes? And now, suddenly, they have. They've already matched their famous nail varnishes—"Bravo," "Red Dice," "Windsor," "Chilibean," "Shy" and "Sunrose" to lipsticks, complete in a harlequin pouch to carry in your purse wherever you go. $1.60—and it's just what you've been waiting for.

3. FIFTY YEARS OF COOKING UP CREAMS

After 50 years of concocting a Perfect Cold Cream, Dagget & Ramsdell have just whipped up a brand new formula. The new baby is lighter and fluffier even than a whipped cream dessert! But for its wrappings, they went back to fifty years ago in celebration of their Golden Jubilee—fifty years of cooking up creams! You'll like the quaint Victorian lettering on the labels; the pearly jars and the pale pink covers. And you'll be specially glad to hear that they've kept the good old price of 10c for the tiniest jar, up to $1.15 for the biggest.

4. SWEATER STORY

Leon brings back the "little girl" sweater in Tish-U-Knit, to team with pastel flannel skirts. Like any self-respecting baby sweater, it buttons down the back; the front is cut out into graceful flower petals. As for the new lacy stitch, you'll have to quote the tiny price of $3.00 before even the experts will believe it's not handmade! Your pick of every pastel on the Florida palette.

5. TRICKS FOR THE TUB

It's gadgets like these pink bath sponges of Schiaparelli's, reeking of Shocking perfume, that make the daily scrub in the tub a pleasure instead of a bore. Plop! and they dilate into full size washcloths, scrub you clean and make you smell sweet for hours after. Ten, tucked into this pretty cylinder, will cost you $1.50 and add ten times the fun to every bath.

6. TO A BEAUTY

Sweets to the sweet, and to a beauty, this beautiful square gold compact and lipstick duet by Elizabeth Arden. Engine-turned, with neat little golden ribs for service stripes, and a plaque that simply sings out for a monogram. The one-arm lipstick simplifies life with an automatic pop-up top, while the jeweled slide makes extra elegance to look at. You can snare the set for $4.50—and little enough for such superlative taste.

7. PUT IT IN WRITING

Don't go off without your note paper. How are people to know you're "having wonderful time"? Tell them about it on Eaton's "Louis XIV," which comes in such pleasant colors as shell pink, mist blue, or tawny white, with deckled edges, too, for extra swank. For fifty cents you get 24 notes and 24 envelopes in a spirited box with a circus pony prancing on the cover. Gadabouts will want to write to stay-at-homes and vice versa.

8. NICE FOOTWORK!

Look what's happened to Kedettes! The U. S. Rubber Company kept only the rubber soles, then started a revolution! Beautiful uppers of tweedy cotton plaid or snow-white linen . . . wedge soles for perfect arch support . . . peep toes for air-conditioning, and shirred elastic ankle straps for artful anchorage. The price tag—believe it or not—reads under $3.00!

9. DOUBLE SUB-DEB OR NOTHING!

Try Coty's "Double Sub-Deb" lipstick and you'll settle for nothing less. The Double Sub-Deb makes a point of doubling up on everything. Double intensity in the Magnet Red for lips that must be doubly red this season; and double the usual quantity of lipstick in a handsome case that sells for less than half the usual price—$1.00.

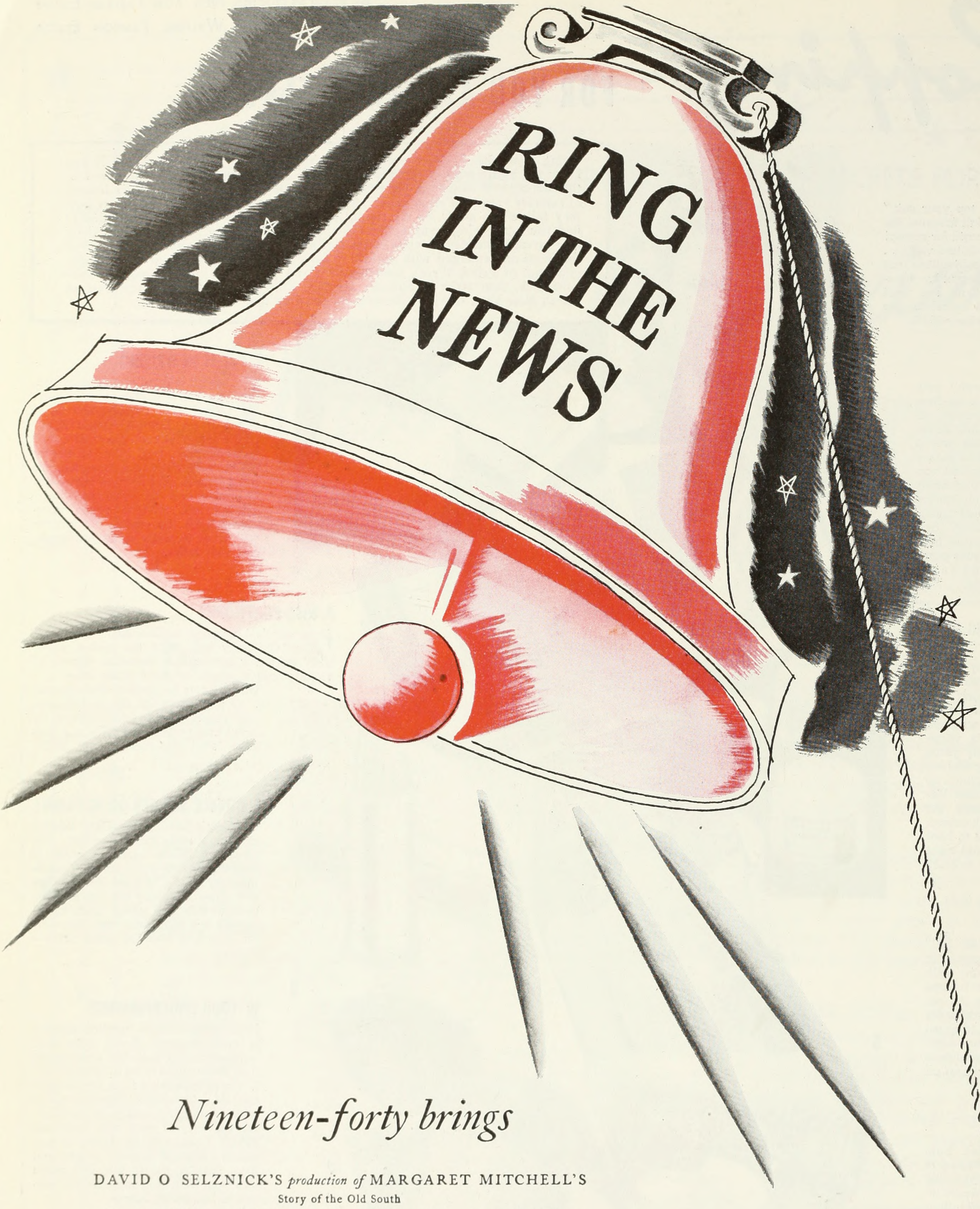
10. YOUR UNDERPINNINGS

Let's assume you're heading south—a lovely thought! You'll make your get-away in a suit, but underneath it all there ought to be a "Vassarette" if you're interested in a streamlined chassis. Hand-span figgers can do with the Junior pantie-girdle at $3.50, but the lady of parts will want this $15.00 Vassarette De Luxe, a persuasive ruler of "Lastex," rayon and lisle, with a tricote bra that melts into your skin and Inviz-A-Grip garters to banish all bulges.

11. HOW'S YOUR LUBRICATING SYSTEM?

Drying up this winter? Never mind! Charles of the Ritz has a dandy Sensitive Skin Cleanser that takes care of everything. Going on, it feels like rich table cream. Coming off, it seems to melt the grime off with it, and no need to stretch and pull and punish your face to get it clean. A very good thing for sensitive skins, too, for they require ingredients that soothe and lubricate while they dig in for dirt. Think, too, how elegant the cone-shaped bottle will look on your bathroom shelf or dressing table. $1.25 to $4.00, according to size.

(*For More Shopping News, See Page 88*)



Nineteen-forty brings

DAVID O SELZNICK'S *production of* MARGARET MITCHELL'S
Story of the Old South

GONE WITH THE WIND

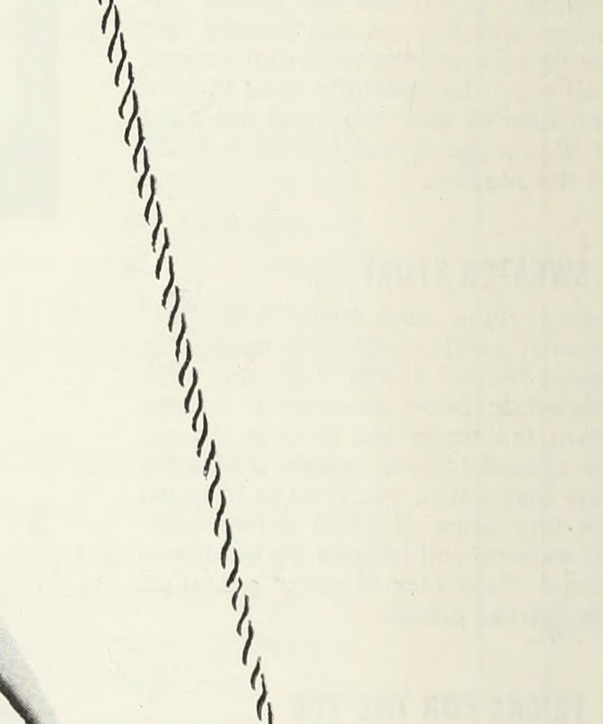
in TECHNICOLOR *starring*

CLARK GABLE
as Rhett Butler

LESLIE HOWARD • OLIVIA De HAVILLAND
and presenting

VIVIEN LEIGH
as Scarlett O'Hara

A SELZNICK INTERNATIONAL PICTURE
Directed by VICTOR FLEMING
Screen Play by SIDNEY HOWARD • Music by Max Steiner
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Release



PHOTOPLAY

THE ARISTOCRAT OF MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINES

ERNEST V. HEYN EXECUTIVE EDITOR
HEYWORTH CAMPBELL ART EDITOR
RUTH WATERBURY EDITOR
FRED R. SAMMIS ASSOCIATE EDITOR

On the Cover—Clark Gable, Natural Color Photograph by Paul Hesse

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Innovation!

"JAMES HILTON does not write for the screen," said Frank S. Nugent in his glowing review of "We Are Not Alone" in the *New York Times.* "His novels have a quietude, a gentleness and charm which are, ostensibly, too fragile and too precious to withstand the hurly-burly trip into cinemaland. Yet . . . 'We Are Not Alone' emerges as a film of rare tenderness and beauty . . . Mr Hilton, we repeat, does not write for the screen; but the screen has found in his writings a vast store of the one substance it so greatly needs: Humanity."

Mr. Nugent ends his report with the comment, "It must be counted one of the best films of the year."

And the book on which it is based, I submit, is one of the best novels of its year. That novel is published in this issue of PHOTOPLAY. For the price of this magazine you are offered this dividend—and will be offered a similar dividend in each issue of PHOTOPLAY from now on.

The Movie Book of the Month is an innovation that I hope you will like. Some of the greatest writers of America and England will be included in this library!

Ernest V. Heyn

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TEST Thynmold for 10 days . . . at our expense!

Appear
SLIMMER
. . at once!

WOULD you like to SLENDERIZE your SILHOUETTE . . . and wear dresses *sizes smaller?* That is just what the Thynmold *Perforated* Rubber Girdle will do for you! But you won't believe such a drastic change can be possible unless you actually try it yourself. That is why we want to send you a beautiful THYNMOLD Girdle and Brassiere to test for 10 days at our expense. If you cannot be fitted with a dress smaller than you normally wear, it won't cost you a penny!

BULGES *Smoothed Out* INSTANTLY!

■ If you want the thrill of the year, make this simple silhouette test! Stand before a mirror in your ordinary foundation. Notice all the irregularities caused by bumps of fat . . . notice the thickness of your waist . . . the width of your hips. Now slip into a THYNMOLD Girdle and Brassiere and see the amazing difference. The outline of your new figure is not only smaller, but all the ugly, fat bulges have been smoothed out *instantly!*

Quickly CORRECT YOUR FIGURE FAULTS

Test THYNMOLD for 10 days at our expense!

■ Make the silhouette test the minute you receive your THYNMOLD. Then wear it 10 days and make the mirror test again. You will be amazed and delighted. If you are not completely satisfied . . . if THYNMOLD does not correct your figure faults and do everything you expect, it will cost you nothing.

BEFORE... A Bulging Reflection In Your Ordinary Girdle.

AFTER... Sizes Smaller... No Bulges... in Thynmold!

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■ THYNMOLD is the modern solution to the bulging waistline and broad hips. Its pure Para rubber is perforated to help body moisture evaporate . . . its soft inner lining is fused into the rubber for long wear and the special lace-back feature allows ample adjustment for change in size. The overlapping Brassiere gives a support and freedom of action impossible in a one-piece foundation. Mail coupon for illustrated folder and complete details of our 10-day trial offer!

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Send me illustrated folder, describing Thynmold Rubber Girdle and Brassiere, sample of perforated material and full details of your 10-day Trial Offer.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

BOOS AND *Bouquets*

PHOTOPLAY INVITES YOU *to join in its monthly open forum. Perhaps you would like to add your three cents' worth to one of the comments chosen from the many interesting letters received this month—or perhaps you disagree violently with some reader whose opinions are published here! Or, better still, is there some topic you've never seen discussed as yet in a motion-picture magazine, but which you believe should be brought to the attention of the movie-going public? This is your page, and we welcome your views. All we ask is that your contribution be an original expression of your own honest opinion.* PHOTOPLAY *reserves the right to use gratis the letters submitted in whole or in part. Letters submitted to any contest or department appearing in* PHOTOPLAY *become the property of the magazine. Contributions will not be returned. Address: Boos and Bouquets,* PHOTOPLAY, *122 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.*

A "ROARING" MISTAKE?

THIS is a big "boo" for Priscilla Lane; in fact, it is a blast of icy contempt, because she was too much of a cream puff to dress the part for "The Roaring Twenties." Everyone else in the cast was willing to wear the clothes and hairdress of the era the picture tried to recreate, but she wore a 1939 coiffure all through the play, in her part as a night-club singer. What singer in those days failed to have a shingle or boyish bob? None. I suppose the cream puff was afraid to "sacrifice" six inches of her precious tresses for verisimilitude! Priscilla Lane is not the first (witness Ginger Rogers in "The Castles"), but she is the worst so far. If they won't cooperate, let them retire. There are dozens of competent actresses who would have their *ears* shingled, if necessary, for a part like this!

ROSEMARY ALLEN,
San Francisco, Calif.

Irish colleen in California: Maureen O'Hara—who plays the gypsy girl in "The Hunchback of Notre Dame"

COMPLETE WITH SOUND!

IN a recent broadcast, I heard a certain individual who had appeared in "The Great Train Robbery," and other early thrillers. Hearing this gentleman talk about the old days in pictures caused me to reminisce just a little.

Along in 1898 or 1899, at a street fair in Keokuk, Iowa, in a black tent, operated by Lester and Kent, I witnessed my first motion picture. Later, probably 1904, I was perhaps the first person in the country to introduce sound effects in motion pictures. This was done in connection with that epic of the screen, "The Great Train Robbery," at a firemen's tournament in Council Bluffs, Iowa. At this time, I worked for a gentleman by the name of Peterson, who, in a large storeroom, operated a penny arcade and ice-cream cone counter at the front end and a motion-picture show at the back.

After operating "The Great Train Robbery" a short time as a silent picture, I conceived the idea of making the shooting episodes a little more realistic. Accordingly, we moved the curtain out about three feet from the wall and, with five .22 revolvers, two .32's and one .38—sitting in a convenient window back of the curtain so that the guns could be pointed out the window in order not to fill the room with smoke—we let 'em have it. After we had the new sound effects, we certainly packed them in. During the scene where the bandits blew up the safe in the middle of the express car, I would stand right behind the curtain with the .38 and, as the safe blew up, I would pull the trigger. The loud effect of the .38, coupled with the fact that the flash could be seen by the audience through the screen, went over big. One night, during this particular part, I stood a little bit too close to the screen, and the discharge of the gun set the curtain on fire, but it was put out without doing any material damage.

From that period up until now, one cannot help but marvel at the progress made in the industry, and from my early observation and slight connection with the industry during that period, this progress is of never-ending interest to the writer.

J. W. BECKWITH,
Aberdeen, S. Dak.

PHOTOPLAY TAKES A BOO

THE trite old adage, "There's always a first time for everything," must be true. At least, this is the first time I've ever written to a magazine, either in commendation or condemnation. Up until now, PHOTOPLAY has always managed to give a fairly accurate and unbiased criticism of the current pictures. Therefore, I felt—after reading the review of Mr. Bromfield's "The Rains Came"—that somehow everyone in your reviewing department missed reading the book.

Surely, if one had read it, one could never in his wildest imagination have thought that Myrna Loy gave the slightest semblance of an interpretation of *Lady Esketh's* character. Even in the picture, *Lady Esketh* was obviously not a nice person and apparently Miss Loy was in a tough spot—trying to be *Lady Esketh* and Myrna Loy at one and the same time, with the unfortunate result that she was neither one nor the other very convincingly.

George Brent did a swell job of carrying the entire picture with the very adequate help of Maria Ouspenskaya. They and they alone almost—I repeat, *almost*—saved what might have been one of the outstanding pictures of the year from being a complete bore. In short, "The Rains Came," if honestly analyzed, let a powerful book down with a horrible thud.

Do please continue with your honest opinions of pictures and do not let even the charming Miss Loy lead you astray, as we, the good old public, must have at least one reliable source of information.

DOROTHY S. PAGE,
Trenton, N. J.

GOOD TASTE

WHY, oh, why, when all our newspapers and radios are screaming of war, oppression and broken faith, have the movies chosen to drench themselves in

(Continued on page 70)

CHOOSE THE BEST PICTURE OF 1939

Each year Hollywood watches for PHOTOPLAY'S Gold Medal Award. Once again our readers are invited to select the winner. Vote now!

THE balloting for "The Best Picture of 1939" which began in the January issue is making PHOTOPLAY'S Gold Medal Editor work overtime. Indicative of the widespread interest in our famous award are the hundreds upon hundreds of votes that are pouring into the office. Is your vote among them? If not, here is your chance to express your choice for the outstanding picture of the past year. Tell your friends about it, too. The balloting is open to everyone—old and young—and every vote counts! The winning film for 1938 was "Sweethearts." Which film will win for 1939?

The Gold Medal Award, which has been presented by PHOTOPLAY every year since 1921, is one of the great honors of the screen world. The winning picture is not the selection of a small group of movie "specialists." It represents a much larger vote than that. It is the chosen favorite of the Smiths from Main Street, the Joneses from Broadway; it is the voice of all America and other parts of the world (the votes come in from every corner of the globe) speaking out on its movie preference. Small wonder Hollywood carefully studies the results of this poll!

We have listed here many of the outstanding pictures of 1939 so that you may refresh your memory on those you saw last year. We wish to stress, however, that your selection is not limited to this list. You may vote for *any* film released in 1939. (Note: Due to the fact that their release dates have been changed to 1940, we have had to omit several films included in last month's list.)

You may use the ballot provided below, or just write your choice on a slip of paper and mail it to the Gold Medal Editor, PHOTOPLAY, 122 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y. It is as simple as all that!

DON'T FAIL TO CAST YOUR VOTE FOR THE BEST PICTURE OF 1939! DO IT NOW!

OUTSTANDING PICTURES OF 1939

Allegheny Uprising
Andy Hardy Gets Spring Fever
Another Thin Man
Babes in Arms
Bachelor Mother
Balalaika
Beachcomber, The
Beau Geste
Blackmail
Broadway Serenade
Cat and the Canary, The
Child Is Born, A
Clouds Over Europe
Dark Victory
Daughters Courageous
Destry Rides Again
Dodge City
Drums Along the Mohawk
Dust Be My Destiny
Each Dawn I Die
East Side of Heaven
Everything Happens at Night
First Love
Five Came Back
Four Feathers
Golden Boy
Gone with the Wind
Goodbye, Mr. Chips
Good Girls Go to Paris
Great Victor Herbert, The
Green Hell
Gunga Din
Harvest
His Girl Friday
Hollywood Cavalcade
Honeymoon in Bali
Hunchback of Notre Dame, The
Idiot's Delight
In Name Only
Intermezzo, a Love Story
Jamaica Inn
Jesse James
Juarez
Lady of the Tropics
Let Freedom Ring
Little Princess, The
Love Affair
Maisie
Man About Town
Man of Conquest
Mr. Smith Goes to Washington
Ninotchka
Nurse Edith Cavell
Old Maid, The
On Borrowed Time
Only Angels Have Wings
Private Lives of Elizabeth and Essex, The
Pygmalion
Rains Came, The
Real Glory, The
Rebecca
Roaring Twenties, The
Rose of Washington Square
Rulers of the Sea
Stagecoach
Stanley and Livingstone
Stolen Life
Story of Alexander Graham Bell, The
Story of Vernon and Irene Castle, The
These Glamour Girls
They Shall Have Music
Three Smart Girls Grow Up
Tower of London, The
Under-Pup, The
Union Pacific
We Are Not Alone
What a Life
Wizard of Oz
Women, The
Wuthering Heights
Young Mr. Lincoln

PHOTOPLAY MEDAL OF HONOR BALLOT

GOLD MEDAL EDITOR
PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE
CHANIN BUILDING, 122 EAST 42nd STREET
NEW YORK CITY

In my opinion the picture named below is the best motion-picture production released in 1939

NAME OF PICTURE _____

_____

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

Lady Esther says

"You can't win New Luck with an Old Shade of Powder!"

Is the shade that flattered you once... spoiling your charm today? Find the one shade of my powder that's lucky for you *now!*

HOW MANY MONTHS have passed since you *checked up on your face powder?* Can you be sure that *right now* you're not wearing a shade of face powder that is robbing you of your charm, ruining your chance for popularity?

The shade you wore four months ago can be *all wrong* for your skin as it is *today.* For skin tones change with the seasons—and the right shade will flatter you, but the wrong shade can make you look older—*years* older.

That's why I make my powder in ten lovely and lucky shades. This year my new Rachels are particularly flattering. And in every one of my 10 shades you will see not the dead grey of a coarse, dull powder... but only the opalescent film that lets your own true beauty come shining through.

Find Your Lucky Shade! Send for all ten of my shades which I am glad to send you free. Perhaps my new Champagne Rachel will be your lucky one—perhaps Brunette—or Natural. I urge you to compare—compare—compare! Try all ten—don't skip even one. For the shade you never thought you could wear may be the one *right shade for you.*

Make the "Bite Test." When you receive my ten shades, make the "Bite Test," too. Put a pinch of the face powder you are now using between your teeth and grind your teeth slowly upon it. If there's the slightest particle of grit in the powder, this test will reveal it.

Now, make the same test with Lady Esther Face Powder. *And you will find not the tiniest trace of grit.* Then, you'll understand why Lady Esther Face Powder never gives you that flaky, "powdered" look and why it clings so perfectly for 4 full hours.

So write today for my glorious new powder shades. Find the one that transforms you into a lovelier, luckier *you!*

Men's eyes will tell you when you've found your Lucky shade of Lady Esther Face Powder.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard)

LADY ESTHER, 7118 West 65th Street, Chicago, Illinois (52)

FREE! Please send me FREE AND POSTPAID your 10 new shades of face powder, also a tube of your Four Purpose Face Cream.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

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

BRIEF REVIEWS

Consult This Movie Shopping Guide and Save Your Time, Money and Disposition

"The Amazing Mr. Williams" has one weakness—curiosity. Melvyn Douglas, as the comedy-thriller hero, tries his detecting on Ruth Donnelly, as Joan Blondell and Ed Brophy look on

ADVENTURES OF SHERLOCK HOLMES, THE—20th Century-Fox

When *Professor Moriarity* decides to steal the Crown Jewels from the Tower of London, he doesn't figure on Sheer-Luck *Holmes'* uncanny deductions. Basil Rathbone and Nigel Bruce play *Holmes* and *Dr. Watson*. Alan Marshal and Ida Lupino are the lovers and George Zucco, the *Professor*. Lots of murders but little pace. (*Nov.*)

ALLEGHENY UPRISING—RKO-Radio

Before the American Revolution the Allegheny Valley settlers worked up a rebellion to keep industrialists from selling ammunition to the Indians. John Wayne plays the leader of the protesting settlers and Claire Trevor adds the romance. Recommended with reservations. (*Jan.*)

ALL WOMEN HAVE SECRETS—Paramount

A college picture in which football gives way to the problems of undergraduate marriages. The story revolves around the marital woes of Joseph Allen, Jr., and Jean Cagney; John Arledge and Betty Moran; Peter Hayes and Virginia Dale. (*Jan.*)

★ AMAZING MR. WILLIAMS, THE—Columbia

Melvyn Douglas carries off his role of a slap-happy detective with much zest, but Joan Blondell, his sweetheart, can't be too happy when every date is broken because of a murder. Edward Brophy, a convicted criminal, Ruth Donnelly and others add to the fun. Full of laughs.

★ ANOTHER THIN MAN—M-G-M

Bill Powell's first since his illness—and it's amusing. As usual, the Myrna Loy-Powell family, now blessed with a baby, sparkles with smart talk. Bill, of course, gets mixed up in another murder mystery in which C. Aubrey Smith is the victim and his daughter, Virginia Grey, complicates the plot. Otto Kruger is the D. A., aided and hindered by Nat Pendleton. (*Jan.*)

★ BABES IN ARMS—M-G-M

They don't come any funnier. Mickey Rooney, as the son of ex-vaudeville artist Charles Winninger, tries to change the family fortunes by organizing his own show. With the aid of Judy Garland, Betty Jaynes, June Preisser, he puts on routines that will have you in the aisles. Guy Kibbee is the kindly judge who keeps the kids out of the state work school. Don't miss this. (*Nov.*)

★ BAD LITTLE ANGEL—M-G-M

It's a touchy subject, religion; but Virginia Weidler has made this an inspirational film. She's an orphan whose faith has its effect on adults. Gene Reynolds foils for her; Guy Kibbee, Ian Hunter and Henry Hull contribute. (*Jan.*)

★ BALALAIKA—M-G-M

The title is the name of a café in Russia in 1914 where Cossack Prince Nelson Eddy comes upon the stunning Ilona Massey of the gorgeous voice. There's a revolutionist plot, the war, and Paris after the war. Eddy does a fine job and is in perfect voice. Ilona is a discovery and an important one. You'll like this. (*Jan.*)

BEWARE SPOOKS—Columbia

Rookie cop Joe E. Brown is assigned to catch Marc Lawrence, bank robber, but Joe's off on his honeymoon with Mary Carlisle. At the resort, however, he runs up against some murders, and there's a climax in a spook house. Boo! (*Jan.*)

BLACKMAIL—M-G-M

A morbid but thrill-packed movie revolving around oil-well fires and the methods of fighting them. There's an escaped criminal, a chain gang, and Edward G. Robinson, who does a swell job. Gene Lockhart and Bobs Watson are good, too. (*Dec.*)

BLONDIE BRINGS UP BABY—Columbia

Dagwood Bumpstead loses his job; Baby *Dumpling* loses the dog *Daisy* and goes off to find her. Whereupon the original catastrophe pales into insignificance. Penny Singleton, Arthur Lake and Larry Simms remain the *Bumpsteads*. (*Jan.*)

CALL A MESSENGER—Universal

The Little Tough Guys and the Dead End Kids merge in this story of a telegraph official (Robert Armstrong) who thinks he might work some regeneration by giving the kids jobs. The idea clicks. Anne Nagel, Victor Jory and Mary Carlisle support the boys. (*Dec.*)

CALLING ALL MARINES—Republic

Here's a strange story of gangsters who attack the U. S. Marines to steal a bomb. There's plenty of blasting and noise, but Helen Mack, Donald Barry, Robert Kent and Warren Hymer all seem mildly bewildered at what they're doing. (*Dec.*)

★ CAT AND THE CANARY, THE—Paramount

A thriller—and funny! Paulette Goddard is heir to the estate of an eccentric millionaire, but there's a second will in case she should die or become insane within a month. With a dangerous lunatic loose, uncanny noises and clutching hands, there's plenty to keep you screeching. Paulette makes a convincingly frightened heiress and shares a hectic romance with Bob Hope. (*Dec.*)

★ CHALLENGE, THE—Denham Films

The villain of this melodrama is a mountain; the hero, the breath-taking escapes from snowslides in the Alps in the 1860's. The rivalry of an Italian and an Englishman (Luis Trenker and Robert Douglas); the rivalry of three countries to be the first to scale the Matterhorn is the basis of the plot. It's intense drama. (*Dec.*)

CHARLIE CHAN AT TREASURE ISLAND—20th Century-Fox

Routine *Chan* fare with philosophical *Charlie* uncovering the hocus-pocus of one *Dr. Zodiac*, mystic. An exposé of fake mediums, which Sidney Toler, as *Chan*, does admirably. Cesar Romero, Pauline Moore and Wally Vernon help the plot. (*Nov.*)

CHICKEN WAGON FAMILY—20th Century-Fox

Originally scheduled for Will Rogers, this has been adapted to the talents of Jane Withers. She's swell, but the piece isn't quite right for Leo Carrillo, who makes his living by exchanging merchandise for chickens. Spring Byington and Marjorie Weaver contribute their bit. (*Nov.*)

COAST GUARD—Columbia

Not a new plot, but entertaining. Randy Scott is a cocky pilot in the coast guard who wins Ralph Bellamy's sweetheart (Frances Dee) away from him, then gets himself into a situation from which Bellamy has to save him. Walter Connolly has a small role. (*Dec.*)

(*Continued on page 85*)

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★ INDICATES PICTURE WAS ONE OF THE BEST OF THE MONTH WHEN REVIEWED

HERE COME THE BRIDES

PRISCILLA LANE
ROSEMARY LANE
LOLA LANE
GALE PAGE

The 'Four Daughters' are now the

"FOUR WIVES"

(It's a Four Belle Picture)

with **CLAUDE RAINS**

Jeffrey Lynn • Eddie Albert

MAY ROBSON • FRANK McHUGH

DICK FORAN • HENRY O'NEILL

Screen Play by Julius J. and Philip G. Epstein and Maurice Hanline • Suggested by the Book, "Sister Act," by Fannie Hurst
Music by Max Steiner • A Warner Bros.-First National Picture

Directed by

MICHAEL CURTIZ

The Character of 'Mickey Borden' as He Appeared in 'Four Daughters,' is Portrayed by

JOHN GARFIELD

Produced by **WARNER BROS.**

And Now Showing

THRILLINGLY ON THE SCREEN! Those stirring days of minstrels and river boats...when a great and stormy love put America's joys and sorrows to music and gave us the songs we took to our hearts forever!

SWANEE RIVER

IN TECHNICOLOR

The Story of Stephen C. Foster, the Great American Troubadour

with

DON AMECHE • ANDREA LEEDS • AL JOLSON

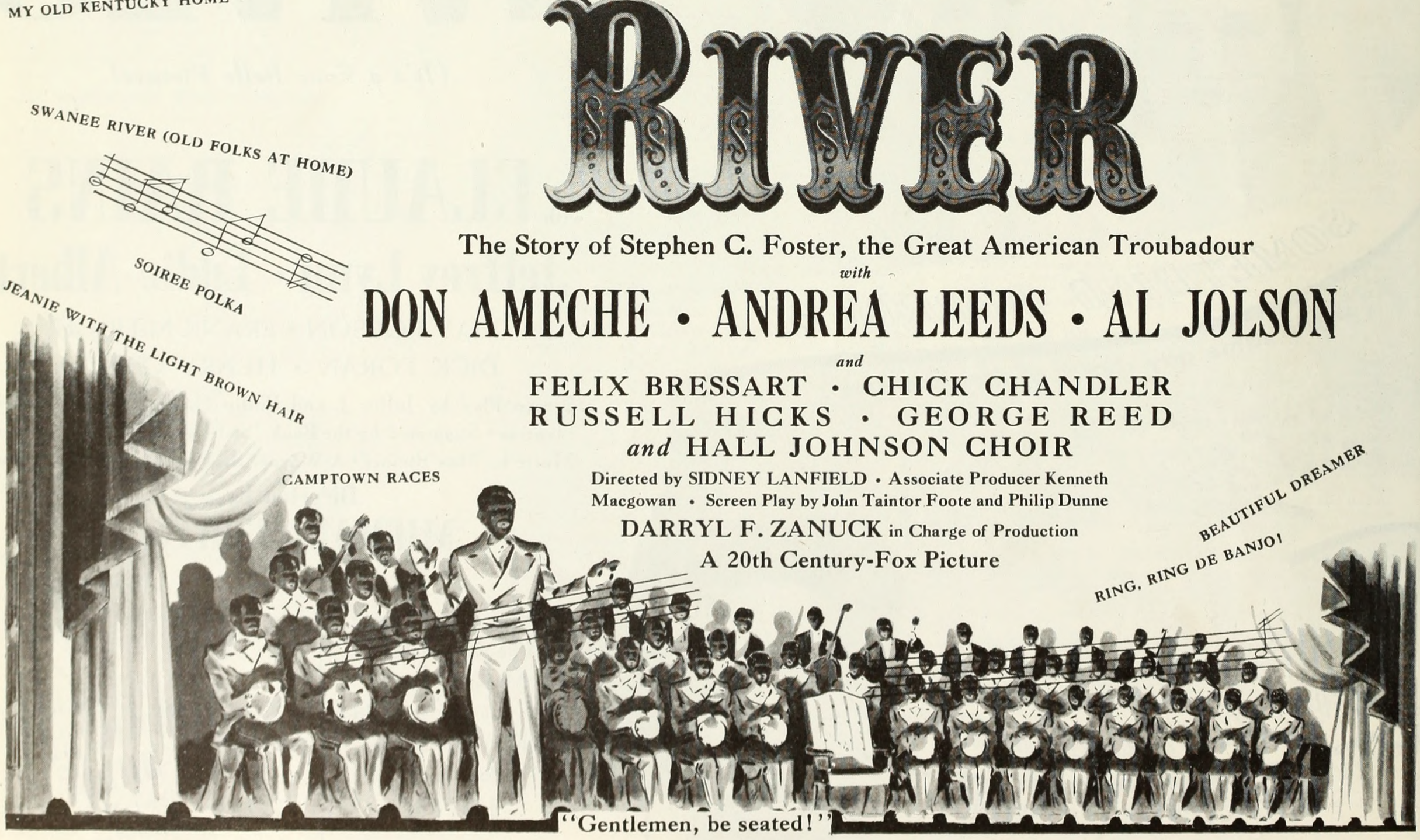
and

FELIX BRESSART • CHICK CHANDLER
RUSSELL HICKS • GEORGE REED
and HALL JOHNSON CHOIR

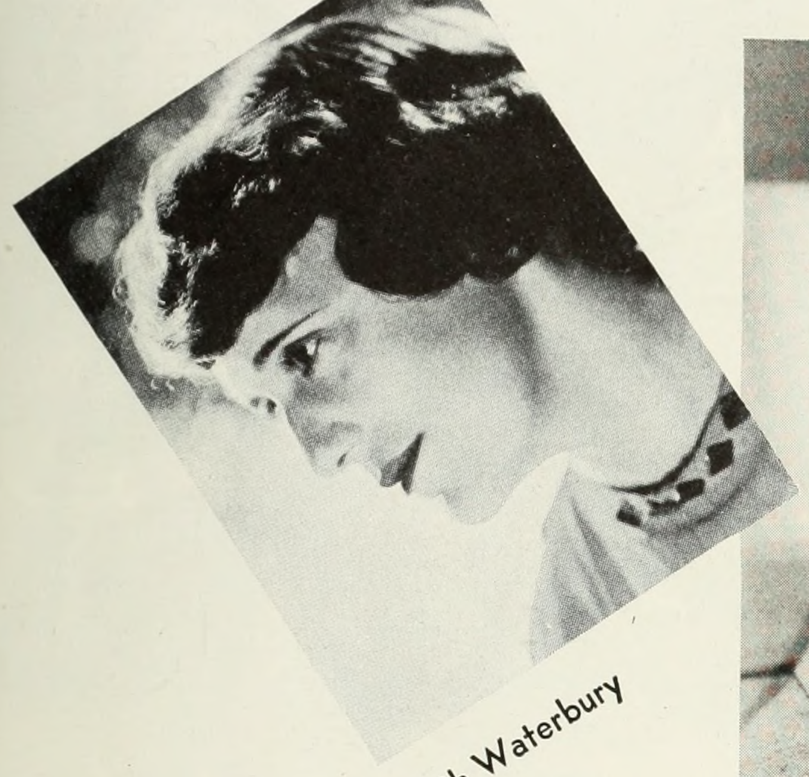
Directed by SIDNEY LANFIELD • Associate Producer Kenneth Macgowan • Screen Play by John Taintor Foote and Philip Dunne

DARRYL F. ZANUCK in Charge of Production

A 20th Century-Fox Picture

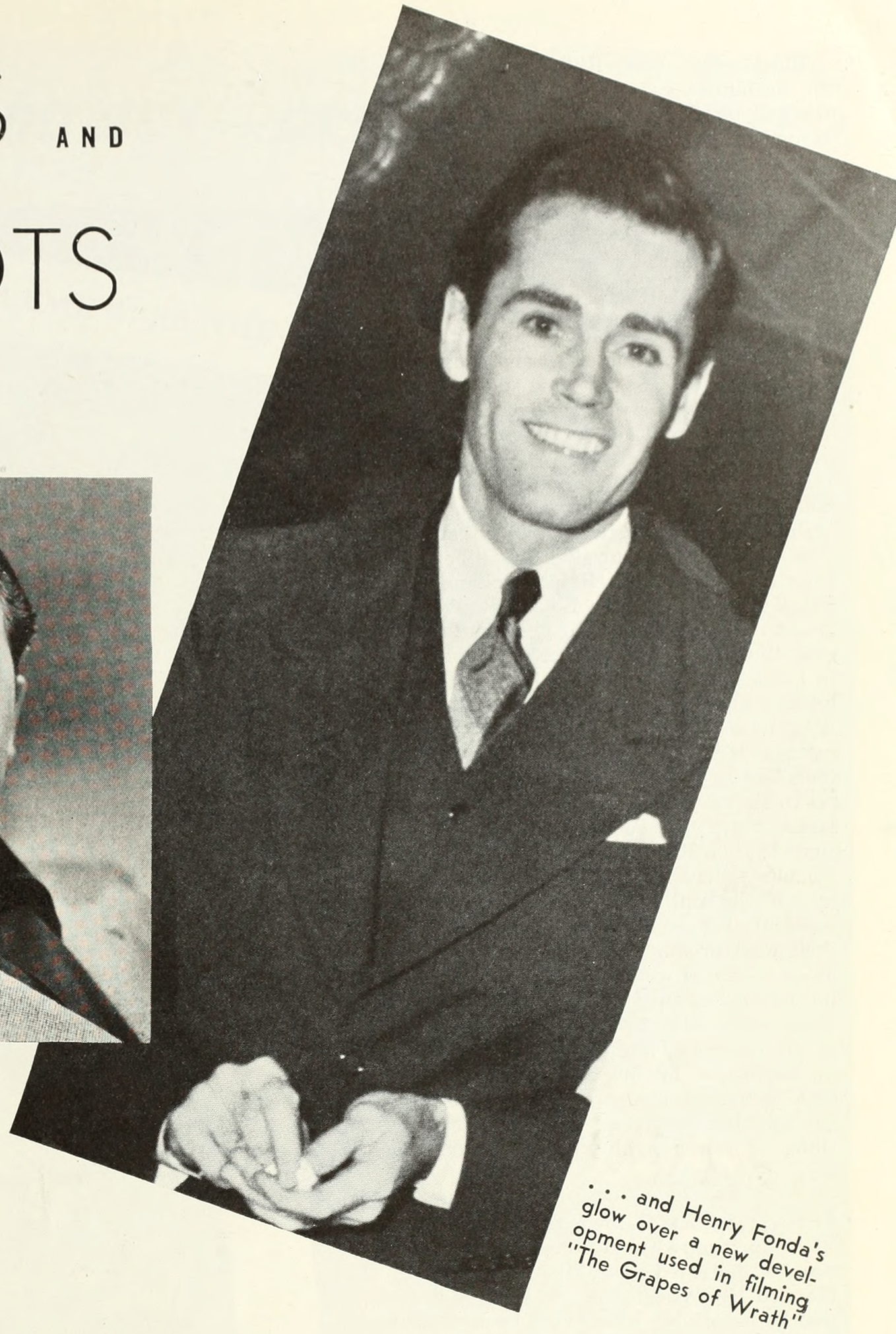


CLOSE UPS AND LONG SHOTS



Ruth Waterbury

Typifying the spirit of Hollywood today — Bob Young's reaction to "Northwest Passage" . . .



. . . and Henry Fonda's glow over a new development used in filming "The Grapes of Wrath"

BY RUTH WATERBURY

HAPPY NEW YEAR, readers, from PHOTOPLAY and Hollywood . . . PHOTOPLAY will most certainly try, in each one of its next twelve issues, to give a glorious one to you . . . and if it accurately reflects the mood around Hollywood right now it simply must bring you happiness . . . for Hollywood is in a strange new mood these days, but one which should mean wonderful things for us mere ticket-buyers. . . .

For Hollywood, like the rest of the world, all save pitiful Europe, is settling down from its war jitters . . . the hecklers outside the film colony always say that we inside it talk nothing but pictures . . . that's only half-true . . . movies are an absolutely international product and therefore what's going on in the rest of the world touches Hollywood in its sensitive, economic nerve . . . but even more important than that, the people who make pictures today come from every race and every locality . . . the transatlantic telephones were working constantly while Charles Boyer, Norma Shearer, Maureen O'Sullivan, Geraldine Fitzgerald, George Raft, and many others were over there . . . but behind these glittering people there are the scores of musicians, cameramen, technicians who are German or French or Italian or British-born and who have friends and relatives at the front to worry over. . . .

The economic worries sobered Hollywood . . . then its heart was wrung by the plight of innocent millions of human beings . . . then it got concerned with its own labor troubles within the studios . . . but with the beginning of this new year the town that is supposed to be all nonsense has adjusted itself in a way that reflects the sober, shrewd brains that actually guide it . . . and suddenly, by its very ability to keep on being itself and producing its own products, you do realize that movies are truly creative and that Hollywood in its mood today is not unlike that of Fifteen Century Florence that, when wars were raging all about it, kept on calling up the beautiful visions which Botticelli and Leonardo da Vinci and Michelangelo painted for posterity. . . .

Hollywood got its big stars, even Boyer, safely back . . . it has, temporarily, at least, settled its labor troubles . . . it is quietly learning how to make good pictures at a lesser cost . . . the best of the English producers have settled down here . . . Eric Pommer and Charles Laughton, Herbert Wilcox and Anna Neagle, Alexander Korda and the beautiful Merle Oberon, the very American Ben Goetz, who produced in London for M-G-M . . . they are all in town, working vividly, and the freshness of their point of view is bound to reflect itself in the pictures that will be produced in the next year. . . .

PROWLING around Hollywood, I have never encountered more enthusiasm than I have in the last month . . . (and incidentally how one does prowl out here in wintertime . . . just as Hollywood does everything in reverse to the patterns everywhere else, it takes most of its vacations in the winter rather than in summer and getting around takes a rambling reporter from the snows of Arrowhead to the heat and charm of the desert where the verbena is blooming early this year, spreading its deep purple carpet out miles and miles over the yellow-white sand until it is engulfed in the eternally blue sky). . . .

Henry Fonda simply bubbles over when he talks about the new flat lighting in "Grapes of Wrath" and John Ford's direction . . . Henry says it is all new and revolutionary . . . no individual in any of the scenes is focused upon, leaving all the rest of the cast in darkness . . . (like those scenes in "The Women" where Norma Shearer has so much light on her face and everyone else is so blacked out that around town they said the billing on the picture ought to be "Norma Shearer and her Ethiopians") . . . the lighting in "Grapes" makes everyone in all the scenes look exactly as they do in real life. . . .

You run into Robert Young, playing the role Bob Taylor turned down in "Northwest Passage" and he is glowing with excitement over that opus . . . Bob says the picture stops where many readers believe the book itself should have stopped . . . right here in America . . . but that he thinks it is going to be one of the finest things ever screened . . . "I hear you're terrific," I say . . . "Don't you believe it," says Bob, "I've seen myself . . . but wait till you see Tracy". . . .

Black-eyed Ann Rutherford, she of the *Hardy* family, comes hurdling by . . . with all this talk of Linda Darnell's beauty (all of which is justified) . . . I think it is high time somebody talked about the Rutherford beauty which is just as striking . . . Ann is in "Gone with the Wind," praise be, for she is too good an actress and too dynamic a personality to get lost, as she might otherwise, in a series, even as great a one as the *Hardys* . . . the kid is just back from her first trip to New York and she can neither sit still nor stop talking for an instant, she is so thrilled by it . . . she and Lana Turner fall on one another's necks, throwing "darlings" around the place and the strong men of Metro going by shake like jello at the vibrant contrast of red-head against brunette. . . .

You go down to Palm Springs in the fond delusion that you are going to rest and the first night, sitting in the Raquet Club bar, you are surrounded on all four sides by Gilbert Roland, Charlie Butterworth, Ralph Bellamy, Wesley Ruggles, Franchot Tone, Louise Stanley, George Brent . . . and Ralph tells you, with a mocking grin, that what he is playing in this new version of ("The Front Page") "His Girl Friday" at Columbia is really the girl's role . . . and Gilbert is aglow over the fact that the South American market is getting more important and that therefore he is being offered, at long last, some contracts worth considering . . . and Charlie Butterworth talks about the play he has been signed for on Broadway this winter . . . Wesley Ruggles talks about the curious mix-up whereby both he and Leo McCarey got, by sheerest accident, two stories with identical plots for their next productions . . . and meanwhile the mood rises and wanes again and nobody notices the passage of time because the conversation is so exciting and as always Brent's remarks assay as far and away the most intelligent . . . it is his argument, by the way, that "The Fighting 69th" is the greatest indictment against war that has ever been screened . . . "it shows the horrible, senseless futility of all war," George says. . . .

YOU come back to town to rest up from your Palm Springs rest and bump into Joel McCrea, who is delighted with his next picture, "He Married His Wife," and who says he is so busy that he barely has time to get back to his ranch nights and see Frances and his two sons . . . "It's always the same in Hollywood," grins Joel. "Either you don't work at all or you work yourself into a nervous breakdown" . . . you go to lunch at the Somerset House (which is quite the smartest place in town right now, what with Ann Lehr giving these luncheons for charity) and there is Irene Dunne, that most perfect lady, who confesses she quite adores working with Cary Grant on account of no matter what her mood (and being Irish she is naturally moody) Cary can always make her laugh . . . you go to the Victor Hugo because you want to hear how well Rudy Vallee is doing with a band that he just whipped up over night right here in town . . . and there is Sonja Henie of the dancing eyes who chatters like a magpie about the skating tour she is starting shortly . . . and then she throws you completely by inviting you to watch the rehearsal of her troupe and when you accept she calmly announces that rehearsals start at seven-thirty a.m. at a downtown skating rink . . . meaning you must get up at five-thirty to keep the date . . . but somehow you do. . . .

IT goes on and on like that . . . day after day, and particularly night after night . . . and you couldn't be human and not respond to the color and vitality of it . . . and then, one fine day, you go for tea with Maureen O'Sullivan, who did the daring and impossible feat, of leaving Ireland on a Tuesday evening and landing in Hollywood the following Thursday A.M. . . . and as always about Maureen, there is that air of quietness and peace . . . the sunlight falls down **warmly over her garden** and there is no sound anywhere save one extravagant bird that is singing its heart out as it perches atop a white oleander bush . . . and Maureen, who was caught in London the day war broke out, and who even now is deeply concerned because her husband, John Farrow, may be called up any minute . . . Maureen says, "At first I resented it that nobody in Hollywood talked the war . . . that all we seemed concerned with was going on and making things funny or beautiful or poignant or whatever the script demanded . . . but now, as I think of my baby asleep, and as I think of all the other people who are in love and who want merely to be happy . . . I see the wisdom of it . . . and I begin to believe, perhaps quite irrationally, that, perhaps, by just ignoring this war, we may escape it . . . that's what I hope, anyway. . . ."

That's what I hope, also . . . and that's what Hollywood is trying to do . . . and there's its plan to give you and me our Happy New Year.

. . . but Ralph Bellamy seems to be questioning just what his fans will think of his role in "His Girl Friday"

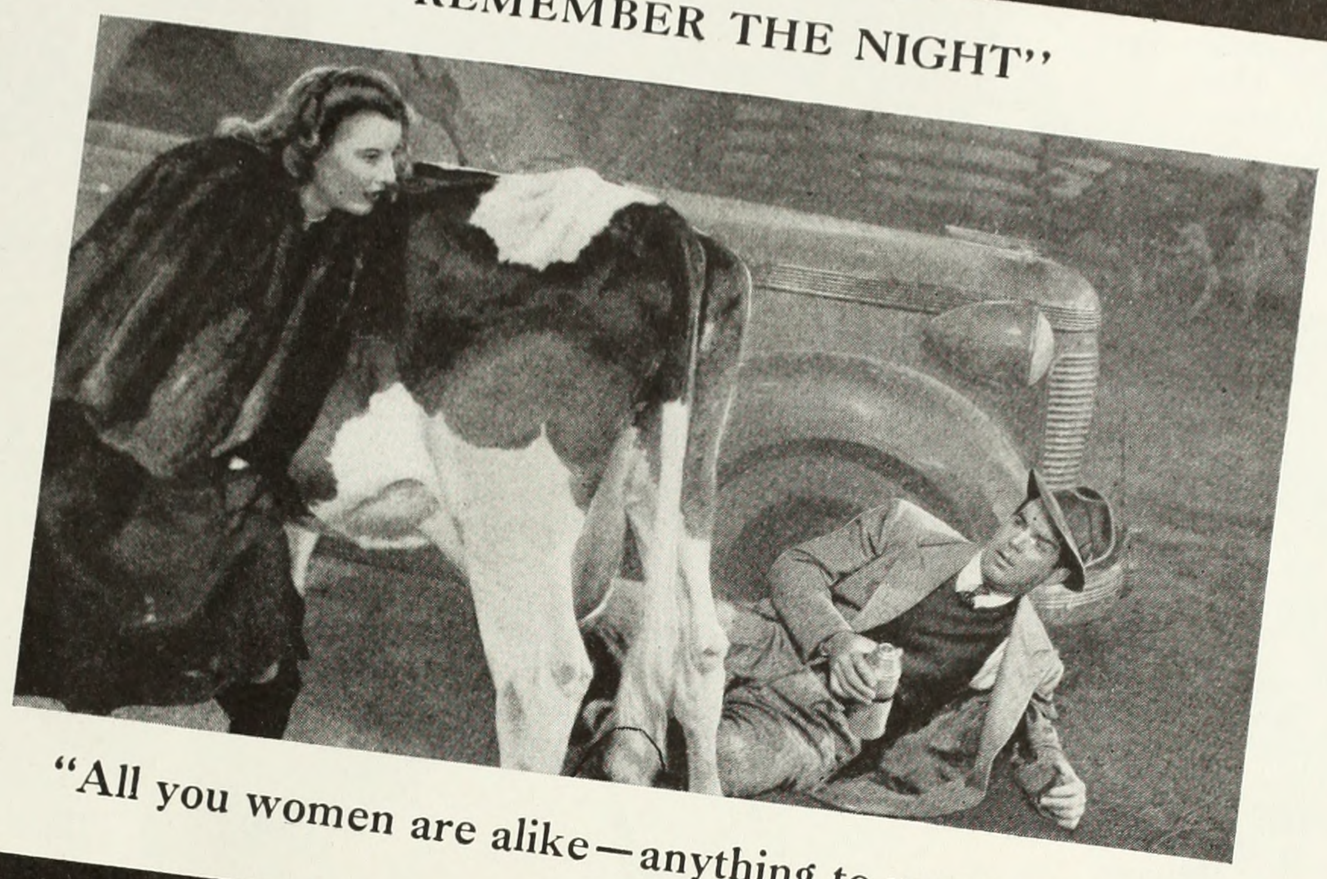
"He Married His Wife" accounts for the broad grin on Joel McCrea's face . . .

. . . while Sonja Henie chatters about a skating tour she is starting shortly

BAD GIRL— GOOD GUY—GREAT PICTURE!!!

Only Mitchell ("Man About Town") Leisen could direct a scene like this.

"REMEMBER THE NIGHT"



"All you women are alike—anything to upset a guy."

"REMEMBER THE NIGHT"

"Know why you've looked at me the way you have, danced with me the way you have, kissed me the way you have? . . . because you're in love with me."

"That's no way for a good guy to talk to a bad girl."

Only Preston ("Strictly Dishonorable") Sturges could write a scene like this.

Only Barbara ("Union Pacific") Stanwyck and Fred ("Honeymoon in Bali") MacMurray could bring you such a love story!

Barbara Stanwyck • Fred MacMurray in

"REMEMBER THE NIGHT"

Slick as "Honeymoon in Bali"... Explosive as "Midnight"... Romantic as "Love Affair"

with **BEULAH BONDI**

Elizabeth Patterson • Sterling Holloway • Directed by MITCHELL LEISEN

Original Screen Play by Preston Sturges

Of Course, IT'S A PARAMOUNT PICTURE!!

"That reaction certainly shows I'm no casting director!"

VIVIEN LEIGH, RHETT BUTLER AND I

TO begin with I'd like to state that despite what a lot of papers said there was never any feud between Vivien Leigh and me during the filming of "Gone with the Wind" or at any time thereafter.

Hollywood goes just as much to extremes when it comes to male and female stars cast together as it does on any other subject. Get a man and a woman in a picture together and you are immediately reported as either fighting or romancing. The fact that in eighty per cent of your pictures you have no emotion about the beautiful creature opposite you, other than an interest in her acting ability, is never printed. Yet that's the truth more often than not.

As for any possibility of Vivien Leigh's falling in love with me I knew that was out from our first glance. For never have I seen any girl more completely in love than that one is—with Laurence Olivier. It's as visible as a Neon sign that she can't think or talk of or dream about anything or anyone else on earth—except when she's on the set. When she's on the set, she's what a good actress should be. She's all business.

As for my falling in love with her, I'm sure that could have been plenty pleasant except that, added to her lack of interest in me, I didn't have any heart to give away, either. Mine was staked out to that Lombard girl who is mighty beautiful and brainy. Carole and I weren't married when Vivien and I first met, but we did marry while I was working on the picture and there's a story about our wedding that has never been told and which I'll get to presently.

I'll be truthful about it, however; I'll confess that the first time I saw her I doubted that Vivien could really play *Scarlett.* That reaction certainly shows I'm no casting director. But, accustomed to the more abandoned and superficial personalities of Hollywood girls, Vivien seemed too demure to me, at that first meeting, for the vivid, relentless *Scarlett.*

David Selznick introduced us to each other at a dinner party at his home. Vivien was wearing a very plain, tailored dress. She's much tinier in real life than she appears on the screen, and since she uses little make-up she has a very young, unsophisticated air. Besides, she had all the fires banked that evening and that Olivier guy was her escort.

Now I know I should have stopped to consider all that. But having seen Vivien only in "A Yank at Oxford," in which she didn't have a lot to do, I just looked at her that first evening at David's and wondered if that keen-minded producer had gone haywire when he signed her.

I knew he hadn't the first day Vivien and I got on a set together. (David doesn't go haywire, anyway, which is another thing I should have thought about—but as a profound thinker I'm a good duck-hunter.) The best alibi I can offer for my thickheadedness is that my mind was preoccupied with *Rhett Butler.* He had me plenty worried, so worried that I didn't want to play him.

Don't think that was because I didn't realize what a fat part he was. *Rhett* is one of the greatest male characters ever created. I knew that. I'd read the entire book through six times, trying to get his moods. I've still got a copy in my dressing room and I still read it

BY CLARK GABLE

AS TOLD TO RUTH WATERBURY

Everyone else has had his say about what went on behind the scenes of "Gone with the Wind." Now the hero himself, in a startlingly frank story, tells the truth about the year's most exciting cinematic event

once in a while, because I know I'll probably never get such a terrific role again. But what was worrying me, and still is, was that from the moment I was cast as *Rhett Butler* I started out with five million critics.

About all the handicap an actor ordinarily has is two or three professional critics to a city which adds up for the whole world to about one large theater's matinee business. Those birds may rap you and while you'd prefer their praise, still you can take those raps, if need be, hoping that the public which makes up all the millions of other movie-goers will like you regardless. But five million people have read "Gone with the Wind" and each must have his or her own idea of how *Rhett* should be played.

There was not only that, but I had an accent to think of, long hair to wear, and twenty-six costume changes—more than Carole has ever had in any one of her pictures (which brought me in for lots of ribbing from that one, too).

Photoplay, in publishing some two years ago, a sketch of me as *Rhett* had given me a guide on the make-up which was an enormous help, and I followed that. The hair was a mere matter of growth and getting used to going without a haircut. All those things were headaches enough, but I talked with Alicia Rhett, a Southern deb (she's from Charleston, where *Rhett* was supposed to have been born), before every scene and she was a marvelous accent coach. (Watch for her in one of the smaller roles. The girl's good and that "Rhett" stuff is her own name.) But *Scarlett,* being in every foot of the picture, needed plenty of watching.

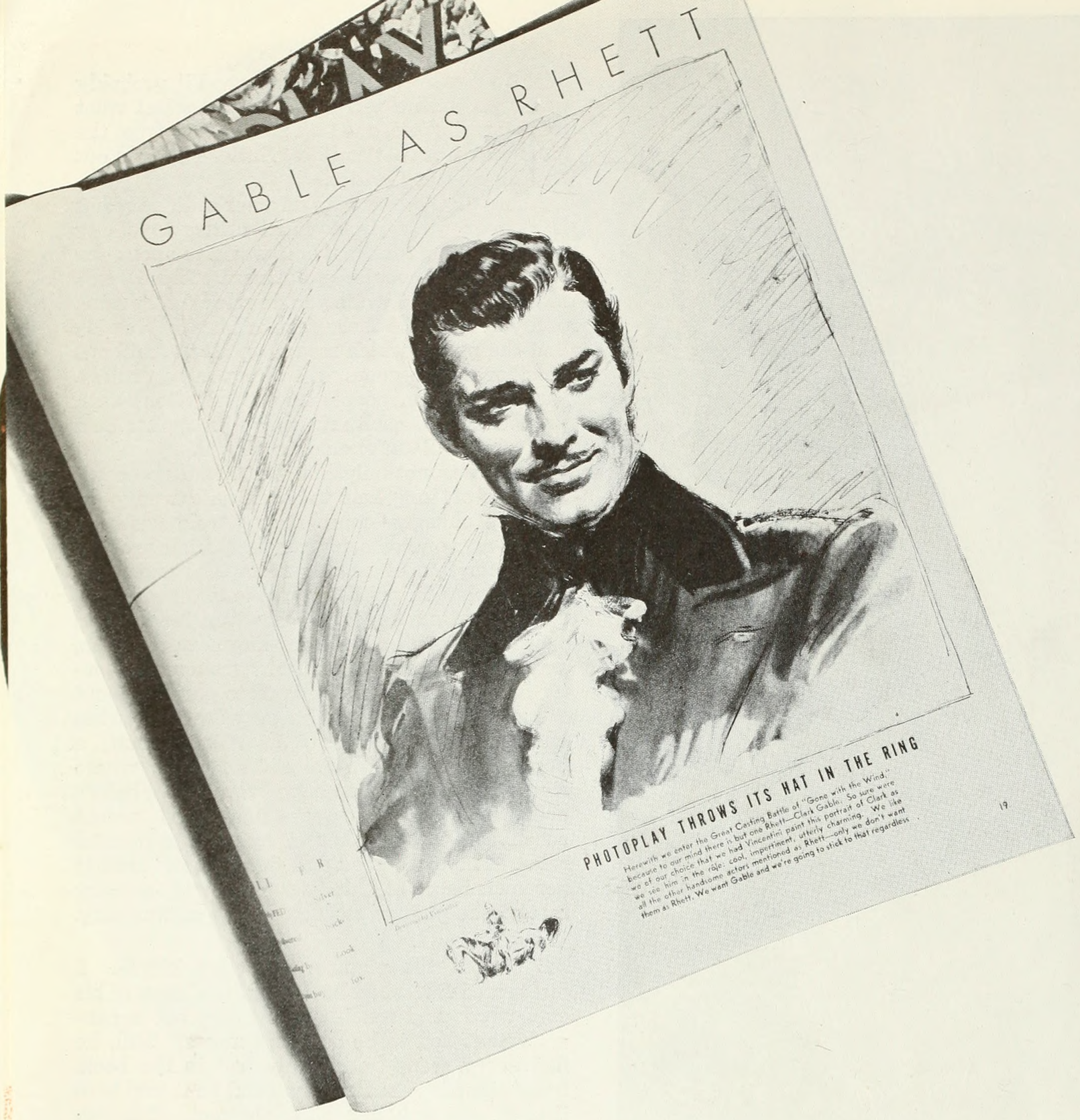
WE started the picture early last March. I discovered *Rhett* had been pruned of most of his cuss words and much of his force, but apparently that had to be for the censors. Still, he had every scene he actually had in the book. I was signed for six months (and be it said here that it was a honey of a contract. Selznick had offered me a flat rate for the picture. M-G-M played very fair with me and let me make my own deal. I put it on a week-to-week basis. Six months at that rate was mighty sweet sugar and I ate it up, for I know I'll never get such a chance again, and the ranch needed a lot of landscape gardening.)

Actually in production, however, I discovered that *Rhett* was even harder to play than I had anticipated. With so much of *Scarlett* preceding his entrance, *Rhett's* scenes were all climaxes. There was a chance to build up to *Scarlett,* but *Rhett* represented drama and action every time he appeared. He didn't figure in any of the battle scenes, being a guy who hated war, and he wasn't in the toughest of the siege of Atlanta shots. What I was fighting for was to hold my own in the first half of the picture—which is all Vivien's—because I felt that after the scene with the baby, *Bonnie, Rhett* could control the end of the film. That scene where *Bonnie* dies, and the scene where I strike *Scarlett* and she accidentally tumbles down stairs, thus losing her unborn child, were the two that worried me most.

The problem of *Rhett,* to me, was that although he reads like a tough guy and by his actions is frequently not admirable, actually he is a man who is practically broken by love. His scenes away from *Scarlett* make him a heavy and his scenes with her make him almost a weakling. My problem was to make him, despite that, a man people would respect. In that scene where *Rhett* has knocked *Scarlett* down stairs and learns later that the baby is dead, while *Scarlett* hovers between life and death, *Rhett* has to show remorse and suffering.

The scenario, in fact, has him hanging to *Melanie's* skirts and crying. So there was Moose Gable, clutching the skirt of that dainty de Havilland and trying to sob.

I thought of the stuffed doves Carole had sent to my dressing room on the day "Gone with the



Our prophecy came true! For here is the Photoplay portrait Clark mentions which we ran in the October, 1937, issue with this caption: "Herewith we enter the great casting battle of 'Gone with the Wind,' because to our mind there is but one Rhett—Clark Gable. So sure were we of our choice that we had Vincentini paint this portrait of Clark as we see him in the role: Cool, impertinent, utterly charming. We like all the other handsome actors mentioned as Rhett—only we don't want them as Rhett. We want Gable and we're going to stick to that regardless"

Wind" started. They are an omen between us. The first night we ever really talked to each other, the night of the White Mayfair three years ago, we quarreled. Next morning when I waked up, a little the worse for wear, I heard the weirdest noise in my room. I was living in the Beverly-Wilshire Hotel at the time but I kept thinking I heard birds in the room. I got up and right I was. I *had* heard birds in the room. They were a whole hamper of doves of peace that Carole had sent over. Ever since then whenever we have an argument about anything one or the other of us sends a dove. Result is that we've got some ten original doves on the ranch today and about fifty of their progeny. Squab from squabbles one could say, though it might be wiser if one didn't.

Anyhow, I thought of the stuffed doves for luck and I blessed Vic Fleming, the director, who has guided me through some tough ones before this, and as for the rest, I honestly prayed the scene would be good. Vic was kind and didn't keep the camera too much on my face. He let me try to do most of it on the sound track, act it with my voice, rather than with my expressions, I mean. I only hope you'll feel I've gotten away with it.

In the scenes with *Bonnie,* I tried to show a mature man's transfer of love away from a woman he knows doesn't love him to their child whom he adores. I've played only a few scenes with kids so these were a new experience to me, too. A new type of love scene. They were exciting but the scene in the whole picture that I enjoyed playing the most was the scene where I come in late at night, drunk, and *Scarlett* comes down and joins me, getting a little drunk herself. That's the scene where I knew what an actress Vivien is because while I intended nothing of the sort, she took the whole shot neatly away from me.

THE greatest day on the picture to me was March 31, 1939. That was two days after my wedding to Carole.

It has been written since then that Carole and I had that wedding day planned out for months in advance, but that's not true. It happened this way. On the afternoon of March 28, I was finished with my scenes about three in the afternoon. While I was taking off my make-up, the assistant director came over and said I didn't need to work the next day. I called Carole at once and with the aid of a close friend, we headed out that night to Kingman, Arizona. We took Otto along, not only to untangle any difficulties we might get into, but because he had a new car without license plates which meant we wouldn't be spotted.

We were married at three-thirty that afternoon and left at five-thirty, getting home the next morning at three. Carole's mother was there, all excited, which kept us up till five. Finally we got to sleep, only to be awakened at nine to discover forty cameramen, three newsreel men and twenty reporters waiting out in the front yard to interview us. Under the circumstances, David gave me another day off.

But the next morning when I reported at the studio, ready for the prison sequence, I discovered Vic had switched things on me and was prepared to do the wedding scene, only this day my bride was Vivien. David had engaged a full orchestra which was gurgling through the wedding march and while I knew it was all a rib on me, I blew up in the first take. The stage hands all groaned, Vivien asked solicitously what was the matter with me, and Vic said, "It's just that Clark has always been shy of girls."

Despite the kidding I got that day, however, we did precious little fooling on "Gone with the Wind." I, for one, was a stranger in a strange studio. Somehow, I'd never met Olivia de Havilland or Leslie Howard before. The crew, who are the ones who put over the gags in any studio, were all new to me. And Technicolor is too expensive to play tricks with. Besides David, having three million dollars invested, was down on that set all the time fixing us with his eagle eye. So we worked, day after day and hour after hour, for those six exciting months. It took all the stamina I've got, which is enough, but I can't imagine what it must have taken out of Vivien, who worked twice as much as I did. I only know that never once did I hear her complain.

As for me, when I finally was released, and they let me cut my hair again, the M-G-M gang sent me a turkey. They named it *Rhett Butler* and it was a male bird. The card said, "This is just to assure you that even if a turkey, *Rhett* can't lay an egg."

That leaves me nothing to do now but wait until after the picture is released, to read the critics and to see if I have to go out to the chicken house and tell that gobbler to move over.

Leslie (Ashley Wilkes) Howard

Ona (Belle Watling) Munson

Thomas (Gerald O'Hara) Mitchell

Olivia (Melanie Hamilton) de Havilland

HOW THE MOVIES CAN HELP KEEP US OUT OF WAR

BY ELEANOR ROOSEVELT

Our First Lady courageously faces the most vital problem of our time —and offers a provocative solution

OVER and over again the question is being asked of me: "What can we do to keep this nation out of war?"

Sometimes I think the question has behind it the purely selfish, but purely normal dread which comes to all of us when we think of the consequences of war in our own particular lives. Very frequently, however, this question comes as a result of thought, and the realization that some time there must be an end to this business of war, for war anywhere is a menace to peace everywhere. The more people who become involved in war, the fewer people there are left able to think logically and objectively about the very important plans for peace.

Why do nations go to war? Why do people let themselves be led into war? Are there some basic reasons which drive us into war, and which must be eliminated before we can hope for peace? People tell me that it is man's greed, man's desire to take something away from his fellow man which is usually responsible for war.

Very well then, if men were satisfied wherever they found themselves, there would be no need for war. Someone else will say: "But man is never satisfied!" The whole history of civilization is the history of dissatisfied man. We would never go forward if it were not for this trait which makes one man envious of his brother who is getting a little ahead, or who is making a new discovery which adds to his comfort or his power. When this happens anywhere, someone is sure to come along who will want to take away the advantage gained and profit by it himself.

What is the answer to this problem? There seems to be only one, namely, a change in the whole make-up of man. Instead of a desire to acquire something for himself or his particular group, he must become a co-operative animal, one who is willing to share what he knows, or what he has, with other human beings throughout the world. This is rather a tall order which means a long period of education, and by education we do not mean alone what children will learn out of history books in school.

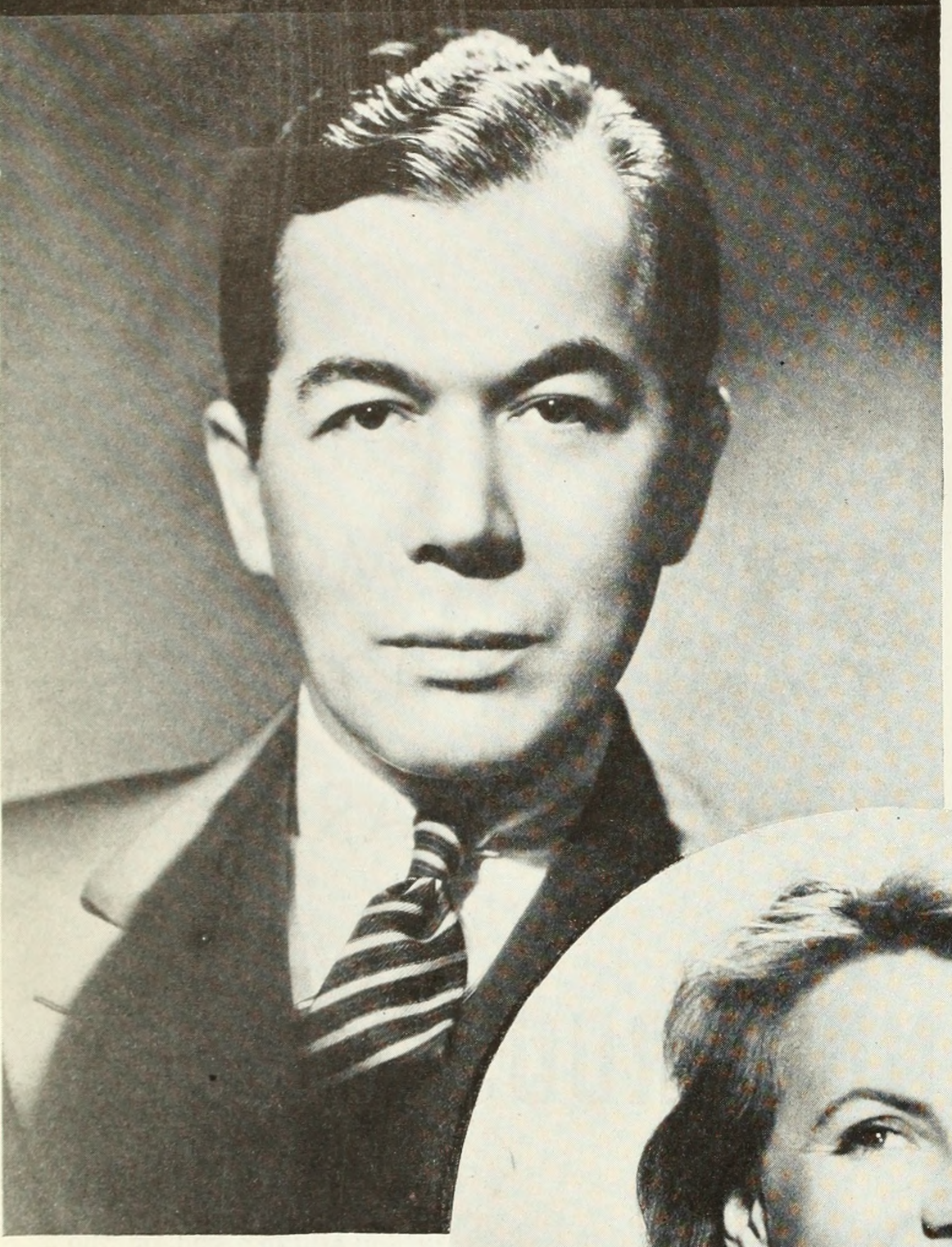
We have acquired in the course of the past few years, tools for mass education which we never had before. Among these tools are the moving-pictures, and so when I am asked by them what can be done to help keep us out of war, I can only answer that the best way to keep us out of war is to keep all nations out of war, and the best way to do that is to educate human beings to live together with good will in the world. I can hear you say, "How absurd!" Let's think about it, however.

For one thing, suppose we changed the way we measure success. If success means what we have been able to do for the benefit of all the people whom we could reach, and not what we have been able to do and keep for ourselves or a small circle about us, would our world begin to change?

A long while ago a standard was established in certain professions, notably that of medicine, which required any great, new discovery to be given to the world for the benefit of humanity and not to be held back for the use of a few.

(Continued on page 76)

The MAN GARBO WOULD DIET FOR



The face that launched a thousand sips of mineral soups! Gaylord Hauser, the Hollywood doctor who has opened new doorways to both happiness and health for Greta. Below —Fink's famous snap of the two at a fashion show

When you find a man who can tell a woman what to eat, make her laugh and be happy, you've found a promising husband-to-be! How about Dr. Hauser?

BY HARMONY HAYNES

BENGAMIN GAYLORD HAUSER, uncommonly handsome and uncommonly successful, well over six feet tall, brown hair, brown eyes, tanned complexion and broad shoulders has personally introduced a regime of health to women of most of the world's civilized nations and become personally acquainted with the most glamorous women of those countries, from the Duchess of Windsor on down.

Now Dr. Gaylord Hauser has prescribed for Garbo and the world has seen his patient's response in a laugh heard by a million theatergoers, in new gaiety and new health. His prescription—of romance and food—has wrought a Hollywood miracle.

Dr. Hauser is the man Garbo would diet for.

Hollywood's most unpredictable woman, she who has confounded the press and her public so joyously with rapturous friendships with the opposite sex—from Maurice Stiller right through to that desert rendezvous with Mamoulian and the summer idyll in Italy with Stokowski—has found a man who makes her drink vegetable juice and go shopping in broad daylight, braving the hue and cry of autograph hounds.

A man worth reporting—if you can. He is not one to blossom under questioning. He is not, as a matter of fact, usually to be questioned at all. Even to meet Dr. Hauser we must follow a long, winding, seldom-traveled road that leads back away from the flat land of Hollywood, up through hills and canyons that are capped by a cliff on which rests a beautiful house, surrounded and protected by a great stone wall and a precipitous gully.

We enter and find a friendly, easy-to-meet, perfect host, whose charm is partly his frankness. He says, point-blank, "I'll talk on any subject except Garbo!" and then in the relaxed quiet of the library, offers a full explanation of the glamorous Swede and his relationship to her.

The solid quiet of this mansion presses against you. The staff of servants move about their work with noiseless precision. There are no gaudy colors to mar the atmosphere of rest, no radios to blare the news of the day or the latest swing.

"Music," Hauser explains, "was intended for the soul—not just the ears."

(Continued on page 76)

TEARS INTO LAUGHTER

A famous writer who never pulls his punches tells of Barbara Stanwyck's escape from a fog of heartbreak into the sunshine of happiness

BY JIM TULLY

SHE has gone through the dismal valley of private woe to marry the King in the Land of Romance. If kind thoughts help to make a marriage happy, Barbara Stanwyck will continue to be among the happiest of women.

"It was long ago now," as Barbara's ancestors and my own would say, but Barbara's first interest in the man who is now her husband came about through a kind act. Frank Moran, the great pugilist of old time, told me the incident. There were many doing extra work in the film —the "location" was far away. Restaurants were farther. Each day a full warm meal came for each and all. No one knew the donor. It went on for ten days.

"Gee, I could marry a man with a heart like that," Barbara said when Frank told her the tale.

"Most any gal could," returned the great bruiser. "It was Robert Taylor."

Frank Moran continues, "Now she's married to the heartbeat of the nation. and no girl would be jealous if she knew how regular Barbara is."

Cynics will dismiss it as "just another Hollywood marriage," wondering "how long will it last?" Barbara will do everything possible to keep her marriage successful. She proved it in her first marriage. She humbled herself to keep that going. With nothing left but her adopted child, Dion, she cringed under the barrage of publicity—no sacrifice was too great to keep the child in a wholesome environment and not shunted from pillar to post. She lavished her love and devotion on her adopted boy to dim the unhappy memory of her own life—a broken home due to the death of her mother, and the weakness of her father in letting his brood shift for themselves.

Unlike many of the glamour girls who sprang from such humble surroundings, but who act as if they were born and rolled in purple, she is not ashamed of her background.

She came to Hollywood in the reflected glory of a topnotcher in the theater. She had only a short career on the stage and was unknown. Her sun actually came through the fogs of disappointment and rebuffs. Her motion-picture

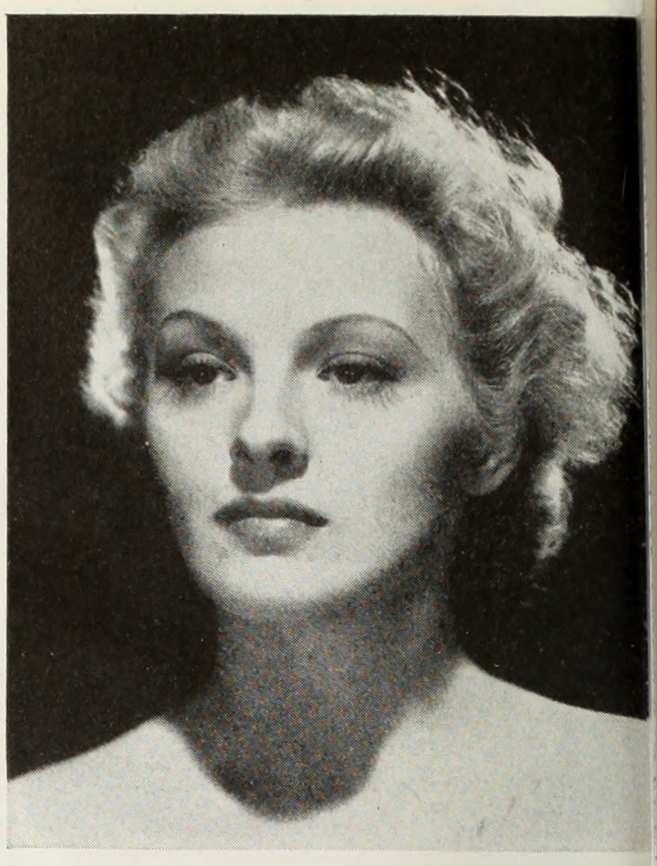
(Continued on page 74)

Today the star of "Remember the Night" lavishes on adopted son Dion (top) and husband Bob Taylor (center) the love that the star of "Burlesque" (above) missed in her own childhood

From studio cellist right on up to feminine lead in "Florian" is the saga of Helen Gilbert

Great lady of the stage (royal command performances and all), Judith Anderson does a female meanie for "Rebecca"

He turned from law to acting—and rain brought him luck. Filmland's man-about-town of the moment, Lee Bowman, is currently in "Florian"



There's not much of the Hungarian peasant left in the beautiful star of "Balalaika"! But Ilona Massey herself will never, never forget

Round-Up of Stars

BY SARA HAMILTON

Not that Hollywood's neglecting them! But we've been holding out to tell you all about them now—just when they're in the spot-news-light

HERE they come—that parade of talent that shines through the motion picture screens, giving us endless pleasure and leaving us wondering just what these talented people are like, what they think and why and where they came from. So, because PHOTOPLAY anticipates (we do it with mirrors) your questions in advance, we give you all the facts, fancies and foibles of Hollywood's talent parade.

First, ladies and gentlemen, we present:

An angel face in slacks. Sad eyes and dimples. A signet ring bearing the insignia of *peasantry.* Her Hungarian name—Ilone Hajmassy. Ilona Massey to Hollywood. Star to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

Time to Ilona Massey is a funny thing. It passes in measured sunrises and sunsets and with its going somehow one is no longer a peasant child in Budapest. There are no more bitter cold mornings to awaken to in the dark basement one-room apartment. It's California and Christmas time in the M-G-M commissary and one is eating turkey. Here it's warm and beautiful and comfortable and it's really Heaven for a little peasant girl from Hungary.

She says, "I was not only poor but a homely, ugly child." (Clark Gable pauses in the act of stowing away turkey to gaze at her loveliness.) "There was nothing attractive about me. I would look in the mirror and think to myself how stupid I looked. No expression. Nothing. So I decided something must be done and I would do it."

"What?" we demanded, thinking to ourselves, "I'll do it too, even if she says voodoo dancing. Gable's gotta' look that way at me. He's gotta'."

It turned out that Ilona's older sister, who occasionally saved enough from her small salary as a stenographer, took her to the movies. There she saw faces that were alive—that spoke with expression.

So she practiced, carrying the lesson she'd learned from the movies to her job in a tailoring establishment where she sewed for long weary hours. And then home to the dark one-room apartment to a father wrecked from a Siberian banishment during the World War and a mother who made straw dolls for the Hungarian festivals. Ilona never got to keep one of the dolls for her own. "But once or twice I heard bits of music," she says as if that compensated.

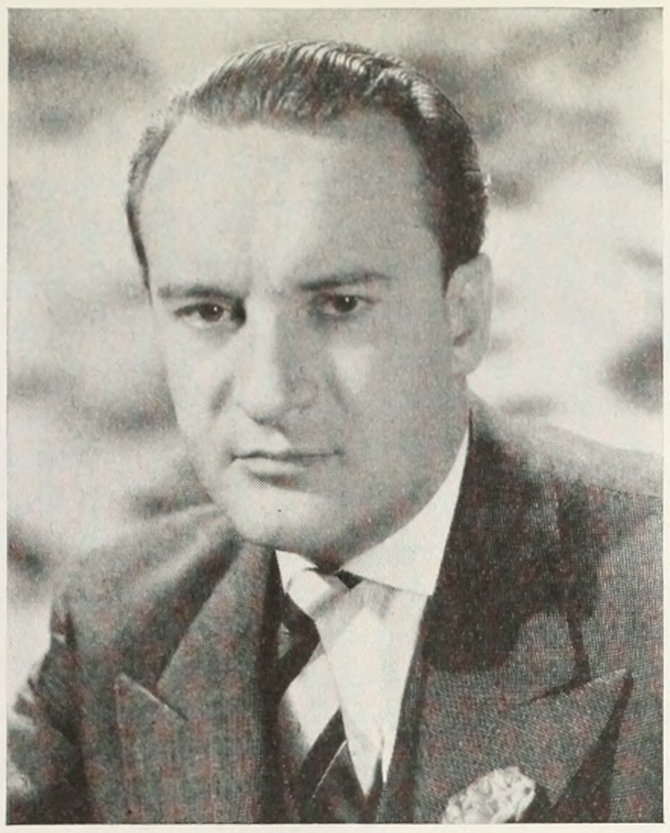
She discovered she walked pigeon-toed. She stopped it. "But I was gauche and stiff in my gestures. My hands are still big and not pretty," she says, holding them forth. "And my bones are too big."

The lessons penetrated to the peasant soul of her, filling her with new hope, lifting her up into the chorus of a small opera company. She earned twelve dollars a week and no one would listen to the singing voice she knew she had. Finally she went to Vienna and took bit parts in one of Vienna's smaller opera houses. When the leading lady suddenly fell ill, Ilona took the role. It led to a bigger opera house, a quick chance to sing the lead in a German opera. She couldn't sing German. She couldn't even speak it. She could cry, though—beautiful heart-breaking Hungarian tears that melted the maestro's heart and gave Ilona an extra week in which to learn German. And guess who sat out front that Night of Nights? Guess who sat there and watched this beautiful girl bow to her misty-eyed peasant parents in the box? Well, just Benny Thau of M-G-M, Culver City, California.

She was too hefty in "Rosalie," her first movie role. So she dieted into a slim loveliness that is beyond words. "I spoke so brokenly," she says, "that when I saw my first test on the lot I couldn't understand a word I said." So for five hours a day she studied English and then went from movie to movie to study and observe.

She slayed Hollywood with her attempts at English, but she could teach glamour girls a few things about clothes. She's a dream in four dollar turbans and a seventeen-fifty dress. A *dream,* that's all. Our food delights her. Only plum pudding turned out to be something she

The heavenly normalcy of Gale Page —so like the character she plays in "Four Wives"—accents the new note in a changing Hollywood tempo



His life's been as eventful as his film, "The Saint's Double Trouble" —George Sanders still takes them both in the same nonchalant stride

NEGLECTED PEOPLE

Too busy to turn around is Ann Rutherford of "Gone with the Wind" and the "Hardy" series —but never too busy to talk!

Thomas Mitchell is busiest of all, with "G.W.T.W.," "The Hunchback of Notre Dame" and "Swiss Family Robinson"—to mention a few!

couldn't bring herself to eat so she exchanged it for "yellow pie." That meant pumpkin, of course. She eats salad with a spoon, too. And likes our raw product rather than Hungary's cooked salads.

Garbo is her star idol. "But I didn't met her yet, I don't think I ever will met her, either," she laughs.

To Ilona most Hollywood men are "flickle." "You're the flickle one," she'll say. But Gary Cooper. There's the tragedy in her life. She fell in love with him on the screen in Vienna. But she got here too late to claim him. He was already married.

Her eyes reflect the sorrow of her childhood. Her face reveals the broodiness of the Slavs. It's like their music. Gay at times—hauntingly sad at times.

She's kind. Loving. Of the earth. People stop to speak to her with genuine affection.

She is the pet of the M-G-M lot since "Balalaika" with Nelson Eddy. She's even planning a concert tour before her next picture.

"And what does your mother think of all this?" we asked. "What does she say to your success?"

"When I showed her my contract that Mr. Benny Thau gave me in Vienna before I left, my mother looked at it and then said, 'Ilona, I always knew you were a fake. But never did I dream you were such a big faker as this.' "

Artiste:

When one so distinguished comes to our little movie village to do a piece of work—we pay tribute, every last single native of us. We lay garlands, then, at the feet of Miss Judith Anderson, star of the New York and London stages.

The first thing one notices about Miss Anderson who left off playing the mother of Jesus, in "Family Portrait" on the stage, to play a meanie in "Rebecca" on the screen, is that there is so little to notice. She's plain. So plain and small and slim in her grey slacks, pink sweater, blue snood and sandals, that it's startling and rather beautiful.

She's mad for California. The white house she lived in in Santa Monica with its gardens almost vibrates to that love. Her regret at having to leave it was almost a tangible thing. She looked at the roses blooming in December. "And the stocks I put in last week are simply shooting up," she said. "It's going to be awful to have to get into hats and gloves and dress-up dresses again. And the taxis that keep me late for appointments. I do wish I could stay here—just like this."

But the rehearsals for a revival of "Family Portrait," that goes on tour, awaited her in New York, and she had to go.

She's an Australian by birth. When she felt there was little progress to be made on the stage there, she and her mother came to America—Hollywood, to be exact. That was twenty-one years ago, and Hollywood was different then. D. W. Griffith was in the midst of a "Masterpiece" and DeMille was frantic over some biblical episode. She met Lillian Gish, but got nowhere in movies because, I suspect, Judith wasn't a golden-haired, dimpled and slightly plump beauty. Actresses, good ones, weren't too popular those days, so Judith and her mother traveled on to New York and stock. After three years work she was given a part with William Gillette in "Dear Brutus" and later in "Cobra," her first starring vehicle. She was a sensation.

She's the only actress, as far as I can discover, who has given two command performances before Queen Elizabeth and King George. The first meeting took place in 1926 in Australia where Judith had returned with a repertoire of her New York successes. The King and Queen, then the Duke and Duchess of York, came to see her play and afterwards she met them.

The second meeting was a year or so ago in London. Miss Anderson was playing "Macbeth" with Laurence Olivier when the royal command was delivered. "We were summoned to the Queen's box after the banquet scene," the actress said, "and again I was thrilled at her beauty and the shining goodness that radiates through her. Her indescribably clear skin, her eyes, so alive, and tender, and little girl mouth that gives forth that disarmingly young smile. And all about her that sweet simplicity of hers."

Her Majesty inquired of Miss Anderson what she had been muttering during one scene.

"I was trying to keep the candle near while I washed the blood from my hands," the actress explained.

"I should never have let the candle out of my hands," the Queen smiled, and Miss Anderson says she suddenly had a vision of the Queen as a little girl, scurrying through the dark, forbidding halls of Glamis Castle.

Three dachshunds that sit squarely in every visitor's lap and refuse to budge, are Judith's prize possessions. She calls them "Goony," "Miklos" (from a Hungarian play she did) and "Tinkertoo." The last is named for a cat called "Tinker," that Miss Anderson owned. She had

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Categorically Speaking

"If" is such a harmless word until it's used in Photoplay's sly way of describing stars—originated by Howard Sharpe (who'd be a fox "if" he were an animal)

BILL as Seen By MYRNA LOY

IF you've ever played the game of categories in which each player is asked to describe the others by comparing them to such familiar objects as animals, trees or automobiles, you'll know why we've had such a good time trying to picture Bill Powell for you in this new type of interview. Difficult, yes; but it's fun, too. For instance, if Bill were a house:

WHAT KIND OF HOUSE?

A modern, formal town house on San Francisco's Nob Hill. I don't mean a modernistic type of architecture, all chromium and endless glass—but a house of basically good design, remodeled to contemporary taste. There would be quiet rooms with great open fireplaces, dedicated to hours of conversation, and other rooms set aside just for the purpose of having fun . . . Of course, it's pretty tough to think of Bill in terms of any house without remembering that fabulous place he built, with its electrically controlled doors and automatic bathroom library, and the Ping-pong room without corners. You may recall that Bill's garage and house doors were controlled by his headlights; but since other motorists driving past kept setting off the system, those doors swung open and shut all night and kept Bill awake.

But it was a good experiment. I think the Nob Hill house would be in a constant state of flux, with playrooms being torn down to make way for workshops and bedrooms turning into swimming pools, with the owner never quite satisfied. Kitchens and cellar would be well stocked with divine food and liquor, of course. Guests would have a swell time, unless they didn't like talking. Then they'd be somewhat bored.

WHAT STREET?

If you could have taken Fifth Avenue during the 1890's and kept the same carriages, strollers and costumes, but somehow have lined it with the new build-

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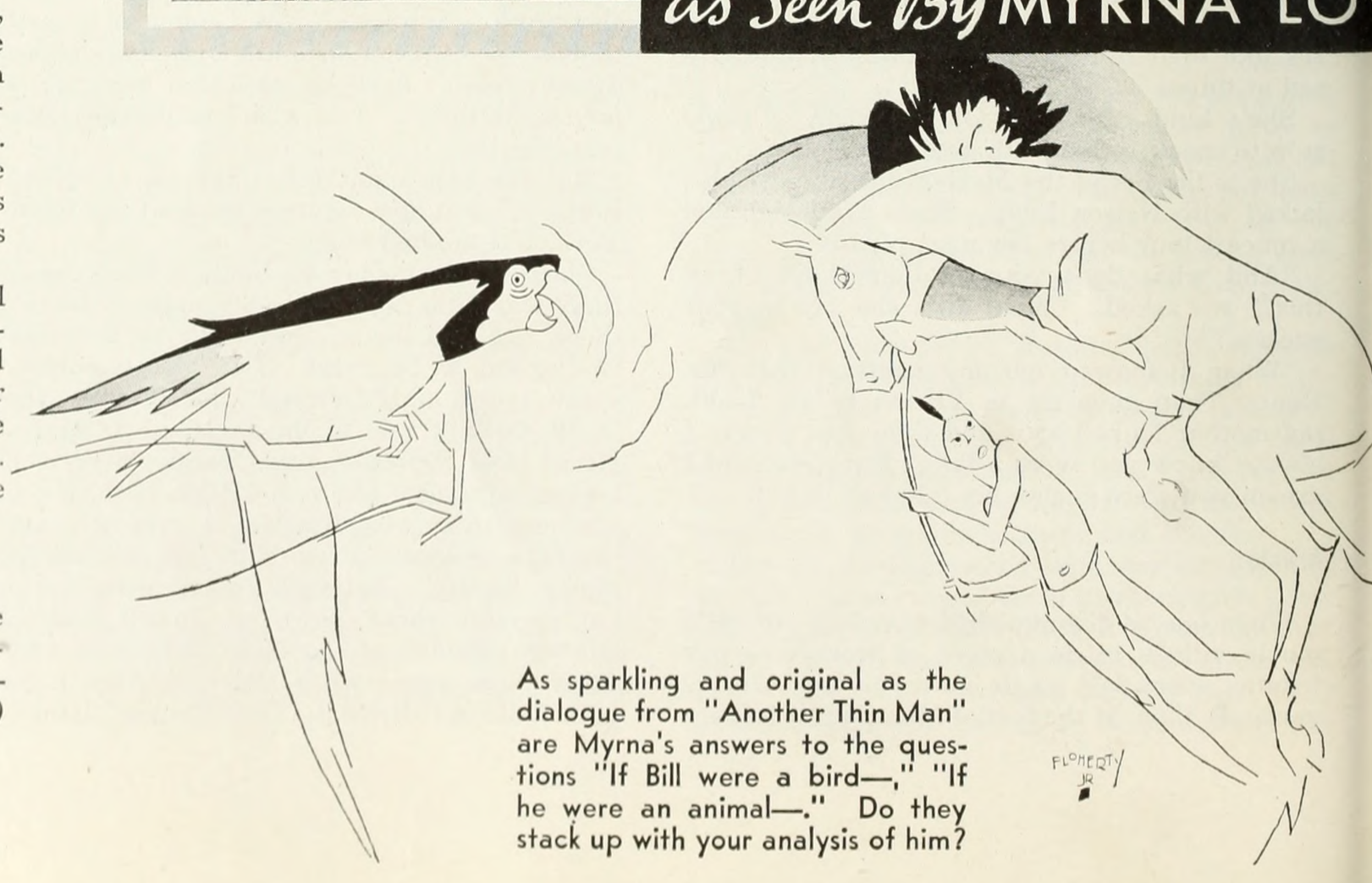


As sparkling and original as the dialogue from "Another Thin Man" are Myrna's answers to the questions "If Bill were a bird—," "If he were an animal—." Do they stack up with your analysis of him?

MYRNA
As Seen By BILL POWELL

ILLUSTRATED BY
JOHN J. FLOHERTY, JR.

YOU can't fit Myrna Loy into a category. You can't file a personality or a beauty such as hers away, and dust off your hands, and say, "There." Describing her in terms of categories is another thing. Myrna Loy if she were a street.

Well, she is an upper-class suburban road, lined with pleasant houses and elms. The purely American brand of normal life would go on in that district, and on, and on. A little of Wall Street is in the picture because Myrna is not to be caught napping or even in a pose of simulated napping. And of course somewhere in her past is the scent of a Chinatown alley, which turned out —upon investigation—to be a movie set all full of cardboard façades and pseudo-slinky atmosphere.

Music . . . Number One on the Hit Parade, any week; a Lombardo arrangement of a tune such as "Past, Present and Future." Remember the lyrics? "This is my past, dear—a spark, then a flame—the moon was to blame; the world was all in tune . . ." And some sort of Bavarian-cream about a groom and a bride and you by my side and whatnot. But more than that—

Myrna is a symphonic arrangement of the better popular melodies; a kind of song which, heard once, lingers by way of a bar or two in your memory and haunts you until you trace down the rest of it.

She is Stephen Foster music played by Glenn Miller, "Home Sweet Home" in swingtime.

And the whole arrangement emerges airily from a blonde-wood cabinet, electrically controlled.

Conjure Myrna into an automobile and I think you'd get an open phaeton, smart and sporty but with plenty of room for the entire family. The machine would be decorated with many horns and gadgets. It would have a conservative paint job. But it would go like the dickens when pressed on the accelerator, the while scrupulously observant of all and any traffic regulations. One would notice such a car if it were parked along a curb, and it would be fun to own; still it would be comfortable for long rides.

Myrna as food . . . Crepes Suzette with a glass of milk on the side, after a hearty farm dinner.

As a drink . . . Vermouth Cassis. You make it with a dash of clear dry Vermouth and a squirt of Cassis liqueur, and a lot of charged water and ice. There's a drink that cries for and must have a long glass. It's thoroughly refreshing but you can't get drunk on it. You can't even get tight. But you like the world more when you have finished one.

I suppose so far as magazines are concerned, Myrna would have to be the girl on the cover of a man's weekly periodical. That's a little obvious. Suppose we say she's a superior woman's magazine with surprises in it, so that the gentleman in the family would pick it up accidentally, be intrigued by the contents, and send in his personal subscription at once.

Indicated as it is, I must add that Myrna would be PHOTOPLAY.

She is a willow tree, graceful and pretty. This must be qualified . . . Under the branches a bunch of neighbor kids would have built some sort of shack and would be playing "Mr. and Mrs.," without fear of interruption. So coy, somehow, trying to describe Mrs. Hornblow in terms of domestic flora. If I say "willow" I imply the drooping, whimsical personality—which has no relationship to Loy as I know her. If I say an oleander you know only that I remember an oleander is lovely; and my imagination must be very tired. Let her be any healthy tree that doesn't demand attention all the time, that possesses trim lines and nice green leaves and an all-year-round stability of beauty.

Myrna Loy is characteristically anomalous.

She is a cookbook with Peter Arno illustrations; "Indian Love Lyrics" translated into a kind of vital, forceful slang; L. Alcott's "Little Women" changed so that the memorable maidens are recognizable 1940 jitterbugs come to Hollywood for various purposes.

If you think of her in the manner of paintings you face the difficulty of trying to imagine a portrait of Myrna herself done by a fine artist. That isn't fair. I think, essentially, she is "Pinkie" by Gainsborough, hanging on the South Wall in the Huntington Gallery at San Marino, with countless ladies from Iowa pausing before, murmuring whilst gaping, "Lovely . . . *lovely!* And *real*—"

Or she is a petit point pattern, with a modern sub-

(Continued on page 81)

Cash — AND CARY

Stardust and the glitter of Hollywood haven't changed Cary, unless you call "The Bed" an extravagance

BY ALMA ROBERTS

At last Cary has succumbed to a temptation that's been gnawing at him for years, but if beautiful Phyllis Brooks (with him at the Troc) was the incentive, Cary isn't telling

"His Girl Friday" with Rosalind Russell at Columbia, and "My Favorite Wife" with Irene Dunne at RKO tell the story of Cary's box-office standing

A WORRIED glint appeared in the brown eyes of the tall young man.

"People won't think I've gone Hollywood?" he asked.

"Of course not. Why should they?"

"On account of my new car," he replied.

The friend howled.

"There's as much show to that safe-and-sane model of yours as there is to a Quaker's bonnet. Where's its custom-made body, its yellow and green paint job? Listen, you can still drive Sunset Boulevard without making one tourist blink an eye."

Cary Grant sighed with vast relief. When he had journeyed out to Hollywood with years of struggle and hardship in New York behind him, he'd traveled in a touring car that was a fugitive from a museum. No grand entrance into the film city for him. Months after his arrival, he clung stubbornly to the old jaloppy. Even when the rainy season came and the water poured through the wide-open spaces of the roof, he refused to part with it.

Finally came the day when it literally fell apart like the one-horse shay and Cary was forced to buy a new one. And now that he had it—as conservative in line as a Republican's campaign pledges—he was afraid people would accuse him of going Hollywood.

Which is as good, if not better, a way as any to begin a story about cash and carry Grant, the man whose single extravagance since he gained a half nelson on stardom has been a bed that really fit him.

To underemphasize it, Cary has never been a money flinger—on his own needs. When it comes to the needs of friends down on their luck, that's something else. Even in those Broadway days when Cary was appearing in Arthur Hammerstein musical comedies and dragging down $75.00 per, he established a record actors have been shooting at ever since. Not even once did he draw his salary in advance.

The glitter of Hollywood just didn't touch him. He has never bought a yacht or a string of polo ponies. And for years he has fought off the temptation to buy himself a home of his own. That he finally succumbed a few weeks ago can be blamed on the fact that he added up the amount of rent he'd been paying out for years.

(Continued on page 72)

PRESENTING *A Brilliant New Feature:*

COMPLETE IN THIS ISSUE

PHOTOPLAY'S
Book of the Month

touching moment from
much-discussed War-
film starring Paul Muni
introducing Jane
an in her greatest
e. It is based on the
el which in somewhat
densed form appears
the following pages

WE ARE NOT ALONE
BY JAMES HILTON

wo full hours of fascinating reading—the poignant story of a gentle, unworldly doctor's forbidden love for a little dancer

PROLOGUE

IN a small cathedral town where changes are few, there are always people who remember who used to live in a particular house, what happened to them there and afterwards, and so on. Thus, when a chain-store company bought a site at the corner of Shawgate and sent men to break up the old Georgian frontage, there were reminders all over the town—"That was where the little doctor lived." It was a long time ago. The house had never been occupied since, and for a reason that made passers-by stare curiously as the picks swung through the dust clouds. In due course the job reached a stage when the whole of an inside wall was exposed, and on it, still hanging, a smashed picture which a workman sold for half a crown to a bystander. It proved on examination to be a faded etching of angels grouped around an arch of flowers, but when viewed at more than arm's length the whole design took on the likeness of a human skull. Some forgotten Victorian artist must have thought this clever; he could hardly have imagined that it would ever be so appropriate.

For the little doctor, who had lived in that house for years, was finally charged with the murder of his wife. A young woman was charged with him.

The case attracted a good deal of attention at the time.

It was generally admitted afterwards that Sir Guy Lockhead made a cardinal mistake in putting Dr. Newcome in the witness box to face a Crown cross-examination. My own plan, had I been defending Newcome, would have been to stress the undoubted fact that all the evidence was circumstantial, and to urge that it was the duty of the prosecution to prove it to the hilt rather than expect my client to refute it.

The little doctor, as I saw him in the courtroom, was very quiet and still. But once, during some evidence of a particularly repetitive kind, there came into his quietude a sudden emptying of consciousness that could only mean one thing, and that an extremely shocking thing in a man on trial for his life. *He had dozed off!* His head nodded for a moment.

"The court would be obliged if the prisoner would pay attention."

"I beg your pardon," answered the little doctor, almost inaudibly.

IF you were born in Calderbury, David Newcome may well have ushered you into the world. He married the daughter of a rural dean; they had one child, a boy. Jessica mixed with the best Cathedral society and was always on the committee of this, that, and the other. David didn't share many of her interests; sometimes he went to Sunday service with her, but more often not, for a doctor has all the best excuses. Some of the Cathedral people called him "our doctor" because of his wife. Perhaps that was really why they also called him "little," since it was not he who was less than average in height, but Jessica who was more. She was five feet ten, which is tall enough in any woman.

His attitude towards Jessica had leveled into a passive acceptance of her status as his wife; no flicker of impulse disturbed something which was not quite serenity and not quite boredom either. This condition, which some people flatteringly call happiness, David did not call anything; he did not even think about it. He just did his job, year by year, and would have been tolerably content with the wrong sort of wife if only he could have had the right sort of child. It didn't seem, as the years went by, that Gerald was going to be that. There was a nervousness in the boy that was almost pathological, and none the less so because Jessica regarded it as mere naughtiness. Upon this point of interpretation David and Jessica had their rare quarrels; for the boy's tantrums stirred David to a degree of patience which to Jessica was an added irritation.

When Gerald developed one of his notorious crying fits it was David who would devote hours to pacifying him, fighting the enemy with fear-stilling hands; for David knew the terror a child can have when a shadow climbs a wall, or when a train screams through a station, or when, in some story book, a page is turned shudderingly upon a hated picture. And he knew how terror can sometimes fascinate till the dreaded thing is loved and the mind twists into lonely corridors; he knew, too, that nothing is terrible if it is not felt to be. For there was that picture of angels looking like a skull; by some chance the boy liked it, and was overjoyed when David produced a real skull—relic of student days—to give meaning to what had hitherto been a merely entertaining mystery. And David demonstrating thus, was inspired to do so by a desire to establish one thing at least of which the boy should never be afraid; and that was Death.

He was well liked in Calderbury. He did not waste much time in spoken sympathy, or even seem to worry much if his patients died, though he was sometimes inclined to boast if they didn't die—as when, for instance, in an epidemic that killed scores of other doctors' patients, all of his recovered.

A dramatic scene from the Warner film, "We Are Not Alone"—when Paul Muni introduces Leni (Jane Bryan) to Jessica (Flora Robson) and Susan (Una O'Connor)

WE ARE NOT ALONE

Copyright 1936, 1937. By James Hilton

Photoplay is proud to bring you the original novel upon which Warner Brothers' inspiring film is based. Once again the famous author of "Lost Horizon" and "Good bye, Mr. Chips" pulls at your heartstrings in the enthralling story of a kindly doctor and a danseuse who are caught in a maelstrom of their own emotions

CHAPTER I

ONE cold gusty night in December a boy rang the bell of the doctor's house in Shawgate, and when Susan came to the door left word that there had been an accident to a dancer at the local theatre and would the doctor please come at once. David had had a busy day and was tired, but when she reported the message he nodded vaguely and began putting things in his bag.

"At the theatre, Susan? A dancer?"

"So the boy said. I don't know why they should send for you, anyway—Dr. Cowell lives much nearer."

"I'd better go."

"It's probably nothing much. Shall I light your bicycle lamp for you?"

"Oh, I think I'll walk. It's only over the hill past the Cathedral."

"But it's a rough night."

"Do me good to get some fresh air. I can walk it in ten minutes."

He put on his overcoat, wrapped a muffler round his neck, pulled the brim of his hat well down, and set out.

A rough night, indeed. There were few strollers in such weather, and because he was tired and a little breathless from climbing against the gale, he halted a moment by a street lamp; and again because there was a playbill of the local theatre in a shop window near by, he crossed the pavement to give it a second's glance.

It advertised a show called *Les Nuit* [*sic*] *de Paris*, which it described as "A Riot of Mirth-Provoking Naughtiness, Direct from the Gay Capital, with a Galaxy of Continental Stars."

The Theatre Royal in Calderbury dated from the fifties and had been modernized at various times to conform with fashions that afterwards made it seem more outmoded than ever. Stucco had peeled off the outside walls, the words "Theatre Royal" were spelt in empty sockets for which nobody could afford lights, moth and fleas inhabited the plush-hung boxes that nobody ever entered. The very boards of the theater sagged with dry rot.

The third and last act was nearly over when David arrived. He found nobody on duty to admit or question him. Entering by the stage door, he made his way along a dimly lit corridor echoing with the sound of excessively nasal singing. Then he pushed through another door and found himself stumbling against a heap of bright-colored dresses. Here a stout man in shirt sleeves seemed to be manipulating scenery.

"I'm a doctor. Someone sent for me about an accident here."

The stout man turned a casual eye. "Accident?" Then, into space: "Hey, Jim! Know anything about an accident?"

"To one of your dancers," David added.

A voice answered: "We ain't got only one dancer. She slipped as she came off, if you call that an accident."

The stout man jerked his hand. "Maybe it's her. You'll find her along there."

"Thank you."

David walked between cliffs of slowly swaying canvas till he came to a group of girls wiping grease paint from their faces. They took no notice of him.

He walked farther till a closed door stopped him; he tapped on the panel, but there was no answer; then he turned the handle and found the room empty. He went back to the girls.

"There's nobody in."

"No? Then she must have gone home."

"But—well, I'm a doctor—I was sent for to see this girl—or to see someone—about an accident."

"An accident?"

"Hasn't there been an accident? Didn't she slip and hurt herself?"

"Don't know, I'm sure. We weren't on during her turn."

Had they been less casual, had they been able to confirm or deny or explain anything, he would probably have concluded that since the girl had been well enough to go home she could not have been very badly hurt. And he would probably have gone home then himself, assuming his summons to have been a thing done hastily and afterwards regretted. But that air of casualness, so foreign to the routine of his own profession, stiffened his conscientiousness to the point of obstinacy; even if the whole thing were a hoax or a false alarm, he could not now be satisfied till he had definitely established it so. After some trouble he extracted the girl's temporary address from the stage doorkeeper: Number 24, Harcourt Row.

At Number 24 an elderly woman answered his continued ringing; she had to unlock the door. He knew her by sight; she knew him in the same way; and only this prevented the voicing of her resentment at being dragged out of bed at such an hour. Even as it was, her manner was far from cordial. When David had stated his business she muttered truculently:

"You'd better come up and see her. I can't understand a word she says—she's foreign. She's hurt her arm, by the look of it."

"All right."

He followed upstairs, till the woman opened the door of a very small room, crowded with shabby furniture and lit by a single unshaded gas light. A bed occupied most of the space, and on this sat a girl. David saw her face first of all through a wall mirror that happened to be in line with it; stained with grease paint, it struck him disturbingly, so that he stared for a moment, hardly realizing that the eyes he met in the glass could really be seeing him also.

They were amber-brown, curiously matched with reddish-tinted hair; matched, too, in their pained, difficult eagerness, with the set of lips and mouth. David went to her. He saw at once that her left wrist, resting over her knee as she sat, hung limply. She did not speak, but pointed to it, and when he stooped and held it, feeling what was amiss, her lips parted and blood came rushing into the marks that her teeth had made.

"It is brokken?" she said.

"I'm afraid so," he answered simply, kneeling to open his bag on a chair. He noticed then that a piece of stocking stuck to her leg in a smear of blood and dirt; nothing much, but the kind of thing he was always careful about. After bandaging the wrist he set about to clean this cut and asked Mrs. Patterson for warm water.

"You're going to have to rest for a while," he said to the girl.

She nodded, but he was not sure that she knew what he meant.

"You dance, don't you?"

Again she nodded.

"Well, you'll have to rest. You can't dance with an arm in a sling, and that's what you'll have to have." He spoke plainly, but with compassion and increasing doubt as to whether she understood him. "You know *some* English?" he queried.

"*Ein wenig* . . . a little. . . ."

He smiled more easily. "That's about how much I speak your language, too."

He was prepared then for the torrent of words that usually outpours if one confesses even a slight knowledge of a stranger's tongue; but to his surprise she was silent.

He tried to make conversation but soon came to the end of his scantily recollected German. And her own meagre English did nothing to help him out. But he did manage to ask why she hadn't waited for him at the theatre, since she had sent for him there.

"I didn't send for you," she answered, in German. "It was the boy who sells chocolates. He sent for you. He said you were always so very kind."

David was just as embarrassed as most men would be by such a remark.

She went on: "He called you 'the little doctor'—is that right? . . . *'Der kleine Doktor?'*"

Which completed his embarrassment, for he was one of those people who can live a whole lifetime without seeing or hearing the most obvious thing about themselves. He had not really known that he was called "the little doctor" until that moment, and he did not quite know whether he liked it or not; and, anyhow, the disclosure left him shyly disconcerted. And beyond all that he was troubled, perhaps by the rescoring of ancient mind tracks that the translation effort had entailed. He kept smiling the more steadfastly because he had used up all his German, and into a silence, as he packed his bag to go, came a revelation of her own mute solitariness in suffering. This made him feel towards her as to all such sufferers—that nothing could ever ease the embrace of pain and its victim except a gentle blessing on that embrace; and such a blessing he gave, in secret, on her behalf.

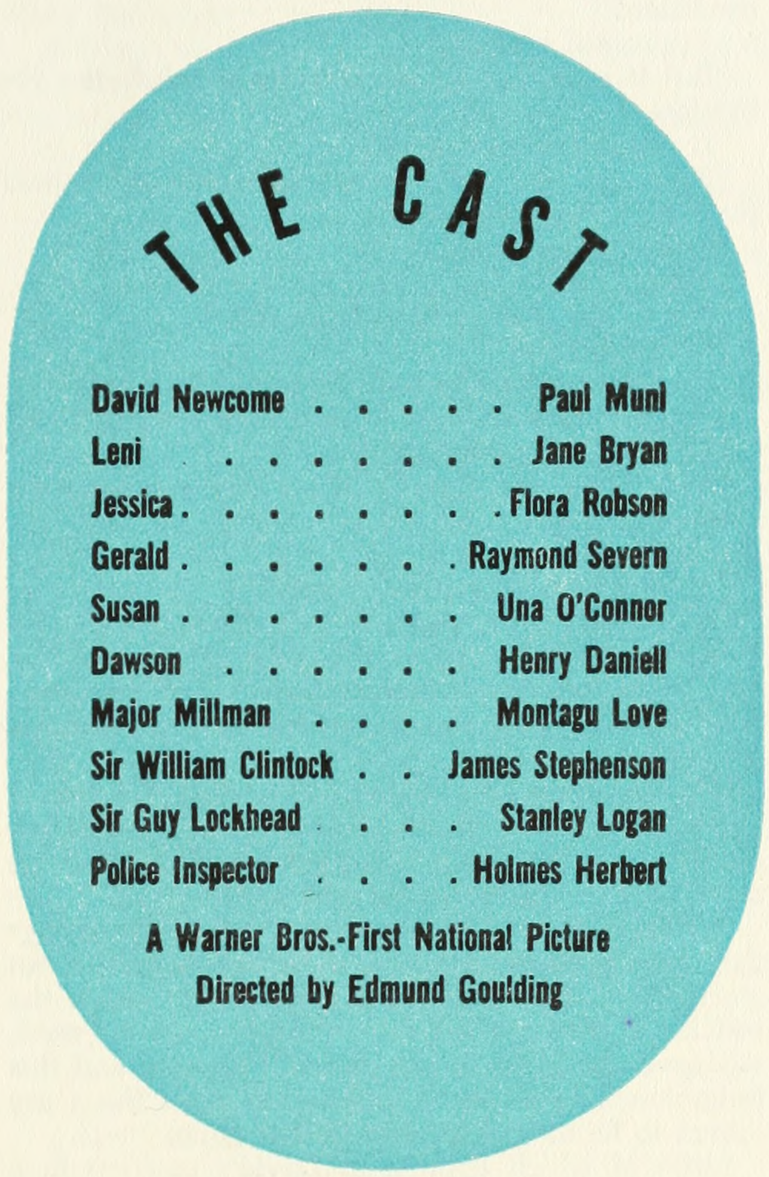
"Good night," he said, adding that he would call and see her again on Monday morning.

On the way back to his house it occurred to him that he did not even know her name. He stopped again at the shop window and glanced down at the playbill till he came to "Leni Arkadrevna, Whirlwind Danseuse from St. Petersburg." Goodness, he thought; that must be the one!

On Monday, when he called, the girl had left. "She just went off yesterday morning, same as the theatricals always do of a Sunday."

"But she had a broken wrist! She couldn't be any use like that!"

"Well, maybe she had to go with the rest of 'em. Not that they seemed to have much to do with her, and you can't hardly blame them, with her not speaking the language."



"But weren't there other foreigners in the company? Wasn't it a French play?"

"Bless you, they was all English except her. And the show's not really foreign—it's just what they call it. She acted a Russian dancer, so I suppose that's why they gave her the name."

"It wasn't her real name, then?"

"Shouldn't think so. They never have real names."

"Do you know where the company's moved on to?"

"That I couldn't say for sure, but I've an idea it might be Addington or Polesby or one of them places. They'd tell you at the theatre, I daresay."

But David didn't bother to ask at the theatre. His curiosity was soon exhausted, for the theatrical world had seemed so unfamiliar when he had entered it momentarily that he could now accept any strangeness in its behavior. Nor did he often think about the Russian-German-French girl (or whatever she really was) during the weeks that followed. He didn't even put her down in his book, because he had forgotten her stage name, and, anyhow, he wasn't going to send her a bill. And this was not wholly generosity, but partly mere trouble saving; for he had no secretary, and the extraction of small sums from patients who left the town was rarely worth the time and effort it would involve.

CHAPTER II

THE New Year came in, and life for the little doctor continued pretty much as it had throughout a number of old years; busily partitioned, and with its own private trouble (about Gerald) to fill the gaps between.

He did not have many free moments. Most of his day was occupied with hospital work or visiting, he took his meals with Jessica, and in the evening there was the surgery; after which he was often tired enough to go to bed and very promptly to sleep.

Once a week, varying the routine, he spent a whole day in Sandmouth. He had several patients in that rising watering place—Calderbury folk who, retired and rich, lengthened their lives by means of sea air, half-yearly dividends, and (he always hoped) the confidence they reposed in his own regular visits. He was inclined to smile at this confidence (since there were so many excellent doctors in Sandmouth); nevertheless, he enjoyed his day trips to the sea.

One summer morning he caught, as usual, the seven-five—an absurdly early train, but there was no other till afternoon, and in those days travelers were at the mercy of the railway schedule.

IN Sandmouth that Friday morning the June sun blazed in a manner almost justifying the railway posters, and Station Avenue, sloping down to the Pierhead, was brilliant with the litter of café advertisements and stalls piled with colored buckets and gift pottery. David turned the corner by the Pierhead and threaded his way along the Promenade. Here the main army of holiday-makers paraded. He liked to walk by the edge of the waves, noticing the faces of deck-chair loungers and stumbling over sand holes dug by frantic children.

It was during the afternoon that he made his visits; they were usually finished by five, so that he could comfortably catch the five-thirty. But the call at Mrs. Drawbell's lengthened because a niece staying with her had taken a chill, and the call at Major Sanderson's lengthened because the Major insisted on describing a new kind of indigestion he had acquired—to which David listened with sympathy combined with growing apprehension about the time. In the end he reconciled himself to losing the train, though actually, had he hurried, he could have caught it. He was like that—he would rather decide to miss something than have the uncertainty of chasing after it. There was no other train till the nine-seven, so he had three hours to spare. He strolled down Station Avenue to the Promenade where grey skies were breaking into one of those spectacular sea-horizon sunsets. David reached the Pierhead and, on sudden impulse, paid his twopence and clicked on to the wooden planks.

He noticed that a concert party advertised themselves as "The Cheerybles"; presently, approaching a placard more closely than before, his eye caught a programme announcement. One of its items engaged something in his mind that made him pause. "Leni Arkadrevna," he reread, "Whirlwind Danseuse from St. Petersburg." Then he remembered, and on a second sudden impulse that evening he bought a shilling deck-chair seat facing the open-air stage. The show was just beginning.

He did not find it very entertaining, but a certain innocent curiosity about most things made it hard for him to feel bored; indeed, as he watched and listened to the rather feeble acting and singing, a slow dreamy contentment came over him, focused slightly by the anticipation of seeing his ex-patient.

A piquant prelude to the appearance of a whirlwind dancer from St. Petersburg who spoke German. But, to his surprise, she didn't appear, and her item on the programme was omitted without explanation; till suddenly, from the unison with which a particular chorus was sung, he realized that the show was over and the audience beginning to get up and move away. After a pause he rose with them and sauntered towards the exit, puzzled, but hardly troubling much. When, however, he passed a man in Pierrot costume who was about to enter the pay booth, he asked what had happened to the girl dancer. The question ignited something.

"*Happened* to her? You can well ask that!"

"Why, what's the matter?"

Just then another Pierrot rushed up and said something in the ear of the first one, whose response was to throw up his arms with a gesture of despair. "My God—she *would!* And now what do we do? A doctor—where the devil can we find a doctor?"

WE ARE NOT ALONE

"I am a doctor," said David quietly.

"*You?*"

"Yes."

"No kidding?"

"My name is—"

"Oh, never mind—for heaven's sake go round and see what's up. Take him along, Jim."

Jim led the way through the rows of empty deck chairs, now awaiting their second audience, behind a wooden screen, and eventually to the back of the stage. It was part of David's experience to be guided by devious routes to strange places, there to take charge of emergencies that occasioned him no real surprise. Only the mildest curiosity inspired him to ask his question again—what had happened to the girl? Was she ill?

"It's only luck if she isn't dead."

"Oh?"

"Shut herself in and turned on the gas, mister. What d' you say to that?"

But all David could say to that was a rather surprised: "Gas on the end of a pier?"

"Yes, mister. Gas an' electric lights and water and telephone—all in them pipes."

Soon they came upon an excited group of concert artists and Pier officials. Someone was fanning a door backwards and forwards, and there was much eagerness to describe, rather confusingly, what had taken place. The girl, it seemed, had missed her cue for the whirlwind dance business, and nobody had had time to find out the reason for her absence until after the last curtain, when a locked door and a smell of gas were discovered and reported. The door was easily opened with the key of another door; then the girl was found, sprawled over a couch, unconscious and breathing heavily in the tainted atmosphere. The tap of the radiator had been full on.

David took in the scene professionally, noting the absence of skin discoloration and the comparative

The girl sprawled over a couch

steadiness of the pulse. But most of all he noticed that her injured wrist, the one he had attended in Calderbury six months before, was badly swollen.

There came over him at these times a sort of natural dignity, so that when he asked the crowd to disperse and leave him alone in the room, they did so without much demur.

"Nothing to be alarmed about," he said, reassuringly.

"You mean she'll pull through?" queried a thin man in evening clothes.

"Why, of course." And he added, almost as if he were speaking to himself: "These walls are only matchboarding—they're full of draughts. I don't think anybody could do such a thing here without stopping up the cracks . . . it's extraordinary, the way people don't think of these details. . . ."

"Well, there's one detail you can think of to save me the trouble, doctor."

"Yes?"

"As soon as she comes to you can tell her she's got the sack."

David looked up inquiringly.

"I'm the manager and I don't stand for this sort of thing. So you can tell her—see?"

David was still looking up.

"And tell her to clear out before we fetch the police! She could be locked up for this!"

"I wouldn't fetch the police if I were you," said David quietly. "It wouldn't do your show any good."

The manager banged the door, and David began —artificial respiration, a hypodermic, just the routine procedure. He went to work with his usual precision.

Presently she opened her eyes. They blinked to consciousness as she realized where she was, then focused to new astonishment at the sight of him; while her mouth, trying the German words before she spoke, twisted into a half-smile.

"*You?* I must be dreaming! How can it be *you —here?*"

And he answered, with the foolishness of sheer simplicity: "I come here every Friday."

"*Der kleine Doktor am jeden Freitag!*"

He sat beside her, rebandaging the wrist, trying to think of German words.

"You must take care. This is bad. . . . Am I hurting you now?"

"Only a little."

"You should have rested—I told you that. . . ."

"I couldn't."

"You mean you danced with your wrist in this condition?"

"Yes—until tonight."

"But it must have been terribly painful—the vibration—"

"It was driving me mad."

"But, my dear girl—why on earth—why—was *that* why—you tried to—"

She shook her head.

"Then why?"

"Just—that there was nothing else."

"*Nichts anders?*"

"Nothing except night after night—like this."

"Couldn't you go back to your own country?"

She shook her head again.

"You have no parents there—no relatives—no friends?"

"No one."

"Is that why you are unhappy?"

All at once tears began to roll down her cheeks, streaking the grease paint; she did not made a sound, and there was no movement but that of the tears. Neither did David move, but his stillness and silence had compassion.

After a pause she smiled. He asked the reason and took to his heart a schoolboy translation of her answer: "Because I am so glad you didn't tell me not to cry . . . and I knew you wouldn't. . . ."

A doctor is so familiar with most of the things that can happen to minds and bodies that little can startle him. He can leave the operating table or the bedside, switching off his attention, as it were, whenever he feels he has done all he can; and this judgment he can reach unfettered, since there are others to humanize it after he has gone.

Little of which applied to David's position in a girl's dressing room at the back of the pavilion on Sandmouth Pier. He did not know what more he could do, yet he did not feel he could say goodnight and leave her. There was much he could have explained but for the language obstacle, at least an ease he could have given to the leave-taking. And while he was thus hesitating and wondering, a man arrived with an envelope which the girl opened; it contained a week's wages and notice of summary dismissal. She showed it, smiling wryly as she did so; then, with a shrug, she began to change out of her costume into ordinary clothes. She had no shyness.

"You see, I must go now. They will not have me any more."

"But *where* will you go?"

"Away from here. Somewhere. I don't know."

He could see she was anxious to leave before the second show ended, and he thought this was a good thing if she could manage to do it. He helped her to dress, therefore, and when she was ready they left together through a back door.

"The cold air will help you," David said, as they began to walk along the Pier. He had to take her arm because she staggered a little. He noted that it was half-past nine; he had missed the last train to Calderbury. That meant staying overnight and taking the first train in the morning.

He began to talk in a mixture of English and German. "You're not really tired of life. You're tired of pain and loneliness and hopelessness. You don't really want to die. The time to die is when you have something to die for—the time to be tired of life is when life is tired of you. . . ." And so he talked, stumbling over the words, yet with a deeper sureness that was like the breaking in of a new instrument by a virtuoso. She clung to him then with far more than her uninjured arm, till at last a physical drowsiness conquered and he knew that she was almost asleep as she walked.

They left the Pier and threaded through the crowds on the still frequented Promenade. He led her to her lodgings, an apartment house dingy even for a back street in a seaside town. He imagined that would be the end of their meeting, but at the house there was a surprise. By some lightning spread of gossip, the landlady had learned of happenings at the Pier Pavilion, with the result that she stood truculently in the front hall, hips firm and lips tightened. "I'll have no sooicides in my house!" came her immediate greeting, as David helped the girl up the flight of steps to the porch. "No turning the gas on here and blowing us all up while we're in our beds! Here's your bag—you can take it and go! And if that's your gentleman friend I hope he knows all about you!"

DAVID didn't know what to do, and he was a little upset, as he always was by scenes outside the realm of pathology. He could think of nothing but to take the girl away immediately, which meant to walk to the cab stand at the corner and drive somewhere; but of course the cabman wanted an address, and the only one that occurred to him on the spur of the moment was the Victoria Hotel, where he intended to stay himself, and where he had occasionally stayed before. So they drove there, the girl by this time so desperately tired that she could hardly stand up in the hotel lobby. The clerk, recognizing David but not quite sure of his name, appraised his companion curiously, wondering if she had drunk too much and if she were his wife. It was all rather odd, but none of his business; but he thought it odder still when, on being presented with the register for signature, David had to question the girl before he wrote her name. Then he wrote "Leni Krafft." He asked for two single rooms, and the clerk allotted them on the same floor. Then the doctor asked for a trunk call to Calderbury and the clerk overheard him explaining why he couldn't return home that night. But (or so at any rate he said afterwards) the clerk suspected that the doctor might not be giving the right explanation.

David did not sleep well. He was puzzled and a little perturbed. He knew that in the morning he could not simply pay the two bills together, say good-bye, and never see the girl again. He knew she had hardly any money. He knew she had no friends. He knew she had no job, and could not get one till her wrist had mended, and that she spoke only a few words of English. It was hard to know what to do, but he well knew that to do nothing at all would be impossible for him.

In the morning they breakfasted together in a room that faced blue seas and a sunny sky. She looked much better, having slept off most of the ill-effects of the night before; but there was still in her face the set of some profoundly tragic experience. He talked during the meal as if no problems had to be encountered, but afterwards he told her that he would lend her money which she could repay when she got another theatre job. "Sandmouth's a good place to recuperate for a few weeks—by that time your wrist ought to be better. Find some quiet lodgings where you can take things easily, then next Friday I'll call and see how you're getting on. I come here, as I told you, every Friday."

"You are so kind. . . . If everyone were as kind as you . . ."

Something in the little crushed smile she gave him made him reply: "I believe you're still worrying. Tell me what it is. Perhaps I can help you."

"No . . . no more. . . ."

BY JAMES HILTON

"All right. I'll see you again next Friday."

"You are so kind," she repeated, evading the question he had hinted. But he was not really very curious.

After breakfast they found a comfortable boarding house, the sort that announced itself as a private hotel, in a street leading off the Promenade. She left her bag there and paid a week's rent in advance, for which she had money enough of her own. Then they shook hands, and she gave him the little crushed smile again, and he went off to the station to catch the morning train.

CHAPTER III

THE little doctor was modest, if one had to think of a single adjective for him; but his modesty was more accurately a lack of worldly ambition combined with a dislike of comparing himself with other people. He cared little about money or position and had long ceased to regret the brilliant career that had once been forecast for him and was now out of reach. Indeed to every might-have-been he offered the crowning indignity of forgetfulness, save when some specific reminder nudged him.

Such a reminder was the German primer which he took down from a dusty shelf on the Thursday after meeting Leni in Sandmouth. Since he had to see her the next day he thought he might as well look over a few words. The book brought memories of student days in London, when he had walked the wards at St. Thomas's Hospital and lodged near by in Battersea. He had studied German then with some idea of having a year's specializing in Vienna, but the plan was abandoned when his father died and left far less money than had been expected. Feeling that he must begin to earn something to support his mother, he had then used up a small inheritance to buy a general practice in a Manchester suburb, where for several years he was both overworked and under-rewarded. He fell ill, debts accumulated, his mother died, and eventually there was nothing left but to sell out at a loss and take a long holiday. After this he bought the Calderbury practice, then an inferior one, and settled down in the more congenial atmosphere of a small cathedral market town. But he still could not convert his skill and effort into anything that would pay rates and bills. He was one of those men who have no knack of extracting financial profit, and very soon he might have become that pathetic thing, a bankrupt doctor, had not Jessica taken his affairs in hand.

Jessica was a year or two older than he. Even in those days she had had a tough, leathery skin (the result of much gardening) and a rigid eye (the result of much chairmanship of small meetings). Indefatigable at the tea urn, both in drawing-rooms and in church halls, she might have made an admirable colonial bishop's wife—and, indeed, *would* have if a certain young vicar, since raised to the episcopacy, had not preferred someone far less suitable. After that she had taken pains to marry the little doctor.

It had been, by outward signs, a successful marriage. Jessica had reorganized all of David's life that was reorganizable; the house at the corner of Shawgate was bought with her money; and though David jibbed at complete supervision of his business affairs, her secret interferences were more frequent and more considerable than he ever suspected. She turned a loss into a profit and David gave her all the credit for doing it without any profound conviction that it was worth doing.

Friday morning came—only a few hours after he had closed the German primer at his bedside. The day promised to be fine, and as the train left Calderbury the twin towers of the Cathedral rose above a film of mist that covered the town. Serene and secure, this world, poised on an edge it could not glimpse. The train wheels caught a rhythm which, for some reason, translated into German words, words that he must have read in the textbook the night before:—

Noch erkannt und sehr gering
Unser Herr auf der Erde ging. . . .

At Sandmouth he walked immediately to the Promenade, turning into the side street where the clifflike boarding houses soared from area basement to attic, bourgeois castles, flaunting their cruets on bay-window dining tables with an air of buxom integrity. He was really rather nervous about this visit, and with some idea of getting it over he took it first on his list.

The landlady showed him to a room on the first floor overlooking the street. He had not, a week earlier, disclosed his own profession, lest admission might be refused to a sick person; and now he thought it simpler to keep up the assumption of some private friendship with the girl. He was startled a little, though he made no comment, when the woman said: "I don't think your young lady's very well. Maybe it's her arm. I'd take her to see a doctor if I were you."

A moment later he was investigating. The girl seemed less agitated in mind—that was something; she greeted him cheerfully. But her wrist was still inflamed and obviously painful—which was not surprising, after her previous neglect of it. He told her frankly that it was her own fault for not obeying the instructions he had given her at Calderbury; how could she possibly have danced with broken bones chafing each other at every sudden movement? And now, as a result, the mending would be more difficult; there might even be complications; at any rate, she would have to carry her arm in a sling for weeks.

She nodded when he had finished, accepting both the situation and the blame for it. That made him smile and ask, more gently: "Do you like it here?"

She nodded and smiled back.

Yes, she was more cheerful; that was a great deal—more important, really, than her wrist.

"I think you'd better stay another week—since it seems to be doing you good. You're not lonely?"

"No."

"Made any friends?"

"The landlady's little boy. I take him for walks sometimes."

"Good. Can you understand anything he says?"

"He doesn't talk a great deal. And I'm learning English from a book. I never had time before."

Up to then he had talked in German; now he said, in English: "I shall have to brush up my German, too, then we'll be quits. Do you like children?"

"Yes, indeed."

He had a sudden idea.

"I've got a little boy, you know. He's nine. It would be a change for him to come to Sandmouth, but I've never known quite what to do with him while I make my round of visits. I wonder if . . . if I were to bring him next week . . . I could leave him in your charge for a few hours?"

"Yes, please."

"But I'm afraid he's not quite an ordinary little boy."

"No?"

"He's rather nervous and excitable—and sometimes difficult—do you know what I mean?"

"I don't mind. Please bring him."

IT was just an idea, and one which, had he thought twice, he might never have put forward; for it was always possible that Jessica would object. Jessica, however, was glad enough to have Gerald out of the house for a day, and quite indifferent when David explained that he had a patient at Sandmouth, who had promised to act as nursemaid.

The arrangement, therefore, stood; but it entailed a good deal of trouble which Jessica herself would scarcely have thought worth while. David did not mind. He was careful to wait at the very front end of the stations at both Calderbury and Marsland Junction, so that the train did not rush by as it entered the station; that always terrified Gerald, and David understood as if it were the most natural thing in the world; which, indeed, he knew it was, in Gerald's world. And then there were the actual hours of travel, during which the boy was apt to get tired and fidgety, so that he sometimes made himself a nuisance to others in the compartment.

Nevertheless, they reached Sandmouth without trouble and called immediately at the boarding house. David was a little apprehensive, because Gerald was apt to take sudden dislikes to strangers; but the first encounter seemed to him to pass well enough, and he left on a tiptoe of hopefulness that did not quite amount to confidence. When he called back later in the afternoon he found the two of them eating pink ice cream out of huge cones. "Ice cream is a thing you should *never* have unless you know where it comes from!" Jessica would have exclaimed, indignantly; but David, neither knowing nor caring where it came from, merely smiled: for the boy at that moment looked just like any other boy. It had been a dream that that should begin to happen some day.

"How did you manage?" he asked later.

"All right."

"He's really been *good?*"

"Yes."

"He can't help it, you know, even when he isn't. Wasn't he frightened at all—by anything?"

"He didn't like the big waves when we walked along the beach, but I made him laugh."

"You did?"

"I said things in German. I said, '*Hurtig mit Donnergepolter entrollte der tückische Marmor*'—and he began to laugh and then made me say it over and over again."

David smiled eagerly. "You know, that's just the way *I* do it too—anything to make him laugh, anything I can think of, when he gets into one of those panics. I believe that's the only way to tackle them until he can tackle them himself."

"Is it true that when he was younger he was run over by a train?"

"Good God, no! Did he say that? Oh, he's an awful little story-teller—you mustn't believe everything he says. He just *imagines* things, you know, and everything he imagines is more the truth to him than what really happens. That's why he has these panics—through imagining things. He doesn't really tell *lies.*"

"I know."

"If you do know, you belong to a very small minority, I can tell you. And I think he must feel you do—that's why you get on so well with him."

THE following Friday he took Gerald to Sandmouth again. The repeated experiment was almost too successful, for the boy enjoyed himself so much that when the time came to return to Calderbury he burst into tears and refused to be comforted. That, clearly, was as big a danger as anything else; and David, promising that he should see Leni again, was privately aware that it had better not happen. It would be disastrous if Gerald should develop some deep attachment that could not continue; and how could it, since the girl would soon recover and be at work again? At least he assumed so, and she assumed so too; for her money was coming to an end, and even if she could not dance again for some time, there might be some other temporary job to tide over the interval; they had talked over that possibility together, and he had been quite optimistic about her getting a commercial post requiring knowledge of German.

They walked to the railway station, the three of them, with these thoughts and possibilities somewhat strangled by the need for pacifying Gerald. He made a scene on the platform, clinging to Leni's hand and refusing to budge. "Good-bye," said David, harassed by all this, as he leaned out of the window when the struggle was over. "Good-bye—and good luck about the job. . . ." Something in her eyes made him add, as the guard began whistling: "By the way, if it doesn't come off—the job, I mean . . ." Then the train began to move. "Well, write and let me know," he added, lamely.

She didn't have to write and let him know. Jessica wrote. Jessica, in fact, handled the situation as she always handled situations—masterfully, with a fine eye for essentials and a bold seizure of opportunities. She was a shrewd woman, and after Gerald's successive Fridays at Sandmouth and his delighted chatter about them, it did not take her long to realize that whatever had happened there had been fortunate. In her remarkably efficient way she wished well to the boy, though the well-wishing hardly lessened her impatience of his tantrums. If someone else had both the knack and the inclination to deal with them, then by all means let it happen. "Who *is* this woman who looks after Gerald when you're in Sandmouth?" she asked David.

David had acquired a habit of reticence about his patients' private affairs, added to which there was the vagueness that existed in his own mind when he asked himself who Leni was. Come to think about it, he simply didn't know.

"She's just a patient of mine—she broke her wrist."

"Is she a *lady?*"

David wondered, not so much whether she was or not, as whether Jessica would think her one or not. At length he said: "Oh yes, I should say she is."

"Living by herself?"

"Yes."

"What sort of family?"

"She hasn't any."

"Of course not, silly, if she lives by herself. I meant what kind of family does she come from?"

"I don't know—I really don't know much about her affairs."

"Is she well off?"

"Oh no, on the contrary—in fact—"

"In fact, you've already decided not to send her a bill—I thought as much!"

"No, no—I was going to say that she's quite poorly off—at the moment she's trying to find work."

"She wants a job, then? I suppose she's presentable in appearance?"

"*Presentable?*"

"Oh, you wouldn't notice, would you? You never do notice the most obvious things about people. What I'm really wondering is if she'd come here to help with Gerald."

"You mean to *live* here?"

"Why not, if she wants something to do?"

"Well . . ."

"You don't think she'd come?"

"I don't know. . . . I hadn't thought about it."

"My dear David, you never think of anything. Give me her address and I'll write to her."

"The address . . . ah, let me see now—I think I can remember it—it's the Salway Private Hotel, Beach Street.

"Her name first, stupid—I can't write without knowing that, can I?"

"Krafft—Leni Krafft."

"Goodness—it sounds foreign."

"She's German."

"Well, that's all right. At any rate it might have been worse. The Murdochs always had German governesses. What made her leave Germany?"

"I don't know."

"Well, I shall write to her. I suppose she can understand a letter written in plain English?"

"Oh yes."

So Leni got a letter written in plain English. It offered her the job of looking after Gerald at a salary of sixty pounds a year if she proved satisfactory after a trial.

Leni came to Calderbury to live. "You'd better meet the train," said Jessica, "since you're the one who knows her"; and David said all right, he would if he got through his visits in time. But it happened that he did finish in time, though it was dusk when he reached the station. And as he walked he began to think, really for the first time in his life, about Leni. She was coming to Calderbury. She was coming to live in his house. It was odd the way these things happened.

The train was in.

Leni was already stepping out of the train, carrying a suitcase and a wicker basket.

"Leni!"

"*Oh, du kleine doktor!*"

They didn't know what else to say to each other at first. There was the business of handing over the luggage, surrendering her ticket, passing the barrier with the small crowd from the train. People who knew David kept up a chorus of good-evenings. On the way down the steps to the street level he said: "Gerald's looking forward to your arrival."

Leni exclaimed in German: "I couldn't believe I was really coming!"

"It was Jessie's idea—I don't know why I never thought of it myself."

The porter, walking ahead, pricked up his ears. Afterwards he reported: "They didn't talk much, but when the doctor said something she answered in some foreign lingo and 'e seemed to understand it all right from the way he smiled at 'er. . . ."

CHAPTER IV

LENI settled down at the house in Shawgate and Gerald was happy. It was miraculous, the success she had in calming the boy's nervousness and brightening his moods whenever they darkened; she could do it as well as David, and, of course, the trouble had always been that David had so little time for doing it. Now, instead of Jessica's rigid discipline of scoldings and repetitions, Leni imposed her more elastic sway; and Jessica, freed from an irksome duty, seemed satisfied. David was satisfied too. After the first surprise of Leni's presence he regarded it with sudden simplicity. He wasn't bothered, for instance, by any mystery there might be about her name and past; it did not seem to matter to him since he called her Leni and liked her. He called everyone by their first names.

Gradually her wrist became stronger and one afternoon, when Jessica was out, David heard her playing the piano. It was more from the surgical than the musical angle that he viewed this experiment; he wished to see how far the fracture had impaired her finger movements. To his considerable surprise she began to play rather well, and things he had never heard before; they weren't his kind of music, anyway. Then he put in front of her a Mozart Sonata, thinking he might give himself the pleasure of hearing it; but she shook her head. "I can't read it," she told him.

"What? You can't read music?"

"Only very slowly."

"Then how do you learn all these things?"

"Mostly from ear."

"You mean you've never been *taught* music?"

She shook her head a third time.

"Well, it's very remarkable. You certainly ought to have training."

"May I practise while I am here?"

"Why, certainly. You'll find a lot of classical stuff in the cabinet—my own tastes."

"You play the piano?"

"The violin—but not much. What time does a doctor have?"

And he went away to his daily duties, vaguely wondering whether he should introduce her to Jaggers, the Cathedral organist, or to Yule, the choirmaster, and let them share his discovery.

After that, and mostly during the afternoons when Jessica was out, Leni played the piano in the drawing-room. He didn't realize what she was doing until one day, by accident, he came in and heard her playing the piano part of the Kreutzer Sonata. He stood outside the drawing-room door and listened till she had finished. Then he entered.

"But you learned that from music?"

"It was very slow and difficult for me to pick out the notes, but when I had done that, then I knew it from memory. I've been practising a lot lately."

"Fine. But I still think you ought to have some proper training."

Smilingly he walked away, again registering an intention of talking to Jaggers or Yule about her. But at the back of his mind in such a matter there was always the thought of Jessica; she might not approve—one could never prophesy her attitude.

So he did not actually mention Leni to Jaggers or Yule or, indeed, to anyone; but he went on thinking he ought to do, and *must* do, and perhaps would do so, one of those days.

But one of those days, a July day, David returned to Calderbury after his weekly visit to Sandmouth.

Suddenly, walking on towards Shawgate, he met Leni. "Why—" he began, as if he had not seen her for years. She stopped, smiling but silent. "Taking a walk?" he said.

"Just for a while."

"Do you often take a turn round here, then?"

"Take a turn? What is that?"

He put it into German for her, and then a curious line of her mouth, lit by the merging of twilight and lamplight, gave him an impression of mishap that made him add: "Is anything the matter?"

She answered, in German also: "Mrs. Newcome has told me I must go."

"*What?*"

"Yes."

"Must *go*? But where?"

"Away."

"But why—why on earth—should she say that?"

"She said she can't afford to have me."

"But that's absurd. We can afford it."

"She said not."

A silence fell on them both, and into it, making an interruption, came the voice of a passer-by: "G'night, doctor."

"Good night," answered David, not knowing, never knowing indeed, who the other was. Then he turned to Leni. "I really don't understand it. I must see what Jessica has to say."

He must talk to Jessica as soon as he had the chance, though he realized, even in making that decision, how little he cared to ask Jessica anything. It wasn't that he was really afraid of her, or that there was truth in Calderbury's popular notion that she ruled him with a rod of iron. He wasn't; she couldn't. It was rather that his own will to do what he liked in his own house had been worn into a shrug of the shoulders that yielded, by nonchalance, all that could never have been claimed by force. Furthermore, Jessica was so efficient that it was easy to let her encroach to the very rampart of self-preservation; and that rampart, for David, was the door of the surgery.

Jessica was writing invitations when he found her later in the drawing-room. The engraved cards, filled in with handwritten names, lay spread out on the writing desk beside her—"Dr. and Mrs. Newcome request the pleasure of . . ."

"Jessie," he began, breathlessly and without preamble. "What's all this about getting rid of Leni?"

Jessica faced him with her thin, well-chiseled face, faced him also with her no-nonsense personality at full strength.

"Yes, it's true. I told her she couldn't stay."

"But why?"

"I had my reasons, I assure you."

"But it's absurd to say we can't afford her wage! She's well worth it—Gerald likes her enormously—"

"That was only the reason I gave *her*. It wasn't the *real* reason."

"What was that?"

"Do you really need me to tell you?" Her voice sharpened to the pitch in which, at meetings of this or that, she usually called some errant speaker to order. "Has it ever occurred to you that people aren't always what they seem? I was far too trusting to take that girl without the usual inquiries, but I was relying—foolishly, no doubt—on your own assurance. I might have guessed how little you really knew of her. And I must say, too, that I didn't *take* to her, even from the first."

JESSICA was like that. She had a way of finding that she didn't like people and then of saying that she never had liked them—thus imputing clairvoyance to herself and vaguely sinister attributes to her victims.

"I don't quite know what you're driving at."

"Oh, you don't? I'm glad you admit it. You don't know, I suppose, that this girl was on the stage a few months back, doing a dance turn in fifth-rate shows? And you don't know that she was dismissed because she tried to commit suicide!"

"Oh yes," said David, simply, "I knew all that."

Quite unconscious of having spoiled Jessica's moment, his only thought was a reassuring one—that if *that* was all the trouble, what could the fuss be about?

Jessica's voice keyed up another half-tone. "So you *knew*? And you never told me?"

"I never like to gossip about a patient's private affairs."

"How very considerate to your patients! But hardly to your family! Did you *really* think a suicidal stage dancer—and a foreigner, at that—was the kind of person to have in a respectable household and look after a nervous child?"

David blinked a little, thinking of Leni and of how silly it was to try to pin down the truth about people in words, because the words could all be true and yet have no truth in them. "She's all right, my dear," he said quietly.

"*You call her all right?* . . . I've no patience with you, David. Apart from the risk of heaven knows what, don't you think there's enough scandal all over the town now that this story's got about? Do you know she once appeared on the stage at the theatre here?"

"Yes, that was where she broke her wrist last December. I attended her."

"Well, *really!* You knew all that and didn't say a thing!"

David was silent, and Jessica too. After a long pause she commented: "A queer business. Right

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from the first moment I was certain there was something queer about it."

"But there isn't."

"There must be, if she's the sort that tries to commit suicide."

"Oh, no, Jessie. It isn't queer people who do that—it's people just like everyone else—like you or me—if ever we were driven to it."

"Well, I don't want to argue. She's got to go, that's all."

"But Gerald—"

"He must learn to manage without her. I'm sure she's doing him no real good."

Then David, planting himself firmly on a small fragment of endangered territory, took a stand which was all the more obstinate for being minute. He was not really a good fighter. He hated squabbles and it was never easy for him to grasp such issues as could be involved in them. "She can't go before the end of the month," he said, as if pronouncing a moral dictum or an immutable law.

"She can if I pay her."

"It isn't a matter of paying. You can't act suddenly like this and make her find new work and new lodgings at a moment's notice."

"I don't see that her future plans have anything to do with us."

"Maybe not, but I think we ought to treat her as a human being. We can't just give her a few shillings and put her out in the street."

"You say we can't?"

"I say we mustn't."

"Very well, if that's your attitude she shall stay till her month is finished—which means another fortnight of her company. But don't expect me to leave Gerald with her. *You* can look after the girl's interest; *I* prefer to look after my own child's. . . . And now tell me about these invitations to the musical party—do you want the Cowens to come this year or not?"

David shook his head bewilderedly and walked to the door. When he got there he said "Ask them if you like," and passed into the corridor. He moved absently for a few paces, then his feet led him down the three familiar steps and through the green-baize-covered double doors into the surgery. There, entrenched in his own domain, he felt a little but not greatly eased. Of course it was quite true that in a cathedral town there was a lot of gossip, and Jessica was probably surer in reckoning its importance. And also, of course, so long as Leni could get another job as good or better, it didn't really matter to her. He would write her a testimonial if she wasn't fit for a theatre job, and perhaps, with her knowledge of German, she might find work as a teacher or in some firm. And though he would personally miss her, and he knew Gerald would too, her absence could only put back everything as it had been before, even for the boy.

WHEN he saw Leni in the morning as he left for his round of visits he behaved as if nothing particular had happened. He was aware of a directly personal relationship between them, aware of it as never before; it touched something in him which was as solitary as itself. When he returned about noon Leni told him that Jessica had taken Gerald away and that the boy had made a scene.

"When he said good-bye to you?"

"He wasn't allowed to say good-bye to me."

"Do you know where Jessie took him?"

"To Mr. Simpson."

"Oh yes, my wife's brother. He's Vicar of St. Peter's. He's looked after Gerald before."

"Do you think he'll be happy?"

"Gerald? I don't know." He leaned against the edge of the desk and began tapping it with his fingernail. "I'm sorry it's all happened like this. I really am. But what can I do about it? I'm not one of those people who like to make trouble. Sometimes—sometimes I wish I were."

"Don't worry," she said. He knew her sympathy, yet felt it as a spell he must break at all costs.

"Has Jessie come back?" he asked.

"No, not yet. She said she'd be out for lunch."

"Then . . . I won't have any lunch. Just a cup of coffee and a sandwich here. Will you tell Susan?"

"I told Susan. I knew you always had that when Mrs. Newcome's away."

"See that you get something yourself."

"I'm not hungry either."

Over the murmur of Calderbury activities there came the twang of the street piano that always moved along Shawgate on Thursday market days, pushed by an old wooden-legged character named Joe Moore. Presently Susan entered with a plate of sandwiches and coffee. "You must have some," David said to Leni, thinking she might as well eat and drink in the surgery as anywhere else. He smiled and then had to add: "I talked to Jessie, by the way, last night—and I'm sorry—personally I'm very sorry indeed—"

"You mean I have to go?"

"Not for a fortnight."

"But now that Gerald's gone—"

"I know, but I made Jessie agree to the fortnight."

The fortnight was offered between them as a symbol of the extent to which he had argued with Jessica and opposed her; as a gesture indicating action which, had he been inclined for any, he would have taken; as, finally, a gift which could not be refused.

"Because, you see, during that fortnight we'll have time to find you another job."

She nodded.

"Or else, if we can't, then I'll pay your fare back to Germany."

Something in her change of expression served then as a reminder, so that he went on, hastily: "Oh, but I forgot—you said you didn't want to go back."

"I can't go back."

He accepted the statement as if it were only just beginning to occur to him how little he knew about her, as well as how remarkably little he had ever bothered to know.

". . . Because I ran away," she added suddenly.

"From home?"

"No—from school. . . . It was very strict and I hated it. The Russian frontier was quite close, so I ran away one night and went to St. Petersburg, to the dance school there, but the police found out about me, so I had to run away again. I hid myself on a ship in the docks and came to London. So you see I must stay in England now—I cannot go back to Germany. They would arrest me there—because of the forgery."

"Forgery? Why, what was that?"

"On the passport when I went to Russia. You have to have a passport. I altered all the writing on the certificate—about my name and age. I just made up a name."

He began to smile. "But it wasn't done with any criminal intent. I don't suppose you'd find the authorities very hard on you. They wouldn't send you to prison."

"Not to the prison, maybe, but back to the school."

He laughed. "Oh really, no—they couldn't do that. At your age you've a perfect right—"

"No, no, that's just it—because on the passport I said I was twenty-five."

"And aren't you?"

"I'm nineteen."

David looked at her. He had never really wondered about her age, but now he realized that he was astonished. Nineteen! It didn't, of course, make any difference to the way he would treat her. He never condescended to youth. There was a sense in which he treated grown-ups as if they were children; but in the same sense he also treated children as if they were grown-ups. And there was this same childlike gravity in the readiness with which he believed people, because he knew he knew so little about the nature of truth, except that it could be very strange indeed.

"You won't tell anyone, will you? Not even the police—if they come to ask about me?"

He touched her reddish hair, thinking it now a child's. "I wouldn't worry at all if I were you."

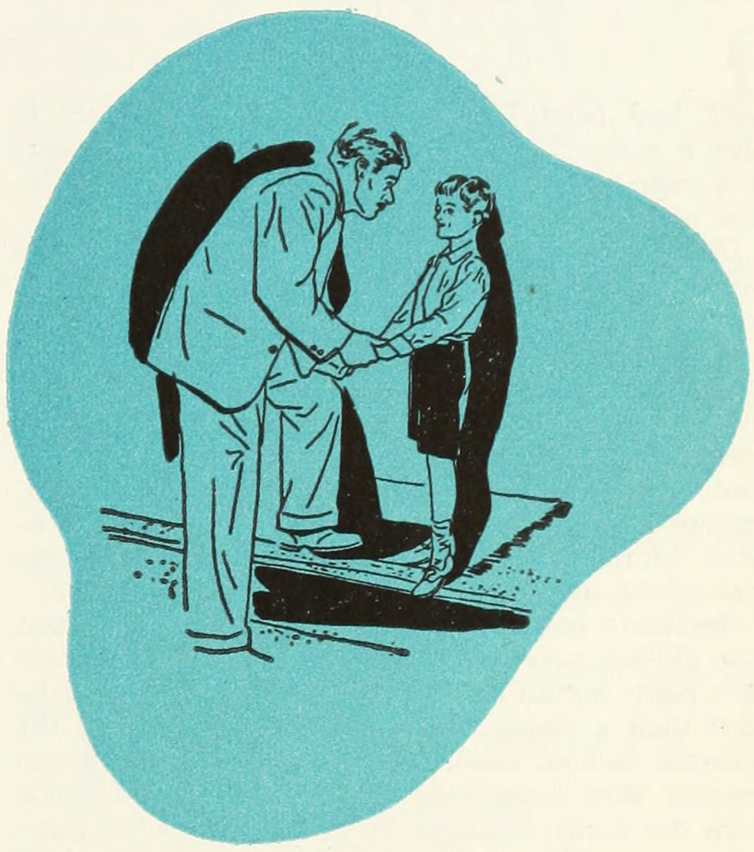
"No, I do not worry now. Because you do not worry, either. You never ask me about anything and that was why I have told you everything."

In the lives of most Calderbury citizens there was little that one might count the days to, either in fear or in anticipation. Only the schoolboy crossing off dates to the end of term, or the old-age pensioner in fear of next winter's chills, could taste the cruel beauty that time offers to those who are bound to count its fragments.

Something of that cruel beauty entered the doctor's house in Shawgate, touching him every morning as he rose and every evening when he had said good-night to his last surgery caller and there was nothing left but to smoke and go to bed. He preferred those final moments of the day alone, for he was, beyond outward fellowship and impersonal altruism, a solitary, aware of communion with life itself rather than with individual lives.

But now, meeting Leni from time to time during the diminishing fortnight, a little of that calmness was dislodged. He saw her sometimes during the afternoons, when she played the piano in the drawing-room; once he got out his violin and began a sonata with her, but in the middle of it he heard Jessica entering the house and talking to Susan, so he made an excuse to discontinue the performance. He knew Jessica disliked music, and he had never found it possible to enjoy playing when she was at home. He said, putting his violin back in the case: "We must finish that sometime. And I must see about lessons for you—you really ought to have them, you know." He kept saying that, but he never did anything about it.

He knew, though she did not tell him, how little she wished to leave, yet how hard it was to stay, even those few more days. For Jessica, by pricks of word and action, was always indicating the obvious—that there was nothing to stay for, no work to do, no reason why she should not take her money and quit. The days passed slowly, braked by a curious brooding uncomfortableness; David, busy



David called to see Gerald every day

with his work, saw neither Jessica nor Leni for any length of time; yet whenever he entered the house he felt their presence in distant separate rooms. Perhaps it had been a mistake to insist on that fortnight; he thought so when, taking meals with Jessica, he measured her cold, controlled civility against the thoughts that might lie behind it. But when, at other times he met Leni in the hall, or in the corridor outside the surgery, her smile made him feel that the fortnight was beautiful, with a beauty sharpened by all that made it unwise.

He fretted, too, about Gerald and how he was faring, and once, after his day's work, the news in the evening paper gave him a vision of human mischief larger, but no more wanton, than that which had invaded his own affairs. Seeking escape from an intolerable perception, he went out, took the path by the river, and climbed the Knoll.

He walked on, as far as the little wooden hut on the hill, and during a pause to light his pipe someone (he could not see who at first) came up to him and said something.

"Leni!" he exclaimed, and then found himself speechless with surprise.

"Yes, I often come here in the evenings. Have you any news of Gerald?"

David flinched at the question. "Yes, I call and see him every day."

"How is he?"

"Not very happy, I'm afraid."

"It is so silly that I cannot still look after him."

They walked on silently, and in a little gap of moonlight between the trees he began to study the outline of her face, the long slender nose, the forehead straight and ample. All at once he knew that he had her in memory forever, could trace that profile with closed eyes, every curve and line in

precious ease to his imagination.

"What are you thinking about?"

"You and what is to happen to you."

"I shall get a job."

"Yes, and next time you oughtn't to go in for these second-rate things—Pierrots at the seaside and the kind of show you were in when you first came here. I think you ought to try some really good theatre—in London."

She smiled, knowing the absurdity of it all. Their worlds were different, their ages were different, their lives and languages were different; yet all those differences became themselves absurd when measured against the flash of recognition that sprang between them at every nearness. She said, touching his arm as she walked: "*Ah . . . du kleiner Doktor* . . . I am not so good as that. . . . You have never seen me dance, have you?"

He shook his head. "What sort of dancing do you do?"

"Some day I would like to show you. But I am not very good. Maybe if I could have stayed in Petersburg and worked hard for years at the school there—"

He said, quite seriously: "Yes, I'm afraid we haven't any good dancing school in Calderbury. It's a pity your career had to be interrupted."

"But I have been so happy here," she answered.

CHAPTER V

IT had been David's habit for many years to give a party during the latter half of July, a sort of garden party with music, to which all the notables of Calderbury society were invited.

David had, indeed, a quiet liking for music that led him to join the Calderbury Philharmonic Society and play the violin in string quartets.

It was during the second week of Leni's last fortnight that the party was to take place.

About fifty people gathered in the drawing-room and garden—the Dean and the Archdeacon, the Precentor, Jaggers the organist, Yule the choirmaster, various vicars of parishes, doctors, a solicitor, a retired admiral, the headmaster of the local grammar school, the editor of the *Calderbury Gazette*.

Greetings, gossip, a piano solo by the choirmaster, who did not play very well, and for whom the doctor's piano would not have been good enough if he had; then a Grieg violin solo by the wife of the grammar-school head. In the midst of this, Susan entered with a message which made David tiptoe from the room, followed by glances of vague commiseration. "It's always like that for a doctor, isn't it?" people said to Jessica afterwards, and she admitted that it was. Actually she didn't feel that David's absence mattered very much, since he was no help in running any but a children's party.

He cycled to a cottage in Colohan Street, off Briargate; a workman, his wife, and six children lived there in four small rooms. One of the six lay gasping and coughing in bed. "Bronchial, doctor," the father kept saying, with the pathetic trustfulness of the man who knows a word. David soon found that it was double pneumonia. There was little chance for the boy; it was a case that should have been under skilled treatment days before. David did what he could, and promised to call again about midnight.

By the time he returned to the house the party had had the refreshment interval and were on with music again. He let himself in by the surgery entrance. Passing through the waiting room, he caught the sound of strings; then, as he opened the surgery door, the sound swelled into sudden harmony, and also, at the same moment, he saw Leni in the leather armchair.

She looked so still and calm, so much a part of all that he sought beyond the fret of existence, that he caught his breath at both the sight and the sound; and all at once he realized something that he had long been experiencing without notice—an unclenching of every nerve whenever he came into her presence, a secret renewal of strength.

"Was it anything serious, David?"

"Not only serious but hopeless, I'm sorry to say."

(A way they often had, and a way that no one else had ever had with him, to begin talking without preliminaries, as if speech were suddenly switched on to a conversation that had been taking place for a long time, but silently.)

"I am sorry too."

He put down his hat and bag and sat in the swivel desk chair and was soon absorbed. Something in music rarely failed to lure him with a promise. The patience and patterning of a string quartet offered him the strongest hint of destiny in man. He was really happier by himself in the surgery, and "by himself" did not conflict with the presence of Leni. So why join the crowd just yet?

"I ought to have been playing in that quartet," he said, when it was over. "But listen—" Fred Garton was beginning to sing. He had a good voice and a musicianly intelligence. "I don't think I ever heard that song before."

"It is a song by Schubert called 'Die Krähe.' From the *Winterreise*."

"*Krähe*? What's that?"

"I don't know what you call it. A bird—black—disastrous—I can't think of the word."

"Never mind. . . . Leni, I'm sorry you're going."

"Six . . . more . . . days. . . ."

"And four of them I'm away at a conference. It's too bad. I shall miss you."

"I shall miss you too. . . . Oh, that word—'Die Krähe'—I can remember now—it means a bird that Poe wrote a poem about."

"The raven?"

They looked up and saw Jessica standing outside the door, opening it slowly.

Fred Garton's song drew an encore, and it was during this that Jessica returned to the drawing-room with David. It was noticed that he looked pale and weary, from which observers were ready to deduce an arduous errand.

But Jessica gave him no peace. It was not that she was deliberately uncivil, or that any actual thing she said could have been objected to, but rather that she put him in positions where he was constantly at a disadvantage.

Presently the guests departed; all grew quiet in the doctor's house. At midnight he bicycled to the cottage where the boy lay dying of pneumonia but still alive. David stayed till four; then, with eyes hardly open, bicycled back through the dawn-lit streets. He did not go to bed, but slumped into the surgery chair and awakened at half-past seven, made himself a cup of tea, and cycled to the local infirmary. It was a small institution on the edge of the town, fairly well equipped, and efficiently managed. David as a rule looked forward to his visits there, preferring the orderliness of the wards to the cramped sickrooms of private houses; but that morning as he half dozed along the roads he could only think of the extraordinary fret and muddle that had encompassed him—he did not see what he could do about it, it all seemed so preposterous. He left the bicycle in the shed and walked in through the main doors of the hospital so slowly that a couple of nurses, watching from a window, commented upon his air of preoccupation. In the anteroom where he put on his surgeon's uniform he was still oppressed with the revelation of a wantonly misbehaving world. Trevor, his young assistant, and Jones, the anæsthetist, had already arrived.

THE patient lay outstretched, with pain-sharpened eyes swerving restlessly amidst his new environment. He was an old man, grey-haired and thin-featured, the thinness accentuated by disease.

"Nothing to worry about, Charlie," David said, smiling as he touched the pulse for a moment. He always called his patients by their names when they were on the table, because he believed it primed a man with some personal dignity when he lay pinioned and anxious under the glare.

David nodded to Jones and the stream of stupefying gas began to pour into nostrils and lungs. The little doctor stood by, like an actor waiting for his cue.

Jones signaled and David began, calmly confident, at home with the familiar feel of the knife ploughing through skin and flesh, so swiftly that the first reddening crept into the slope of the cavity almost like a blush. Deeper . . . then the click of the clamps as the nurses handed them. . . . "There . . . another one . . . lay them outside the gauze . . . now a retractor. . . ." Precision hypnotized the room; the minutes passed as in a dream which only the hands of the clock could certify.

David had begun the operation on Charlie at eight o'clock in the morning; the final stage was not complete until after ten. It had been an awkward case, largely inoperable, and complicated by a weak heart. Twice the man had almost died on the table. But at last, still breathing faintly, and with bandages like a great white bundle tied in front of him, he was wheeled away to hours of lingering unconsciousness, days of pain, a few months of half-life, pain again, and death.

David pulled off the stained gloves and washed his hands and face in the lavatory adjoining the theatre. He had given himself, and was now utterly spent. Rallying himself a little, he visited a few of his patients in the wards; then he rode away for his usual round of house calls. One of them was the pneumonia he had been called to the night before; to his gratification the boy was better.

He was late home for lunch and was neither startled nor disconcerted when Susan greeted him with: "Mrs. Newcome wouldn't wait, sir."

"Oh, I don't mind—all I want is some coffee."

"She asked if you would go in and see her."

"Eh? Where? Why? What does she want?"

"I don't know, sir. She's in the dining room."

"Oh, all right, I'll go."

Because he was used to obeying in these small outward things, he went. Jessica had finished lunch and was toying with biscuits and cheese.

"Really, David, I couldn't wait for you—I really do think you might try to be punctual for at least one occasion of the day—"

"It's all right. I'm glad you didn't wait."

"I suppose you've got the usual excuse of having had an exceptionally busy morning."

"Well yes, I have been rather busy."

"I'm sorry you preferred to stay in the surgery rather than join your guests last night."

He said nothing.

"Did you *invite* that girl into the surgery?"

He said nothing.

"What business had she in there?"

He said nothing.

"A good job she's leaving in a few days."

He said nothing.

"Are you too tired to answer me?"

Suddenly his nerves chafed to a raw edge he could barely endure. He said: "Yes, I'm rather tired. I'm sorry for the boy's sake, that's all."

"What are you talking about?"

"I just don't see any point in sending her away or in sending him away."

"I don't understand you."

"I'm talking about Leni."

"Oh, you are? I understand *that,* of course. It's quite obvious why *you* want her to stay here."

"What on earth are you driving at?"

Then, with even his indignation tired, he shrugged his shoulders and walked out of the room. It was true; they did not know what either of them meant; they had no points of contact, not even enough for an intelligible quarrel.

He drank his coffee in the surgery, and afterwards, as he went out for a few afternoon visits, the cloud of doubt and desperation suddenly lifted when he passed Leni in the hall. In her smile he saw something that made him exclaim, eagerly: "Leni, the boy I told you about last night—that case I said was hopeless—do you remember?"

"Yes?"

"Well, it isn't—quite."

"Nothing's hopeless, is it?"

He thought seriously for a moment: was it really true that nothing was hopeless? Then he offered the result of his self-questioning. "A few things, probably, but we don't know what they are."

David had earned the reputation of being absent-minded—something in his glance, perhaps, in the casual way he would begin and end a chance conversation in the street, in the way he walked and dressed. This business of helping Leni to find a job was in just such territory. His promises had been sincere enough, but he had had no idea of the practical difficulties. The uncomfortable thing (to

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him) was that she had to leave at all; not till the second week of the fortnight did he suddenly realize that within a few days she might find herself with nowhere else to go. Her arm was still unfit for the strain of regular stage dancing; and he had innocently imagined that in the last resort a knowledge of German would easily secure her a post in some school. He was surprised to find that so many other qualifications were required.

When, however, he returned to the house at midday on the morning after the musical party, Leni had news. A private school near Manchester was actually advertising for a part-time teacher of German—"no diplomas necessary, only a guaranteed ability to speak and teach the language." David, perceiving no freakishness in this, but simply common sense, was delighted. He even exclaimed: "Why, I go to Manchester now and again—I shall be able to look you up!"

ALL afternoon a warm feeling enveloped him which was really a childish dream that this business of Leni, himself, and Jessica might be settled with good will all round and to everyone's satisfaction.

Leni wrote an application for the job, and David composed a testimonial for her to enclose with it. Then he went out to visit two or three cases. It was a hot day, glooming over with an approaching storm, and when he returned about four o'clock he went into the drawing-room because he saw it was cool with drawn blinds and also empty. Jessica's recent presence showed in a pile of letters on the bureau, addressed in her writing and waiting for the post. He might not have noticed them had not his sleeve, in passing, swept them over. Picking them up, he saw that one was addressed to the school near Manchester. Then Jessica entered, followed by Susan with the tea things, and he had the swift feeling that Jessica knew all about his having seen the address on that letter. He felt uneasy—partly, no doubt, his usual physical reaction to a storm. All day the heat wave had been lifting to a climax; the sky had grown opaque, like soiled muslin through which sunlight could barely strain. Then blackness began in a little patch and spread over half the sky. The storm broke while Jessica was pouring tea, and she said immediately: "David, please put the window up—we shall have all the curtains drenched."

He knew, or thought he knew, that she had asked him to do this because he disliked going near the window. It was not that he had any bodily fear; it was from the look of doom in the sky and from the sound of doom in the thunderclaps that he shrank as from the symbols of discord. He braced himself for an eruption that seemed due at any moment. It did not come but the tension held him miserably.

"I think you ought to know, David, I've just been writing a letter . . ."

He swung around. "You *have*? To that school?"

"You evidently have it on your mind. . . . More tea?"

"N—no. . . . But why on earth should *you* have written?"

"Well, *you* wrote, didn't you?"

"Only a testimonial."

"Don't you realize what that means?"

"Well, surely—"

"Do you realize that if Leni's put in a position of trust and betrays it you might be held responsible for concealing the truth?"

"What truth? I only vouched for her character and knowledge of German."

"*Character?* Did you state that you met her first a few months ago, and that you didn't know a thing about her past life except that she'd been on the stage and had tried to kill herself?"

"But—why—surely—"

"Well, I put it all in my letter in case you'd forgotten."

"But—she may not get the job if you've said all that."

"Isn't that *her* business? Why not try minding *ours* for a change?"

"Yes! Why not? That's just it! Can't you leave the girl alone?"

"Can't *you?*"

Suddenly he realized that the letter was still there, unposted on the bureau. Striding over, he sought it hastily amidst the pile and tore it across. He was aware that the act was melodramatic, but all his nerves were craving for action.

"That just gives me the trouble of writing another. Really, David, you do the most childish things."

The room lit up with the tremendous flashing and roaring outburst that he had been expecting, yet was not and never could be prepared for. He saw Jessica's eyes gleaming at him.

"And one more thing, David. I believe she sometimes comes in here to play the piano?"

"Yes, I said she could. After all, what harm does it do? She's really quite good at it—she ought to take it up seriously—"

"I don't wish her to play in the future."

"But there isn't any future! Good God, don't you realize that? In five days—"

"David, I think you'd better calm yourself."

"Yes, yes, I know—it's the storm, I think—"

He rushed from the room and down the three steps, through the double doors into the surgery. All he craved was the personal citadel where he could rest and be alone; and to be alone with Leni was still, in this deep sense, to be alone. There she was, arranging his papers, her upward glance a warm and welcoming thing.

"Please . . . is anything the matter?"

"I hate storms, Leni, that's all."

"It is nearly over now."

"Yes, I hope so. . . . I'm sorry to have to tell you . . .about that job . . ."

He told her all that had happened, ending with: "I tore it up, but I daresay she's written it again and posted it by now."

Suddenly it occurred to him that they were acting like children, with the same terrible intentness upon the hostile behavior of a grown-up.

"It means I won't get the job?"

"Probably not. But don't worry. I'll look in at the Burrowsford Library to-morrow—there may be some advertisements in scholastic papers."

An idea came to him, an offshoot of an already favorite idea. "There's one thing you really ought to do, especially if you can't get a job."

"What's that?"

"Take up the piano seriously. There must be a school somewhere you could join. Yes, I'll look it up to-morrow in Burrowsford. There's a conference there—I've got to attend. Of course I could lend you the money for the fees and you could pay me back when you get a job again. . . . Yes, that certainly *is* an idea. I'll find out all the details for you to-morrow."

"But I'm not really a pianist, you know. I'm a dancer."

"Ah yes, of course. I was forgetting. Well, perhaps you could do that as well."

"Would you like me to dance for you?"

He answered, with a touch of shyness: "Well, that would be very nice. I should certainly like it. But I don't quite see how—"

"Yet sometime, perhaps?"

"Yes, of course. Meanwhile I'll look up those advertisements for you. I still feel that it would be worth your while to take up the piano seriously—" And his mind ran easily on, as pleasantly unimpeded by practical knowledge as it usually was outside his own immediate world. And the following morning he went to the Burrowsford conference. During his first day he found time to visit the library and spend an hour searching in a desultory way through year books and almanacs. He was one of those people who dislike asking expert advice, and, of course, as a professional dispenser of such advice, he was wholly inconsistent in this. After much random searching he was fortunate enough to hit on the information he wanted; then he sat at one of the library desks and wrote as follows:—

DEAR LENI: I have looked into the matter we talked about. Of course I will give you full information when I return, but this is just to say that the idea of your taking up music at a college seems quite possible, and you can count on me for any help that is needed. Not a word to Jessie, though, or she might try to interfere—we must be careful not to make the same mistake as last time. . . .

When he had written as far as that, it occurred to him, in one of those spasms of caution that sometimes come to people who are not naturally cautious, that Jessica might even intercept the letter and read it; and to such a peril the only safeguard seemed to be transcription into deliberately vague terms. So he rewrote as follows:

DEAR LENI: I have looked into the matter we were discussing yesterday, and I think the solution we thought of is the best, in the circumstances. Of course I will help you in it. All information and details when I return. Not a word to J.—we must be careful not to make the same mistake as last time—you know what I mean? So destroy this as soon as you have read it. . . .

When he had sealed and posted the letter he felt a sort of childish glee in having done something clever—he almost hoped that Jessica *would* intercept his message, since precious little she would learn from it, and that, in a way, would serve her right.

Leni did not destroy the letter. It was the first she had ever received from him—the first time she had ever seen the words "Dear Leni" in his handwriting; and she kept it.

Three days later David reached Calderbury during the afternoon and walked from the station. And suddenly, as he walked past the Cathedral, the thought invaded him, as never before, of Leni. She would be there when he reached the house in Shawgate, but after that day and the next she would never be there again. He did not, because he could not somehow, think of the future without her, but all the sad urgency of the moment flowed back into the past, forcing him to remember the times they had met and talked, and how many more there could have been. "I have grown fond of that girl," he admitted to himself; and then, with a flash of self-blame, "Good heavens, four days at that confounded conference and now there's only one other day before she goes. . . ."

WHEN he reached the house the interior seemed dark after the bright sunshine. It was Susan's half day off; Leni met him and said that Jessica was out also. "Would you like some tea?"

"That's just what I should like more than anything, Leni."

"Will you have it in the surgery?"

"That would be nice, too."

"All right. You look pale. Have you been very busy?"

"No, not busy—just bored. What have *you* been up to?"

"*Up to?* What does that mean?"

"What have you been *doing?*"

"Packing."

"Oh yes, of course."

And there, facing him again, was the imminence of her departure. He pondered on it as he listened to the clatter of cups in the kitchen. Presently she reëntered, carrying a loaded tray.

"Seen the papers these last few days?" he asked.

She nodded.

"Looks bad, but I don't think it'll come to anything over here."

"Come to anything?"

"Anything bad, I mean. But it's bad enough for those who are in it. Good thing you're not in your own country, perhaps. By the way, did you get my letter?"

"Yes, it was so good of you to write."

"Well, I thought you'd be relieved to know. About the music, I mean. It's a good idea . . . which reminds me, we can try over something this afternoon if you like—there's no one in—"

"But Mrs. Newcome said—"

"She'll never know."

"The people in the street will hear."

"Then we'll close all the windows!" He added, boyishly: "Are you afraid?"

"Only for you, David."

"For me? Why, God bless my soul, what harm can come to me?"

She answered, in German: "You have to stay here after I have gone."

"I know. I'm trying to realize it. It's curious—I can't quite grasp the fact that you really *are* going and that this is your last day here. . . ."

So after the tea they went in the drawing-room and David stood on the window seat to close the windows. But one of them was stiff and as he reached upwards to push, he lost balance and had to clutch a picture to save himself from falling. The picture came down on his head, showering him with dust; and of course he began to laugh,

because he had a very simple and artless sense of humor. Then she went to the piano and he took out his violin and they began to play Mozart. The music streamed into the room, enclosing a world in which they were free as air, shutting out hatreds and jealousies and despondencies, giving their eyes a look of union with something rare and distant. David did not play very well—indeed, a good deal of the Mozart was much too difficult for him; but there was a simplicity that gave calmness to his effort, absorbing rather than interpreting the music. And he thought, as he played, that it was a strange thing, at forty-six, to know the sweetness and terror of existence as if one had never known them before, to look back mystically on the incredible chance of human contact, to feel some finger of destiny marking the streets of Calderbury where he had walked and talked with a girl.

When the last chord had been struck he began mumbling something about her playing being full of promise, and that she really ought to join some academy or *conservatoire.*

"You are so kind," she said.

"*Kind?* Why do you always say that?"

"Because you always say things like that, and you just say them because you are kind, that is all."

"But I mean them."

"I know. But you don't mean them to mean anything."

"Now you've puzzled me!" He smiled.

"Dear, I know why it is. You can't help it. And I love you—*I* can't help *that.*"

But he was already bustling about saying, "Now I must put up that picture before anybody comes."

"You didn't hear me?"

"I'm sorry . . . what was it?"

She said, smiling: "I know. There is just one thing more. I will dance for you."

"Dance for me? Here? *Now?*"

"Yes. You know the prelude of Chopin that goes like this—" she hummed a few bars of it. "You play that on your violin—I will dance to it."

"But—"

"Yes? You are afraid if anybody comes? You are afraid if anyone sees through the window? Pull over the curtains. Take up the rugs. . . ."

She ran out of the room and was away a few minutes. During this interval David waited indecisively at first, then, with a sudden clinching of intention, did as she had asked. First the curtains, then the rugs. The room filled with a warm twilight; he did not switch on any lights because the sunshine out of doors came through the fabric of the curtains in a luminous glow. Then he took his violin and tried over, very softly, the prelude she had mentioned.

Presently she came into the room, dressed in a ballet costume that bore, if he had noticed it, the creases of repeated packings and unpackings. But in the twilight he saw nothing but a strange vision of the mind, something he had never expected to see in this life, an embodiment of light and air, on tiptoe with a dream. He took up his violin and began to play. She was magic to him. There was something between them pouring always in invisible streams, the awareness of beauty in peril.

SO on an August afternoon, behind drawn curtains in a Calderbury drawing-room, a girl danced for the little doctor. The room filled with the emptiness of all the world except themselves, and this emptiness soared in their hearts until, just on the edge of flight, the spell was broken by the telephone.

David put down his violin. Leni stopped still. "A call for me probably," he said, beginning to walk away. Leni more slowly followed. A moment later he was finding his bag and hat in the surgery.

"That boy, you know—the pneumonia case—I have to go at once."

"And I must change and finish packing. I'll tidy the room up too."

"Thanks. . . . Maybe I'll be back soon." And he added, gently: "It was very beautiful."

Ten minutes later he was in the familiar strangeness of rooms and stairs. There could be no doubt about the case this time.

He sat by the bedside, taking a small hand in his own, and the boy, half conscious as he fought for breath, looked up and smiled. Suddenly—almost immediately—death came. Weeks afterwards the boy's father, in the fourale bar of the "Greyhound," described the incident. "He killed our Johnny, too. Pewmonia, Johnny had, double pewmonia, and Newcome had bin to see him several times but never done the boy no good. And it was that night—*that* night, mind you. Maybe he was thinkin' about it all the time he was with our Johnny. Because what d' you think he did when he got to the boy? Why, nothing. Just sat there and let the poor kid die without so much as raising a finger! The dirty swine!"

We do not know what to-night, much less to-night's newspaper, will bring. Some secret intersection of seconds and inches may mean an end to us, our age, the world. In Calderbury on that evening of August fourth, the train brought in later editions from Marsland, catching the sunset on its windows so that a flash of crimson streaked the water meadows. In the streets of the town the newspapers were scrambled for, and one of them by the little doctor, who stood reading it as he held his bicycle at the curb.

"Looks bad, doctor," someone said.

"Yes, indeed. Good God, I never thought they'd actually come to it!"

"Soon over, you bet. Wait till the Navy—"

Half listening, he read paragraphs about mobilizations, troops rushed to frontiers, bombardments opened on fortifications, refugees streaming from ravaged lands, the plight of travelers and aliens. Abruptly then he moved off along Briargate, pedaling faster than usual, till he was hot and breathless. He entered the house through the surgery, leaving the bicycle against the wall in the outside alley. Mechanically he unlocked a cupboard to replace some drugs he had carried with him in his bag. He could feel his heart pounding with excitement as he climbed the stairs to the attic room where he guessed Leni would be waiting. He was that strange creature, a quiet man resolved upon an act. The trouble was that life with Jessica had given him this curious reluctance, outside his own world, to make decisions; she had made so many for him, and her intolerance of most that he dared to contemplate himself had blanketed him with at least a vagueness and at most an obstinacy.

He was in a tremendous hurry. He must act. He must even oppose Jessica, if need be—must use decision, cunning, a host of qualities strange to him. "Leni, my dear—you can't wait till to-morrow—you've got to get away now—to-night!"

She was kneeling on the floor of the attic room, packing clothes into a bag.

"But—why?"

"It's in the paper. England and Germany may be at war by midnight. That means you must get away. You *must* go back—to Germany—at once—before anything can happen—"

"But I can't—I—"

"I tell you you must get out of England—somewhere—anywhere. Don't you realize what it'll be like if you stay? Already they're arresting and imprisoning people. Hurry now and finish packing—we have to leave at once."

"*We?*"

"Of course. I'm going to help you. We've missed the last train, but there's one from Marsland that goes at ten to twelve—we can get there somehow—"

"*We?*"

"Yes, yes—I'm going to take you to a seaport and arrange for you to get away in time—so hurry, please hurry. . . ." And so he talked on. She didn't want to go and finally she was hysterical. He calmed her and after about an hour they went downstairs and through the surgery into the narrow path flanked by the white sea shells. There the sight of his bicycle leaning against the wall gave him confidence and a new caution. "You mustn't be seen leaving the town, especially with me, so this is what we must do. . . . Now let me think—it's almost dusk—you take the path to the Knoll and wait for me by the wooden hut—you remember it? We'll meet there and go on—I'll take the long way round by the lane—"

She hesitated a moment, then nodded. As soon as she had gone, the path between the high walls seemed an empty canyon, and in his own heart an equal emptiness gave answer. He must help her out of the country. He must *act.*

Through the quiet streets off Briargate and into Lissington Lane the little doctor hastened, full of the strange sensation of having decided to do something at last. He thought he was clever to have arranged to meet Leni at the wooden hut, because it was dark there, and no one would see their faces. And it was clever of him also, he thought, to have arranged separate journeys to the rendezvous, for while no one would think much of seeing either of them alone, the pair of them might be (indeed, in the past, had been) gossiped about.

Even in Calderbury streets he hoped that no one would notice him, and he pulled his hat well down over his eyes with some vague idea of disguising himself. But after almost colliding with another cyclist he gave this up as impracticable; besides, a few people saw him, anyway, calling to him out of windows and doorways as he went by: "Good night, doctor. . . . Heard the news, I suppose?"

Soon, through the trees, he saw the shape of the wooden hut, and beside it, waiting for him, Leni. He could not see her clearly, but as he approached she came to him, and they stood for a moment, searching each other's eyes.

"Have you been waiting long?"

"About ten minutes. I didn't mind."

"We must move on. Did anyone see you?"

"I don't think so."

"It doesn't really matter, I suppose, once we've got away."

They descended the Knoll by a path that led them to the other side of it, whence, at the foot, the water meadows stretched to the Marsland Road. There was no sound but secret voices under the mist and the hum of the bicycle as David pushed it. He was hoisting it over the last stile when the Cathedral chimed the three quarters. "Now we're all right," he said, stooping to light the lamp when they reached the highway. "Have you ever ridden on the back of a bicycle? You'll find it quite easy. Put your left foot on the axle step and your right knee on the mudguard—you'll manage."

SO they began the journey from Calderbury, with the lamplight flickering and swerving as David pedaled along. The road lay slightly uphill, and it was hard work; but there was no traffic—only an old man plodding home, who called "Good night" without knowing, without even trying to see, who passed him. And presently the moon rose and the twin towers of the Cathedral stiffened against the blue-black sky, calling eleven as David topped the hill and prepared to freewheel down. The hill heaped behind, with the dark shape of the Knoll farther still behind, the gradient spinning them into shadows of cold air under trees, and then into the bright glassy moonlight of the level. And after miles of this, keeping a good rate, David began to whistle in pure enjoyment. He went on whistling till the beginning of Croombury Hill made him save his breath, and a few yards higher forced him off his machine altogether.

"This is a steep one," he said, affectionately, to the earth and sky, and then paused in the middle of the road, feeling in his pocket for pipe and tobacco and matches. "But we're doing fine—we'll easily catch the ten to twelve. Are you tired?"

"No, but it hurts my knee a little."

"It's not far now—just through Lissington village and over the next hill. I know all the country round here. Every village and lane. I've been round about here for fifteen years. You must have been a baby when I first put up my plate. Hundreds of miles away in some German village I've never heard of, and you grew up—all unknown to me, all those years—to fall over one night and break your wrist in Calderbury. If you hadn't come here and done that I'd never have known you at all. That's a funny thing. And it's funnier still to think that I shouldn't have missed knowing you. . . . Some German village, wasn't it?"

"It was a city, really—Königsberg. My parents both died when I was young and I was sent to a school—the school I ran away from."

"We're at the top of the hill now. Better jump on again. We can go on talking."

He kept his cherry-wood pipe in his mouth and

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the smoke and sometimes the flakes of hot tobacco flew back in her face as they gathered speed. "Plenty of time," he muttered, wobbling dangerously as he pointed to the horizon. "There are the Junction lights—see them?"

But at the foot of the hill there was a bad patch in the road and with the added weight the back tire suddenly deflated. "Oh dear, that's really a nuisance," he said, contemplatively, coming to a standstill and viewing the rear wheel. "We'll just have to push on and walk. Plenty of time if we hurry a bit." He wheeled the machine for a little way, then it occurred to him that they would gain time by leaving it. He took it through a gate into a field and partly hid it in a hedgerow.

They went on again, but Leni was limping from her right knee; she could not walk very fast, and the Junction lights seemed far away. He put his arm round her so that she might lean some of her weight on him. A little wood came slowly towards them on the left, snuffing out the roadway and changing the sound of their footsteps. From the distance came the clank of wagons in the shunting yard, and an owl mournfully replied from the little wood near by. They both laughed at that. But when they entered the moonlight again the horizon glow looked no nearer. "Just a matter of stepping out," he said, but they could not easily increase their pace. And when, still a long way off, they heard the train they had aimed for puffing out of the station, it was almost a relief to slacken, to sit on a stile while David smoked a pipe, to talk intermittently and catch the tiny friendly sounds of a twig snapping or a dog barking distinctly.

An early morning train left Marsland at six-five, and David thought it would probably connect with other trains so that they could reach the coast by afternoon. They had six hours to wait—no big hardship on a summer night. Half a mile farther on he knew that the side of the road heaped into a dry bed of bracken; sometimes, cycling around, he had paused there for a few minutes' rest. It was a place called Potts Corner, though why and who Potts was nobody knew.

So when they were tired of talking they walked to the Corner and lay down on the turf and bracken. There are some moments that are hung in memory like a lamp; they shine and swing gently and one can look back on them when all else has faded into distance and darkness. Often afterwards David remembered that roadside corner and the hours he spent there; and sometimes he thought of things he would like to have said and done while there was yet a chance; but actually he said and did very little, because he was tired, and with tiredness had come an old familiar inability to make up his mind. Presently, with his arms round her, she fell asleep. The air grew chilly as the night advanced. He began to wish he had brought an overcoat. For that matter he wished he had brought food, and far more money than was in his pockets; and then he reflected how bad he really was at planning these things, and how much more efficient Jessica would have been. And also he remembered Leni's own carelessness of detail when she had tried to take her life at Sandmouth; strange that he should be showing such similar lack of forethought in his efforts to save it. And then he began to feel sleepy himself.

Dawn came—the dawn of that first day of war. He got up, leaving her still sleeping, and walked a few yards to a signpost. "Stamford Magna, 2 miles." To peace, how many days, months, years? He lit a pipe and watched the dawn turn to sunrise. The spire of Lissington Church pricked over the lightening horizon; day came rolling over the little hills, filling the sunken roadways, glistening on the wheat fields, wakening the birds. A harness jingled in some far stable. In a little while it would be time to walk to the Junction, where he had remembered there were chocolate slot machines. Then later, when they reached some bigger place, they could have a real breakfast.

He aroused her and they passed on together, facing the early morning sunlight. Soon the road entered the long level stretch at the end of which could be seen the station buildings. It was ten to six when they approached the entrance to the ticket office and David had another of those precautionary ideas that only occur to people who are not really good at precautions—it suddenly occurred to him that at the station everybody knew him well and that it would be safer to slip on to the platform through the shunting yard and board the train without taking tickets. This he did, easily enough, for the train was already drawn up at the platform and there was ample choice of unoccupied compartments.

Feeling rather pleased with this excellent strategy, he smoked contentedly while Leni settled into the cushions and went to sleep again. He was still thinking how cleverly he had escaped being recognized when the door of the compartment opened and a man, middle-aged, and breathless, jumped in and flung himself down in the corner seat opposite David. "Why," he began, "if it isn't Dr. Newcome—well—*well*? . . . Remember the last time we traveled on this line, doc? Too warm for gloves this weather, eh?" He began to laugh and chuckle, and David smiled ruefully and couldn't help saying, as he might have done in the surgery: "You shouldn't run for trains, Barney, at your age. It's the worst heart strain you can think of, because it's excitement as well as physical effort—"

Later, some time later, months later in fact, Barney Tinsley confessed that he had not at first realized that the girl in the other corner was traveling with the doctor. She had been asleep, and he was surprised when she suddenly woke up and said something in a foreign language.

A man sprang forward and gripped them

The gloves allusion was explained to a different audience as follows. "Did I ever tell you, gents, about that time I was in the train with him going to Sandmouth? Y'know, it's funny, the way you remember things. . . . Well, I was sort of dozing off, when suddenly the doc stumbles over my feet, waking me up sudden, and I see him deliberately throw one of his gloves out of the window. 'Goodness, is the fellow crazy?' I sez to myself, for it was a good glove, by the look of it, real kid. Course I asked him what the idea was, and I'll take a bet none of you fellers can't guess the answer. . . . 'Barney,' he sez, — he always called me Barney,—'I just dropped a glove accidental on the line as I was opening the window, and I thought I might as well throw the other one after it, so as maybe the same person would find 'em both. After all, an odd glove's not much use to anybody, is it?' Must 'ave had a queer mind to think of things as quick as that. . . ."

"Queer is the word," somebody responded.

They arrived at Charlham at nine-thirty and had breakfast in the Railway Arms. The morning papers had just come, and everyone in the coffee room was talking and prophesying. The bacon was cold and the toast burnt. David found an express to London at eleven; the station was just across the road, so there was plenty of time.

Most of the way to London Leni slept again, but this time the train was crowded and she leaned her head against his shoulder while he talked with the other people in the compartment. That always happened wherever he went; people always began talking to him, because he had a way of listening gently. But this time, as he talked and listened, he sometimes stole a glance at the head so limp against his arm; it had been a long way to the Junction for her—poor child, let her sleep. But once she half-wakened, roused by the crash of the train into a tunnel, and in the sudden soft glow of the electric light her eyes melted to his glance. "*Du kleiner Doktor . . .*" she murmured, dreamily. "Where are we going to? Where are you taking me?" Then she remembered something he had told her—that she must not speak during the journey in case anyone should hear her foreign accent.

They reached London in the middle of the afternoon, and as they walked with the crowd on the platform by the side of the train a man sprang forward and gripped them.

CHAPTER VI

THE little doctor watched the sunlight move over the floor, and when the last yellow bar disappeared he knew it was late afternoon and that another day was nearly over. Presently he heard the Cathedral chiming five, and a warder entered with tea and bread and butter for himself and for the other two warders who had to stay all the time. According to prison rules he was never left alone, day or night; but the warders were kindly fellows and tried to efface themselves as much as possible. They would not let him wear bootlaces, or braces, or anything he might possibly hang himself with; because they intended to hang him themselves.

But in other ways he was treated with consideration; indeed, as he told the Governor whenever the latter visited him, "I'm quite comfortable, thank you." He could smoke, read books and newspapers, and have any kind of food he fancied. And as Calderbury Prison was mostly disused, the part he occupied was not in the original cell block at all, but consisted of a couple of ordinary rooms with nothing unusual about them except steel locks on the doors and bars to the windows. Everyone in Calderbury Prison was sorry for the little doctor and rather embarrassed because in three weeks' time he was to die. After the dismissal of the appeal the Governor was almost apologetic when he brought the news. "'Fraid I've nothing good to tell you, Newcome—still, I know you hadn't been counting on it. . . . And remember, anything I can do now . . . you mustn't mind telling me."

"There's only one thing—you remember I asked you before."

"Oh, *that?* Well . . . I can only say again I wish I could, but it's against all regulations. Just the one thing I *can't* do for you. I'm sorry."

The request that David had made, more than once, was to see Leni. She was lodged in the jail at Midchester, twenty miles away, where there was more up-to-date provision for women prisoners. He had not seen her since the trial a month before, and when he tried to remember that last glance he had he could only see the courtroom, dark at the close of an autumn afternoon, grey figures moving restlessly and meaninglessly as reeds in a stream, and somewhere, lost amongst them, her strange eager face seeking his in a bewildered stare. What had it all been about? And he didn't know—the whole proceedings of arrest, police questioning, grand jury, prison, trial . . . all were shadows of a shapeless fate. They let him read newspaper reports of the trial, and to these he now gave a half-incredulous scrutiny. He could not really understand. Then he turned to the current papers and read news that was dark with huger fantasy—Mons, the Marne, the Aisne. . . .

He found it tolerable at first to watch the days crawl by. He was not afraid of death. Even to look ahead and know that a month hence he would lie in a prison grave was no worse than to diagnose, as many a doctor must, the first budding in his own flesh that will bring death as its flower. And the routine of prison helped to a certain tranquillity; in the mornings when he took exercise in the graveled yard he smiled at the sky and let the wind blow lovingly through his hair. It had gone grey during recent months, but they had not made him clip it short.

In the afternoons he read or rested or played a game of cards with the two men on guard over him, and soon after tea, because there was nothing else to do, he went to bed. It was nighttime that was the worst. He could not sleep well between midnight and dawn; and then, in those guardless

hours (for the warders, against rules, usually dozed off themselves), he thought of Leni. Love is a strange thing; we may not notice the moment it comes, yet there is a moment when we know it is there—sudden wakefulness, as to pleasure or pain after sleep, a sudden color, as of a painting after an etching. So it had been for the little doctor; he remembered a moment in the court-room, during the judge's summing up; he had been tired after a long day in that stuffy atmosphere, and the judge's words had droned on more and more slowly, as if they were being pushed into sound by means of an ever greater effort. A little way off in the prisoner's dock Leni was sitting, and she too looked tired, had lapsed into a remoteness that seemed, by its very detachment from environment, an almost physical absence. The judge was going over the points of the case, one by one; and presently he said:—

". . . With evidence of motive, gentlemen, we are not primarily concerned when there is so much suggestive evidence as to fact . . . but . . . you will probably conjecture the purpose for which he brought her from Sandmouth to Calderbury, and you will form your own opinion as to the validity of the pretext of engaging her as his young son's governess.

"It may well be that you will feel that no more unsuitable person could have been chosen to look after a nine-year-old child—and a very nervous and highly strung child, we have been told—than a young woman whose temperament was such that she had only recently attempted suicide, who had had no kind of previous experience as a child's governess, and who, in addition, could barely make herself understood in the child's language. . . . You will have to ask yourselves, plainly and straightforwardly, what lay behind this extraordinary incident—doubtless it can be made to look attractive if you think of it in terms of rescue and benevolence, but if you will bear in mind the culmination to which it led, and which is the sole cause of our being here to-day to pass judgment, then you will form your own opinion why the prisoner chose to install this young woman in the very centre of his household, where he could see her every day and as often and for as long periods as he liked, and where, under the same roof as his wife and son . . . Gentlemen, it is, of course, for you to decide and interpret these matters so far as you feel justified in doing so—I only desire to caution you against the pseudo or false romanticism of which plays and novels are such frequent exponents—the kind, I mean, that deal with what I believe is called the 'eternal triangle.' Such fair words are, in a measure, hypocritical; they may lull us for an evening's entertainment, but in a court of law it is our duty to remember—and it is my duty to point out— the plainer and less agreeable facts . . . lust . . . infatuation . . . the lowest and basest physicality, uncontrolled, dominating . . . all of which, gentlemen, is apt, in our modern world, as you know, to be loosely summed up under the word 'love.' You may call it 'love' if you like, provided you realize . . ."

And at that the whole mumbling greyness seemed to be lit by a stabbing trumpeting light; and the little doctor said in his heart, almost as if he were taking advantage of permission just given him: "Yes, I call it love." . . . It was so wrong, absurd, preposterous, all that the judge had said; and yet, just round the corner from the nonsense, there was this imperishable pearl of truth. "I call it love. Oh, God, yes. I call it love."

Chimes of the Cathedral marked the quarters, marked the slow tragedy of that lateness, while the little doctor dreamed, remembering the millions crouched in their trenches . . . hate, murder, agony . . . the lowest and basest, uncontrolled, dominating . . . all of which, gentlemen, is apt, in our modern world, to be loosely summed up under the word "love."

You may call it love if you like, provided you realize . . . and then he fell asleep for a few troubled moments, waking again, and half-sleeping again, until the dawn outlined the bars across the window. They call it love, I call it love, but we do not mean the same thing.

TO his dying day (which was, in fact, the day after) the little doctor never knew why it was that the prison authorities allowed him to see Leni. The reason is disclosed in a book published only a few years ago by Major Sir George Millman under the somewhat catchpenny title *My Forty Years in Jail*. There is a paragraph of interesting reminiscence about the Calderbury case:—

WE ARE NOT ALONE

Newcome was under my charge both before and after sentence; he was a quiet fellow on the whole, and gave very little trouble. The only request he persistently made was to see his co-prisoner, Fräulein Leni Krafft, who had shared his conviction and sentence and was imprisoned a few miles away. Of course, as I told him, this was altogether contrary to regulations, but I happened to mention his request to Sir William Clintock, who was in charge of the wartime secret service, and he took it up from another angle. It seemed that very little was known about the German girl, apart from the Calderbury case; but a forged passport was discovered amongst her possessions after her arrest, and the espionage department suspected that she was a German spy. Of course all this was kept out of the court evidence, and it did not affect the question of her guilt in the Calderbury charge. Sir William, however, believed that a last-minute interview with Newcome might reveal some hint as to her real identity. So after consultation with the Home Office permission was duly given and the two condemned prisoners talked for half an hour in a room in Calderbury Jail which they had been encouraged to think was private. Actually several persons, including one who knew German perfectly, were taking notes all the time, through holes that had been made secretly in the paneling of the room. The idea was undoubtedly worth trying out, but in point of fact the two prisoners exchanged no remarks that were of any help to the department.

When David heard on Thursday morning that his one request had been granted and that Leni was to be brought to see him that same afternoon, his heart overflowed with anticipation and he pressed the Governor's hand with more emotion than he had yet shown since his arrival at the jail.

"How long can we talk for?"

"Oh well . . . no exact time limit, y'know . . . pretty well as long as you like within reason. Say half an hour. Plenty of time for anything you want to say to each other. We shan't bother you."

"You mean there'll be nobody listening?"

"Maybe we'll stretch a point and call the warders off. . . . I daresay you'd like it better in private. Oh, and by the way . . ."

"Yes?"

"You remember at the trial—right at the end—you told the judge that the girl was really only nineteen—"

"Yes. But he wouldn't listen to me."

"I know. I'm interested, all the same, in what you said. Did you only just say it to try to get her off?"

"No, it was true."

"But how did you know it was true? What reason had you for thinking her so young?"

"She told me."

"Oh, I see. . . . You hadn't any evidence except just that?"

"I believed her."

"Yes, of course. . . . Ah well, you'll see her."

And a few minutes later, recovering from his embarrassment, Millman telephoned to the Governor of Midchester Prison. "Yes, I told him it would be private. Did you tell *her* the same? Good . . . rather an awkward business, really. . . . Oh Lord, no, he was so damn pleased about it—thought I'd fixed it as a special favor, y'know. Rather pathetic, in a way . . . made me feel a bit of a . . . oh yes, I asked him about the girl's age, but he knew nothing definite—only that she'd told him she was only nineteen. Seems to have believed everything she told him. . . . Yes—three o'clock. We've fixed the room and the men will be ready. . . ."

At five to three the little doctor was taken to a room he had never seen before, a small match-boarded room in which were a table and two chairs. He sat down on one of the chairs and a warder took the other. Then at a few minutes after the hour another warder made some signal from the door, at which the first warder got up and left. For a few seconds David was alone; then the door opened, and Leni, also alone, entered.

They had let her come in ordinary clothes, the same that she had worn whilst balancing on the back of David's bicycle along the Marsland Road. But her face was different from then; she had the little crushed smile that he had seen first of all when he had bandaged her wrist after the accident at the Theatre Royal. She came forward, stumbling a little, leaning at last into his arms as he stood. *"Du kleiner Doktor . . . Oh, du kleiner Doktor. . . ."* She began to cry, and all at once it seemed to him that the whole world was crying.

Her first words were: "David, whatever you did, I love you, David. I told you that once before, but you took no notice."

"When did you tell me?"

"That day I danced for you."

"Yes, I remember that. I try to remember everything—I try and I try—but I can't think what really happened. Perhaps nobody knows what happened." And then suddenly he said: "Leni—did you—you didn't—do anything—did you?"

She looked at him gravely for a moment and then answered: "No. Did *you?*"

"I didn't either. Did you think I did?"

"I wondered."

"I wondered too." Then he smiled. "Forgive me. How could such a suspicion—"

"But if it's really true that neither of us—"

"Yes?"

"Then *who?*"

"Yes, that's the trouble. That's why they won't believe us. They have to find some answer. They have to blame somebody."

She put up her hand and touched his face as a blind person memorizes. "They are going to kill us, David, though we haven't done any wrong at all."

"I know." And he added, seeing beyond her, hundreds of miles beyond her: *"We are not alone."*

"What do you mean?"

"These things are always happening. Don't be afraid of death. It isn't the worst we have to face—only the last."

"But that is why it *is* the worst."

"No, no, we should fear birth far more if we could look ahead to it." And then, half-impishly, he began to improvise on the theme, to play with the idea for her comfort and his own. "Oh, much more, I assure you. I've often thought that. Suppose, just for argument, that everything *did* happen the other way round. Suppose people gathered in a churchyard and hauled you from a hole in the ground in a wooden box and took you back to a house, and after a day or so the box was opened and you were laid on a bed, and a few days later people gathered at the bedside and all at once the breath of life came into you, bringing agony first, then less and less till you could actually creep about, walking with a stick perhaps and being for a time a bit deaf and blind and crazy . . ."

"Horrible!"

"But not nearly as horrible as when you come to the other end. For think of the day you'd leave school and begin to stay at home in the nursery. Think of people patting you on the head as you grew younger every day. That last stumbling walk across the hearthrug before you settled down to pram life! How unutterably tragic—far more so than growing old and dying!"

"But—never—*never*—to see you again!"

"Maybe you will. If there's a next world I'll try to find you in it as I found you in this. There will be other worlds, surely . . . worlds in which the things we have won't be wasted like this. . . . I'll find you . . . do you remember that first night I *did* find you? Very windy—later on it rained. First of all I went to the theatre, and you'd gone. But I found you in the end."

"—I saw you through the mirror as you came into the room, and I knew you must be the little doctor because you looked so . . . Oh, David—*David!* . . . *Why* does it have to happen like this?"

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Afterwards, the listeners in the next room compared notes. It was generally admitted that the interview had been a failure.

"Of course it was pretty obvious he smelt a rat. Didn't you hear him whisper 'We're not alone'? That was a hint to her to be careful what she said. . . . It's my belief Millman gave the game away talking to him beforehand."

TWILIGHT ushered in the evening, and David watched the slow glooming of the sky with full awareness that it was for the last time. He was not unhappy. He was not afraid. He was quite calm when the Governor and the Chaplain paid the formal visits that were part of enjoined routine.

The Chaplain came first, a jolly-looking red-faced parson chosen for the job of ministering to the spiritual needs of prisoners because it was supposed that he knew how to deal with men, could meet them on their own level, and so on. His sermons were always full of pat-you-on-the-back optimism, and he said "damn" just to prove his good fellowship. He had known Jessica, through her connection with the Cathedral clergy, and she had always regarded him as "just the kind of parson the modern world needs." All of which might have made him embarrassed to meet David, had he not been the kind of man who is rarely embarrassed. He sat on the edge of the bed and beamed with man-to-mannishness. "Comfortable, eh, Newcome? Having all you want?"

"Yes, thank you," said David, who always filled in gaps of emotional response by being polite.

"Thought you might care for a little chat, y'know. How're you feeling? All right? Pretty cheerful? Read the papers, I suppose? Damned awful thing if the boys aren't home by Christmas, eh?"

Suddenly David realized who this man was. "Why, you knew Jessie, didn't you?" he interrupted.

Even the Chaplain's nerve was somewhat unprepared for the shock of such a reference. "You mean—you mean—Mrs.—the late Mrs. Newcome? Why, yes, I did know her—yes, of course I did." (As he said to Millman afterwards: "You could have knocked me down with a feather when he mentioned her—so damn casual. . . .")

Then David began to talk quite normally—that is to say, from the Chaplain's point of view, quite abnormally. "I'm glad to speak to someone who knew her because you'll understand about Gerald—that's my boy. Jessie had sent him away to her brother-in-law—Simpson, you know, he's the Vicar of St. Peter's. I'm sure he's being looked after all right, but I do hope they haven't told him—very much—you see he's so nervous—"

"My dear Newcome, you needn't worry on that score. I happen to know that your boy's been told *nothing*—absolutely nothing. As a matter of fact he's at present away at the seaside—much the best idea, don't you think? I suppose some day . . . but for the present—well, he just thinks his mother and father have gone away somewhere for a time. . . . .Of course if you'd put in an application I've no doubt they'd have allowed you to see him—"

"Oh, I never thought of it—oh, dear no. I wouldn't like him to come here at all—he'd be frightened—he was always scared of policemen. I think that was because Jessie always used to say, 'I'll fetch a policeman to you,' whenever he misbehaved—a mistake to say things like that to a nervous child. And that's what I want to talk to you about. . . . You know Jessie meant well, but she didn't really understand the boy. She and I had different ways with him, and I think—I really *do* think—mine was better. I wish you'd tell the Simpsons that if you get the chance. Tell them not to worry the boy, just let him grow up and conquer things for himself . . . and then some day, maybe, he can know the truth—about—*to-morrow*. . . ."

"Well, Newcome, I must say I think that's very sensible of you. You can rest assured I'll do my damnedest for the youngster. Keep an eye on him myself, I give you my word. As 'matter of fact, if I had my way I'd tell him a complete lie about you—I'd say you'd joined up and made the—er—the supreme sacrifice—give the little chap something to be proud of. . . . Why not—eh, why not?"

And then the Governor, Major Millman, entered the room and smiled nervously. The Chaplain included him in the conversation by a jovial nod. "Well, here we are, Millman—discussing the War and what not—I'd just been struck with an idea—"

Millman sat on the edge of the table and fidgeted. He was always apt to be upset by this last interview with a condemned prisoner, for he knew how unpleasantly it could sometimes turn out. He felt almost grateful to Newcome for not being the kind of person who would make a hysterical scene. "Don't go," he muttered to the Chaplain.

The latter turned to David. "Well, don't you think it's what we ought to tell the youngster?"

David made a mild gesture of protest with his hands. "Oh no—don't tell him that—never tell him anything like that—please don't—"

"But why not? Isn't it something that might have happened but for—"

"Oh no, no—"

"But why not, man?"

David said quietly: "You see, I don't think I could ever kill anybody."

"But I'm talking about *the War.*"

"I know. That's what I mean. War *is* killing." Suddenly the little doctor's voice rose slightly. "How could I spend so many years fighting *for* life and then fight *against* it? Why do you expect me to undo everything I have ever done? How can you live and sleep while this is all happening? How *can* you? Governor—preacher—we've put such a lot of trust in you two—why have you let things come to this? Why can't you save us from these crazy miseries? Why should we put up with you if you can't? People only ask to live in peace and do their work! We don't ask miracles. But in God's name, haven't you learned *anything* in two thousand years? We're not afraid of death, but we'll need to be afraid of life itself unless you fix things better in the future!"

David sank down in the chair with his head in his hands. He was exhausted. He so rarely talked to people like that—it was an effort that left him entirely spent. When he looked up he saw that both the Governor and the Chaplain had gone, and that a familiar face was across the table top. "Hello, George," he said, smiling.

"Good afternoon, sir. Duty again."

"You sound hoarse—or is it my ears?"

"Not your ears, sir—my throat. I've a cold."

"Well . . . it won't matter much if I catch it from you, will it?"

"Ha, ha . . . that's a good one . . . glad you're feeling cheerful. When I first come in, sir, and saw you sittin' with your head down, I thought you was takin' on."

"Taking on?"

"Worritin', sir. They do, you know, most of 'em, when it gets as near as this. But as I've said to all my mates, sir, I do believe the little doctor won't bat an eyelid."

"Do they call me the little doctor?"

"Yes, sir—some of 'em bein' Calderbury men for years, same as yourself. They like you, sir."

"Do they? Well, I like them, too. I love them."

"Well, sir, no harm in that, I'm sure. Would you like a cup of tea?"

"Thanks, George. . . . Oh—and George—about tomorrow morning—it's all over pretty quickly, I imagine?"

"Oh, bless you, yes, sir—nothing to worry about. Won't take more than a minute from the time you step out of here. No waitin'."

Crossing the graveled yard, the Governor and the Chaplain paced with many undertones.

"Quite startled me, the way he suddenly launched out. What had he got against us, anyway?"

"Damned if I know, Millman. I suppose it's as I've said all along—the fellow's pretty well off his head."

"Well, well, I'll be glad when it's over—I hate these affairs. . . ."

In the morning a light drizzle was falling, and David, after a night no more troubled than many previous nights, rose before dawn and watched a simple greyness invade the sky. Through the barred window he could soon see the prison wall, a long horizon of granite, with but two interruptions, the towers of the Cathedral, ghostly through the rain. Over the roofs there came the steady chimes, by long association more a part than a breaking of the silence; the first real sound began at seven, when the early morning train arrived from Marsland with the newspapers. David heard it steaming and clanking into the station. Only a whisper from afar; but it was the voice of Calderbury each morning, and David heard it as a friend's.

We live in a town for years and all its voices come to us so casually and with such small effort that we hardly know them till we are about to leave, and then, into our regret comes some little thing, the rattle of a cart over cobblestones, an old cracked bell in a church tower, the shout of a boy selling newspapers; and we can answer with nothing but our love. David was leaving Calderbury that morning. He knew it, and his heart was full of love for the little town and for its people. And he remembered, as often happens on the last, the first day he had seen it—Jessie pointing across the water meadows from the train window—"There you are, David—that's Calderbury. See the Cathedral? No, no, not *there*, stupid—that's the electricity works. *There!*" And he remembered, smiling to himself, that habit Jessie had always had—of seeing something herself and expecting other people to see it instantly. That was one of the things he had had to put up with; but he had always respected her, and people didn't realize how shocked, as well as puzzled, he had been when . . . But it was all such a long time ago now, nearly three months. Questions—answers—"Now, doctor, would you mind telling us. . . . I put it to you, Dr. Newcome. . . . But surely, doctor. . . . Come now, doctor, you really must explain. . . . *Don't lie to us, Newcome.* . . ."

"I don't lie, my friends, I can't help it if the truth doesn't sound true. They say my boy Gerald never tells the truth—but he does, sometimes, often, only people don't believe him. Truth is what is believed—a lie is what is disbelieved—how's that for a pair of definitions? I don't much care for them, but the world does. Let me tell the truth just once before I die. I call it love. . . ."

The two warders got up (they had not undressed) when they saw him standing by the window, and George bade him good-morning.

"Good morning, George. Don't bother. It's still very early. I'm all right."

"What would you like, sir? Coffee? Tea?"

"It matters so much, doesn't it? Let's say tea."

So the tea was made, and David drank two cups. He did not eat anything, but he smoked his pipe for a while. He felt—well, not exactly nervous, but a little excited, as when, during student days, he had made his first knife cut into living flesh.

Presently a stranger entered the room and pinioned his arms with a leather strap; he submitted to this without word or murmur. Then he saw the Governor and the Chaplain standing by. "Good morning," he said, and smiled at them.

Across the graveled yard there was a small building whose use he had not realized before, but it was not far to walk to it, through the rain and in the chilly morning air. Then, obeying the gestures of the stranger, he stood on a little platform with his head under a wooden beam. A white hood was put over his head. Just at that moment he heard George cough, and then (they were his last words) he said, in a voice that came muffled: "That cold of yours isn't any better, George." The noose slipped over his head and he suddenly remembered Leni, and her little crushed smile, and that she too, at the same moment in Midchester. . . . Come with me, go with me, I don't know where, but there are a few of us, we make a good company already, we carry love in our hearts, we are not alone. . . .

The lever moved, and the little doctor's body fell into the pit, from which, later in the day, it was retrieved for burial inside the prison precincts.

EPILOGUE

I WAS in Calderbury a few weeks ago and as I passed the corner of Shawgate I noticed that workmen were pulling down the old house. One of the inside walls was exposed, and on it hung what seemed, at a distance, to be a picture that no one had bothered about. Even while I watched, it was taken down, and later I saw it handed over to someone in the little crowd which, in days of unemployment, and especially in a place like Calderbury, always collects round any scene of activity.

He was a young man of perhaps thirty, slim and not at all robust-looking, attractive in an ascetic way, and rather shy in manner as he took the picture, wrapped it in a newspaper he carried, and tried to slip away. But the crowd turned their curious eyes on him and someone called out: "Let's have a look, mister." At that he almost bolted, crossing the road at a tangent, and

colliding with me on the opposite curb. The picture fell with a tinkle, and I made some apologetic remark, though it was really his own fault. He answered: "Oh, it doesn't matter—the glass was smashed already."

With a tidy gesture which I liked in him he began to kick the glass fragments into the gutter. I joined him in this usefulness, and while we were both busy I said: "I don't know what sort of treasure you've got, but I suppose you know who used to live in that house they're pulling down."

"Oh, yes," he answered. "The little doctor. Did you know him?"

"Fairly well. I liked him. He cured me of asthma."

He laughed. "Well, that's certainly a good reason for liking him. I wonder if mine is as good. He brought me into the world."

We walked along some way in silence, wondering perhaps whether each was inclined for the other's company. Presently he said: "I suppose you remember the case?"

"You mean the—the Calderbury case?"

"Is that what you call it? I didn't realize it was quite so famous. I've been abroad a long time."

"But you're a native of Calderbury?"

"I left when I was nine. America—journalism—various things. I write poems—occasionally."

He spoke in a nervous, rather truculent way.

"It's a pleasant diversion," I replied, "apart from any value in the poems."

He laughed enough for me to realize that I had said the right thing. "Come into my hotel and have a drink," he invited.

We went in and stood by the counter in the cool bar of the "Greyhound." There was no one about except Brierley, the landlord. He served our drinks and disappeared. "Now that's the fellow," I said, "who really *could* tell you something about the Calderbury case. He was foreman of the jury."

"Don't ask him, please. I've read all the newspaper reports—I'm not especially interested in the police-court angle. I suppose it was a fair trial as trials go."

"Maybe," I answered. "There was a lot of circumstantial evidence, and I daresay many men have been hanged on less. And then, of course, there was a certain amount of political feeling about the girl,—German, you remember,—and it was the first autumn of the War. We all believed she was a spy. That didn't come up at the trial,—naturally,—but people like Brierley couldn't help but be affected by it. The judge, I thought, was a shade too severe in his summing up—maybe *he* was affected too. War fever is an insidious disease."

"You take an interest in the case?"

"I suppose I do—though only in a non-technical way. I gather that *you're* interested too?"

He smiled. "Didn't I tell you he brought me into the world?"

"He did that to a good many young people you can see around the streets of Calderbury."

"Yes, of course. But I didn't mean it in quite that sense. You see . . . I'm his son."

I LOOKED at him then, incredulous for the moment, then in sudden silence as I remembered Gerald. The little boy who cried and screamed and told lies and had nervous fits and whom nobody could control. He seemed embarrassed at having had to explain his identity and went on:—

"I suppose you feel now you can't discuss the case any more with me?"

"Oh, *I* don't mind. It's more a question whether you'll want to discuss it with me when you know who *I* am." I told him then my name, adding: "I think we met—years ago. At children's parties."

He nodded. "Yes, I remember. And after that you were the star witness for the prosecution."

"Don't hold that against me. I was too young to know what it was all about."

"Do you mean you no longer believe he was guilty?"

He shot the question at me so abruptly that its awkwardness came as a challenge.

"Will you take my word if I answer that I really don't know?"

He smiled. "Why, surely. . . . What about another drink?"

"I think it's my turn," I said, calling Brierley.

When we were left alone again I went on: "The evidence I gave was true enough, as far as it went."

"Yes, of course. I never doubted it. You saw my mother going into the house at a certain time, and you saw the other two leaving the house at a certain time. Ample opportunity. And a surgery full of poison. Logic. What more could you ask? Especially after the letter he'd written to the girl."

"Yes, it all pointed one way."

"And it all pointed wrong."

"Really?" (What else could one say? Well, there was one thing I could repeat.) "I must admit that if I'd known what use was going to be made of my evidence I'd have kept it to myself."

"But why?"

"Because I always liked the little doctor."

"Yet you don't feel certain that he wasn't guilty?"

"I don't feel certain of anything. Something mysterious and terrible happened over twenty years ago when I was a boy—why expect *me* to fix blame? Maybe the court was right, maybe not. The thing looked possible—more than that—even *probable*. After all, we do know that murder is something that men will commit for love."

"So you think he was infatuated?"

"Call it that if you like the word."

"I don't, particularly. 'Love' is better."

"That's the word *I* used."

"Maybe they mean the same."

"Maybe."

"Do you think you understood my father?"

"Well, hardly—how could I? I was only a boy."

"There was something boyish in him. Childlike, almost. I once wrote a poem about him—perhaps I can remember it." He paused a moment and then recited, rather well:

"Both youth and age were his
With no more change of scene
Than from the blue of mountains
Down to the level green.

"And in that blue-green land
Where English sons were bred,
He knew the dead were living
And saw the living dead."

I said: "I rather like that. And I think I understand what you're driving at."

"The thing I'm driving at is that he wasn't guilty."

"Maybe not."

"*She* wasn't either."

"You think not?"

"My God, I'm not telling you what I think—I'm giving you facts."

It seemed to me that I couldn't go on arguing with him. I said nothing, leaving him, if he chose, to continue. After an interval he said: "You see . . . I was in the house myself that night."

"*Really?*" (Again, what else could one say?) "How was that?"

"Simple enough. I'd been quartered with an aunt and uncle who lived at the other end of the town. I was miserable with them—or rather, I should say, I was miserable without my father. Just a prisoner in an enormous shabby vicarage. That evening—you remember it was the evening war was declared—everyone was so excited by the news that I had my first chance to escape. I took it. I ran across the town, aiming for home. I climbed over the garden wall from the side footpath. Nobody saw me or would have cared much if they had. I thought the house was empty. I went to the surgery. It was always fun there, but that night more than usual, because—well, because a cupboard usually kept locked was half open."

"Ah, yes, I remember the evidence about that."

"So I had a game with some bottles, taking the corks out and sniffing. Lucky I didn't poison myself — or perhaps damned unlucky, when you come to think about it. Suddenly I heard footsteps in the hall. I was scared. I shut the cupboard as quick as I could and pushed away the bottles on a shelf where there were other bottles. I didn't want her to know I'd been touching anything."

"You knew who it was?"

"Oh, yes, her walk was quite unmistakable. . . . Presently she came in and found me. She was very hot—it was a very hot day and she'd been out in the sun. 'You here?' she began, but she didn't grumble as much as I'd expected. I think she was tired. 'Where's your father?' she asked. I said I didn't know. 'He's never here when he's wanted,' she said. Then she went to the shelf and took some pills out of a bottle. 'I've got a bad head,' she said, 'and I want to lie down. Fetch a glass of water to my bedroom.' So I did, and that was how it happened. . . . All quite by accident, you see."

"Yes, I see."

"Don't you believe me?"

"May I say again—I don't really know. . . . At any rate, why didn't you tell all this to the court?"

"I never had a chance. I was only too glad to get away. . . . I'd always been blamed for everything and I thought I should be again. . . . So I ran back to my uncle's house. They thought I was ill—one of my 'attacks,' they called them—I used to have bad nerves when I was a child."

"And you didn't tell *anybody?*"

"Well, they didn't tell *me* anything, either?"

"What do you mean?"

"They never told me anything was wrong. It was weeks afterwards they said my parents had both gone away and I couldn't see them. Years later I found out what had really happened. It came—" he hesitated for the understatement—"as a considerable shock to me."

THERE was another long pause, during which I recollected as much as I could of Gerald's reputation as a child. In the little town there had gathered quite a sizable legend of his precocious unreliability. He "romanced," or, if you cared to use the less flattering word, he told the most astounding lies. He would (in the days when I had met him once or twice at children's parties) assure people that he had seen an elephant in Shawgate, or a collision between two steam rollers going at full speed, or a man with three noses. And once, I remember, he told a few of us very solemnly that his father had bought a deathbed. How he had picked up the word we could only guess, but it was clear that in his mind a deathbed was a particular kind of bed that one went to a furniture shop to buy; so that was what he told us, as calmly as you please. We thought it amusing that his own childish ignorance should so completely prove him a liar.

Thinking of all this, I said: "It's a pity you didn't tell when it might have done some good."

"Yes, but I shouldn't have been believed. At least, I very much doubt it. Nobody ever believed me. Why, *you* don't even believe me *now*. Do you?"

"May I say—for the third time—I simply don't know *what* to believe."

"I don't blame you. We none of us know much about what really happens. Or has happened. The real truth is often hidden—perhaps because it's a dark truth. . . . It seems to me that we're all children of the dead—the dead who shouldn't have died—the dead who were put to death. . . . And they wait with us all the time, hoping we'll understand and learn something, but we don't, and we can't do anything about it. . . . Is all that too mystical?"

"I don't quite know what you mean."

He laughed as he answered: "Why should you? To hell with you, anyway. That's how you make me feel."

I smiled, liking him a little. After a short silence I said: "I'm interested in the girl—the German girl."

"Why?"

"I liked the look of her. I think I saw her once—before I saw her in the court. There used to be a motor bus that made journeys between the foot of Shawgate and Lissington Hill—the seats faced each other and one day I sat opposite someone I couldn't help staring at. Afterwards, when I described her to others, they said she must have been 'the foreign girl who works at the little doctor's.' So maybe she was. She wore a brown coat and a black fur hat like a fez. . . . But you knew her well, of course. Tell me what she was like."

His face lit with the beginnings of excitement. "She was . . . oh, I *can't* tell you. It's the nearest thing to heaven in my mind,—the only meaning heaven has,—that memory I have of her and of him. The little doctor—my little father. I used to watch them smile at each other. I used to go to sleep after they had touched me. They were *real*—and that's what's so hard to believe—that they were *ever* real. . . . Do you mind if we take a walk?"

"Good idea."

We went out into the streets of Calderbury, where it was growing dusk and lights were blinking from shops and houses; and far ahead, at the top of Shawgate, the towers of the Cathedral lifted insubstantially into the darkening east. Calderbury had survived, though how narrowly none could say. We passed the house where the little doctor had lived, and then, along Briargate, we passed the jail where the little doctor had died. That was being pulled down also—it was far too big and the site had grown valuable. I was still a little bothered by not knowing how much to believe of all that Gerald had told me, but I felt there must be a sort of truth in it, somewhere. "Well," I said, "you're probably right and there isn't a lot any of us can do."

"But there ought to be," he answered, so desperately that I was startled. "And, oh God, if only there were . . ."

THE *Camera* SPEAKS

Something new in movie magic—a "spectral kiss." John Garfield appears only momentarily with Priscilla Lane in "Four Wives"—as a ghostly memory of their tragic love in "Four Daughters"

ON THIS AND THE FOLLOWING PAGES PHOTOPLA BRINGS YOU HOLLYWOOD A ITS PICTORIAL BEST

She started out with the laudable desire to design clothes for other feminine figures. Now Lana Turner herself figures so smartly on the screen that she's an M-G-M star, though not yet old enough to vote, and is set for top spots in two pictures: "Twenty Little Working Girls" and "Ziegfeld Girl"

Willinger

Casting of the month: Manhattan-born, Broadway-bred Alice Faye as the lusty barmaid of "Little Old New York." It's full steam ahead for Alice, watching the triumph of steamboat inventor Robert Fulton (as portrayed by Richard Greene)

OLD STARS WEAR BEST

BETTY COMPSON just twenty years ago was the sensation of "The Miracle Man," which created many stars (Joseph Dowling and Thomas Meighan are pictured, Lon Chaney was another). She was the belle of the succeeding decade, became one of the few silent queens to score in early talkies. Then—bit parts; the transition from the young roles with which the public associates them is always harder for feminine stars, since the demand for mature male leads has always been greater. But, when Betty finishes her work in Columbia's "Cafe Hostess," she returns to her rightful heritage as second lead in the new Gable-Crawford picture, "Strange Cargo"

LOIS WILSON experienced a comfortable success in other films before "The Covered Wagon" (with J. Warren Kerrigan) proved to be such a perfect vehicle for her that it nearly carried her to oblivion! It established her firmly with the movie-goers of 1923 as the perfect American "home girl" and led to innumerable awards and titles in that field for years thereafter. But it also typed her in the eyes of both producers and public and led to a series of glorified Westerns from which she finally rebelled, never completely recovered. Smaller and smaller grew her assignments; she played her last "bit" three years ago—until she came back to win the public's heart again, in a sympathetic role in "Bad Little Angel"

LEWIS STONE is Hollywood's most brilliant example of the way early matinee idols have been able to make a lifetime, unbroken career of motion pictures. "The Havoc," in which he's shown with Bryant Washburn, dates from 1916. Stone was a popular movie hero even then and has made considerably more than one hundred pictures since, in all of which he played leading roles. Most of them were romantic leads, until in recent years he's reached the peak of popularity as that wise and understanding father, "Judge Hardy"—a series which he has only temporarily deserted to play the last-named title role in "Joe and Ethel Turp Call on the President"

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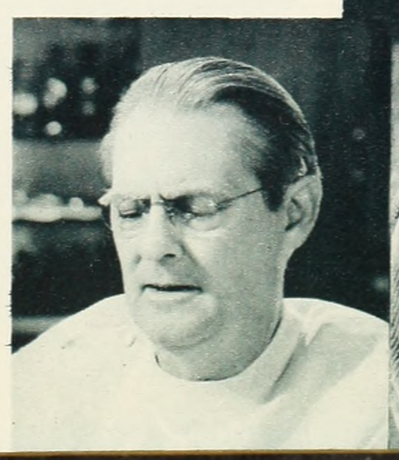

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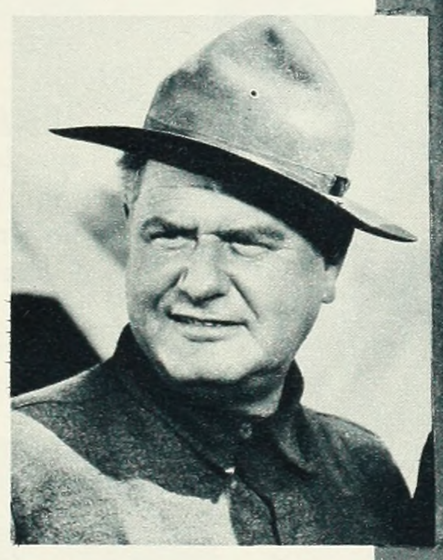

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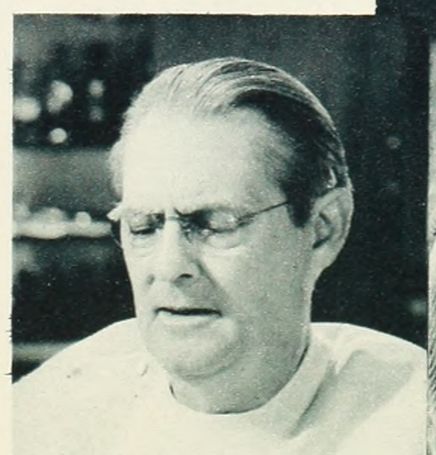
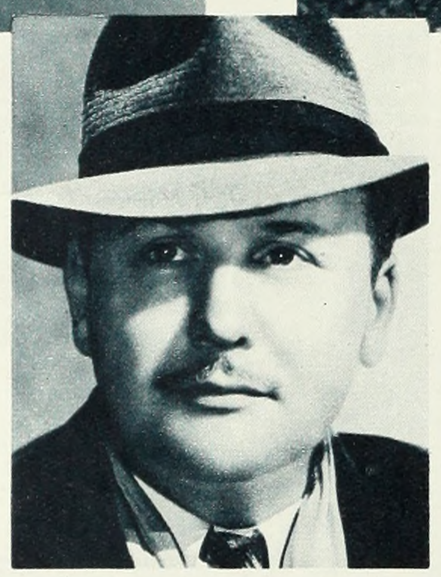


THEIR FAVORITE PHOTOGRAPH

GENE KORNMAN has "developer" in his blood! Father was a San Francisco photographic authority — daughter Mary (from one of three marriages) was "Our Gang's" first leading "lady." A 20th Century-Fox artist, he did this study of Madeleine Carroll before she went to Paramount—and the current "Safari"



CLARENCE BULL was spellbound when a ladder vanished—via retouching—from a snapshot of the Montana ranch where he was born. He sold magazines —not to get through college (the U. of Michigan)—but to buy a camera. Fifteen years at M-G-M, where he posed Greer Garson, star of "Susan and God"

CLIFTON MAUPIN calls this canine pair "Chalk and Charcoal." Like Bull, a Westerner (from Boulder, Colorado), he got a camera with the first dollar he earned and was an amateur lensman at nine. Turned motion picture cameraman in 1918, now specializes in stills and color work for 20th Century-Fox

ROMAN FREULICH, a Deanna Durbin specialist, chooses this fashion pose of the star of "It's a Date." Born in Russia, schooled in New York, he joined the Canadian army, took to photography while in Egypt with Allenby—climaxing his world-wide career, appropriately enough, with Universal assignments!

Studies in "still" life that reveal more of the real Hollywood than a cinema encyclopedia!

IOSEN BY HOLLYWOOD'S AVORITE PHOTOGRAPHERS

A. L. "WHITEY" SCHAFER likes this early study. Man behind the whiskers: Walter Connolly—who doesn't look like this today as "The Great Victor Herbert"! Man behind the lens: Whitey —who was born in Salt Lake City, grew up in California (practically with the movie industry), and is now head of Columbia's portrait and still staff. He'll tell you still work's not as peaceful as it sounds—since a blast of movie dynamite nearly ended his career!

ED ESTABROOK has done everyone from real kings to baby film queens. He did the former for the news photo syndicate he joined after starting his career at fifteen in hometown Worcester, Mass. He does the latter (superbly—proven by his very informal portrait of Sandra Henville, star of "Little Accident") as part of his present big job at Universal

JOHN MIEHLE cherishes this action portrait of a bygone team — Fred Astaire (now starred by M-G-M in "Broadway Melody of 1940") and Ginger Rogers (still an RKO star in "Primrose Path"). Native Californian of old Spanish lineage, he has been Ginger's photographer since her second film and is now married to her hairdresser, Louise, another Rogers "veteran"

The Meeting: It was at Monte Carlo, where I (Joan Fontaine), acting as companion to the wealthy Mrs. Van Hopper (Florence Bates), first met Max de Winter (Laurence Olivier). His glamorous wife, Rebecca, had been drowned and gossip had it that he couldn't get over her death

The Wedding: Our romance developed when Mrs. Van Hopper was taken ill. It was during these weeks of companionship that Max said he found in me a peace he had thought was gone forever. He asked me to come with him to Manderley as his wife!

Manderley's Ball: At Mrs. Danvers' suggestion, I copied my costume from a family portrait. It was only when I descended the steps the night of the ball, saw Max's horror and the startled faces of Beatrice (Gladys Cooper) and Frank (Reginald Denny) that I realized I had been led into a trap. I had chosen the costume Rebecca herself had worn at the ball a year ago!

REBECCA

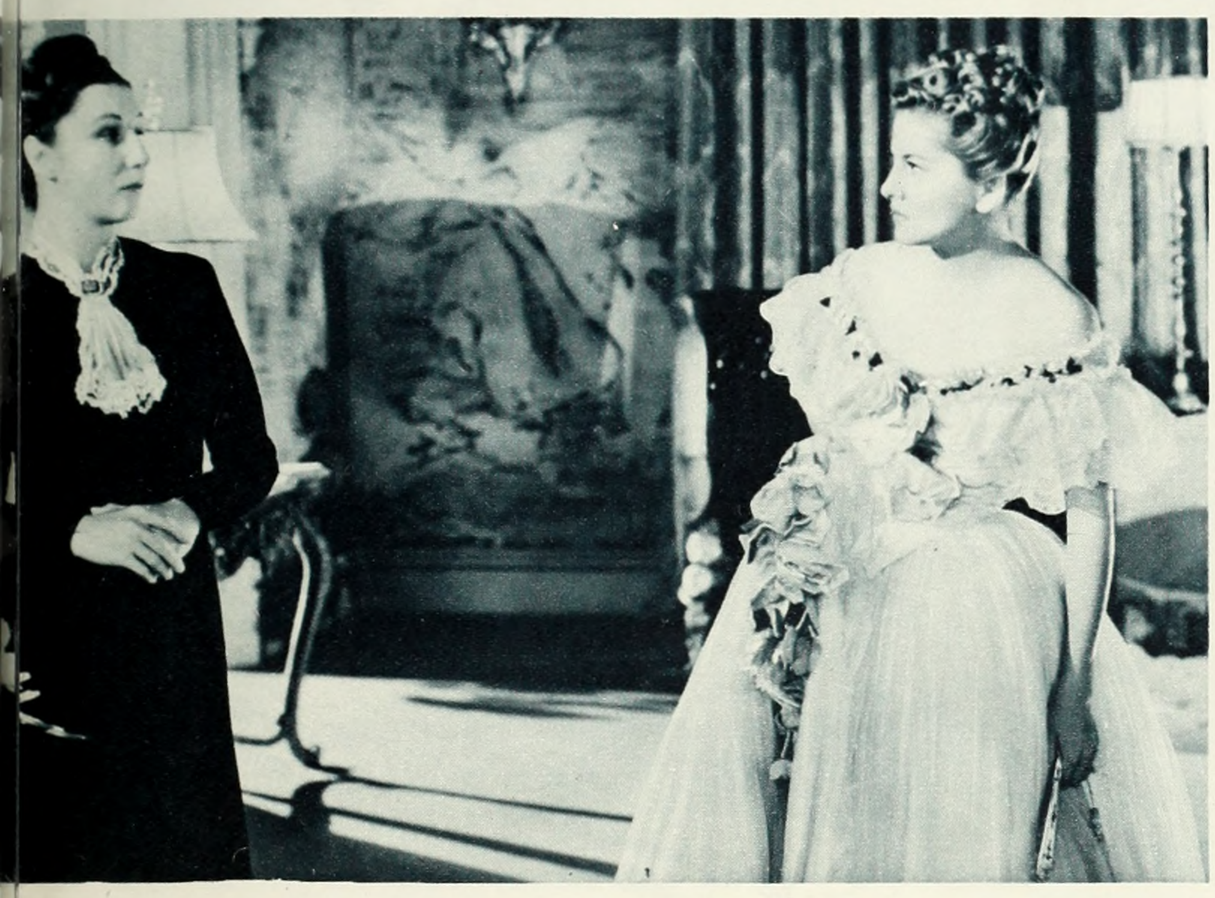
For alert movie-goers, Photoplay sneak previews the year's most exciting best seller—the Selznick International production starring Laurence Olivier and Joan Fontaine

Inquest: Naturally, there was another investigation—how it would culminate, none of us knew. The formal inquiry had gone well but it was while we were lunching with the police chief, Col. Julyan (C. Aubrey Smith), that Favell tried to blackmail Max and produced an incriminating letter which Rebecca had written the day she died

Homecoming: I felt a very
ard figure as I stood before
lour Mrs. Danvers (Judith
rson), whom I was to fear
eatly, and the servants

Rebecca's Ghost: Seated at the desk in the morning room, I picked up an address book and dropped it, shocked. On the book were the initials "R de W." The Guest Book and Menu Book—everything was Rebecca's and I felt like an intruder in my own home

Unwelcome Visitor: Favell (George Sanders), paying a call on Mrs. Danvers, forced an introduction to me, Max's bride. I resented his slurs on Max, and his familiarity with Mrs. Danvers, but an unknown fear made me promise him not to tell Max of his visit



Recriminations: Back in my own room, Mrs. Danvers twitted me with the fact that even in the same dress I couldn't compare with Rebecca; that I could never take Rebecca's place. She drove me almost to the point of suicide, but suddenly, in the midst of her taunts, an explosion shattered the air—a ship had gone aground. At dawn Frank brought word that Rebecca's boat had been found!

Understanding: I found Max in Rebecca's cottage by the sea. He buried his head in my shoulder and told me that we had lost our chance for happiness—that Rebecca's body had been found in the boat; that the one he had identified so many months ago had not been hers at all. The heartbreaking story that followed made me realize at last that he loved me

e Doctor: Incensed by Favell's attitude, and in de-
se of her former mistress, Mrs. Danvers gave us a
e which took us to a doctor Rebecca had visited
that fatal day. No one was prepared for the in-
mation the doctor revealed, least of all Max

Revenge: On leaving the doctor's office, Favell telephoned Mrs. Danvers the diagnosis Rebecca had withheld even from her. Her mind unbalanced, she rushed to Rebecca's room, determined that no one would ever occupy it again

Happiness at Last: Our days are fraught with a tranquillity we had not known before. The past is dead; the ghost of Rebecca laid. Thus, Max and I have found happiness away from great unhappiness

WE COVER

Thomas Mitchell and Freddie Bartholomew, as part of the "Swiss Family Robinson," get away from it all on a desert island—and run into enough excitement for ten famili

Mickey Rooney's so proud of his "character make-up" (!) in "Young Tom Edison," with Eily Malyon, Virginia Weidler, George Bancroft

Miriam Hopkins flirts with Errol Flynn, but she's really in love with Randolph Scott—according to the scenario of "Virginia City"

With a threatened strike against it, studio production reaches a new low—but the quality's high, as you can see

BY JACK WADE

THE biggest experiment of the month is "Young Tom Edison" down at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer; and therefore, all pure reporter, we saddle our white steed and gallop over there for the first look-see this trip as we cover the studios.

"Young Tom Edison" is the first time the story of a real man has been filmed as two separate movies. Mickey Rooney will be Edison as a boy, and later Spencer Tracy will be Edison as a man. Remember when Freddie Bartholomew played young *David Copperfield* in the first half of that film so well that when Frank Lawton replaced him as an adult the movie fell apart?

It's going to be some contest between Rooney and Tracy; and Spence, despite his being, as Gable says, "hell-fire at the box office," is the

THE STUDIOS

Strangest thing about "Strange Cargo" is what it's done to "glamorous" Joan Crawford (with Ian Hunter)

Lady on "Safari" (Madeleine Carroll) gets a studio-made shower

Edward G. Robinson as bearded "Dr. Ehrlich"

one in the tough spot. For Mickey's picture is getting out first.

We walk on the set in the scene where Mickey, as young Tom, has just come back from a stolen train ride. He's hopped on the train to sell some maple-sugar cakes he has in his pocket and he's so enthalled by his quick profits that he is literally carried away. When he gets back there's his father to face. It's his father he's facing as we appear.

The father, Samuel Edison, is being played by George Bancroft, and Tom's mother, Mrs. Edison, is Fay Bainter. Virginia Weidler is his sister, so you can see that the Rooney is neatly surrounded by experienced scene stealers—but that doesn't disturb Mickey any.

"Notice anything different about my looks?" he chirps as we draw near. We don't. "Can't notice my character make-up?" he persists. We still don't. "Parted my hair from left to right," he grins. "Genius, really. Conscientious about my roles. Muni stuff." He takes a rumba step to get back into camera range, then sobers completely as Norman Taurog calls for action. He goes through the scene flawlessly.

As Tom, he knows he's in the doghouse and he's hoping to wiggle his way out of it. He gives Bancroft a sickly grin. "I think people like to buy things on trains, don't you, Father?" he asks.

"Don't think you can talk yourself out of a licking," says Bancroft sternly. Bancroft's voice stumbles on the word "licking."

"Cut," says Director Taurog.

They do the scene again and Bancroft blows once more. They do the scene a third time and still Bancroft doesn't get it. The veteran actor is fussed. Taurog is very patient. He calls for a fourth take. This time Mickey blows it. "And take number five," says Mickey before Taurog can speak.

A look flashes around the set but everybody remains quiet. Everybody knows Mickey has deliberately fumbled. The fifth take is long, with Fay Bainter and Virginia getting in lines, too. It's perfect, though, so we creep out, while they are setting up the lights on a new scene, and go visit the "New Moon."

THIS is the "reunion picture" for Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald after their unfortunate productions on their own. The "New Moon" is one of those romance-and-thunder operettas that Jeanette and Nelson create so persuasively. It's full of old sailing ships, Louisiana plantations of the time of 1783, pirates, a nobleman sold into slavery (that's Nelson) and the capricious, arrogant girl who buys him. (You know darned well that's Jeanette.)

We walk in on the scene where Nelson, who is really the *Duke de Villiers,* but who is merely ordered around as *Charles* by Jeanette, is plotting his escape. Nelson is as handsome a sight as even Hedy Lamarr could wish to see, done out in a sky-blue coat and tight white trousers. He is going into whispered consultation with Dick Purcell. Those two are as pat in their lines as even Woody (One Take) Van Dyke can desire. What's stumping Woody is that he's got two little colored kids on the set and that he's having to stop and teach them—they're young Los Angeles inkspots—a Southern accent. The kids will say "New Orleans" even as you and I would. Van Dyke takes them in hand. "It's New Oily Ans" he repeats over and over to them. "Remember, kids, the town is oily in the middle." That kills the kids. Even MacDonald, walking on the stage, and looking super-gorgeous in a pink hoop-skirted evening gown, gets a giggle out of it. Van is so pleased he breaks into song, mocking Nelson. It's to the tune of "Boots and Saddles" but we can't print the words and send PHOTOPLAY through the mails so we beat it for the "Strange Cargo" troupe, which is not only Gable and Crawford, but also Paul Lukas, Ian Hunter, J. Edward Bromberg, Peter Lorre, Albert Dekker, Eduardo Ciannelli, and John Arledge.

They are all on the set as we mosey in and a worse looking crew you never lamped. They are escaping from the jungle. They have one small boat and Crawford between them. The idea is that the men are escaping convicts. Crawford is a babe from the streets whom Gable has picked up and dragged along, and love is beginning to gnaw them. You practically can't see What-a-Man Gable behind the three days' growth of beard he's sporting. His clothes, like all the men's, are in tatters. So are Joan's, which lets us see quite a lot of Joan, and very nice, too. Crawford is really giving this role the business. She's doing it without make-up and with bedraggled hair. It will be interesting to see what that means for her. The big thought behind the plot is that the whole lot of them get religion, but Gable gets Crawford, too, the lucky stiff.

We watch just one scene. Albert Dekker and Gable are fighting over a knife Gable has. When the scene is finished, Gable strolls by. "I may get the knife but Dekker will get the picture," says Clark. "That's one honey of an actor, my friend."

Such competition being too tough for us, we take a prowl over on "The Shop Around the Corner." This is a Lubitsch production starring Margaret Sullavan and Jimmy Stewart. I walk in on a Christmas Eve scene. Jimmy is just being fired from his job because Margaret Sullavan's come in and swiped it. Like all Lubitsch pictures, this has a foreign setting—Hungarian, this time—and Jimmy and Maggie have one of those love stories wherein the girl and boy quarrel all the time until they find out they are meant for each other despite the fireworks.

Stewart and Sullavan are such good actors that they go through the firing scene without a hitch. Jimmy has all the lines, with Maggie merely looking on with those big eyes of hers. But knowing how she hates the press, I beat it

(Continued on page 77)

Jeanie with the Light Brown Hair

One of the loveliest songs of all time is "Jeanie with the Light Brown Hair," composed by Stephen Foster and dedicated to his wife, Jane, who inspired it. In "Swanee River," the life story of Foster which was recently released by 20th Century-Fox, Don Ameche portrays the role of the composer with brown-haired Andrea Leeds as his wife

Larry Clinton, famed orchestra leader and composer, wrote this modern arrangement of Stephen Foster's beautiful love song—sung in 20th Century-Fox's "Swanee River"—for our readers to play and sing at home. Be sure to tune in when it is played on the Sensation Cigarette radio program on Monday night, January 15, on the NBC-Red network

Arr. by
LARRY CLINTON

Song by
STEPHEN C. FOSTER

I dream of Jean - ie with the light brown hair, Borne like a

vis - ion on the sum-mer air, I see her trip-ping where the bright streams

play, Hap - py as the dai-sies that dance on her way. Man - y were the

wild notes her mer - ry voice would pour, Man - y were the blithe birds that war - bled them

o'er. I dream of Jean - ie with the light brown hair, Float - ing like a

vis - ion on the soft sum - mer air.

Photoplay arrangement.

Copyright 1939 by Larry Clinton, New York

PHOTOPLAY Fashions

BY GWENN WALTERS

These fashion pages were designed for those who plan to play in the sun this winter—however, if you must "stay-at-home" you, too, will find the clothes exciting, for in them you will see advance trends of your 1940 sunshine clothes to come. A white suit is a must in every sunshine wardrobe. Madeleine Carroll wears this one designed by Edith Head in Paramount's "Safari." Tailored along dressmaker lines, it is of heavy non-crush linen with a flared skirt and a one-button jacket that has a nipped-in waistline. The shirt is of navy Irish linen embroidered in stripes of white—the hat is a casual white panama with fringed grosgrain trim—the long slip-on gloves are of softest doeskin

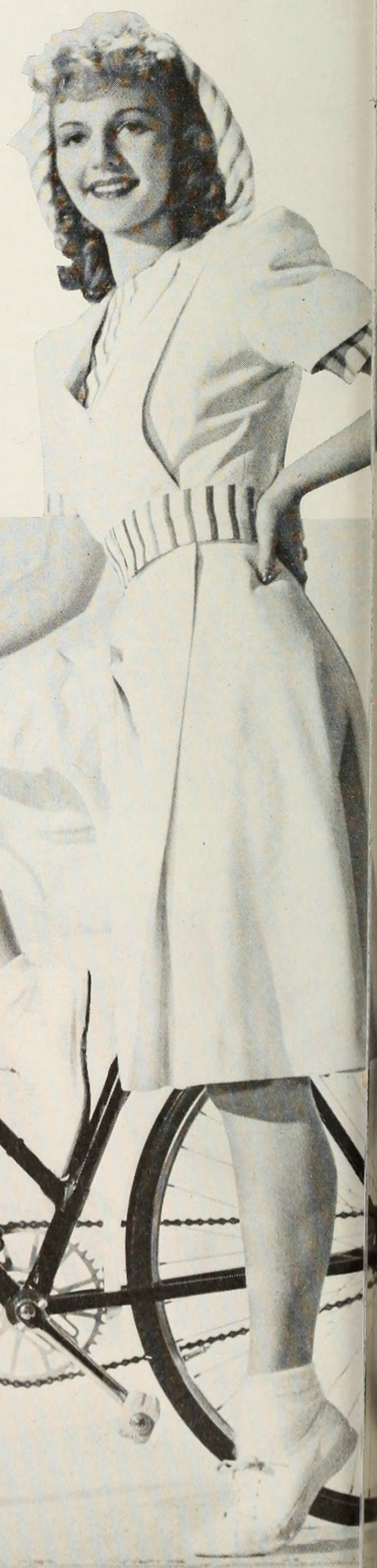
Richee

Dawn Delights

FOR SPORTS

THAT WHET THE APPETITE

AND START THE DAY RIGHT



Richee

Yesterday's girl (above) went a'bicycling in togs like this! Mary Martin wears an authentic period costume designed by Edith Head in Paramount's "The Great Victor Herbert." The 1900 divided skirt is of navy spun rayon and wool*—the shirt-waist with leg o'mutton sleeves of navy and white striped rayon taffeta*. This quaint 'cycling costume has been adapted into a three-piece 1940 model and is featured in sharkskin*. Approximately $11.00 at Bloomingdale's, New York; J. L. Hudson, Detroit; Carson Pirie Scott & Co., Chicago

Mary also poses in a hooded bicycling rayon sharkskin* culotte (right) especially designed for her personal wardrobe by Edith Head. The stark white of the skirt and jacket is contrasted by the blouse and trim, which are of red and white stripes in spun rayon*

**Crown Tested*

This regulation safari costume of jungle brown gabardine designed by Edith Head for Madeleine Carroll to wear in Paramount's "Safari" has straight, tailored slacks, a single-breasted jacket (note the four "bellows" pockets), and a kerchief scarf of scarlet and ivory tie silk. The safari hat of brown felt has a double brim. This outfit is news for early morning walks, and beyond compare for several rounds at the gallery

Sunshine SUCCESSES

"Side-Car" is the name of Jean's two-piece halter-neck play dress* made of turquoise krinkle sailcloth and black, red, yellow and green striped seersucker. The bolero and visor are of sailcloth to match the skirt. Jean wears "Bow Knot" coolees of turquoise and white. Play dress: $5.95. Hat: $1.50. Coolees: $3.95

McAlpin

Jean Parker dresses at twilight for dinner guests in a white waffle piqué apron evening gown that is exquisitely hand-embroidered in multi-colored yarns—jeweled centers highlight the floral pattern. The gown, priced at $22.95, was created by Patricia Perkins. Jean, who is currently filming "And So Goodbye" for RKO-Radio, will soon be seen in Paramount's "Knights of the Range"

If you would like to know the name of the shop in your vicinity that carries the fashions shown on these pages write to Fashion Secretary, Photoplay, 122 East 42nd St., New York City, N. Y.

For that coolish day Jean selects a Scully three-piece suède costume of dusty pink and slate blue. The tailored shirt and gored skirt are pink, the broad-shouldered box jacket, that buttons up the front to a collarless neckline, of blue. Blouse: $10.95. Skirt: $16.95. Jacket: $14.95

For a brisk morning hike Jean wears a "Cape Cod" short-slack suit.* The hooded jacket of beige denim is lined with red and navy plaid gingham to match the slacks and short-sleeved tailored blouse. The "Cox-Comb" capers with hour-glass wedge soles are of red cape leather with navy trim and plaid lining. Suit: $10.95. "Cox-Comb" capers: $5.95

Jean dabbles her feet in the water while chatting with Fred Shiller, author of the original story and screen play of RKO's "Flying Deuces," in which Jean appeared. Jean wears white pleated sharkskin gabardine jumper shorts* over a gayly striped seersucker blouse. The "Mexi-Coolee" shoes beside her are of white elk. Blouse: $2.95. Shorts: $4.95. Mexi-Coolees: $5.50

Sandeze Play Clothes
All Jean's play shoes created by Joyce

"Check Mate," Jean's three-piece chic-check cotton play dress* is of red and white with red contrast trim on the pockets of the blouse and skirt, and red buttons. The red and white color theme is repeated in the Moccasin capers that are smartly named "Cricket." Play dress: $12.95. Moccasin capers: $5.95

YESTERDAY'S Charm

is enchanting in this adaptation of Scarlett O'Hara's "Barbeque Dress" made by Samuel Chapman. Of white-ground, flower-sprigged seersucker, its flattering decolletage is outlined by a deep white Hamburg ruffle beaded in black velvet baby ribbon. Ann Rutherford, who models it so charmingly, will next be seen in Selznick International's "Gone with the Wind." The May Company, Los Angeles, California

Willinger

TOMORROW'S *Subtlety*

is expressed in this grey net Kalmour formal, with its soft bodice, tiny cap sleeves and flowing skirt all appliquéd with giant silvery cellophane circles. Anita Louise, its beautiful wearer, will next be seen in RKO-Radio's "Reno." $45.00 at Best & Co., New York and Neiman Marcus, Dallas

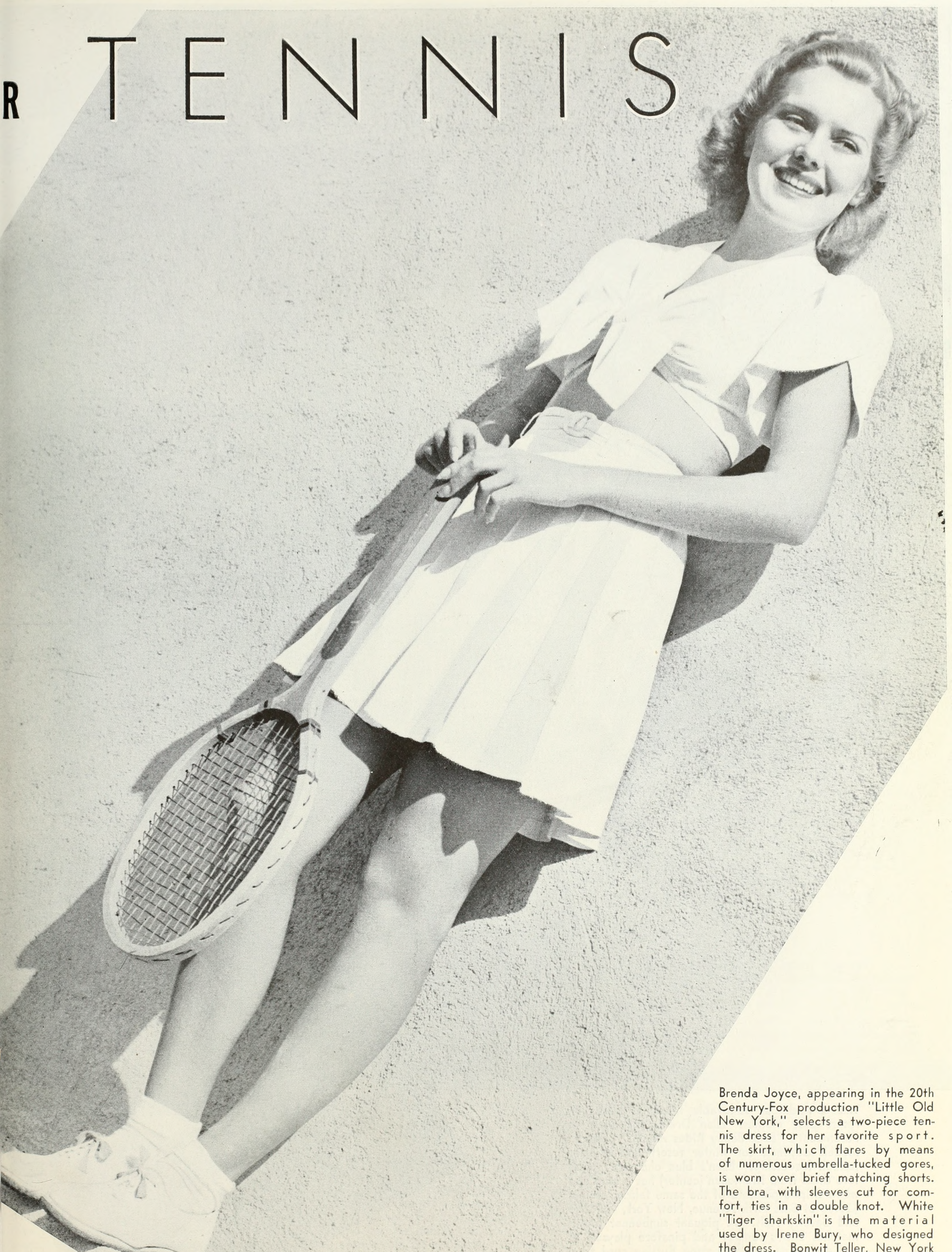
Bachrach

SWIM

Sonja Henie, starring in "Everything Happens at Night" for 20th Century-Fox, dresses for her second favorite sport in a blue quarter-skirted Velva-Lure two-way stretch swim suit trickily named "Mademoiselle." The square neckline is softly shirred and the waistline nipped-in. A velvety rayon surface individualizes the fabric. Sonja selected her suit from J. W. Robinson, Los Angeles

Powolny

R TENNIS



Brenda Joyce, appearing in the 20th Century-Fox production "Little Old New York," selects a two-piece tennis dress for her favorite sport. The skirt, which flares by means of numerous umbrella-tucked gores, is worn over brief matching shorts. The bra, with sleeves cut for comfort, ties in a double knot. White "Tiger sharkskin" is the material used by Irene Bury, who designed the dress. Bonwit Teller, New York

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If you would like further information about the tennis dress or swim suit write to Fashion Secretary, Photoplay, 122 East 42nd Street, New York City.

Powolny

Parasols, like sunbonnets are 1940 fashion darlings. Ellen's, of blue and white chambray, matches the peasant skirt of her Duchess of Windsor frock that is topped with a tailored crepe blouse from McMullen, the dress around $17.00; the parasol under $5.00, both at Saks Fifth Avenue, New York, Chicago and Beverly Hills

KING Cotton

This so-washable, so-lovable fabric is leader in resort play clothes. Ellen Drew, appearing in Paramount's "Buck Benny Rides Again," poses in models destined for winter resort and summer fashion leadership. Ellen's blue chambray pinafore dress from McMullen (center) has a blue and white striped pinafore of the same fabric, around $20.00 at Saks Fifth Avenue, New York, Chicago and Beverly Hills. A piquant sunbonnet (right) matches Ellen's romper and pinafore playsuit of red and white striped cotton Russian cord from Florence Gainor. The playsuit around $12.95; the sunbonnet around $3.00, at Macy's, New York; Florence Tarrson, Chicago; I. Magnin, Los Angeles

Bullock

Cal York's

GOSSIP OF HOLLYWOOD

Opening notes of this month's chorus of chatter—a laughing quartet by Ty Power, Claudette Colbert, Annabella, and Gary Cooper at the Beverly-Wilshire

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HYMAN FINK

Put your earphones to our underground wire service and listen to the stories the stars are telling!

That Lady Known as Luck

NOT so long ago, big festivities at 20th Century-Fox celebrated completion of Producer Sol Wurtzel's twenty-fifth year with the company, a truly fabulous record in the annals of the picture industry where "here today, gone tomorrow" has been all too woefully true throughout the business.

When we asked Sol the secret of his success, he grinned and said it was due, more than anything else, to a little word, beginning with "l"—*luck.* Then he illustrated his point with a story.

Seems that back in the very early part of 1917, when he'd been with the old Fox company less than three years, he was assigned to produce a war picture. It was his big chance. He was to have a free hand—with only one qualification. Said picture was to be strictly neutral.

"Don't make it either pro-Ally, or pro-German. Steer a middle course," he was told.

Well, Sol, like most other Americans, was extremely pro-Ally in his sympathies, and so, he says, he just couldn't seem to help putting German uniforms on the double-dyed villains in the piece, British and French uniforms on the heroes, and also inserting certain other touches which made the picture when finished resemble a product of the British propaganda department.

Result: When the big boss saw it, he was furious. He ordered the film shelved and was about to fire Sol when Something Happened! United States declared war on Germany . . . Which, of course, made everything all right.

Last Laugh

ALTHOUGH accustomed to seeing audiences laugh at his comic roles on the screen, Edgar Kennedy is a "straight" man in private life. Therefore, as he drove his car along Hollywood Boulevard the other day, he was somewhat puzzled, to say nothing of embarrassed, to see people point to his car and laugh. When he arrived home, he gave the car the once-over—and had a laugh himself. For attached to the rear was a sign that said, "BLONDE WANTED!"

His young son, Larry, had put it there.

Discovery

SAMUEL GOLDWYN'S latest discovery is a likable, quiet young chap named Dana Andrews. He's been under contract to Goldwyn for about six months now, and while he hasn't appeared in a picture he's been getting some fundamental training in Little Theater plays. Now when Sam signs anyone to a contract he thinks of everything. That's why there is a clause in Dana's that requires Goldwyn's consent to his marriage—and thereby hangs this tale. It appears that Dana had been engaged for some time and that the young lady had finally set the day. All preparations were going merrily forward for a formal wedding—and so it was up to Dana to corner his boss and get the needed permission. But, as it turned out, that wasn't so easy. Goldwyn was busy preparing for "The Westerner," Gary Cooper's latest. There were tests to see and scripts to okay and Dana just couldn't seem to catch the boss at a free time, to speak his carefully rehearsed speech. Then

Talked-about twosome . . . smiling sphinx in a gay bonnet . . . Norma Shearer with Geo. Raft at the Beverly-Wilshire

Chaperoned by her brother, Sonja Henie dines at the Victor Hugo with Alan Curtis (whose marital mix-up has been making headlines lately)

came the projection room fire when the whole lot turned out to see the blaze, Mr. Goldwyn included. Seeing the Boss, Dana elbowed his way through the crowd and got within shouting distance.

"You wanted to see me, Dana," Goldwyn shouted as he saw the lad coming towards him, "what for?"

"I wanted to ask you something," Dana shouted back hoping for privacy.

"Well, ask me now," boomed Sam. And so, throwing his speech to the winds, Dana shouted back:

"I want to get married!"

"Oh," grinned Sam as he called back, "That's O.K.—go ahead!" And Dana went beaming on his way. But, he beamed too soon, for shortly thereafter Goldwyn decided to have Dana start his picture career with Gary and orders went out for him to stop shaving. He was to grow a beard for the part!

"And there I was," moaned Dana to us, "with a week's growth of beard and a formal wedding at hand—there was only one thing left to do—we made the ceremony informal. I just couldn't show up looking like that."

The honeymoon? Well, it may have to be a location trip to Arizona.

Villain Unmasked

THE colored servant of a Westwood household, up for rent, reported to his mistress who had been away for the day, that two people had been there to see about renting the house.

"I know," said the mistress. "It was a Miss Vivien Leigh who wants a house for a few months. And what do you think of *Scarlett O'Hara?*"

"Oh, she wasn't so bad," was the reply. "I guess she'll look all right on the screen."

"And her friend, Mr. Olivier, who was with her? What did you think of him?"

"Never saw that little man before," was the reply.

"Why," said the mistress, "I thought you saw 'Wuthering Heights.' "

The colored boy emitted a howl. "Him. That little man *Heathcliff.* Oh no, that couldn't be *Heathcliff.* Why, I declare he didn't even scare me for a minute while he was here. And what's more I never seen such baggy pants on a man. Him *Heathcliff!*"

One last Brown Derby picture of the late, beloved Douglas Fairbanks, Senior—left to right, Reginald Gardiner; Mr. Blecke; Charlie Chaplin; Mrs. Blecke (Sylvia's sister); Paulette Goddard; Sylvia Fairbanks; Doug; Alexander Korda, and Merle Oberon, director and co-star of "The Private Life of Don Juan" (1935), Doug's last motion picture in a never-to-be-forgotten career

First time Fink ever snapped Gene Autry in a tux! At a Biltmore Bowl charity affair, with his wife

With Jimmy Stewart, Marlene Dietrich gives us a sneak preview of her ensemble—which makes fashion news next issue

Hard-boiled director? Gregory Ratoff nearly swoons, dancing with Hedy Lamarr, in person

Safety First

IT was an off day for the "Strange Cargo" cast on location at Pismo Beach, a small seacoast town above Santa Barbara, California, and loathing inactivity like a snail hates pace, Gable gathered together members of the crew and challenged the girls' softball team from a near-by high school for a match.

Well, it was a bit of something as you can imagine with Di Maggio Gable holding down first base and Joan Crawford rooting for the girls from the side lines.

It became pretty obvious that the girls didn't make much effort to get past first base, but finally one cute blonde struck the ball a wallop and slid for first base. Gable caught the ball from the pitcher a second after the blonde hit the base.

"You're safe," the umpire cried.

From the side lines came the moan of a cute onlooker.

"Yeah, that's us all right. Safe even with Gable around."

To Love and Cherish

WHEN the town recovered from the surprise of Wally Beery adopting an eight-months-old baby girl instead of a child Carol Ann's age, it remembered that Wally had already proven himself one of the best mothers in the village.

When Carol Ann came to the Beery home she was just a baby herself and Beery stepped right into the mother role as easily as a duck takes to water.

Everywhere Beery went, Carol Ann went. It was a familiar sight in the studio with Carol Ann on one arm and a basket of diapers on the other.

"Why, I went all over Europe with Carol Ann in a basket on my arm. And I took care of her myself," he says proudly.

He did too and well, spending his evenings in the nursery cutting out lace curtain dresses for dolls and later supervising Carol Ann's school work and helping her select her clothes. In fact, Wally was called the best mother in town, and now the two, lonely since his wife's divorce, have taken on another baby to love and cherish.

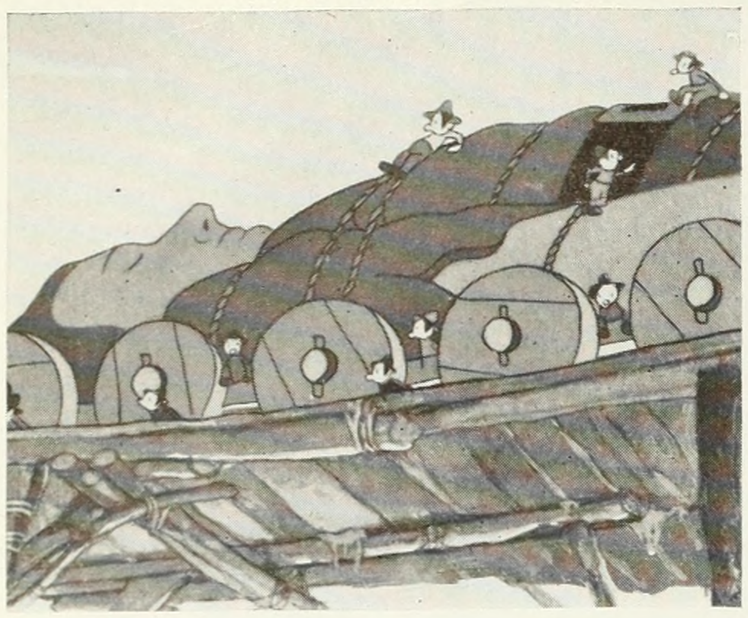
"Carol Ann felt she'd belong to us more if we brought her up from babyhood ourselves," Wally explains.

Canine Credit

BARBARA O'NEILL'S Scotty, Snooker, has the distinction of being the only dog known to possess a charge account! This is the way it works. When Barbara is in Hollywood, she lives in a big apartment house not far from Hollywood Boulevard. Naturally, she is very busy when she is making a picture, and Snooker has to watch out for himself, pretty much. When he gets hungry and Barbara isn't there to give him his meals, he knows exactly what to do. He hies himself to a certain near-by delicatessen, and—"Sniff! Sniff!"—tells the delicatessen man he wants his dinner! He gets it pronto and the delicatessen man mails Barbara the bill!

(Continued on page 81)

Scene: Cocoanut Grove. Cast: Richard Greene and Virginia Field. Plot: Early wedding plans being made?



★ GULLIVER'S TRAVELS—Fleischer-Paramount

KIDS and adults for over two hundred years have jumped up and down over the adventures of *Lemuel Gulliver* in the *Kingdom of Lilliput*—and now here it all is, as wonderful as ever, in the animated color cartoons of Max Fleischer. Nothing of Jonathan Swift's subtle satire has been lost in the transition, and you should have a fine time watching *Gabby, King Little, King Bombo, Prince David and Princess Glory.* Naturally their lives are somewhat complicated by the presence of a man so much bigger than they are. Especially entrancing are the detailed mechanics of the tiny *Lilliputians* when they set to work to lift the unconscious giant. The music must have special mention, too, with sweet tunes lingering in your ears as you leave the theater.

★ WE ARE NOT ALONE—Warners

JAMES HILTON'S novel has been made into a picture without any compromise to the public taste; it depends on your frame of mind whether or not it entertains you. It has fine production, direction and acting. The story is about a doctor in a small English town; he has a little boy and a domineering wife. A young Austrian girl, a patient, enters the household as a governess and on the night the doctor tries to smuggle her out of the country, to prevent her being held as an enemy alien, his wife takes the wrong medicine and dies. Whereupon the girl and the man are caught and tried for murder. Paul Muni is the doctor, Flora Robson his wife, Raymond Severn the son, and Jane Bryan the girl. Miss Bryan is amazingly good.

THE Shadow Stage

A REVIEW OF THE NEW PICTURES

THE NATIONAL GUIDE TO MOTION PICTURE

★ GONE WITH THE WIND—Selznick-M-G-M

THE picture you've talked about and cast and fought over since 1937 is here ready for your inspection. These are the important things about GWTW: First, it is epic entertainment; second, it is as if the characters of Margaret Mitchell's book had come to life speaking the dialogue Miss Mitchell wrote. Certainly no one can complain of infidelity to the original story. *Scarlett,* played, of course, by Vivien Leigh, is the same vital, stupid, selfish, pathetic girl whose valiant fight to survive the death of the Old South you followed so breathlessly in the book. She gives a truly magnificent performance. Clark Gable has only to be himself, so perfectly cast he is as *Rhett Butler.* These two carry the burden of essential emotion from the time of their meeting at Twelve Oaks, through the fall of the Confederacy, to the denouement after the cruel Reconstruction. Olivia de Havilland has done the finest job of her career, as the sweet, gentle *Melanie.* Leslie Howard as *Ashley* fulfills expectations. To be honest, this is far too much picture to review adequately in less than several pages, with the brilliant cast itself too large to discuss in this space. Suffice it that you may expect to find your favorite novel brought to colorful, indeed overwhelming life in some of the finest Technicolor ever to tint the screen. Every spectacle, every emotional climax is faithfully reproduced. The characters come and go, leaving you somewhat fatigued by the most fabulous cinema pageant Hollywood has produced in its time. It was a titanic effort and in our opinion a successful one.

★ THE GREAT VICTOR HERBERT—Paramount

THERE probably isn't anyone in America who doesn't like Victor Herbert's sweet, lyric music—and for those who have a real crush on him, this pretty picture represents a fine Christmas present. The title may make you believe the piece is a biography, but it isn't; Herbert, played by Walter Connolly, is just a background character and there is no attempt to tell the authentic story of his life. His songs are sufficient, sung as they are by new star Mary Martin, Allan Jones and young Susanna Foster, who also debuts here. Miss Martin is a natural. She looks somewhat like Claudette Colbert, with a touch of Ruby Keeler thrown in, and in addition, Miss Martin has a gorgeous voice. She plays a small-town girl, engaged to Doctor Lee Bowman and she comes to New York to sing. The great Victor will not see her but she meets Allan Jones, Herbert's egotistic star, who gets her a break. He goes further than that; he marries the girl. Mary becomes a star, outshining Allan, who goes to pieces because of it. So Mary retires in order to give him a chance to come back—a chance he muffs. It is, in the end, their young daughter, Susanna, who saves everything in a surprise climax. The child is attractive and has a really good voice, which will be better for more extensive training. Connolly does an excellent job, Jones has never been in better voice or acting fettle, and Jerome Cowan supports well as an agent. The whole film is chock-full of the Herbert music, easily worked into the running sequence of action.

★ OF MICE AND MEN—Hal Roach-U. A.

THE morbid, infinitely pathetic story of big, half-witted *Lennie* and his little mouse comes to the screen somewhat sissified as to dialogue but nonetheless gripping for the censorship. Goodness knows, it could not have been an easy task to take John Steinbeck's wormwood-and-sugar and get it on celluloid in a form palatable to the average theatergoer. Hal Roach, director of comedies, has somehow managed it. He cast Burgess Meredith as *George,* and Lon Chaney, Jr. as *Lennie,* his pal—For those of you who missed the book: *Lennie* and *George* are a pair of wandering workers who hire out on ranches in the west. *Lennie* isn't bright but he has fantastic strength and a heart like May Robson's. He gets a sensual pleasure from touching soft things, and if frightened at all, simply grabs hold and can't let go. Now then, *Lennie* and *George* have planned to save up and buy a little rabbit ranch, and they are just in sight of their goal when *Lennie* decides he wants to feel the soft red dress of Betty Field, who's married to the son of the ranch owner. Well, she deserves what she gets, anyhow, making up to the poor half-wit the way she does and then frightening him by screaming when he strokes her. . . You see *Lennie* can't even keep a pet mouse because he forgets and breaks them in two every once in awhile. The entire piece is done with feeling and sympathy; and in addition to the fine star performances, Charles Bickford and Bob Steele do excellent work. It will wear you out emotionally, but it's worth it.

GERONIMO!—Paramount

GERONIMO, you may remember from your American history classes, was an Apache Indian Chief who raised particular hell quite some time ago and had to be sat on by the U. S. Army. There isn't much personal story but you'll see a riot of action. The Indian fights are bang-up. Bill Henry plays a young West Pointer who goes West to serve under his father, a general. That's Ralph Morgan, and it's a mean character. Preston Foster is the cynical captain who helps the frightened young man survive. Chief Thundercloud is Geronimo, a brilliant piece of casting; and Gene Lockhart has one of his traitor-and-renegade parts, at which he excels. Ellen Drew, Marjorie Gateson and Kitty Kelly have bits. The film boasts a feeling of authenticity.

FOUR WIVES—Warners

THOSE four girls—Priscilla, Lola and Rosemary Lane, and Gale Page—are back on film again, but still buried under emotional crises. This is a sweet picture, but it isn't as good as "Four Daughters." They are all married now, although Priscilla is John Garfield's widow; and she is carrying his baby. Discovery of her condition makes her as neurotic as anything and poor Jeffrey Lynn, to whom she's engaged, has an awful time. Eddie Albert is cast as the doctor Rosemary wants for her very own. The outstanding impression you will get from the piece will have to do with maternity. All the original cast is present, even the ghost of Garfield. May Robson plays *Grandma;* Claude Rains is *papa* again; Frank McHugh and Dick Foran, husbands.

★ GREEN HELL—Universal

THE Matta Grosse district of South America is the dangerous background for this dramatic adventure story. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. leads an expedition to hunt for ancient Inca treasure and one of the men, Vincent Price, is shot with a poisoned Indian arrow. By the time his wife, Joan Bennett, is sent for and arrives Price is dead; whereupon the entire camp is upset. Friends become enemies, beards are scraped off and strong men spend their time picking orchids. Of course the romantic denouement brings Joan and young Doug together, but only after the most hazardous time you can possibly imagine. The pace is rapid and George Bancroft, Alan Hale, John Howard and George Sanders are the superb acting names you'll also enjoy. Bring smelling salts.

SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

THE BEST PICTURES OF THE MONTH

Gulliver's Travels
We Are Not Alone
Gone with the Wind
The Great Victor Herbert
Of Mice and Men
Green Hell
The Light That Failed
His Girl Friday
Destry Rides Again
Two Thoroughbreds
Day-Time Wife
Harvest

BEST PERFORMANCES OF THE MONTH

Max Fleischer for "Gulliver's Travels"

Jane Bryan in "We Are Not Alone"
Paul Muni in "We Are Not Alone"

Vivien Leigh in "Gone with the Wind"
Clark Gable in "Gone with the Wind"
Olivia de Havilland in "Gone with the Wind"

Mary Martin in "The Great Victor Herbert"
Allan Jones in "The Great Victor Herbert"
Susanna Foster in "The Great Victor Herbert"

Burgess Meredith in "Of Mice and Men"
Lon Chaney, Jr., in "Of Mice and Men"

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., in "Green Hell"
Joan Bennett in "Green Hell"

Ronald Colman in "The Light That Failed"
Walter Huston in "The Light That Failed"

Cary Grant in "His Girl Friday"
Rosalind Russell in "His Girl Friday"

Marlene Dietrich in "Destry Rides Again"
James Stewart in "Destry Rides Again"
Charles Winninger in "Destry Rides Again"

Jimmy Lydon in "Two Thoroughbreds"

Jackie Cooper in "The Big Guy"

★ THE LIGHT THAT FAILED—Paramount

THE venerable but still-so-handsome Mr. Ronald Colman returns now with a few inspirational heartaches to cheer a warring world. As you might well expect, with Colman and Walter Huston and Producer-Director William Wellman working together, the picture is a standout and a probable hit. It's just as teary as can be, rating our official rating as a four-handkerchief film. Colman, as a boy, plights his troth with a little girl and goes off around the world. As he grows up he learns to paint and gets quite successful at it; then, during a battle in the Sudan, he gets wounded in the head while saving his good friend, Huston. Walter goes back to London and eventually so does Colman, a success now; there he meets again the little girl, only she is a woman now, played by Muriel Angelus. She is wedded to her art, which happens to be painting too, and likes Ronald because he's so good with his brush. He paints his masterpiece before he goes blind from that head wound and Ida Lupino, his model, destroys it. Nobody will take care of him and Huston goes back to war and Miss Lupino is mad at him and he certainly isn't going to be a burden on Muriel *now*—so everything is just terrible, and back to the Sudan gropes disillusioned Mr. Colman. Sets and photography are marvelous and Colman's performance has that polished distinction for which he is famous. Huston would have stolen the picture from anyone less masterful. Miss Lupino has worked herself easily into her role. On the whole, the film is done in good taste and is less sentimental than the book.

★ HIS GIRL FRIDAY—Columbia

THERE is always one great difficulty connected with doing re-makes of very famous pictures. The new version always seems hackneyed. "His Girl Friday" is the 1939-40 version of "The Front Page," which set the newspaper film cartwheel rolling, but it is successful because of Cary Grant and Rosalind Russell and the production of Howard Hawks.

You may remember that the hero of "The Front Page" was called *Hildy Johnson;* this character has become *Hildegarde Johnson,* played with exuberance by Miss Russell. She is the former wife of the paper's editor, Cary Grant. He doesn't want her to run off and marry Ralph Bellamy, that insurance agent, so in order to keep her hanging around, Cary fixes up a mess of complications, out of which is created the plot. There's a murderer and what not. You may find the tone of this on the mild side when you think back to the language they used in the other ripsnorting version but Cary and Roz work so well together, he with his sly, suave manner full of interesting implications and she with her tremendous vitality, that you will find the excitement there, if in a subtler form. John Qualen is very good as the neurotic criminal, Helen Mack is as pretty as ever in her role as the only loyal friend Qualen has, and the mood of the city room has authenticity. Ernest Truex, Cliff Edwards and Porter Hall are reporters. No matter what fault you might find with the picture itself, you know you'll be entertained by a cast like that.

(Continued on page 84)

Swiss Family HOLLYWOOD

Pity the poor producer in this hilarious tale! All his troubles were relative—four relatives, to be exact

BY GENE TOWNE AND GRAHAM BAKER

HOWARD DONALDSON was sitting on top of the world. His position as production head of Atlas Pictures gave him wealth and power. Since he had earned them by hard work and ability they hadn't gone to his head, so he was rated a swell guy by men and a lamb by the female population, a goodly percentage of which had attempted from time to time to annex his name and his bankroll. These attempts Howard had side-stepped neatly, only to fall in love with Brooksie, his Carole Lombard-ish secretary. He hadn't got around to proposing to Brooksie, but both of them knew he was working up to it and Brooksie, at least, knew that he would be accepted.

In addition, and this was what made him unique, Howard was free of relatives. Every other man in Hollywood, from presidents and stars down to doormen and extras, had a full quota of family hangers-on who lived on his salary, criticized his methods of making it and complained because it wasn't larger. But not Howard. His only relatives were a sister, a brother-in-law and two nephews whom he hadn't seen for twenty years and whom he kept out of his mind by the simple expedient of omitting to open Sister Christine's letters until whatever she was writing about was too outdated to need comment. In short, Howard's life, present and future, was rosy.

Then his brother-in-law and nephews descended upon him and changed all that. They invaded sets, threw casts and technicians into a frenzy, wrecked equipment. They staged a party at his home and turned the place into a shambles. Ralph, Howard's brother-in-law, was taken for $2600 by gambler Tony Spangler and Howard not only had to cover the loss but had to sit in Tony's office until the check was safely cashed. He was still sitting there when police raided the joint and in spite of his protests of innocence he was carted off to jail. Brooksie bailed him out, and the glint in her eye told Howard that his matrimonial plans had suffered a setback.

He thought he had reached the depth of human misery when the raid and his arrest made headlines from coast to coast, but the worst was yet to come. His sister Christine wired him ten dollars worth of vituperation for leading her husband and sons astray and concluded with the crushing news that she was catching the next Hollywood-bound plane.

BY all rules of war and sport, Howard Donaldson was entitled to a certain interval of peace and quiet before the arrival of his terrifying sister, Christine.

Football elevens, prize fighters, Davis Cup

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Proudly we present the comedy-fiction scoop of the month—an hilarious, movie-wise novelette by Towne and Baker, Hollywood's best-known and certainly its most madcap team of writers. Adding another string to their bow, they are now making their debut as producers. For their first RKO-Radio release, "Swiss Family Robinson," they have assembled one of the screen's best cast of characters, including, among others, Thomas Mitchell, Edna Best, Freddie Bartholomew, Tim Holt, Terry Kilburn and baby Bobby Quillan.—E.V.H.*

Her only miscue was when she tangled with the butler. Herman wouldn't take it—and he didn't have to!

ILLUSTRATED BY WALLACE MORGAN

players, are shielded from disturbing elements on the eve of conflict. Even soldiers about to go over the top are granted relative calm for a brief period before the zero hour.

Such respite was denied Howard Donaldson.

Waiting at the Burbank Airport for the arrival of Christine's plane, his ears were still ringing from the denunciation with which Brooksie had regaled him.

He had the feeling of a man who has just slugged out a losing battle with Henry Armstrong and now sees Joe Louis crawling into the ring.

Brooksie's charges against Donaldson, as he recalled all too vividly, were: (a) cancellation of a luncheon date, (b) deliberate runout on a dinner date, (c) arousing her from sound slumber to bail him out of jail, (d) being in jail at all, (e) being arrested in a gambling joint, (f) being intoxicated, (g) not having exterminated his relatives years ago, (h) trying to alibi himself with a story that a child of six wouldn't have believed, (i to z, inclusive) being a pain in the neck.

As oratory, Donaldson grudgingly conceded, it made Mark Antony's funeral address sound like something out of the Congressional Record.

Christine's plane appeared on the horizon, grew larger, began to sink down upon the airport. Donaldson's heart sank much faster.

He tried to shrink into the crowd, realizing as he did so that this was futile. Christine was the first passenger to alight, as he knew she would be. She ferreted him out immediately, bounded at him like an angry leopard, swept

Donaldson put both hands on Wood's desk and said: "John, I've told the truth—"

him into a bone-crushing embrace, then held him off at arm's length. Sisterly love having thus been indicated, she went to work on him.

"What have you to say for yourself?" she demanded, in a tone which defied him to say anything for himself.

"Hullo, Christine," he mumbled.

"You must be proud of yourself," she said.

"Not especially," he admitted.

"Not especially!" she howled, so loudly that a mechanic in a hangar three hundred yards away dropped a wrench and prepared for flight. "Not especially! A man of your age, Howard Donaldson — and in your position! Gambling! Arrested like a common thief! Corrupting my husband! Your name in the headlines!"

Donaldson looked apprehensively at the avidly interested audience they were entertaining. There must be a hundred persons within earshot, he calculated, all looking and listening.

"My car is right over there," he said. "Couldn't we hold this reunion a little less publicly?"

She paid no attention, but lifted her nose and sniffed like a blue-ribbon beagle as some foreign odor smote her nostrils. She did everything but bay, as she eyed her wretched brother and said:

"Howard Donaldson — you've been drinking!"

A spectator snickered too audibly. Christine wheeled and shot him a look which would have frightened a cobra. The spectator gulped back a second snicker, and stepped out of range. He realized he had overmatched himself. Howard, fearing that Christine was actually contemplating violence, hurled himself into the breech. He had, to tell the truth, consumed a single glass of beer, but this, he felt, was neither the time nor the place to defend himself on that score.

"Christine," he said, firmly, "the car is waiting. Let's get out of here."

Christine, startled by the sudden and unexpected firmness in the voice of her usually pliable brother, let herself be led away before she realized what was happening. She hated to leave the arena without having drawn blood, but consoled herself with the thought that there was still plenty of time to say everything she wanted to say.

It took only thirty minutes to drive from the airport to Donaldson's home, but to the unhappy producer, that half hour stretched out into months, years, decades, eternities. His sister, with a tongue like a dull band saw, and a torrent of invectives which would make one of Hitler's comments on Chamberlain sound like a valedictory, was not silent for one of the ten thousand hours in that thirty minute drive.

Occasionally, Donaldson tried to inject his own —and true—version of recent events. Christine did not listen. As a matter of fact, that would have been an impossibility, because Christine had never learned to listen.

BING and Herman and the cook, having been induced to come back to work (at double salary) had managed to clean up most of the wreckage at Donaldson's house from the previous night's party.

The living room was almost presentable, except for the presence of Christine's husband and sons—who could have turned Westminster Abbey into a slum simply by sitting quietly in a corner of it.

Their attitudes were various. Ralph, Sr., in the grip of a really spectacular hangover, greeted his wife with detachment, and awaited resignedly to hear her foul opinion of him.

George was bored. These family conclaves were old stuff to him. Hollywood was new. All he wanted was an opportunity to sneak out.

Ralph, Jr. was eager for the debate to follow, waiting for the moment when he could join in his mother's diatribe with a few carefully worded insults concerning his uncle.

His chance came twenty minutes later, when Christine had finished the preamble of her denunciation and began to narrow her tirade down to specific accusations.

"What got into you, anyway?" she demanded, glaring at her brother.

Her brother shook his head hopelessly. He was so confused he couldn't think of an answer.

"He's in love with his blonde secretary," said Ralph, Jr., who had been waiting for a chance to make this crack.

"A secretary!" Christine shrieked, and was silenced for a moment.

She was utterly appalled that a Donaldson should be in love with a secretary—a typist. She had momentarily forgotten the fact that the best job her husband had ever occupied was setting up pins in a bowling alley.

Recovering a bit, her next thought—and the only really logical one—was that this secretary was a designing hussy who was making a dupe of her brother. She demanded details, and got them in highly colored droves from Ralph, Jr.

Donaldson not only couldn't get in a word, he didn't even try. He hadn't been permitted to finish a sentence for so long he had forgotten there were periods in the language.

Herman, the butler, interrupted—after a good deal of trouble—to announce that the studio had telephoned to state that Mr. Donaldson was wanted immediately. It was the only good news Donaldson had received up to this point.

By superhuman effort he managed to prevent Christine from coming with him, promising to be back in two hours.

Although you could not have convinced him of it, things were not as bad—at least not quite as bad—as Donaldson imagined.

Brooksie, it is true, had treated him, verbally, as a fire treats a barbecued steer. Actually she had meant very little of it. She was in love with the man, but reasoned that something had to be done—and drastically—about his attitude toward his repulsive relatives.

She loved him. True, she regarded him as nothing more than a simple-minded goof, but women are prone to adopt that feeling toward the men they love. Consequently, she felt sorry that she had talked to him in so rough a manner, and made up for it by being as disagreeable as possible to Donaldson's subordinates.

The climax to this typically feminine brain storm came when John Wood, president of Atlas Pictures, called on the phone and asked for Mr. Donaldson, in the friendliest of all possible tones.

"Mr. Donaldson," said Brooksie, crisply, "is not here. He is a busy man."

"I'm quite sure that he is," Mr. Wood purred. "But I'm sure you had better find him. As of now."

Even Brooksie could not deny that the president of Atlas Pictures had a right to talk to his top producer. Thus the call to Donaldson's home. . . .

LOOKING like a composite photograph of 10,000 European refugees, Donaldson walked into Wood's office. He had no idea that more grief was in store for him. He reasoned that there could not possibly be any more. He was wrong.

"Howard," Wood began, unconsciously imitating the tone of a diabolic intoning of the Black Mass, "you can't get away with things like this. You occupy an important position, and you cannot put the entire motion-picture industry in such a bad light."

Donaldson put both hands on Wood's desk—as though to prove that he carried no weapons—and said:

"John, I've told you the truth, about what happened. Are you going to disbelieve me after our friendship of twenty years?"

Wood had been on a spot already. Donaldson's statement put him on a second, and a man who is on two spots simultaneously is in a very disagreeable position. He looked—or pretended to look—over a cost sheet, then said:

"I'll do what I can, Howard, but don't expect too much, because I'm trying to keep out of the grease. The Board of Directors takes these things pretty seriously. The Chairman—Frank Swain—wants to know if there is a morality clause in your contract. . . ."

"Of course, there is," Donaldson said. "I put it in all the contracts."

"Well," Wood said. "We live and learn, don't we?"

"We live," Donaldson answered. "I'm not so sure about the other part of it."

Wood's secretary was listening to this conversation as a matter of course. She cared nothing about what happened to Donaldson, but she did care what happened to Brooksie, as long as it was bad. The reason? Brooksie had once worn the same style of hat to a preview as Wood's secretary. An Albanian blood feud wouldn't produce more hatred.

Consequently she called Brooksie and said: "Your boy friend is out. Sorry?"

"What boy friend?"

"Donaldson."

Brooksie paused a moment to think it over before she replied:

"He's not my boy friend. I don't think he's out. If he is, he'll get a better job. In the meantime, what is your interest in it, and why do you call me up and tell me about it and how do you know except you've been listening in to private conversations?"

With that, Brooksie banged the telephone receiver.

Once she had broken the connection, Brooksie knew this was serious.

At heart she knew that Donaldson had never been wrong. She had only put him on a grid-

Next Month-

PLAY TRUTH AND CONSEQUENCES

with RONALD COLMAN

Suave is his middle name—and he proves that he's anything but shy, in his witty {and honest} answers

in MARCH PHOTOPLAY

dle to make him come to life and assert himself.

Consequently, after some thought, she came to a decision, and acted upon it immediately. Grabbing her hat and coat, she left the studio, walked to the corner, and boarded a bus which read: "Sunset Boulevard."

A SCANT few moments after Brooksie's departure, Donaldson returned to his office. He had promised Wood to meet Swain at his—Wood's—home that evening, but he wanted to talk first to the one person in whom he had any confidence at all—Brooksie. She was gone.

Donaldson sat down behind his desk and buried his head in his hands.

"The rats," he mumbled, "are leaving the sinking ship. Only Brooksie is no rat. Maybe the sinking ship is leaving the rats. Maybe the sinking ship and the rats are leaving the sea. Maybe the sea is leaving the. . . ."

He stopped himself with an effort.

"This way," he told himself, "either lies madness, or I'm one of the Marx Brothers. . . ."

While Donaldson sat in his office considering the painless ways of taking one's life, his sister was completing the task of wrecking what had once been a pleasant, well-ordered home.

Bored with denouncing her husband—who no longer gave a satisfactory response—Christine started in on the servants, and went through the house like a plague of locusts.

She didn't like the way the maid ran the vacuum cleaner. The maid quit.

She didn't approve of the menu for dinner. The cook resigned.

She found Bing, the chauffeur, asleep in his room over the garage. Inasmuch as he had been on call for the preceding forty-eight hours his slumber was understandable to everyone but Christine, who aroused him in a manner reminiscent of *Bill Sykes* awakening his dog. Bing responded with a leprous curse upon Christine and went back to his job with the cab company.

Her only miscue in this domestic steeplechase was when she tangled with Herman, the butler. When she picked upon this gentlemen's gentleman, she really fouled a hurdle, because Herman not only wouldn't take it, but didn't have to. Half the bachelors in Beverly Hills had already offered him jobs.

Therefore, when Christine abused him for having answered the telephone, he told her that he was so tired of being hired and fired every time his master got in front of the eight ball that he wasn't going to play that way any more.

When she asked what he meant by that statement, he replied:

"You can't fire me, and I won't quit, and even money I can get to the phone faster than you can. Wanta play?"

The telephone rang, and the race of the century was on. Christine had the instrument in her hands before Herman had finished the first lap.

An annoyed voice shrilled at her:

"This is Bill Alden, of the Colossal Broadcasting System, and I must find Howard Donaldson immediately."

"Why?" asked Christine.

"Why! He's due on the air here tonight! He's supposed to be the guest star on our program, to make a speech about the future of the motion picture industry! Where is he?"

"He's at the studio," Christine replied.

"If he is, he's under one of the stages," Alden snapped back.

"Mr. Alden," said Christine, with great dignity, "if Mr. Donaldson said he would be at your broadcasting studio, he will be there."

Banging up the receiver, she shouted to Junior:

"Get out the limousine! I know where to find Howard!"

Inasmuch as Bing had carried off the car keys, Junior's assignment proved to be difficult. When he reported this, Christine howled:

"Well, then, call a taxicab. Can't anyone think of anything but me?"

HOWARD DONALDSON, during all this, was still collapsed in his office at the studio, wondering where Brooksie was, and trying to get a grip on his sanity. He had left instructions that he would talk to no one on the telephone but Brooksie. And Brooksie was possibly the only person in greater Los Angeles who wasn't trying to reach him.

At that moment, Brooksie was taking matters into her own hands, in an attempt to straighten out this tangled mess. Descending from the bus she walked straight to Tony Spangler's Casino Club and confronted the doorman menacingly.

"I want to see Tony Spangler," she said.

"He ain't up," the lookout replied.

"That's not what we're talking about," she said, "I said I wanted to see him."

"You ain't got a chance, sis," the lookout answered.

Brooksie gave him a sneer.

"Buddy," she snarled, "don't believe everything you read in the papers. Bonnie Parker isn't dead, because I'm Bonnie Parker. Open that door or I'll make you eat it."

Dear Brooksie! She means well, but her hero has simply jumped out of the frying pan right into the soup—which promptly comes to a boil as the climax of all climaxes is reached in March PHOTOPLAY.

Claudette's vivid memories of a city park made this dream come true —"a whole acre in grass so I could walk on it as much as I pleased"

CLAUDETTE COLBERT

PRAISES THE WIDE-OPEN SPACES AS SHE TELLS—

Why I Like Hollywood

AS TOLD TO JACK SMALLEY

DON'T think for a minute that I'm kidding when I say I like Hollywood best for its wide-open spaces. There's breadth to this country, and I think it's grand.

Out here there's so much space you measure distance Indian fashion, by time. You know—"seventeen minutes from our house to the studio!"

I like this outdoor life. That's the part I enjoy most in Hollywood . . . Bob Taylor in a ten-gallon hat, Carole and Clark Gable critically inspecting cow ponies at a horse show, station wagons with cattle brands on the door to represent some happy family's half-acre "ranch." Hollywood!

I remember only too well the five flights down, and the long hard blocks from the apartment to Central Park, just for a glimpse of green grass all covered with "Keep Off" signs. No matter how city-bred you are, you never quite lose that longing for grass and flowers and things growing green. As soon as I could afford it, after coming to Hollywood, I planted a whole acre in grass so I could walk on it as much as I pleased. It takes a gardener all day to take care of that big lawn, but it's worth it.

My people in France always had a garden, and I suspect all French folk are happiest when growing flowers and a patch of vegetables. That's why my garden gives me so much genuine pleasure. I'm afraid, though, I'm too impatient for results to enjoy the philosophy of our gardener, Henry. He is a short, calm-faced Oriental fatalist. When I asked him to buy two nice trees for me, he planted seedlings a foot high.

"Bye'n bye they grow big," he assured me when I protested that I wanted *trees*. For two years I patiently trained purple Lantana to grow over the entire wall of my tennis court, and was I proud of my work! One day I came home and they were all gone.

"Henry!" I cried in my most stricken voice, "what happened?"

"They look dirty . . . I cut off," Henry said placidly. "Oh, you like? They grow back bye'n bye." But even Henry can't ruin my pleasure in gardening.

Yes, I like this wide, sprawling country with snow-capped mountains and oranges to pick at the foot of them. I like to play tennis, or go golfing without driving two hours through traffic to a golf course. I miss New York and the theater, but this has its compensations.

When I first came here I was sure I wouldn't like it. I knew I would be lonely for Broadway and the crowds and the people I knew. But there is plenty of mental stimulation in Hollywood. I've seen groups containing many brilliant people, musicians, writers, actors, members of various professions—groups that anywhere else in the world would be regarded as tremendously exciting.

As for the criticism that we are too prone to talk shop, isn't that true everywhere? On my trip to Europe, I found each group talking its own brand of shop. In the Tyrol, all the conversation was about skiing, yet changes of vast significance were taking place in their country. Over here, a certain set may talk golf until you're sick of the subject, or tennis, or bridge. It's human nature to talk shop and our own particular shop is the picture business. It's fun, it's always new, and generally exciting.

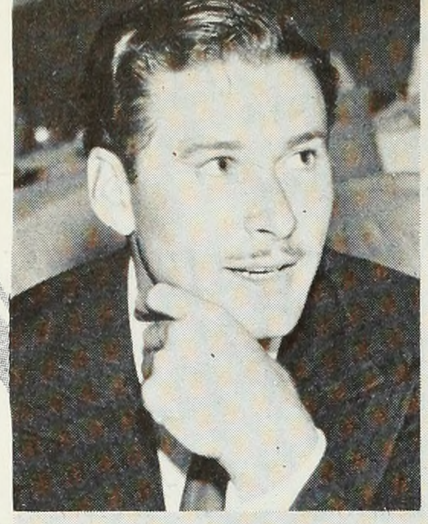
I like to work in movies. Once in a while, of course, we all draw a lemon, and you can tell it even before the picture is under way, but there's a tingle of excitement in starting any picture, good or bad. And there's always the thrill of conferences and tests and finally the start before the cameras, with that onrush of determination to make good and give it all you have. It's the most stimulating work in the world.

Yet, of all the things I like about Hollywood, I like best its width and breadth and hospitable outdoors. There aren't many "Keep Off" signs here, on the grass, or elsewhere.

There's something of the spirit of the old West that has gotten into Hollywood, and I like it.

PHOTOPLAY'S own Beauty Shop

CAROLYN VAN WYCK PROP.



Errol Flynn—posture is important to him

Jeffrey Lynn—his hate is truly masc

SEE YOURSELF THROUGH THE EYES OF A MAN—You've got yourself made up to the teeth—a brand new coiffure, a luscious shade of lipstick, delicate eyeshadow—you've given yourself the works, and what happens? In spite of it all, you failed to make an impression upon the one man you wanted to impress. And you wonder why. Perhaps it's because you've overlooked the one thing in your appearance that's most important to him, the thing that he notices first of all about a woman. And the difficulty is that this factor varies with all men, so the thing to do is to find out what your particular man likes or dislikes most of all in a girl's appearance.

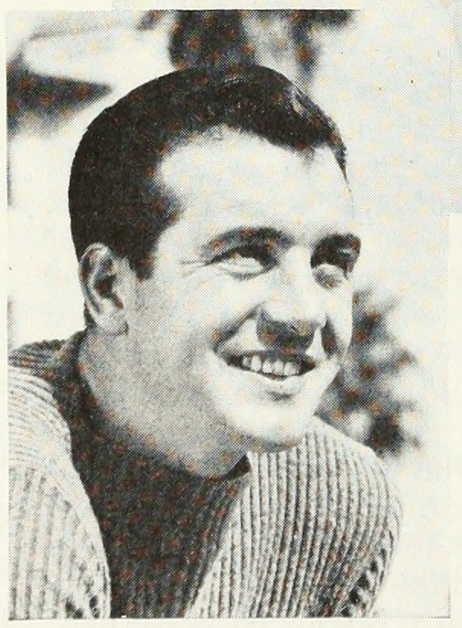
The great truth about how one jarring note in your ensemble can spoil the glamorous effect of a perfect make-up and coiffure was borne upon me the other day at luncheon with Errol Flynn, James Cagney, and George Raft (and a nice assortment, that). A very attractive girl passed by the table. Raft dismissed her loveliness with, "The seams of her stockings are crooked. Her face isn't as important as a well-groomed effect."

So we began to talk about what they noticed first about women.

"The thing that impresses me is the way they walk," said Errol. "A woman should hold herself proudly, carry herself erect, and if she hasn't a graceful walk, she should practice in some way until she does."

"Women's voices are the most important thing to me," said Cagney. "What's the use of a girl's being beautiful if she talks like a parrot? A harsh or loud voice in a woman irritates me. I want to get away from her as quickly as possible. Why don't they think about things like that instead of worrying about what shade of lipstick to wear?"

George Raft said, "Whether a woman is neat and tidy is what I notice first of all. She must look fresh and well-groomed. If she's wearing a dress with a white collar, for example, that collar should be scrupulously clean and fresh. Wrinkles in clothes, shoulder straps showing, ruin the appearance of the most beautiful girl."



John Payne — artificiality gets him down

It's Open-Forum for the Hollywood lads this month, with the Distaff Side coming in for a lot of hints on how to make an impression with the one man she likes best. And Anne Shirley (above), the smart little minx, passes muster on all counts

Richard Greene—he's allergic to untidy hair

Fine thing, I thought. But this conversation made me wonder just what other Hollywood men think important in a woman's appearance.

So I plunged right in and asked a whole row of popular, attractive actors what they noticed first about women, what they disliked most about a woman's appearance and what single thing they considered the most important. Here's the results of my one-woman survey. Perhaps the reason you didn't get a second date from your man is in one of these actor's replies.

Maybe it's your hair. If it's stringy and not perfectly set, you'd never get a second look from Richard Greene. He doesn't like untidy hair and it's the thing he notices first about a woman.

Are you sure the part in your hair is always straight? If you need a new permanent, don't put it off any longer—maybe your beau is allergic to straight hair. Be sure that there are no loose ends spoiling the symmetry of your hairdress.

Your hair should be shampooed frequently and brushed daily to keep it smooth and shining. Hot oil shampoos will do wonders for it if your hair is dry or the ends are splitting. Have your hair cut at least once every two weeks to keep it even and at the proper length for your coiffure.

Unless you have your hair set every few days, don't go in for elaborate coiffures. Wear your

(Continued on page 73)

Try this ACTIVE lather facial for 30 days

STAR OF PARAMOUNT'S "REMEMBER THE NIGHT"

Women everywhere find this bed-time Beauty Care really works!

Everywhere clever women are following the screen stars' lead—are enthusiastic about ACTIVE-lather complexion care. Hollywood's Lux Toilet Soap facials take just a few moments—yet they give your skin protection it needs. ACTIVE lather leaves skin fresh and glowing. Lovely Barbara Stanwyck shows you how to give your skin this gentle, *thorough* care. Try ACTIVE-lather facials for 30 days—any time during the day before you renew make-up, ALWAYS at bedtime. Prove what this care the screen stars use can do for *your* skin.

Use cosmetics all you like, but don't risk Cosmetic Skin

It's foolish to risk unattractive Cosmetic Skin: dullness, enlarged pores, little blemishes that spoil good looks. Because Lux Toilet Soap has ACTIVE lather, it removes stale cosmetics, dust and dirt *thoroughly*. Give your skin the protection of *perfect* cleansing—protection it needs for beauty. Use Hollywood's beauty care, the gentle white soap with ACTIVE lather, regularly!

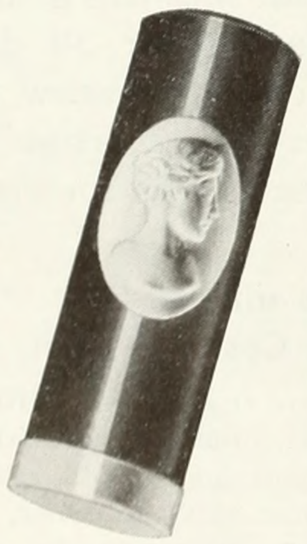
9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap

THE NEW LIPSTICK

THAT STAYS ON

Swim, eat, smoke, kiss — Don Juan Lipstick stays on! It's the beauty find of the year. Thousands of women everywhere are changing to it because . . . while it stays and stays on your lips, it does not dry them . . . it's made of only the purest ingredients . . . its colors are constant, remaining the same when applied to the lips. And the colors are the most delightful hues you've ever seen in a lipstick! Most smart stores in the United States and Canada now carry Don Juan.

In a striking black and white plastic cameo container at $1.00. Refills, 60c. Trial size 10c. Rouge to match $1.00.



Don Juan

THE LIPSTICK THAT STAYS ON

VALDOR NEW YORK

MOVIES in Your Home

BY JACK SHER

Tips and advice—hot from Hollywood's own experts—for all amateur movie-camera enthusiasts who want to buy, make and show their own home movies

DO you know some ambitious young lady who aspires to a screen career? If so, don't be surprised if she asks you to drag out your 8 mm or 16 mm camera and make a screen test of her. Hollywood casting directors are beginning to watch the narrow gauge field for future acting talent—and she merely wants you to help her "crash" the studios.

To assist home cameramen in meeting this situation, Edward H. Griffith, who recently directed Madeleine Carroll's latest Paramount picture, "Honeymoon in Bali" offers some excellent professional advice.

The toughest problem for the amateur screen-test director to overcome, says Griffith, is that of getting the camera subject a "make-up" comparable to that provided by a studio. Proper make-up is essential to show the casting director how the subject will look in front of the 35 mm cameras. The subject should be made up by someone experienced in stage or screen make-up technique.

The second problem is sound recording. In these days, a screen test without sound means very little. Hence, those who do not have sound-on-film will need to use auxiliary sound recording equipment. Such equipment can usually be rented at reasonable cost.

The next step is to obtain a script from some motion picture or play, preferably one which is playing currently and can be studied. From this script, select a sequence containing only *one* character. This role should have a fairly strong emotional pitch and should preferably allow the subject to move around, stand up, sit down, and show herself at all angles. In shooting the scene, remember that the studio is not interested in the script, or in the photography and lighting effects, but only in the acting ability and photographic quality of the subject being tested.

After this sequence, the test should show any specialties the subject can do—dancing, singing, acrobatics, etc. The casting director will not be particularly interested in the dance routine used, nor in the song itself, but will be looking for that particular "oomph" with which a good actress can put over *any* song or *any* situation.

If such a screen test is properly made, says Director Griffith, there is no reason why the studios should not give it the same amount of attention that they would give their own studio tests.

CASTLE has three new Terry Tunes, the best of which is a cute little film called "Romeo and Juliet," which will tickle the kids. Dad and the son will want to look at the new Castle short, "Gridiron Classics of the Year."

NEW EQUIPMENT: For 8 mm Filmo cameras, Bell & Howell announces a new wide-angle lens attachment doubling the angle of the regular lens . . . R. C. Mercer, Hollywood manufacturer, offers a 16 mm film rule for cutting titles, dissolves and special effects to exact lengths. . . .

Boos and Bouquets

(Continued from page 4)

hate and terrorism? Prisons, chain gangs, killers, revolutions, third degrees and tortures are just a few of the cheery little things that make up the bolt from which too many of the new pictures are cut. There are some grim scenes in "Dust Be My Destiny," "The Real Glory" and "Blackmail" that make the *old* horror movies like "Dracula" and "Frankenstein" seem like fairy tales. Harrowing as the newsreels are these days, they make one's spine creep less than the feature films.

Now, if ever, we need the relief of pleasant pictures. Here's a vote for movies that leave the fan with a good taste in his mouth!

MARIAN E. SMITH,
New York City, N. Y.

MATCHMAKING MOVIE—

I'M so very happy and I've just got to let everyone know about it, as it was brought about by the movie, "The Women."

My boy friend (whom I love dearly) and I had had a misunderstanding and we had been separated for nearly two and a half months.

I went one night to see "The Women," and heard Norma Shearer's wonderful quotation that "Pride is a luxury that a woman in love can't afford." It stayed in my mind for about three days, when I swallowed my pride and sent my boy friend a little note.

Hardly had he received the note and read it, when he was down at my house. We are together again and so very happy—in fact, we are making plans to be married in February. I sincerely feel that if I hadn't attended "The Women" that night, we would still be parted.

So—long live the movies and may Norma Shearer have all the happiness in the world for uttering that wonderful sentence, for she certainly has made me the happiest girl in the world.

J. O. B.,
Philadelphia, Pa.

—AND MATCH-SAVING MOVIES

BROTHER, these past few months have been a nightmare to me. Despite the fracas in Europe, it seems as though prosperity has skidded around the corner in this good old U. S. A. . . . production orders piling up in the shop . . . striving to meet impossible schedules . . . bosses tearing around like lunatics. . . .

Guess that's why the wife and I drifted into a rut that almost broke up our home. Arriving home in a fierce temper, after a hectic day at work, we got into the habit of packing off to a chosen café. Every night spent in a costly round of joviality, trying to forget the day's ordeal . . . a worse tomorrow . . . only to arise feeling *worse*, next morning.

Fifty times we started for the movies, only to decide that another night of carousing would be more beneficial.

Then, it happened! How, I don't know. We finally went to the movies. I can't describe the feeling that stole over me as, sitting there, totally engrossed in the picture, I felt my wife's hand steal over and gently press my own. It was an old, familiar gesture and the answering squeeze assured me we had *found* ourselves!

We've hardly missed a night since. It's a tonic, brother, sitting in the land of make-believe, holding hands with your favorite "star," while Myrna Loy helps to make you oblivious of the day's ordeal. Now, we take some refreshments home after the show . . . sit side by side and discuss the picture we've just seen . . . boy! we're in love again . . . she's my Myrna—I'm her Tyrone.

Next day? Hell with the boss; let 'im rave. I'm doing my job faster than ever, so's I can get home early—and out again—to the MOVIES, God bless 'em.

JACK LESLIE,
Westmont, N. J.

QUEEN WITHOUT A CROWN

AGAIN it's about time to present the Academy Award to the year's most capable actress—or perhaps by the time you receive this letter it will already be given away. And again I am gnashing my teeth because the one and only really great actress of the screen is not given even a chance at it, and never has been. The actress is, of course, the great Garbo, queen of the drama.

Greta Garbo's pictures always are released at the wrong time for consideration. And I, like everyone else, would like to know why. I don't wish to sound hard and ungracious, but when a really glorious actress, one who can make even a small, unimportant scene heart-stirring and immortal, is refused the Award, it is hard for me to understand the judges' decision. I realize that their choices are always wonderful actresses, but the great Garbo so far surpasses them that there is no comparison.

BARBARA STIVERS,
Belle Plaine, Kans.

THANKS—WE'LL SEE!

AS Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy are as far above the average run of movie stars as PHOTOPLAY is above the average movie magazine, how about a joint interview with them? No two stars have ever had more false rumors spread about them—and we think this should be cleared up.

BETTY JO KIRCHMAN,
Peekskill, N. Y.

Mrs. Ernest du Pont, Jr., popular in Delaware society, sponsors Wilmington's spectacular charity ball—the Society Follies.

Miss Bette Miller helped found the Kansas City chapter of Railway Business Women. The club's winter dance is a gala function.

Delaware Society Favorite—Kansas City Secretary

A Southerner, titian-haired Mrs. du Pont is very hospitable, and her historic old home on the Delaware is the scene of many gay social affairs.

Mrs. du Pont arrives by private plane at the airport near her New Castle home, looking fresh and unwearied after a quick shopping trip to New York.

...but BOTH follow the same famous Skin Care

QUESTION TO MRS. DU PONT:
Southern women are famous for their complexions, Mrs. du Pont. Do you have any particular method of skin care?

ANSWER:
"Yes. I don't believe in taking chances with my complexion—I always use Pond's 2 Creams. Pond's Cold Cream is perfect for cleansing my skin—keeping it soft and supple at the same time. And for powder base and protection against weather, Pond's Vanishing Cream is ideal!"

QUESTION TO MRS. DU PONT:
Do you feel that using 2 creams helps keep your make-up fresh looking longer?

ANSWER:
"I'm sure it does! That's why, before powder, I always cleanse and soften my skin with Pond's Cold Cream and smooth it with Pond's Vanishing Cream. This gives my skin a finish that takes make-up so well it looks fresh for literally hours!"

QUESTION TO MISS MILLER:
When a girl works all day, Bette, is it hard for her to find time to take good care of her skin?

ANSWER:
"Not if she follows my system. It's quick, thorough—and economical! I just use the 2 Pond's Creams. First Pond's Cold Cream to get my skin really clean—give it the clear, 'glowy' look that I like. And then I never fail to smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream for powder foundation—it seems to make make-up so much more attractive!"

QUESTION TO MISS MILLER:
When you're outdoors for hours at a time, don't you worry about sun and wind roughening your skin?

ANSWER:
"No—why should I? Pond's Vanishing Cream smooths away little skin roughnesses in only one application. I usually spread on a light film of Vanishing Cream before I go outdoors, too. Just for protection."

SEND FOR TRIAL BEAUTY KIT

Pond's, Dept. 15CV-B, Clinton, Conn.
Rush special tubes of Pond's Cold Cream, Vanishing Cream and Liquefying Cream (quicker-melting cleansing cream) and five different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

Copyright, 1940, Pond's Extract Company

Off to work. After graduation from high school, Bette got a secretarial job in the Gulf, Mobile and Northern Railroad freight office.

Bette and her companion share the local enthusiasm for bicycling. So popular is this sport in Kansas City that traffic regulations became necessary!

DO YOU

WANT YOUR MAKE-UP TO STAY ON FOR HOURS AND HOURS?

WANT SOMETHING THAT WILL HELP KEEP A BLEMISH OUT OF SIGHT?

WANT A CREAM THAT WILL HELP TO PROTECT YOUR SKIN?

$1

ELIZABETH ARDEN'S
WONDERFUL NEW

All-Day Foundation Cream

is the answer

It keeps your make-up on beautifully all day long . . . and through festive evenings. It helps to keep a blemish or freckles out of sight . . . It gives your face a lovely, luminous look. It helps to protect your skin . . . To use it most effectively, you use it very lightly. In five wonderful shades — Natural, Rachel, Dark Rachel, Rose Rachel, Rosetta Bronze . . $1

Elizabeth Arden

691 FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK
PLAZA 3-5846

Cash—and Cary

(Continued from page 22)

An added incentive would seem to be a slim, delicate blonde, Miss Phyllis Brooks, to whom Cary has been paying rather arduous court for so long. At this point they say he is breaking up with her, that they'll be married before Christmas, that they're already married, that they're feuding terrifically, or that—

Well, whatever the reason for this unusual expenditure on the part of the budget-minded Cary—whether it be in anticipation of the day he carries his bride across the threshold, or whether it be that he is just plain weary of doling out rent—the fact remains that the purchase of the Talmadge house remains, to date, Cary's sole Hollywood "extravagance," with one delightful exception—the bed.

And there was an excellent reason for that, too. You see, Cary is no midget. He's one of those unhappy men who has to go through life curled up like a corkscrew in beds and Pullman berths. At first, in Hollywood, Cary accepted his usual fate as to beds with his usual philosophy. Then, one morning, he awoke with a stiff neck, stretched vainly to get the kinks out of his six feet, one inch frame, and announced vehemently, "I'm going to get a bed that fits me."

He did.

He drew a plan. He went down to a local lumber yard. He selected, with infinite care, some blond bird's-eye maple. The result was the most amazing, the most colossal of downy couches this side of Grand Rapids. So huge was the bed that four people could easily be lost in it. In size, it had a startling resemblance to a football field. In features, an affinity with a general store. It contained a built-in radio, shelves and drawers in copper and cork, a carafe for water, a nook for cigarettes, a section for magazines and books, a compartment for penny candies—the kind children like to buy in old-fashioned candy stores — licorice whips, candy marbles, chews in wax paper. Once Cary took to his bed, he never had to budge.

HOLLYWOOD laughed for weeks about Cary's bed—but this young man has done more to Hollywood than merely give it something to laugh at over its cocktails. He has commanded that self-centered town's deepest admiration and respect by his gestures of sincere kindness and generosity. It isn't as though Cary has broadcast his helping-hand tactics. Just the opposite. About his good deeds, he's as mum as Harpo Marx. But word of them has a way of slipping out. There are the people whom Cary has helped. They want the world to know what a grand guy he is. Take Grace, for instance. Her story is one of many:

Grace's mother had been desperately ill and money was needed for several expensive operations. Hearing of her difficulties, Cary went straight to Grace.

"Look here," he said. "I know your mother's very ill, that your expenses have been piling up. Won't you let me give you a loan? What are friends for, if not to crash through with help when you need it? It'll be a secret between us. No one need ever know."

Cary has kept people who had worked with him in New York shows as guests at his home for months at a time, because he suspected they were down to their last penny.

Once when a man whom he had trusted implicitly, cheated Cary out of $6000, a friend asked him, "What are you going to do about it, Cary?"

Cary shrugged his shoulders.

"Nothing," he replied. "Poor guy, he hasn't anything. Besides, he must have needed the money terribly to have done what he did."

His generosity to others isn't purely financial, either. Always kind himself, he never forgets the kindness anyone else has shown him.

At one point Cary was slipping badly at the box office, and everyone in Hollywood assumed he was on his way out. But, as a last minute reprieve, Cary was given the role of the cockney thief in "Sylvia Scarlett." The great Katharine Hepburn had the lead—she was RKO's fair-haired child at the time, Cary was just another featured player. If Katie had wished, she could have made every scene her own special property, and gently but firmly kept Cary in the background. Instead, she deliberately threw all possible bits of business to Cary, and whenever he had a spot in which there was a chance for him to make an impression, she played with her back to the camera.

Later, when La Hepburn wasn't doing so nobly at the box office and Hollywood's "fair-weather" gang was knocking her, Cary didn't forget her kindness —and remained her very staunchest booster. He is crowing now with pride over her Broadway hit "The Philadelphia Story," which so definitely refutes the "Hepburn's washed up!" theme.

IT is because Cary has been so sincerely openhanded, so bighearted all along the way, that he was left a bewildered and terribly hurt man when his marriage with moving-picture actress Virginia Cherrill went on the rocks in 1935. Her charge in the divorce action, that he had been lacking in generosity, hurt Cary more than anything. It was so false, so untrue. It marked the end of an idealistic period in his life. He had dreamed of long peaceful years ahead when he gave up his carefree bachelor days to marry the attractive Virginia. He had visualized a Joan and Darby marriage—cozy quiet evenings at home, children. But this wasn't reality. No person whose eyes were not blinded by love could expect a girl as beautiful, as sought-after as Virginia, to be content with the dream existence Cary believed in. Yet the shattering of Cary's dream did not cut so cruelly as the cold harshness of that divorce charge. The bitterness is still with him, which is why some people doubt that pretty Phyllis Brooks will ever share the new home with him, although they have been one of Hollywood's most devoted couples.

A person with Cary's Boy Scout, Do-A-Good-Turn-Daily qualities could go through life being a fearful stuffed shirt without an ounce of humor to his name. But not Cary. He can take it. Witness *l'affaire pelican:*

It had its beginning when two of Cary's neighbors with Peck's Bad Boy tendencies caught a pelican and decided Cary's bathroom was the place for it. So they tied a piece of twine around its beak to keep him from biting (the pelican, I mean) and left him fastened securely in the middle of the room. A half hour later, Cary awoke from peaceful slumber and went to take his shower. He had been gadding the night before and his head still felt a trifle fuzzy. So when he came face to face with the strange looking, awkward animal with the long bill going clack, clack, clack, Cary mentally took the pledge and looked around for pink elephants on the wall. Then he let out a mighty roar of laughter, and went after his two friends.

CARY is notoriously absent-minded. There was the time he invited three friends to Sunday morning breakfast. When they put in an appearance on the appointed day and hour, the Filipino house boy who answered the door impassively remarked, "Mr. Grant, he still asleep."

"But he invited us to breakfast."

"Mr. Grant no tell me."

For a half hour the friends waited for Cary to waken. Finally, in hungry desperation, they stampeded into his bedroom. Cary looked sleepily surprised at the intrusion. Then, yawning widely, he said, "Well, after all, just because I invited you to breakfast, doesn't mean I have to be there, does it?"

Cary is meticulously neat about his clothes. There must be a place for everything—ties here, socks there, collar buttons yonder; yet, paradoxically, he can never put his hands on what he wants when he wants it. He is forever mislaying his car keys. He is forever bellowing around the set: "Where is my script?" "Has anyone seen my fountain pen?" "Who took my scarf?"

Cary is easily annoyed by trifles. He becomes impatient at having to autograph pictures and bored with having to perform other duty jobs. He will procrastinate as long as possible, but, in all fairness, we will say for him that, eventually, he will tackle whatever he is supposed to do.

Cary is *not* a fatalist. He *is* a man with a single-track mind, who will stick like grim death to any subject or idea that interests him. During one of Hollywood's worst earthquakes, he carried on a prolonged telephone conversation about a subject close to his heart, blissfully unmindful of the tremors that were rocking his dressing room back and forth.

Cary is consistently modest about his own achievements and abilities to the point of having an inferiority complex. The morning after the preview of his first picture, "This Is the Night," he called up a friend in the studio's publicity department.

"Good-by," he said. "I'm leaving town."

"What!" the friend gasped.

"Yes, I'm checking out fast. I saw the preview last night. I've never seen anything so stinkeroo in my life, and I was worse."

"Hold on, Cary, what are you talking about? Everyone's raving about the picture."

And it took the publicity department an hour and a half of solid arguing to convince Cary he still might have a movie future.

More recently, after another preview, he phoned a close friend to get her opinion of his performance.

"Didn't your agent tell you?" she asked.

"Sure he did," he said. "But no matter how terrible I was, he'd be sure to tell me I was stupendous, colossal. I knew *you'd* tell me the honest-to-God truth, with no punches pulled."

—And this from the tall, dark, young man who goes around with a furrowed brow and an anxious look saying, "Look here, do you think I've gone Hollywood?"

Photoplay's Own Beauty Shop

(Continued from page 68)

hair softly and simply, and above all, keep it smooth and shining.

"I notice a girl's mouth first," said Jeffrey Lynn. "Her teeth. If they're strong and white and clean looking. Then the way she makes it up. If she's got lipstick all over her teeth or if the edges are blurred, I don't like it. And I don't like too much lipstick either. A heavy smear of red paint certainly doesn't appeal to a man."

There's no excuse for having your lipstick on unevenly when a little time and practice will perfect your method of applying it. A lipstick brush will give a smooth outline to your mouth and cleansing tissues will remove the surplus, so your lips have a smooth mat finish. And do watch out for lipstick on your teeth.

John Payne is another who dislikes too much lipstick. As a matter of fact, he dislikes artificiality of any kind. "Those thin eyebrows," he groaned. "They take all character away from a girl's face. And too much make-up always makes me want to wash her face and see what she looks like underneath all the paint. I like a girl to look wholesome and natural and unaffected."

John's wife, Anne Shirley, illustrates perfectly what he means. Anne is one of the most natural girls in Hollywood. Her eyebrows are unplucked, and their strong curve gives character and warmth to her face. She uses very little make-up and that very unobtrusively, and her clear healthy skin and bright eyes need no embellishing.

Cesar Romero's pet peeve against women is that they make up in public. "I can take anything but that," he says. "When they start powdering their faces or putting on lipstick across a dinner table, I'm disillusioned. I know they're all made up, and I like it, but I don't want to see the process going on. It detracts from their glamour."

Perhaps your escort winces inwardly, too, when you take out your compact mirror to repair damages. Try preserving the illusion you worked so hard to obtain, and make up your face in private.

"I don't like women who aren't feminine," said George Brent firmly. "They don't have to be clinging vines, and they must be intelligent to be interesting, but they should have an air of delicacy and charm about them. They should make the most of their femininity—be delicately made up, have soft voices, and all the feminine qualities that men have idealized for so long.

"They should be neat, too," he said, warming up to his subject. "Women are more disorderly than men, and more careless in their habits, I think. I hate to see a woman get lipstick on a napkin, for example, or leave a red smear around a glass. And the inside of their handbags! Always a clutter of things. Old ticket stubs and bits of paper with addresses on them. It's so messy. Men notice things like that."

"It's a very feminine habit, and you said you liked feminine women," I pointed out weakly, trying to hide my own handbag someplace where he couldn't see it bulging.

"You're evading the issue," he grinned. "You know what I mean. Feminine, but not careless or untidy or disorderly."

Kent Taylor notices a woman's complexion first. If it isn't clear and smooth and healthy, he doesn't bother to notice anything else about her. "Unless she has on one of those funny hats," he added. "In that case, I can't see anything else but the hat, and I keep wondering what she thinks she looks like in it. Those really ridiculous hats some of them are wearing keep me from finding out whether I'm going to like her or not."

Is your new hat overshadowing your personality? Take a good look at it. It may be smart to other women, but if it's ridiculous to the man in your life, it's not serving its purpose.

"Her eyes," said Jimmy Ellison. "I look at them first. They don't have to be large, and I have no preferences as to color, but they must be clear and sparkling and alive. If a woman's eyes are dull, then she's probably pretty dull herself. I don't like too much mascara, either, or too much eye shadow."

A good eye lotion or one of those herb packs that you place over your lids will brighten your eyes and clear them so they don't have the dull appearance that Jimmy dreads.

If you're properly made up, no one will notice whether or not you're wearing mascara and eye shadow. The shadow should give just an illusion of color, so apply it sparingly and blend it carefully. If you apply your mascara with an almost dry brush, and then separate the lashes with another clean little brush, you'll get the glamorous effect of mascara without that beaded, made-up look.

"Deliver me from those long, blood-red fingernails," said Ronald Reagan. "I think they're awful. They look like gory claws."

Fortunately for Ronald, bright-red nail polish is no longer as smart as it was last season. The softer, more delicate colors are coming back into favor.

Your hands should be soft and white and well kept to meet with men's favor, too. Always smooth hand lotion into them after your hands have been in water. And when you dry your hands, make a point of smoothing back the cuticle to keep your nails looking well-groomed. There's nothing that ruins the appearance of your hands so much as a broken nail. When that happens to you (and it always does, sooner or later) either have a false one put on or file the others down so that your nails are symmetrical.

There are so many other things that women are apt to be careless about and that men notice and dislike. One of them is powder that comes off on their coats. That really is unnecessary, since a good powder base will keep your powder firmly attached to your face. And a powder brush to brush off all the surplus powder is double insurance against this mishap.

Rough elbows are another detail that we're so apt to overlook. Smooth cream into them before going to bed at night or try patting a little hand lotion into your elbows each time you put some on your hands. If you have a very advanced case of rough and red elbows, soaking them in warm oil will do much to improve them.

Very few of the men objected to bleached hair, but they were unanimous in their disapproval of that dark part where the natural color hair grows in. If you're going to be a blonde, be a consistent blonde, and keep your hair always the same color, they said.

So check up on yourselves. Try to look at yourself with a man's eyes to see if you're overlooking anything that's particularly important to him, that he notices first of all. And I hope that this survey of what the Hollywood men notice first about women will help you to get the man in your life.

every gesture glamourous
with Revlon Nail Enamel

"I FIRST learned of Revlon Nail Enamel three years ago at my beauty salon. The manicurist praised its long-wearing qualities, ease of application and wide range of fashionable shades. So, as with most of my friends, Revlon has been my favorite nail enamel ever since," says Muriel Maxwell, one of America's most glamourous photographic models.

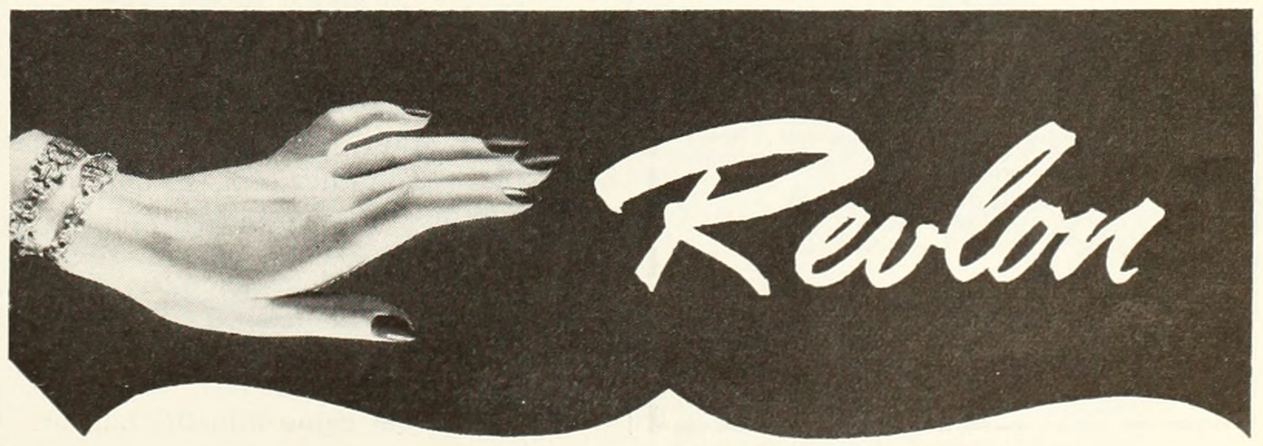
Thousands of smart fingertips—Revlon fingertips—introduced to Revlon at their beauty salons are constantly on parade everywhere . . . at the theatre flicking the program pages before the curtain rises; at the opera waving a greeting to a friend . . . across the luncheon or bridge table.

Fashion-minded women all over the world entrust their fingertip glamour to Revlon Cream Nail Enamel year after year. Revlon, with its 21 fashion-right colors, its gleaming lustre, "smooth-as-silk" finish, enduring wear, holds the friends it makes . . . lends charm to every fingertip gesture . . . confidence to every movement of the hand.

REVLON LIPSTICKS in 9 glowing colors go with Revlon Nail Enamel shades. Newest color excitements are Bravo, Chilibean, Red Dice, Shy. Revlon Lipsticks are soft-textured, lustrous, long-lasting. Price, $1.00.

Revlon Cream Nail Enamel, made of the finest ingredients obtainable . . . contains no acetone . . . won't cause splitting or cracking nails.

Accepted and Approved — 5016 — Good Housekeeping Bureau



This "Magazine Cover" Girl says

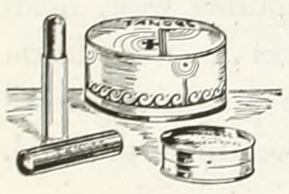
"I LOVE TANGEE Theatrical's SMOOTH COLOR"

"My business is 'looking beautiful'," says Phyllis Brown, artist Bradshaw Crandall's favorite model, "and Tangee THEATRICAL Lipstick gives my lips the smooth lovely color I want."

This cream base lipstick ends that painted look

No wonder beautiful artists' models and stars of the stage and screen love this smooth, "*cream base*" lipstick. For Tangee's brilliant new shade—THEATRICAL—gives their lips daring, exciting color without a trace of that unpleasant "painted look."

Try Tangee THEATRICAL yourself. See how smoothly it goes on, how exciting it looks! It's non-drying, non-greasy and blends beautifully with all complexions and costume colors.



Matching Rouge and Powder. Use Tangee THEATRICAL Rouge to echo the brilliant tone of your Theatrical Lipstick. Use Tangee Powder, too, to give your skin a flattering underglow. When you want less vivid make-up, use Tangee NATURAL. This cream base lipstick changes, when applied, to the shade of rose or red most becoming to you.

TANGEE Theatrical

USE THIS VALUABLE COUPON

The George W. Luft Co., 417 Fifth Ave., New York City . . . Please rush "Theatrical Make-Up Set" of sample *Tangee Theatrical Lipstick*, Rouge Compact and Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin). (15¢ in Canada.)

Check Shade of Powder Desired:

☐ Peach ☐ Light Rachel ☐ Flesh
☐ Rachel ☐ Dark Rachel ☐ Tan

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Tears Into Laughter

(Continued from page 17)

career was almost ruined by cheap films. A fine trouper, she fought until she got the proper roles, and then made good.

Robert Taylor's background and early life were different from hers. He had the advantages an only child can obtain from parents in comfortable circumstances. She fought for everything. That he will prove an understanding person by lavishing on her the tenderness and affection she lacked in her childhood, and which she gives so unstintingly, is conceded by those who know.

THIS article concerns Barbara—and those who are fond of her are happy to include her husband. Neither has ever made friendship a crutch upon which to lean in Hollywood. Both have been sturdy and real. Thrown on the lap of fortune, they would make room for all.

An orphan girl, Barbara adopted her boy, "to bring to another child the advantages I was denied."

I first met Barbara a dozen years ago.

I was not known as a gentle interviewer. She came alone to meet me.

"Miss Stanwyck," I said, "I'm really not so hard-boiled. I'm merely so at affectation. I'm not ashamed of my own background—my father was a ditch-digger who divided his life between a shovel and a bottle."

"Oh then," and her smile was lovely to see—"I'm a notch above you—my daddy was a bricklayer who liked a bottle, too—a full one, I mean."

She was then married to Frank Fay and at the beginning of her fame.

What happened between them is not for this space. Frank knows quite well—that one does not find a Barbara Stanwyck every day.

If read as fiction, her life would seem unreal.

It is, however, heroic and true.

She early knew the tragedy she portrays so well upon the screen.

Her mother, about to bring another child into the world, was pushed from a moving streetcar by a drunken stranger and killed. The stranger was never found.

Barbara was under four at the time. Her father, a bricklayer, worked whenever possible. Under the strain of trying to keep his four motherless children together, he drank too much, and, in desperation, went to the Panama Canal Zone. His children were scattered.

The little girl, with face finely chiseled, long auburn hair, and large life-hurt eyes, was taken in by a family in Brooklyn, her native city.

The family had a demented son. He cut Barbara with a knife.

She carries the scar today.

With such vivid experiences she reached her twelfth year.

Her two sisters were older, her brother younger than herself. A vaudeville dancer became interested in Barbara's two sisters, and taught them the rudiments of dancing. They would meet Barbara whenever possible and pass what they had learned on to her.

AFTER six years in the Panama Canal Zone, Barbara's father sent the children word that he was returning home.

He sent money for a down payment on furniture. The four youngsters eagerly anticipated the arrival of the boat in their pathetic Sunday best. They were to have a home at last.

The great boat came into the harbor.

When it anchored, the captain approached the expectant children and told them that their father had died and was buried at sea.

The children stared through wet eyes. They then went their orphaned ways again.

The furniture was returned—at a discount.

At thirteen, Barbara left behind all her childish joys, if any, and went to work at ten dollars a week for a telephone company.

She not only supported and clothed herself on this amount, but helped her younger brother.

It was one for all and all for one in her clan.

When fourteen, a foreman spoke harshly to her. Being Irish she told him to go to hell. As he was already working for a daily wage, he did not go. Instead, he promoted her. She remained with the company until she was about fifteen. She then became obsessed with an ambition to become a missionary in China.

Upon learning how far it was to the Orient, she decided to prolong her departure.

At this time she selected the name she was later to make famous.

Glancing at an ancient English theater program, she read the name of James Stanwyck. She called herself Barbara Stanwyck, and was Ruby Stevens no longer.

She now studied dancing in earnest. To keep herself alive, she did whatever work possible, from being an office girl to selling patterns for a woman's magazine.

A RIFT came in the sky after many months when she read that girls were wanted by the Remick Music Company—the salary, twenty-five dollars a week.

She was the first to call next morning.

Expecting work as a typist, she was amazed when the man asked her if she could dance. It was the turn in the road that changed the course of her life, though she did not know it.

She promptly answered "Yes."

"Where did you ever dance?" was the next question.

Her sisters had danced at the Marigold Gardens in Chicago.

Barbara told a white lie. May it never be charged against her.

"The Marigold Gardens, Chicago," was her answer.

The company was putting on a show. Barbara was given a job in the chorus.

She hurried to her sisters with the news.

Together they looked up the dancing teacher who had been in vaudeville. She went through every step the three could devise, and then took her place in the line-up.

At the end of the first performance, she was given the curt approval, "You'll do."

It was enough. She lived her work every waking hour.

AFTER several weeks Barbara attracted the attention of a producer, and when "The Noose" was opened, she was given a small role. She put so much fire into her few speaking lines, that when the highly successful play "Burlesque" opened on Broadway, she was given one of the leading roles.

She then met Frank Fay, who was a headliner at the Palace Theater. After marriage, they formed the team of Fay and Stanwyck and appeared at a leading New York night club. Attracting the attention of a motion-picture scout, they were soon offered contracts to come to Hollywood.

A quick wit, an Irish brogue, a winning personality had made Frank Fay nationally known as a monologue artist. Barbara was unknown.

Fay became successful in Hollywood.

Barbara appeared in "The Locked Door" with Rod LaRoque.

It nearly locked the door of her future.

So bad was the impression that it was some time before she was given another screen test. When it finally came at Warner Brothers Studio, she was told that she had no screen possibilities.

"A lot of low weeks passed." Nearly everything was gone but courage.

When asked to make another test she said, "I'm through with the damned tests."

Frank Fay, without his wife's knowledge, went to Harry Cohn, chief of Columbia Films.

Barbara's record was not one to make Cohn interested. He finally gave her a small chance. One discouragement after another came, until finally Frank Capra, ace director at Columbia, cast her in "Ladies of Leisure." Barbara went on from there. Her work in "Criminal Code" stood out as the finest of the year.

She had taken emotion and drive and great understanding from the Brooklyn streets. America at last had an actress from a background of sorrow. I was alone in my prediction that she was potentially a very great actress, that she would emerge as had her great sisters, Bernhardt, Duse, and that other girl, born of Gypsy-Jew parents in a wagon on a road in Europe—Rachel. She had tremendous sincerity as had they.

In "Golden Boy" she was splendid. In "Remember the Night" she is so real that the filmy structure shakes in which she appears.

She is still going to far higher places than she has ever been. She has just begun to climb.

May her shadow be long in the hills!

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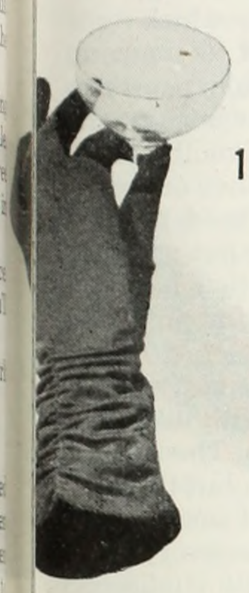
HANDS-UP!

BY FRANCES HUGHES, NEW YORK FASHION EDITOR
ASSISTING GWENN WALTERS, FASHION EDITOR



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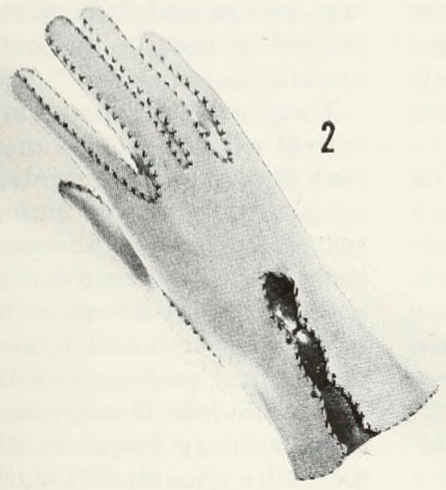

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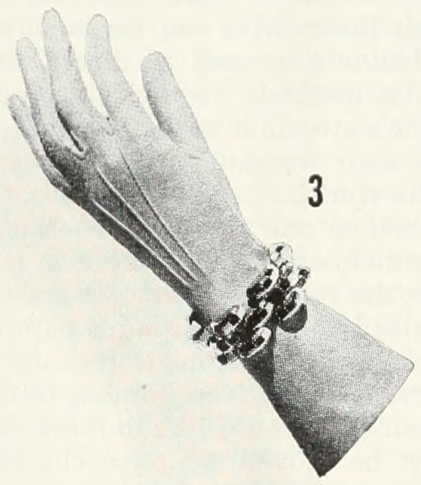

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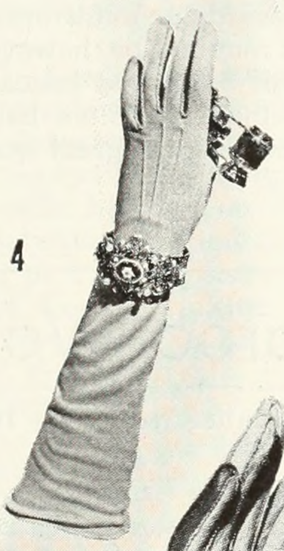

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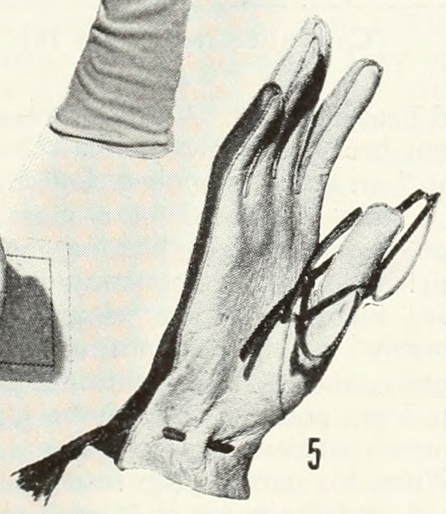

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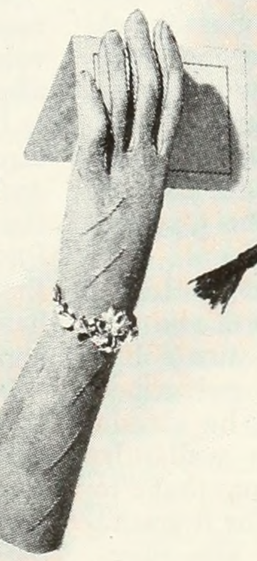

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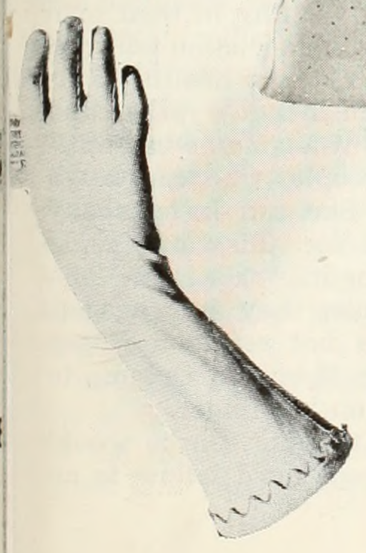

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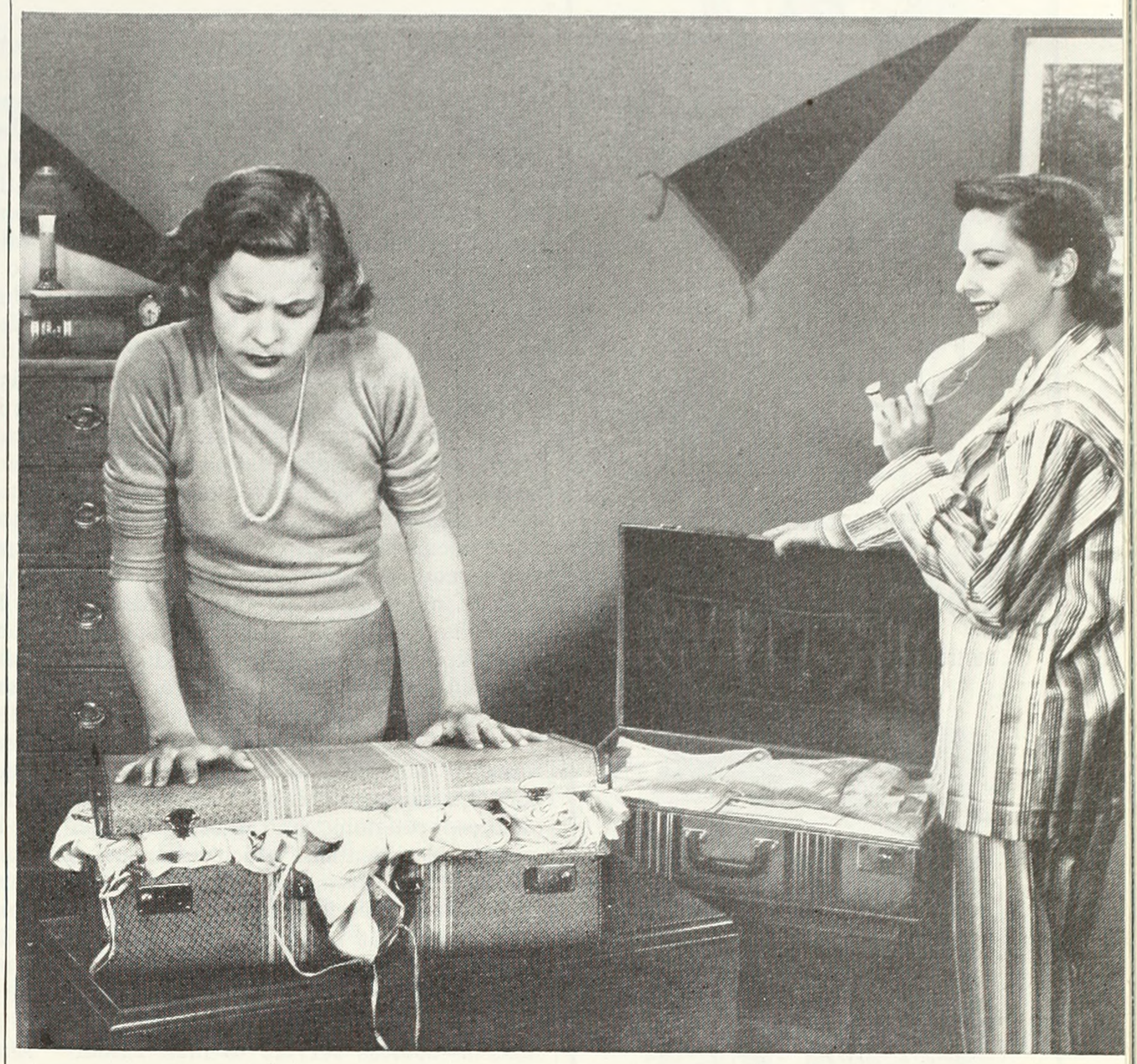
GLOVES are going to be very important this spring! Women who don't wear gloves will be conspicuous for their bad taste. Women who do will depend on their gloves for a fashion lift. The big news is that gloves are on the up! Watch for longer lengths. Shorties for driving cars and other busybody stuff, but from luncheon on, gloves are social-climbers. Wear colored gloves to electrify sober blacks, browns and greys, and pin your faith to colors like Hunting red, Blue Alerte, turquoise, coral, petal pink, Brass Hat gold and champagne. They'll pick you up like an aperitif. Air-conditioning is news in gloves too, and scalloped cuffs, seams whipped in contrasting colors, and wrists furred as fancifully as dresses. Smart women, please note, crush and wrinkle their gloves around their wrists and wear bracelets and bangles outside.

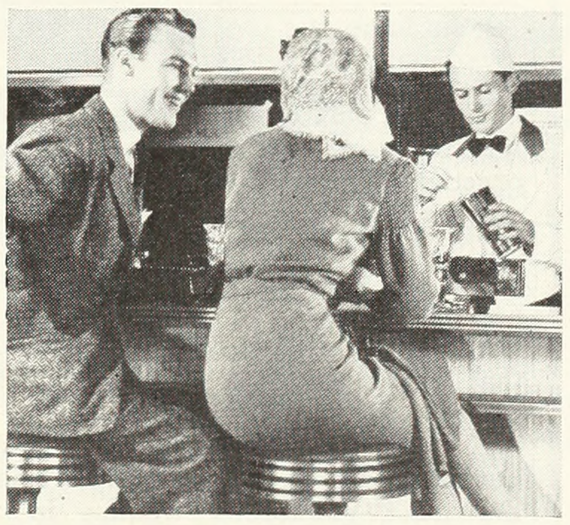
1. Daniel Hays' "Finger Free" cocktail gloves with shirred cuffs. Riotous colors. $2 at The Emporium, San Francisco. 2. Ireland's air-conditioned English doeskin shorties. White or natural, $4. Washable "Lavando," all colors, $4.50, Stern Bros., New York. 3. Speare's 4-button slip-on in washable suède—potent accent colors, $1.95. Altman's, New York; Harzfeld's, Kansas City. 4. Van Raalte's 10-button "Amer-suede" slip-on, $2 at McCreery's, New York. 5. Meyer's pigskin shortie with contrasting wall, thong lacing, tassel. $3 at James McCutcheon. 6. Fownes' 6-button washable "Melova" suède slip-on. In colors, $3.50; in white and natural, $3. Blackton-Fifth Avenue. 7. Kayser's "Good Times," perforated English doeskin back, Kay-suede palm. White, natural, black. $1.25 at Kayser Stores, New York. 8. Aris' scalloped 6-button glove. "Kasanova" suède. Rainbow colors. Washable. $6 at the Denver Dry Goods Co., Denver, Colorado. All jewelry by Corot. Opera and Harlequin glasses by Lugene, New York

...ever pack a suitcase?



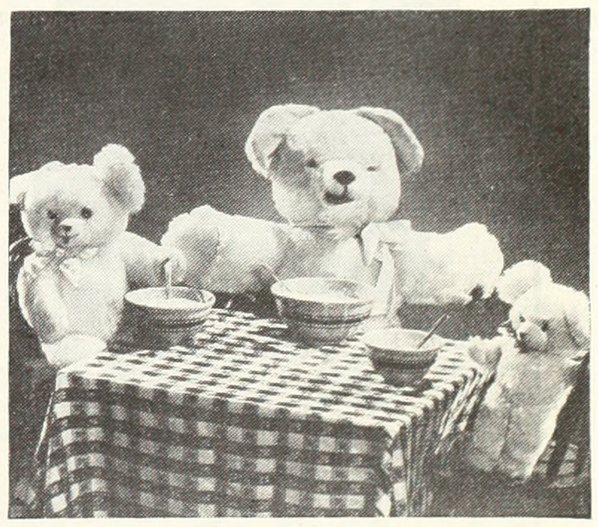
How much more you can get in a suitcase if things are folded nicely than if they're wadded up and tossed in! And this same principle makes a Kotex sanitary napkin less bulky than pads made with loose, wadded fillers . . .

Kotex has a soft, carefully *folded* center (with more material where you need it . . . less in the non-effective portions of the pad). So naturally — it's less bulky! Less apt to chafe, too . . . for Kotex is entirely sheathed in cotton before it's wrapped in gauze!



Why be self-conscious! With Kotex your secret is safe! Pressed ends (patented by Kotex) never make embarrassing, tell-tale outlines . . . the way napkins with thick, stubby ends so often do!

And — for complete peace of mind — remember this. Between the soft folds of Kotex there's a moisture-resistant panel! A special safeguard . . . newly developed by the Kotex Laboratories!



Kotex* comes in 3 sizes, too! Super — Regular — Junior. Kotex is the only disposable sanitary napkin that offers you a choice of 3 different sizes! (So you may vary the size pad according to each day's needs!)

All 3 sizes have soft, *folded* centers . . . flat, tapered ends . . . and moisture-resistant, "safety panels". *All 3 sizes sell for the same low price!*

*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

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ON YOUR TRIP TO OR FROM
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Then, too, there is a cozy lounge car for sleeper patrons; a beautiful chair car reserved exclusively for women and children; and the free and friendly service of a uniformed courier-nurse.

HERE'S ALL IT COSTS

The Scout's one-way coach fare, Chicago to Los Angeles, or San Francisco, is only $39.50; round trip, $65. Tourist sleeper fare, one way, $49.90; round trip, $74, plus berth charges. *There's no need to shop around for lower rail fares—there just aren't any!*

FREE A *new* booklet, showing the *Scout* from end to end *in natural color photographs!* Just mail the coupon below.

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How the Movies Can Help Keep Us Out of War

(Continued from page 15)

That is the pattern on which we must build.

There are all kinds of movies and every kind has its value from the educational point of view. The newsreel can tell the inhabitants of any country what is going on within its boundaries, and in other countries of the world. One need never go outside of one's own community, and yet one can see and understand conditions all over the world. Through the newsreel young and old can know what war is really like, what it means not to soldiers alone, but to civilian populations. They can know what are the actual methods used in war today, what are the results to victims and to attackers alike. The movies can show us what are the economic conditions in our own country, and in other parts of the world; can show us working conditions of people in far countries, their wages and standards of living, why their habits and customs are our concern.

Religions have been a controlling force in the daily lives of millions of people, and there is drama in the stories of these religions, and there is much connected with them which might point the way not only to peace for this country, but to peace for the world at large.

I realize that movies covering many of these points have been made. For instance, "The Story of Louis Pasteur" points the way to a new standard of success—selfless service to man rather than the acquisition of material possessions. Documentary films such as "The River" and "The City" give us new conceptions of our own country, while such diversified fictional stories as "The Good Earth," "Man of Aran," and "Goodbye, Mr. Chips," as well as the many excellent travel films, bring us to closer understanding with people in other lands. War itself, with all its suffering for both combatants and civilians, all its futility, has been brought home to us in such pictures as "All Quiet on the Western Front" and "Grand Illusion;" and "Boys Town" showed us what strength and solace we can find in religious faith in today's stormy world.

But this is only the beginning. The movies, by showing us through these pictures what they can do, must now exert themselves further along educational lines to the end that not only may we keep out of this war, but that all men everywhere may keep out of all war.

Here and now, however, it seems to me there are some concrete things which the movies can do to serve this particular time and to direct, through all the methods at their disposal, the people's attention to the fact that sometime soon we must be at peace again in the world.

Whether one side wins in Europe or the other, or whether there is a stalemate, the rest of the world is faced with the need for rehabilitating populations which have given themselves up to destruction for a given number of months or years. I should like to think that we might be moved by pure charity and kindness toward our unfortunate neighbors. That may not be, however. Perhaps we will be moved instead by the realization that either we help to rehabilitate and return great numbers of people to a standard of living whereby they again become a good market for our wares, and not too dangerous as competitors, or we face the fact that a goodly portion of the globe has ceased to be a market and because of a very much lowered standard of living, will produce things at a price which will force us down in our effort to compete.

This interdependence, this necessity for co-operation has got to be brought home to us in one way or another, because we either go up together or we go down together. This fact used to hold good in smaller areas only, but as communication and transportation has improved, it now holds good for an ever-increasing area.

These are perhaps serious suggestions to deal with in connection with the business of providing recreation. The movies are primarily for recreation, but through recreation perhaps the most serious lessons may be learned. As everything about us today seems to be a challenge, in one way or another, to new paths and new efforts, perhaps this is the challenge to the movies. Our greatest recreational industry may have an obligation to do a definite educational work, to teach the most unpalatable lessons in a way which will make people enjoy them.

What can the movies do, you ask, to keep this country out of war? I have tried to sketch for you a few of the things which occur to me. It puts the movies at once into the world picture, just as our nation must of necessity be in this picture, no matter how hard we try to keep our eyes turned inward on ourselves alone.

The Man Garbo Would Diet For

(Continued from page 16)

It is all part of Dr. Hauser's formula for living—a sermon he preaches and practices himself. Relaxation and diet are his keys of success and happiness.

This is the sermon he delivers to thousands of women, the sermon which made him famous before he placed on Garbo's finger the sparkling diamond that so blinded reporters they failed to tell his true story.

He will not say that he loves Garbo, but he states without reserve, "She is the most glamorous woman in the world." He will not admit he is engaged, but does not deny the ring or its significance.

The fascinating story reporters failed to tell runs something like this:

In 1925, a young Swiss, who spoke English with a charming accent, came to America for the first time. He was an attractive lad, well-educated, unusually intelligent. He had a profession of sorts. He had studied in Vienna, confining his medical research to the dietary field. But his progress had been hampered by ill health. At sixteen he had been exiled for a time to the tuberculosis colony at Davos, Switzerland, and now he had crossed the Atlantic to try an operation at the hands of a well-known American surgeon. Instead of finding his health, however, by means of a surgeon's scalpel, he found it by means of a diet which he himself had formulated—thereby also finding his fortune! He remained in America to improve his diet, and gradually built up a reputation among women's groups and health fadists. A clever press campaign broadcast news of his "Chemical Man," an amazing gadget, half the size of a man, composed of a glass head, glass stomach and glass organs, with which the doctor demonstrated his dietetic theories. Soon stout women, scrawny women, beautiful women, homely women, were beating a path to his door, and Dr. Bengamin Gaylord Hauser's success was assured.

When his career path lead to Hollywood, and the name of Miss Garbo appeared on his star-studded patients' list, it was well within the prescribed method of his practice that he should learn to know Greta very well. In Garbo's case, it was, perhaps, that "to know her, was to love her," for it wasn't long before the doctor was also playing the role of her protector and companion.

He had learned that Garbo's constant dodging the press was not based, as many believe, on temperament or affectation. Her run-for-cover actions have been caused by a sort of psychological crowd-panic. He sympathized with her in this, having had frequent experiences with crowds himself. Yet he felt that everyone in public life should learn to face its public. That was why he arranged for Garbo to attend the fashion show at Bullock's-Wilshire.

"She was as delighted as a child who has been promised a glimpse of Santa Claus Lane," he recounts. "She cried, 'Gaylord, you are wonderful! Who but you could have arranged this for me.' Everything was going along fine until Hymie Fink showed up."

The doctor had hoped that no cameraman would be present at Garbo's first voluntary public appearance, for he was afraid it would "spoil everything." It *is* true that as soon as Garbo sensed a cameraman in the offing, she made a dash for the exit, with Hauser leading the way—(not, however, before Hymie, PHOTOPLAY'S lensman, got his scoop of the year), but since that episode, she has appeared at many public gatherings, apparently enjoying herself hugely.

If the two should happen to be, as Dr. Hauser says, "just wonderful friends," that friendship has a firm foundation of common likes and dislikes beneath it, on which a happy marriage could also be based. They are both foreign-born, they are both athletic, they both like to relax away from the howling mob, they are both famous in their respective professions and both wealthy in their own right. And through association with the Doctor, Garbo has shown healthy signs of emerging from her chrysalis, and blossoming into a woman who can mingle with other people, who can laugh and enjoy life. She can be eternally grateful to him for this, and could easily love him for it.

Dr. Hauser denies they are engaged, yes, but he does not refute a rumor that he flew from Portland, Oregon, to place a diamond on her finger.

Why shouldn't the man Garbo would diet for be the man she'd follow to an altar?

We Cover the Studios

(Continued from page 47)

out of there before she spots me, and head for Warners'.

There are only two pictures shooting in the big valley studio, "Virginia City" and "The Life of Dr. Ehrlich." There is, as a matter of fact, very little going on anywhere with a threatened strike. (Though now, happily, a temporary truce has been called.) But no productions make light work, we say, as we push our way past Director Dieterle and get a gander at "The Life of Dr. Ehrlich."

THE star of this one is Edward G. Robinson and the story is another exciting one of medical research, similar to, but more dramatic than, "The Life of Louis Pasteur." We notice a very good-looking man standing in the center of the scene, waiting for the lights to come up. We give a double-take at the good-looking gent and suddenly realize it's Robinson with his "Little Caesar" expression bearded out of recognition. We never have gone for whiskers before but this time we do, for they actually make Robinson handsome.

Ehrlich was the doctor who, after 605 disappointing experiments, found the cure for syphilis with the famous 606 solution. That's really the whole story of the film.

The scene we witness shows a committee of the German government calling upon Ehrlich to ask for a report on his work. They are tersely rebuked by the little doctor. Donald Crisp is among those present in the scene. Robinson, supposed to tell the government committee whom to see, catches Crisp's eye, gets muddled and solemnly says, "You can go see Donald Crisp who is director of the Bank of America." Which fact is true, but it has nothing to do with "Dr. Ehrlich."

That's good for a general laugh, of course, but when that's over we decide a set full of men is no thrill for us, so we wander to "Virginia City," in which we hope to get a glimpse of Miriam Hopkins.

We don't have any luck, though. All we hit is a scene in a small tunnel where Errol Flynn, Big Boy Williams and Alan Hale are digging their way out of prison. The tunnel seems a very practical one and it is just big enough for them to lie in, scooting along on their stomachs. The boys are all complaining about their beards, the studio having found out that artificial ones photograph better than the ones nature provides. Errol's is bright red, which may photograph dandy, but which looked something fierce to our prejudiced eye.

This little number is a Civil War drama in which Miriam Hopkins is an entertainer in a saloon with definite Southern sympathies, Miriam, we mean, not the saloon. She is in love with Randy Scott, a high scion of the old South, who is trying to smuggle a mere five million in gold out of Virginia City and back to the Confederacy. Errol, a Union prisoner, learns of the plan and, with Hale and Big Boy, gets out of prison and foils the plot.

Humphrey Bogart, Warners' Bad Man Number One, mixes in this by means of holding up the gold train and conveniently kills Randy, thereby getting him out of the story and Miriam's clutches.

Not that we see any of this. All we see is that the candle Errol is holding in the tunnel scene isn't lighted. We think it is part of the action, but after they have taken the shot, the script girl notices the omission and everybody starts scurrying around for matches. As it has taken one solid hour to set the lights for the scene originally we fear another hour lost, lost for glamour, we mean, so in search of a little girlhood to feast our eyes upon, we trek to Paramount where both Dorothy Lamour and Madeleine Carroll are working.

Lamour is not in—or should we say out of—her sarong in "The Road to Singapore." She is, however, done up in a very nifty native dress of red, white and blue print, and she is looking at Bing Crosby, as we totter in, in a way that would make us unable to keep our mind on our work. It doesn't upset the Groaner any, however. He's standing on what's supposed to be a wharf in the island of Kargoon—the script is careful not to be too definite as to where that is—and he is giving out with a tune that we'll wager you'll be swinging to shortly, "When the Sweet Potato Piper Plays." As Bing is boo-boo-booing, Bob Hope, standing alongside him, is playing on an ocarina. Bing is the wealthy son of a shipping magnate who has run away from it all back in the States (that "it" includes the girl daddy wants him to marry). Hope is a beachcomber, definitely not the Charles Laughton type, and Dottie is just what the boys in the back room would like to have on their desert islands but so seldom do.

As they finish the scene, Director Victor Schertzinger calls for a playback.

"What?" howls Professor Crosby. "Have a playback when instead we could be listening in on the football games?" So forthwith, he turns on the portable radio he's got on the set (it being a Saturday) to find out what is happening to Tulane's team. It's only the end of the first quarter, however, and we keep thinking of Madeleine Carroll on that other set.

She's there, our (and ten million other men's) dream woman. They tell us that what she has on is the ultra thing for safari wear. That's the name of the picture, too, "Safari." Subtle, these press agents. Strangely enough there's been a triangle worked into this one, too. Tullio Carminati (where on earth has he been?), Madeleine, and Doug Fairbanks, Jr. are the angles on it.

Madeleine is trying to get Tullio to propose, but he resists. (The man must be mad.) When he proposes, not marriage, but a cruise to Africa and a safari (which is just a fancy word for hunting trip) into the jungle she decides to go along. They meet up with a white hunter, Doug, Jr., and Madeleine decides to flirt with him, just to make Tullio jealous. But, heck, with Carroll in the picture you don't demand an original plot, too, do you?

What do our wondering eyes behold, however, but the script girl, the star, the hairdresser, the make-up girl all sitting around the set knitting scarfs. When we ask why, they reply in chorus that they are knitting scarfs with wool Madeleine has provided. These scarfs are for her French orphans.

Maybe they will keep the orphans warm, but they chill us, so we steal out into California sunshine again.

THE most ambitious of RKO's productions is "Swiss Family Robinson," from the classic adventure story. Just in case you don't remember the plot, it's about an English family who shipped to a tropical island in order to get away from city living. They're hunting for quiet but they get into more excitement than you can shake a scenario at.

The action concentrates on the kids, of whom the most important are Freddie Bartholomew and Terry Kilburn, the latter the little boy who kept repeating over the generations in "Goodbye, Mr. Chips." The gossip on the set as we meander in is that Freddie is plenty worried over the scene-swiping Terry is doing but Terry in turn is worried over Bobbie Quillan, age three and making his screen debut. As we stand watching one scene we understand why.

Terry and Bobbie, exploring a cave on the desert island, meet a spider. The spider is really a lulu, as big as a press agent's lie, with a body of beaver fur and with great waving legs made of silk-covered wire. He's supposed to frighten the kids out of their wits. Terry is correctly overcome but there's no scaring Bobbie. "Ooh, a spider," Bobbie is supposed to cry with horror. Instead he croons at it. Director Edward Ludwig has to make a dozen takes but Bobbie still beams. Finally Ludwig decides to give up and merely have Terry be frightened. Terry goes into the scene. He knocks the spider out of its web, beats it with a stick, finally kills it and turns to walk out of the scene. It is then that Bobbie comes through, showing that the blood of a long line of comedians flows in his veins. He's been watching Terry all this time. Without a word from Ludwig and purely on his own initiative he turns back into the scene, goes over to the spider and jumps up and down on it. The adults around the set manage to restrain themselves until the scene is recorded, but the moment Ludwig cries "Cut" they shake with delight. It's the best bit of business in the whole picture.

A phone call finds nothing working at Universal or Columbia, so we gallop over to Radio Row.

At NBC we run into a mess of adoption news. The Phil Harrises have adopted a young son, a redheaded Irish lad named Tookie. Bob Hope and his wife have adopted a baby girl named Linda and the Basil Rathbones have also adopted a girl, as yet untitled. Best story about any of them, however, is told about Tookie Harris. His new father took him to meet the Jack Bennys who were coming back from a vacation. Little Joanie Benny was present, of course, and Phil brought a big bouquet along for Tookie to give to Joan.

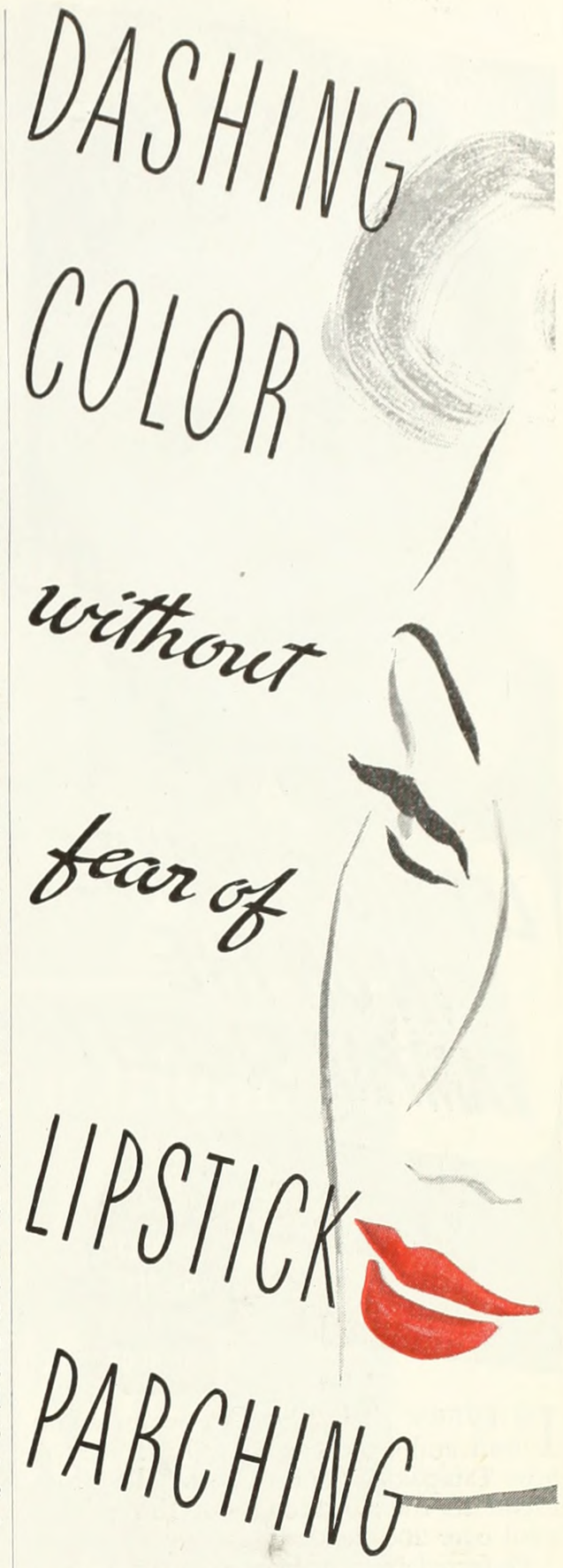
Tookie did the honors, holding out the bouquet as the photographers flashed the scene. The minute they stopped, Tookie snatched back the flowers.

"That was just for the pictures," he said.

Keeping our ear close to the ground we hear that M-G-M wasn't any too pleased with the ribbing Clark Gable took lately from Charlie McCarthy. The only other big news at NBC seems to be Jim Ameche replacing Herbert Marshall who replaced Charles Boyer on the Woodbury Playhouse, but with Boyer back from France, there's no telling how this will work out.

All being peace at NBC we ventured into CBS and got war: The probable war between Jimmie Fidler and Hedda Hopper when they get running into competition on their Hollywood news broadcasts. They're tough fighters, those two, but being the shy sunflower type ourself, we refuse to commit our thoughts as to who will be the probable winner.

S'long, folks.



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Round-Up of Neglected People

(Continued from page 19)

thought at first she'd call her "Tinker-as-well," but decided on "Tinkertoo."

She's unmarried and lives alone in New York. Her mother, now seventy-two, is in Brighton, England, and Miss Anderson is greatly concerned over her. The war abroad has struck deeply at her heart.

"Why," she asks, "when so many things have been discovered by so many great scientists—radium, telephone, motion pictures—can't we find the secret of living together peacefully and happily?"

She's a great actress, a splendid woman, a name not to be forgotten in theatrical history.

And all she wants of life now are the birds and sunshine and open spaces of California and work.

Keep Raining All the Time!

It rained that day. Poured, to be exact. And that's why Lee Bowman is an actor in Hollywood. No, he didn't come sliding in on a rainbow or a cloud but if it hadn't rained and Lee, peering from his windows at a drenched New York City, hadn't decided not to go back to bed but get out and hunt a job, he might never have landed his first role, and in a Broadway play at that. Lee *reasoned* that a lot of job hunting actors would be tempted to roll back into bed and forget it all for the day. That's why he got out.

Lee was born in Cincinnati. He has that city and a terribly fetching mustache, in common with Tyrone Power.

As a boy, a liddle bittie one, he was always in love. He met her at dancing school he thinks, and her name was Patricia. Looking back on it, he wonders if maybe it wasn't the name that sent his temperature rising. He loved the name of Patricia. Anyway, he was sad about the whole thing and heartbroken when, at fourteen, he discovered he was being shelved for another. She's one of his best friends now, so, of course, it turned out for the best.

"I think I was pretty much of a louse as a kid, anyway," he says.

Company at the Bowman manse may not have thought him a louse, but, boy, I'll wager they thought him a bore. For when two or more people were gathered together, there was Lee in the midst of them, making speeches. Having descended from a long line of lawyers, judges and ministers, his parents merely believed this was an offshoot of his judicial inheritance and bore it as best they could. Little did they dream it would lead to acting and Hollywood. He speechified all through Franklin Grade School and Walnut Hills High and even up to the doors of the University of Cincinnati. Lee was a law student there when he decided to become an actor. So he gave up the law and enrolled in the American Academy of Dramatic Arts in New York. He was on his way.

Following that first rainy-morning role, Broadway gave him a chance in the Carnegie Players productions of "Berkeley Square" and "The Old Lady Shows Her Medals." In 1936, Paramount grabbed him for "Internes Can't Take Money" and "I Met Him in Paris."

He was being goshawful handsome in a Viennese uniform over on the "Florian" set at M-G-M the day we saw him. He was crazy about a new radio gadget he had in his car.

Matrimonially speaking, he couldn't be more eligible. He lives with his mother and brother in Hollywood. Eats like a horse, smokes too much, courts all the lovely girls in town, carries his athletic training from school days over to leisure days in Hollywood, playing a lot of tennis and golf or a fast game of badminton.

His eyes are brown and he's terribly allergic to opera. Will lie like a trouper to get out of going. Hates to start a picture on a Saturday night around six o'clock.

Likes a whooper dooper good time on Saturday nights. He thinks chic and a pleasant speaking voice and behavior in public most important things about women.

He learned very early in his career that Hollywood is a slightly peculiar town.

He brought with him from New York several beautifully tailored suits to wear in his first picture. But no, they looked the suits over and said, "Not right—get all new ones made."

He went in debt to do it but he did. The best tailors in town sewed like mad on Lee's suits. And then after the picture he met a director. "Liked you very much in that role," the director said, "and by the way, having your clothes a little too big that way was a grand comedy touch. Nothing so funny as clothes that don't fit."

As his mother wrote him last summer while on a vacation to Cincinnati, "The town is all excited over the World Series baseball. I do hope Cincinnati *wins the blue ribbon this season.*"

Hollywood wins it every season, Lee reasons.

Gabby, Gabby, Little Star!

An extrovert Olivia de Havilland. Just as beautiful and twice as lively. Brown eyes that grow *beeg* when she talks—which is constantly. Such is Ann Rutherford—or *Polly Benedict* to the "Hardy Family" fans.

At two minutes past one of a sunny winter's day in Hollywood, Ann began talking. At one minute past two she had never ceased for one second and we'd been revived twice with hot cups of tea and once by fanning.

What in heaven's name do they do to Ann on the screen, we wondered? She's so much more beautiful off. Ann had just come back from being Queen of the Carolina Cotton Carnival and now we know once and for all what the Governor of North Carolina said to the Governor of South Carolina. We know he said, "Move over, brother, and let me sit next to Annie."

And those "pet mayors" and "cute governors"—as Ann calls them, down in Dixie, were too sweet. "I had motorcycle escorts everywhere, even from one state to another," she says. "Why, I just kept going through red light signals at home all the time when I first got back. I was so used to escorts." I know—governors, mayors, college boys, Sigma Nus, motorcycle cops, and senators—"Oh, those lambie senators"—who gave her a dinner in the Supreme Court of the Senate building. "And *those* adorable judges." That's when I weakly called for strong, hot tea.

"At the banquets I made up all my speeches," she says, "and sometimes I talked for twelve minutes." Then her agent heard one of her speeches and signed her for personal appearances and she made up her own speeches and changed them everywhere she went.

She ended up in New York—"Oh, those wonderful New Yorkers"—and got a hurried call to report to the studio and here she'd bought all those new clothes and had no luggage so the hotel people—"those marvelous porters"—hurried up with crates and boxes and she snatched up the birthday cake—still in a box—that Mickey Rooney had sent her with the Music Box inside that played "Happy birthday to you," and rushed for the train, and the boxes kept getting scattered and every time she moved the cake played "Happy Birthday to You" out loud and—we called for more hot tea.

She was born up in Toronto, Canada, but her parents moved to San Francisco when Ann was just a baby. Her father had sung in the Metropolitan Opera company, so the theater was in her blood. She played parts with a stock company in San Francisco when she was a little girl. When they moved to Los Angeles, Ann, who was fourteen, marched into a radio station, unbeknownst to her mother, and demanded to know why they didn't realize she was a wonderful actress.

A week later the radio station called her. She had a job with an evening serial. She did everything imaginable on the radio for two years and then went on to Republic Studios to make pictures with Gene Autry and John Wayne.

"I owe everything to Lew Ayres," she told me. "Everything. He was out at the studio at that time, studying directing. He'd given up acting. And, oh, how he helped me."

But twelve pictures in twelve months were too much, even for Ann. "I even had eye circles *under* my circles," she says. So mother made her give up and rest.

She slept for three months. And then M-G-M signed her for the Hardy pictures. She's recently made, "Those Glamour Girls," and "Dancing Co-Ed" as well, and she's *Scarlett's* sister, *Careen,* in "Gone with the Wind."

She reads everything, has a mind quicker than a trigger, is smarter than two whips, owns and runs her own sailboat all alone, lives with her mother and a sister who divides her time between here and San Francisco for radio work.

You never see Ann at night clubs or such. Her mother accompanies her everywhere. She has family, background, brains and charm. Her boy friends are the junior writers on the lot or sons of stars, like Eddie Arnold, Jr. She's talented and has just made a statuette of a *horse* in a *calico* sunbonnet. The straw hats some horses affect, prompted the bonnet idea.

Snoods with short hair are unbecoming, so "I just pin on a lot of crêpe hair under my own and wear a long snood. It's much more becoming."

Her hair is softly beautiful. But her mother doesn't like the way they dress it for the screen. "You look like a hammerhead," she says.

"She got that from the 'Oz' books," Ann laughs.

She's religious in a modern applicable way to every day life. She always attended Sunday school and still goes to church.

But the last we saw of her she was on her way to Mr. Mayer's office to see about making another personal appearance.

"The contact is so wonderful," Ann says.

The blessed saints help the cute may-

ors and governors along the way, is all we have to say.

The Luck of the Irish

If you were to ask us who we think is the luckiest guy in Hollywood to date, we'd say Thomas Mitchell and never bat an eyelash. With five hits in a row coming up, among them, "The Hunchback of Notre Dame," the father of *Scarlett O'Hara* in "Gone with the Wind" and the father in "Swiss Family Robinson," we'd say there was a record you couldn't beat. Only we'd take back the luck part of it for, to our notion, Mitchell is just about the finest character actor in the business, and you name a better one if you can think of one. Or think of one with a cuter Irish face and we'll give you Lamarr's telephone number.

His smile is wide and deep and beguiling, begorra. It reveals a bit of an imp in the man but a devilish appealing imp, if you know what we mean. He has a bit of a forelock that keeps wandering down over his forehead into his eyes (the way it did in "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington") that gives him that little boy look. Only he isn't a little boy. He's fortyish, spry, tense, eager, and thrilled to death to be going the places he should go in Hollywood.

It wasn't always so. After he made "The Hurricane" for Sam Goldwyn, he thought he was set. Only for ten months no one wanted him. Goldwyn let him go at Tommy's request and then came "Stagecoach" with Mitchell turning in a performance that rocked Goldwyn back on his heels. Since then he's had more pictures to do than he can find time for.

He thinks acting is more of a craft than an art but that's probably because he was a newspaper man before he was an actor. He began the business with his brother who was managing editor of *The Newark Journal.* His father had been a journalist, too. From Newark Tommy wandered to Baltimore and Pittsburgh papers where he lasted about twenty minutes. He even tried Youngstown, Ohio, but it was no go. He sold a vaudeville skit and himself with it and went on the stage.

Mitchell has a theory that things happen to people obliquely rather than head on. He melted, you see, from writing for papers to writing for the stage, and then to acting, finally melting into directing stage plays because he happened to be around when someone said how do you think we should play this scene. So Tommy said how.

He has a trailer dressing room that, like Mary's lamb, goes where he goes from studio to studio. And because he insists on freelancing, the trailer travels considerably. It rocks too when you move and people—well we did, anyway—get violently seasick for the moment.

"What have they done to you?" we demanded between scenes for "Swiss Family Robinson."

He looked at us sheepishly. "They curled my hair," he said. We dropped the subject.

There are rumors he's difficult on sets. It's a great big—it's false. He's only so lost in his role, so afraid the director will be influenced by his, Mitchell's, own impatience with himself and shoot the scene before it's perfect, he nearly dies. He hasn't relaxed since the sinking of the Maine. He never will.

He was born in Elizabeth, New Jersay on July eleventh. He got his best stage training with the Ben Greet Players traveling about doing Shakespearean plays. He directed plays on Broadway for five years. But it was when he was writing, directing and acting he found he had no one to argue with but himself. "And when an Irishman starts talking to himself, it's bad," he says. So he came to Hollywood and made "Lost Horizon" for Capra.

When a little boy he remembers playing down at the wharves with the rest of the Elizabeth kids. But he was pretty studious on the whole.

Thomas Mitchell is a warm human sort of person who likes people. He's interested in what they're doing and thinking—even the scrub woman. Nothing is more intriguing to Mitchell than his fellow man. He likes to gather his friends around him nights when he isn't working and just talk, talk, talk into the morning. He's a home lover and lives quite alone since his daughter's marriage. He hunted for days before he found the house that suited him. It's grey stone, a liveable, lovable house in the Riviera section. He loves to read but worries because he has so little time for it. He can't drive a car either. The whole business of it annoys him. He's absent-minded but kind; Irish and tense; an actor to the depth of his soul. His best friend married his ex-wife after their divorce and all three as friends, lived happily ever after.

Page Miss Page, Please

We have a horribly strong suspicion that everything and everybody in this blooming town has gone normal. Plain cozy normal. Take Gale Page, for instance. You'd travel far and you'd travel wide before you'd meet anyone with the everyday outlook on life that belongs to Pagey. She looks normal. Not Hollywood at all. Just nice, with her face shining in the morning (we had coffee with her), and her hair straight like a poker, pulled back from her unglamorous face, with two combs. Her household is like everybody else's. The vacuum cleaner going and no one able to locate the right tablecloth and her little boy, just eight, coming home from school and saying darned if he wanted to go to the old football game anyway. Just like one of the "Four Daughters" that Gale plays on the screen.

She is another of those tallish girls in vogue these days. She's five feet five, and wears glasses over her brown eyes. She came to movies from radio where she'd created quite a place for herself in Chicago as a singer. She used to get up and *sing* over the air at seven-thirty every morning. But she got better and better spots and finally movies tested her and Warners brought her on to Hollywood for "Crime School."

"Something that wasn't a part of me happened to me during that first picture," she said. "I couldn't be friendly somehow. If people were nice and said, 'Hello, honey,' I thought to myself, they don't mean it. This is Hollywood—no one is sincere. If they ignored me, I was crushed. But I got over that in a hurry and I think Hollywood is a grand place to live in."

She lives with her mother, son and two nieces who have come here for a visit. Gale is no longer married.

She was born Sally Rutter in Spokane, Washington, and is continually running into people who say, "You aren't the Rutters on Fourteenth Street?"

They are. She took a maternal name when she went on the air up in Spokane. She went to Chicago and its ether after marriage.

Her philosophy of life is sweet, good and simple. She studies her religious lessons daily along with four hours of piano practice. With everyone in the house taking piano lessons at the same time, it sounds like a conservatory gone wild.

She can get raring mad every so often and then think she's wonderful because she apologizes prettily and easily. Crooked pictures on the wall, anybody's

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You'll hardly know your hands after just a few applications of Jergens—they're so much lovelier! More desirably soft to touch.

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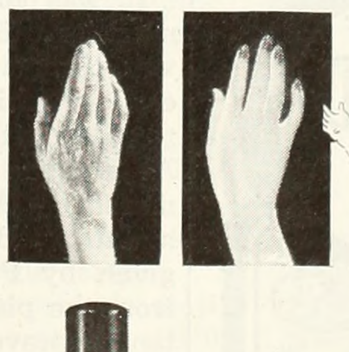

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Number One Fan at Rudy Vallee's Victor Hugo opening—Alice Faye, who got her start with his band

If you believe the rumor that Bob Taylor and Spencer Tracy are feuding, with Bob jealous over Tracy's roles. There exists between them as fine and loyal a friendship as you'd find anywhere. . . .

And if you dare think, as a result, writers out here don't grow white overnight and wish they were miles away—well as far as Vine Street anyway—you're crazy.

Cal's Sight of the Month:

GARBO, seated at the counter of a Beverly Hills' health food store, drinking garlic juice like mad with Gaylord Hauser's diamond ring flashing on her left hand.

Return of a Soldier

THE setting is Perino's restaurant atop Sak's Fifth Avenue in Beverly Hills. Charles Boyer, slimmer, more serious and thoughtful than when we last saw him, enters with his wife. "We shall wait for our guests," we hear him say to the waiter, and thirty minutes later the Boyers are still waiting. One can't help but think of the grief and horror this man has left behind all those thousands of miles away, in the front line trenches of France.

Forty-five minutes later the Boyers are still waiting. Then when one feels even he can't bear it any longer, they arrive—the Boyers' guests. It's George Raft and Norma Shearer.

"Sorry," says Norma, "but we had to come all the way from the beach, you know."

Somehow, behind the polite and gentle smile of Charles Boyer we think we catch a look that speaks of some deep and intangible thing—something that might be translated into the words, "From the beach? But I've come all the way from death."

But Boyer, of course, doesn't say it. He only smiles gently.

Hollywood Says:

NO two people in all Hollywood tried to work out their marital troubles more earnestly than Chester Morris and his wife Sue. After several reconciliations it ended, at last, in divorce. Mrs. Morris maintains custody of the daughter Cynthia, and Chester, of the son, John Brooks, the second. . . .

Certain stars look at the completely happy marriage of Jon Hall and Frances Langford with mingled sighs of regret and pleasure. Now the pair are adding to their joy by adopting a baby. . . .

There will come a day when the romance of George Raft and Norma Shearer will cool and George will go back to the one woman he really loves—Virginia Peine.

On the Record

AN increasing number of U. S. citizens are getting a lot of fun out of those round black discs known as phonograph records. If you like the new filmusic, there's no better way of taking it home with you for keeps than on one of the recent recordings.

For proof, get a copy of Decca's "Wizard of Oz" album. Between two nice bright covers you'll find eight Oz tunes sung by Judy Garland in that pleasant manner which brought thousands to the box office. "Over the Rainbow," "We're Off to See the Wizard," and all the rest sound as if they came off the glorified sound track of M-G-M's super fairy tale. (Decca Album 74)

Paramount's "Victor Herbert" promises to be one of the season's top musicals. Which means, of course, that you'll be hearing a lot of Herbert's tunes. Best recording effort in that direction so far is a "Victor Herbert Album." Ten of his best songs are dressed up by a star-studded musical group—Bing Crosby, Frances Langford, Florence George and Victor Young's orchestra. High lights are Bing's "When You're Away" and Frances' "A Kiss in the Dark." (Decca Album 72)

The soothsayers of Tin Pan Alley report that the songs from "Gulliver's Travels" will make the winter brighter. Glenn Miller, now pushing his way into the front rank of baton-wavers, uncovers the reason why with a record of "Faithful Forever" and "Bluebirds in the Moonlight." (Bluebird B-10465) With a band not so good, Romantic Pianist Eddy Duchin tries the other half of the score: "I Hear a Dream" and "It's a Hap, Hap, Happy Day." (Columbia 35259)

There's nothing like a new discovery to add to the joy of platter-turning. This time it's a gal from Dixie, Dinah Shore by name, who should end up behind a sound track. She makes "Who Told You I Cared," from Warners' "Kid Nightingale," big time. Its companion is "I Like to Recognize the Tune," which you probably do already. (Bluebird B-10454)

It looks as if "Gulliver" will have to fight it out with "Pinocchio." Disney's "Jiminy Cricket" and "Monstro the Whale" are now song titles, with Ted Weems & Co. putting them on wax for posterity. (Decca 2793)

Then there's the Yes Dance Professor—Kay Kyser, a recent proud alumnus of RKO, where he made "That's Right, You're Wrong." Kay and the boys on the bandstand have recorded "The Answer Is Love" and "Happy Birthday to Love," the picture's two hit songs. (Columbia 35238)

With a well-timed holiday spirit, vigorous crooner Dick Powell has collaborated with the Foursome to produce a New Year's special. The first side has "Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here" and "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow." To back that, Dick, thinking of Hollywood's snow-banked streets, no doubt, performs "Jingle Bells." (Decca 2760)

House Pet

Just before he went to New York, Fred Astaire received a bull mastiff puppy, a present from Douglas Fairbanks, Sr. Three weeks later, Fred returned to Hollywood again. When he opened his front door, he was greeted by a young horse who knocked Fred flatter than the proverbial pancake. When he had recovered his composure, Fred took another look at his pet. He just couldn't believe that a dog could grow so fast in such a short time. Fred rushed to the phone, called Doug and told him of the experience. "That dog gets bigger every time I wink my eyes," Fred exclaimed.

"Well, you might as well get used to it," warned Doug. "He still has ten months of growing to do."

"I asked for a house pet," cracked Fred resignedly. "But I didn't think I'd have to keep him in a hangar!"

Sister Story

A COROLLARY to the Brian Aherne-Joan Fontaine marriage of which the public isn't aware is a rather pitiful little story about Joan and her lovely older sister, Olivia de Havilland.

Olivia, as you know, became famous first. Then Joan, appearing in a Henry Duffy play, was "discovered" and given a contract at RKO. Joan, too, is beautiful and talented and she wanted to succeed on her own. She wanted this so much she insisted that none of her publicity mention her relationship to Olivia. She hated the idea of being, merely, "Olivia de Havilland's sister."

As a result, the two, very nearly the same age and, before Joan's discovery, inseparable chums, stayed apart as much as it was humanly possible to do. True, they lived in the same house, but seldom during the three years after Joan came into the limelight did they appear in public together, even for informal and personal "double dates" such as sisters usually enjoy. That is, they didn't until just recently. Then Joan decided that it wasn't worth it—to deny this precious relationship for the sake of ambition. She decided to

abandon the secrecy; to go about with Olivia whenever the opportunity arose. She hoped it would be often, to make up for the good times she had denied them.

And then Brian Aherne came along and swept Joan into matrimony. Theirs was a beautiful romance, the kind you read about in books. Joan is wonderfully happy. But still, there is one tiny fly in the ointment—the thought of the gay companionship she and Olivia missed during those three years—the thought that it can never be replaced, now that Joan is a Mrs. and embarking on a new life.

Change of Mind

MAYBE we shouldn't tell this one on Bob Taylor, but it seems much too good to keep. As everyone knows, he and Barbara Stanwyck had to change their honeymoon plans and go to Mexico instead of to Europe, what with the war going on. Well, came time to start home. Bob, having neglected to arrange for tickets until the last minute—they were having such a swell time—found that all through passage by plane from Mexico City was booked solidly for weeks, so they took a more roundabout route through Texas. But Bob had learned his lesson, and immediately, upon arriving in Dallas, he made tracks for the ticket offices of the airport, where he was elated to find just two seats left on the big American Airliner leaving next morning for the West Coast. So he certainly was not expecting to be roused from sleep in the wee small hours by an apologetic passenger agent and be told that they couldn't take the morning plane after all—their seats had been sold by mistake to a couple who boarded the plane at Nashville. To say that Bob was irked is putting it mildly. He'd do something about it himself, he told the agent. Only give him the name of the couple who had purchased the seats and he'd come down to the plane and explain things. To which the passenger agent is said to have answered with a chuckle: "Okay, but I don't think it will do you much good. The name of the couple who bought your seats happens to be Mr. and Mrs. Louis B. Mayer!" (In case you don't know, Mr. Mayer just happens to be Bob's boss!) P. S. They took the later plane.

Long-term Idol

NO wonder M-G-M is doing all in its power to bring Joan Crawford back to the top of the ladder again. Joan has proven over and over she's the idol and inspiration of hundreds of girls seeking to climb to the top through disappointments and obstacles.

When Joan appeared on the Screen Guild Air show given at Earl Carroll's night spot, every dancer and chorus girl in the place (one who had over ten thousand still pictures of Joan) gathered to meet and greet their idol.

You can imagine their delight when Joan graciously accepted their invitation to pose with them.

The Joke's on Taylor

THE "new" Nelson Eddy is certainly in rare form these days. The first day of shooting on his current picture, Nelson was given one of those swanky portable dressing rooms. While everyone on the set waited, Nelson went to make his first change. Suddenly the great voice of Eddy boomed out, laughing as no one had ever heard him laugh before. The door of the portable swung open and he stood there, holding something behind his back.

"Who was the last person to have this dressing room?" he gaily inquired.

"It was Robert Taylor," a prop man volunteered.

"Oh yeah?" cracked the unpredictable Eddy. "Well, he forgot to take this!" From behind his back, Nelson held up a dainty brassiere!

Lonesome Lady

WHAT has happened to Ginger Rogers? That is the question everyone in Hollywood is asking everyone in Hollywood. Months go by and Ginger is never seen at a night spot. She never gives parties herself and on rare occasions when she attends one she sits like a little mouse in the corner. When Jack Oakie gave a surprise birthday party for his Venita, much to his surprise Ginger accepted the invitation. Jack, who has known Ginger since they were struggling youngsters together, dragged out one of his earlier scrap books to show Ginger their early-day pictures. Ginger seemed to enjoy seeing them. Fifteen minutes later she announced that she had to go home. And off she went alone, driving her own car and looking as forlorn as a lost orphan.

Family Affair

IN every nook and corner there is an untold story in Hollywood. It isn't news that Mickey Rooney is the hottest thing on the M-G-M lot. And it was announced recently that Mickey's father, a former burlesque comedian named Joe Yule has also been put under contract. But the topper to the story is this. In the upstairs accounting office of M-G-M is an employee who answers to the name of Mr. Panky. He is married to Nell Panky, who just happens to be Mickey's own mother. The department where Panky works is the one that hands out the weekly check—collected by Joe Yule! And they say drama is dead in Hollywood.

Spencer Edison

HOLLYWOOD is watching with sympathetic interest Spencer Tracy's eagerness over his newest assignment to play Thomas A. Edison.

"He'll play him to the hilt," a writer remarked, "for Spence will love him."

And Hollywood understands, for Tracy's own child was born deaf and this same handicap of the great inventor will strike deep into Spencer's soul.

Farewell

ALL Hollywood was shocked by the sudden death of Douglas Fairbanks, Sr. Although he had made few pictures of late years, his interest in the industry was as keen as it was in the days when he was thrilling audiences with his performances in such films as "The Three Musketeers," "Robin Hood" and "The Mark of Zorro," and his death is a personal loss to his hosts of friends in the film colony. To Mrs. Fairbanks and to Doug, Jr., Cal extends condolences on behalf of PHOTOPLAY.

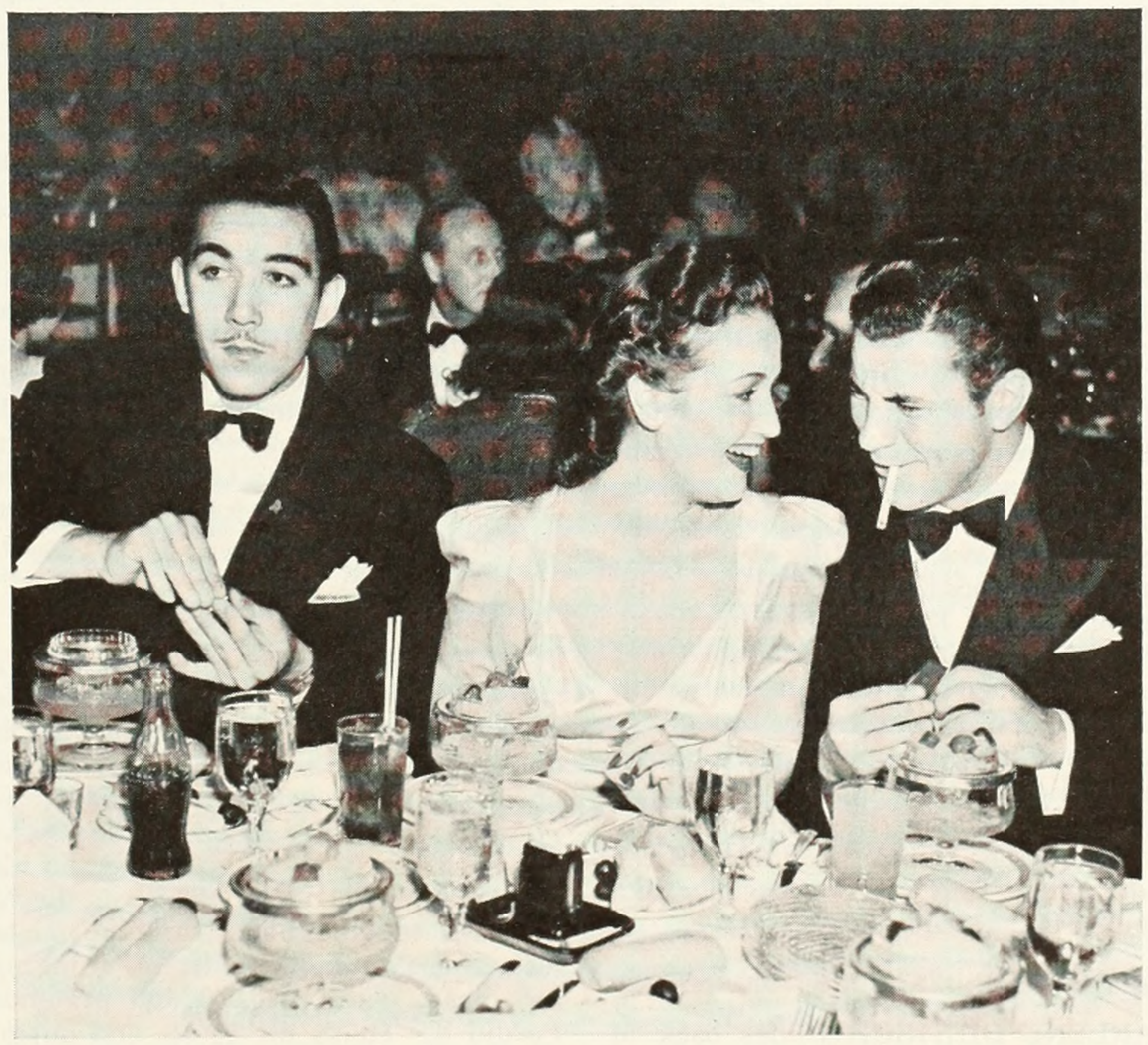
Historical Note

EVER since that "March of Time" release called "The Movies March On," we've been getting inquiries about the film library which furnished not only the setting for the short but the fascinating "clips" of old-time movies which it featured. So—we set New York operative number 999 on the job, and here's his report:

Behind the story of the library, which is a feature of the new Museum of Modern Art, is the story of Iris Barry and John Abbott. The former is a comely lady who left England in 1927, on twelve hours' notice, to write about Hollywood for the London *Daily Mail*. She knew her movies pretty well—back home, she'd had long discussions about them with a funny litle girl called Elsa Lanchester and a bashful young actor named Charles Laughton. So well did she like America—and a certain young Wall Street man named John Abbott—that she returned in 1930 to settle down here permanently as Mrs. Abbott. Together, they drew up plans for developing a film library as part of the Museum and got a grant from the Rockefeller Foundation. By 1935, Iris was appointed Curator and Abbott, Director.

Today, Iris is in charge of some 6,000,000 feet of film, all important relics of the cinematic past. She's been known to spend weeks looking for a single film to add to the collections. Then she inspects her newest finds, arranges them into programs showing the successive stages of movie history, and writes program notes as a guide for students of motion picture art and technique.

And what do the Abbotts do in their spare time? Oh, they go to the movies. "You see," Iris explains, "I'm just a good movie fan gone wrong!"



Scrambled trio at the Biltmore Bowl: Anthony Quinn, Dorothy Lamour and Robert Preston; Dottie's been making separate films with each of them

a Shampoo isn't enough

For Dull, Drab, Lifeless Looking Hair

Any shampoo will remove dirt and dandruff, *but that's not half enough.* Dull, drab looking hair needs more than a shampoo. *It needs lustre* and a little bit of color (*like rouge to pale cheeks*) to hide that lifeless condition — then it will be full of *sparkling colored highlights.*

The New and Improved Golden Glint Shampoo and Rinse will give your hair this intriguing effect, leaving it amazingly clean — free from dulling, sticky, unrinsable shampoo scum (*same as bath tub scum*) left in the hair after most shampoos — *making it shine like glowing satin.* Then it adds a tiny color tint, hiding drab, mousey looking hair by replacing those appealing, soft, glowing colored highlights that are *so adorable in a child's hair.*

Like rouge to pale cheeks the New Golden Glint shampoo and Rinse gives the hair a healthy, peppy look, but it won't rub off. *It's really thrilling* to have hair as appealing as a baby's curls. And it is just as safe to use as makeup because the color effect isn't permanent. The New Golden Glint washes out completely.

In two minutes and for only a few cents the hidden lights in your hair will appear to have been reborn — glowing again with soft, colored, dancing highlights. *Have cleaner, brighter, more radiant hair.* Get the New and Improved Golden Glint Shampoo and Rinse at any drug, department or 10c store. *Beautiful hair* is the charm of irresistible women. Shampoo and tint with Golden Glint.

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Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 63)

★ HARVEST—Marcel Pagnol

HERE is a picture which attains power and majesty from its pure simplicity. It tells of a farmer (Gabriel Gabrio) who will not desert his land when the other villagers have felt the lure of the town and richer ground. He becomes a hermit, until comes a woman (Orane Demazis) who feels with him the tug of the land. Together they bring back the farm to its former abundance, and in doing so regain their self respect and happiness. Typical aspects of French peasant life have their place here—the village fair, the friendly talks over a bottle of wine, the sweat of honest labor, the rich provincial humor. It is a rare treat to find such depth of spirit and soundness of characterization as this film offers.

★ TWO THOROUGHBREDS—RKO-Radio

THIS studio has a habit of taking simple, unpretentious stories and turning them into little pictures that you will remember long after epics are forgotten. This time a boy named Jimmy Lydon gathers honors to himself as an orphan who finds a foal and later has to choose between his love for the horse and his honor—because he finds out people who have befriended him are the rightful owners. There is fine writing and beautiful acting here. Joan Brodel and J. M. Kerrigan are in support.

THE BIG GUY—Universal

THIS has both power and keen emotional appeal, which save it from being just another prison picture. Jackie Cooper works in a garage and invents a new design for a motor. Convicts, through Jonathan Hale, arrange to have Jackie drive them after an escape and they use Victor McLaglen, the warden, as a shield. Young Cooper gets into all sorts of serious trouble as the result of this, as you can imagine. He and McLaglen work very well together.

THE CISCO KID AND THE LADY—20th Century-Fox

JUST at first you may be disconcerted by the fact that the *Cisco Kid* is no longer Warner Baxter, but Cesar Romero. Cesar steps into Baxter's boots with grace and humor, however, doing an excellent spot of acting. It's too bad the picture itself isn't anything to talk about; the *Kid* and his band save a mine for an orphan child. Gloria Ann White is a pleasant child and Virginia Field is terrific as the dance-hall girl.

THAT'S RIGHT—YOU'RE WRONG—RKO-Radio

THEY brought Kay Kyser and his band out to do a picture, and everyone said it was bound to be a weak number. When it was finished the studio thought they had one of the big hits of the year. It might just possibly be. Kyser's College of Musical Knowledge is featured, his personality is very screenable, and the story holds together. It deals with the problem of a band leader brought to Hollywood for the movies; his group goes grand on him and so he goes grand on them. Adolphe Menjou plays the producer, May Robson is fine as Kay's grandmother and you'll especially like Ginny Simms, who sings.

★ DESTRY RIDES AGAIN—Universal

MARLENE DIETRICH comes back to Hollywood and pictures with a bang. Joe Pasternak has produced a Western thriller, not to end all Westerns but to give them something to aim at, for it's a honey. Much of the action takes place in the town saloon, where Brian Donlevy and his gang of murderers hold out, aided by the honky-tonk queen. When Brian shoots the sheriff the mayor appoints the town drunk, Charles Winninger, to take office; Winninger sends for *Tom Destry, Jr.,* famous son of a famous father, played by Jimmy Stewart. Jimmy refuses to tote guns, thus becoming a laughing stock until he sets out to clean up the town by different methods. Marlene, dressed and looking something like a slim Mae West, has a classic fight with Una Merkel and falls in love with Jimmy. Others in the cast are Irene Hervey and Mischa Auer.

THE NIGHT OF NIGHTS—Paramount

HERE'S Pagliacci in a kind of drawn-out Laugh-Clown-Laugh story, with Pat O'Brien playing the lugubrious funnyman. He slips up on his responsibilities and as a result his wife, a bareback rider, dies. To the gutter goes Pat, until twenty years later he meets his daughter, Olympe Bradna. The film has good pathos until it goes too far, which may be said of the last half. Roland Young and Reginald Gardiner help.

CAFE HOSTESS—Columbia

THIS rather sordid little story concerns Ann Dvorak, a café "B"-girl who is far too nice for her job of dancing with out-of-town-businessmen and lifting their wallets. Preston Foster, a sailor who's been around some, you bet, catches her when she tries her sweet little tricks on him. There's a lot of action, a fine brawl, and Wynne Gibson in addition.

TOWER OF LONDON—Universal

BRRRR—those 15th Century Englishmen! It's amazing that Britain survives today. Imagine Basil Rathbone as the unscrupulous prince who's busy killing off everyone who stands between him and the throne; then think of what fun he'd have with all the torture devices of the old prison tower—and you'll have some idea of how gruesome this thing really is. It's first-rate mellerdrammer, though, and it's got Ian Hunter, Barbara O'Neil, Vincent Price and scores of others in the cast. All do good work.

THE HONEYMOON'S OVER—20th Century-Fox

NICE to see Stu Erwin sorta back in the movies again. He's teamed with Marjorie Weaver in this unassuming but brisk and often amusing film. The two of them, newlyweds, go into debt trying to keep up with the country-club set. The various tribulations set forth may be recognizable to some of you. Patric Knowles, June Gale, E. E. Clive and others work away for dear life in supporting roles.

THE COVERED TRAILER—Republic

THE *Higgins* family decide to take a trip to South America on *Pa's* insurance money. Then *Ma* tells the agent *Pa* is only forty-four, instead of forty-five, and so he can't get his dough for another year. To save face with the neighbors, the family go with *Grandpa* in his trailer for a fishing trip. The boat they'd intended to take burns, with all lives lost, and *Pa's* bank assistant, thinking he's dead, takes $100,000 and pretends *Pa* did it. That's the setup, and out of it the *Higgins* family make the best of the series so far. The Gleasons and the usual cast carry on.

LEGION OF THE LAWLESS—RKO-Radio

YOU know, these George O'Brien pictures, although they never seem to get around to the big city theaters, have an enormous following. This one is a honey, full of pace and excitement. There's the usual business about a lawless town and a horde of vigilantes and a pretty girl (Virginia Vale in this case) and George fixing everything up in short order. Herbert Hayward, Hugh Southern and others help.

JOE AND ETHEL TURP CALL ON THE PRESIDENT—M-G-M

HERE'S the first of another series. If you read Damon Runyon's column you'll recognize *Joe Turp* and his wife *Ethel.* The idea is that *Joe* and *Ethel* are pretty mad because their mailman, beloved on that beat for years, has been fired—so they go directly to the President to protest. Mr. Big is in a mood to listen, and he does; and that's the picture. Be warned that after the unique idea has had a chance to soak in, you'll yawn a little. Ann Sothern is *Ethel,* William Gargan, *Joe,* and Lewis Stone is the President. He's always so good. Annie Sothern is swell, too.

CITY IN DARKNESS—20th Century-Fox

WE are going to have a form review of the *Chan* series printed, they pop up so often. Then we could just fill in the blanks with "Good" or "Fair" and what city the piece has as its locale. This one happens in Paris during the blackouts, is only fair, and shows *Chan* dealing with a spy ring. Sidney Toler as *Chan,* Lynn Bari and the rest are as usual.

★ DAY-TIME WIFE—20th Century-Fox

THIS is nothing to make you stay awake nights after seeing it, but Tyrone Power is at his youthful best in light comedies and it's all very refreshing after "Suez" and "The Rains Came," and all. Spirited Linda Darnell has the plum part of Ty's wife; in the picture, though, it's not all plush and profile on account of Ty not having very good morals and on account of Wendy Barrie, his secretary. Of course, it's just the old secretary-wife-husband triangle, with Binnie Barnes the wise older woman who sets Linda on the right path. This leads to Warren William and complications. Gregory Ratoff directed and you'll have a pleasant evening at it.

NICK CARTER, MASTER DETECTIVE—M-G-M

—or, The Case of the Missing Rocket-Ship Blueprints. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer makes no effort to disguise the fact that this is a dime novel, brought to the screen. Rita Johnson is cast as the heroine who gets the all-important plane into the air after a gun battle in the desert, and Walter Pidgeon is the intrepid *Nick,* who finds those blueprints X-rayed on a spy's back. Henry Hull, Addison Richards, Donald Meek and lots of others busily make obstacles for *Nick* to surmount.

REMEMBER THE NIGHT—Paramount

EVEN Fred MacMurray and Barbara Stanwyck can't pull this out of the average class. It's the familiar tale of the young District Attorney and wayward girl. When he exposes her to a good old-fashioned Christmas back home in Indiana with *Mother,* Beulah Bondi, and spinster *aunt,* Elizabeth Patterson, the to-be-expected reform takes place. Plenty of sweetness and light, but you're not likely to remember the night you saw this.

Brief Reviews

(Continued from page 6)

COWBOY QUARTERBACK, THE—Warners

Bert Wheeler's first solo without the late Bob Woolsey is a dated story of a hick football player who gets into big time. Gamblers try a frame-up and it looks bad until Bert's girl, Marie Wilson, comes along. Gloria Dickson helps a little. (*Nov.*)

DANCING CO-ED—M-G-M

When Lee Bowman, movie dancer, finds he will need a new partner, publicity agent Roscoe Karns tosses a co-ed contest. Lana Turner, a Broadway hoofer, turns college girl for the stunt; Richard Carlson, newshound for the school paper, starts an investigation. There's a surprise ending when Ann Rutherford enters the contest. Artie Shaw gets hot with his clarinet. (*Nov.*)

★ DAY THE BOOKIES WEPT, THE—RKO-Radio

Good comedy, with Joe Penner at his best. He's a cab driver in love with Betty Grable. His pals send him to buy a horse and, of course he gets stuck. But when Betty discovers the old nag loves liquor—do they have fun! And so will you. (*Dec.*)

DISPUTED PASSAGE—Paramount

A forceful melodrama dealing with the struggle of a young doctor (John Howard) to choose between science and love for Dorothy Lamour. Akim Tamiroff plays an older physician who ruins the romantic setup. When Dottie marches off to China and Howard follows, Tamiroff must decide whether to stick to his guns or—(*Dec.*)

★ DUST BE MY DESTINY—Warners

A depressing, although gripping study of social problems, with John Garfield again imprisoned unjustly. As a result, he hates everything—except Priscilla Lane. But, finally, out of tragedy comes readjustment. Garfield turns in the performance you've come to expect of him. (*Nov.*)

★ DRUMS ALONG THE MOHAWK—20th Century-Fox

Claudette Colbert and Henry Fonda are at their best in this saga of the heroism of up-state New York pioneers in their fights against the Indians. Edna May Oliver is superb in the role of the widow who takes Hank and his bride in when the Mohawks burn their home. Well worth seeing. (*Jan.*)

★ END OF A DAY—Juno Films

Poignant drama, this French film dealing with a group of aged Thespians living in the memories of past triumphs and failures. The fine cast is headed by Victor Francen, Louis Jouvet and Michel Simon. (*Jan.*)

★ ESPIONAGE AGENT—Warners

Full of thrills, and sufficiently timely to make your hair stand on end. Joel McCrea is the Nemesis of spies. He marries one (Brenda Marshall) and when what she's done catches up with her, Joel resigns his post to help her run down the ringleader. George Bancroft, Jeffrey Lynn and others complete the cast. (*Dec.*)

★ ETERNALLY YOURS—Wangers-U.A.

You'll like this story in which Loretta Young marries master magician David Niven and becomes his associate in a magic act. However, David's femme fans are too fond of him, so Loretta does a disappearing act that is a dilly; divorces David and marries Broderick Crawford; but David won't give up. Billie Burke, ZaSu Pitts and Raymond Walburn rustle up a brace of laughs. (*Nov.*)

EVERYBODY'S HOBBY—Warners

A new family-cycle picture—with stamp-collector Irene Rich the mother of a family of hobbyists. Daughter Jean Sharon collects photograph records; brother Jackie Moran is an amateur radio bug; father Henry O'Neill is a camera fiend. Fun for juveniles. (*Nov.*)

EVERYTHING'S ON ICE—RKO-Radio

Little Irene Dare zips across ice like a miniature Henie in this amusing, but unimportant, film. Fourflusher Roscoe Karns takes his nieces Irene and Lynne Roberts to Florida where he lives in high style, hoping to marry off Lynne. Of course, he chooses another fourflusher. (*Nov.*)

FAST AND FURIOUS—M-G-M

A murder mystery built around a beauty pageant, with bathing beauties, a lion-taming act and villains bumping people off. Ann Sothern plays Franchot Tone's gum-chewing wife. Lee Bowman, Ruth Hussey and sundry beauties co-operate. (*Dec.*)

★ FIFTH AVENUE GIRL—RKO-Radio

Ginger Rogers has another hit, and it's as cute as punch. A man who is being ignored by his wife pretends romance with a pretty down-at-the-heels girl to make his wife jealous. You can imagine the complications, especially when the man is Walter Connolly, the wife is Verree Teasdale and the innocent peak of the isosceles is Ginger. (*Nov.*)

FIGHT FOR PEACE, THE—Warwick-Monogram

A medley of authentic newsreels and graphic cartoons issued for the purpose of promoting anti-war sentiment. Its fragmentary record of dying monarchies and flourishing dictatorships, from the cause of the First World War, up to the eve of the present conflict is well worth seeing. (*Dec.*)

★ FIRST LOVE—Universal

What this lacks in suspense, it makes up in gaiety and charm. Deanna Durban plays a modern Cinderella; her Prince Charming is new Bob Stack; the servants, her collective Fairy Godmother. Leatrice Joy, as her screwy aunt; Helen Parrish, as the meany cousin; Eugene Pallette, as the uncle (and good), and Kathleen Howard, as the eccentric schoolmarm add to the film's liveliness. (*Jan.*)

FIVE LITTLE PEPPERS AND HOW THEY GREW—Columbia

Maybe you loved the *Peppers* when you were six, but this is a bit thick for adults. Edith Fellows, Clarence Kolb and Dorothy Peterson follow the script dutifully. All the *Little Peppers* are so virtuous, and this has the expected effect on a meanie when he is quarantined in their house. (*Dec.*)

FLYING DEUCES, THE—RKO-Radio

Laurel and Hardy are up to their old tricks—this time as enlistees of the Foreign Legion. It's all slapstick. Jean Parker and Reggie Gardiner add to the cast. (*Jan.*)

FULL CONFESSION—RKO-Radio

Victor McLaglen, in another "Informer" role, plays a criminal who thinks he is expiring, confesses a murder to priest Joseph Calleia, then recovers. It's Calleia's job to make him confess to the law. Sally Eilers has a small role. (*Nov.*)

GIRL FROM RIO—Monogram

An indifferent production, in which Movita is forced to leave Rio on the eve of her debut as a singer, in order to help her brother out of a jam. She gets a job in a night club and hunts down the real meanie. Warren Hull and Alan Baldwin contribute. (*Nov.*)

★ GOLDEN BOY—Columbia

Clifford Odet's famous play introduces William Holden as the emotionally unstable musician who forsakes a career in the arts for one in the prize ring. He is caught up by unscrupulous racketeers who shove him to eventual downfall. Barbara Stanwyck, Adolphe Menjou and others help the definite "A" mood of the production with their work. It's excellent drama. (*Nov.*)

HAWAIIAN NIGHTS—Universal

A happy little story, this. Johnny Downs plays the son of a hotel owner who loses his job when he organizes a band. He takes his musical lads to Hawaii and makes a success of his father's rival. Comes romance in the person of Constance Moore. Matty Malneck's orchestra is swell. (*Nov.*)

HERE I AM A STRANGER—20th Century-Fox

Richard Greene and Richard Dix combine talents here and both are good. Greene, raised by his mother and stepfather, meets his real father. The piece is the emotional adjustment of the two. Gladys George plays the mother. (*Dec.*)

HERO FOR A DAY—Universal

Football time is here. Charley Grapewin, ex-football star and now a night watchman, is used for a publicity stunt by his alma mater. He becomes a male "Apple Annie." Meanwhile, Dick Foran carries the ball, and lovely Anita Louise falls in love with him. (*Dec.*)

★ HOLLYWOOD CAVALCADE—20th Century-Fox

A gay history of movieland, told in terms of drama and slapstick, rainbowed by Technicolor and gorgeously acted throughout. A would-be director, Don Ameche, discovers a would-be star, Alice Faye, and brings her to Hollywood. She falls in love with him, but marries Alan Curtis. The tangle of their love serves as a plot on which to hand such milestones as the Keystone Kops and Sennett Bathing Beauties. See it. (*Dec.*)

★ HONEYMOON IN BALI—Paramount

This has color and glamour, and Fred MacMurray and Madeleine Carroll on a South Sea Island. You see, Madeleine is a business woman content with her unromantic lot until earthy Mr. MacMurray comes along. Then Sex, à la Tropics, intrudes. You'll like Helen Broderick and little Carolyn Lee, too. (*Dec.*)

HOUSEKEEPER'S DAUGHTER, THE—Roach-U.A.

A rich boy who turns reporter accidentally uncovers a gangster murder. Joan Bennett is his housekeeper's offspring and despite the fact she is a reformed gangland moll, she gets the hero. Adolphe Menjou and John Hubbard try hard. (*Dec.*)

★ INDIANAPOLIS SPEEDWAY—Warners

Smash-bang entertainment in which Pat O'Brien is cast as a cocky racing driver who wants to help his kid brother, John Payne, at the racing game, but gets mad at him when he falls for Ann Sheridan. There's an accidental killing when Pat gets drunk, and some wonderful racing shots. (*Jan.*)

IRISH LUCK—Monogram

Here we have Frankie Darro playing a bellhop whose father is mysteriously slain. Frankie sets out to discover the murderer. He's quite engaging and Mantan Moreland, a colored fellow, turns in an interesting performance. (*Nov.*)

★ INTERMEZZO, A LOVE STORY—Selznick International

This is art in the cinema. It's a love interlude in the lives of concert pianist Ingrid Bergman (new to our screen and strangely compelling) and violinist Leslie Howard. Edna Best plays the wife whom Leslie leaves for his romantic idyl with Ingrid. There's charm to the story. (*Dec.*)

★ JUDGE HARDY AND SON—M-G-M

This series gets better with each new chapter. Mickey Rooney finds himself in difficulties when he is too cocksure of winning a cash prize for an essay. But financial disaster is averted when he finds the missing daughter of his father's client. Martha O'Driscoll, a new character, is good, and you know what to expect from Mickey and Lewis Stone. (*Jan.*)

KATIA—Mayer-Burstyn

There's little dramatic punch in this story which traces the devotion of *Czar Alexander II* (John Loder) for his mistress, the *Princess Katia* (Danielle Darrieux), who finally becomes his wife; however pictorially speaking, this French film is beautiful. Marie Helene Daste, as the ailing *Czarina*, dominates every scene she is in. (*Dec.*)

KID NIGHTINGALE—Warner

This singing John Payne really looks promising. Here he's a prize fighter who warbles when he isn't fighting. Walter Catlett, fight manager, takes him in hand and leads him at last to a chance at the championship. Jane Wyman furnishes the romantic interest. Action flies along at a fancy pace. (*Dec.*)

LAW OF THE PAMPAS—Paramount

Another *Hopalong Cassidy*, in which Bill Boyd is assigned to deliver cattle in South America, and uncovers two murders en route. There's romance in the person of Steffi Duna. Sidney Blackmer and Pedro de Cordoba help a lot. (*Jan.*)

LITTLE ACCIDENT—Universal

Baby Sandy's awfully cute, but not cute enough to carry this. Hugh Herbert is cast as a baby-columnist of a newspaper and finds Sandy abandoned in his office. This leads to a contest, in which Sandy is entered. (*Jan.*)

MAN THEY COULD NOT HANG, THE—Columbia

Boris Karloff, a mad scientist who can bring the dead back to life, is interrupted in the midst of an experiment; the police think his victim is dead and convict Karloff of murder. He sets out to kill the judge, jury and district attorney. Roger Pryor, Lorna Gray and Robert Wilcox try to cope with it all. (*Nov.*)

★ MARX BROTHERS AT THE CIRCUS—M-G-M

The Marx Brothers team up with a whole menagerie this time when they come to the rescue of Kenny Baker, who is about to lose his circus and pretty Florence Rice to the villainous Fritz Feld. Harpo and Chico give their usual funny solos. There are plenty of circus acts, camels, elephants and a lovely gorilla. (*Nov.*)

MEET DR. CHRISTIAN—RKO-Radio

If you like a homey film, this is your dish. Jean Hersholt plays the village practitioner who heals with word as well as pill. In the first of this series, he's trying to establish a hospital in the town. Marcia Mae Jones, Jackie Moran, Dorothy Lovett, Robert Baldwin and Paul Harvey support. (*Jan.*)

★ MR. SMITH GOES TO WASHINGTON—Columbia

This is a kind of "Mr. Deeds," in which lanky Jimmy Stewart ambles about Washington like a streamlined version of Lincoln. He gets mixed up in dirty politics, but sticks to his ideals through the urgings of his hard-boiled secretary, Jean Arthur. There's a rousing climax in the Senate. Edward Arnold and Claude Rains are the political villains. The entire cast contribute fine performances, but it's Capra's direction that makes this. (*Nov.*)

MUTINY IN THE BIG HOUSE—Monogram

Based on a Colorado prison riot of 1929, Charles Bickford plays a priest who sacrifices self for unfortunate criminals. Dennis Moore and Barton MacLane do especially good work. (*Jan.*)

★ NINOTCHKA—M-G-M

Greta Garbo brings a smile to her face and a rare buoyancy to her step in the role of a lieutenant in the Russian army who is sent to Paris to find out why the sale of government-owned jewels has not been consummated. The attractive Melvyn Douglas convinces her that love is more important than the benefit of the masses. The sophistication of Ina Claire is a perfect foil for the amusing performance Garbo turns in. (*Nov.*)

★ NURSE EDITH CAVELL—RKO-Radio

Remember the execution of Edith Cavell, the English nurse who started an undercover system of helping wounded Allies to safety during the World War? As that nurse, Anna Neagle turns in a performance worthy of Academy Award attention. Edna May Oliver, ZaSu Pitts and May Robson contribute fine work, too. (*Nov.*)

$1,000 A TOUCHDOWN—Paramount

There's no sense to this, but it's funny. Martha Raye's broke, sells her house to keep the college open, discovers Joe E. Brown, descendant of a long line of actors, so she turns the place into a dramatic school, starts a football team and puts claustrophobic Joe in it. Guess who wins. (*Dec.*)

ON YOUR TOES—Warners

Broadway's musical suffers as filmfare. Eddie Albert plays the hoofer who writes a great American Ballet, joins up with a traveling Russian company and falls for the premiére danseuse, Zorina. The ballets are delightful. (*Jan.*)

OUR NEIGHBORS, THE CARTERS—Paramount

More small-town melodrama, with Mr. Average Citizen having his troubles keeping a family to-

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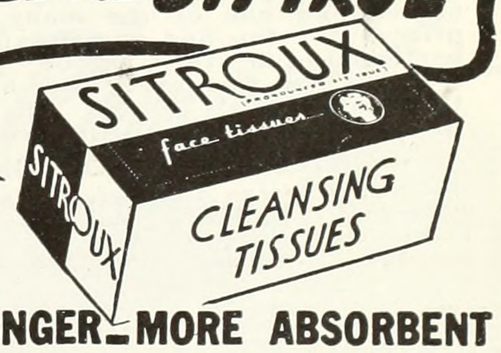

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gether. Frank Craven and Fay Bainter carry the burden of the story. Edmund Lowe, Genevieve Tobin and others carry on.

PACK UP YOUR TROUBLES—20th Century-Fox

Time: The last World War. Place: France. Plot: The Ritz Brothers, a vaudeville team, unable to get bookings because of their German name, join the army. In France they team up with Jane Withers, whose father, Joseph Schildkraut, is a spy. There's bombing and blasting—but little entertainment value here. (*Dec.*)

PRIDE OF THE BLUEGRASS—Warners

This is the story of a blind horse, but added to the pathos there's laughter and warm sentimentality. Edith Fellows, James McCallion and Granville Bates are the troupers.

★ PRIVATE LIVES OF ELIZABETH AND ESSEX, THE—Warners

You may feel that this is lacking in the fire that Queen Elizabeth's lusty to-do with Lord Essex might have inspired, but Bette Davis, as the evil-tempered, enamored-of-power Queen delights in her role, and Errol Flynn, as Essex, is magnificent to look upon. The grandeur of that court, the vital color of a nation not yet effete called for Technicolor. Donald Crisp, Olivia de Havilland, Vincent Price, Henry Daniell and Alan Hale add to the high quality of the production. (*Dec.*)

★ RAINS CAME, THE—20th Century-Fox

Louis Bromfield's story of a group of people caught in the flood and earthquake of India; the effect upon each when disaster, disease and death touch them, is transferred to the screen with compelling fidelity. Tyrone Power, Myrna Loy and George Brent give the top performances of their careers; with Maria Ouspenskaya, H. B. Warner, Joseph Schildkraut and Brenda Joyce following close on their heels. (*Nov.*)

REMEMBER?—M-G-M

This has sparkling moments—but the trio, Robert Taylor, Greer Garson, Lew Ayres, deserves more. Bob is an advertising genius who steals Greer away from her fiance, Lew. They marry, fight, divorce, but Lew doses them up with a drug that makes them forget. Whereupon the piece becomes a bedroom farce. (*Jan.*)

RENO—RKO-Radio

Intended to be an epic of Reno when it was a silver mining town, Richard Dix brings this up to date by thinking up the "Easy Divorce" plan. His wife, Gail Patrick, takes advantage of it, as does his daughter, Anita Louise. Picture lacks pace. (*Jan.*)

RETURN OF DR. X., THE—Warners

Wow! what a murder mystery—and with Humphrey Bogart thrown in as further nightmare material. Wayne Morris, reporter, finds actress Lya Lys murdered. She turns up later to sue his paper. Another person is found murdered by the same sort of wound, and no evidence of blood. Then Humphrey, as *Dr. Xavier*, turns out to have been electrocuted two years ago. Boo! (*Nov.*)

RIO—Universal

The story of what happens to the trusted wife of a French convict has Victor McLaglen as the friend of Basil Rathbone, who is the French capitalist under conviction. Sigrid Gurie is the wife, and Robert Cummings the young American she falls for in Rio. There's a good escape sequence and some bloody killing. (*Dec.*)

ROARING TWENTIES, THE—Warners

Those mad, prosperous, Prohibition Twenties! The story starts when World War veteran Jimmy Cagney looks up a girl who has been writing to him and discovers she is Priscilla Lane. Circumstances draw him into the liquor racket, take him through the market crash, and into the depression when Priscilla finds happiness with his buddy, Jeffrey Lynn. Gladys George, Frank McHugh and Humphrey Bogart have supporting roles. (*Dec.*)

RULERS OF THE SEA—Paramount

A rousting story of the first Atlantic crossing in a steam-driven boat, with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. playing the young mate who has faith in steam. Will Fyffe is superb as the Scotch inventor of steam motors. George Bancroft plays a die-hard sailing skipper, and Margaret Lockwood is appealing. (*Dec.*)

SCANDAL SHEET—Columbia

This is completely wacky. Otto Kruger is a newspaper publisher with a secret son (Eddie Norris); a girl friend (Ona Munson); and a penchant for homicide. He kills off one of his employees to get records of Norris' birth. (*Jan.*)

SECRET OF DR. KILDARE, THE—M-G-M

Lew Ayres is still the young assistant doctor, assigned this time to find out what's the matter with Helen Gilbert, an heiress. When Lionel Barrymore collapses (for the sake of the plot) Lew pretends he's more interested in the heiress' millions than in his work, so his chief will take a rest. Laraine Day is still the young doctor's sweetheart. (*Jan.*)

SMASHING THE MONEY RING—Warners

A piece about prison and convicts—and a particularly exciting jail break. Ronald Reagan plays G-Man; Eddie Foy offers comedy, and Margot Stevenson furnishes romance. (*Jan.*)

STAR MAKER, THE—Paramount

Bing Crosby's newest vehicle is no bargain, darn it! It's the story of Gus Edwards, kiddie impresario. Bing plays the poor songwriter who marries Louise Campbell, refuses to take an ordinary job and conceives the idea of offering children to the public as entertainment. This introduces songstress Linda Ware; Walter Damrosch leads a symphony orchestra; Bing sings; Ned Sparks and Laura Hope Crews contribute comedy. (*Nov.*)

STOP, LOOK AND LOVE—20th Century-Fox

"Marrying daughter off" is cleverly exploited here. Minna Gombell plays the mother who, married to William Frawley, expends her energy to find a husband for daughter Jean Rogers. Jean finds Bob Kellard, but Mama almost ruins the romance. (*Nov.*)

SUED FOR LIBEL—RKO-Radio

A murder picture with a new twist. Morgan Conway is acquitted of murder, Reporter Linda Hayes pulls a trick on a rival pressman by telling him the verdict's "guilty." Kent Taylor dramatizes the thing on the air and Conway sues. Linda and Kent dig into his past and find he's plenty guilty. (*Jan.*)

THAT THEY MAY LIVE—Mayer-Burstyn

A strong dose of propaganda—a World War veteran is convinced that his comrades have not died in vain. When the call to arms comes again, he turns to the War dead. They arise, mutilated and bloody and accuse the world of breaking its pledge for peace. Victor Francen is splendid. (*Jan.*)

THOSE HIGH GREY WALLS—Columbia

This is a psychological study of a fear trauma. Walter Connolly is sent to prison for doctoring a wounded convict. And it's the prison physician, Onslow Stevens, who has the fear complex. Connolly gives his usual fine performance. (*Jan.*)

THREE SONS—RKO-Radio

It's the story of a man whose consuming interest in life is his department store, and who wants his boys to follow in his footsteps. Only they don't. There isn't much to keep you fascinated. Edward Ellis plays the father, Kent Taylor, Robert Stanton and Dick Hogan the offspring (*Dec.*)

THUNDER AFLOAT—M-G-M

Captain Wally Beery lives on a tugboat with his daughter, Virginia Grey, until a Boche sub puts them off and sinks the tug. Beery joins the Navy so he can get revenge but his former rival, Chester Morris, is now his superior officer and Beery doesn't take kindly to discipline. So he takes his sub-chaser off on a solo hunt for the enemy. It's a personal battle between Beery and the subs. (*Nov.*)

TORCHY PLAYS WITH DYNAMITE—Warners

Jane Wyman takes Glenda Farrell's place in this romantic finale of the *Torchy Blane* series, when she walks off with detective Allen Jenkins. There's prison stuff, and a chase. Tom Kennedy and Bruce MacFarlane trot along with the story. (*Nov.*)

20,000 MEN A YEAR—20th Century-Fox

Not a story of Sing Sing, but of how Uncle Sam is training young men to fly. Randy Scott plays a washed-up professional pilot who takes a job as flying instructor, rescues some lost flyers and shares the fade-out with Margaret Lindsay. (*Jan.*)

TWO BRIGHT BOYS—Universal

Freddie Bartholomew and Melville Cooper, son and father, live by their wits, get in the clutches of Alan Dinehart, who uses them to make a grab at oil lands owned by Jackie Cooper and his mother, Dorothy Peterson. The boys do nice jobs. (*Dec.*)

UNDER-PUP, THE—Universal

Cinema history is made in this with the discovery of a new singing star—eleven-year-old Gloria Jean. The story is a simple one: A poor girl wins a contest and is taken to a rich girls' camp. All the pampered darlings snoot Gloria—except little Virginia Weidler, but Gloria works out her problems with the aid of Billy Gilbert, Kenneth Brown and Billy Lenhart. Nan Grey and Robert Cummings supply romance. See this. (*Nov.*)

★ WHAT A LIFE—Paramount

An amusing picture in which Jackie Cooper, an adolescent trying to make adjustments peculiar to his particular age, walks away with a difficult assignment. Betty Field, Cooper's sweetheart; James Corner, his rival; John Howard and Kathleen Lockhart all deliver good performances. (*Dec.*)

WOMEN, THE—M-G-M

Clare Boothe's Broadway success is an uncompromising story of the eternal battle of women for males and money. Norma Shearer is excellent as the devoted mother and wife, and Joan Crawford is in there slugging as the hard-bitten clerk who uses every wile to catch Norma's husband. The fat part fell to Roz Russell and she made capital of it. Mary Boland and Joan Fontaine are grand. Both sexes will have fun. (*Nov.*)

Categorically Speaking

Bill as Seen by Myrna Loy

(Continued from page 20)

ings that are there today—that might be Bill. Sometimes he is like a winding street lined with old book shops and art galleries, but with a chrome pavement.

WHAT DRINK?

A potent looking cocktail in a tall, narrow glass of fine crystal. The stuff would be just as potent as you thought it would be, too.

TREE?

Trimmed cypress, extremely decorative; because of its position in the garden or for some other reason, it would serve a practical purpose. I think it would unexpectedly poke its roots up in the middle of the lawn, furthermore.

BIRD?

A shiny black parrot with something to say, possessing a fund of very funny and not always conservative anecdotes. He'd be a very wise bird, and he'd have one drooping eyelid and bright, cynical eyes. He'd be so amusing he'd earn his seeds, but even so he'd worry a lot about the coming winter, possibly even going so far as to store up a lot of crackers against the improbable day when no one would feed him any longer. And he'd have a platinum cage, in which he would lead a fastidious life, observing what went on around him and making spectacular comments.

LITERATURE?

"Conversation Piece," by Noel Coward; much of Saki, some of Oscar Wilde's epigrams; lately, the Book of Job, it would seem; a work on economics, some Schopenhauer, and a history of acting.

SPORT OR GAME?

Something performed indoors, certainly, since Bill loathes exercise. Contract bridge played lying down, with automatic thingummies to shuffle and deal; table tennis with a proxie for Bill.

MAGAZINE?

He's the annual issue of Bond Street fashion plates, or a copy of next week's *New Yorker* with an etching for a cover and the financial news on the frontispiece, in bold face type. There'd be a great many smoking-room stories, remarkable for their humor; an essay on patience; the script of a good play and the recipes for ten new cocktails.

JEWEL?

A dark opal, maybe, with a mystic star or symbol inexplicably planted in it. Possibly scientists would work years trying to decipher the meaning of the symbol, only to discover that it was ancient Tibetan for "I got rhythm."

SHOES?

Handmade velvet house slippers, lined with fur—but the soles and heels would be serviceable.

FLOWER?

A carnation for the buttonhole, in deep red, chemically treated so as not to wilt.

ANIMAL?

If you can possibly imagine a race horse sitting in the attitude of "The Thinker," with a Nubian slave fanning him. . . .

Two of the most important things about Bill Powell are his ability as an actor, and his sense of humor, which is unfailing, often biting, always objective. With all the outward manifestations of a lazy, luxurious person, he is essentially a vital, superbly intelligent man.

Casts of Current Pictures

"BIG GUY, THE"—UNIVERSAL.—Screen play by Lester Cole. Original story by Wallace Sullivan and Richard K. Polimar. Directed by Arthur Lubin. Cast: *Bill Whitlock*, Victor McLaglen; *Jimmy Hutchins*, Jackie Cooper; *Mary Whitlock*, Ona Munson; *Joan Lawson*, Peggy Moran; *Dippy*, Ed Brophy; *Jack Lang*, Jonathan Hale; *Lawson*, Russell Hicks; *District Attorney*, Wallace Clark.

"CAFE HOSTESS"—COLUMBIA.—Screen play by Harold Shumate. From a story by Tay Garnett. Directed by Sidney Salkow. Cast: *Dan Walters*, Preston Foster; *Jo*, Ann Dvorak; *Eddie Morgan*, Douglas Fowley; *Annie*, Wynne Gibson; *Steve Mason*, Arthur Loft; *Budge*, Bruce Bennett; *Scotty* Eddie Acuff; *Al*, Bradley Page; *Tricks*, Linda Winters; *Daisy*, Beatrice Blinn; *Willie*, Dick Wessel; *Nellie*, Peggy Shannon.

"CISCO KID AND THE LADY, THE"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Screen play by Frances Hyland. Original story by Stanley Rauh. Suggested by the character "The Cisco Kid" created by O. Henry. Directed by Herbert I. Leeds. Cast: *Cisco Kid*, Cesar Romero; *Julie Lawson*, Marjorie Weaver; *Gordito*, Chris-Pin Martin; *Tommy Bates*, George Montgomery; *Jim Harbison*, Robert Barrat; *Billie Graham*, Virginia Field; *Teasdale*, Harry Green; *Baby*, Gloria Ann White; *Stevens*, John Beach; *Walton*, Ward Bond; *Drake*, J. Anthony Hughes; *Pop Saunders*, James Burke; *Sheriff*, Harry Hayden; *Sergeant*, James Flavin; *Ma Saunders*, Ruth Warren.

"CITY IN DARKNESS"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Screen play by Robert Ellis and Helen Logan. Based on a play by Gina Kaus and Ladislaus Fodor. Based on the character "Charlie Chan" created by Earl Derr Biggers. Directed by Herbert I. Leeds. Cast: *Charlie Chan*, Sidney Toler; *Marie Dubon*, Lynn Bari; *Tony Madero*, Richard Clarke; *Marcel*, Harold Huber; *Antoine*, Pedro de Cordoba; *Charlotte Ronnell*, Dorothy Tree; *Prefect of Police*, C. Henry Gordon; *Petroff*, Douglas Dumbrille; *Belescu*, Noel Madison; *Louis Santelle*, Leo Carroll; *Pierre*, Lon Chaney, Jr.; *Max*, Louis Mercier; *Alex*, George Davis; *Lola*, Barbara Leonard; *Landlady*, Adrienne d'Ambricourt; *Captain*, Fredrik Vogeding.

"COVERED TRAILER, THE"—REPUBLIC.—Screen play by Jack Townley. From the original story by Jack Townley and M. Coates Webster. Directed by Gus Meins. Cast: *Joe Higgins*, James Gleason; *Lil Higgins*, Lucile Gleason; *Sidney Higgins*, Russell Gleason; *Grandpa*, Harry Davenport; *Betty Higgins*, Mary Beth Hughes; *Tommy Higgins*, Tommy Ryan; *Bill*, Maurice Murphy; *Widow Jones*, Maude Eburne; *Sheriff*, Spencer Charters; *Otto*, Tom Kennedy; *Beamish*, Hobart Cavanaugh; *Cartwright*, Pierre Watkin; *Police Chief*, Frank Dae; *Doctor*, Richard Tucker; *Baltimore*, Willie Best; *Wells*, Walter Fenner.

"DAY-TIME WIFE"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Screen play by Art Arthur and Robert Harari. From the story by Rex Taylor. Directed by Gregory Ratoff. Cast: *Ken Norton*, Tyrone Power; *Jane*, Linda Darnell; *Bernard Dexter*, Warren William; *Blanche*, Binnie Barnes; *Kitty*, Wendy Barrie; *Miss Applegate*, Joan Davis; *Mrs. Dexter*, Joan Valerie; *Coco*, Leonid Kinskey; *Melbourne*, Mildred Gover; *Miss Briggs*, Renie Riano.

"DESTRY RIDES AGAIN"—UNIVERSAL.—Screen play by Felix Jackson, Gertrude Purcell and Henry Myers. From the novel by Max Brand. Directed by George Marshall. Cast: *Frenchy*, Marlene Dietrich; *Thomas J. Destry, Jr.*, James Stewart; *Wash Dimsdale*, Charles Winninger; *Boris Callahan*, Mischa Auer; *Kent*, Brian Donlevy; *Janice Tyndall*, Irene Hervey; *Lily Bell Callahan*, Una Merkel; *Gyp Watson*, Allen Jenkins; *Bugs Watson*, Warren Hymer; *Loupgerou*, Billy Gilbert; *Hiram J. Slade*, Samuel S. Hinds; *Lem Claggett*, Tom Fadden; *Jack Tyndall*, Jack Carson; *Clara*, Lillian Yarboe; *Eli Whitney Claggett*, Dickie Jones; *"Sister" Claggett*, Ann Todd.

"FOUR WIVES"—WARNERS.—Screen play by Julius J. and Philip G. Epstein. From the original story by Maurice Hanline. Directed by Michael Curtiz. Cast: *Adam Lemp*, Claude Rains; *Ann Lemp Borden*, Priscilla Lane; *Kay Lemp*, Rosemary Lane; *Thea Lemp Crowley*, Lola Lane; *Emma Lemp Talbot*, Gale Page; *Felix Dietz*, Jeffrey Lynn; *Aunt Etta*, May Robson; *Ben Crowley*, Frank McHugh; *Ernest Talbot*, Dick Foran; *Dr. Clinton Forrest, Jr.*, Eddie Albert; *Dr. Clinton Forrest, Sr.*, Henry O'Neill; *Mrs. Ridgefield*, Vera Lewis; *Frank*, John Qualen.

"GERONIMO!"—PARAMOUNT.—Screen play by Paul H. Sloane. Directed by Paul Sloane. Cast: *Capt. Starrett*, Preston Foster; *Alice Hamilton*, Ellen Drew; *Sneezer*, Andy Devine; *Rufus Gillespie*, Gene Lockhart; *Lt. John Steele, Jr.*, William Henry; *General Steele*, Ralph Morgan; *Mrs. Steele*, Marjorie Gateson; *Daisy Devine*, Kitty Kelly; *Geronimo*, Chief Thundercloud.

"GONE WITH THE WIND"—M-G-M.—Screen play by Sidney Howard. Based on the novel by Margaret Mitchell. Directed by Victor Fleming. Cast: *Brent Tarleton*, George Reeves; *Stuart Tarleton*, Fred Crane; *Scarlett O'Hara*, Vivien Leigh; *Mammy*, Hattie McDaniel; *Big Sam*, Everett Brown; *Elijah*, Zack Williams; *Gerald O'Hara*, Thomas Mitchell; *Pork*, Oscar Polk; *Ellen O'Hara*, Barbara O'Neil; *Jonas Wilkerson*, Victor Jory; *Suellen O'Hara*, Evelyn Keyes; *Carreen O'Hara*, Ann Rutherford; *Prissy*, Butterfly McQueen; *John Wilkes*, Howard Hickman; *India Wilkes*, Alicia Rhett; *Ashley Wilkes*, Leslie Howard; *Melanie Hamilton*, Olivia de Havilland; *Charles Hamilton*, Rand Brooks; *Frank Kennedy*, Carroll Nye; *Cathleen Calvert*, Marcella Martin; *Rhett Butler*, Clark Gable; *Aunt "Pittypat" Hamilton*, Laura Hope Crews; *Doctor Meade*, Harry Davenport; *Mrs. Meade*, Leona Roberts; *Mrs. Merriwether*, Jane Darwell; *René Picard*, Albert Morin; *Maybelle Merriwether*, Mary Anderson; *Fanny Elsing*, Terry Shero; *Old Levi*, William McClain; *Uncle Peter*, Eddie Anderson; *Phil Meade*, Jackie Moran; *Reminiscent Soldier*, Cliff Edwards; *Belle Watling*, Ona Munson; *Sergeant*, Ed Chandler; *Wounded Soldier*, George Hackathorne; *Convalescent Soldier*, Roscoe Ates; *Dying Soldier*, John Arledge; *Amputation Case*, Eric Linden; *Commanding Officer*, Tom Tyler; *Mounted Officer*, William Bakewell; *Bartender*, Lee Phelps; *Yankee Deserter*, Paul Hurst; *Carpet-bagger's Friend*, Ernest Whitman; *Returning Veteran*, William Sterling; *Hungry Soldier*, Louis Jean Heydt; *Emmy Slattery*, Isabel Jewell; *Yankee Major*, Robert Elliott; *Poker-playing Captains*, George Meeker and Wallis Clark; *Corporal*, Irving Bacon; *Carpet-bagger Orator*, Adrian Morris; *Johnny Gallegher*, J. M. Kerrigan; *Carpet-bagger Business Man*, Olin Howland; *Two Renegades*, Yakima Canutt and Blue Washington; *Tom, A Yankee Captain*, Ward Bond; *Bonnie Blue Butler*, Cammie King; *Beau Wilkes*, Mickey Kuhn; *Bonnie's Nurse*, Lillian Kemble Cooper.

"GREAT VICTOR HERBERT, THE"—PARAMOUNT.—Screen play by Russel Crouse and Robert Lively. Based on a story by Andrew L. Stone and Robert Lively. Directed by Andrew Stone. Cast: *John Ramsey*, Allan Jones; *Louise Hall*, Mary Martin; *Victor Herbert*, Walter Connolly; *Dr. Richard Moore*, Lee Bowman; *Peggy*, Susanna Foster; *Marie*, Judith Barrett; *Barney Harris*, Jerome Cowan; *Warner Bryant*, John Garrick.

"GREEN HELL"—UNIVERSAL.—Original story and screen play by Frances Marion. Added dialogue by Harry Hervey. Directed by James Whale. Cast: *Keith Brandon*, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.; *Stephanie Richardson*, Joan Bennett; *Scott*, John Howard; *Dr. Emil Loren*, Alan Hale; *Jim "Tex" Morgan*, George Bancroft; *David Richardson*, Vincent Price; *Forrester*, George Sanders; *Graham*, Gene Garrick; *Gracco*, Francis McDonald; *Mala*, Ray Mala; *Santos*, Peter Bronte.

"GULLIVER'S TRAVELS"—PARAMOUNT.—From the classic by Jonathan Swift. Produced by Max Fleischer. Directed by Dave Fleischer. *Singing voice of the Prince* by Lanny Ross; *Singing voice of the Princess* by Jessica Dragonette; *Voice of Gulliver* by Sam Parker; *Speaking voice of the Princess* by Lovey Warren; *Speaking voice of the Prince* by Cal Howard; *Voice of Gabby* by Pinto Colvig.

"HARVEST"—A MARCEL PAGNOL PRODUCTION.—Released in the United States by The French Cinema Center, Inc. Screen play by Jean Giono. From the novel "The Song of the World" by the same author. Directed by Marcel Pagnol. Cast: *Panturle*, Gabriel Gabrio; *Gaubert*, Edouard Delmont; *Gedemus*, Fernandel; *Arsule*, Orane Demazis; *The Sergeant*, Le Vigan; *The Gendarme*, Rollan; *L'Amoureux*, Henri Poupon; *Alphonsine*, Odette Roger; *M. Astruc*, Paul Dullac.

"HIS GIRL FRIDAY"—COLUMBIA.—Screen play by Charles Lederer. From the play "The Front Page" by Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur. Directed by Howard Hawks. Cast: *Walter Burns*, Cary Grant; *Hildy Johnson*, Rosalind Russell; *Bruce Baldwin*, Ralph Bellamy; *Sheriff Hartwell*, Gene Lockhart; *Murphy*, Porter Hall; *Bensinger*, Ernest Truex; *Endicott*, Cliff Edwards; *Mayor*, Clarence Kolb; *McCure*, Roscoe Karns; *Wilson*, Frank Jenks; *Sanders*, Regis Toomey; *Louie*, Abner Biberman; *Duffy*, Frank Orth; *Earl Williams*, John Qualen; *Mollie Malloy*, Helen Mack; *Mrs. Baldwin*, Alma Kruger; *Silas F. Pinkus*, Billy Gilbert.

"HONEYMOON'S OVER, THE"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Screen play by Hamilton MacFadden, Clay Adams and Leonard Hoffman. Based on the play "Six Cylinder Love" by William Anthony McGuire. Directed by Eugene Forde. Cast: *Donald*, Stuart Erwin; *Betty*, Marjorie Weaver; *Pat*, Patric Knowles; *Walker*, Russell Hicks; *Donroy*, Jack Carson; *Butterfield*, Hobart Cavanaugh; *Peggy*, June Gale; *Colonel Shelby*, E. E. Clive; *Annie*, Renie Riano; *Winslow*, Harrison Greene; *Mrs. Winslow* Lelah Tyler; *Burton*, Harry Hayden; *Thin Man*, Frank McGlynn, Sr.; *Higginsby*, Chester Clute; *Kellogg*, Robert Greig; *Crane*, William Davidson.

"JOE AND ETHEL TURP CALL ON THE PRESIDENT"—M-G-M.—Screen play by Melville Baker. Based on a story by Damon Runyon. Directed by Robert B. Sinclair. Cast: *Ethel Turp*, Ann Sothern; *President*, Lewis Stone; *Joe Turp*, William Gargan; *Jim*, Walter Brennan; *Kitty Crusper*, Marsha Hunt; *Johnny Crusper*, Tom Neal; *Henry Crusper*, James Bush; *Fred Crusper*, Don Costello; *Francine La Vaughn*, Muriel Hutchison; *Parker*, Jack Norton; *Mike O'Brien*, Aldrich Bowker.

"LEGION OF THE LAWLESS"—RKO-RADIO.—Screen play by Doris Schroeder. From an original story by Berne Giler. Directed by David Howard. Cast: *Jeff Toland*, George O'Brien; *Ellen Ives*, Virginia Vale; *Les Harper*, Norman Willis; *Doctor Denton*, Herbert Hayward; *Lafe Barton*, Eddie Waller; *Edwin*, Billy Benedict; *Holmes*, Bud Osborne; *Borden*, Monte Montague; *Henry Ives*, Hugh Southern; *Little Lafe*, Delmar Watson; *Ben Leighton*, Slim Whitaker; *Mrs. Barton*, Mary Field; *Watts Lane*, Jack Payne; *Mexican*, Martin Garralaga; *Hastings*, Wilfred Lucas; *Bartender*, Dick Cramer.

"LIGHT THAT FAILED, THE"—PARAMOUNT.—Screen play by Robert Carson. Based on a novel by Rudyard Kipling. Directed by William A. Wellman. Cast: *Dick Heldar*, Ronald Colman; *Torpenhow*, Walter Huston; *Maisie*, Muriel Angelus; *Bessie*, Ida Lupino; *The Nilghai*, Dudley Digges; *Beeton*, Ernest Cossart; *Madame Binat*, Ferike Boros.

"NICK CARTER, MASTER DETECTIVE"—M-G-M.—Screen play by Bertram Millhauser. Based on the story by Bertram Millhauser and Hal Buckley. Directed by Jacques Tourneur. Cast: *Nick Carter, Walter Chalmers*, Walter Pidgeon; *Lou Farnsby*, Rita Johnson; *John A. Keller*, Henry Hull; *Dr. Frankton*, Stanley C. Ridges; *Bartholomew*, Donald Meek; *Hiram Streeter*, Addison Richards; *J. Lester Hammil*, Henry Victor; *Dave Krebs*, Milburn Stone; *Otto King*, Martin Kosleck; *Pete*, Frank Faylen; *Bee catcher*, Sterling Holloway; *Cliff Parsons*, Wally Mayer; *Benny*, Edger Deering.

"NIGHT OF NIGHTS, THE"—PARAMOUNT.—Original screen play by Donald Ogden Stewart. Directed by Lewis Milestone. Cast: *Dan O'Farrell*, Pat O'Brien; *Alyce O'Farrell*, Olympe Bradna; *Barry Trimble*, Roland Young; *Michael Fordkin*, Reginald Gardiner; *Sammy Kayn*, George E. Stone; *Taxi Driver*, Frank Sully; *Doorman*, Russ Powell; *Actor*, D'Arcy Corrigan.

"OF MICE AND MEN"—HAL ROACH-UNITED ARTISTS.—Screen play by Eugene Solow. From the novel by John Steinbeck. Directed by Lewis Milestone. Cast: *George*, Burgess Meredith; *Lennie*, Lon Chaney, Jr.; *Mae*, Betty Field; *Slim*, Charles Bickford; *Candy*, Roman Bohnen; *Curley*, Bob Steele; *Whit*, Noah Beery, Jr.; *Jackson*, Oscar O'Shea; *Carlson*, Granville Bates; *Crooks*, Leigh Whipper.

"REMEMBER THE NIGHT"—PARAMOUNT.—Original screen play by Preston Sturges. Directed by Mitchell Leisen. Cast: *Lee Leander*, Barbara Stanwyck; *Jack Sargent*, Fred MacMurray; *Mrs. Sargent*, Beulah Bondi; *Aunt Emma*, Elizabeth Patterson; *Francis X. O'Leary*, Willard Robertson; *Willie*, Sterling Holloway; *Rufus*, "Snowflake"; *"Fat" Mike*, Tom Kennedy.

"THAT'S RIGHT — YOU'RE WRONG"—RKO-RADIO.—Screen play by William Conselman and James V. Kern. From the story by David Butler and William Conselman. Directed by David Butler. Cast: *Kay*, Kay Kyser; *Stacey Delmore*, Adolphe Menjou; *Grandma*, May Robson; *Sandra Sand*, Lucille Ball; *Chuck Deems*, Dennis O'Keefe; *Tom Village*, Edward Everett Horton; *Mal Stamp*, Roscoe Karns; *J. D. Forbes*, Moroni Olsen; *Dwight Cook*, Hobart Cavanaugh; *Ginny*, Ginny Simms; *Harry*, Harry Babbitt; *Ish*, Ish Kabibble; *Miss Cosgrave*, Dorothy Lovett; *Miss Brighton*, Lillian West; *Thomas*, Denis Tankard.

"TOWER OF LONDON"—UNIVERSAL.—Original screen play by Robert N. Lee. Directed by Rowland V. Lee. Cast: *Richard III*, Basil Rathbone; *Mord*, Boris Karloff; *Elyzabeth*, Barbara O'Neil; *Edward IV*, Ian Hunter; *Lady Alice Barton*, Nan Grey; *Duke of Clarence*, Vincent Price; *John Wyatt*, John Sutton; *Hastings*, Leo G. Carroll; *Henry VI*, Miles Mander; *Beacon*, Lionel Belmore; *Anne Neville*, Rose Hobart; *Isobel*, Frances Robinson; *Henry Tudor*, Ralph Forbes; *Edward, Prince of Wales*, G. P. Huntley; *Tom Clink*, Ernest Cossart; *Prince Edward*, Ronald Sinclair; *Prince Richard*, John Herbert-Bond.

"TWO THOROUGHBREDS"—RKO-RADIO.—Screen play by Joseph A. Fields and Arthur Ceasar. Based on the original story "Sunset" by Joseph A. Fields. Directed by Jack Hively. Cast: *David Carey*, Jimmie Lydon; *Wendy Conway*, Joan Brodel; *Jack Lenihan*, J. M. Kerrigan; *Thad Carey*, Arthur Hohl; *Hildy Carey*, Marjorie Main; *Bill Conway*, Selmer Jackson; *Doc Purdy*, Spencer Charters; *Mr. Reeves*, Frank M. Thomas; *Mr. Peale*, Frank Darien; *Finke*, Paul Fix; *Rancher*, Ed Neff; *Ranch Foreman*, Al Ferguson; *Cowboy*, Jack Perrin; *Truck Drivers*, Larry Blake and Bob Perry.

"WE ARE NOT ALONE"—WARNERS.—Screen play by James Hilton and Milton Krims. From the novel by James Hilton. Directed by Edmund Goulding. Cast: *Dr. David Newcome*, Paul Muni; *Leni*, Jane Bryan; *Jessica*, Flora Robson; *Gerald*, Raymond Severn; *Susan*, Una O'Connor; *Dawson*, Henry Daniell; *Major Millman*, Montagu Love; *Sir William Clintock*, James Stephenson; *Sir Guy Lockhead*, Stanley Logan; *Judge*, Cecil Kellaway; *Archdeacon*, Alan Napier; *Archdeacon's Wife*, Ely Malyon; *Tommy Baker*, Douglas Scott; *Dr. Stacey*, Crauford Kent; *Mrs. Patterson*, May Beatty; *Mr. Jones*, Billy Bevan; *Police Inspector*, Holmes Herbert; *Charley*, John Powers; *George*, Colin Kenny; *Mrs. Raymond*, Ethel Griffies.

IN DESPERATION

"I got out of the car, walked to the rear, examined the pistol to see if it was loaded. . . ." In desperation he faced eternity. . . . what had led him to this ghastly situation? . . . False standards! False standards which have led many—perhaps you among them—to cheat themselves out of the finest things of life. There is something worth thinking about in this arresting story, GOD KEPT ME FROM SUICIDE, by Joel Rand in the January issue of the nonsectarian magazine

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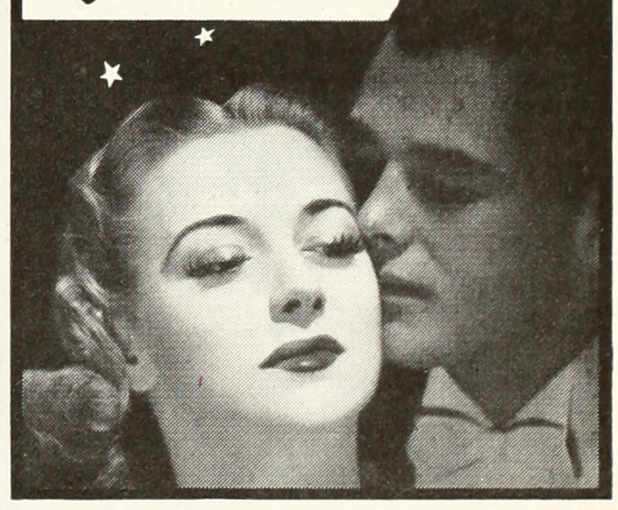

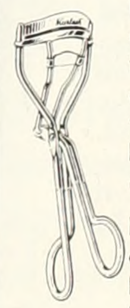

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SHOPPING FOR YOU AND THE STARS

(*Continued from page 1*)

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12

12. BATHING BEAUTY

All you need to be a bathing beauty is to let Hollywood Bath-O-Bubbles churn you up a foaming, sparkling, bubbling bath that will make a new woman of you in a twink. In you go a tired hag, and out you come rested, relaxed, and smelling like a rose. A ten-cent package will whisk up enough foam for one completely invigorating bath; or you can make it 3 for 25c or 8 for 50c. Some buy a handsome box of 20 for $1.00 and then use the box for trinkets later on. What's yours?

13. THANK YOU, GENTLEMEN

The "gents" were first to sport Gruen's Veri-Thin wrist watches. But soon the girls began to assert their rights and Gruen began to fool around with wheel-trains, for that's what they had to rearrange completely, before they could Veri-Thin their ladies' watches. They did it, however, and added pink faces too. Victorian ovals in copper-colored frames,—and that's the well-timed history of "The Mannequin"—15-jewels at $33.75, and no excuse for missing your train!

14. SONG OF INDIA

The Hindu sari done for the south by Echo (Edgar C. Hyman) into a filmy chiffon scarf embossed with gold. In black, it brings out the slinky siren in you. In pink or white, you'll have a sweet and simple season. You can switch from Maharanee to nun or simple peasant maid and make it double for an evening wrap besides, on sultry southern nights. Around $6.00!

15. "BABUSHKA"

"Babushka," you know, is Russian for "your little grandmother." But if this bit of fluff looks anything like an old lady's hat to you, we'll eat our Babushka, and yours too! The younger generation skates in Babushkas, slides in them, skis in them, hikes in them. What about you? They come in corduroy rimmed with mouton; in red velvet dripping with mink tails; or in black velvet with snowy bunny, all at around $2.00 each. How many please?

16. ROAMING WITH "ROVER"

Taking a train? A boat? A plane? No matter! Wherever you go, take Mendel-Drucker's "Rover" with you. It'll take six dresses on hangers, shoes galore in a special shoe-section; and there's a tremendous Talon-fastened pocket besides, for all the little things that rattle around. "Rover" is yours for a grand get-away, in natty Bermuda brown striped tweed, elegantly lined in brown moiré, for $20.00!

17. THREE SILENT MESSENGERS

For "Silent Messengers," these three Lentheric bouquets (Tweed, Miracle, À Bientot or Shanghai), pack a powerful message of sweetness. You can scent yourself with one; your bureau drawers with another; and your bed linens and closets with the third. Lentheric calls this the "Bal Masque Presentation," and does it up proud in a brand new bandbox of turquoise and gold—a pretty pick-up for any dressing table. Under $2.00.

18. THE WORLD GOES WITH YOU

Why leave the world you know and love behind you when you travel? Zenith's Long Distance Portable will pluck it for you out of the air with the new Wavemagnet that works like magic when all else fails—in planes—in boats—in motor cars. Such a self-sufficient little radio, too, that works on batteries when you travel, or plugs into A.C. or D.C. current at home. No aerials needed; no ground wires either. All you do need, in fact, is around $30.00 and the world goes with you on your travels, neatly condensed into a striped tweed case.

19. LADY INTO TIGRESS

How would you like a passionate perfume that leaves them panting in the aisles? It's Faberge's new "Tigress," a siren-scent if ever there was one, sister to the naughty "Aphrodysia" that in the language of the boys themselves just "burns them up!" Even the streamlined flacons have tawny, tiger-striped velvet tops. This is the perfume that gets—and holds—your man, at $2.00 for the purse-size flacon, or $33.00 for four ounces of liquid fire! Eau de Cologne from $1.50 up.

20. FLOWERS OR FRIENDS?

Have you tried flowers for your dinner table, only to have your husband scream, "Take those d— things off. How do you expect anyone to see over them!" To keep the family peace, Norton designed a centerpiece that will silence husbands forever—a low glass log with a tube of water running through it, and six little niches for short-stemmed flowers. The initial investment is $7.50, but the upkeep is practically nothing. A few pennies worth of flowers handsomely decorate your table without in the least obscuring your friends.

21. WANT A NEW FACE?

Hampden's Powd'r-Base will give it to you in a handy stick that you rub over the features you want to play up or down and—presto!—you've brought out a cheek bone, reduced a jowl or minimized a biggish nose. It's as easy as that because darker foundations conceal features by making them less noticeable; while lighter shades highlight and emphasize what you've got. You've never known a better base for powder, either, or a more satisfactory rouge in just as handy a little stick. 25c, 50c or $1.00 each, depending on size.

22. MASON-DIXON DUET

Criterion makes belts and Ritter makes bags, and between them they hatched an intriguing bag-and-belt duet to spice your southern wardrobe. The plot involves seven lucky colors—Chip red, Click coral, Chance blue, Charm turquoise, Casino rose, Clover green and Coin gold suede, whipped into a zipper pouch with soft, sash-handle, and a matching belt with deftly draped bow. The bag's a winner at $3.00; the belt comes in at half the price, $1.50.

23. BUILD-UP FROM BOWS

Here's a handsome hide-away for bows—a Bali bra that whittles your middle down to a new low, and raises and rounds what you've got above it into a new high. The bow serves to separate—a frivolous insert of net that's as decorative as it is devoted to its duty. A lot of uplift for very little cash—$1.00 in broadcloth; $1.50 in satin or lace.

24. WHO'LL BUY THESE VIOLETS?

Who wouldn't, to take down south and wear with low-cut evening gowns! A bib, a bracelet and earrings, dripping with lovely, lush violets and snow-white berries draped from an acetate chain. The bib, $3.00; the bracelet, $2.00; the earrings, $2.00!

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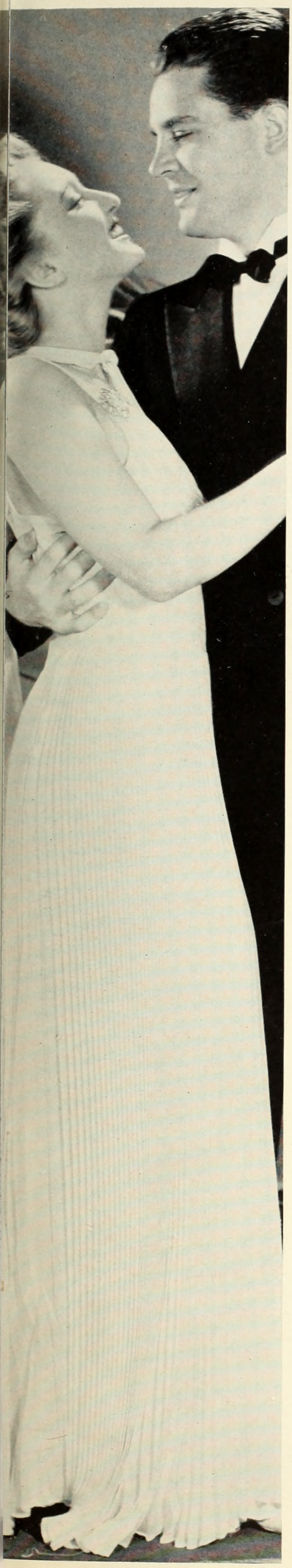

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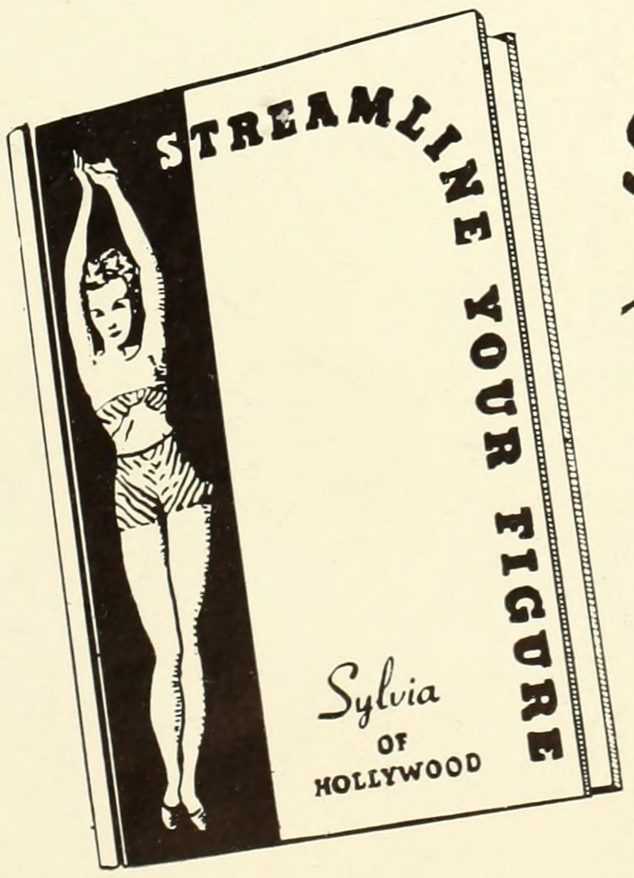

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At left: ACTUAL COLOR PHOTOGRAPH. James Callis, North Carolina farmer, shows Miss Agnes Williams — from a near-by farm — a tobacco plant in flower, from the fine crop he has raised by U. S. Government methods.

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new ideas helped make tobacco better than ever

...and Luckies bought the top-notch grades!"
says Luther Herring, 12 years a tobacco buyer!

Q. "You say Uncle Sam helped tobacco farmers?"

MR. HERRING: "Yes. Even though crops vary with weather, U. S. Government methods have made tobacco better than ever during the past few years."

Q. "And Luckies get this better tobacco?"

MR. H: "Luckies buy the finer grades, and always did."

Q. "That's a strong statement."

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