



Jimmy Dunn is the big love in Shirley's life. It was love at first sight

The LIFE and

LOVES



It took Shirley Temple to rout the screen's glamour girls. Hollywood's greatest siren has cornered the town's available men

By Dorothy Spensley

MAYBE you thought the glamour girls (Garbo, Dietrich, Harlow, Lombard, Kay Francis and that lush newcomer, Margot Grahame) had a corner on Hollywood's available men. You're wrong. Those allure lassies haven't a chance when Shirley Temple is around. Cleopatra? Huh, Cleo was just an African piker when compared to La Belle Temple, or "Butch," as some of her conquests call her. And Ninon, La Pompadour, the Du Barry? Pooh! So many applesauce sales-ladies!

La Temple, you see, appeals to a Man's Intellect. None of those petty subterfuges of the weaker sex are used by her. Fortright, straightforward, she doesn't rely upon dimples and

curls to win her victims. No-sir-ree. Her attack is absolutely cerebral, appealing to the mind. Her conquests, we might add, are legion. Make no mistake about that!

With Gary Cooper, for example, when they were working on an opus entitled *Now and Forever*, which also featured Carole Lombard, La Temple learned that her leading man had always nursed a secret yearning to achieve fame with pen, pencil and paint-brush. As a cartoonist, history records, Gary won local renown before the world embraced him as a screen hero. So what does La Temple do but profess the greatest interest in drawing and kindred arts? It was the siren in her, all right, and it reduced Gary to the rôle of doting slave.

So great was our cuddlesome charmer's interest in art (she was then almost all of five years old) that she developed marked ability, through Gary's patient teaching, for the crayon construction of red houses with blue smoke curling from their chimneys. Today at seven years (her birthday was April 23rd) La Temple is able to dash off a picture of a pachyderm that is easily recognizable as a GOP elephant or the elegant beast that is kidnaped in Jimmy Durante's *Jumbo*.

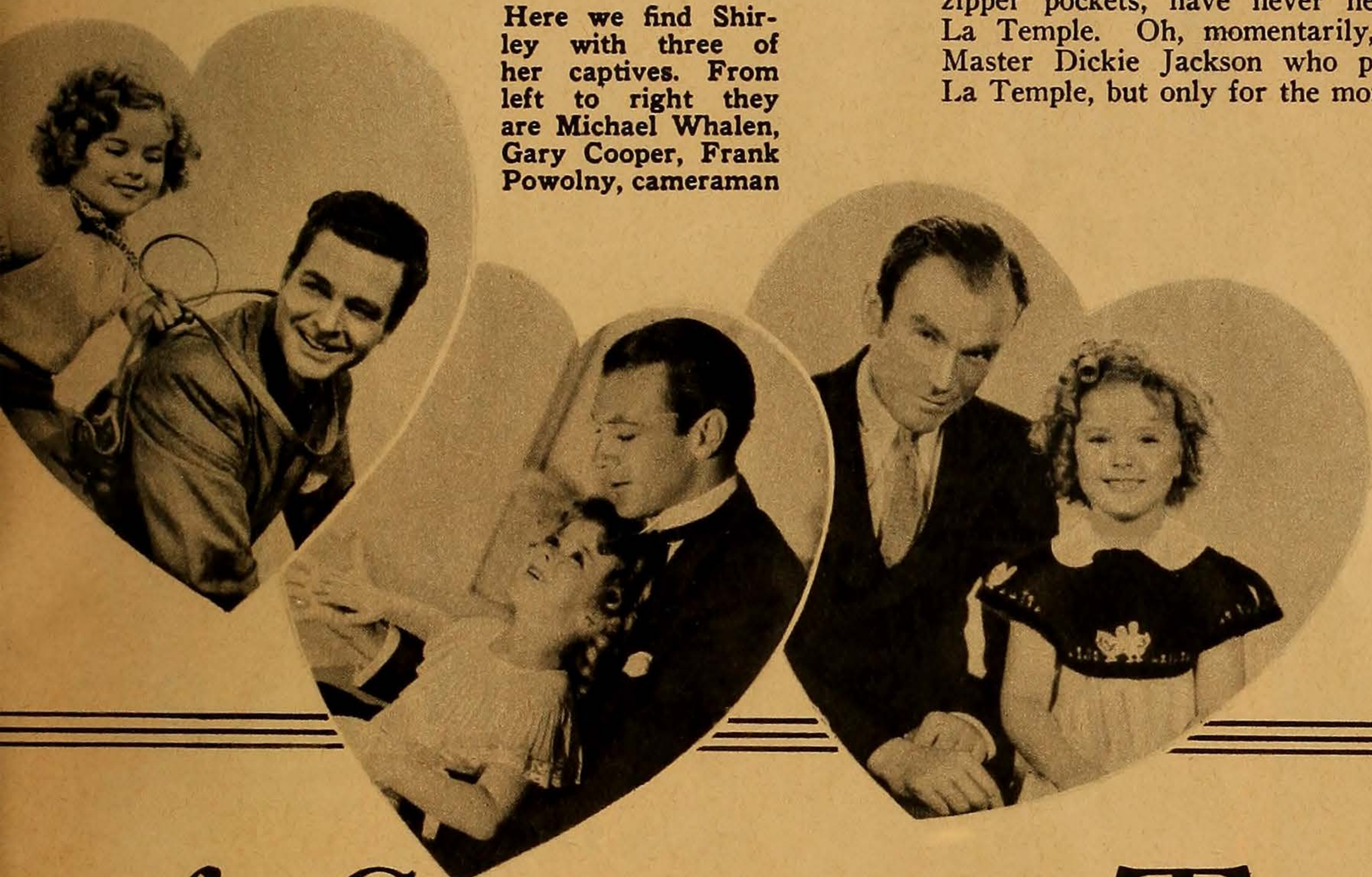
The moral of this is that Our Heroine has learned, early, one of the primary truths of womanhood: that a smart woman can learn a lot from a man if she sets about it in the right way.

Some women are born with the ability to dominate men. Shirley is one of them. Heaven help the male contingent when she reaches voting age. As a small, gurgling infant in her

cradle, La Temple (according to her mother), would open wide baby eyes whenever one of the Stronger Sex appeared, and drop her fringed lashes when one of those stupid females came to coo over her. She would laugh and dimple and hold out tiny arms whenever a man appeared on her horizon, which was then bounded by the pink ribbons of her bassinet. Since then her horizons have widened. So has her interest in masculinity. Coming down to brass tacks, she likes the boys.

La Temple's coquettish tricks (like cooing at a man, for instance) suddenly ceased when she grew older. You know how it is when a woman begins to see a bit of the world. Wiser, she abandoned those flirtatious habits when she saw that all the other girls were using them, and she set about to develop her masculine conquests on masculine ground. It was then that she adopted the "hail-fellow-well-met" greeting, shaking hands lustily (but not too lustily) and discussing important things like fishing and swimming and lollipops with them. It was easy. Just like talking to Daddy George Temple whom she adores. Together they form a mutual admiration society.

Here we find Shirley with three of her captives. From left to right they are Michael Whalen, Gary Cooper, Frank Powolny, cameraman



Their affectionate regard was instantaneous when they met. With swift realization, Shirley knew when she met Jimmy that he was Her Fate. "Mr. Dunn . . . Miss Temple," said the introducer on the *Stand Up and Cheer* set, the film which marked Shirley's first important appearance for Fox. Shirley's curls flipped backwards as she raised her head to look up—up—up—into Jimmy's smiling Irish eyes. She dimpled, and put forth her hand in her fatal comradely fashion.

But there was no need to pretend interest in Jimmy's hobbies. Wordlessly, there was perfect understanding between the two. Pop! . . . like that, it was Love at First Sight. There was no open declaration at first, of course. A woman has to be sure of her mind and her heart. Then, the first invitation—milk at the corner drug-store! The masterful way in which he lifted her to the swivel seat at the fountainette; the courteous way he tucked the napkin under her chin; his manner when he asked her if she preferred straw sippers or to drink it the "mustache way." Beyond doubt, Jimmy was her ideal.

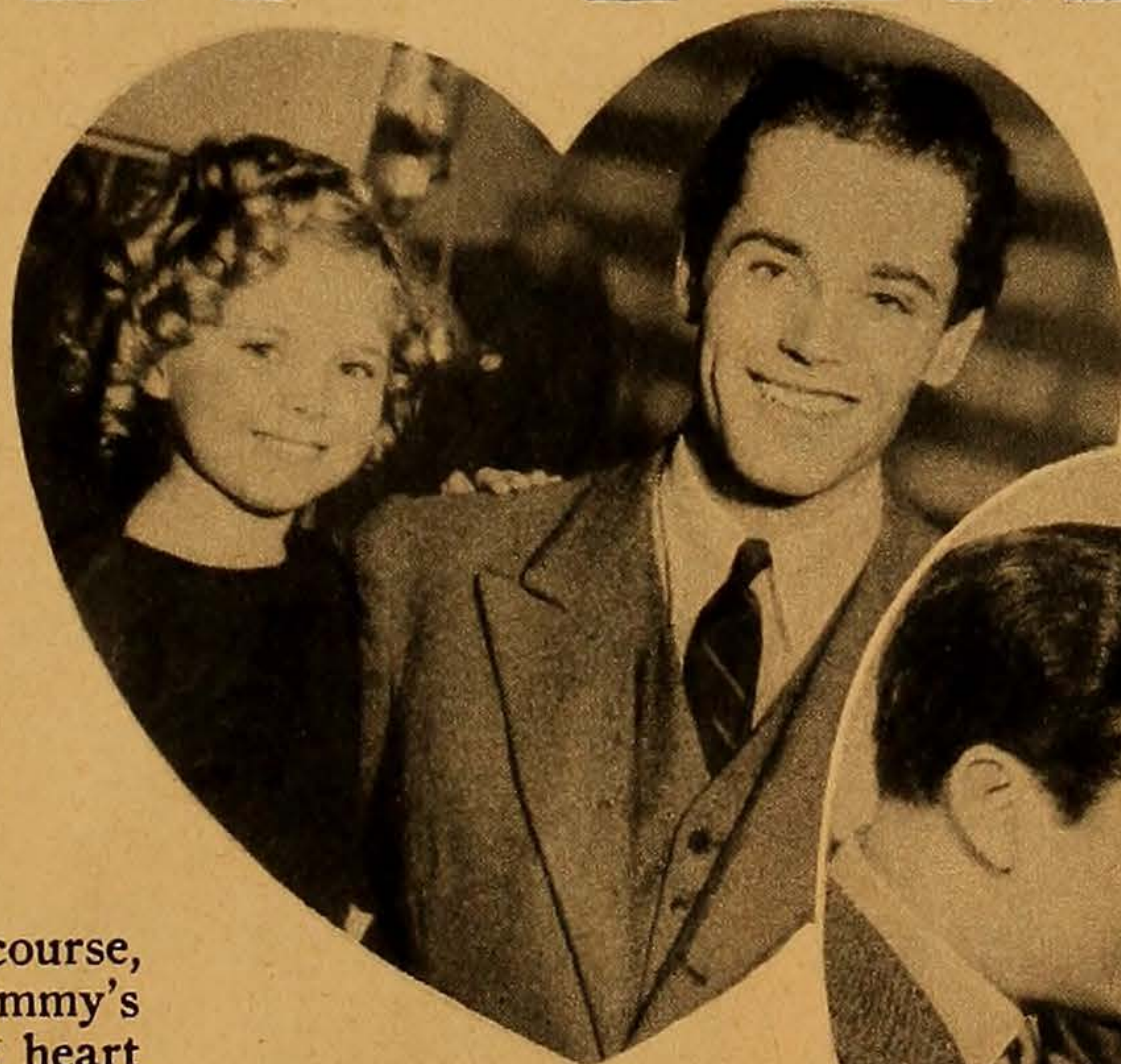
OF COURSE, Shirley has always preferred Older Men. Young whippersnappers in long corduroy slacks and zipper pockets, have never held the slightest interest for La Temple. Oh, momentarily, perhaps, as in the case of Master Dickie Jackson who played in *Littlest Rebel* with La Temple, but only for the moment. Jerry Tucker, ten-year

old *Captain January* juvenile, had her attention for almost a day. That was because his line-remembering agility was a slight thorn in Shirley's side. She learned her two pages of dialogue and leapt into it like a gazelle, not permitting Director David Butler to break it into smaller scenes and thus lessen the tax upon her memory. She'd show that Jerry Tucker who had done his scene in only two takes, that women [Continued on page 78]

of SHIRLEY TEMPLE

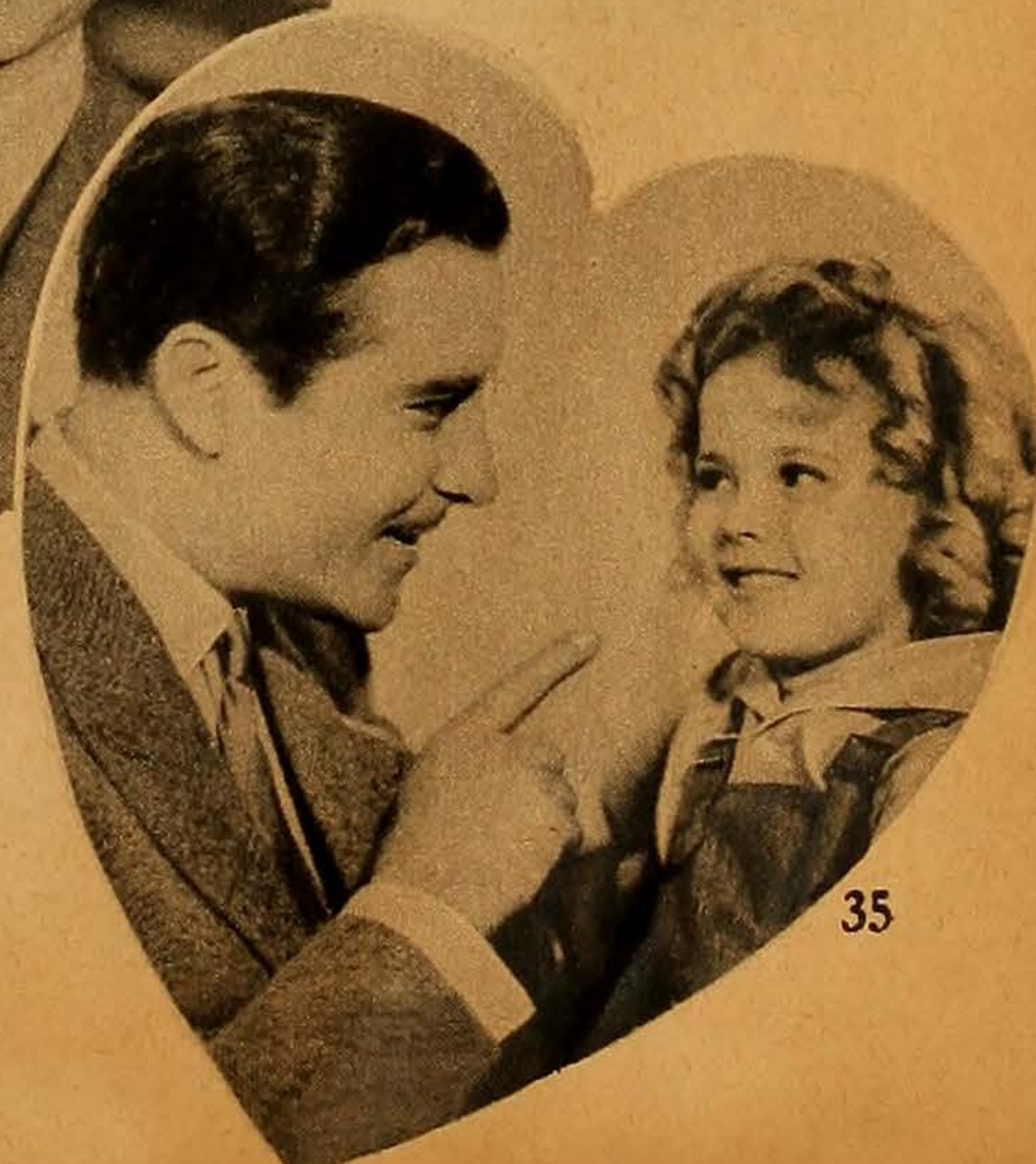
SOME of her admirers have reached the point of calling her "Temple." Just plain, unadorned "Temple," that indicates a mark of greatness and worship shared by Garbo, Einstein, Stokowski, Hitler, Mussolini, Stalin, and other important personalities. Shirley has a permanent fondness for the young assistant director who dubbed her "Butch," and thereby caused a string of people to address her by that All-American moniker.

At seven, La Temple's mind is pretty well made up as far as matrimonial plans are concerned. She has definitely been In Love for over two years. Unlike her cinema sisters of older vintage, her love for Jimmy Dunn has been practically unwavering. No fights, no reconciliations, no newspaper brawls. Of course, there was an Other Man, but he never quite took Jimmy's place. He was John Boles. Jimmy won La Temple's heart when he took her to the corner drug-store, all alone, *imagine!* and bought her a mug of milk. No man had ever done that before for her. That was two years ago.



John Boles, Shirley's No. 2 Heart-Man, was a very easy conquest

Henry Fonda has a soft spot for Shirley and the feeling is mutual



The Life and Loves of Shirley Temple

[Continued from page 35]



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had good memories too!

Hollywood attempted to stimulate a romance between La Temple and Le Bartholomew (Freddie, aged twelve), and Shirley entertained the English lad at tea in her bungalow, probably leading the conversation down cultural lanes. Master B's fresh, crisp British diction fascinated Our Charmer for the afternoon, and she was in a dither about it over her spinach that night, but the next morning found her going back to her real interest, Older Men. Visitors to *The Littlest Rebel* set found her riding piggy-back with John Boles.

Texas-born, soft-spoken John Boles is Jimmy Dunn's No. One Contender for La Temple's affections. They have played in two films together, as has Jimmy with Shirley, and are completely in rapport with each other. John, having two little girls of his own, knows exactly what to do to amuse women, and, besides, he sings. Shirley, with her gift of rhythm, does not have to feign an interest in Boles' singing.

Together, Boles and La Temple give free hand to their "play instincts." Just as Cleopatra is reported, by our modern historian-fictionists, to have punched doorbells with Marc Antony, Shirley knows that the best way to keep a conquest conquered is to amuse him with good, clean, wholesome fun. That explains why 20th Century-Fox searchers found John and Shirley pounding away on a xylophone on the recording stage one afternoon when they were due at the rehearsal hall. And laughing like a couple of kids, too.

It probably explains why Henry Fonda, with a day's holiday from *Trail of the Lonesome Pine* preferred to spend it on the set where La Temple was making *Captain January*, instead of with one of his numerous other girl friends. Captivating as a seasoned heart-campaigner, Temple *wouldn't* let Fonda leave. Not that he wanted to. Work that day was one long romp. As for Fonda's feelings for La Temple? Well, her picture is positively enshrined in his living room, and he points with pride to the round, wiggly letters that autograph her likeness to him. "She did it herself!" he beams.

Idle moments often find La Belle Temple and Heart-Man No. Two (John Boles) on the music department's set where they try out various musical instruments and sing sketches of songs they have learned together. Temple doesn't always keep her part-time romance with Boles in the realm of song. She likes to widen their cultural interests with reading, for instance. When they are working together in a film, they spend all the spare minutes that La Temple can maneuver in pursuit of the printed word—the word that is printed in balloons on those brightly-colored comic sections. Yep, Shirley likes the comics, and she pursues Boles with the unerring instinct of a homing pigeon to ask him to read the "funnies" to her.

THE men who have been fortunate enough to work with La Temple come away simply drunk with admiration. Strong men like Lionel Barrymore, Michael Whalen, Jack Holt, Arthur Treacher, Bill Robinson, Guy Kibbee, Buddy Ebsen, Joel McCrea, sing her praises. Moreover, some of them will even *write* about her. And when you get a man to put down in black and white what he feels about a woman, you have the zenith in devotion. Most men

are afraid to write about a woman. Says Lionel Barrymore "... her talent is God-given—she reasons ... with rare intelligence in her own manner."

Michael Whalen, who just finished *Poor Little Rich Girl* with La Temple, says: "She inspired me to do my best." Ebony-colored Bill Robinson, tap-dancer de luxe, calls her "the sweetest little peach-blow lady in all the world ..." and says that without Shirley's help he wouldn't have been able to put over some of his best dialogue lines.

La Temple, a serene, dimpled island in the exact center of this sea of admiration, has not permitted herself to write any responses to these eulogies. Perhaps it is because writing for her is as yet a very new sport, and perhaps, too, she realizes the value of prudence in correspondence with gentlemen. To date her epistles, proudly written on lined paper, have sounded something like this one to her chief cameraman, John Seitz. "Dear Mr. Seitz: Thank you for protecting my eyes from those strong lights. Yours, Shirley Temple."

Nor has love prompted her to dash off a poem to the object of her affections, Mister Dunn. The only poem she has written, and it was set to music the other day by the studio's music department, was a lyric in praise of a popular bottled nectar (non-alcoholic, of course) to which she is passionately addicted.

La Temple differs vastly from the modern girl. She doesn't permit expensive gifts from her male admirers. Jimmy Dunn, of course, gave her a tiny watch on Christmas before last, but that's different. Jimmy is a regular suitor, calling on Sunday mornings. (She probably makes him read the "funnies" to her, too!) Out of almost worshipful admiration, Bill "Bo-Jangles" Robinson gave her a little bangle bracelet, commemorating the films that they had made together.

In night life, too, La Temple is different. Most popular women are seen, when darkness falls, at the gayest cafes. But not Temple. She is thinking of her Career, and is in bed at eight, every night. A woman, she analyzes, must think of her beauty sleep. Curly tossed upon her pillow, eyes closed, La Temple, Hollywood's greatest siren, greets midnight (when most of her cinema sisters are making merry) without even a dream to disturb the sweetness of her slumbers.

Knitting Contestants, Attention!

We have to beg your indulgence for another month. We have been overwhelmed—not only by the number of entries but by the beauty of the garments entered. This has made it doubly hard for the Judges. They want to be fair to everyone—and they therefore have asked for an extension of time. We had no alternative but to grant their request for additional time—we, too, want to be fair. And, we are positive you want to be fair. Therefore, the announcements of the winners has been postponed and will be announced in an early issue. We hope the anticipation won't be too great!

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