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LATEST HOLLYWOOD HAPPENINGS

MOVIE CLASSIC

MARCH

10
CENTS

In Canada
15c



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A-N

MAY AND
STONE

SAVED BY
MAY DAVIS

NO
MARRIAGE
FOR ME"
AY
EN WOMEN STARS

SPECIAL FEATURES IN THIS MONTH'S TABLOID NEWS SECTION

PR 1945
M 744

It's hard for a Hungry citizen



to be a Good

CITIZEN

THE boy whose stomach is empty cannot be expected to do good work at school. Babies undernourished through another winter may be handicapped by frail bodies through life. The hungry father of a hungry family is hardly the man to seek employment with persistence, or to do well on the job when he gets it.

Before you can save a man's soul it is often necessary to feed his body. You have no right to expect the civic virtues of patience, courage and honesty from starving, freezing men and women. If they preserve a just attitude towards the laws of the city in which they live, it is a miracle.

This winter, as never before, it is the duty of all who are well-clad, well-housed, and well-fed to help the less fortunate. The fact that you gave last year, and the year before, does not lessen your responsibility. The fact that you cannot afford a large contribution must not deter you. The upturn of business with a gradual improvement of economic conditions does not remove the crisis of this moment. Emergency appropriations by the federal government amount to \$300,000,000, but they meet only half the increased national needs for human relief.

The rest is up to you!

How will your dollars be used? First of all, they will feed the hungry, and relieve the absolute want of the unemployed.

They will be used, also, to take care of the sick and aged. They will help to maintain hospitals, orphanages and schools. They will make possible clinics and visiting nurses.

The dollars you give are invested in the forces of civilization right in your community!

WELFARE AND RELIEF MOBILIZATION, 1932

The Welfare and relief Mobilization for 1932 is a cooperative national program to reinforce local fund-raising for human welfare and relief needs. No national fund is being raised; each community is making provisions for its own people; each community will have full control of the money it obtains.

Give through your established welfare and relief organizations, through your community chest, or through your local emergency relief committee.

Newton D. Baker, Chairman, National Citizens' Committee

This winter, as never before, support your local Community Campaign

WHAT A FOOL SHE IS!

She Gets a Lovely Wave . . .
 Forgets Her Teeth and Gums . . .
 and she has "pink tooth brush"!

THIS girl is wise to take excellent care of her hair. But isn't she foolish *not* to take good care of her teeth and gums! To pass inspection—you *must* have healthy gums and bright teeth.

"Pink" upon your tooth brush is an indication of too-tender gums. And this bleeding of the gums threatens the sparkle and soundness of your

teeth—and the charm of your smile!

For "pink tooth brush" may not only lead to serious troubles of the gums—gingivitis, Vincent's disease, and pyorrhea—but it endangers the *good-looks* of your teeth.

Ipana and Massage defeat "Pink Tooth Brush"

Keep your gums firm and healthy—and your teeth clean and bright with Ipana and massage.

Restore to your gums the stimula-

tion they need, and of which they are robbed by the soft modern food that gives them so little natural work. Each time you clean your teeth with Ipana, rub a little more Ipana directly on your gums, massaging gently with your finger or the tooth brush.

Start it tomorrow. Buy a full-size tube. Follow the Ipana method and your teeth will shine brighter, your gums will be firmer than they've been since you were a child . . . "Pink tooth brush" will depart.

IPANA



BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. 11-33
 75 West Street, New York, N. Y.


Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a three-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name.....

Street.....

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

A Good Tooth Paste, Like a Good Dentist, Is Never a Luxury



Kaspa, The Lion-Man, played
by the world's most perfectly
farmed male, Buster Crabbe,
1932 Olympic Swimming
Champion

"**KING** **OF** **THE JUNGLE**"

with

FRANCES DEE • BUSTER CRABBE
SYDNEY TOLER • IRVING PICHEL

Warm romance and grand spectacle spun into a tale of daring thrills—performed by the most perfectly built man on the screen—the Lion-Man—embattled Man-King of Beasts—brought to civilization in a cage only to discover himself a man—in the arms of a woman he learned to love. A picture that swings its action across two continents.

Paramount



Pictures

PARAMOUNT PUBLIX CORPORATION, ADOLPH ZUKOR.

PRES., PARAMOUNT BLDG., NEW YORK

THE TABLOID MAGAZINE OF THE SCREEN

MOVIE CLASSIC

VOL. 4 No. 1

MARCH, 1933



Jeanette
MACDONALD
is plotting
a
Surprise

You won't see Jeanette as Chevalier's leading lady in "A Bedtime Story." (Helen Twelvetrees will have the rôle.) Because Jeanette has gone abroad for what looks like a long, long stay. And besides going places on a concert tour, she's planning to do things to surprise you.

Yes, she may turn her trip into a honeymoon with Robert Ritchie, her manager. But that wouldn't surprise anyone, considering that they have been engaged about five years. The Mayor of Cannes "kept the key and gave her the city"—and now she's going to make a film in France.

But it won't be "just another movie." Ernst Lubitsch, who has directed her with Chevalier, will cross the ocean to direct—and if the rumors are correct, Jeanette will go dramatic!

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COVER DRAWING OF JEANETTE MacDONALD BY MARLAND STONE

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Movie Classic's Letter Page

Each month, MOVIE CLASSIC gives Twenty, Ten and Five Dollar Prizes for the Three Best Letters for the published on this page

Become a Critic—Give Your Opinion—Win a Prize

Here's your chance to tell the movie world—through MOVIE CLASSIC—what phase of the movies most interests you. Advance your ideas, your appreciations, your criticisms of the pictures and players. Try to keep within 200 words. Sign your full name and address. We will use initials if requested. Address Letter Page, MOVIE CLASSIC, 1501 Broadway, New York City

\$20.00 Letter

Real Acting by Colman in "Cynara"

Once in a blue moon the movie fan sees an unpretentious but memorable film the appealing simplicity of which restores his faith in motion pictures as a fine medium of dramatic art.

Being rather fed up with sexy and showy productions vaunting everything from the ludicrous to the grotesque, I more than rejoiced in seeing the beautifully simple and poignant picture, "Cynara."

Every married couple should see "Cynara" and profit by its tragic but moving story of marital transgression, understanding and forgiveness.

Ronald Colman deserves unstinted praise for turning in a dignified and restrained performance in the rôle of the erring husband—a rôle that might have easily ruined the exquisite tempo of the picture had it been over-played in sexy fashion. No eye-rolling and chest-heaving in Mr. Colman's acting, thank goodness. His acting on the witness stand at the coroner's inquest was reminiscent of the late Jeanne Eagel's powerful courtroom scene in "The Letter," not through any personal comparison but rather in technique of genuinely warm and poignantly true dramatic form. It was real drama, not synthetic Hollywood hysterics.

A perfect picture—"Cynara"—in story treatment, dramatic interpretation and picture enjoyment.

MRS. R. E. JOHNSON, Ludlow, Ky.

\$10.00 Letter

"Trouble in Paradise" a Delightful Film

I don't like comedies and I don't care for blondes but I just saw "Trouble in Paradise" and I adored every foot of the picture and Miriam Hopkins simply swept me away in each of her sweet little tantrums. Kay Francis is always alluring and superbly dressed and she did not disappoint me. Ruggles or Horton either is a circus, but as a team they are incomparable. It was my introduction to Herbert Marshall and I liked him mightily but don't know why.

Congratulations to Lubitsch for a work of art. It is a positive joy from the first strains of that lovely melody introducing it, to the bright little taxi scene which closes it. I have never heard a more perfect musical score. Just wanted to trip up and down those graceful stairs with Herbert Marshall to that "skippy" tune.

Every scene was a perfect picture. The love scene in the mirror. Kay returning at eleven. Miriam and Herbert's first dinner. The house seemed Kay Francis' natural setting. Tall, happy Kay. How bravely she said farewell to her charming romance.

One could not help following the mental gymnastics of the portly basso butler.

Lubitsch, I am sure, must take greater delight in a shadow on a wall than in the thing itself. Thanks to a director who credits his audience with powers of imagination. THELMA VAUGHN, Denver, Col.

served red hot, they had better put the children to bed and catch it on the rebound when it comes back to their ten-cent theatres.

MINETTE HARRIS, Charlotte, N. C.

Movies Have Helped Us Forget

During a period in which people have been shunted to the brink of despair—the depression years—motion pictures have served perhaps better than any other one factor to make life worth the living.

Thousands, perhaps millions, have had to change their scale of living, many being compelled to eke out a mere hand-to-mouth existence. Countless people have been forced to forego expensive entertainments—high-priced dinner dances, playing host to friends at various functions, vacation tours; luxurious homes have been given up, with fortunes lost. Many rich folk have been reduced to paupers; the poor have become poorer.

It is a delight to move up the economic ladder. But it is trying indeed to have to descend. So mankind has sought relief from trouble and worry. In most cases, though, funds for respite from harassing care have been quite limited.

Thank God for the movies—they have provided the sanity-saving diversion, often the inspiration, that mankind can afford and has so sorely needed in the most trying days within the recollection of people living today.

FLOYD CASEBOLT, Waxahachie, Tex.



When more letters are written to movie stars, Clark Gable and Jimmy Durante will receive them. Schnozzle's public is "mortified" to hear he has gone back to Broadway for four months

\$5.00 Letter

"Red Dust" Really Worth Seeing

Chalk up another big hit for Clark Gable and Jean Harlow in "Red Dust," one of the most entertaining pictures of the past year. I don't know whether they were born to co-star or not, as their producers claim, but I do know that they certainly do burn up the screen when they turn on the heat.

Gable has shed his misfit minister's togs and is rightly portrayed in the whiskers and rough stuff; who takes what he wants when he wants it; the characterization that has made him the big hit he is. Jean Harlow's rôle, a wise-cracking woman of the tropics, was made to order for her. Of course, while "Red Dust" is not a Sunday School picture, it is a sure-fire movie formula for bringing in the shekels.

If anybody missed "Red Dust" the first time and wants a dish of emotional chili

Clara Came Back and Made Good

Not so long ago the movie world read the unwelcome news of Clara Bow's voluntary retirement from the silver screen. And again the old question arose: Would Clara Bow go the way of all stars? . . . Slowly but surely dropped into oblivion . . . soon to be forgotten? Her legion of admirers cried no, but not without apprehension, for perhaps they recalled that terrible phrase, "they never come back!"

Suddenly, out of a sea of new faces and new personalities, the radiant face of Clara Bow reappears. The girl who nationalized the word IT and whose personality fired the world with its intensity "came back." And call her what you will, she's the old Clara Bow. For underneath her magnetic appearance, svelte and sweet, the famous personality glistens, undimmed. And what a tribute the public has accorded her in these times of pressure, when an economical choice of movies is a vital necessity. They went to see Clara, not a picture. The girl whose personality and sincere dramatic work stood out in good and bad pictures, did not fail them. The public will never forget Clara Bow.

RUDOLPH G. JORGENSEN, Stoughton, Wis.

Hollywood's Roll of Honor

AND ALL OF THEM IN



**JANET
GAYNOR**

as "Margy Frake"
who falls in love
with "Pat Gilbert"
(Lew Ayres).



**LEW
AYRES**

as "Pat Gilbert,"
reporter, and
Margy's sweet-
heart.



**NORMAN
FOSTER**

"Wayne Frake,"
son of Abel, who
falls for "Emily
Joyce" (Sally Eilers).



**FRANK
CRAVEN**

the storekeeper,
a dour country
philosopher.

• Another sensational screen treat from FOX. Phil Stong's best seller, "State Fair" — the novel that millions are talking about — with these eight popular screen stars in the leading roles, is already being hailed as one of the outstanding hits of

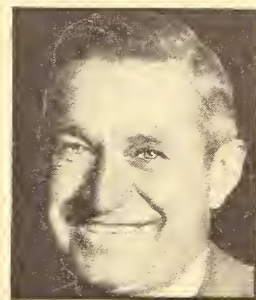
**S
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**F
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**FOX
PICTURE**

**WILL
ROGERS**

as "Abel Frake"
father of Margy
and owner of
"Blue Boy".



**SALLY
EILERS**

as "Emily Joyce,"
a performer at
the fair.



**LOUISE
DRESSER**

as "Melissa Frake"
mother of Margy
and Wayne.



**VICTOR
JORY**

Barker for the
Hoopla Stand at
the "State Fair."



1933. Whether you read the book or not, here is ONE PICTURE EVERYONE WILL WANT TO SEE!

A HENRY KING Production

BETWEEN OURSELVES

NOEL COWARD, who ought to be knighted for writing "Cavalcade," cabled an old friend in London: "I have just seen the 'Cavalcade' picture, and it is quite unbelievably good. They have adhered strictly to the play, and it really is a glorious achievement in every respect."

Rare words from an author about a picture version of his story—but even so, it seems to me, Mr. Coward is a master of understatement. In my mind, there are only two talkies which, in their dramatic sweep and panoramic study of human emotions, can compare with "Cavalcade"—namely, "All Quiet on the Western Front" and "Cimarron." And I suspect that "Cavalcade" will have greater universal appeal than either.

"Cavalcade" proves a number of things. It proves that the screen can keep the spirit of a great play, and can even enlarge upon it with the mobility of the camera. It

Once in a blue moon of searching tirelessly for the right an unpretentious but meaningful instead of trying to fit a rôle to an appealing simplicity of which is that money spent to make set-dramatic art. hentic is not money wasted. It

Being rather fed up with snost a background of history can productions vaunting everytma, both sensational and moody, ludicrous to the grotesque, rejoiced in seeing the beautifwith suspense. It proves that the poignant picture, "Cynara." of the play, were wrong in fearing

Every married couple shc Americanize it; Hollywood unira" and profit by its tragide" justifies Hollywood's claim story of marital transgressio. inment capital of the world."

Ronald Colman deserves u
AND "Cavalcade" also proves that Diana Wynyard, A who plays *Jane Marryot*, is one of the greatest discoveries of recent Hollywood history. Her distinction does not lie in her being a sensation; it lies, rather, in her being *real*—so real that you forget she is acting. And that, I submit, is the highest achievement of any acting. I can think of no other woman on the screen to-day who could have given such an inspired performance as the wife and mother whose bravery and idealism, expressing the finest emotions of women the world over, are the hope of the world to-day. You will find an illuminating character study of Miss Wynyard in this issue of *MOVIE CLASSIC*.

THE natural question for anyone to ask, after seeing "Cavalcade," is: "Why doesn't Hollywood turn out more hauntingly memorable pictures like this?" But let's not ask too much. Let's be thankful that we have "Cavalcade," at least.

However, incurable optimist that I am, I scan the movie horizon and seem to see a new and brighter day dawning. Certainly, the old movie year went out and the new has come in with what approaches a burst of glory. Consider what the producers have given you, not only in "Cavalcade," but in "A Farewell to Arms," "Rasputin and the Empress," "20,000 Years in Sing Sing," "Silver Dollar," "Cynara," "State Fair," "The Big Cage," "The Animal Kingdom" and "42nd Street."

MOVIE theatres on Broadway are putting on bigger stage shows along with their pictures and slashing their prices, in a frantic effort to win more customers. One big theatre, which was called a "cinema cathedral" a few years ago, now advertises "smoking in the balcony" in its appeal for patronage. The competition is reaching feverish proportions, with each theatre trying to outdo the one up the street in seeing how many vaudeville, radio and stage names it can crowd onto its programs. And the neighborhood theatres get the business!

Movie showmanship, on the main stems of the big cities, has reached a hysterical state. One big Broadway house recently went into the hands of the receivers; another recently closed. They just can't stand the pace. Advertising and publicity departments work feverishly to drum up public enthusiasm about the "personal appearance" acts. And still the crowds stroll by. Maybe Barnum wasn't right, after all. Maybe the good old American does know what it wants—and wants to go to the movies to see movies, good movies, and nothing else but. What's your guess?

I WONDER if the censors' doomsday is at hand? What prompts this question is the recent get-together of a dozen or more national women's societies for the purpose of telling American families which movies are the ones to see. Picked representatives of each society preview the new pictures, and the list of pictures okayed by them is passed on to the members of their respective groups. Thus the pictures they approve get some tremendous free advertising, and the membership is to take for granted that those pictures not on the list aren't worth bothering about.

This is the intelligent way of discouraging tawdry, objectionable films. Censorship doesn't do it, and never will. But if objectionable films are let severely alone, without getting any of the publicity that censorship always seems to generate, it won't pay anyone to make them. And the first list of the new "previewers" is very liberal. The only danger in the new scheme, as I see it, is that producers will think of the women in the audience first, and the men last. And that would be just too bad. For men seldom like feminized stories, but very often women like red-blooded, he-man pictures!

HOT on the trail of the news that Marlene Dietrich is going back to Germany to make pictures comes the news that Senator Copeland has drawn up a bill which, if enacted into law, will ban foreign actors and actresses, except those of the first rank, from these shores. Young, unknown hopefuls from abroad will just be out of luck.

It doesn't seem to me that such a measure will create any more good will for America abroad than has the English law banning unknown American players created for England. And we can stand a little international good will right now. The unanswerable argument against the Copeland bill is that, if it had been law a few years ago, we should never have had a Garbo or a Chaplin or a Colman or a Mary Pickford or a Shearer. They were all unknowns when they came. And look at what they have given us! Just as much, certainly, as we have given them. And, too, they have done their bit for America in making American movies the world's favorites.

And who knows when another Garbo or another Chaplin will come through Ellis Island? Instead of trying to keep out ambitious alien players who won't find work here unless they are talented 'in which case they will deserve it' why doesn't the government get busy and deport a few gangsters, who are giving America the worst advertising it has had in its history?

Larry Reid

The SUPREME ROMANTIC THRILL of all time
comes at last to the TALKING SCREEN!



The star of "Son-Daughter"
"Farewell to Arms" and
"Madelon Claudet" won
highest acting honors of
the past year! In her new
role co-starred with
Clark Gable, she chal-
lenges the film world
for this prize again!

HELEN
HAYES

CLARK
GABLE

IN

The **WHITE
SISTER**

How fitting that M-G-M, producers of the
screen's best, should bring to life on the talk-
ing screen the thrills, the grandeur, the soul-
stabbing romance of F. Marion Crawford's
love drama! Helen Hayes, Clark Gable to-
gether! A picture to watch for!

With Richard Bennett, Louise Closser Hale, C. Henry Gordon.
Screen play by Donald Ogden Stewart, directed by Victor Fleming.



METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER

STRICTLY PERSONAL

MOVIE CLASSIC'S INTIMATE SKETCHES OF WHO'S WHO IN HOLLYWOOD

By MARK DOWLING



GLENDA FARRELL: An Enid, Oklahoma lass who made good. Plays hard-boiled wenches on the screen and is shy and timid in real life. Another divorcée, she lives with her eight-year-old son, Tommy. The boy-friend is Allan Jenkins. Fainted when she saw the Monster in "Wax Museum." And she was playing a brash girl who feared nothing. That's Hollywood! Address: Burbank.



JOHN BARRYMORE: Five feet ten. Weighs 150. One of the invincible Barrymore tribe. Says he believes chastity the most exciting attribute a young person can possess. Well! Once earned his living as a cartoonist. Possesses a biting wit and sometimes makes unprintable wisecracks, but really prefers tripping on his yacht with his wife, Dolores, and their two children. A thoroughly domesticated Don Juan. Address: Beverly Glen.

JOHN BOLES: Six feet one. Weighs 185. Meeting him, you sense a fellow who's devoted to the Missus. Even does the family shopping and carries paper parcels. That's a husband! Good-looking in that dark romantic manner and never once the center of a Hollywood scandal. That's a record! Reads one French book every week and takes a daily singing lesson. Believes, you see, in self-improvement. Address: Fox Hills.



JOAN BENNETT: Youngest of the famous B sisters, but you never hear a "snooty" story about *her*. Competent-young-matron type. Manages her household efficiently and likes having money in the bank. Always travels by airplane. Modern. Decorated her own home in Beverly (did a swell job) and has a daughter, Adrienne. Happily married to writer Gene Markey. Address: Beverly Hills and Malibu.



TOM BROWN: Five feet ten. Weighs 155. A mere lad, yet the nasty gossips insist on Romance. What about Helen Mack, who lives next door? They chat over the back fence. And Phyllis Fraser, the boy's latest flame? It's getting serious. Tom once asked a friend if he should attend a certain party. "Sure it won't be one of those wild Hollywood brawls?" he demanded. A nice kid. Address: Beverly Hills.



MAE CLARKE: Insists her friendships with men are all platonic, but has a score of suitors and is wearing a new diamond ring. Lost her appendix recently and got out of bed two days later. Wears her hair in a boyish bob and looks like her kid brother. Writes cynical verse (who doesn't?) and once dyed a lock of her blonde hair grey—just for the effect. That's how *that* fashion started. Address: Westwood Village.

GENEVIEVE TOBIN: Reddish-brown hair and green eyes. That dangerous combination! An oh-so-sophisticated gal who went to school in Paris and isn't married. Step up, men! On the other hand, her hobby is knitting and she likes being alone. Oh, well. Plays the piano and the harp, (Ah, there, Mr. Marx!) and studied to be an opera singer, but now likes jazz. Address: South Commonwealth Avenue, Los Angeles.



RONALD COLMAN: Five feet eleven. Weighs 155. Hail and farewell to one of our greatest stars! For Ronnie, if he keeps his promise, will be leaving us soon. An honest-to-society gent, he's the first hermit to refuse invitations to parties so gracefully that the hostesses keep on asking. Everyone in town hopes the little spiff with Samuel Goldwyn will be settled amicably and Ronnie will remain. Address: Hollywood Hills.



BENITA HUME: Brown hair and eyes. Lovely teeth. Distinguished-looking. Another member of the English contingent. Has been married, but is free at the moment. Says she came to Hollywood "because an actress can't consider herself famous till she's a real Hollywood star." Mmmm—tact! You'll meet her first in "Clear All Wires." Address: Wilshire Boulevard, Beverly.



PHILLIPS HOLMES: Six feet. Weighs 155. The town's most eligible bachelor. Went to Trinity College, Cambridge, as well as Princeton. The darling of the debbies at the local finishing schools, whom he takes tea-ing. Also can enjoy himself at rowdy Hollywood parties. Some of our best actresses rave over his "Greek God" beauty but he's avoiding romance. Cultured—but carries it well. Address: Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios.

PHILIP MERIVALE: Six feet one. Weighs 170. Sorry, gals, another husband. The frau is Viva Birkett and they have the ideal family—two boys and two girls. Extremely jolly-looking, but has a bit of that British reserve you've heard so much about. Likes motoring and golf, and never reads modern novels. From Broadway, he starts his screen career in "The Passing of the Third Floor Back." Address: Fox Studios.



LORETTA YOUNG: Our most dashing grass widow. The ex is Grant Withers, and the momentary interest, according to rumor, is young Lyle Talbot. Extremely frank about her faults (but there aren't many) and is the only girl in pictures who strives to put on pounds instead of taking them off. Her real name is Gretchen and, believe it or not, she's just twenty! Address: Burbank.



If They Aren't At Palm Springs, They're At Caliente



Acme

Wide World

To Get Away From It All on a wintry week-end, Warren William and his wife (Helen Nelson) go to Palm Springs. Below, you see Warren's horse trying to decide what he'll do if Warren goes cowboy and lifts the gal aboard. Lower right, Hoot Gibson (and where's YOUR horse, Hoot?) takes a stroll with wifey Sally Eilers. Yes, it's warm at Palm Springs!



With wintry breezes howling along Malibu Beach, Constance Bennett and the Marquis de la Falaise (upper left) week-end at Agua Caliente, Mexico, watching the races. (And it looks as if Hank likes ale.) Above, at Agua Caliente also, are William Powell and Carole Lombard. (Shame on you, Bill—why don't you light the lady's ciggie?) Left, watching the horse they bet on walk home, are Alice White and Cy Bartlett, who have been engaged for years and years

Wide World



Acme

Acme



N Our Hollywood E I G H B O R S

GOINGS - ON AMONG THE PLAYERS

By STACY KENT

IN these budding weeks of 1933, when very few people seem to be having much fun, it's nice to know that Douglas Fairbanks is really having a heckuva good time for himself. Somehow, of all the stars who have had a decade and more of success, Doug seems to have breached that difficult gap between youth and middle age with the most grace. He still bounces about, of course, but he doesn't try to make you believe that it is the youthful exuberance of a high-school sophomore. He's just a man of fifty who is as fit as a fiddle—whatever fit as a fiddle may mean.

Best of all, he has learned the trick of combining profitable business with pleasure. By the time you read this Doug will probably again be off for the far places. The big plan, this time, is to film a Chinese historical picture, to be made right in the land of chop suey and with the Chinese government (which one?) lending a helping hand over the rough places. It will take many months to film, and again Pickfair will be without a lord and master. Mary, who doesn't go in for heavy trekking about the globe, will stay at home, put up preserves and entertain the Chinese nabobs that Doug sends over for a visit.

That's really the worst thing about Doug's trips—he DOES bring home some of the DARNDEST guests. And Oriental potentates are going to look pretty funny in that new Wild West bar-room that has just been added to the already numerous salons at Pickfair.

THIS seems to be the big month for announcements of retirement. Maybe it's just because the good people of Hollywood haven't recuperated completely from the New Year's hangover, but a whole flock of starry ones are murmuring "never again"—meaning motion picture appearances—and not that beer we were supposed to have in time for Christmas dinner.

Tom Mix, after more than twenty years of galloping

across celluloid footage, is going to spend his declining years in the more or less peaceful world of the circus.

Ronald Colman, still mad at his boss, Samuel Goldwyn, is taking his quizzical good looks for a two years' vacation in Europe. Folks say that Ronnie doesn't intend to come back, and, my, the American shekels he's taking with him.

Helen Hayes also infers that this may be her last year in pictures, and Marlene Dietrich, so gossip says, will shake the California sand from her shoes and return to Germany. Marlene and Josef von Sternberg will make fillums in Berlin. Of course, you can't very well say that a girl is retiring just because she will make future pictures in Germany, but Marlene's name DOES swell the list.

Lila Lee, about to wed George Hill, the director (see page 33), announces that she will just be the little woman and stop dabbling around with grease-paint.

Somehow, retirement stories never ring true. An actor is like a fire horse that starts running when he hears a bell. Show an actor a camera and see what happens.

Anyway, Garbo is returning. Maybe it will be a good year, after all, for the United States and M-G-M. Or should I have mentioned M-G-M first?

WE think John Darrow's story about the newly rich, and, oh, veddy,

veddy ritzy movie star, is awfully funny.

She was expressing an opinion of her latest picture after a preview showing.

"I think it's a chawming little pictuah," she gurgled, "except that it drug a little."

THERE'S always something to keep Hollywood all hot and bothered. At least it's one compensation for living in a place where the upkeep on your sun-tan costs more than the winter fuel. The latest personality to get the

(Continued on page 72)



Acme

Douglas Fairbanks takes his little boy, Junior, up on the slopes above Lake Arrowhead and gives him a lesson in skiing, before starting on another trip abroad. It's one of those rare pictures of movieland's most famous father and son

A M A G I C N A M E

B L A Z E S A N E W !

Warner Bros. bring you again **THE STANWYCK THEY TALKED ABOUT** in "Night Nurse" and "Illicit"

At last! Her radiant beauty, her throbbing artistry are given the sweep and sway deserved by the most entrancing personality on the screen. See her now in all her seductive glory as a girl who asked all men for love—and tricked them when they offered it! Is she really wicked—or just maddeningly, fatally alluring? Find out in the most startling Stanwyck hit in years!



Barbara



S **TANWYCK**
in
"LADIES THEY TALK ABOUT"

With Preston S. Foster, Lyle Talbot. Directed by Howard Bretherton & William Keighley. Add it to "I Am A Fugitive", "Silver Dollar", "20,000 Years in Sing Sing", and others in the amazing list of hits from

W A R N E R B R O S .

TAKING IN THE TALKIES

LARRY REID'S SLANT ON THE LATEST FILMS



THE SON-DAUGHTER

After seeing Helen Hayes in "A Farewell to Arms," I found this something of a letdown—and singularly old-fashioned. It is a hangover from the "Madame Butterfly"—that is, tragic Oriental girl—era of drama. And the principal impression that it leaves is that Helen is a superb actress in any kind of make-up, including the Chinese. As the flower of old Chinatown, she is in love with a young Chinese prince (Ramon Novarro), but to save her family from ruin, she is put on the auction block to be sold to the highest bidder. Once upon a time, such a situation had tear-wringing possibilities—but long familiarity with it has dulled its sharp emotional edge. The dialogue is of the flowery, stilted variety. And Ramon Novarro, even with his head shaven, is no Chinaman.



20,000 YEARS IN SING SING

A great title, and a good picture. And based on the autobiography of the same name by Warden Lawes of Sing Sing, it tells a vivid prison story that has not been told before on the screen—the story of the advanced prison systems that are designed for correction, as well as punishment. It is a story told by tracing the prison career of a hard-boiled racketeer who enters Sing Sing a swaggerer, turns rebel, and is tamed—simply by the humanity of his captors. A brutal egotist, he learns heroic self-sacrifice—and his story ends on a tragic, memorable note. Spencer Tracy lives this rôle intensely. Bette Davis is touchingly wistful as his girl outside. Arthur Byron, I happen to know, is authentic as the Warden, in this most authentic of all prison pictures.



CAVALCADE

At the top of your list of Pictures That I MUST See, write "Cavalcade." It is one of the great achievements of all movie history—one of those few pictures that you and I will not forget, no matter what our nationality. For the story may be British in setting and mood, but its appeal is world-wide. It is the heart-stirring story of a typical middle-class family, whose patriotism demands that they forget their hatred of war—and is told against a many-colored, merry-and-sad panorama of British history since New Year's Eve, 1900. The cast is as real and British as the settings, which is a high compliment. Topping it are Clive Brook, as *Robert Marryot*, who marches away to two wars, and Diana Wynyard, as his wife, who twice knows brooding fear. Here is life painted on a gigantic canvas, by players whose hearts were in their work.



THE ANIMAL KINGDOM

This was the picture that opened the world's most beautiful movie theatre, in Radio City, New York. On top of that, it was written by Philip Barry, who thought up "Holiday," and it stars Leslie Howard and Ann Harding. So stop debating if you want to see "another animal picture." For this is no jungle tale, but a highly intelligent comedy about a young idealist (Leslie), who gives up the mistress who understands him (Ann) to marry a society siren who doesn't (Myrna Loy), learns his mistake, and does something about it, in his own amusing fashion. Leslie is superbly real, Ann is sympathetically genuine, and Myrna is excellent in the difficult rôle of the sex-appealing wife. And William Gargan inspires constant mirth as the butler who makes a pal of his boss.



THE BILLION-DOLLAR SCANDAL

With a title that is no doubt intended to remind you that you had a hilarious time at "If I Had a Million," this little comedy-satire is a little too ambitious. It has breezy dialogue and many an amusing moment, but it sags at the end like a Christmas tree after the holidays are over. The tale is that of an ex-convict (Robert Armstrong), who falls for an editor's idea that he can become the biggest hero in history by exposing the "billion-dollar scandal" of some oil leases given to an oily Wall Street financier by high government officials, creates a sensation, and then fades from the headlines like yesterday's weather report, when an aviator makes a transatlantic flight. Warren Hymer, James Gleason, Frank Morgan and Constance Cummings are Armstrong's valuable helpers.



FRISCO JENNY

It pains me to have to inform you that *Frisco Jenny* is no one but our old friend, *Madame X*, in somewhat lurid disguise. But Ruth Chatterton still is as believable in the rôle of the straying mother as she was the first time she ever played it. That is what is known as acting. This time, the setting is San Francisco, and the action covers the period between the big earthquake and the present. The realistic earthquake wipes out her hard-hearted father, but alas, doesn't wipe out the shame of *Jenny*. Finding that repentance won't feed her infant, she takes up the Oldest Profession. Her child, spared from reformers and adopted by rich people, grows up to be Donald Cook and district attorney—and prosecutes his own mother for murder. I suffered more for Ruth than with her.

"In California...in Chicago...on the Continent,
 these creams have guarded my skin constantly since
 I was a girl"— *says beautiful Mrs. Mc Cormick*



In 1929 *Mrs. McCormick was Miss Joan Tyndale Stevens of England, which accounts for her delicate English beauty. "Years ago I started to use Pond's," she says.*

HEALS CHAPPING. Pond's Vanishing Cream is famous for its healing and soothing qualities.

To prevent your skin from drying and cracking smooth on Vanishing Cream before going out. It keeps your skin beautifully soft and white.

CLEANSES—PREVENTS LINES. Use Pond's Cold Cream for thorough daily cleansing. It floats out every speck of grime without clogging the pores or drying the skin! A bit left on overnight after cleansing will keep away age-telling lines!

I SPENT my girlhood on the Continent . . . In Chicago I learned about extremes of climate . . . And here in Santa Barbara I am out in the open most of the time.

"Isn't that a test of one's beauty methods?"

Mrs. McCormick has the most heavenly skin you ever saw—she is a typical British blonde.

"Even on the other side, when I was a girl," she says, "I always used Pond's. I was so absolutely sure of their purity."

Skin Soft in Harshest Weather

"But it was in Chicago, where the winters are stinging and the summers burning, that I realized how *absolutely necessary* Pond's Two Creams are if one's skin is to keep its young-girl freshness.

"The Cold Cream is indispensable for cleansing, and I use the Vanishing Cream constantly for protection. It heals chapping and it is the most effective powder base.

"Here in California I spend most of my time in my garden. Again, Pond's Two Creams have proved themselves invaluable."

See Your Own Skin Improve

Try these Creams on your own skin, and see what wonders they accomplish for you. Pond's Creams bring back the suppleness of young skin.

WHITENS ROUGH RED HANDS. Pond's Vanishing Cream quickly smooths roughened skin and relieves irritation. Watch it whiten and soften reddened hands.

Thousands of women use and praise Pond's Two Creams. Among them:

- Lady Louis Mountbatten*
- Mrs. E. Wrenn duPont Lady Violet Astor*
- Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt*
- Miss Anne Morgan Mrs. Morgan Belmont*



Today *Mrs. Alister McCormick's fresh beauty is even more apparent. She spends most of her day working among rare tropical plants which she has collected. "I rely entirely on Pond's Two Creams to keep my skin nice," she says.*

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*Giving Teeth
New Lustre—New Brilliance*

The moment you try Listerine Tooth Paste you will wonder why you ever put up with costly and less efficient dentifrices. From the moment you begin using it, you will note an improvement in the looks of your teeth; a new cleanliness, and new lustre and brilliance. It is a tribute to this paste that more than three million women now use it in preference to former favorites costing more. Won't you try a tube? *Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.*

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Cold cream, face powder, handbag, umbrella, hose, hat, gloves, underwear, kimono, pyjamas, negligee, a good book, handkerchiefs, sweater, jewelry, knickers, bathrobe, swimming suit, moccasins, slippers, shoes, traveling bag, brief case, desk set, fountain pen, a Kodak, camera films, napkins, towels, tablecloth, bedspread, sheets, couch cover, iron, toaster, tennis balls, tennis net, tennis racket, golf balls, a golf club.

MOVIE CLASSIC



Ann Dvorak, who married Leslie Fenton and then "ran away" from stardom, fame and wealth, writes from abroad that they have found happiness—"and what does a career matter"? If you can't understand how a girl with a future like Ann's could feel that way, you'd better read what she says. Better read it, anyway!

By
ERIC
ERGENBRIGHT

I think the whole attraction of Europe is in its color and variety—the oddness of things, and traditions that a newcomer is always curious of. I am, anyway.

Hollywood's "Love Runaways"

NOT for one moment have I regretted 'running away' from Hollywood. I suppose I've been guilty of poor business judgment. Perhaps I've endangered, or even ruined, my career—but what of that? I'll always have these gay, exciting, carefree months to look back on. Leslie and I are the happiest people in the world—and what does a career matter in view of that all-important fact?"

Not long ago, in a quaint, Old World hotel overlooking the storm-tossed Baltic Sea, a famous Hollywood "run-

Write Home

away" was writing to her mother. She enthusiastically described her life in that little German fishing village, then—almost as an afterthought—added the paragraph quoted above.

Ann Dvorak, the girl who wrote that letter, left Hollywood.
(Continued on page 78)

"NO MARRIAGE FOR ME," Say Ten Women Stars

And the girls appear to mean it. Maureen O'Sullivan, disappointed in love once, fears a second heart-break. Sylvia Sidney hates to lose her freedom. Lupe Velez won't be "bossed." Constance Cummings says screen work makes marriage too difficult. Mary Brian and Dorothy Jordan wonder if they could ever give up their present lives. Dorothy Peterson can't bear possessiveness. Anita Page and Tala Birell haven't found The Man. Myrna Loy is "much too busy" to think about matrimony

By HELEN LOUISE WALKER

TEN beautiful women. Ten girls who are paid spectacular salaries, chiefly by reason of their sparkling and alluring personalities. Ten modern young women, with careers of their own and luxurious independence. Ten of the most attractive and "eligible" young women of this generation. Yet each of them, in her own way, says, "No marriage for me!"

Most of them tell me that they hope to marry "sometime"—in a vague, vague future. Most of them admit that marriage is an experience that a woman should not miss. But none of them wants to enter the married state *now*. Marriage, according to these girls, is so likely to become chronic! Once a woman has tried it, no matter how dismal has been the failure, she is so likely to go on trying it, over and over, in the forlorn hope of achieving the ideal state. These are definite young women, who have not attempted it and who at present do not intend to attempt it—

may enter matrimony "sanely." The word "sane" is much in use among the younger fry. For example, Maureen O'Sullivan, who is in-



Dorothy Jordan



Anita Page



Myrna Loy



Sylvia Sidney

dustriously denying marriage rumors about James Dunn and herself, says, "Love once wrecked a promising and well-started career for me. Nothing, I thought, was so important to me

as the man who had my heart. I would have given up anything—made any sacrifice—for the romance that caught at my imagination then. Afterward, disillusionment came. When the first terrific pain was over, I found that love had taken a terrible toll of me.

Maureen Fears Unhappiness

"I'VE been afraid—oh, so afraid!—of love. And even more afraid of marriage, which ties you. Some day, perhaps, I shall recover from that fear. Perhaps I shall marry. I hope so! But not, I pray, until I can enter marriage gladly and *sanely*, knowing what it entails, what it means, what it requires!"

You see? They all, like Maureen, have that completely

for reasons of their own.

It is significant, one supposes, of this modern day, that so many of them say that they want to wait until they

modern notion that marriage should be *sane*. I contend that that is a new idea! It belongs to this new generation of women.

Sylvia Sidney says, "I'd like to marry—if I could do it in my own way! The trouble with marriage, nowadays, is modern women. We have learned that we can be independent. We know that we do not (as women did in the old days) have to marry to be supported. If we undertake marriage and it doesn't work out as we expect, then we can terminate it quite easily, and be none the worse off for it. No one criticizes us for it or even sympathizes with us. The best you can get from an old friend, under those circumstances, is, 'Too bad! Better luck next time!'"

"That hardly makes for permanence. And I should want marriage to be permanent."



Dorothy Peterson

Sylvia Cherishes Freedom

"BUT—how silly!" she gasps. "Of course not. In the first place, that question could never arise, because anyone who fell in love with me enough to want me to marry him would have fallen in love with Sylvia Sidney, the actress. How ridiculous to try to turn into something else afterward! I think marriage would be very pleasant if you should marry the right person and could arrange your lives together for convenience and happiness. That circumstance has never arisen for me. I should hate to lose my freedom! I hate roots or ties. I am even afraid of possessions. That is probably the real reason why I have never married."

The fiery Lupe Velez has been heard to say of late that she is "through with men." She hasn't exactly acted as if she really meant it, what with being seen here and there with Johnny Weissmuller. But Lupe does not want to marry.

"You have to submerge your personality if you marry," she says. "And I won't do that. Men insist upon dominating you, and they are never satisfied unless they succeed. I will *not* be dominated. I will *not* be told what to do. And I will *not* submerge my personality, dim my own particular light for anyone. No love is worth that to me. Marriage certainly is not worth it to me—with anyone! Besides, I am fickle. . . . No! No! Marriage is not for Lupe!"

Constance Cummings thinks that marriage is more

difficult in Hollywood—for picture people—than it is in other places. And Constance



Constance Cummings

has very definite reasons for thinking so.

Not "Sure" of Any Actor

"YOU would have to be awfully sure of each other," she says. "I should be a little afraid to attempt it. It

is that ego thing which causes so much trouble, I think. You know, if you amount to anything at all in pictures, you get a lot of flattery. People are always telling you that you are something out of the ordinary—and you like it! Anybody likes flattery, however untrue it is.

"Well, if two picture people are married to each other, they get all this flattery from outsiders—and if they begin to feel that they are taken for granted at home, it annoys them no end! 'Other people think I'm something pretty grand!' they say. 'If you don't—well, then you don't love me any more.' Then the fight is on. Picture people can never settle down into a calm and restful relationship. The pressure from outside is too great. I don't want any marriage of the sort I see around me!"

Mary Brian says that she wouldn't think of being married unless she wanted it enough to give up acting.

"You can see that I should have to be most frightfully in love to want to give up my work, after I've been at it all this time! But I shouldn't think of attempting to be mar-



Mary Brian

Ask Sylvia if she would be willing to give up her career for marriage, and you'll never see a more shocked young woman. Here is what she thinks of the idea:



Maureen O'Sullivan



Tala Birell

ried and go on working. The men I know don't believe me when I say that I should really want to settle down, if I were
(Continued on page 62)



Lupe Velez

THESE Movie Stars Went to College— Why?

You'd naturally think that actors and actresses would get ahead by degrees (college degrees, that is), but some of our best-educated favorites have become famous as rough, unlettered heroes. And only five of our favorite heroines have been handed diplomas. What does it all prove—that the College of Hard Knocks (Jimmy Durante's alma mater) is the one that turns out the most actors and actresses?

By JOHN L. HADDON

I toiled for a fine education and won it, A.B. and M.A. in succession I snared; I garnered a legion of honors scholastic—And found that in Hollywood who the H— cared!

I—with a background of super-refinement, With a knowledge of Latin and classical prose— Am doomed to play tough guys and ignorant heavies; My speech is embellished with "dese, dem and dose."

SUCH is—or might well be—the doleful theme-song of the college graduate in Hollywood. Sheepskins, in this bespangled movie village, attract far less attention than ermine, and the art of showing one's dimples means more in the casting office than the ability to solve an intricate problem in calculus. What does it profit an actor to know that *Pithecanthropus Erectus* is accepted by certain sages as the Missing Link and denied by other learned gentry? After all, dearie, *P. Erectus* lived too soon to play in "Ingagi," his monicker is too long for the electricians—and Central Casting can furnish at least a dozen missing links.



Frances Dee was a mere Chicago freshman, above, when she got her movie chance. Left, Buster Crabbe as a U. S. C. senior-1932



Gloria Stuart, above, studied dramatics at the University of California for three years—and then became an actress. But Andy Devine right, studied teaching—and became a whispering comedian



Therefore, what price a college degree in Hollywood? Nothing and less than nothing, perhaps, but the fact remains that a number of our leading luminaries have earned the right to garnish their names with degrees, and many others have spent from one to three years in college. We have our quota of Bachelors, Masters and even Doctors, but since they prefer not to boast of their academic laurels, the surest clue to their identities lies in the rôles they play. Hark back to my theme-song—any self-respecting purveyor of verse will assure you that it must be truth, since it's such poor poetry.

The Brainy Ones Play Hard Guys

IS it merely a happenstance, an ironic accident, that the most brilliantly educated actors in Hollywood usually play mugs, while the ultra-genteel rôles generally fall to the lot of those who quit school in the grades, or at best, in high-school?

There's J. Farrell MacDonald, graduate of Yale, ex-engineer and tireless scholar; he made his first screen hit as the illiterate Army corporal in "The Iron Horse." Tom Keene, a graduate of Carnegie Tech, and Ken Maynard, who won an engineering degree from Virginia Military Institute, where he was an athletic star and an honor student, both specialize in playing hard-riding, gun-toting buckaroos on the screen.

Edmund Lowe, who has a Master of Arts degree from Santa Clara University, who was one of the most popular members

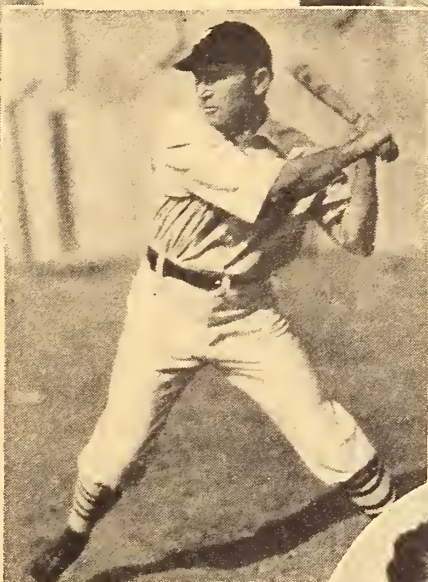
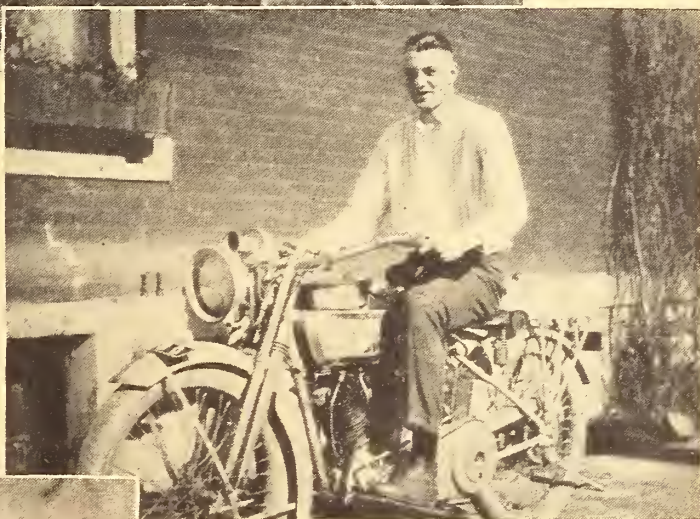


In the group of Carnegie Tech drama students at the left, you'll find Norman Foster (fourth from left), Hardie Albright (fourth from right) and Arthur Lubin (second from right, front row). They actually studied to become actors!



Above, Buddy Rogers with a pal on the campus of the University of Kansas. He went there to study journalism!

Right, Gary Cooper at the age of twenty, on the campus of Grinnell College, where he temporarily gave up horses and took to the effete motorcycle. Below, Robert Armstrong as the Babe Ruth of his day at the University of Washington, where he was also a football star



of his class and a member of the football and baseball varsities, became a box-office idol as the roughneck *Sergeant Quirt* in "What Price Glory?" Ever since then, he has been dropping wisecracks from the far corner of his mouth and patting careless lassies on the keel—which you must admit is a somewhat startling career for so promising a law student. Eddie turned to the stage as a result of his success in college dramatics.

Louis Wolheim, now deceased, graduated with high honors from Cornell, where he played football and was a shining light in the dramatic club. His first outstanding success was in the title rôle of Eugene O'Neill's play about a stoker, "The Hairy Ape." On the screen he specialized in illiterate pug-uglies. The late Milton Sills, entitled to sign

himself Ph.D. (it takes seven years of grueling study to acquire that honor), was almost invariably cast as the rough, unlettered man of the wide open spaces.

Boris Karloff (whose real name is William Henry Pratt) was graduated from King's College, London University to take his place in the British Consular Service. Instead, his passion for the theatre drove him to Canada and the

stage. He languished for years after coming to Hollywood as an uncouth screen villain before winning stardom as a speechless monstrosity in "Frankenstein." Victor McLaglen, an alumnus of Christian College, South Africa, has always been a screen illiterate. Off-screen, he
(Continued on page 69)



MOVIE CLASSIC, through James Fidler, puts twenty "impertinent" questions to the startling redhead who became a star overnight, and she comes back with twenty "pertinent" answers. It's something new in interviews!

This is the second MOVIE CLASSIC "cross-examination" interview—something brand-new in interviews. You form your own impression of a star, without any suggestions from the interviewer. Moreover, no star can wail, "But no one knows the questions I was asked!" Here are *both* questions and answers—with the questions designed to encourage frank, revealing, newsy answers. Here's hoping that our questions and her answers will help you to know Katharine Hepburn as well as if you had interviewed her, yourself!—Editor.



KATHARINE Answers *Startling*

WHEN Katharine Hepburn arrived in Hollywood from Broadway, she clamped down the lid on all publicity. The result was that, when she appeared in "A Bill of Divorcement," she burst upon the public as a sensation—such a sensation, in fact, that RKO couldn't do anything else but star her. Did she have a hunch that this might happen? That's just one thing that everybody would like to know about this newest of the redheads!

There are plenty of other questions that everybody is asking about her. James Fidler has anticipated twenty of the biggest ones, has "cross-examined" her over a luncheon table between scenes of "The Great Desire," and has extracted considerable information about Katharine Hepburn, the Hepburn opinion of Garbo (to whom she has been likened), her plans, her "wealth," and—but read their questions and answers for yourself!

Mr. Fidler's "impertinent" questions are in italics; Miss Hepburn's "pertinent" answers are in heavy Roman type:

1. *Is it true that you have \$16,000,000?*

Katharine's answer: "No; there isn't that much money nowadays. Because my name is Hepburn, I am constantly confused with a wealthy Eastern family.

"My father is a surgeon, and comfortably well off, but we're far from being millionaires."

2. *Why do you wear overalls around the studio?*

"First, because they are comfortable and convenient. Second, because they save wear and tear on more expen-

sive clothes. And third, because it seems to amaze people. I like to do unusual things."

3. *What do you think of your performance in "A Bill of Divorcement"?*

"I was disappointed when I saw the picture. I went to Europe immediately, convinced my career in pictures was ended. During the month I was abroad I heard nothing from Hollywood until I received a cablegram to return for a new picture. I thought: 'How nice! They're giving me another chance.'

"Not until the reporters came on the boat in the New York harbor did I learn that people liked me in 'A Bill of Divorcement.' I still don't like it, much."

4. *Do you think that you look like Greta Garbo?*

"No. I happen to have a masque face—thin and hollow. Miss Garbo popularized such features, and because of



BY
 JAMES FIDLER
 AND
 KATHARINE HEPBURN

HEPBURN

Twenty

Questions

some slight similarity in our facial contours, people have said that I resemble her. But I disagree."

5. *What is your opinion of comparisons made between yourself and Garbo?*

"I wish I could look and act like Miss Garbo. I admire her more than any other movie star."

6. *Is it true that you purchased a used Hispano-Suiza? Why?*

"Yes. When I was about to purchase a car, I heard of a Hispano-Suiza, an expensive foreign motor, for sale. I investigated, discovered a bargain and bought the car.

"I have no false pride about driving a second-hand automobile; rather, I'm proud of having struck a good bargain."

7. *Do you think that you are skinny?*

"I certainly do, but I never gave the matter serious

thought until I saw myself on the screen. I thought I looked like a fence rail. Now I'm trying to gain."

8. *Did you anticipate that you would make a hit when you went to Hollywood for "A Bill of Divorcement"?*

"I hoped I might, but to say that I expected to be a success is absurd. I read the part before I went to Hollywood, and I knew it was a rare opportunity. I have confidence in my ability to act; I did not expect to fail.

"I suppose I must have made that insane girl in 'A Bill of Divorcement' vivid, for I've had ten 'insane girl' parts offered me since."

9. *Why did you give up a life of social ease to pursue a career in the world's most nerve-racking business?*

"Because I am too energetic, too high-strung, to remain idle. Also, because I want to achieve something in my life."

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12. *When you returned East, did you expect to knock Hollywood cold socially?*

"Not exactly," but after all I had heard about night-life in Hollywood, I did anticipate a good time before I arrived. But in all the time I was there on my first visit, I received only one invitation. Believe me, I accepted it in a hurry, too."

13. *Is it true that you spent three months in Europe without spending one night in a hotel?*

"Yes. A girl-friend and I toured England in an automobile. We budgeted our expenses to five dollars a day each. We lived in auto camps. It was great fun."

14. *Do you think that you are so hot as an actress?*

"I think I can act, else I wouldn't be in Hollywood. Whether I am right or wrong remains to be seen. I do not think that 'A Bill of Divorcement' was a good test, for

(Continued on page 71)

LOOKING

GOSSIP FROM THE WEST COAST



Is Spencer Tracy to be the next star? It's a rumor, after "Twenty Thousand Years in Sing Sing"

Welbourne



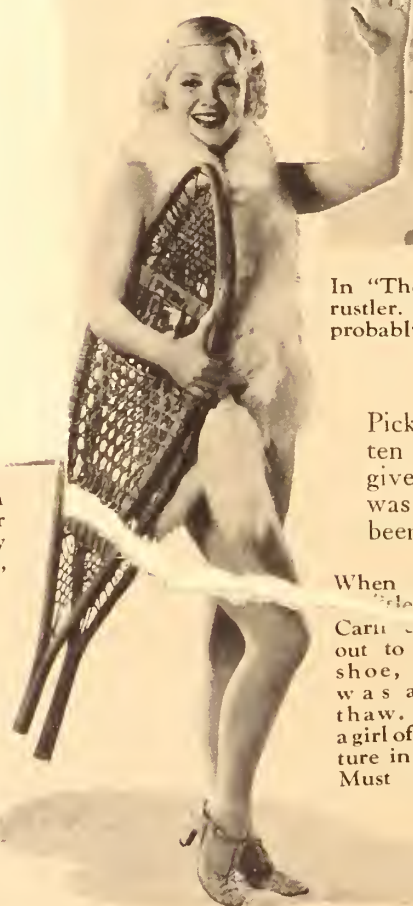
June Vlasek, one of Fox's new starlets, is so young that a court had to approve her screen contract. Like 'em young?

Phyfe



Ray Jones

In "The Rustler's Round-Up," Tom Mix rounds up his last rustler. He's "retiring," and will tour the world. And he'll probably take along Tony, Jr. (above), the successor to his famous Tony (also recently retired)



C. S. Bull

Bill Boyd finds Dorothy Wilson a very lovable newcomer. He woos her for the second time in "Lucky Devils"—which should be singular, not plural!

CONSTANCE BENNETT is giving up the merry, mad movies for good at the completion of her present RKO contract in 1934. In anyone else such an announcement would sound like the old "farewell appearance" stall . . . but with Connie making

When Mary Pickford went out to snowshoe, there was a big thaw. She's a girl of the future in "Men Must Fight"

Pickford and several others made that same statement ten years ago. But Connie has proved that she can give up the movies! She did it for three years while she was married to Phil Plant. "The movies never have been, and never will be, my entire life interest," explains Constance, "I enjoy the more leisurely life of travel and rest too well! Or maybe I'm just plain lazy!"

Anyway, Connie has uttered her first "retirement" call. We'll see! But our bet is she'll be sticking around for quite a few years to come!!!

WHEN Janet Gaynor and Lydell Peck decided to separate and admitted openly that their lukewarm marriage had at last come to an end,

THEM O VER

By DOROTHY MANNERS

Charlie Farrell and his wife, Virginia Valli, were the most bothered couple in town!

From the moment the news broke, the Farrell telephone started ringing and it did not cease for days. Just why the press should have expected important statements to have come from Charlie and Virginia is a little hard to

The George Raft of the female sex is—guess who! Mae West, as *Lady Lou*, in "She Done Him Wrong"!



With Paul Lukas and Loretta Young holding the hands, how could it be anything but a "Grand Slam," with hearts for trumps?

Longworth

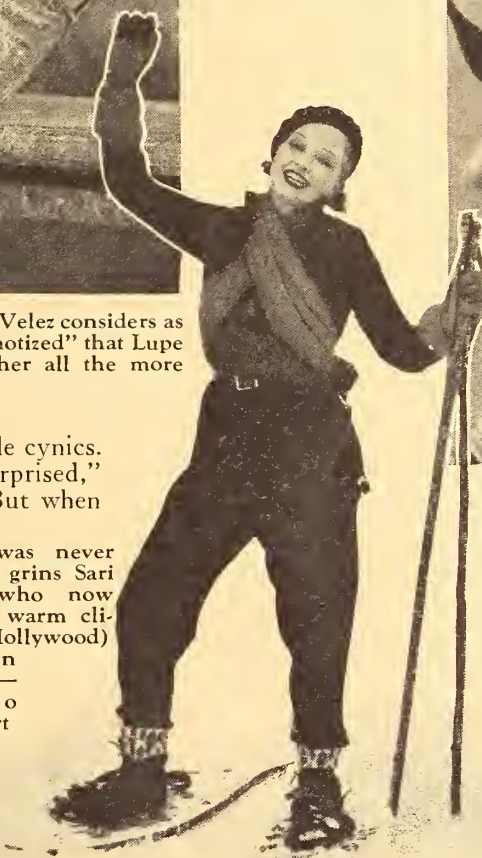


Maria Alba is the girl, so they say, that Lupe Velez considers as her natural rival. She won the role in "Hypnotized" that Lupe wanted. And she's Spanish—which makes her all the more dangerous!

guess, unless you are one of those incurable cynics. Beyond the fact that they were "really surprised," Charlie and Virginia had little to say. But when newspaper reporters actually began coming to their home for statements, they left town and hid out at a nearby resort for a day or two until the excitement died down.

The day upon his return to Hollywood, Charlie lunched at the *Brown Derby* with a friend. Their meal was completely ruined by friends and press people surrounding their table to find out the details of the

"Europe was never like this," grins Sari Maritza, who now lives in a warm climate (Hollywood) and plays in a cold one—just two hours apart



Lippman



Fraker

The jungle has its points, Raquel Torres learns, in returning to the screen in "So This Is Africa"—as the li'l helper of Wheeler and Woolsey

separation of Charlie's former co-star and her husband.

Finally, in desperation, Charlie said, "Why don't you ask Miss Gaynor why she left her husband? I don't know a thing about it."

(Continued on page 68)

Heard on the Boulevard
 Ruth Chatterton, her current husband, George Brent, and her ex-husband, Ralph Forbes, all cosily attending a "Maedchen in Uniform" together at the Belasco. . . . Claudia Mor-
 gan and Bruce Cabot dancing at the Walnut Grove. What was

RUTH

RALPH

GEORGE



RUTH and RALPH and GEORGE

—One for All, and All for One

"WE shall have a civilized divorce," said Ruth Chatterton, in announcing her separation from Ralph Forbes last summer. Their divorce was just that, but their behavior since parting has been even more remarkable—even more noteworthy in exemplifying advanced civilization.

Were there a Nobel Prize for the year's outstanding example of civilized conduct—and there might well be such an award!—the names of Ruth Chatterton, George Brent and Ralph Forbes would, perforce, head the list of nominees. Individually and collectively, they have achieved the feat of turning a dramatic triangle into a friendly circle. All three have each other's respect, admiration and close friendship. They are *living* the rôles of truly civilized people.

All of Hollywood knows the facts concerning Ruth Chatterton's marriage to George Brent and her continued friendship with her former husband, Ralph

By JACK GRANT



Jack Grant, who gives us this intimate little glimpse into three famous lives and loves, is on more-than-interview terms with the stars. He has lived in Hollywood for ten years, and there isn't a door through which he has ever passed to do a story about a movie personality that he cannot knock on to-day and be sure of a warm welcome. Because the stars are his friends, they give him stories that many writers could not get. This is one such story. Jack will write many others in coming issues of MOVIE CLASSIC, and when you read them, you may be sure that he knows whereof he writes.—Editor.

Forbes. But none of Hollywood knows the truth of their companionship. And without comprehensive knowledge, it raises an arched and well-plucked eyebrow in what it hopes is well-bred amazement.

Someone once observed that to know the facts about a specific matter is one thing; to know the truth, quite another. For facts are to truth what dates are to history. They record certain events without in the least revealing their significance. And this holds true in the Brent-Chatterton-Forbes real-life drama.

Hollywood has observed, as facts, that George and Ralph play polo as team-

(Continued on page 74)

THE NEWSREEL OF THE NEWSSTANDS

Right, Virginia Valli and Charles Farrell go to a polo game—perhaps to dodge reporters who want to ask them what they know about Janet Gaynor's future plans. Charlie and Janet recently parted as a screen team, and Janet has now parted from her husband, Lydell Peck. See story on page 30



Phyllis Fraser (below) would now be wed to equally young Tom Brown, if her cousin, Ginger Rogers, hadn't headed off their elopement. But their romance continues!



International

Let's drink a toast to the Warners, boys! They've found something as intoxicating as champagne. Her name is Alice Jans (below), and she's from Iowa

Acme
Nick Stuart and Sue Carol arrive in New York with their whole family. While they play on the stage, the baby will play on the dog!



Acme

Joan Blondell and George Barnes, cameraman (left), have ended all the suspense—and have taken the matrimonial plunge. Here they are in New York, on their honeymoon, reading "best wishes" telegrams



Wide World



Up at Lake Arrowhead for winter sports, Clark Gable chats with Richard Bennett, there for his health. A setback kept him out of "The White Sister" with Clark



DIETRICH DODGES LAWSUIT BY ENDING REVOLT—FUTURE FILMS TO BE GERMAN-MADE

When Marlene Declines To Make "Song Of Songs" Without Guidance Of Von Sternberg, Studio Promptly Sues Her For \$185,000, And She Changes Mind—But End Of Contract Will Find Star And Director Reunited In Germany

By DOROTHY MANNERS



International

Marlene, whose trousers are almost as famous as her rebellions, is about to say *Auf Wiedersehen* to Hollywood. And how talkative Hollywood will miss her!

MARLENE DIETRICH has decided to save \$185,000 of the good iron men she has earned in America, simply by returning to work at Paramount, instead of "sitting out" the remainder of her contract. In other words, the second Dietrich-vs.-Paramount war has ended almost as peacefully as the first, when Marlene did a walk-out because she would not make a picture unless directed by Josef von Sternberg (and walked back within a week).

Marlene will make "The Song of Songs" under the direction of Rouben Mamoulian—the first picture she will have made in this country without the guiding hand of von Sternberg. But she is in the same frame of mind as a child who has been promised that she may attend the circus as soon as she gets her tedious home-work done. In this case, "The Song of Songs" is the home-work, and the promised circus is her new agreement with von Sternberg, which will take her back to her beloved Germany to make Dietrich-von Sternberg pictures for UFA release.

There can be little doubt that

Marlene is through, most definitely through, with Hollywood. Almost from the start of her Paramount contract to its financially lucrative completion (with Marlene drawing \$4,000 weekly), she has been in almost constant turmoil with her producing company. Quarrels over stories, bickerings over leading men, and long-drawn out disputes over her being directed by someone besides von Sternberg have made Marlene's stardom one of the most tumultuous tie-ups in Hollywood history. One gets the impression that both star and studio will be glad when it's all over.

The new difficulty was far more serious than the walk-out of a few months ago, both in its inception and in its threatened lawsuit. Marlene wanted to make "The Song of Songs" (written by Herman Sudermann, famous German novelist and playwright), but she did not want to do it with any director other than her discoverer. To add to the complications, von Sternberg's contract had expired and he had not re-signed with Paramount. Marlene's own contract had but a few weeks to run, whereupon Marlene conceived the idea of

merely "sitting it out," apparently.

But she reckoned without her producing company, which had already spent more than \$185,000 on preparatory work for the picture. An entire battery of lawyers was engaged to bring Marlene into court for "breach of contract"—nearly \$200,000 worth of "breach." For a day, it looked as though Marlene was planning to fight the thing out in court. But suddenly, her attorney, Ralph Blum (husband of Carmel Myers, close friend of Marlene and von Sternberg), went into conference with the Paramount attorneys,

and it was just as suddenly announced that the threatened difficulties had been successfully ironed out and Marlene was returning to work.

No mention was made of a cablegram, said to have been sent by von Sternberg in Berlin to Marlene in Hollywood, which may or may not have advised his protégée to call off her war—because of the adverse publicity that might accrue from it. For, after all, Marlene and von Sternberg still hope to release their pictures in America, after they team up again in Germany, where Marlene and her husband (Rudolph Sieber) want their little girl to be educated and where she and von Sternberg made their first picture, "The Blue Angel."

Besides objecting to having any director besides von Sternberg, Marlene objected to the selection of Fredric March to play opposite her. But she surrendered on both objections. The picture started "harmoniously"!



Josef von Sternberg "discovered" Marlene Dietrich, and she is faithful to him after her fashion

RENALDO, CONVICTED IN PASSPORT CASE, RENEWS CITIZENSHIP FIGHT

Romantic Lead In "Trader Horn" Loses Two-Year Battle To Prove He Was Born In United States And Now Faces Either Prison Or Deportation To Roumania, Where Government Claims He Was Born—Actor Will Appeal Case

By LYNN FAIRFIELD

FINED \$2,000 and sentenced to two years in Federal prison unless he is deported—that was the judgment recently passed upon Duncan Renaldo, who found fame as *Little Peru* in "Trader Horn," in Federal Court in Los Angeles. He had lost his long battle with the government, which claimed that on his passport to Africa he had sworn falsely that he was born in America; the government contended that he had been born in Roumania. And while the government starts deportation proceedings, Renaldo will appeal his conviction.

"Unless my appeal is heard favorably," Renaldo says, "I must go to prison for two years—or else be deported, with little possibility of re-entry. 'Why?' I ask myself continually: 'Why?' Who has enough interest in ruining me to do this tremendous work of bringing witnesses from a foreign land, and hiring a search of records? I am being made an example of—for some reason. What reason I cannot guess . . .

"I was too unimportant to have powerful enemies, yet someone finds it worth more than one hundred and fifty thousands to ruin me. The government has actually spent that. Last year I was exonerated of the charges that I was illegally in this country. Now it is all opened up again. I am penniless. I have worked only once since 'Trader Horn,' and then they had to finish the picture in six days because I was arrested. For two years I have been harried as if I were a criminal . . .

"The strange part of it is that I am an American citizen. My parents took me to Roumania when I was a child and I grew up there, but I was born in Camden, New Jersey. I have proof of it—a copy of the birth certificate in the records. I was recognized as an American citizen when I served in

the Army. I have an honorable discharge from the Army. Does the United States enlist citizens of other countries in its Army?

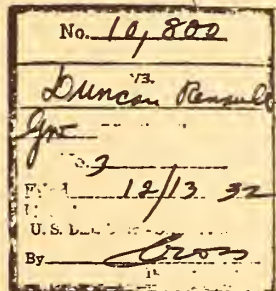
"My name is Duncan Renault. That is the name that appears on the birth certificate. Yet they preferred to consider the Roumanian birth certificate of a man of another



Ruth Harriet Louise

Form 10 U. S.		STATE DEPARTMENT OF HEALTH		New Jersey	
PLACE OF BIRTH	State	City	or District	Registered by	Date
City	Camden	No. 217	Federal St.	404	April 25, 1904
FULL NAME OF CHILD		Francis S. Duncan		MARIO MERINOSCO	
SEX	Male	FATHER	Francis S. Duncan	MOTHER	Mario Merinosco
RESIDENCE (When child was born)	217 Federal St.	RESIDENCE (When child was born)	217 Federal St.	AGE WHEN BORN	30
COLOR	White	COLOR	White	AGE WHEN BORN	30
RACE	American	RACE	Roumanian	BIRTHPLACE	Roumania
BIRTHPLACE	United States	BIRTHPLACE	Roumania	OCCUPATION (When child was born)	Housewife
OCCUPATION (When child was born)	Freight Merchant	(Signature) David G. R. [Signature] Address [Signature] Date December 17, 1932 Received Jan 1, 1933 [Signature]			

Duncan Renaldo (top) says that he was born Duncan Renault in Camden, New Jersey, and offers the document above as evidence



The official court stamp on Renaldo's "birth certificate," offered as evidence in his trial

name—Vasile Dumitri Cughienas—as being proof that I was born in Roumania, when all it proved was that this man

believes his story would carry as much weight as hers. Consequently, he has come to feel that he has an unknown, but powerful enemy. William T. Kendrick, his counsel, is fighting for him without a prospect of financial reward, because he believes in Renaldo's story.

Cughienas was born there. They even got the name of the mother different in the two times that the matter came up."

If "Trader Horn" had not offered him the chance of a lifetime, he would still, no doubt, be playing parts in pictures. His great opportunity was also his ruin. He was earning

more than two thousand dollars a week when he returned from Africa. Suddenly, his troubles began. Other actors who have had passport troubles have been able to adjust their difficulties amicably, but not so Renaldo.

The one who was the first complainant against him appears to have been his estranged wife. But Renaldo does not believe that his former wife's complaint accounts for the government's persistence in prosecuting him; he

GAYNOR DIVORCE AWAITS HER RETURN FROM HAWAII

Parting With Lydell Peck, Janet Heads For Honolulu, Scene Of Their Honeymoon, "To Think Things Over"—Step Follows Screen Separation From Charles Farrell



Kahle

Janet Gaynor left the way open for reconciliation by saying, "I want to behave rationally through this and keep my head"

By MADGE TENNANT

JANET GAYNOR has gone to Honolulu to "think things over." She doesn't want to start divorce action against her husband, Lydell Peck, without due thought. "I want to behave rationally through this, and keep my head," she told friends before she left.

Lydell was to vacate the big house they had been occupying—the John McCormack estate—before she returned from Honolulu, but Lydell didn't wait. He moved out immediately. Janet will return to this home where she has been so unhappy, and live there until the lease is terminated. In Honolulu, she is staying at the Royal Hawaiian Hotel, instead of occupying the little "honeymoon house" that she and Lydell purchased soon after their marriage in September, 1929.

Curiously enough, Norman Foster, who has just finished playing Janet's brother in "State Fair," also left for Honolulu soon afterward—a coincidence that set Hollywood's tongues to wagging, though no one who worked on the picture with Norman and Janet seems to have suspected any budding romance. However, the rumors of an impending divorce be-



Wide World

Above, Janet Gaynor and Lydell Peck, whose parting was caused by "clashes of temperament."

Left, Charles Farrell and Virginia Valli, looking happily married—which discourages new romance rumors



tween Norman and his wife, Claudette Colbert, are growing insistent. They have been living under separate roofs for some time.

Once more "heart-free," Janet will be the storm center for romance gossip. The moment the papers printed the news of her separation from Lydell Peck, the telephone of Charles and Virginia Valli Farrell began to ring. "We didn't know a thing about it until we read it in the papers," Virginia says. "We are rather dis-

turbed, for both are our friends . . ."

At a recent party, the Farrells were almost ostentatiously devoted. "See," Charlie told the other guests as he kissed Virginia, "I'm still in love with my wife!" It is said that he has been frankly worried about the possible effect of the inevitable gossip on his career, now that he has left Fox and parted from Janet, with whom he scaled the heights to fame. Their screen separation—a friendly one—antedated by only a few days the separation of Janet and her husband. Hollywood now wonders if Charlie had advance knowledge of the split between the Pecks, and broke up the screen team of Gaynor and Farrell to save Janet embarrassment.

Much as Hollywood keeps its eyes open for unhappy marriages, it was genuinely surprised by Janet's step. It has known for some time that the Pecks have had their little disagreements, but few ever thought that these would lead to actual separation—not while Janet was still on the screen, anyway. But Hollywood, in remembering that Janet was always shy on the screen, apparently forgot that she was also red-headed—and must, consequently, be impulsive. She caught Hollywood off its guard once, in marrying impulsively. Now, the same marriage is ending just as suddenly.

In some Hollywood circles, Janet's future plans are linked (in whispers) with the name of a young director, who has fought her fights in the Front Office many times. But the hitch to this story is that he is a great friend of Lydell Peck, who is now a junior Fox executive, and his wife is a great friend of Janet.

There seems to be no doubt that the separation of the young Pecks will soon be followed by divorce proceedings. But rumors will not be quieted until Janet marries again. For without any effort on her part, her fragile, wistful type of femininity has always attracted men's protective instincts. And protective instincts have a way, sometimes, of turning into marriage proposals.

BARBARA STANWYCK MAD ABOUT DIVORCE RUMORS WHEN FAY LEAVES SHOW

Star Scorns Columnist's "Sympathy" When Husband, Frank Fay, Quits Revue After She Tries To Arrange Truce—Threatens To Leave Screen, If Not Protected From "This Gossip"

By DOROTHY CALHOUN

A HOLLYWOOD gossip columnist recently wrote that, though Barbara Stanwyck "has always resented criticism of her devotion" to Frank Fay, his sympathy was with her on Frank's recent withdrawal from the cast of "Tattle Tales," the stage revue, soon after it opened in Los Angeles.

"I don't crave his 'sympathy,' nor does Frank!" Barbara declares. "I'm sick and tired of this divorce rumor stuff. When I read that paragraph, I wanted to do something about it, but Frank said, 'Don't pay any attention.' If the studio doesn't protect me from this sort of gossip, I'm going to quit pictures!"

She is back at work on "Baby Face," having just left a sick bed to which, Hollywood says, she was sent by the nervous shock of having Frank drop out of what she had hoped was to be his comeback musical show. Barbara says she had the "flu."

At any rate, she was hale and hearty on New Year's Eve when Frank, as the star of the smart revue, flung her a flower from his buttonhole across the footlights. Two nights later, the manager of the revue came before the curtain in some embarrassment and told the audience that Mr. Fay would not appear and that they could get back their money at the box-office. The next day, Hollywood heard that Barbara Stanwyck was sick. And ill she certainly was. When her last pic-

ture, "Ladies They Talk About," was previewed several nights later, Barbara was present, but pale and wan.

Some of the players in "Tattle Tales" tell a tale of a battle royal between the producer of the show and his star, Frank Fay, shortly before the curtain rose—and that Barbara was summoned to make peace. What passed between Hollywood's most devoted married couple is not known, but Frank apparently was in no mood to go on with the show. A few days later, Benny Rubin was hastily recruited to fill the vacant post of Chief Entertainer.



Longworth

Hollywood gossips have it that Barbara's recent illness was caused by Frank's suddenly leaving revue in which he was starring. Barbara says she had the "flu"

The rumor that Barbara's illness was induced by Frank's leaving the show can probably be traced to the couple's devotion to each



Lippman

That "happy, though married" line has always applied to Frank Fay and Barbara Stanwyck, and it is difficult now to credit divorce rumors. They recently adopted a baby boy

other. For it is well-proved fact that, Barbara's career, compared to her husband's, means little to her.

Several months ago, after completing an independently-made picture, "A Fool's Advice," Frank decided on a vaudeville tour. Barbara wanted to appear with him, and her insistence won over the studio. Thereupon, Hollywood and other cities were treated to the remarkable spectacle of a great dramatic actress clowning—even doing cartwheels—in vaudeville, as she had done years before when she was an unskilled partner in Frank Fay's act.

The Hollywood Athletic Club is frequently the resort of husbands who are parting from their wives. And when word went around that Frank Fay was staying for several days at the Athletic Club after his withdrawal from "Tattle Tales,"

the rumor of an impending separation between the Fays (who recently adopted a baby boy) was launched. But we venture to predict that the rumor was wrong. Such devotion as that which Barbara Stanwyck has for Frank Fay is not lightly tossed aside. Hollywood, grown cynical from many overthrown loves, pins its faith to the devotion between these two.



GWILI ANDRE KEEPS HUGHES, "MOVIES' MOST ELIGIBLE BACHELOR," GUESSING

Howard Hughes, Wealthy Young Producer And Discoverer Of Jean Harlow, Shows Keen Interest In Starlet, But She Dodges Meeting—Wants To Succeed By Ability, Not Politics—Also, Her Time Is Taken Up With Willis Goldbeck, Scenarist

By SONIA LEE

GWILI ANDRE evidently believes that politics belong in Washington, for she has refused to play Hollywood politics. Certainly, she amazed Hollywood when she continued elusive for a week, while Howard Hughes—the young millionaire producer and "Hollywood's most eligible bachelor"—made frantic efforts to meet her.

With her contract near expiration at RKO, and with a record of disappointing screen characterizations, any girl in Gwili's place might well have been forgiven for turning mental somersaults at the thought that Howard Hughes, with a record of lavish picture-making and productive oil-wells, was interested in arranging a meeting with her.

Not only Howard Hughes, but his attorney, made a concentrated effort to bring about an introduction to the beautiful Danish girl, whose salary was more than \$25,000 when studio scouts discovered her earning her living as New York's highest-paid dress model. When it was suggested by RKO that if Mr. Hughes was interested in Miss Andre as an actress, he might take up the matter with the business department, he replied that he wanted to know her informally.

For a week, the incredible hide-and-seek continued. Miss Andre was somewhere at the studio, but could not be located. Miss Andre might be home at six. As a matter of fact, Miss Andre is rumored to have left town for a few days to avoid pursuit. But, eventually, a



Howard Hughes



Willis Goldbeck

Howard Hughes' interest in Gwili Andre boosted her screen stock—but it didn't disrupt her romance with Willis Goldbeck

clever hostess arranged a party to bring about their meeting.

Hollywood, *en masse*, has long since learned that not all great picture careers are carved on the screen. Even a producer's casual interest is a matter for

silent prayer and earnest hope. Yet this girl, who needed a splendid rôle, who might well become a sensation in the right picture, continued indifferent.

Undoubtedly, Gwili has the potential elements of stardom. Howard Hughes has never been accused of lack of vision. He made "Hell's Angels," and Hollywood prophesied that he would never get back half his

investment; but to-day the receipts from that epic are well in the black. He was the gentleman who first sized up Jean Harlow at her platinum worth. He discovered the electric Ann Dvorak in a gangling young girl. And so Hollywood, respecting Hughes' discernment as it does, was "stunned" by Gwili Andre's extraordinary lack of concern over his patent curiosity about her.

The most valid reason for Gwili's retreat, undoubtedly, is that she is aware how quickly Hollywood tongues begin to wag. And then again, her greatest desire is to achieve stardom—whether under contract to Mr. Hughes, or with some other studio—not because she makes the right moves on the political chessboard, but because of her worth as an actress!

Also, Gwili may be too much interested in Willis Goldbeck, scenario writer and her constant companion, to be interested in the possible attentions of even "Hollywood's most eligible bachelor." And, meanwhile, how is Howard Hughes bearing up? Apparently very well—for he is now paying marked attention to Marian Marsh!

Gwili may have kept Howard Hughes guessing, but she has had Hollywood guessing ever since she arrived several months ago. She has appeared in public very little, and lives very quietly—always a puzzling characteristic in a beauty. She has dodged interviewers, with the result that Hollywood has tried to guess what secrets she is hiding. There has been a rumor of a marriage in the East—but no husband has been discovered, and Gwili has not bothered to set Hollywood straight on the point. When better baffling is done, Gwili will do it!

LILA LEE'S MARRIAGE TO DIRECTOR WILL END FOUR-CORNERED ROMANCE

Wedding Of Actress And George Hill Will Mean Finish Of Rumors That She Might Reconcile With John Farrow, Scenario Writer, And That George Might Remarry Frances Marion, Also A Scenarist—Lila Plans To Retire From Screen

By JOAN STANDISH

LILA LEE is going to marry George Hill. She has a new diamond ring to emphasize the fact. Even by the time this story reaches print, Lila and her director-bridegroom may be on the high seas, en route to the Orient on their honeymoon. And this most definitely should end all the rumors about this romance, which have involved two other people almost as much as Lila and George.

The marriage will, for one thing, put a stop to all talk that George Hill is "making up" with his former wife, Frances Marion, the scenarist, and that they are planning to remarry. It will also silence all reports that the "romance" between Lila and George was merely a friendship and that her real heart-throb was her former ardent flame, writer John Farrow.

It was to John Farrow that Lila, who was divorced from James Kirkwood in 1930, announced her engagement and approaching marriage when she first returned to Hollywood last year after two years of health recuperation in an Arizona sanitarium. Everyone knew that Lila and Johnny had been in love for a long time—for at least a year before Lila's health had forced her to leave the screen. Certainly, there was little doubt that Lila thought much of the popular and very British Mr. Farrow.

But the romance between Lila and Johnny had always been stormy. And when Lila returned to Hollywood, it evidently picked up where it

had left off. It was during one of their numerous disagreements that Lila met George Hill, then just recently divorced from Frances Marion. The columnists dusted off their "that way" rumors, not failing, however, to drop casual hints about the possi-



Frances Marion



George Hill



Lila Lee discovered George Hill after break with John Farrow, and George discovered Lila after divorce from Francis Marion



John Farrow

bility of a reconciliation between George Hill and Frances Marion or between Lila and Johnny.

Right in the midst of the rumors, Mr. Farrow went off to England for a vacation. However, Hollywood knows that he spent a great deal of money, phoning Lila from London. And the reports about the progress of

the Lee-Hill romance had just reached the persistent state when Mr. Farrow decided to return. Now, everyone is wondering if his return hastened Mr. Hill's decision to put that all-important

sparkler on the correct finger of Lila's hand.

"I'm planning to retire from the screen for good," said Lila, when she announced her engagement. "I have never been so happy in my life, and I don't want anything, even studio work, to take my attention away from the happiness of being merely George's wife. I'm a little tired of working, anyway—I've worked ever since I was a child. After our honeymoon trip, George, of course, will return to Hollywood to make more pictures and so I will keep in contact with the movies even if it is 'second-hand.'"

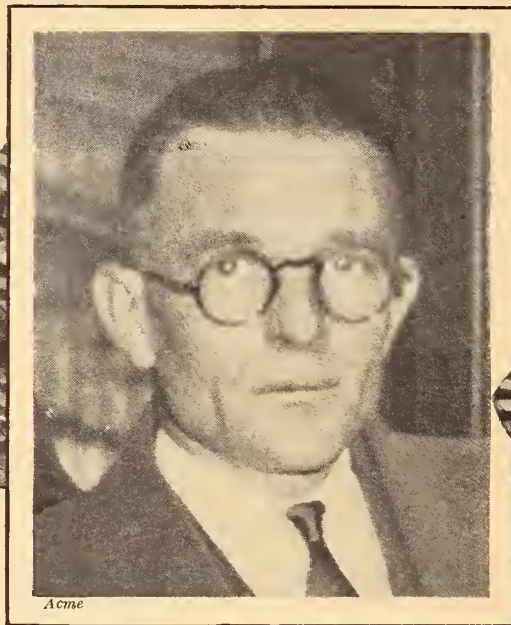
In the meantime, John Farrow has been escorting Anna May Wong to various places of interest in Hollywood, and Frances Marion is very busy working on movie scripts for United Artists and M-G-M stars.

If Lila does carry out her intention to retire from the screen, it will be for the reason she gives—and not

for reasons of health. After leaving the Arizona sanitarium, she spent several weeks in the South Seas to make her recovery complete. And, as if to prove the excellent condition of her health, she has made ten pictures in less than ten months, since her recovery. Her most recent appearance has been in "Face in the Sky."



Center, Robert E. Burns, who played the real-life rôle of "I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang." To left and right, the chain gang of the picture, with Paul Muni to the fore



By
DORIS JANEWAY



"FUGITIVE FROM CHAIN GANG" DARED CAPTURE BY HIDING IN HOLLYWOOD

Robert E. Burns, Upon Whose Autobiography Paul Muni Film Was Based, Faced Danger To Be In Hollywood During Making Of Picture—But Constant Fear Of Publicity Frayed His Nerves And Drove Him To Seek Refuge In New Jersey

LAST summer, for several weeks, Hollywood's strange and cosmopolitan citizenry was increased by a man who started at every quick foot-step behind him and dodged every sudden shadow cast by the California sun. Studio executives had urged him not to risk a trip to California, but he wanted to have a hand in the filming of the best-seller he had written. He begged Warners to give him the position of technical director for the picture, but was refused.

The reason? The man, Robert E. Burns, was an escaped convict, wanted by the Georgia authorities. At the first suspicion that he was in Hollywood, the studio knew, steps would be taken to extradite him.

Since the recent arrest of the "fugitive from a Georgia chain gang" in the East, and his temporary reprieve through the refusal of Governor Moore of New Jersey to sign extradition papers sending him back to the prison camp, wild tales have been afloat of Burns' life in Hollywood. It is said, for example, that he was hidden on the studio lot.

This is only a picturesque fable. Robert E. Burns lived in an apartment not far from the studio. And few knew of his presence. Stars are natural celebrity-hunters, and if anyone had heard of his presence in Hollywood he would probably have been besieged by stars' press-agents. His proximity was a well-kept secret.

Burns' troubles had made him nervous, eccentric, irritable. He was continually looking out of windows and over his shoulder. And being without studio experience, he made impractical suggestions about the film treatment of his book. It was with many sighs of relief that, one morning, a member of the scenario department received a note: "Things are getting too hot for me here. I'm moving on."

Paul Muni, who played the hero of the picture, met and talked with Burns. He was convinced of the authenticity of the incidents in the book, but was inclined to feel that Burns over-idealized himself. When the fugitive was apprehended, Muni refused to be drawn into the resultant

controversy. Mervyn Le Roy, the director, took sides with Burns.

Hollywood's sense of the dramatic was inflamed by the capture of the fugitive. David Selznick offered five thousand dollars to head a subscription list to aid Burns' fight for freedom. Dozens of the biggest stars sent telegrams, urging Governor Moore not to sign extradition papers.

Burns, who saw the picture representing his tragic life-story in the East, was delighted with it. At present, living in seclusion, he is writing a sequel to it.

In Hollywood, the town where publicity reaches its zenith, he probably felt more in danger than anywhere else he might have been—with the possible exception of Georgia. He had no way of knowing when the story of his presence in Hollywood might break. He fled to San Francisco and made his way East by devious detours on the comparatively unwatched Northern lines to New Jersey, where he had influential friends, sworn to stand by him if he were ever apprehended.

IN THE SPRING, A YOUNG WOMAN'S FANCY—

Lightly turns to thoughts of some new clothes. It isn't exactly Spring yet, of course, but Kay Francis never knows when Spring fever is going to hit her—so she has done her shopping early, to be sure she'll enjoy the vernal urge in 1933 style. She's looking for the first robin in a coat dress of rough crêpe, in white, dark blue and hyacinth. You may get a peek at it in "The Keyhole"—which is the "homecoming" picture of Warners' best-dressed star, after her triumphs elsewhere in "Trouble in Paradise" and "Cynara"

Elmer Fryer





Ray Jones

What's more French than a chaise longue, or a Fifi—even if one does come from Grand Rapids, and the other from Montreal? That's a hard one to answer, as you'll discover in "They Just Had to Get Married"—in which Fifi proves that old proverb, "When the mistress is away, the maid will play." Celebrating, maybe, that now she's an American citizen. Give a rah-rah-rah and an oo-la-la!

FIFI DORSAY



Ray Jones

MERNA KENNEDY

Shure, and with St. Patrick's Day and St. Valentine's Day on hand, 'tis only natural to give a thought to the Irish. And faith, there's nary a lass in Hollywood who's more of a mavourneen than Merna of the reddish hair. She's as Irish as the Blarney Stone—and even more kissable. And she's Erin (hearin', to you) that she's only a Blarney Stone's throw away from stardom, after "Laughter in Hell"



Portraits by C. S. Bull

He may be little, but oh, how he packs that double-barreled sex-appeal—the kind that goes across with men, just as much as with women! Then, too, like Clark, he has so much personality that, in any rôle, he's still himself. Wonder which will draw the bigger crowds—Jackie with Colleen Moore in "Lost," or his big pal, Clark, with Helen Hayes in "The White Sister"?

IS JACKIE COOPER GABLE'S BIG RIVAL?



**THE MARRYING MAN
AND THE MENACE**

There are two kinds of love—the Bruce Cabot kind and the George Raft kind. And which will YOU have? Bruce's smile makes you feel that he'd risk his life for you, as he did for Fay Wray in "King Kong." But flirt with George, and you flirt with danger. He's a love-'em-and-leave-'em lad—whom Miriam Hopkins will love to reform in "The Story of Temple Drake"!



In the interview across the page, Will claims he never did get to meet all the stars in the all-star "State Fair." Believe it or not. It's certain that he met Janet, anyway—seein' as how she plays his daughter (who's also his pal) and goes to the Iowa fair with him when he exhibits his prize hog. And it's rumored Janet and Will are the most down-to-earth pair in the movies. You'll see!

**JANET GAYNOR
AND
WILL ROGERS**

WILL ROGERS Talks About Pigs, Politics and Movies

Will claims, "I only know what I see in the papers." And most people know Will only through his newspaper and radio ramblings, and his screen rôles. But here is one of those rare Rogers interviews—with Will saying some rare things, which will help you to know him better!

By EDWIN SCHALLERT

WILL ROGERS OPINES:

"Hoover had to conduct a sort of lone fight, which, with the radio reaching everybody, is terrible difficult. Same voice, saying much the same thing, all the time. In the days of stump-speaking around the country, it was possible for one man to get away with it, but not now.

"The Democrats had the cast, and they also had the show. This politics is a show, you know; sometimes a 'Follies' show.

"A hog's at his best when he's on a plate between a couple of eggs.

"Me and the hog nap along together. I'll do anything they want, even to wrestling with the boar, but I never read the script or the book. I never do, because I don't want to be disappointed in the picture.

"They always clean up stories for the movies, and when they get through cleaning, there's generally nothing left except the same old plot.

"If they put on a fair back in Iowa, they brag because they have fifty prize hogs; out here in California they don't bother about hogs, but drag out fifty movie stars."

NOW A -
DAYS,
writers
simply
don't interview
Will Rogers. It's
so much better to
catch him un-
awares. He is an
elusive critter, this
famous American
humorist — elusive
particularly when
it comes to talk-
ing for publica-
tion; but the wise-
cracks fall right
and left when
there are no note-
books to capture
his sage and wily sayings. So I
left my pencil and paper at home
—and found out what he has to
say in private about politics, not
to mention pigs, movies, and
this business of acting.

I found him on the set of "State Fair." He was comfortably stretch-
ed out on a bunk in a pig sty. Warily, he opened one eye and
looked in my direction.

"H'lo; how are y'h," he
said, half-sleepily, shifting a
newspaper that he had on his
chest. "How's everything?"

There was a true rustic
cordiality in his voice, and as
I leaned over the enclosure
of the sty, we talked. First,
Rogers was prone; then, as
conversation progressed, he
sat up, and after a while he

(Continued on page 64)



Meet Will Rogers' new "ham" fellow-actor—
Blue Boy, his 900-pound pal in "State Fair"



STEPPING DOWN

When you see "42nd Street," for the first time, the drama behind the revue. Every principal in the big show—Eddie Bracken, Bebe Daniels, and others—has a part that can live their rôles! And every scene that might never have passed. Below are some of the stars. At the left, top to bottom, you see Eddings, Adele Lacey—and Ruth. And opposite them, just to distract you, are Coonan, Toby Wing—and Ginger.

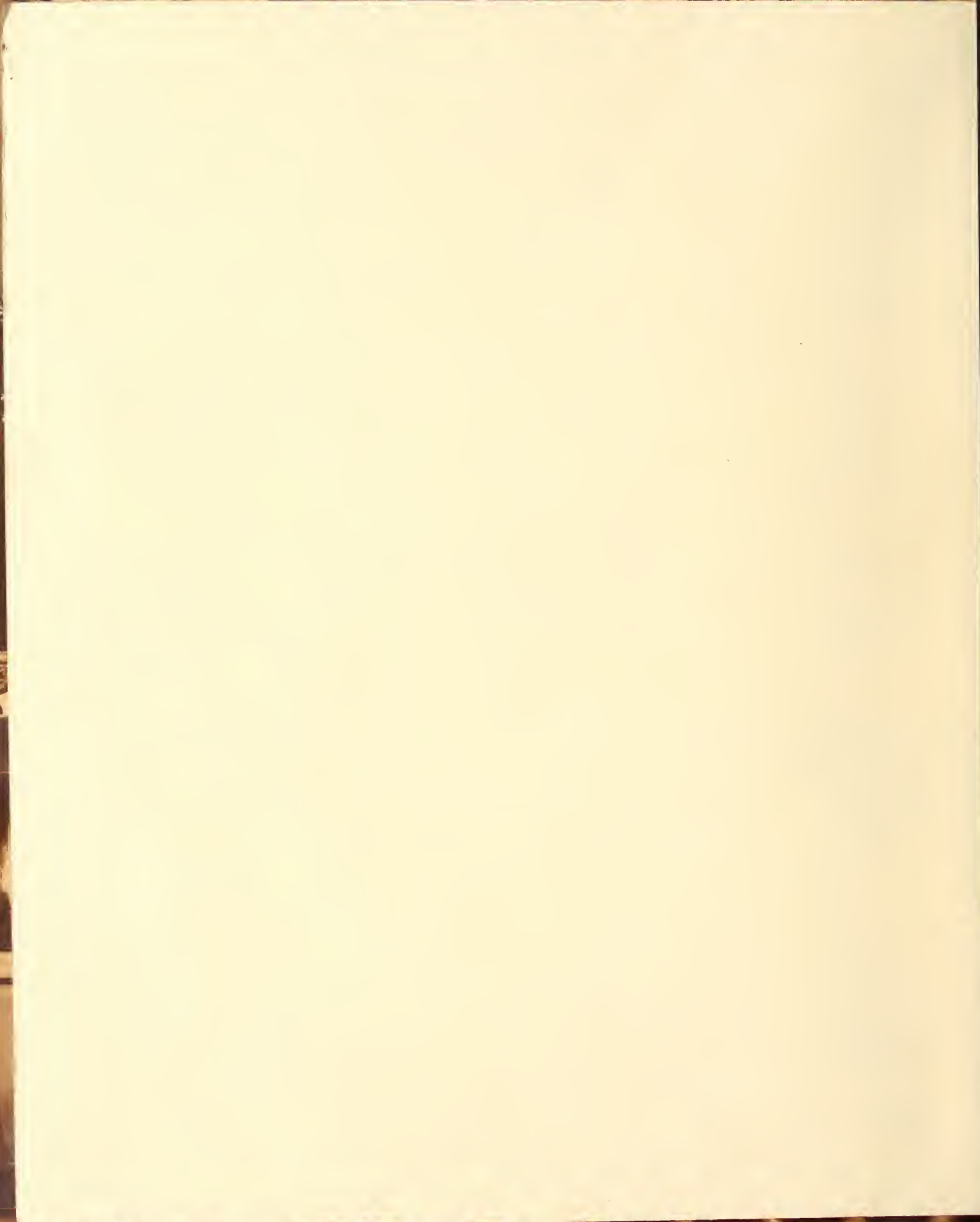
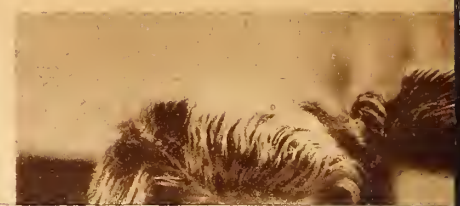
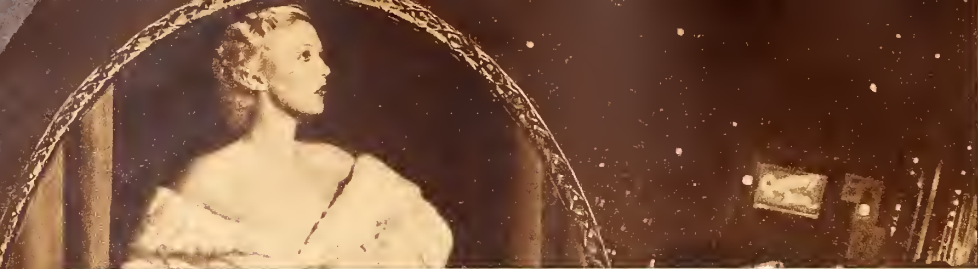




"42nd STREET"

...ners' newest spectacle, you'll see,
...the production of a big Broadway
...et—like Ruby Keeler, George Brent
...through the Broadway mill. They
...us girl has passed tests that Venus
...u see a good round dozen of them.
...re privileged to gaze upon Ruth
...Keeler, of "Follies" dancing fame.
...you, stand (top to bottom) Dorothy
...ogers, of "Scandals" dancing fame







STEPPING DOWN "42nd STREET"

When you see "42nd Street," Warners' newest spectacle, you'll see, for the first time, the drama behind the production of a big Broadway revue. Every principal in the big cast—like Ruby Keeler, George Brent and Bebe Daniels, above—has gone through the Broadway mill. They can live their rôles! And every chorus girl has passed tests that Venus might never have passed. Below, you see a good round dozen of them. At the left, top to bottom, you are privileged to gaze upon Ruth Eddings, Adele Lacey—and Ruby Keeler, of "Follies" dancing fame. And opposite them, just to distract you, stand (top to bottom) Dorothy Coonan, Toby Wing—and Ginger Rogers, of "Scandals" dancing fame





Bachrach

Why Is LESLIE HOWARD the Man of the Moment?

Leslie, himself, won't admit that he is—but there is no other actor on the screen (not even Gable) who is so much in demand by women stars, directors and writers. Leslie won't admit a thing except that he's an actor who knows his craft—but between the lines of this interview you'll find the answers to the question!

By GLADYS HALL

WHY is Leslie Howard the Man of the Moment in Hollywood? That is what people are asking themselves—and others.

Why do all the lady stars want Leslie Howard and none other to play opposite them? Why did Mary Pickford, with all the possible Gary Coopers and Weldon Heyburns and Lyle Talbots and other handsome he-men to choose from, select Leslie Howard above them all to play her adventurer-husband in "Secrets?"

Why do all the companies dicker for him, frantically? Why do all the directors sigh for him? Why do all the writers get down on their knees and pray that he and no one else will star in their "Animal Kingdoms" and "Berkeley Squares," et cetera?

Marion Davies is said to have remarked that she learned more from Leslie Howard when he was playing with her in "Five and Ten" than she had ever learned from anyone else, at any time. Which was flattering to Mr. Howard, but hardly explained why *all* the women stars want him as a co-star. It would be nice to believe that the stars go through life consumed with a passion for learning, but this is scarcely true, I fear.

Leslie is slender, and a gentleman. He doesn't talk or look or act as if he would be the Life of the Party. The strength of his face and the grace of his body are not theatrical, but the strength and the grace of breeding. He is quiet. He is domestic. He is reticent. His passions are for country homes (in England, where he has one), for his children, for books and plays, and for as much seclusion as possible. He has none of the vivid appeal of a Gable or the debonair come-hither of a Chevalier. He appeals to the mind, rather than to the

blood. He speaks to the spirit, rather than to the flesh. Which is something, if you pause to consider it, that few picture actors have ever done—successfully. George Arliss is, perhaps, the one other exception.

I think I know, however, why Leslie Howard is the Man of the Moment. I asked him point-blank. And though he disclaimed the title, I think that, while talking with him, I stumbled on the answers to this question. I'll tell you about our talk first and then, at the end, I'll give you what I feel to be the answers.

Pays Tribute to Mary

ON the way to his portable dressing-room off the set of "Secrets," I stopped for a moment to talk with Mary Pickford, resting between scenes—Mary looking younger than she looked fifteen years ago and photographing even younger than that. At the moment, she was reclining in a deck chair on the set, talking with the Countess Di Frasso and director Frank Borzage. Mary said to me, "I should have played this deck-chair scene romantically. I was imagining I was with Douglas."

In the dressing-room, Leslie Howard said to me, "I like doing this picture with Miss Pickford. It's an experience I wouldn't have missed. You know, Mary Pickford will go down in history. She has *made* history—and deservedly. She is one of the most extraordinary women I have ever known. Her mind works like the mind of a man—in an exquisitely feminine body."

It was then that I came to the point and to the question. I said abruptly, "Why do *you* think you are the Man of the Moment in Hollywood? Why do you think that every star from Mary Pickford down would rather

(Continued on page 76)



Hurrell

**QUICK!
WHO IS IT?**

Just for a moment, at first glance, did you think it was Garbo? Remember how we told you, a couple of months ago, "Any Girl Can Look Like Garbo—Maybe"? Well, here's Claire Windsor to bear out our words! It's a sort of little reminder that Claire, like Greta, has been away a long, long time. Only in Claire's case, it has been years. But she's coming back in "Auction in Souls"



She aims—or should we say Ames?—to prove that Katharine Hepburn isn't the only girl from Park Avenue who knows how to act in movie society. And while she's about it, Adrienne will make Lilyan Tashman look to those fashion laurels, too. In only a few months, she has come to look so much like a young star that she plays the movie-star rôle in the studio mystery, "The Death Kiss"

ADRIENNE AMES



Bachrach

ANN HARDING

Ann was the star—along with Leslie Howard—whose picture, "The Animal Kingdom," opened the world's newest and most beautiful movie theatre: the RKO Roxy in Radio City, New York. On top of that honor, she is now enjoying a rest, awaiting her next picture. And, meanwhile, not denying a rumor that she and Harry Bannister may reconcile. Wonder if it's so? Well, you never can tell!

The Headline Career of MARY and DOUG 1927 - 1933

As compiled by MURIEL BABCOCK



International

December 21, 1932—With typical Fairbanks gusto, Doug arrives in New York from latest trip around world, in time to spend Christmas with Mary

Below, the Mary Pickford of the famous long curls—which fell to a barber's floor in Chicago in June, 1928, Mary announcing that henceforth she would play "grown-up romances." Right, a picture of Mary taken only a few days ago, just after she completed "Secrets." Many think she looks even younger now

recognition by their professional activities. Mary was "America's Sweetheart" (a name first thought of by Sid Grauman, the showman); Doug was "the actor-athlete," famous for his leaping. Their romance, beset by legal difficulties in the



THERE have been more headlines written about Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks—the king and queen of Hollywood's "Four Hundred"—than about any other pair in film history. For years upon years, Mary and Doug have occupied front-page space in newspapers printed in every language. Let Miss Pickford bob her famous curls, let Mr. Fairbanks board a ship for China or India—and the headline-writers have a "line" for the day.

In the beginning, they won this newspaper



Nevada divorce courts, where Mary won her freedom from Owen Moore, occupied columns. To get the background of their romance, perhaps we should briefly review the important dates of their early life. On July 11, 1906, Douglas Fairbanks married Ann Beth Sully, daughter of Daniel Sully, "cotton king." On January 17, 1911, Mary Pickford married Owen Moore, screen actor. On March 5, 1919 Douglas Fairbanks was divorced from Mrs. Beth Sully Fairbanks, who won cus-



Rahmn

October, 1929—Mary and Doug appear as co-stars for the first and only time, in a talkie version of Shakespeare's "Taming of the Shrew." Below, November, 1932—Mary, on set of "Secrets," accepts invitation to be first woman grand marshal of Tournament of Roses Parade

tody of their son, Douglas, Jr. (The first Mrs. Fairbanks married Jack Whiting, musical comedy juvenile, in 1929.) On March 2, 1920, Mary Pickford, under her real name, Gladys M. Smith Moore, was granted a divorce from Owen Moore at Minden, Nevada. On March 30, 1920, at a Beverly Hills dinner, Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks announced that they had been married on March 28.

Since 1927, they have settled down—not to obscurity, as you will discover by reading their headline history, but to social, civic and traveling prominence, all of which carries a glamour of its own.



January, 1932 — Doug and Mary start remodeling "Pickfair," expecting famous guests for Olympic Games



1927—With Doug looking on, Mary operates steam shovel that breaks ground for new Los Angeles theatre, which later opens with "My Best Girl"

comparable to that attained by titled folk of the Continent; of wealth, comparable to that amassed by the Morgans and Vanderbilts; of increasing civic responsibility, comparable to that enjoyed by the political moguls of these United States.

Reading this story, told in the brief, staccato lines of the caption and headline writers, you may well wonder what lies ahead of Mary and Doug:

May 3, 1927—Mary Pickford will have honor of planting first tree in new Los Angeles Botanical Gardens
(Continued on page 56)



Russell Ball

MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN

There's an Irish tilt to her chin, an Irish lilt to her eyes, and, as if her name isn't Irish enough now, they do say she's about to add another good old Gaelic tag to the end of it. She and James Dunn are even suspected of having Dunn it already—after a romance that has been as rocky as that well-known road to Dublin.—And if you don't think she has the luck of the Irish in her career, too, listen to the news that Johnny Weissmuller is to woo her a SECOND time in "Tarzan and His Mate"!



Far From Home, But Near to *Stardom*

Six months ago, Hollywood had never heard of Diana Wynyard, from London—and now she's the talk of the town. Without a bit of "pull," she has walked off with three of the year's biggest rôles; she has been praised by the Barrymores; and it looks as if she'll be the next star. The girl must be clever and "different"!

And she is—as this story tells you!

By CHARLES GRAYSON

Director Frank Lloyd called Diana Wynyard "the one woman in the world" who could play the difficult rôle of the heroine in "Cavalcade." Now she is scheduled to play the heroine in "Reunion in Vienna," with John Barrymore, with whom she started her screen career in "Rasputin and The Empress." (She played the *Grand Duchess*.) We take pleasure in presenting a revealing close-up of this English girl who has won the praise of the Barrymores and looks like as much of a sensation as Katharine Hepburn.—*Editor*.

WHEN two major studios feature her almost simultaneously in three of their most super productions, when the reigning family of the dramatic world declare her the find of the year, when in a brief stage engagement she captured New York as completely as she already had taken London—then, my friends, you have an actress as is an actress. You have, in fact, a Diana Wynyard.

The Hollywood success of this young lady has been such as to make that word "sensational" seem woefully inadequate. When half the town's feminine contingent were casting hopeful eyes toward certain featured rôles in "Rasputin and the Empress," "Cavalcade"



Right, Diana Wynyard in person—the girl whose future doesn't worry her, if she can do what she likes

Phyfe

and "Reunion in Vienna," Diana chased out and captured all three! Very thorough, these English—and Diana is as English as roast mutton, punting on the Thames, or afternoon tea.

She was born in London, January 16, 1906, the daughter of a business man of that city, and, unlike so many who have launched themselves successfully in the theatrical profession, she had a normal, happy, carefree childhood, living with her family in various parts of London and England. During the War her father was a member of the Royal Army Service Corps. While he was away, Diana, her mother and sister lived with a grandmother near the Woolwich Arsenal. For many months her nights were filled with the sound of raiding enemy Zeppelins and the noise of exploding bombs.

At that time Diana gave an early example of one of her most pronounced traits, a complete lack of superstition. With her father at the front and in daily danger, she deliberately would walk under ladders—those ancient omens of ill-luck—defiantly proving her utter lack of fear. And this same bravery has stood her in good stead ever since, although her casual habit of whistling in dressing-rooms (the most marked of theatrical superstitions) usually arouses the homicidal tendencies of her fellow-performers. But

(Continued on page 77)



Diana Wynyard as *Jane Marryot* in "Cavalcade"—a rôle two hundred actresses wanted



Above, Clyde Beatty with Nero, the lion that once saved his life when a tigress attacked him. Top, the opening scene of "The Big Cage," in which Beatty, unarmed, faces forty-four "natural enemies"

CLYDE BEATTY—this man who lives danger—has given Hollywood a new thrill. There are many dangerous jobs in the picture game. But for the most part they seem only the occupations of effeminate mollicoddles beside that of this slim, small young man whose great circus film, "The Big Cage," is destined to thrill people all over the world. Beatty is an actor, a trouper, too; but he differs from the usual player of arduous parts in that every second of his show is fraught with danger of the sharpest kind!

If you think this an exaggeration, let me point out that when you see this curly-haired, twenty-seven-year-old chap do his stuff, you are witnessing something that

Meet CLYDE BEATTY, Who Has Hollywood's Most Dangerous Job!

Frank Buck may bring 'em back alive, but Beatty is the chap who tames 'em. And you'll hold your breath when you see how he does it in "The Big Cage"—the picture based on his life. He enters a cage with forty-four lions and tigers—the most dangerous combination in circus history—and never knows if he'll come out alive. He has had twenty-five close calls!

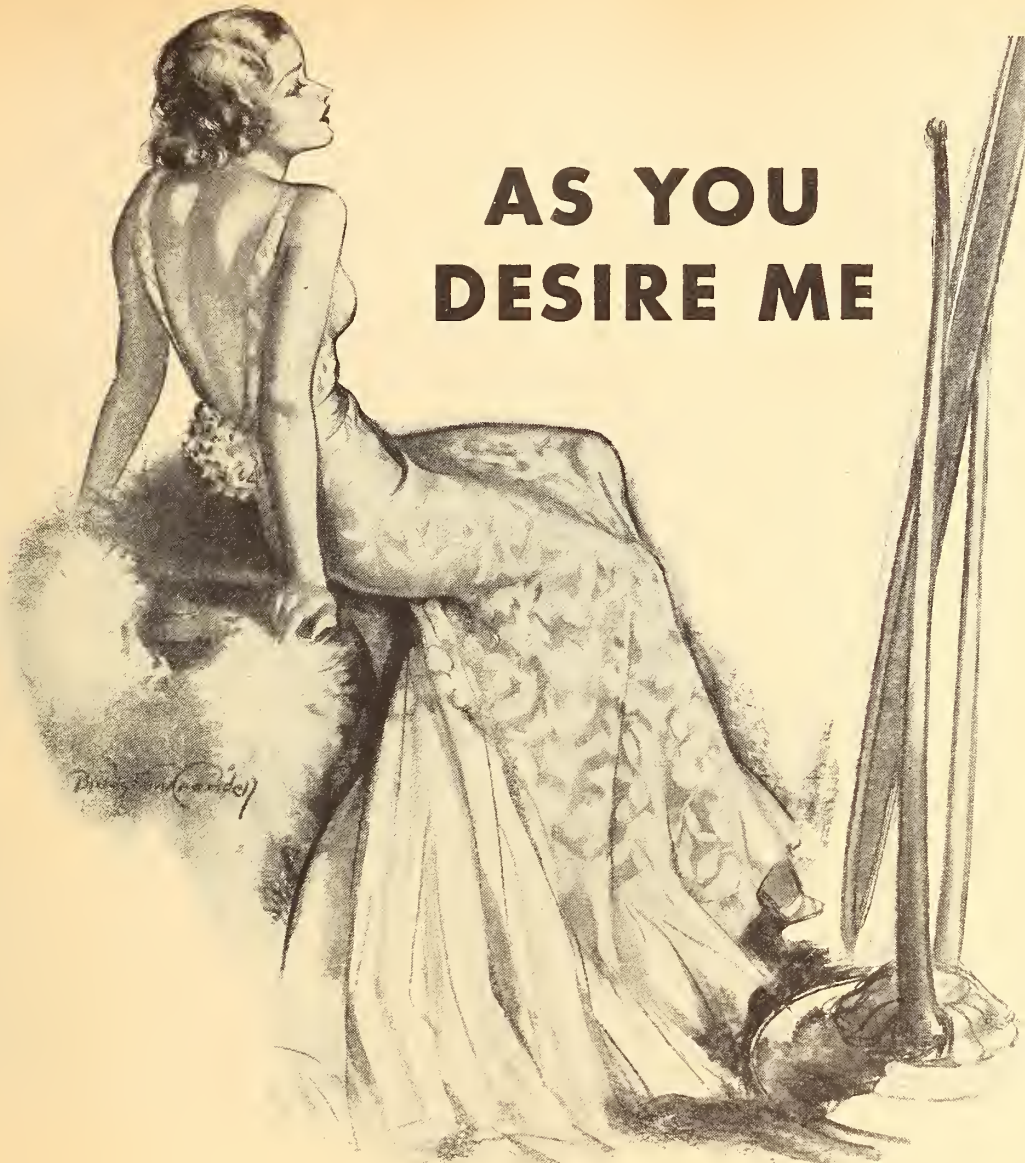
BY LEE TOWNSEND

animal trainers always have held to be impossible. Armed only with a frail chair and a whip, Beatty goes into the barred enclosure for his great act with a crew of forty-four mixed animals that are natural enemies—lions, tigers and leopards. Added to this, he further courts danger by mixing the sexes among his beasts, always held to be fatal in animal acts. That is why Beatty enters the ring uncertain if he is to emerge alive. That is why he has made twenty-five trips to the hospital to have his small body patched together again.

"The Big Cage" is based on Clyde's life. And what a life this boy has led! Born in Chillicothe, Ohio, June 10, 1905, he was educated in the local schools, and engaged in all the normal activities of any American small-town boy—except for one thing. He was always fascinated by the idea of training animals.

He had a passion to know about fur-bearing creatures, to study them. When his parents took him to Cincinnati,

(Continued on page 66)



AS YOU DESIRE ME

To make your skin and you lovely—try
this 30-day treatment experts prescribe

OLIVE OIL helps to avoid aging skin. Olive oil has a flattering way of putting youth into your skin, of keeping it there.

That is exactly why over 20,000 beauty specialists advise Palmolive Soap—because Palmolive is the soap made with olive oil. They say the lather of this beauty soap puts youth's elasticity and firmness back into the skin.

Do this for 30 days: night and morning, work up a fine, rich lather and give the pores of your whole body (not merely your face and throat) a deep, refreshing cleansing.

There's a challenge to age, all right! Tingling vitality underneath and smooth, delicate, surface softness—a combination that makes your skin, and you, lovely, desirable!

Keep that Schoolgirl Complexion!



**THIS
EXACT
AMOUNT**

Actual photograph of the amount of olive oil that goes into each cake of Palmolive.

"How can I win

You will want to share the screen stars' secret of winning—and holding—admiration! It is so vitally important to a woman's happiness to know she is truly attractive. Read what the exquisitely lovely Claire Windsor has to say. She tells you how to have the most important feminine charm of all—and how to *keep it* in spite of birthdays.



*Here's one secret
you MUST know*

CLAIRE WINDSOR *replies*

"I WANT your advice," thousands of women write to Claire Windsor. "How can I become truly attractive? How can I win admiration—and how can I hold it?"

"You can be attractive at any age. Birthdays haven't a thing to do with it," Claire Windsor replies. "Provided, of course, you are careful to guard complexion beauty!

"A fresh, youthful skin is quite the most compelling charm a woman can have . . . Screen and stage stars know the secret—and *keep* this youthful charm right through the years."

Claire Windsor, like so many other fascinating stars, actually grows *lovelier* as years pass by!

How does this charming star keep her skin so glamorous?

"I use a very simple care, but I use it regularly," she says. "Lux Toilet Soap keeps my skin in wonderful condition."

*Have YOU tried the
Beauty Soap of the Stars?*

Hollywood's beautiful stars have found fragrant, white Lux Toilet

Soap the very finest complexion care. Of the 694 important actresses, including all stars, 686 use this luxurious soap *regularly*. This overwhelming verdict has made it the *official* soap in all the big film studios.

Naturally *you* will want to try it. Buy a few cakes today, use it regularly. The beauty soap of the stars is sure to make *your* skin glamorously smooth and fine!

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use

LUX Toilet Soap

Admiration?"

women write this
famous star

CLAIRE WINDSOR

This fascinating screen star declares any woman can win admiration—and *hold* it, too—if she knows how! "A fresh, youthful skin is quite the most compelling charm a woman can have," she says.





Then HER OWN LIPS told her... what was Wrong!

AFTER men knew her, they liked her. But even then, they complained. "Too much make-up... she ought to know better!" So she experimented. She tried different lipsticks on her own lips. She learned she was using not only "too much" . . . but *the wrong kind*. And more than that—she discovered the one lipstick that gives natural color . . . without the usual painted look!

Blame ordinary lipsticks!

Look at your own lips. Are they caked? Conspicuous with paint? Then switch to Tangee! For Tangee isn't paint. It actually brings out the natural color hidden in your own lips!

In the stick, Tangee is orange. On your lips, *your* shade of blush rose! The minute you put it on, Tangee changes to the perfect color for your complexion!

Use Tangee for lovable lips . . . glowing with natural color all day long! Costs no more than ordinary lipsticks. At drug stores and cosmetic counters.



Clip Coupon for Tangee Make-up Set

Easy to try Tangee! Mail coupon with 10c (stamps or coin) for Miracle Make-up Set containing trial-size Tangee Lipstick and Rouge Compact. Tangee Rouge sold at stores in economical refillable compact.

Keller, Sargent & Ross! A Personality Trio that tickled the high-hots of Europe! Tues. and Thurs. 7:30 P. M. (E. S. T.) Columbia Network



TANGEE

World's Most Famous Lipstick
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

ONLY 10c! FOR MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET!

★ The George W. Luft Co., Inc. MP3
417 Fifth Ave., New York

I enclose 10c. Send Miracle Make-up Set containing trial-size
(Tangee Lipstick
Tangee Rouge Compact)

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

The Headline Career of Mary and Doug

(Continued from page 49)

in appreciation of her work in behalf of the park movement.

June 4, 1927—Douglas Fairbanks wounded by sabre in calf of leg during filming of "The Gaucho."

June 17, 1927—Police guard Mary Pickford, following report of plot to kidnap her.

July 21, 1927—Thirteen girls, who wrote best reasons for wanting to visit Hollywood, arrive to spend thirteen days as Mary Pickford's guests.

October 21, 1927—Douglas Fairbanks re-elected President of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences.

November 2, 1927—Mary appears at City Hall to urge improvement and beautification of Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood.

November 10, 1927—Mary speaks at Community Chest meeting, to aid new drive.

November 17, 1927—Prince William of Sweden attends impromptu rodeo staged by Douglas Fairbanks and is his dinner guest.

December 26, 1927—Douglas gives Mary new model Ford sport coupe for Christmas, as result of special letter to Edsel Ford, who hurries car West.

December 27, 1927—United Artists Theatre dedicated with premiere of "My Best Girl," starring Mary Pickford, with Buddy Rogers as leading man. Mary delivers dedication address.

January 1, 1928—Doug sends check for \$11,819.14 to court and asks judge to decide which claimants, among several, should have money for installing sprinkler system on his ranch in the Rancho Santa Fe district. One company had contract, but their creditors have filed claims, etc., against Doug, who won't be annoyed.

February 9, 1928—Doug urges every boy in Los Angeles and Hollywood to compete for honors in Junior Olympic Games there.

March 9, 1928—Mrs. Charlotte Pickford Smith, mother of Mary Pickford, very ill.

March 23, 1928—Mary Pickford's mother dies. Funeral services to be simple.

March 27, 1928—Mary and Doug to travel, probably to Japan and India.

March 30, 1928—Mary named chief beneficiary in will of mother, whose middle name her children had taken for their last name and whose estate is estimated to be about three million. \$200,000 each to Lottie Pickford Gillard, Jack Pickford and Rosemary Pickford Gillard (granddaughter).

April 12, 1928—Doug and Mary plan air tour of Mediterranean this summer.

April 25, 1928—Doug fined ten dollars in city traffic court for speeding.

June 17, 1928—New York customs officials order held for further examination twelve trunks of gowns and other clothing belonging to Mary Pickford, who arrived from Europe with husband on S. S. Roma. Miss Pickford says low figures in her declaration were due to fact that she received special prices from merchants abroad. She estimated value of her importations between \$6,000 and \$7,000.

June 20, 1928—Uncle Sam concedes that Mary knows her bargains, but at the same time tacks on an extra \$2,000 duty charge, making total of \$3,900. Officials assess on value, rather than on purchase price.

June 23, 1928—Mary has famous curls cut in Chicago. No details of her emotional reactions, but business-like wire to studio says that for future screen vehicles she will choose grown-up romances, retaining the wholesome spirit of her previous efforts. Bob, "not like rest of them," is of shoulder length and can be worn in roll at back of neck in daytime and in short curls at night.

July 22, 1928—George Bernard Shaw, famous Irish dramatist, accepts an invitation to visit "Pickfair" sometime during the next year, despite his oft-repeated

assertion that he would never visit America.

September 2, 1928—"Coquette," play in which Helen Hayes starred on stage, purchased for Mary at cost of more than \$100,000.

September 13, 1928—Prince George of England is guest of Douglas Fairbanks at studio and later at dinner.

September 30, 1928—Duke of Apulia, second cousin of King Victor Emmanuel of Italy, and wife register at Biltmore Hotel as Count and Countess Della Cisterni. They spent yesterday with Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford. Sir Austen Chamberlain and party, also visitors in Los Angeles, will leave tomorrow night for San Francisco after being entertained by Fairbanks. Lawrence Chamberlain presented with rawhide whip made famous in "The Gaucho."

October 25, 1928—Mary to appear before Internal Revenue Bureau in effort to convince government that her company is not in arrears for 1922-1926 income taxes.

October 26, 1928—Mary and Doug are luncheon guests of President and Mrs. Coolidge.

October 30, 1928—Fairbanks re-elected President of Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences.

February 7, 1929—Doug conducts lecture class at University of Southern California on "Photoplay Appreciation." Two thousand students attend.

February 9, 1929—Twenty-five girls en route from as many cities to be guests of Mary Pickford, as winners of her "Popularity" contest.

February 23, 1929—Doug poses with two champions of last year's Junior Olympics.

April 4, 1929—Mary makes talkie debut in "Coquette" in premiere held in Los Angeles. Crowds gather despite rain.

April 9, 1929—Mary to lecture on early days of film industry at Hollywood High.

April 13, 1929—Mary and Doug to co-star for first time in talkie version of Shakespeare's "Taming of the Shrew."

April 17, 1929—Mary protests against cement plant in Santa Monica Mountains.

June 4, 1929—Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., now famous on the screen in his own right, marries Joan Crawford, M-G-M's dancing daughter. Rumored that Doug and Mary are none too well pleased, but paternal blessing is forthcoming.

September 5, 1929—Mary and Doug set sail for Europe, accompanied by Mary's niece, "Gwynne" Pickford, who will enter school in Switzerland.

September 17, 1929—Mary listed as one of four hundred people in the United States and Canada holding life insurance of \$1,000,000.

October 17, 1929—Rumored that Mary will come home from Europe while Doug continues on to India. Separation?

November 14, 1929—Both Mary and Doug continue with trip. Now in Cairo on way around world.

December 2, 1929—Stay of Mary and Doug in Shanghai shortened to one day because of agitation in favor of boycotting them on ground that a Chinese sequence in "The Thief of Bagdad" was derogatory to dignity of Chinese.

January 4, 1930—Mary and Doug reach home. Writer points out that for years they have had to play lovers for the public, and suggests that maybe "Taming of the Shrew" enabled them to get a little emotional strain out of their systems. Mary became shrewish, and gallant Doug dumped his bride among the pigs.

February 2, 1930—Mary and Doug plan to adopt one or perhaps two children, they say.

(Continued on page 58)

YEARS ALONE DO NOT DATE YOUR FACE but DRY Skin does



● "Even with your mask on, I knew you," he cried. "Your lovely complexion gave you away!" Only when the oil glands are functioning *actively* can you hope to keep the skin that thrills the touch—the skin of velvety texture, luscious freshness, firm, unlined contours!

New ingredient in Woodbury's Cold Cream supplies vital element that keeps your skin supple, luscious, young.

Few are the women in America today between sixteen and sixty years who do not have to combat *skin dryness*. Nearly every influence of our hurried civilization contributes to the drying up of the oil glands that lie close under the skin. And yet the energetic functioning of these little glands is the one essential to skin youth. If they slow up, become inactive, the skin grows old, fades.

Now Woodbury's skin specialists have developed a new element, which keeps the little oil glands always active, functioning normally. This new Element 576, never before used in any face cream, now comes in Woodbury's famous Cold Cream.

The principle of this ingredient is the same as that of the vitamins which come to your body in certain of the foods you eat. Now this principle acts *directly* on your *skin*. With the new Element 576, Woodbury's Cold Cream

penetrates your skin, vitalizes it, rouses it to vigorous, healthy action.

Now your use of Woodbury's Cold Cream proves doubly effective. It clears the pores more effectually of dirt, frees them of blackheads and blemishes. More than these, it rouses the sluggish oil glands to greater action, preventing dryness, fading, premature skin age.

Begin today to use Woodbury's Cold Cream (night and morning and after exposure) for cleansing your skin, and renewing the life-giving action of your oil glands, for keeping your skin lusciously fresh, unlined and young! 50¢ in big jars, 25¢ in convenient tubes. At all drug and department stores.



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WOODBURY'S FACIAL CREAM . . . a fine finishing cream for use as powder base and as protection from winds and dust. 50¢ in jars—25¢ in tubes.

WOODBURY'S CLEANSING CREAM . . . a very light, quick-melting cream for cleansing *only*. Excellent to flush out pore-deep dirt. 50¢ in jars—25¢ in tubes.

WOODBURY'S TISSUE CREAM . . . a high fat cream for upbuilding thin undernourished tissues of face and throat, for extreme dryness, wrinkles, lines. 50¢ a jar.

WOODBURY'S FACIAL FRESHENER . . . a refreshing liquid to remove excess cream, refine texture, tone up skin. 75¢ a bottle.

WOODBURY'S FACIAL POWDER . . . exquisite in perfume, fine in texture—carefully blended shades. Spreads evenly, stays on, does not clog pores. 50¢ and \$1.00 the box.

FREE SAMPLE Use this coupon now for a trial tube of Woodbury's Cold Cream free—enough for several treatments. Or send 10 cents (to partly cover cost of mailing) and receive charming week-end kit containing generous samples of Woodbury's Creams, new Face Powder and Facial Soap.

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MORTON DOWNEY — DONALD NOVIS — and LEON BELASCO and his Orchestra — on Woodbury's new radio program over station WJZ and N. B. C. network every Wednesday evening at 9:30 E. S. T.

The Headline Career of Mary and Doug

(Continued from page 56)

March 6, 1930—Doug and Mary entertained Lady Mountbatten, pretty cousin of Prince of Wales, at dinner last night.

April 4, 1930—Mary gets gold statue from Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences for best performance of past year, in "Coquette."

April 10, 1930—Doug says he is soon going to Russia to confer with Serge Eisenstein, famous Soviet director, about handling his next picture.

May 28, 1930—Treasury Department recommends return of \$109,678 to Fairbanks for overpayments on income tax in 1924 and 1926.

May 30, 1930—Doug, back from a quick trip to Europe (without Mary) to see championship golf tournament, will fly to Hollywood. Will see Eisenstein there.

June 6, 1930—Western Association of Motion Picture Advertisers (the Wampas) names Mary Pickford honorary member. Nellie Revell, beloved newspaper woman, only other woman so honored.

July 10, 1930—Mary and Doug issue joint denial that they are to separate. Rumor had it that divorce was only three weeks off. Fairbanks calls it "annual report." Rumor of breach started when Doug went to Europe alone (for the first time) to see Walker Cup matches.

August 4, 1930—Trio of youthful bandits hold up and rob Fairbanks in beach home. Procure \$25 after threatening actor with revolver. Newspapermen amused that Doug didn't elude robbers with some of his agile acrobatics.

August 12, 1930—Mary abandons work on "Forever Yours" because of dissatisfaction with production. Step said to have cost her \$300,000. Will do "Kiki," instead.

August 23, 1930—Mary appears in Judge McComb's court to have name of her niece, Mary Charlotte Pickford, 14-year-old daughter of her sister, Lottie, legally changed to Gwynne Pickford.

November 18, 1930—Beverly Hills police rumored to have been "tipped off" about gangster plot to kidnap children of wealthy screen stars. Miss Pickford's ward, Gwynne, and Harold Lloyd's daughters, Mildred Gloria and Marjorie Elizabeth, said to be among those threatened—and now guarded.

December 5, 1930—"One thousand decorated living Christmas trees for this Christmas" is slogan of Beverly Hills committee. Mary Pickford is chairman.

December 8, 1930—Mary Pickford drops sealed box in cornerstone of new \$11,800,000 Los Angeles County General Hospital. Governor and other notables present.

December 10, 1930—Duke of Sutherland arrives for visit with Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks. Also plans to go deep-sea fishing, one of his hobbies.

December 15, 1930—Doug will sail on January 2 on big-game hunting expedition to Cambodia, Siam, French Indo-China and India. Party will be entertained by Emperor of Japan, King of Siam and Maharajahs of Rajputna and Baroda. Mary, planning new picture, will not go with him, but hopes to join him in Orient. Rumors of separation revive, and are quickly denied.

January 16, 1931—Mary and Doug are first to talk over ship-to-shore radio telephone—Doug being on S. S. Belgenland, near Honolulu, and Mary in New York.

January 22, 1931—Mary Pickford reported under armed guard in suite in New York hotel, as result of kidnap threats. Mary denies guards, pooh-poohs danger.

March 27, 1931—Doug kills huge panther in India. Is guest of Her Highness, Maharanee Sahiba, Regent of the State of Cooh Pehar.

April 3, 1931—Doug now guest of

Maharajah of Patiala, one of the delegates to London Round Table Conference.

April 7, 1931—Doug is guest of the Viceroy, Lord Irwin, in Bombay, India.

April 27, 1931—Doug, in London after trip from Orient, reveals that Mary's will directs that all her films shall be destroyed after her death, because "her sole aim is to bring joy to the present generation." Says neither will make any more Shakespearean films.

April 28, 1931—Mary dashes through Chicago, en route to New York and London. "Just crazy to see Doug."

April 29, 1931—In New York, Mary confirms Doug's London statement about her will. Says she hopes to realize four ambitions when she retires: to take care of Doug's ranch, to take up interior decorating, to study music, and to manufacture cosmetics. Says that legal tangles connected with the cosmetics idea, her newest project, explain presence of her lawyer. Tells *World-Telegram* reporter, "For eleven years, Doug and I have had to deny reports of our divorce. No one can say how long a happy marriage can exist. But at present Doug and I are as happy as anyone ever was." Asked what she would like for an epitaph, she replies, "All I want is to be remembered by those who have seen me in pictures." Says that Hollywood took a step backward with sound.

May 18, 1931—Railroad station at Reading, England, is prosaic setting for reunion of Doug and Mary after four and a half months of separation. Doug, a surprise entrant in British Amateur Golf Tournament, was defeated in opening round to-day by J. R. Abercrombie.

June 2, 1931—Doug thinks new liner, *Empress of Britain*, on which he and Mary returned to America and which is largest ship built in Great Britain since the War, is too big. He told National Broadcasting Company to-day that it was so large he had to ask steward to point out the ocean. Reveals he filmed new picture on world trip.

June 20, 1931—Mary and Gene Ross, silhouette artist, who had sued her for \$315 that he claimed she owed him for twenty-one silhouettes, settle suit in name of charity. Both agree to donate sum of damages, \$315, to charity.

July 12, 1931—Mary visits youngsters at Assistance League nursery. Mary Pickford Sunshine Club formed. Money will be raised for charity by fines imposed for saying unkind words and for mentioning "Depression."

September 28, 1931—A 15,000-mile air venture into wilds of South America and the headwaters of the Amazon for new travelogue, is next on program for Fairbanks. Mary may accompany him.

November 2, 1931—Doug, in New York, says he will make no more romantic films. Tells reporters, "I'm not a serious artist at all. In a world such as this to-day, the new fiction is reality. No imaginary story about China is as exciting as China itself. If I can get away with it, I am going to travel." Intends to make no more studio pictures if public likes "Around the World in Eighty Minutes." Says Hollywood, since talkies, is not the place it used to be.

November 13, 1931—Mary lunches at White House with President and Mrs. Hoover. Doug arrives in Washington in afternoon in time to take Mary to theatre. Is about to start on new trip abroad.

November 17, 1931—Doug sails from New York, accompanied by brother Robert, director Lewis Milestone and writer Robert Benchley, to film new travel picture in Europe, Africa and Asia. Meanwhile, Mary

(Continued on page 60)



sign here!

And the president signs for the million dollar order! You feel equal to anything when your digestion is good. But often it isn't quite perfect — yet you don't know just what's wrong. Just something cramping your style. That's why so many chew Beeman's regularly. It helps prevent that bit of indigestion which may ruin your day, and the flavor is delicious.

Chew
**BEEMAN'S
PEPSIN GUM**



re-designed to end revealing
 outlines without sacrificing
 needed protection

the new Phantom★ Kotex

SANITARY NAPKIN
 (U. S. Pat. No. 1,857,854)

A NEW KOTEX . . . a self-concealing Kotex . . . re-designed to conform perfectly with the demands of the closest-fitting dress . . . yet . . . (and this is so important to you) every bit of thickness, of needed protection, is retained. This New Phantom Kotex, so skilfully constructed, contains identically the same layers of filler, but *you don't realize it!* Because the ends are flattened and shaped, you are scarcely aware of the presence of protection.

Do not be confused. Other sanitary pads calling themselves form-fitting are in no sense the same as the New Phantom Kotex, U. S. Patent No. 1,857,854.

Softness . . . safety-plus!

That wonderful absorbency . . . that softness . . . that delicacy so characteristic of Kotex are exactly the same in the New Phantom Kotex. It gives you supreme safety. Disposable, of course. Hospitals alone last year used more than 24 million Kotex pads.

This improved Kotex is brought you at no increase in price. Never in its history has Kotex cost you so little. Make sure, when buying Kotex wrapped, that you get the genuine. For your protection, each tapered end of the New Phantom★ Kotex is plainly stamped "Kotex." On sale at all drug, dry goods, and department stores. Also in vending cabinets through the West Disinfecting Company.

Kotex Company, Chicago.

Note! *Phantom Kotex has the same thickness, the same protective area with the added advantage of tapered ends.*



To ease
 the task of
 enlightenment

This message is sent to
 parents and guardians,
 in a spirit of con-
 structive helpfulness.

THIS year—some five million young girls between the ages of 10 and 14 will face one of the most trying situations in all the years of young womanhood.

This year—some five million mothers will face the most difficult task of motherhood.

Thousands of these mothers will sit down in quiet rooms, and from that intimacy so characteristic of today's mother and daughter, there will result that understanding so vital to the daughter of today, the wife and mother of tomorrow.

There will be other thousands of mothers, courageous, intimate in all things but this. There will be thousands too timid to meet this problem—and it will pass—but with what possible unhappiness . . . what heart-breaking experience.

To free this task of enlightenment from the slightest embarrassment, the Kotex Company has prepared an intimate little chat between mother and daughter. It is called "Marjorie May's Twelfth Birthday."

In this book, the subject has been covered completely . . . in simple, understandable form. It is accompanied by a simple plan affording the child complete privacy.

To secure a copy without cost or slightest obligation parents or guardians may fill in and mail the coupon below. It will come to you in a plain envelope.

Mary Pauline Callender
 c/o Kotex Company, Room 2176A,
 180 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.
 Please send me copy of "Marjorie
 May's Twelfth Birthday."

Signed

Street

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

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The Headline Career of Mary and Doug

(Continued from page 58)



REDUCE WAIST AND HIPS 3 INCHES IN 10 DAYS OR IT WON'T COST YOU ONE PENNY

"I have REDUCED MY HIPS 9 INCHES WITH THE PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE ... writes Miss Healy

"IT MASSAGES like magic", ... writes Miss Kay Carroll. "The fat seems to have melted away" — writes Mrs. McSorley.

● So many of our customers are delighted with the wonderful results obtained with this Perforated Rubber Reducing Girdle that we want you to try it for 10 days at our expense!

REDUCE YOUR WAIST AND HIPS 3 INCHES IN 10 DAYS OR IT WILL COST YOU NOTHING—

● Worn next to the skin with perfect safety, the tiny perforations permit the skin to breathe as its gentle massage-like action reduces flabby, disfiguring fat with every movement!

SEND for FREE Booklet Sample of Rubber and full details of our 10-DAY TRIAL OFFER!

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Without obligation send FREE Booklet sample of rubber and details of 10-Day FREE Trial Offer!

Name: _____
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NOW! BLONDEX IN NEW 25¢ SIZE
formerly in \$1.00 packages only



"I LOVE YOU" ... he told this blonde

THOUGH men fall in love more easily with blondes than with brunettes, tests show that blondes who have dull, faded-looking hair do not appeal to men nearly as much as when the hair is radiant, golden and young-looking. Blondex, an amazing special shampoo, gives streaky, lifeless hair the lustrous, golden sheen men adore and other women envy. Safe—Blondex contains no dye, no harmful chemicals. Is remarkably beneficial to both hair and scalp. See how much lovelier it makes your hair with wavy, silky softness and radiant golden lights! And here's good news! Blondex is now on sale in the new size package for only 25¢. Formerly sold only in the \$1.00 package. Get Blondex today—see how glamorous and beautiful it will make your hair. At all drug and department stores.

will return to Hollywood to start new film.
December 11, 1931—Doug, at St. Moritz, takes first lessons in skiing. Plans to remain there for Christmas.

December 17, 1931—In Paris, Doug gives up plan to visit China and sails for home. Approach of Christmas always makes him homesick.

December 23, 1931—Doug and brother reach New York. Gave up plan to visit Manchuria because of war there. Will take train to Chicago, and fly from there to Coast to be with Mary on Christmas.

December 25, 1931—Doug gets home for Christmas minus any luggage, he was in such a hurry to rejoin Mary.

January 19, 1932—Joseph Schenck's 136-foot auxiliary yacht, *Invader*, chartered by Douglas Fairbanks for cruise of South Sea Islands for filming of a sequel to "Around the World in Eighty Minutes."

January 20, 1932—Reported that Doug and Mary are remodeling "Pickfair" and adding three guest rooms in expectation of distinguished guests during 1932 Olympics.

January 28, 1932—Doug and Mary sat with Judge Paonessa on bench in night court last night.

February 9, 1932—Fairbanks party sets sail for Tahiti in *The Invader*. At last moment, Doug picks Maria Alba, Spanish beauty, as his leading lady. A few years ago, an unknown, she threw roses at Doug and Mary in Barcelona.

March 21, 1932—Six hundred inmates of the workhouse on Welfare Island, New York, addressed by Mary Pickford, laugh raucously when star tells them that being in prison is "spiritual exercise." Tells them that movie stars' salaries are no longer what they used to be, and that life in the movies is "normal and healthy." Says, "I can tell you about Joan Crawford. She's a member of the family. She deserves credit for going out there without any friends or influence. She leaves parties at 9; she has to be up at 6:30. You hear all this talk about Hollywood parties. I've been there fifteen years and I've never seen one."

March 26, 1932—When Mary Pickford visited White House recently, she reveals, she wore a \$13.50 dress.

April 13, 1932—Boris Lovet-Lorski, world-famous sculptor, is about the most surprised person in the world over Mary Pickford's statement that she hopes to study sculpture under him. He declares he knows nothing about it.

May 4, 1932—Mary arrives in Pasadena from the East, accompanied by Contessa Dentice Di Frasso, the former Dorothy Taylor of New York.

May 7, 1932—Doug returns to Hollywood from South Seas, where "Mr. Robinson Crusoe" was filmed. Brings back monkey.

May 11, 1932—Doug says new picture will be profit-sharing. Trying new experiment in co-operation, with all co-workers sharing in receipts.

May 13, 1932—Mary and Doug entertain Countess Di Frasso at Pickfair.

June 19, 1932—Doug entertains Charles Chaplin, just back from world tour, at luncheon. Ethel Barrymore, in Hollywood to make picture with her brothers, one of the guests.

July 7, 1932—Mary Pickford is second wealthiest of filmland celebrities, according to Los Angeles County Assessor's figures. Mary has stocks and bonds worth \$2,316,940. Fairbanks is third, with stocks and bonds worth \$1,384,690. Chaplin ranks first, with \$7,687,570.

July 28, 1932—Mary, in New York to shop for plays, reveals she left East-bound 'plane at Albuquerque and took train East because her horoscope warned of danger in

airplane under present grouping of stars. Says she called Doug to ask his advice.

July 30, 1932—Fairbanks takes two-hour tour through Olympic Village, inhabited by athletes of all nations. Autographs sweat-shirts, track pants, etc., for them.

July 31, 1932—Mary Pickford, in New York, denies new marital discord rumors, started by her being away from "Pickfair" with Olympics under way. Of Buddy Rogers, who met her a week ago and drove her down the Hudson in speed boat, she says, "He is a nice boy."

August 2, 1932—Mary Pickford affirms belief in astrology. Says she believes there are laws that transcend all others and that she makes her plans in accordance with those.

August 26, 1932—Doug sets sail on *S. S. Chichibu Maru* to hunt long-haired tigers in Manchuria—and to make a new picture. Mary on hand, as always, to bid him affectionate farewell.

September 22, 1932—Mary Pickford, Countess Di Frasso and Gary Cooper decide suddenly on airplane jaunt to New York.

September 23, 1932—Mary's luggage removed from 'plane at last moment. Gary and Countess go without her.

September 28, 1932—Reported that Mary is considering James Cagney, currently a salary rebel at Warners, for male lead in new film. Also said to be considering Gary Cooper and Weldon Heyburn.

October 15, 1932—Cable from abroad informs Mary that her brother, Jack, making world cruise to regain health, has been taken from ship to American Hospital in Paris, suffering from multiple neuritis.

November 29, 1932—Mary accepts invitation to be grand marshal of Tournament of Roses Parade on day after New Year's.

December 3, 1932—Doug, on way home from Orient, visits Jack Pickford in American Hospital, Paris, and finds him improved, though still very ill.

December 21, 1932—Doug arrives in New York after new trip around world—in time to reach Hollywood and be with Mary for Christmas. Lady Millicent Hawes, Dowager Duchess of Sutherland, on same boat—and will spend Christmas at "Pickfair." Doug tells newsmen that trip into Manchuria to hunt long-haired tigers was balked by unsettled condition of country and that his party was forbidden entry to Tibet to hunt a giant panda, but he went through Indo-China with his own safari. Says he has plans for a screen play about China, which he thinks is now the most colorful country in world because something exciting is always happening there.

January 2, 1933—A day of triumph and tragedy for Mary. In the morning, she officiates as grand marshal of the 1933 Tournament of Roses Parade in Pasadena—the first woman and first representative of theatrical world to be thus honored in forty-four years of Tournament history. Later, cable from Paris informs her that condition of her brother, Jack, very ill there, has taken turn for worse. She cables that she is chartering a 'plane and flying to New York, to take first boat and rush to his bedside. Return cable informs her that she cannot reach Paris in time. . . .

January 3, 1933—Mary Pickford grief-stricken by death of brother, Jack, at the age of 36, in the American Hospital in Paris, where his first wife, beautiful Olive Thomas, met a tragic death from poisoning on their "second honeymoon" in September, 1920. Body of Jack, who was the youngest of the family and was a star in silent days, will be brought to Los Angeles to be buried beside mother.

She has "IT.."



but not what you think

**After one dance they pass her up.
They forget that rose-petal skin,
those dreamy eyes, her agreeable
manner, her grace on the dance
floor... She has "IT," all right
— but not what you think!**

HOW can this beautiful girl, with breeding and sweetness, ruin her great charm by this undesirable "it" . . . perspiration odor from lingerie that isn't scrupulously fresh.

Of course, she doesn't realize that she's offending. Perhaps she thinks she doesn't perspire. But we all do, even though we don't *feel* sticky. Frequently over a quart a day, doctors say.

Underthings are always absorbing this perspiration, and the odor is bound to cling. Others notice it, even

when we aren't aware of it ourselves. Second-day underthings are *never* safe.

Fastidious women don't risk offending in this way. They Lux underthings after *every* wearing . . . it's so quick and easy!

Lux is made to take out perspiration completely and *safely*. It removes all odor, and saves color, protects delicate fabrics.

As everybody knows, perspiration contains substances harmful to silk. By Luxing underthings — stockings,

too — after each wearing, you keep them new longer. This dainty habit takes only 4 minutes!

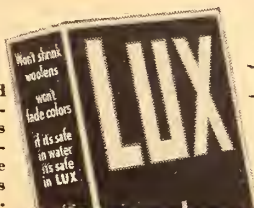
AVOID OFFENDING

Underthings absorb perspiration odor. *Protect daintiness this way*

Wash after each wearing. One tablespoon of Lux does one day's undies . . . stockings, too! Use lukewarm water—Lux dissolves instantly in it. Squeeze suds through fabric, rinse twice.

Avoid ordinary soaps — cakes, powders, chips. These often contain harmful alkali which weakens threads, fades color. Lux has no harmful alkali. Anything safe in water alone is safe in Lux.

MILLIONS of women find Lux in the dishpan the world's most inexpensive beauty care for hands. Costs less than 1¢ a day.



for underthings

removes perspiration odor—saves colors

Caught RED HANDED



COLD WINTER WEATHER, household duties and office work quickly rub away the smooth, silken surface of a pretty skin . . . and before you know it, you're "dressed in your best," but caught . . . "red handed."

Humiliated? But you need never suffer this embarrassment again! Italian Balm, the original skin softener, is absolutely guaranteed to banish every trace of rough, red, dry and chapped skin quicker than anything you ever used before.

Invention of a European skin specialist. All ingredients scientifically selected and blended by an imported process. Entirely unlike store-made or home-made lotions.

Canada's largest selling, winter-time skin product. More economical because it lasts longer. For sale everywhere—35c, 60c and \$1.00 bottles.

Campana's ITALIAN BALM THE ORIGINAL SKIN SOFTENER



New Package

Sparkling fresh in a green and white cellophane-wrapped package, Italian Balm greets you this season in a fashionable new carton and bottle.

TUNE IN—Monday nights, "Fu Manchu" mystery dramas, Columbia network; Friday nights "First Nighter" plays, N. B. C. coast-to-coast.

Free CAMPANA CORPORATION, 2513 Lincoln Highway, Batavia, Illinois. Gentlemen: Please send me a VANITY SIZE bottle of Campana's Italian Balm—FREE and postpaid.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

If you live in Canada, send your request to Campana Corporation, Ltd., 46 Caledonia Road, Toronto

"No Marriage for Me," Say Ten Women Stars

(Continued from page 10)

to marry. They think that because I have worked for so long and have gone about to parties and things so much, that I should never be able to settle. Well—I've never thought that it could be possible, either. But the other day I was lunching with June Collyer Erwin, who is divinely happy—and I've been thinking since then that perhaps that was the thing I wanted. I don't know. . . .

Mary Wonders About Compromise

"IF I could marry and have the life June has, I should want it. But it is so difficult. When you have a career, you learn to focus on one person—yourself. You *have* to! And if you marry, you have to get over that. Things have always been made so easy for me—I have never had any opposition in anything I wanted to do; I'm not sure that I would know how to compromise sufficiently to make anyone else happy. I should be terribly afraid of marriage. . . ."

Dorothy Jordan has also learned that lesson of concentrating on one person—herself. And she, too, is concerned about the complications that attitude might induce.

"If you are struggling for a place in pictures, everything else *must* be secondary," she believes. "Your work is so strenuous, your concentration is so centered on it! It may sound silly if I say that I haven't had time to consider anything else, but it's true. Not that I really *must* concentrate quite so intensely. I might take time to consider marriage. But I still don't know how I could contrive to make a success of it.

"If you marry someone who is not of the industry, then he doesn't understand your preoccupation with it and the strange hours you must keep. He can't possibly understand how important it is for you, when you are on a picture, to have rest and certain food and so on.

Movie Couples Are Jealous

"ON the other hand, if you marry someone who is in the industry, himself, he understands *too well*, if you know what I mean! He knows what your temptations are and he is probably suspicious, if not a little jealous, of you. The mere matter of hours is a cause of difficulty. It usually happens that when the wife is working, the husband is not. And *vice versa*. Whoever is 'between pictures' needs relaxation and fun. If your vacations do not coincide, then there are more suspicions and discontented moments—wondering what the other member of the family is doing with his or her spare moments. It seems to me that it is all too difficult to undertake. I'd rather not marry!"

Dorothy Peterson says, "I like my freedom too much! When you have been really free and independent for a long while, you begin to place a great value on those two states. And I've seen too many failures in marriage, especially in picture circles. I think that mostly it is possessiveness on the part of one—or both—that causes the trouble. If you have been free, and independent, then you cannot tolerate possessiveness. And it is a very human trait, especially when you are in love.

"I'm really sentimental about marriage, which is probably the reason why I have never attempted it. I should want it to be perfect, and I have never been in a situation, as yet, which I thought could possibly lead to perfection in marriage. I am beginning to think that it cannot be done—in Hollywood!"

Anita Hasn't Found Him

ANITA PAGE says that she simply has not met The Man. "I have such definite ideas about what I want in the man I marry! I don't want marriage to be a transient thing; I want it to be for always. And it couldn't be for always unless he were the sort of person I have in mind. I know myself too well! I am not, I think, hoping for too much when I hope for sincerity, honesty, dependability. I want permanence and sanity. So far, I have not encountered them—or recognized them—in any man I have known. So I haven't married. If I don't encounter and recognize them, I shan't marry. I have seen too much of marriage in movie circles. . . ."

Tala Birell says that she has been working alone since she was seventeen and she hasn't really considered the question of matrimony very seriously. She would be pleased, one gathers, to consider it now. Except that circumstances, since she arrived in Hollywood, have not been too favorable. Tala has gone out very little.

"I do not like to appear in public," she says, in her careful English, "unless I am proud of the man who is escorting me. And I have met so few men. My opportunities have been so few. Perhaps, one day, it will be different, if I stay in this place. I hope to stay—of course. And I hope for more opportunities. But—I still have work to do. Marriage, when I think of it, is far, far in the future. I have thought of it very little. Perhaps it is an experience no woman should miss. I don't know. Perhaps I shall attempt it. But—not now. I have too many other things to consider!"

Myrna "Much Too Busy"

MYRNA LOY, who seems to be rushing from one studio to another these days, says, "I am much too busy—oh, much too busy to consider it! Whenever it has come up in my life, in the past few years, I have been too busy. If you are going to work at something, with the all of you, then you can't be hampered by romance. Romance takes all of your time and attention. At least, if it is to be a successful romance, it does. Whenever I am not busy, I am too tired. And that doesn't make for success in romance, either. You can't afford to be tired!"

"I think that I shall not have time for marriage or to consider the manifold requirements for a *happy* marriage, for a long, long while. Perhaps I *never* shall. It seems that way to me now."

So there you have them. Ten beautiful, successful and universally admired women. Ten women who must have, at least once a week, the opportunity to abandon a single existence. Ten women who do not *want* to abandon the single life—for reasons of their own. They have told you their reasons.

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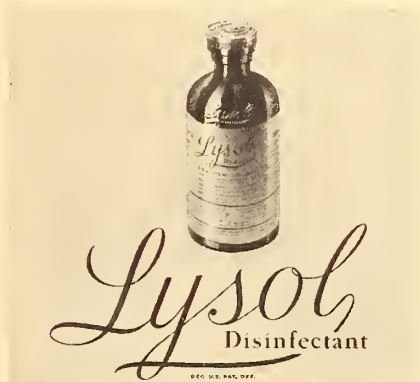
If you don't know, a doctor will tell you that FEAR alone can upset the delicate feminine mechanism . . . FEAR alone can magnify a minor feminine irregularity until it seems like a physical crisis . . . FEAR alone can, and does, upset a woman's nerves until her very health is menaced.

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Will Rogers Talks About Pigs, Politics and Movies

(Continued from page 41)

came over and leaned on his side of the wooden rail. Before he was through, a crowd had collected, as crowds always do when Will is talking. And though he started in to be very serious, the repartee and rejoinders were falling thick and fast as the audience increased.

Rogers may talk "straight" for a time (or try to, for he saves his wit for his public mostly), but sooner or later that humor, which can't be repressed, is bound to come out, and the laughs are testimony that, on the stage or off, he is one of the funniest men in America, as well as one of the most penetrating of popular philosophers.

He's a One-Man Show

IN fact, Rogers is a great one-man show, in any way you take him. His talents spread all over the place. He writes, he speaks (extemporaneously), he ropes (expertly), and he acts after his own fashion—yet there is never an end to the variety and the whimsy of his comments, whether they appear in print, are heard from the stage, with or without lariat action, or echo from the audible and so often garrulous screen.

The favorite Rogers theme, as everybody knows, is politics. But have you heard about his new interest in pigs? In "State Fair," he has one for a "fellow-actor"—that's the reason. It's the prize hog, *Blue Boy*, a 900-pound tusk-flaunting porker from Iowa. Will is the one movie star in all Hollywood history who could dilate on such a topic—or even have the urge to do so. There's real distinction for you!

Just try to keep Will off politics, whether the administration is Republican or Democratic! He will always have plenty to say about either. Folks are just waiting to see what he'll come out with when the Democrats swing into full power in March, because he hasn't had a whack at them when they were uppermost at any time since he has been writing his famous daily syndicated paragraphs. He has confined his jibes mostly to the Grand Old Party, and the rock-ribbed gentry of that alliance are sure that he has rank Bourbon leanings. "It must be so" since he has taken so many and various whacks at Republican administrations, and kidded the late Calvin Coolidge (who, by the way, was one of his warmest friends) most diligently at times. That Rogers is a Democrat has more than once been the legend spread about the country.

What! He Has Never Voted?

AS a matter of fact, a very close friend of Rogers, who is in a position to know, once informed me that Will had never been partisan at any time, himself. He has never even registered, let alone voted, according to this authority, though it's hard to believe that. Momentarily, he feels that it's a good thing that the Democrats have come into power, because change is good, but he'll probably react just about as favorably if the Republicans return, say eight years hence (if not four) because that will mean change again. He has probably said pleasant things about the Democrats, or seemed to, because they were the downtrodden of late years, but he's too whimsical, independent and free of mind to be tied down, and the day I talked to him he was especially sympathetic to Herbert Hoover.

"That poor fellow had to carry the whole burden alone," he said. "He had to do nearly all the talking and most of the campaigning, and he was on the spot besides, as anybody is who has held the office of Presi-

dent, especially during such a bad time as he went through. The man he missed the most was probably Dwight W. Morrow, who was the big ace in the previous campaign. But he didn't have the support in any way that he had the other time. He had to conduct a sort of lone fight, which, with the radio and all reaching everybody, is terrible difficult. Same voice, saying much the same thing, all the time. In the days of stump-speaking around the country, it was possible for one man to get away with it, but not now.

"The Democrats had the cast, and they also had the show. This politics is a show, you know; sometimes a 'Follies' show. But anyhow the Democrats brought on all those headliners and big guns like Owen D. Young, John J. Raskob, Al Smith and the others, and the Republicans didn't have a chance. They did get the Republican Roosevelts into the fracas, but I don't know whether that did any good or not. They went to a lot of trouble even about getting a hook-up with Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., in Honolulu. He did his talk from there, but if they'd waited until March he could have made it right from home and saved all the trouble and expense.

Supported His Namesake

"MAKING a fuss about a name never did get nowhere. Why, down in Oklahoma there was a fellow named Rogers ran for office, and folks down there wanted me to oppose him. Heck, I didn't oppose him; I encouraged him, and he won. He got the votes every place but his hometown. Maybe because they knew him too well there, I don't know.

"Well—it's a good thing the Democrats are in, because now the Republicans will have four years to fix up their party, heal up the wounds and all, and come through strong at the next election. They asked me for a wheeze in this picture, something for one farmer to whisper to another, and I thought maybe we might put in something like:

"'Did you hear'—very confidentially—'as how they is going to resurrect the Republican party?'"

Despite all his success as a writer on politics, Will has occasionally found it a very sensitive subject. During the turbulent campaign days, he made some light remarks about it might be better for the candidates to go fishing, instead of taking the election so seriously, that roused a storm of protest among the more excitable of his readers. And if you think that Rogers took the denunciations lightly, you are very much mistaken.

He wrote a long letter to several newspapers explaining his viewpoint, and removing the sting from the words that some people attributed to them. He is a great sport in such matters, the essence of humanness. He told me, among other things, that he had taken several evenings off to answer a number of letters directed to him personally, and each received the most painstaking consideration and a lengthy reply. Few other writers would have been so thoughtful, but Rogers is as much devoted to his public as they are to him.

How He Tamed the Hog

NEVERTHELESS, pigs are probably a lighter and gayer item on which to echo him than national problems. And pigs since "State Fair," are one of his favored motifs for chats and kidding. He had to

act most diligently with hogs during the filming of the picture, and they weren't simply screen hogs, but the real variety. *Blue Boy*, selected after a long quest for just the right porkish gentleman for the big barnyard rôle in Phil Stong's story, was the particular pal of Rogers. Will acted as caretaker for the prize boar, massaged and polished him, straightened the curl in his tail, tickled his ears, and did various other duties required by pastoral movie realism. But when he finally got through, all he had to say was: "A hog's at his best when he's on a plate between a couple of eggs."

The first day he saw *Blue Boy* he was credited with this remark: "So you're *Blue Boy*. You're certainly some hog. When it comes to pork, there's nothing like you, even back at Washington. Well," he added ruminatively, "just a couple more hams for Hollywood."

Blue Boy was very pugnacious at the start, but Rogers soon took that out of him. He showed his teeth to Will and snorted at him. Will hit him a gentle swat on the snout, and said "Aw, g'wan" and after that *Blue Boy* took to him considerably—more than to anybody else, anyway.

Once the hog refused to grunt for the microphone, and Will said: "Just about as talkative as a stock speculator before a Senate investigating committee, aren't you?"

Another time, *Blue Boy* refused to move over to make room for a camera set-up, and Rogers said:

"Gone Hollywood! What a shame!" Then to the cameraman: "You're probably lining up on the wrong side of his profile, so I'll tell you what—I'll switch over to that side, as it doesn't make any difference to me, and after all it's his pen."

Never Reads the Scenarios

ROGERS has no high-hattedness, and he doesn't take picture work too seriously as a career: "Me and the hog nap along together," he said, in describing how he was playing "State Fair," and explained, "I'll do anything they want, even to wrestling with the boar, but I never read the script. I didn't read the book either when I learned we was going to make it. I never do, because I don't want to be disappointed in the picture version. They always clean up the stories for the movies, and when they get through cleaning there's generally nothing left except the same old plot.

"I ain't seen half the members of this all-star cast, but I know, of course, as how they exist. We're working shifts, and most of my shift has been acting with my 'wife' and *Blue Boy*. There are lots of famous stars in this picture though, and they have some real fine settings, including a big state fair.

"Back there in Iowa, you know, they take this state fair thing seriously. A hog means something there. They have a building two blocks long with hog pens in it, to show off the best stock. If they put on a fair back there, they brag because they have fifty fine prize hogs; out here in California they don't bother about hogs, but drag out fifty movie stars. That's the difference in state fairs back East and out West. Back there it's hogs; out here it's oranges and movie stars."

The Rogers wit fails only in one place, so 'tis said, and that is in his own home. He is reputed never to wisecrack around the hearthside. I have heard from one well-informed source that the members of the family are a little critical, and preserve their perspective on everything he does, which is a great aid. It was really Mrs. Rogers that got Will to capitalize on his great gift of humor.

There was a 'time, you know, when he would drop into that funny vein freely and readily any moment, to the great delight of all who talked with him. There was a

(Continued on page 68)

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Meet Clyde Beatty, Who Has Hollywood's Most Dangerous Job

(Continued from page 52)

he would go to the zoo and watch the animals by the hour. At home he trained a dog and cat, always looking forward to that great day when he would have "wild" animals to command.

Started Career at Fifteen

IN 1920, "Howe's Great London Show" arrived in Chillicothe to spend Sunday "breaking a jump" into Cincinnati. Young Beatty hurried out of bed early to get near the animals. For a time he paced Louis Roth, the animal trainer, at every step. The boy's great interest gained the man's sympathy, and at last he agreed that, if Clyde could get permission from his parents, he would get him a job with the show. This Clyde knew he could never do. But the next day found Clyde and his little handbag at the menagerie tent in Cincinnati. He had run away from home.

So rapid was his progress with the animals that, in 1921, when the circus was reorganized and labeled "Gollmer Brothers' Circus," Clyde was made assistant to the gifted Chubby Gilfoil. By 1922 Clyde had his own act of circus-broken animals with the Gollmer Brothers; and in 1923 he was their featured attraction. That, people, often is called Getting Ahead!

The next Fall, Clyde had a mix-up with a lion in Peru, Indiana, during the Winter training season, and went to the hospital with a badly torn shoulder. By way of celebrating his exit from the hospital, he joined the "John Robinson Circus" with an act featuring a black leopard named *Jiggs*—the only one of its type in any circus and terrifically dangerous; hyenas, pumas, and bears from Tibet, Siberia and the Arctic. That's a combination to make most trainers break out in cold sweats, but Clyde thought it pretty tame—and was borne out in his conclusion by ending the season with only a few clawed muscles.

Mixed Lions and Tigers

NEXT season, the "Hagenback-Wallace Shows" absorbed the Robinson menagerie and Clyde increased the animals in his act from fifteen to twenty. Just before breaking camp at Peru, he told the manager that he was thinking of developing an act with lions and tigers performing at the same time. "That's just about the best way of getting killed I know," old C. E. Odom answered. "Lions and tigers are natural enemies; they haven't a thing in common. They'll claw each other to pieces before you get in the cage."

Odom was right, for when Beatty released ten lions and ten tigers in the cage simultaneously, they began to fight viciously the moment they saw each other. Into this welter of teeth and claws Beatty went—to separate them. And so dominant was his power that before he left the ring he had them performing together!

Odom immediately featured him above everyone else in the show. More than once during that year, Clyde left the cage bleeding and numb from the pain of bites and scratches. But rather than quit, he planned even more hazardous changes for the next season. Thus 1926 saw a Beatty act containing twenty-six lions and lionesses, tigers and tigresses. It also saw him so close to death so many times that insurance men turned pale at the mere mention of his name.

Death is Clyde's constant companion. Early in 1927, *Bredo*, a 600-pound lion, leaped on him, knocked him unconscious, fastened his huge paws in his right hip,

shook him like a stuffed doll, and after throwing him fifteen feet, leaped back on his pedestal. People cheered, thinking it part of the show. Attendants dragged Clyde to the safety cage with iron rakes. There, as the band struck up the finale, he managed to stand up and take a bow before collapsing. Five weeks later he went back to work, with a crushed arm, smashed ribs and torn muscles nearly healed. The balance of the season was, to quote him, "uneventful."

Lion Saved His Life

AND so he continued, with the act growing A to thirty-two animals. Then, just as 1930 was closing in Kokomo, Indiana, a new tigress knocked down her pedestal and became alarmed. Charging Beatty, she bowled him over and would have clawed him to death if *Nero*, a huge Sumatra lion, had not come to his defense.

In the Spring of 1931, Beatty made the first of his sensational appearances at Madison Square Garden in New York with the Ringling Brothers-Barnum Bailey show—and gained the top of the circus heap. For relaxation he made a summer tour, and again was badly clawed by a tigress. But presently he returned to the Garden with the greatest animal act in history—forty-four beasts of mixed sex in the cage at once.

Jaded New York did handstands. For six weeks, hundreds of thousands of people packed the Garden, to remain breathlessly quiet while a hundred-and-forty-pound man dominated several tons of jungle beasts whose nature it was to fight among themselves. He went back to Winter quarters with ovations to remember such as have been the lot of few performers in that greatest of performing centers. The next year loomed ahead as his greatest.

Then, training in Indiana, a bad accident happened. A lioness jumped down from her pedestal behind Clyde. The watchful *Nero*, incensed, leaped from a pedestal twenty feet away to protect him. Unfortunately, he struck Beatty instead, and pulled him under in the ensuing fight. When attendants finally dragged him to the safety cage, his right leg was bitten to the bone.

Faced Loss of His Leg

FOR days it was thought that only amputation would save his life, but he pulled through and in three months was ready to start at the Garden again. The show there was held up an extra week to allow him to recuperate fully; then he went on to a tumultuous opening.

All New York apparently had heard of the gallant fight he had made for his life, and the Garden was packed with enthusiasts. I am sure not one of those thousands there that night is ever apt to see a more dramatic occurrence than straightaway transpired. For, clad in spotless white, as Clyde stepped into the spotlight for his greeting, his pistol (filled with blanks) struck an iron bar and discharged itself.

The paper wadding of the cartridges penetrated his uniform and caused his recently-healed wounds to bleed afresh. The powder set his trousers afire. In a few seconds his uniform was aflame, his trousers sopping with blood. Attendants ran forward with buckets of water and put out the fire, and tried to take Beatty from the danger of those two-score animals that had smelled his blood. Beatty pushed them aside, entered that cage of vicious, unruly beasts, and though he stumbled occasionally

from weakness, proceeded to give one of the greatest shows of his career! With the conclusion of the 1932 season he signed with Universal to go West and transfer his act to celluloid, in what promises to be the most realistic and sensational circus picture of Hollywood history. The Laemmles are so excited by the picture, according to reliable reports, that Beatty will continue to be seen on the screen, after fulfilling circus contracts in the East.

He is a small man of not quite five feet and six inches, but one look at those cold gray-green eyes of his and many six-footers have ducked. He never drinks or smokes. It is necessary for him to be at the peak of condition always, and he trains like a boxer, with trainer and all. He has to be as agile and alert as forty-four lions and tigers together.

Defends Self Only With Chair

CLYDE has seen sixteen tigers and one lion killed in fights in the big cage with him. His only defense is a chair. The act chewed up thirty-two chairs during last season. His safety cage is only two feet wide, and should an animal follow him to it, the beast easily might kill him through the bars. He never has shot an animal of any kind in his life, and he knows every animal in his act by name, eyes and walk, and can judge their temperament and mood at a glance. The smallest of these kitties weighs six hundred pounds—and every day the gang makes away with eight hundred pounds of beef, with milk and eggs for *hors d'oeuvres*.

Clyde does not control his animals by cracking whips or popping pistols. He does it with a sort of whispering whistle. The snap of the whip and the crack of the gun are to get attention; then he whistles orders. He does not think there is a "King of Beasts."

"In all zoology there is no record of such an encounter as to determine which of the two cats is the greatest. This is only natural, for lions and tigers come from different parts of the world, and under normal circumstances would never meet. No one knows what would happen if these two antagonists squared off on even terms."

Tells About Lion-Tiger Battles

BEATTY does not know that lions and tigers hate each other. "I have had many lion-tiger battles in my arena, but they have always been gang fights. *Nellie*, one of the fiercest tigers I ever worked with, was killed a few years ago in a fight in which eight lions faced two tigers. On another occasion there was a pitched battle between seventeen lions and twelve tigers. Three tigers were killed in this fight and some of the lions badly mauled." (And in the middle was Beatty!)

"However, these fights prove nothing, for lions help each other in a fight, while a tiger picks an opponent in one of these free-for-all battles and fights it out with that animal, who usually gets help from one of his lion buddies. If it came to a showdown between the two, I'd be inclined to give the tiger an edge on account of his superior speed. The strength of the two animals is practically equal."

They are his life, these animals. They also probably will be his death. Certainly, they hold more of his attention than does romance.

"Girls are more interested in my animals than in me," he shrugs. "I've never found a girl who wanted to worry about me—and perhaps that's just as well, because it would be quite a job for a worrier. Even though I always enter the cage with confidence, I can't be certain as to how I'm coming out. My job is never finished until the last animal is securely locked in his own cage—after the spotlight is turned out."



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PLEASE stop a minute and ask yourself a question. The right answer saves you \$2 out of every \$3. What kind of antiseptic do you use when fighting sore throat colds—infection?

Two kinds of antiseptics

There are only two—no more, no less. In one group you have the mouth antiseptic that kills germs *only* when it is used *full strength*. In the other group you have Pepsodent Antiseptic—utterly *safe* when it is used full strength, yet powerful enough even when it is diluted with 2 parts of water to kill germs in 10 seconds. Pepsodent Antiseptic is at least 3 times as powerful as other leading antiseptics. Hence, it goes three times as far—gives you three times as much for your money—and gives you greater protection against sore throat colds.

Instead of paying \$3 for three bottles

of old-fashioned antiseptics, you pay \$1 for one bottle of Pepsodent Antiseptic—and make it go as far as three.

For years 3 people in 4 diluted the old-style mouth antiseptics. But they weren't killing germs. So when choosing your antiseptic, choose the one that kills the germs even when it is diluted. Insist on Pepsodent Antiseptic and be safe.

IMPURE BREATH (Halitosis)

The amazing results of Pepsodent Antiseptic in fighting sore throat colds prove its effectiveness in checking Bad Breath (Halitosis).

Some of the 50 different uses for this modern antiseptic

Sore Throat Colds	Cuts and Abrasions
Head Colds	Chapped Hands
Smoker's Throat	Dandruff
Bad Breath	Skin Irritations
Mouth Irritations	Checks Under-Arm
Irritations of the Gums	Perspiration Odor
After Extractions	"Athlete's Foot"
After Shaving	Tired, Aching Feet

Pepsodent Antiseptic

GERMS

fill handkerchiefs during colds



Avoid self-infection and infecting others . . . use

KLEENEX
disposable tissues

Regular price now only

25c

MILLIONS of germs in a single handkerchief! Scientific tests show this condition actually exists during colds.

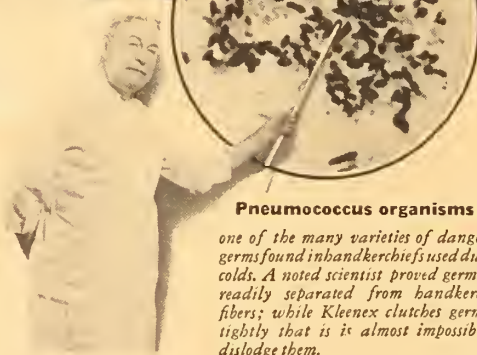
And further: These germs are easily spread. Cotton and linen fibers hold them but loosely. Your hands are infected. Your clothing is infected. You pass germs to others. You carry germs back to your own face every time you use your handkerchief again.

Kleenex prevents this danger

A new era of handkerchief hygiene was introduced by Kleenex! Handkerchiefs of disposable tissue—to use and destroy! No laundering . . . no self-infection . . . no irritation from damp, unsanitary handkerchiefs.

Kleenex Tissues are handkerchief-size

KLEENEX disposable **TISSUES**



Pneumococcus organisms . . .

one of the many varieties of dangerous germs found in handkerchiefs used during colds. A noted scientist proved germs are readily separated from handkerchief fibers; while Kleenex clutches germs so tightly that it is almost impossible to dislodge them.

squares, made from rayon-cellulose. They are soft and soothing, gentle, absorbent. And *inexpensive*. It costs less to use Kleenex than to have handkerchiefs laundered.

Many ways to buy Kleenex

Kleenex is now put up in handy rolls and packages, containing generous quantities, at 25c. In addition, an extra-size Kleenex is made, the tissues three times the usual size, as large as a man's handkerchief.

Kleenex is sold at all drug, dry goods and department stores.

Ask to see Kerfs, too. They are real, bordered handkerchiefs of downy tissue—disposable, like Kleenex, though the texture is firm and cloth-like.

Will Rogers Talks About Pigs, Politics and Movies

(Continued from page 65)

Rogers interview in every magazine every few months, furnishing entertainment with his sayings. At that time, he just talked, worked in the "Follies" with his roping and his repartee, and from time to time on the silent screen, where he was never the outstanding hit that he became in the talkies. He also wrote a few books, devised his "Illiterate Digest," which was put on celluloid, and rather casually tried some other things. But he didn't hit his real stride until he became a newspaper paragon, probably one of the most widely read in this generation.

Rogers' turn of mind entitles him to the title of the greatest living American humorist. He is easily the most brilliant since Mark Twain, but whereas much of Mark Twain's fun was confined to personal reminiscence and light observation, and often had a sort of charming localized flavor, that of Rogers touches on all live questions of the day, and fascinates with the breadth of its horizon.

The very ones he jokes about take his often-sharp comments the most amusedly and graciously. They know Will may be having fun at their expense, but it's in the cards that he should, because he's a sort of national institution, and also a kind of national release for pent-up emotions and reactions. It's really a compliment to be written about by their friend Will.

The only people who ever object to what he says are the humorless cranks and the Mountains-Out-Of-Molehills Society—and even they read him, listen to him on the radio, and go to see him on the screen. For there's nobody like him. Even his critics admit that. And that makes it unanimous.

Looking Them Over

(Continued from page 25)

It was probably the first time the news-hawks had thought of asking Janet. Not that the idea did them much good.

THE stars have gone patriotic with a vengeance and turned thumbs down on the products of those countries that did not pay their "war debts." Ben Lyon had bought Bebe Daniels a very beautiful bottle of perfume, but when Bebe discovered that it was an import from one of the defaulting countries she dispatched Ben right back with it! Bebe had made all her crowd promise not to patronize the delinquent nations.

THE rather noisy quarrel between John Gilbert and his bride, Virginia Bruce, during a recent week-end at Palm Springs, has resulted in the usual "trouble brewing" rumors. Just what brought on the flurry of words between the newlyweds is not actually known, but there are those who will tell you (in spite of "settling down" stories to the contrary) that Jack is as high-strung and nervous as ever. He still seems to be a thoroughly unhappy young man.

In spite of the Gilbert hi-jinks, Virginia appears to remain calm and collected. When Jack took the family car and drove, angrily, back home, leaving his wife at the desert resort to get home as best she could, Virginia batted not an eyelash and continued to keep all her tennis, bridge and swimming dates the following day.

The private, inside whisper is that nothing will cure John Gilbert's restlessness short of

(Continued on page 80)

These Movie Stars Went to College—Why?

(Continued from page 21)

is winning a reputation as a student of Chinese philosophy and ceramics. Hollywood, to him, is merely the end of a long and erratic trail of adventure that has seen him cast as an English army officer, a pugilist, a gold miner and a rancher.

Robert Armstrong, graduate of the University of Washington's law school, has been a "dese, dose and dem" artist on both stage and screen. In school, he was a member of the baseball and football varsities, a member of Delta Tau Delta fraternity, and a shining light in the dramatic club. In his senior year, he co-authored a vaudeville skit that won professional booking, and chose to reap a fat living from the stage, rather than face the lean years that confront every young attorney.

Stuart Erwin, with two years at the University of California to his credit; Warren Hymer, who served a similar term at Yale; and Andy Devine, who graduated from Arizona Teachers' College, have all reached screen success by playing the most complete morons in or out of captivity.

There's Clarence ("Buster") Crabbe, Olympic swimming champion and newest of the screen's brawn-and-biceps heroes. He starts his film career as a "Lion Man," and seems doomed to remain in the raw as a second *Tarzan*. Yet Buster was bedecked with an A.B. degree by the University of Southern California no later than last year. His torso earned his movie contract; no thanks to his scholastic record.

From Football to Fighting

JOHNNY MACK BROWN, a graduate of Alabama University, an All-American football star, a member of Kappa Sigma and the most popular man of his class, waited six years before he was cast as a college boy. In the interim, he played pioneers and *Billy, the Kid*. And, mind you, Johnny came to pictures as the direct result of his collegiate football fame.

Irving Pichel won screen fame as the bigoted, ignorant religious fanatic in Ruth Chatterton's "Right to Love." He followed that by playing a half-witted murderer in "Murder by the Clock." Pichel is a graduate of Harvard, a member of the famous "Forty-Seven Workshop," America's leading college drama laboratory, and a still-noted star of the university dramatic club.

Oliver Hardy, of that dumb-bell team of Laurel and Hardy, graduated from Georgia University and was a practising attorney before his singing voice led him into vaudeville. Jack Holt, with an engineering degree from Virginia Military Institute, reached his cinematic peak in Western rôles. Joel McCrea, an alumnus of Pomona College, where he was a track star, started in pictures as a cowhand. "Two-Gun" George O'Brien, he of the mighty chest, studied for two and a half years at Santa Clara University; and Gary Cooper, who won stardom by being fast on the draw, attended Grinnell College for two years, and, before that Eton Prep School in England. Incidentally, "Coop" was a champion boxer at Grinnell.

Jimmy Cagney, the "baby-faced killer" of the screen's gangland, is not only exceptionally well-read, but also a one-termer at Columbia University, which he attended with medical ambitions. Spencer Tracy, who has specialized in truckdrivers, gangsters, convicts and such, until he has almost acquired the habit of talking from the corner of his mouth, was an honor student at Marquette University, where he studied for three years. His interest in the stage, by the way, was a by-product of his success as captain of the university's debating team.

★

HOW IS YOUR FIGURE

in a modern gown?

CURRENT styles emphasize gentle curves. Women whose measurements are a bit generous are sharply restricted in the things they can select.

So, many of us hasten to reduce. Diet and exercise are both necessary. Meals should contain adequate "bulk" to prevent faulty elimination. Otherwise eyes may lose their sparkle. Skins become sallow. Wrinkles appear.

Laboratory tests show that Kellogg's ALL-BRAN supplies "bulk"—as well as vitamin B and food-iron. This "bulk" is similar to that of leafy vegetables.



Two tablespoonfuls of ALL-BRAN daily are usually sufficient. Isn't this much pleasanter, much safer than taking patent medicines?

Kellogg's ALL-BRAN is not fattening. Recommended by dietitians. Sold by all grocers in the red-and-green package. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.

WRITE FOR FREE BOOKLET
"CHARM"

Filled with valuable beauty-hints, and advice on charm and health. With special menus for reducing wisely. In addition, leading motion-picture actresses are shown in "fashion close-ups," wearing the costumes that millions of critical eyes will see on the screen. Free upon request.



KELLOGG COMPANY
Dept. D-3, Battle Creek, Michigan

Please send me a free copy of your booklet, "CHARM."

Name _____
Address _____



LUPE VELEZ, fiery little screen star, is stunning in these entirely different costumes: silver fox, most precious of furs, on an afternoon ensemble; and the severest of tailleurs for country or morning in town.

★

WISE WORDS FROM HER "BABY SISTER" by Timmins



OH, SIS, YOU ARE A LOVELY BRIDE!

AND YOU'RE A DARLING MAID OF HONOR, BABS. I'M SO HAPPY. TED AND I ADORE EACH OTHER!

FIVE YEARS LATER

BUT, SIS, WHY SO SERIOUS? AREN'T YOU GLAD I'M ENGAGED? DON'T YOU LIKE MY PHIL?

OF COURSE I DO. BUT MARRIAGE CAN BE SO DIFFERENT FROM WHAT ONE EXPECTS... ROMANCE FADES SO SOON... LOOK AT TED AND ME



SIS, IT'S PARTLY YOUR FAULT. TED HAS CHANGED BECAUSE YOU HAVE. YOU'VE LET YOURSELF BECOME... UNROMANTIC. A LITTLE CARELESS ABOUT HOW YOU LOOK...SOMETIMES EVEN ABOUT "B.O."

OH, BABS, SURELY NOT THAT!

ONLY A HINT AT TIMES. SO WHY NOT TRY MY LITTLE PLAN — BATHE REGULARLY WITH LIFEBOUY? NO "B.O." THEN!

MY BABY SISTER GIVING ME GOOD ADVICE! BUT I'LL DO IT, DARLING. LIFEBOUY FOR ME FROM NOW ON



"B.O." GONE — romance returns!

BABS WAS A PRETTY BRIDE. BUT THE REAL HIT OF THE WEDDING WAS — MY WIFE!

TED, STOP YOUR JOKING! I ONLY HOPE BABS AND PHIL WILL BE AS HAPPY AS WE ARE



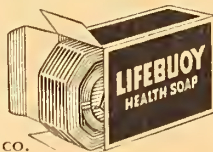
What's the sensible thing to do about "B.O."?

(body odor)

TAKE CHANCES? Trust to luck you won't offend? NO! "B.O." (body odor) is too serious to trifle with. Play safe—bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. Its clean, refreshing, quickly-vanishing scent tells you Lifebuoy is different from ordinary toilet soaps. Its rich, penetrating lather purifies and deodorizes the pores—effectively stops "B.O."

Complexions freshen

Lifebuoy has helped thousands win new complexion beauty—and keep it! Its creamy, gentle, deep-cleansing lather washes away pore-clogging impurities—makes dull, cloudy skins radiant with new health.



A PRODUCT OF LEVER BROTHERS CO.

Richard Barthelmess, albeit he has proved his versatility in thirteen years of screen stardom, won his first great success as the illiterate boy in "Tol'able David" and as the equally unschooled hero of "Fury" and "The Patent-Leather Kid." Dick did not graduate, but he did attend Trinity College for three years with high academic laurels and was enrolled for his final year, when Alla Nazimova induced him to feed his love for the stage by appearing with her in "War Brides."

Won Fame as Sewer Sweeper

AND Charles Farrell, who attended Boston University for three and one-half years, became a film deity by playing a sewer-cleaner in "Seventh Heaven." In college he was a Sigma Nu and captain of the boxing team. He majored in psychology, but became too interested in theatricals, as the result of working in his father's motion picture theatre, to put his training to use.

Of course, every rule must have its exceptions, so it is not surprising to find a few college grads who have maintained impeccable gentility on the screen.

There's Fredric March, whose real name is Fredric McIntyre Bickel. He's an alumni of the University of Wisconsin, where he was an Alpha Delta Phi, manager of the varsity football team, president of the student body, senior class president, and the idol of the dramatic club. To-day, in the University of Wisconsin's year books, he is listed as one of the school's distinguished alumni. His success in college dramatics turned his course to the stage.

There's Hardie Albright, graduate of Carnegie Tech. He, also, was a dramatic-club star. Eve Le Gallienne saw him in a junior class play and offered him a stage contract when he finished his studies.

Leslie Howard, Conrad Nagel, Kenneth MacKenna and Ralph Morgan (who is entitled to add the coveted letters LL.D. to his name) have also—with an occasional lapse—specialized in screen dignity.

Only Five Women Graduates

SO far as I can discover, there are only five university graduates among the feminine screen stars—Irene Dunne, who was graduated from the Chicago College of Music; Tala Birell, who finished her studies in Fürstin-Bismarck College, Austria; and Doris Kenyon, Aline MacMahon and Mary Doran, all three of whom are graduates of Columbia University. Ann Harding, Katharine Hepburn and Gloria Stuart all spent three years in college.

It would be equally revealing to list the stars who have constantly portrayed ultra-ultra swank, and examine their academic records—but why go into that? The great majority of Hollywood's mimes either finished high-school or have one or two years of intermediate schooling to their credit.

Elissa Landi, Sari Maritza, Helen Hayes, Claudette Colbert and Ethel Barrymore had private tutors. Constance Bennett attended a finishing school in New York. Her sister, Joan, was attending a private school in France when she eloped to marry John Fox. An early marriage also ended Jean Harlow's studies midway through finishing school. Will Rogers (who prides himself on his grammatical slips) and John Gilbert were sent to military school. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and John Barrymore studied art in Paris. Robert Montgomery was forced to quit prep school when the fortunes of his family collapsed. Marguerite Churchill and Tom Brown were graduated from the Professional Children's School in New York City.

Greta Garbo, according to all the evidence I can unearth, did not progress beyond elementary school. Greta, you know, is a little reticent. (The last time I interviewed her, she would not talk.) Maurice Chevalier has only the most rudimentary

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Katharine Hepburn Answers Twenty Startling Questions

(Continued from page 23)

that was a fool-proof part. I reserve opinion until after I make another picture."

15. *Were you ever fired from a stage production?*

"I was discharged from every stage job I ever had, but one. Various reasons were offered by my employers. One producer said I was 'too fresh.' Several told me I could not act. Three times I was re-employed after I had been fired."

16. *Are you temperamental?*

"No. I have a temper, but I don't stage such displays as those of so-called temperamental actors. Most of their outbreaks are absurd. I have a temper, but I'm learning to control it."

17. *What do you dislike most about motion pictures?*

"Publicity about my private life. My professional career is public property but my personal affairs are strictly my own."

"Interviewers—like yourself—pry until actresses have no secrets from the world. I have heard it said that movie stars have no more privacy than a gold fish. At least, a goldfish has its rights to itself."

18. *Are you planning to "do a Garbo"—refuse to be interviewed?*

"I think that such a move would be presumptuous now, but if I cannot be interviewed without confessing how I sleep, and whether I bathe daily or weekly, and what I think of love, I shall eventually be forced into privacy."

19. *Do you like to attract attention to yourself?*

"I suppose I am an exhibitionist. I like to cut up and be the center of things when I'm among friends. But I fear and dislike crowds; I don't like being stared at by strangers."

"Sometimes I don't wonder that Greta Garbo went into seclusion. Although I believe I am less crowd-conscious than she, staring crowds frighten me and may cause me to creep into a shell."

20. *Why did you protest when the studio wardrobe department charged a nickel to sew a patch on your overalls?*

"Primarily, just to be aggravating, because I was in a blue mood the day it happened. And after all, don't you think it was rather cheap of the studio to charge me a nickel? Had the charge been a few dollars, the act wouldn't have been petty, and I would not have minded paying."



Yes, Katharine is married (to Ludlow Smith), but does NOT have any children. She is now making "The Great Desire"

*You can Read the News
in a Man's eyes...*



... the news that you're attractive! And that sort of message carries a thrill. It lends sparkle to conversation; gives a girl the right degree of assurance! All these lead to a true popularity.

As girls who have the happiest times know so well, the sure way to look one's best is to use Coty Face Powder. For here is a Powder which *doesn't* claim that one tone is good enough for every woman!

Coty is too much the artist to ask you to believe that! Instead Coty en-

hances your Fate-given individuality.

If you cherish a personal type of charm, you will insist on Coty's cleverly blended skin tones! There is one—there may be several—which will give your complexion a clear, new look of loveliness.

And then, there's the absolute safety of Coty Powder! Purity so dependable that girls with the most delicate skin make a point of using it exclusively.

Ask your favorite store for Coty Face Powder, modestly priced.

Coty

Glorious, beauty-inciting, are the powder nuances: Severase, Rachel-Nacré, Mauve, Ocre-Rose—which only Coty blends. Favorites frequently chosen are Rachel 1, Rachel 2, and Naturelle.





...it's her Mother!

THEY'RE great friends, these two—doing everything, going everywhere together. People think they're sisters—for mother has wisely safeguarded her youth. She has never let gray hair set her apart from her daughter—make her a member of the "older generation."

Today there's no need to tolerate gray hair, that makes you old and faded before your time. Notox, the new scientific hair coloring protects you from dreaded Heartbreak Age. Notox is undetectable—totally different from those antiquated "hairdyes" that were rightly considered objectionable.

Instead of crusting the hair

with a surface plate of dye, Notox gently penetrates the hair and colors it inside the shaft where nature does. Your hair remains beautifully soft, fine and lustrous. Wash it, wave it, expose it to the sun all you like—Notoxed hair retains its natural, even shade as permanently as nature's own color!

Better hairdressers always apply Inecto Rapid Notox. *Resent a substitute*—a like product does not exist. Buy it at smart shops everywhere.

• • Send for free copy of the fascinating booklet "HEARTBREAK AGE"—and avoid that unhappy time! We will give you, too, the address of a conveniently located beauty shop where you may have your hair recolored with Notox. Write Dept. 39, Sales Affiliates, Inc., 33 W. 46th St., N.Y.

Inecto Rapid **NOTOX**
Colors hair inside where nature does

Our Hollywood Neighbors

(Continued from page 12)

cinema boys and girls all in a dither is Elsa Maxwell, who arrived in the village with the impressive title of "hostess of the world." Famed in European cities, calling kings and queens by their first names (if that means anything at this late day), Hollywood took Elsa to its hospitable "buzzom." And what did Elsa up and do? She went to her first Mayfair party and found it dull. Moreover she admitted it.

Now Hollywood knew all along that Mayfair was dull—DARNED dull—but no one before had ever said so. That was lese majesty, and besides, the stars have to have SOME place where they can wear their ermine coats. They can't wear 'em to the six-day bicycle races.

REVENGE is sweet, if you can believe all you read, and Hollywood got back at Elsa when she arranged a big Christmas Eve party for Gary Cooper. Hollywood said her party was dull, too. So THERE! Seems a shame to drag poor Gary into the argument. His soiree must have cost him a lot of money. There were more electric lights in front of his house than at the Chinese on premiere nights. What DO you suppose Elsa would say about a premiere? We probably couldn't even print it.

THIS may be a surprise to a lot of folks. As soon as the news was broadcast that Janet Gaynor had walked out of Lydell Peck's home, Hollywood began to revive the old Gaynor-Farrell romance chat. The fact that Charlie is apparently perfectly happy with the lovely Virginia Valli didn't seem to make a bit of difference to the rocking-chair gossipers.

But—with Janet in Honolulu listening to the sad sea waves (or maybe they aren't sad over there) Charlie, Virginia and Lydell have been stepping out together. The three of them were having dinner at the Beverly Hills Brown Derby just the other evening.

It doesn't look like the Gaynor-Farrells will ever get around to co-starring in private life.

THE movie colony is talking about Mary Pickford's bravery in carrying on after the death of Jack Pickford. She led the Pasadena New Year's Day parade when she knew that her brother's life was drawing to a close. And, Mary, on that bright, California morning, wearing a white ermine cloak, and riding in a rose-decorated carriage, looked like a girl in her teens. Never has she been more beautiful. On the day after Jack's death she was back on the set at "Secrets."

Just another example of that old and rather moth-eaten theatrical maxim—"the show must go on"—but few people realized the wealth of affection that existed between Mary and the likable, harum-scarum Jack.

WITH everyone (well, maybe everyone is taking in too much ground) trying to decide what are the most beautiful words in the language, Mae West steps forth with her contribution. Mae doesn't bother with pretty sounds like saffron, moonlight, love, etc. She says the most beautiful words are "sugar daddy." And maybe she's right. And John Gilbert would never pass up "colossal" as the most beautiful of them all. Jimmy Durante's *cherce* is "thisa" and "thata"—and a "mortified" thrown in for good measure.

SOMEHOW it seems faintly ironical but out at First National where Ruth Chatterton and William Powell have magnificent dressing-room bungalows, George Arliss dresses in two tiny rooms. They aren't even very elegant tiny rooms. And over at M-G-M, where Marion Davies has a bungalow that would do credit to Beverly Hills' best street, Norma Shearer clings to her first dressing-room on that lot. She was just a leading lady in those days, and not even a very PROMISING leading lady. It seems nobody thought she had the old s. a. Anyway her dressing-room was not grand by any means.

WILL ROGERS just keeps his saddles in the swanky dressing-room which Fox built for him.

So, the size of the star's dressing-room doesn't mean a thing in Hollywood. Times have changed since Pola Negri and Gloria Swanson started a civil war at Paramount as to which would have the toniest quarters.

WHOOPEE! An advertising line for "Frisco Jenny," the new Ruth Chatterton drammer, reads—"the lady whose name is shame from Shanghai to the Bowery." What must Mr. Hays have thought, and WHAT must the very proper Miss Chatterton have thought.

ALL is NOT sweetness and light in two famous Hollywood homes. If we could only mention names you would be taken aback. In each case it is the wife who has developed the old roving eye, and in each case it is the husband who is doing the fuming and fretting. The judge will probably hear all about it in time. With an average of practically one movie divorce a week during 1932 it looks like another bumper year for the lawyers. If 1933 is really going to bring back prosperity we'll have to have bigger and better divorces, and twice as many. The drawback seems to be that hardly anyone remains to be divorced in Hollywood.

On Cupid's side of the ledger, we hear that billing and cooing may resume at any time in the Ann Harding-Harry Bannister ménage. The long-distance telephone calls between Ann in Hollywood, and Harry in New York, are reported to be SOMETHING. A \$500-a-month 'phone bill is just nothing at all, and at that rate, it's a LOT cheaper to kiss and make up.

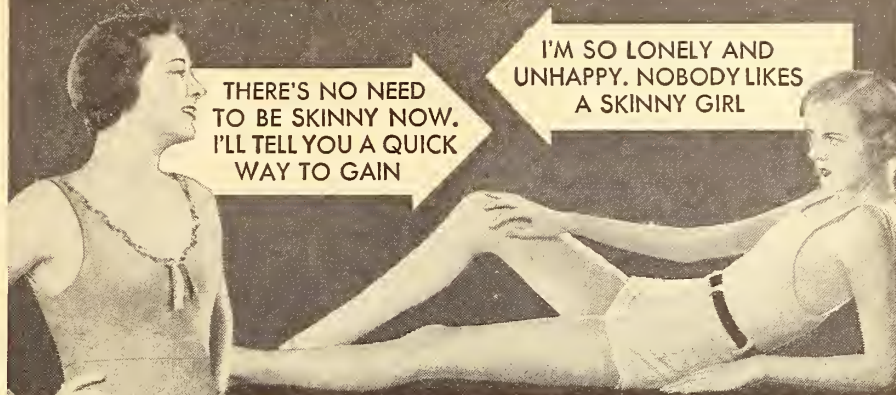
YOU might just as well prepare yourself for it, Hollywood is breaking out in a rash of theme songs again. Before the Spring thaws you'll be hearing all kinds of warbling from the silver screen. M-G-M, Paramount and Warners are hiring tunesmiths and chorus girls—they go together like ham and eggs. Warners are even announcing a revival of "Gold Diggers," to be called "Gold Diggers of 1933." All the modern improvements, of course, as you can tell from the title.

And, whether or not the studios have learned any more about the gentle art of filming musical comedy you must wait patiently to find out.

One cheerful thought for M-G-M, however. In this new musical tide there may be a place for "March of Time." That picture has been collecting dust on Metro's shelf for many a weary month. And hasn't it been one long headache to them, too.

AND then there's the story about the Hollywood wife who wondered and WONDERED what her husband did with his evenings. One night she came home and THERE he was.

DANGEROUS TO BE SKINNY



THERE'S NO NEED TO BE SKINNY NOW. I'LL TELL YOU A QUICK WAY TO GAIN

I'M SO LONELY AND UNHAPPY. NOBODY LIKES A SKINNY GIRL

Posed by professional models



New discovery adds pounds quicker than BEER

Astonishing gains with sensational double tonic. Richest imported beer yeast now concentrated 7 times and combined with energizing iron. Adds 5 to 15 lbs. in few weeks.



PHYSICIANS know well that skinny, anemic, run-down men and women are far more liable to serious infections and fatal wasting diseases. For years doctors prescribed beer to put flesh on these scrawny, weak, nervous people.

But now, thanks to a new scientific discovery, you can get even better results—put on firmer, healthier flesh than with beer—and in half the time. Thousands are gaining pounds of solid flesh in a few weeks, clear skin, new energy.

Concentrated 7 times

This amazing new product, called Ironized Yeast, is in pleasant tablets. It is made from specially cultured, imported beer yeast, the richest yeast known, which by a new process is concentrated 7 times—made 7 times more powerful. This super-rich yeast is then ironized with 3 kinds of strengthening iron.

Day after day, with Ironized Yeast, watch skinny bones and flat chest round out, complexion clear, stomach and bowel troubles vanish.

Results guaranteed

No matter how skinny and weak you may be, Ironized Yeast should build you up in a few weeks, as it has thousands. If not delighted with the results of the very first package, money instantly refunded.

Only be sure you get genuine Ironized Yeast, and not some imitation that cannot give you the same results. Insist on the genuine, with "IY" stamped on each tablet.

Special FREE offer!

To start you building up your health right away, we make this FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body." Remember, results are guaranteed with the very first package—or money refunded. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Dept. 203, Atlanta, Ga.

COMPARE YOUR MEASUREMENTS WITH THIS GIRL'S

Selected as having the best figure in the U. S. for her height, according closely to measurements favored by a famous theatrical producer and a great artist.

Height 5 ft., 3½ in.
Weight - 118 lbs.
Bust - 34 in.
Waist - 25 in.
Hips - 36 in.
Thigh - 21 in.
Calf - 13¼ in.



8 LBS. HUSKIER

"I have gained 8 lbs. taking Ironized Yeast. All my pimples are gone. I can sleep fine now where before I couldn't, and always get up feeling refreshed." Olaf C. Hanson, Carlsbad, California.



GAINS 15 LBS., NEW HEALTH

"I had been thin, weak and run-down, my complexion bad. Since taking Ironized Yeast I have gained 15 lbs. in 4 weeks, my skin is clearing and I feel wonderful." Lois S. Burkhardt, San Pedro, Calif.



GAINS 15 LBS., LOVELY SKIN

"I had indigestion and a blotched face. I took Ironized Yeast, gained 15 lbs. and my complexion is now admired." Miss S. Ryan, New York, N. Y.



NO LONGER RUN-DOWN, GAINS 14 LBS.

"I had a run-down system, so I tried Ironized Yeast. With 3 packages I gained 14 pounds. My friends are surprised at how good I look." Helen Rogers, Philadelphia, Pa.



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Ruth and Ralph and George— One for All, and All for One

(Continued from page 26)

mates; that they hunt, fish and ride together; that Ralph is a frequent and welcome visitor at the Brent home, where he sits as guest at a dinner table presided over by Ruth, just as she once served as a charming hostess when he played host. Or Ralph has Ruth and George in for dinner.

A delicate situation, you say? Not at all. For these, I repeat, are civilized people.

From the start, their behavior has reflected their extraordinarily good breeding. Their relationship cannot properly be termed a triangle. A triangle has sharp, unsightly corners. Ruth's finesse, George's sportsmanship and Ralph's understanding have made sharp corners impossible, have rounded them.

Ralph's Answer to George

RUTH and George met, as everyone knows, when he was assigned the rôle of leading man in her first starring picture under her Warner contract, "The Rich Are Always with Us." George had, I believe, previously met Ralph only once.

During the weeks of preparation and filming of the picture, George and Ralph formed a fast friendship. They conducted themselves as two men often do when they share a mutual and sincere regard. Imagine, then, Ralph's surprise upon being told by George that the friendship must end.

George was blunt and characteristically Irish. "I shall have to stop coming to your home," he said.

"Why?" asked Ralph.

"I am falling in love with your wife."

To which Ralph replied, also characteristically, "You have the best of taste."

A situation right out of a book, this. But solved with greater intelligence than most novelists display. Perhaps, though, we should not censure the novelists. They must pander to certain public taste in drawing their characters—a public that pretends to a higher civilization than it practises.

Without the slightest display of rancor or resentment, Ralph repeated to Ruth the frank statement made by George. And Ruth with equal candor, said, "I have already fallen in love with him."

Take this, you novelists; place it in the mouths of your characters. All of your artistry, all of your fine writing cannot make it a whit more dramatic. It is as simple and as complex in its elements as life is simple and complex. A wife tells her husband that she loves another man.

How They Discussed Parting

MASCULINE vanity alone would cause any ordinary man to rage at such an admission. The veneer of civilization would be stripped from him and he would become a primitive destroyer. But civilization is not a veneer with Ralph Forbes. It is inbred.

Ruth and Ralph sat up until dawn to talk over every aspect of the situation that confronted them. Sitting up until dawn was not an unusual practice of theirs. They frequently greeted the rising sun when the subject of their talk was of no particular import—a new book or a new play, perhaps.

Ruth says of Ralph to-day, "I treasure our early morning conversations among my fondest memories. The understanding and the inspiration that Rafe (the nickname by which he is known to Ruth and his friends) gave me are beyond comparison. I never made a decision without first discussing my problems with him. He was never too tired or too absorbed in his own problems to give full attention to mine.

"Ours was a comfortable marriage and in every way a successful one. It lasted seven and a half happy years with only one rift—and that was entirely my own fault. It led to a brief separation.

"We were reunited on the basis of our complete congeniality. Rafe is the most thoughtful man I have ever known. He showed me every consideration. Marriage did not dull his sense of the little courtesies that all women adore. He never intruded upon my privacy, yet I always knew he would be near if I needed him.

"Then love came, suddenly, unexpectedly, uncontrollably, as love is wont to do. But I told George I could not marry him if it meant sacrificing Rafe's friendship, and I found George as anxious to preserve the friendship as was I. Stout fellow."

And so they parted, Ruth and Ralph. They parted as they had lived—without bickering, without recrimination. Ruth went to Europe for a much-deserved rest from her film work—Ralph to Reno to start in motion the legal machinery of divorce.

So Ralph Went to Reno

IT was not decided at first who should obtain the decree. Ralph went to Reno merely to establish proper residence under the six-weeks law. Establishing his residence also meant establishing Ruth's, for she was still his wife. Either one could then sue for the decree.

Ruth, however, was having too good a time vacationing in Europe; she did not wish to come home so soon. She telephoned Ralph from half-way around the world. Wouldn't he please file the divorce papers? Any grounds at all would do. And never mind the proprieties that dictated that it should be the wife who seeks the divorce. Ralph agreed—somewhat reluctantly.

I believe that divorcing Ruth was the most difficult task that Ralph ever performed. His natural instincts rebelled against facing a magistrate to offer testimony regarding his marriage. This involved intimacies that, to his mind, should remain intimacies. I am not sure that he will even forgive me for trespassing into his private life as I have in this article. My only excuse, Ralph, is that I want everyone to know you, Ruth and George as I know you.

The Reno attorney, doubtless in the desire to be helpful, suggested incompatibility as the easiest grounds for divorce.

"I'll testify to no such absurd thing," was Ralph's vehement answer. "Incompatible, my eye! We were the most compatible couple in the world!"

His Only Cause for Divorce

IT was hours later before the attorney could wring one admission from Ralph that pointed to a single imperfection in Ruth's armor of perfection. She did not, Ralph sadly stated, like to hunt or fish!

The lawyer doubted if this would be strong enough evidence, but his client was willing to take a chance. He ceased to doubt after listening to Ralph's impassioned testimony on the witness stand. The discourse consumed nearly a half-hour and dealt exclusively with the tribulations of hunting and fishing all by himself. Ralph delivered such a heart-rending plea that an eyewitness swears that the judge wiped away a furtive tear as he granted the decree—on the grounds of "mental cruelty and divergence of tastes."

Ruth returned from Europe and joined George in New York. The day after her divorce was final, they were married in

Westchester. Ralph Forbes was not present at the wedding ceremony, but he telephoned his congratulations and, upon their arrival in Hollywood, met them at the train.

Of course, gossip immediately started. Unorthodox procedure always starts gossip in the film fraternity. Facts were avidly gathered to add to the flames. Facts burn so easily when ignited with innuendo. The unvarnished truth is not very inflammable.

And the truth is this: these people are truly civilized!

They have proved to their own satisfaction that marriage, divorce and remarriage are not deterrent to intelligent friendship. They have put themselves above petty jealousy and are reaping the reward of broader vision.

What They Think of Each Other

RUTH sums it up by saying, "I believe Rafe and I have retained the best of our relationship. My friendships are very important in my life—always have been very important, doubtless always will be. And George, with fine understanding, never interferes. It would have been comparatively simple for him to have performed an about-face after our marriage and to have trumped up some reason why I should discontinue seeing Rafe. Nothing of the sort has ever occurred. As a matter of fact, it is George who usually suggests that we invite Rafe over for the evening.

"There can be no possible choice between George and Rafe in their display of sportsmanship. I count myself fortunate, indeed, to have won George's love and Rafe's friendship."

Ralph Forbes has a word to add. He asks, "Why spoil anything as fine as our friendship by dramatics that could only be insincere? George Brent's entry into our lives, when Ruth was Mrs. Forbes, called for no melodrama. A few unimportant people were, of course, thereby cheated of their Roman holiday. But I feel no cause to apologize to them for the lack."

George Brent says, "Many people talk a great game of sportsmanship, but precious few play one. Rafe has behaved like the thoroughbred he is at all times. There is no man I'd rather see or with whom I'd rather be. What more need be said?"

Nothing more need ever be. For here you have the whole truth about this civilized trio—Ruth and George and Ralph.

Do I hear a second to the nomination for a new Nobel Prize?



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Why Is Leslie Howard The Man of the Moment?

(Continued from page 44)

have you than any other actor on the screen as a co-star?"

Leslie demurred and shied the question, as I knew he would. But I persisted. I even hinted, rather strongly, that, after all, he has not the verve of a Gable or the roguish eyes and oh-that-mouth of a Chevalier.

He drank his tea, looking, despite his Western outfit, very British and very Galsworthy, and seemed to be unable to think of any graceful way in which to clothe an answer to so bold a question.

I said, "I think the answer is obvious. I think you are the most sought-after actor in Hollywood for the simple and obvious reason that you are a very *great* actor."

Not "Talented" by Accident

"If I am," Leslie Howard said, smiling into his teacup, "if I am—which I cannot agree with—it is NOT because I was born so. It is no accident. It is not any 'happenstance' of personality or of physical appearance. If there is any truth whatever in what you are saying, it is because *I have learned my craft.*"

"I have worked at my craft for years and years. Oh yes, *years.* Unremittingly. I have learned my craft precisely as a good mechanic, or a good plumber, learns his. I cannot play Leslie Howard, you know, as a man like Gable can play Clark Gable and win the multitudes. I have to *work.* I have to act the part. I haven't the personality or the looks to be—myself. That is the sole and only answer to any such assumption—I *have taken the equipment at hand and I have learned how to use it.*"

"And I have only done, by the way, what every man must do from this time forth if he is to survive. The world has changed. There is a new philosophy in the world to-day. There is a new set of values. The new philosophy, the new values have little to do with Money. Little to do with Things, with material possessions, with luxuries, with accumulated savings. There is no sort of use in making prophecies about Communism or Socialism or Technocracy—but certainly and positively, Capitalism, as it existed in the Victorian era and later, is gone."

"There is no use, any longer, in saving money. Because there is no place to put it. No safe place. Time was when a man worked vigorously all through his prime to hoard a nest-egg for a rainy day. There is no place to put a nest-egg any longer. The government takes half of what you earn and there is no hideaway for the balance."

Art, Not Money, Matters Now

"TIME was, a year or so ago, when an actor might and often did say, 'Well, I shall make four pictures this year. They won't be very good pictures, but at the end of the year I shall have such and such a sum of money.' The actor who figures that way to-day has not heard the overtones of the new philosophy, which says that there is no Tomorrow for material things. The only thing to say now is, 'I shall make *one* picture this year. I won't get very much

money for it, but it will be supremely well done. I will be able to give a supreme performance. *It will matter, artistically.*'

"And this *is* the new philosophy—mine, at any rate. To do the thing you are doing, no matter what it may be, better than anyone else is doing it. To work for the joy and the pride of working. To be *equipped* to work with your hands and with your brain. To learn a trade. Only people with crafts are safe to-day—the earners, not the savers. There is no longer the golden bulwark of capitalism to rest upon."

"And it is better so. I, for one, like the way things are to-day, like the trend things are taking. Individual effort will be more worth while. We will be working for deeper and, certainly, more lasting satisfactions than luxuries and stocks and bonds and comforts we have never really needed."

"Our homes will mean more to us than they have ever meant before. Because we will not have the outside things we used to have. We will have leisure we have never had before, and we will have to learn to use that leisure, beautifully and self-profitably. Our families will mean more to us, for much the same reasons. We will have more time to give to them and there will not be so many outside distractions to interfere with personal developments."

"Our children will mean more to us, too, because the external things we can do for them will be decreased. We will have to bring them up to appreciate the things in life that do not come only as the results of money. Because, no matter how we may be fixed ourselves, individually, our children will have to go out into a world where people are working for the pride of achievement and for values that have nothing to do with ostentation."

Are These the Answers?

IT was while Leslie was talking that the answers to the question came to me. Leslie Howard is the Man of the Moment because, for one reason, which he gave himself, *he knows his craft.* He does not consume time and patience and retakes by blundering and ineptness.

But he is also the Man of the Moment for another reason—he gives us *idealism.* He gives us something that is not materialistic, not wholly physical. He gives us something we need more than the material and the physical, which have failed us.

He speaks to us of dreams, of the things and the qualities that we may still have, though capitalism staggers completely and man ceases to work for gold alone. He gives us the *sense* of the man who is to be, the man who stands for individual achievement, for honest personal endeavor, for artistry.

Leslie Howard is an idealist. He prefers to do only the thing in which he can take pride. He says that he has compromised now and then, enforcedly. But he has not done those things of which he could be genuinely ashamed. He is the Man of the Moment because he is, also, the Man of Tomorrow—when men will be finer than they are to-day.

Did You Know That—

Leslie Howard has been writing a play between pictures, and may break Hollywood hearts by going East to star in it?

Edward G. Robinson, now making "The Little Giant," hopes to finish it in time to fly East to help Mrs. Robinson welcome the stork late in February or early in March?

The London play in which Herbert Marshall has been co-starring with his wife, Edna Best, is closing—because they, also, anticipate a Blessed Event?

Far From Home, But Near to Stardom

(Continued from page 51)

Diana doesn't mind. She has small patience with the fears that unhappily ride so many of us in these dangerous days.

No small part of her straightforward matter-of-factness stems from the security of her excellent education. She was trained in private schools in England, intending to become a teacher of domestic science. It was only when she proved so successful in the school plays, and later in small amateur performances, that she became switched, professionally. When her intention did change, however, she approached it with customary thoroughness. First she completed her formal education, then enrolled for the study of stage technique under a private tutor. Here she worked long and arduously, and with the results which later were to expose themselves so advantageously. And in 1925 a program of the Globe Theatre in London revealed that among the guests in a cabaret scene in "The Grand Duchess" was Miss Diana Wynyard. She was then nineteen years old.

Where She Learned Her Acting

FOLLOWING her debut in "The Grand Duchess," she toured the country with a traveling stock company, playing forty different rôles during the engagement—which was excellent training, to say the least. Then she went on tour, playing the ingénue rôle with Marie Lohr, one of England's favorite actresses. At the conclusion of this engagement, she joined the Liverpool Repertory Company—and then came London.

Trained, spirited and lovely to look upon, Diana found the battle of the city far different from that of the usual young aspirant to its favor. After the indifferent start seemingly characteristic of most successful careers, she found herself established in "Sorry You've Been Troubled," with Walter Hackett, and Londoners knew that a new star was among them.

During this engagement an unusual proposition was offered her. A young playwright named Benn W. Levy (who is now scrivening at Paramount) saw her in a hotel lobby and forthwith decided that she was the one person to play the leading feminine rôle in his new play. When he learned that Diana was already a well-known actress, he was that delighted—and doubly so when she agreed to take the part in a special try-out performance that he had arranged. This was with the understanding that she would be given the rôle if and when the play went into actual production.

"The Devil Passes" caused no end of a stir in England. Based on a most unconventional theme—the visit of Satan to earth in the guise of a clergyman—it considerably exorcised the religious authorities of the country, and its production was for some time forbidden in England. Meanwhile Diana—after creating her rôle in this piece—went into "Petticoat Influence," which Helen Hayes did on Broadway. This busied her for nine months, and then she did "Lean Harvest" with Leslie Banks, that very able actor who recently scored so heavily in his screen debut in "The Most Dangerous Game."

Westward Ho! in a Hurry

EARLY in 1932, Levy made arrangements for the production of "The Devil Passes" in America, and in November Diana came to New York to play her original rôle. Once the show opened, everyone knew that it was merely a question of who would get her first for pictures. M-G-M won—and as soon as the play closed, West she went to make "Rasputin and the Empress" with Ethel, Lionel and John Barrymore, playing the rôle of the *Grand Duchess*.

Meanwhile Fox, after seemingly having tested half the young women of Christendom for the all-important rôle of the heroine in "Cavalcade," decided that Miss Wynyard was the one person for the lead opposite Clive Brook, for the rôle of the young beauty who ages so gracefully and dramatically. She was borrowed—and thus we have the uncommon spectacle of a girl as yet unknown to screen fame acting in two of the biggest productions of the year. And with a third coming up—for so delighted was Metro with her work in "Rasputin" that the company has decided to cast her opposite John Barrymore in its forthcoming production of that great hit of last year's theatrical season, "Reunion in Vienna," which Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne did for the Theatre Guild. How's that for hitting the high spots?

Naturally, Diana is thrilled. And, happily, she is appreciative of the chances so lavishly bestowed upon her. Not at all is she of the type of stage performer given to eyebrow lifts regarding all things celluloid. She thinks pictures "terrifically exciting and interesting," and in no wise inferior as a medium to that of the legitimate stage.

"I don't believe the two are comparable, really," she says. "They are two separate activities, with advantages and problems peculiar to each, and I don't think it rightfully can be said that one is the superior of the other."

Why She Misses the Stage

"I MISS the stage principally because in its life I knew that always, no matter how dull the day, there would be the stimulation of the evening's performance. Something to point to and be keyed up by. Now I work steadily—and seemingly all the time!—and there are no particular high spots. I suppose that's why I often find myself feeling that my day has had no climax. And climax, high spots, I demand of myself. My ambitions aren't mercenary. *I don't care what happens to me—so long as what I do I satisfy myself in doing!*"

Diana is content to do most of her scoring in the theatrical life, and not the sporting. She is not a particularly athletic girl. True, since she has been in California she has taken up horseback riding, and she swims some, but she leaves the tennis and the golf to the more proficient members of her sex.

"I might like to give them a bit of a go," she confesses, "but everyone is so terribly good at sports out here that I don't dare. My ego doesn't like for me to take lickings—at anything—and it seems that the day of the simple sports dufer is past, given way to that of people who play nearly as well as professionals."

In her own fields of amusement, however, Diana bars no competition. She is a delightful talker, full of shrewd and witty comment, and there is nothing in all the world she likes better than to sit up until the late hours, chatting with friends. One thing she misses in Hollywood is this habit, so usual in England. Here people for the most part seem to be either partying, going places, or to bed. But then, there aren't many people in Cinemania so well equipped for conversation as Diana—with her trained and well-stocked mind, and bubbling humor. She does not play bridge.

Not Lonely When Alone

THUS she is alone considerably, a fact not wholly unpleasant to her. Aside from the occasional linking of her name with that of Benn Levy, there have been no romance rumors about Diana. The young gentlemen of Hollywood do, I am afraid, (Continued on page 80)

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Hollywood's "Love Runaways" Write Home

(Continued from page 17)

wood aghast when she impetuously turned her back on all that screen stardom could offer and sailed away to Europe with her newly-acquired husband, Leslie Fenton. True, such an independent gesture might have been expected of Leslie Fenton, who has always refused to be cramped by the prosaic ruts that other people follow. Once before, he had rejected stardom and wealth to pursue a will-o'-the-wisp of adventure.

But Ann! Why, Ann Dvorak stood on the threshold of an ultra-brilliant career. Only two weeks before her sudden departure, she had been made a star. In the previous year, she had flashed upward, like a soaring rocket, from obscurity to fame. Her work in "Scarface," "The Strange Love of Molly Louvain" (during the making of which she and Leslie fell in love), "Crooner" and "Three on a Match" had commanded ecstatic praise from the critics—and fabulous offers from the producers. Warner Brothers had purchased her contract from Howard Hughes. United Artists wanted her to play opposite Ronald Colman in "Cynara."

Hollywood couldn't understand anyone's flouting its treasures or snubbing stardom, for the sake of so intangible a thing as "happiness." Few people have ever rebelled against fame and material wealth!

What Tempted Them to Europe

THE fact is that when Ann and Leslie left Hollywood, they intended nothing more than a belated honeymoon trip through the Panama Canal to New York. It was after their arrival in New York that they decided to go on to Europe. Leslie received an offer from UFA, the famous German studio, to play the lead in "F. P. No. 1," a futuristic picture based on transatlantic passenger flight. The offer was no more tempting, financially, than several which awaited him in Hollywood, but—

It meant a trip to "the other side of the mountain," and it sent the wanderlust racing through his blood. And Ann had never traveled, and there were so many things in Europe he wanted her to see...

"After this," Ann wrote in another letter, "we will be willing to settle down and work for a while, anyway! I feel as though I would be a better actress for having seen a little of the world. You know what a narrow life I've always led. I felt when I was working in pictures that I hadn't had enough experience and background... They wanted me to play the lead in Les' picture. I'd have loved it—but even if my contract is jeopardized already, I wouldn't take the risk of making matters worse. Jill Esmond is playing the part, instead—it's a great picture. I do admire Hartl, the director."

And so Ann made her decision between Fame and Adventure. She was dissatisfied, though not actually rebellious, because of her comparatively small salary. She was tired, for she had made seven pictures without a vacation. She was wise enough, in spite of the fact that she was only nineteen, to know the logic of seizing happiness by the nape of the neck when opportunity presented—and she was madly in love. In one of her letters, she writes:

Known as "The Inseparables"

"THEY (Leslie's fellow-workers at UFA) call us 'the inseparables,' and I guess we deserve the name. The time Leslie went to Bishop in California on location was enough. We were both so unhappy that we decided it isn't worth it."

So Ann calmly jilted stardom and sailed away on a gay adventure with the man she loves. No question about that love. Ann's mother told me of the deluge of letters she has received from the runaways.

"Whether Ann made a business error or not," she said, "she is completely happy. Judging from her letters, one would think that she and Leslie discovered love and have an absolute monopoly on it. I have no worries about their future."

And, you may recall that Hollywood predicted that the Dvorak-Fenton marriage could never be a success, and once tried to say that Ann's mother disapproved.

Ann and Leslie "did" London, Paris, Vienna, Stockholm, Copenhagen, Munich, Hamburg. They spent several weeks in Switzerland, tasting the thrill of Alpine sports. They journeyed on to Soviet Russia. With every new vista, Ann's letters grew more enthusiastic. They traveled unpretentiously, for, to tell the truth, they were obliged to make a little money go far.

Finally, Leslie had to report to UFA to start work. Ann spent all of her time on the set with him studying the German technique of picture-making. After a week or so



"The Inseparables" at Cuxhaven, Germany—where they earned the nickname!

in Berlin, the company went to Cuxhaven on the Baltic, and from there Ann wrote:

"We're on a barren little island which boasts only this one little hotel. It's only used for a lighthouse base, really. They have built quite a large set at one end of the island. They have terrible storms here—and even without rain, there is too much wind for proper recording. We are getting lots of exercise—we walked sixteen miles the other day and twelve the day before. We hiked according to the only decent map we could get, to the top of a mountain in the middle of a forest, and found there a lonely old castle. Fun is fun, but I think we will be glad to get back to Berlin where we can sit down to a nice cup of tea and say, "Twas a grand experience."

And in another letter from Cuxhaven: "I'm speaking German fairly well now. I spent most of the time studying it as we traveled around. Leslie, of course, speaks German fluently, so we talk to each other, half the time in German and half the time in English. Everyone kids us about our obvious happiness, and certainly we never make any effort to hide it.

"We're having lots of fun. There was a hurricane on the sea and it damaged the floating set where the company has been working. Everyone is so good-natured. Even having production delayed so long by bad weather doesn't seem to bother them.

"All this walking and sea air is making new people of us. We are beginning to look like a couple of confirmed German hikers. We have bought a couple of heavy wool roughneck sweaters that are ideal for this Baltic climate. I never imagined there could be so many interesting things to do and see in a little seacoast village."

And again:

Says They're "Unbelievably Happy"

"THERE'S a place here about three hours out of Cuxhaven called 'Helgoland.' It's rather like a fairy tale to me. It's on an island that rises sheer from the sea on every side. The boat only goes out every other day, so we had to stay overnight. There's another little island called Menewerk, and at night, when the tide goes out—it runs for miles—we take a horse and buggy and drive right through a foot or so of water in order to reach it. It's nearly twenty miles off-shore."

From Berlin, after the company's return to the UFA studios, she wrote:

"Everything's quite rolling in a buttercup, as Leslie says. We are having a grand time and are unbelievably happy. I never dreamed that anyone could be as thoughtful as Leslie has been during this entire trip. He is continually planning something for my pleasure and seems to take even more joy in my enthusiasms than I do, myself. All in all, I wouldn't have missed this wonderful experience for any amount of personal success. Leslie and I want our marriage to be completely happy—and what better start could we possibly have made than to share so many pleasures? We fall more deeply in love every day."

"I do a lot of walking—seeing as much of the town as possible. I've been through dozens of shops and department stores, as well as most of the art galleries and museums. I feel that I'm acquiring knowledge and experiences of real value."

"We went to the Metropole Opera House the other night to see Fritz Massary, the German idol, in an operetta. This Massary is sixty-five years old—and *what* a personality! It was all in German, of course, but we both understood every word. It was a great thrill to me to realize that our study has produced results."

Reminded of Hollywood

"THERE'S a street here that reminds me of Hollywood Boulevard — Kurfurstendamm—but much nicer, with better stores and wider sidewalks. But it is brilliantly lighted, like Hollywood Boulevard, and everyone parades up and down it in just the same way."

"I think the whole attraction of Europe lies in its color and variety—the oldness of things and traditions that a newcomer is always conscious of. I am, anyway. *Paris is the city.* It is unbelievably beautiful."

"Leslie is almost through with his work, so I suppose that before many more weeks have passed, we'll be on our way home. I know I'll bring back with me a great many memories that I'll treasure as long as I live. I wonder how I'll be greeted when I report to the studio? No matter what happens, it's been worth it—and I know that I'll be able to do much better work, for I'm completely rested and fit as a fiddle."

Since Ann wrote that letter, her contract has been renewed by Warner Brothers. Apparently, she is to carry on as though her career had never been interrupted.

Probably by the time this reaches print, she and Leslie will be back in Hollywood. And though Cinematown, collectively, will still wonder at their audacity in flouting fame, I'll wager that more than one wearied celebrity will envy their courage. Ann's letters reveal her happiness, and, as she contends, happiness is the "all-important fact."

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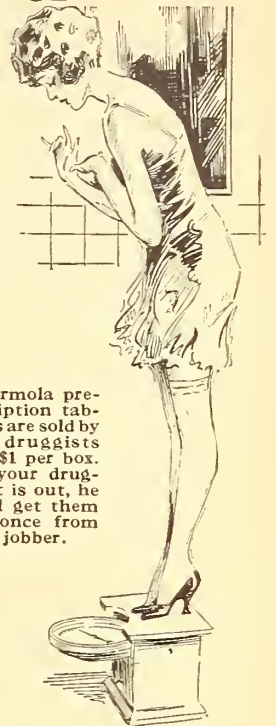
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Far From Home, But Near to Stardom

(Continued from page 77)

consider her a bit too fast on her mental feet. Levy is her favorite playwright, and her preferred novelist also is a friend, Charles Morgan (author of "The Fountain"). She reads mystery yarns on the set, to fill in those long, dull, in-between periods of waiting for her scenes. And it is on sets that Diana is spending most of her time, these days.

She is five feet, six inches tall and weighs one hundred and twenty pounds. Her hair is a golden brown that photographs darker, and her eyes a gray-blue that seem lighter. Her favorite food is caviar, and she does not care at all for anything sweet. She lives in a house on Whitley Heights with Daisey, who has been her maid and companion throughout her entire stage career, a cook and a chauffeur. She is restless; change and activity are her lexicons, and as religiously followed as is her avoidance of anything savoring of habit and monotony. She never wears jewelry.

When Diana speaks in that clipped, British accent, one is more than simply inclined to agree with her views. Hers might well be called The Voice of Conviction. It's a very elegant voice. She also has a large, mobile mouth, an addiction to simplicity in clothes, and a nice dog named Dormouse. She wears gowns with simple lines, a bit Grecian in effect; and at night, black always. At first they started calling her "Garbo's successor," but she promptly put a stop to that. Great as is her admiration for the Viking Voyager, she thinks there is small comparison between her and Miss Diana Wynyard.

Ethel Barrymore is another of her great admirations, and a friend of London days. Now, after working with the full genius trio of Barrymores in Hollywood, she believes them truly the world's most glamorous family. "They really are theatre," she puts it. "Witty, colorful, talented—superb." And the Barrymores, in turn, have put the seal of their august approval on the young lady whose name is pronounced Dynanna Win-yerd—and which you'll be speaking a great deal in the months to come!

Looking Them Over

(Continued from page 68)

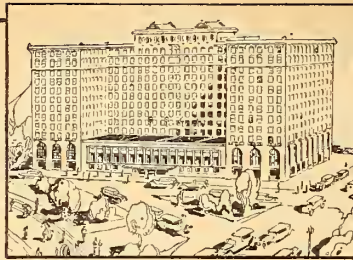
a tremendous "comeback" on the screen that will see him at the top of the heap again!

HOWARD HUGHES, now that he is back in Hollywood again, is seeing a lot of his old flame, Lilian Bond. But that doesn't mean that the youthful ex-billionaire (Hollywood is convinced he is down to his last million) hasn't had a few evenings to devote to Marian Marsh.

IT'S cold turkey between Buddy Rogers and Mary Brian at the present moment. They say Buddy didn't relish all the competition, otherwise known as Dick Powell and Russell Gleason. And what's more, they say Mary just couldn't understand Buddy's "platonic" interest in another Hollywood girl.

LITTLE things which may, or may not interest you: Lina Basquette and Teddy Hayes have announced their intention of being re-married annually—going through a ceremony every wedding anniversary, each time in a different State. . . . Many

(Continued on page 82)



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These Movie Stars Went to College—Why?

(Continued from page 70)

scholastic education—but what a wealth of practical experience! Gloria Swanson, who has worn gowns more lavish than any the Four Hundred ever dreamed of, quit school after finishing the grades.

Joan Left School Early

JOAN CRAWFORD did not finish high school. The Four Marx Brothers, Richard Bennett, George Raft, Eddie Cantor, George M. Cohan, Lupe Velez, Clara Bow, Joe E. Brown, Barbara Stanwyck, Cary Grant, Buster Keaton, John Miljan, Jimmy Durante, Slim Summerville and Wallace Beery had very little schooling.

Marie Dressler has never spent a single day in school. She attributes her amazing scope of knowledge to the newspapers.

Hollywood is still young, energetic and defiant. It bows to only one caste system—that which is based on personal success. To the rest of the world, a Ph.D. or an LL.D. represents a magnificent goal, attained only by long years of arduous work. To Hollywood, a university degree means little or nothing. Could a Ph.D. have carried Marie Dressler to greater emotional heights than she reached in "Emma?"

Most directors will tell you, as they have told me, that of all the world's schools there is only one that prepares an actor for greatness. Jimmy Durante names it when he claims to be a graduate of the COLLEGE OF HARD KNOCKS. And it is true that Hollywood's greatest stars have been, and are, alumni of that same school.

These Have Diplomas

THESE players were graduated from college:

- Hardie Albright.....Carnegie Tech
- Robert Armstrong...Univ. of Washington
- Nils Asther.....Lunel Univ. (Sweden)
- William Austin.....Reading Col. (Eng.)
- Leslie Banks.....Oxford Univ. (Eng.)
- Harry Bannister....Univ. of Michigan
- Charles Bickford...Massachusetts Tech
- Tala Birell.....Fürstin-Bismarck Col. (Austria)
- John Mack Brown...Univ. of Alabama
- Anthony Bushell...Oxford (England)
- Charles Butterworth. Notre Dame
- Bruce Cabot.....Univ. of the South
- Leo Carrillo.....Loyola Univ. (Cal.)
- Walter Catlett.....St. Ignatius' Col.
- Paul Cavanagh.....Cambridge Univ. (England)
- Lew Cody.....New Hampshire McGill College
- Donald Cook.....Univ. of Oregon
- Buster Crabbe.....Univ. of S. California
- Andy Devine.....Arizona Teachers' Col.
- Mary Doran.....Columbia Univ.
- Irene Dunne.....Chicago Col. of Music
- Leslie Fenton.....Ohio State Univ.
- Ralph Forbes.....Denstone Col. (Eng.)
- Earle Foxe.....Ohio State Univ.
- Ralph Graves.....Case School of Applied Sciences
- Oliver Hardy.....Univ. of Georgia
- Weldon Heyburn...George Washington Univ.
- Jack Holt.....Virginia Military Institute
- Leslie Howard.....Dulwich Col. (Eng.)
- Boris Karloff.....London Univ. (Eng.)
- Tom Keene.....Carnegie Tech
- Doris Kenyon.....Barnard College
- Ivan Lebedeff.....Univ. of St. Petersburg (Russia)
- John Davis Lodge...Harvard Univ.
- Edmund Lowe.....Santa Clara Univ.
- Arthur Lubin.....Carnegie Tech
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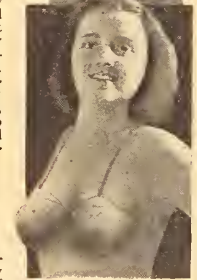
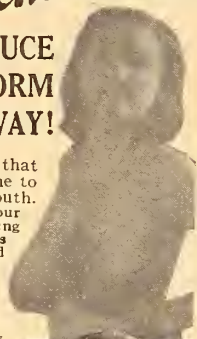
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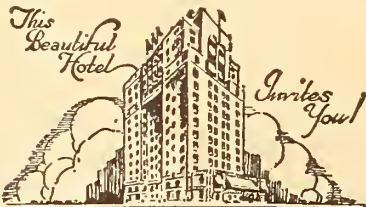
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These Movie Stars Went to College—Why?

(Continued from page 70)

- | | |
|---|---|
| Kenneth MacKenna . . . Columbia Univ. | Bing Crosby Gonzaga Univ. |
| Aline MacMahon Barnard Col. | Frances Dee Univ. of Chicago |
| Fredric March Univ. of Wisconsin | Donald Dillaway Cornell Univ. |
| Herbert Marshall St. Mary's Col. (Eng.) | Richard Dix Northwestern Univ. |
| Ken Maynard Virginia Military Institute | Mary Duncan Cornell Univ. |
| Tim McCoy St. Ignatius' Col. | Helen Jerome Eddy Univ. of California |
| Joel McCrea Pomona Col. | Stuart Erwin Univ. of California |
| Victor McLaglen Christian Col. (South Africa) | Douglas Fairbanks, Sr. Harvard Univ. |
| Thomas Meighan St. Mary's Univ. (Pittsburgh) | Charles Farrell Boston Univ. |
| Adolphe Menjou Cornell Univ. | Norman Foster Carnegie Tech |
| Jose Mojica National School of Agriculture (Mexico) | Noel Francis Columbia Univ. |
| Frank Morgan Cornell Univ. | Richard (Skeets) Gallagher Indiana Univ. |
| Ralph Morgan Columbia Univ. | Russell Gleason Univ. of California |
| Ferdinand Munier Stanford Univ. | Ruth Hall Florida State Col. |
| Conrad Nagel Highland Park Col. | Ann Harding Bryn Mawr Col. |
| Ernie Nevers Univ. of S. California | Katharine Hepburn Bryn Mawr Col. |
| David Newell Univ. of Missouri | Russell Hopton New York State Agricultural Col. |
| Elliott Nugent Ohio State Univ. | Phillips Holmes Princeton Univ. |
| Irving Pichel Harvard Univ. | Edward Everett Horton Columbia Univ. |
| Gregory Raffoff Univ. of Moscow (Russia) | Warren Hymers Yale Univ. |
| Edward G. Robinson Columbia Univ. | Dorothy Jordan Southwestern Univ. |
| Raoul Roulien Escola Politecnica (Brazil) | Arline Judge New Rochelle Col. |
| Charles Starrett Dartmouth Col. | Evalyn Knapp Univ. of Kansas |
| Regis Toomey Univ. of Pittsburgh | Allan Lane Notre Dame Univ. |
| Roland Young University Col. (England) | Charles Laughton Stonyhurst Col. (Eng.) |

Ex-College Students

- THESE players went to college, but did not graduate:
- | | |
|---|---|
| Richard Arlen Univ. of Pennsylvania | George O'Brien Santa Clara Univ. |
| Lew Ayres Univ. of Arizona | Pat O'Brien Marquette Univ. |
| George Bancroft United States Naval Academy | Buddy Rogers Univ. of Kansas |
| Vincent Barnett Carnegie Tech | Randolph Scott Georgia Tech |
| Richard Barthelmess Trinity College | Dorothy Sebastian Univ. of Alabama |
| Rex Bell Northwestern Univ. | Marion Shockley Univ. of Missouri |
| John Boles Univ. of Texas | Gloria Stuart Univ. of California |
| El Brendel Univ. of Pennsylvania | Lyle Talbot Univ. of Nebraska |
| Clive Brook Dulwich Col. (Eng.) | Lee Tracy Union Col. |
| George Brent Dublin Univ. (Ireland) | Spencer Tracy Marquette Univ. |
| James Cagney Columbia Univ. | George Walsh Georgetown Univ. |
| Joyce Compton Tulsa Univ. | John Warburton Oxford Univ. (Eng.) |
| Gary Cooper Grinnell Col. | John Wayne Univ. of S. California |
| | Johnny Weissmuller Univ. of Chicago |
| | Guinn Williams Univ. of Texas |
| | Edward Woods Univ. of S. California |

Looking Them Over

(Continued from page 80)

studio executives and movie stars received charming Holiday greeting cards from President-elect Roosevelt—and were they thrilled? . . . A fortune-teller has predicted a break-up in the marriage of Joan Bennett and Gene Markey "sometime in 1933" and both Joan and Gene are peeved at the prophecy . . . Jean Harlow has as many pairs of white flannel trousers as has Marlene Dietrich, but Jean wears them only in the privacy of her home . . . Joan Crawford and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. will probably start the actual building on their new English home early in the Spring . . . Anita Page is one of the few girls in Hollywood who likes, or will wear, the color orchid . . . Constance Bennett has just "done over" her bedroom in French blue and gray—it's very, very grand . . . George Lewis, of the "Collegian" series fame, grows handsomer and handsomer; the movie executives must be asleep in not casting this young man opposite a player like Joan Crawford or Norma Shearer . . . Leslie Howard is the secret heart-throb of half of feminine Hollywood . . . Clark Gable is merely considered

"a nice boy" . . . James Cagney is considered by the professional people as one of the best "showmen" in town . . . Jack Warner enjoys the reputation of being the wittiest and most likable executive . . . Rochelle Hudson is stepping about with James Fidler, ex-hubby of Dorothy Lee . . . James also likes Ruth Hall, too.

ONE of the most underestimated actresses in Hollywood is Wynne Gibson. If you don't want to take our word for it, heed the words of a well-known executive at one of the big studios . . . not Paramount. "Had Wynnie been built up by correct publicity and picture rôles . . . had she been given just half a chance . . . she would be Joan Crawford's nearest screen rival! But Wynnie was allowed to slip into Hollywood as 'just another stage actress' without any particular campaign to sell her to the public. I wish I had her contract two years ago!" P.S. The executive had just seen Wynne's portrayal of the street-walker in "If I Had a Million."

about **YOU?** shall men say "SHE IS LOVELY ---
SO EXQUISITE!"

BY PATRICIA GORDON



The Music ends—softly. A momentary hush. A throng; but *you* seem mysteriously detached. It is your *moment*. Something portends. Born on the strange silence, a remark—about *you*. Some one says, "She is lovely!" No *conscious* flattery this—*not* meant to be overheard. And so, a *thrilling compliment*.

"So Lovely, so Exquisite!" How? Pretty clothes, daintiness, poise, chic? As *background*, yes. But as to these, men see *dimly*. Only women are *critical*. Men observe colorful cheeks, are entranced by luscious lips, thrilled by eyes brilliant and mysterious. Sh-h-h-h! make-up! Ah yes; but make-up *so* clever, *so* artistic that to masculine eyes it appears as *natural*.

Some Women Know—Some Do Not. How can it be otherwise than true? When a woman will tolerate *obvious* make-up, she simply *does not know* the glamorous beauty of *harmonized*

Princess Pat make-up. The rouge, for instance. Of the famous Duo-Tone blend. A mystery of radiant beauty so natural that its glowing color seems actually to come from within the skin. Powder of precious *almond base* (instead of chalky starch). Softer than any other powder; far more clinging. Powder to velvet any skin to smooth, aristocratic perfection. And lip rouge! So wonderfully natural, so smooth, so free of waxy substance. To color lips divinely, to be wholly indelible.

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MOVIE CLASSIC

APRIL

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Bennett

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SINCE VALENTINO

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Never fails to use Lipstick—
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IT HAS never dawned upon this girl that lipstick draws attention to her dull, dingy-looking teeth — or she would take better care of her teeth and gums.

Are *your* teeth dull—or bright? Are your gums firm—or flabby?

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brightness of your teeth, and the attractiveness of your smile may be in danger.

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ZOO IN BUDAPEST



with
LORETTA YOUNG
GENE RAYMOND
O. P. HEGGIE
Directed by Rowland V. Lee

MOVIE CLASSIC

VOL. 4 No. 2

APRIL, 1933



JOAN BENNETT Has Some New Plans

Joan, the youngest of the Bennetts, was twenty-two in February, and she celebrated with a declaration of independence—stating a desire to be released from her contract. But Joan isn't planning to retire, as sister Connie is (in 1934).

Having played a society girl in "Week-Ends Only," a pioneer vixen in "Wild Girl," and a wise-cracking waitress in "Me and My Gal"—and having won praise from critics in all three of these widely different rôles—Joan has been hit hard by ambition. And she thinks she wants to be free to shap around far rôles she would like to play.

There aren't many stars who would rather take a gamble on their careers than be tied to a nice, big contract—but Joan, being a Bennett, is independent. And an idealist, besides, who wants to be remembered for her rôles, not her face or personality!

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COVER DRAWING OF JOAN BENNETT BY MARLAND STONE

DOROTHY CALHOUN, Western Editor

STANLEY V. GIBSON, Publisher
LAURENCE REID, Editor

HERMAN SCHOPPE, Art Director

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Movie Classic's Letter Page

Each month, MOVIE CLASSIC gives Twenty, Ten and Five Dollar Prizes for the Three Best Letters published on this page.

\$20.00 Letter *Deporting the Stars*

THE newspapers of a few days ago carried screaming headlines to the effect that the government was threatening to deport a host of motion picture stars of foreign birth, charging some with illegal entry and others with overstaying their allotted time. As Jimmy Durante would say—the irony of it! These people who by their ability have given us many happy hours via the screen are to be put out while our country is overrun with gangsters, crooks and murderers, also of foreign birth, who laugh at our courts and laws. What a travesty on justice!

It is true that these stars make large salaries, but hasn't this country been made richer by having added the talents of these foreign artists to our great American institution—the screen?

Supposing we did lose all our foreign stars, what would there be left to boast about in the way of native talent? You can't run the entire movie industry with just the Barrymores, who would be the only players left that could hold a candle to such foreign players as Arliss, Garbo, Dietrich, Chevalier, Colman, Brook and Laughton.

The movies would not be what they are today were it not for these foreign stars. So would it be asking too much to show our film favorites a little courtesy and show the exit to some of the racketeers?

B.L., *New London, Conn.*

\$10.00 Letter *Only One Garbo*

OTHER month or so, MOVIE CLASSIC burst forth with a page of lovely ladies who wore Garbo hats and Garbo lashes and Garbo lips and other imitations of our Swedish Darling, and there was that thrilling line of: "Any Girl Can Look Like Garbo—Maybe." Well, it has taken me all these long weeks to get over being mad, but now that my anger has subsided, I want to have a little friendly quarrel with you.

If "Any Girl Can Look Like Garbo," then why are we all holding our breath and crossing our fingers until she returns to America? According to that statement, the world is full of Garbos, all just waiting to be pushed in front of a camera.

Begging your pardon, MOVIE CLASSIC, but I simply must tell you that there is only one Garbo, and there is no other girl who could pass for Garbo, even with the help of your most expert make-up artists. It is true that many girls can make up their lashes in the Garbo fashion, or they can don a Garbo hat or beret—BUT no other girl except Garbo can allow her hair to be stringy and straight-squash a hat over, her eyes, and then toss back her head and hold you spellbound with that deep, rich laugh and that indefinable something that radiates from her every expression and movement.

In the March MOVIE

CLASSIC you have Claire Windsor, who very sweetly wears a Garbo beret and blouse and lashes—but she is still just Claire Windsor. A nice girl, but not another Garbo. For there is only ONE President, one Atlantic Ocean, one Eiffel Tower, one Mussolini, one MOVIE CLASSIC—and ONE GARBO. EDNA LONG, *Highland, Ill.*

\$5.00 Letter *Pity the Poor Traveler*

IS there a conspiracy to bore and torture travelers on ocean liners by showing them, under the name of "entertainment" the most godawful films?

On the Chichibu Maru, bound for Japan, we had to view antiques from the "barrel," of the era when women wore knee-length evening gowns. Most of the players had long been extinct. Worse than the features were the "unfunny" comedies. Did we Americans feel ashamed?

From Haifa to Alexandria, a rough crossing, not improved by the showing of "The Godless Girl." What *could* such a film mean to Italians and Egyptian merchants whose puzzled expressions were a "scream."

You would have thought I was responsible for each picture shown nightly in the lounge on a White Star liner returning to New York from Liverpool at the way I was "guyed" because from Hollywood. The first was a depression film with Tallulah and Robert Montgomery called "Faithless." Groans from the audience and departures. Next night "The Fugitive from a Chain Gang." "What have we done to get this?" said different ones. Roars greeted, the next night, "The Mask of Fu Manchu." Everybody thought it too funny. Yes, and in another film, we had Will Rogers gunning for the fellow that stole his wife. Audible sighs.

Travelers want diversion. Why unload such stuff on them when ocean-bound, from which they can only make their escape by jumping in the sea?

EDITH M. RYAN, *Hollywood, Cal.*

A Good Idea

AT a time when so many players of minor rôles are stealing scene after scene, we fans are very interested in the entire cast of characters and the names of the people who play these parts.

Occasionally, oh very occasionally, some kind producer repeats the names of the cast at the end of the picture. This is a most excellent idea. However, during the last few weeks I was pleased to note an even better plan. In the beginnings of the pictures "They Call It Sin" and "Central

Park," each player was introduced by his or her photograph accompanied by the name of the character portrayed. Both of these are First National pictures. Won't the rest of you producers adopt some similar plan? Please give us photos of the cast in the beginning and repeat just the names again when the picture is over.

MARGARET FEICKERT, *Belleville, Ill.*

Become a Critic—Give Your Opinion—Win a Prize

Here's your chance to tell the movie world—through MOVIE CLASSIC—what phase of the movies most interests you. Advance your ideas, your appreciations, your criticisms of the pictures and players. Try to keep within 200 words. Sign your full name and address. We will use initials if requested. Address Letter Page, MOVIE CLASSIC, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

Inaugurating a **NEW DEAL** in ENTERTAINMENT!

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DICK POWELL
GINGER ROGERS
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NED SPARKS
GEORGE E. STONE
EDDIE NUGENT
ALLEN JENKINS
ROBERT McWADE
H. B. WALTHALL

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200 GIRLS
Directed by LLOYD BACON

WARNER BROS! Sensational Musical Hit!

Coming to your theatre soon . . . Don't miss it—it's going to be the most talked-about picture of the year

BETWEEN OURSELVES

BANKRUPTCIES to right of them, bankruptcies to left of them—into the slough of despond ride the movie-makers. Frantically, they cast about, looking for someone besides Mickey Mouse to save them. The old standbys among the stars are trying their hardest—but they're lucky if they're holding their own, to say nothing of gaining new followers. If the movie industry is to be rescued, the newer players are the ones who will do the rescue act. If you must know, they are the ones who are saving it right now.

Back in the old days, women stars were the chief box-office lures. To-day, the men stars and players are the ones who are clicking and making good in a big way. They are the ones that moviegoers rush to see, if they rush to the theatres at all. The newer men players, especially, are pulling such crowds as there are—namely, such players as James Cagney, George Raft, Leslie Howard, Lee Tracy, Spencer Tracy, Clark Gable, Boris Karloff, Warren William and Charles Laughton. And not one of them a collar-ad type! These lads, together with such potent personalities as John and Lionel Barrymore, Wallace Beery, Maurice Chevalier, Edward G. Robinson, Will Rogers and George Arliss, are the ones who are bringing back the customers.

BUT where are the women? The only feminine newcomers who have clicked to any extent are Helen Hayes, Katharine Hepburn and Diana Wynyard. These three girls (especially Helen) have proved they can stir up passionate enthusiasm—which is what draws people into theatres. Ann Dvorak was on her way into this select class, when she stepped out of the movies to take one of the longest honeymoons on record. Jean Harlow is capable of arousing curiosity—but Jean's drawing power has yet to be tested, to see if it depends on anything more secure than curiosity. Of the other newer feminine players, Sylvia Sydney, Miriam Hopkins, Bette Davis and Glenda Farrell have possibilities—but even these girls, themselves, hardly have visions of startling the world. Their rivals, for the most part, are just pretty gals, not actresses—who won't supply them with much competition.

AMONG the established feminine stars, the ones who have done the most to keep people interested in the movies, it seems to me, are Norma Shearer, Barbara Stanwyck, Joan Crawford, Ann Harding and—Marie Dressler. People will go to see any of these five, no matter what their pictures may be. They won't always do that even for a Garbo, or a Bennett, or a Gaynor. Most of the women stars seem to be marking time, instead of constantly developing. They are being their glamorous selves, instead of actresses. And acting is what people want to see. Look at how they have taken to Helen Hayes—who is an actress first, and Helen Hayes afterward!

THE big stars of an earlier movie day aren't the ones who will save the movies. Their pictures are infrequent now—and they are finding the going a bit tough, themselves. Most of them are revising the personalities that made them famous, in order to sustain public interest. Douglas Fairbanks is now trying travelogues. Mary Pickford is essaying the rôle of a mature woman in "Secrets." Harold Lloyd has just announced that he is convinced that the public wants his spectacled hero to be more sophisticated; he'll change in his next picture. Gloria Swanson, whose pictures are becoming more and more infrequent, is paying more attention to her singing voice.

NOW, if ever, people want to laugh—and yet no new comedians are on the rise. There is no new Chaplin in sight to succeed little Charlie. Eddie Cantor and Harold Lloyd and Maurice Chevalier and Will Rogers can't go on forever, the way Mickey Mouse can. William Haines and Jack Oakie have slipped, like Keaton. Chevalier, Cantor, the Four Marx Brothers, Stuart Erwin, Jimmy Durante and Joe E. Brown are the only noteworthy additions the talkies have made to the ranks of film comedians.

And once upon a time, many of the stars were comédiennes. Remember when stars like Bebe Daniels, Marion Davies, Clara Bow, Alice White and Constance Talmadge used to give the screen one comedy after another? Now, about the only comédiennes that come to mind are Marie Dressler, Edna May Oliver, Alison Skipworth, Zasu Pitts and Mae West. Mae is the only new one of the lot. And she seems to be clicking.

Where are all the comics? Isn't the stage turning out funsters any more?

AND speaking of people who are saving the movies, consider the players who save one picture right after another—players like Zasu Pitts (she heads anybody's list of picture-savers), Frank McHugh, Charlie Ruggles, Guy Kibbee, Irving Pichel, Richard Bennett, Jean Hersholt, Una Merkel, Minna Gombell, Eugene Pallette, Beryl Mercer, John Miljan and Edward Everett Horton. People will walk a mile to see some of these players when they wouldn't cross the road to see the stars in the pictures in which they appear. There ought to be another Academy award—for the best picture-stealing of the year. For picture-stealing is one of the fine arts, too.

THEY have tried animal stuff and horror stuff—and both have gone over with a bang. But animals and mysteries are just passing fancies. The acting art is still supreme and when it finds a big story, it clicks and customers go to the box office. And, in the long run, the movies can't get crowds in any other way. The trick is to hunt for more newcomers with acting experience, instead of trying to teach muscular athletes, sweet stenographers and radio singers the difficult art of acting. For muscular athletes, sweet stenographers and radio singers have a way of remaining their own sweet, simple selves, instead of creating the illusion of being the characters they are supposed to portray.

And when the movies find a good story or a play with a punch, the thing to do is to give the author credit for knowing his own brain-child best and not try to remodel it for him. Look at what happens when the movies do right by the authors, as they did in "Cavalcade," "A Bill of Divorcement" and "Cynara"! Nothing alienates audiences more than to advertise that they are going to see a picture based on a novel they have read or a play they have seen, and then show them something that is only a step-cousin of the original. Every well-known and well-liked novel or play that is radically changed costs the movies thousands of customers, and the sooner they realize it, the better off they will be.

Larry Reid

You against the Rest of Womankind your Beauty •• your Charm •• your Skin!



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• Pure, creamy-white Camay is the safe beauty soap for the feminine skin. You'll find Camay's rich, luxuriant lather delightful in your bath, as well!

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Of course, you can mask your thoughts, your feelings. But you cannot mask your skin. It is there for all to see . . . to flatter or criticize, to admire or deplore. In the Beauty Contest of life, in keen rivalry with other women, it's the girl with flawless skin who wins.

THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

Your complexion at its radiant best is a glorious weapon that can help you conquer. And Camay, the Soap of Beautiful Women,

is your skin's best friend. Camay is mild, pure, safe. Made of delicate oils for delicate skins. And what a rich, copious lather it gives, even in hard water!

THE PRICE IS DOWN

Camay, in its gay new dress, is the outstanding beauty value of the hour that women are flocking to buy. Never has a soap so fine sold at a price so low! Get a dozen cakes today!

CAMEY

THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

BRIGHT EYES LIKE THOSE IN MOVIES

Can Be Yours If You Do As Film Directors Advise



KAY FRANCIS
—a Warner star,
soon to appear in
"The Keyhole"

Here's a quick, safe way to gain clear, sparkling eyes like those you admire on the screen. Just apply *Murine* daily as advised by directors of Warner Bros. Pictures, who keep it constantly in the studios for use by Kay Francis, Bebe Daniels, Joan Blondell, Barbara Stanwyck, Loretta Young and other famous stars.

An eye specialist's formula. *Murine* contains 10 ingredients (no belladonna) which act remarkably to brighten the eyes and clear up any bloodshot condition. Get a 60c bottle from your druggist and apply a few drops each night and morning. You'll note an *immediate* improvement in the way your eyes look and feel!

MURINE

FOR YOUR EYES

A LOVELY COMPLEXION

that nothing will remove



Would you like a lovely skin? A complexion that won't come off—a radiant color all your own? If constipation is the cause of your troubles give your system the little calcium that it needs—and note the immediate improvement.

Stuart's Calcium Wafers help Nature to quickly rid the system of impurities and poisonous wastes that cause pimples, blotches, acne and other skin blemishes. A week-end's use will frequently work a wondrous change. From the very first day you should see and feel the difference.

Bright, sparkling eyes! Clear, satin-smooth skin free from faults! Nails and hair alive and glossy with sound growth! And a warm flush of natural color radiating from within—refreshingly lovely color that no rouge can imitate, and nothing can remove. Try them this week-end.

STUART'S CALCIUM WAFERS
AT ALL DRUG STORES: 10c and 60c

---FULL BOX FREE---

Enough for full test—ample to prove the value to you of Stuart's Calcium Wafers—will be sent you, if you mail this coupon to the Stuart Co. Dept. 31-E, Marshall, Mich.

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Town.....

Our Hollywood NEIGHBORS

Goings-On Among the Players

By STACY KENT

FROM long, but not too arduous observation it seems to us that the dulllest months in a fairly giddy Hollywood calendar are January and February. Maybe the stars are all tired out from too much holiday whoopee, and maybe it's because the weather is a bit chilly for Malibu residence—no matter WHAT the Chamber of Commerce says. When the Hollywoodians are all frolicking together at Malibu there's such lovely gossip going the rounds. When they scatter themselves from Beverly Hills to Los Angeles hillside villas things are just dull, that's all.

Even Marlene Dietrich is going lady-like on us—well, anyway kind of effeminate. At the last Mayfair party she wore a skirt. It was just a white, sport skirt, but nevertheless, unmistakably a skirt.

With it she wore a black tuxedo jacket, a pleated white shirt, and collar and tie. And, horrors, she carried a vanity and was seen to powder her nose. Whoops, Marlene!

THERE HAVE been a few good parties, and it's pleasant to record that the stars are finally getting tired of acting like veddy, veddy ultra characters in a Lonsdale drawing room comedy. The recent parties have been as informal as a rural, fried chicken dinner. Someone played a joke on Elsa Maxwell—about the only new, exciting character in Hollywood—and invited her to a stag dinner. Elsa found out about it and attended, dressed like Einstein. She smoked big, black cigars and didn't even get sick. And because she had complained that Hollywood parties were always too dimly lighted,

the dining-room was lined with kleig lights.

Gary Cooper's farewell party to Mary Pickford and Countess di Frasso was also lots of fun. At the last moment it turned into a fancy-dress affair. Mary arrived in a Rebecca-of-Sunnybrook-Farm get-up, and looked much too young to be staying out that late. The Countess

wore one of Doug's suits, and we THINK that Elsa Maxwell was George Washington. Anyway she wore a powdered wig and satin knee breeches. Bebe Daniels was Harpo Marx, and Harpo was there in a business suit—maybe Bebe had on his working clothes.

Marion Davies, Joan Crawford, Carole Lombard and Sari Maritza disdained fancy clothes and wore snappy dinner gowns. And that

quartet of feminine pulchritude arrived at the soirée without escorts. Polly Moran achieved a last-minute masquerade by appropriating some of Gary's trophies—an Indian head-dress and a beaded vest. She said she was Mrs. Sitting Bull.

More fun—and wonder what the house thought of such goings-on. Gary lives in Garbo's former manse, and Gary isn't a recluse—no matter HOW you slice it.

IF Hollywood is dull, society must be even duller. The movie village is over-running with names from the Blue Book right now—and strangely enough the stars aren't so awfully excited about the aristocrats. It's terrible to get blasé, isn't it? However, there is a John Davis Lodge working at Paramount, and a young
(Continued on page 12)



Coburn

In "Topaze," Myrna Loy scores a fashion "scoop" in a white fur jacket with puffed sleeves, and a "bellhop's bonnet" with a transparent visor. And back on pages 40 and 41, Kay Francis has some new fashion ideas, too

1933 WILL BE FAMED FOR ONE PICTURE!

HELL BELOW

with ROBERT
MONTGOMERY

WALTER HUSTON
MADGE EVANS
JIMMY DURANTE

Directed by
JACK CONWAY



Every year one picture leaps out of the parade of pictures to startle, amaze and thrill the world! For months Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has secretly prepared for you a dramatic spectacle more ambitious than anything yet undertaken by this producing organization. Previewed in Hollywood as this magazine goes to press it is acclaimed as greater than "Hell Divers." Watch for it!

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

Our Hollywood Neighbors

(Continued from page 10)



Now looks and feels like a new woman, thanks to DR. EDWARDS

DON'T let your skin get blotchy — don't let headaches dull your eyes and fill your forehead with wrinkles. This very night, give Dr. Edwards Olive Tablets a trial. For 20 years, they have helped thousands banish unsightly blemishes and pimples; have made dull cheeks bloom again with girlish beauty.

"The internal cosmetic"

An efficient substitute for calomel and much easier to take, Dr. Edwards Olive Tablets get at the cause of so many poor complexions. They help nature restore normal action in liver and bowels and sweep out deadening poisons of constipation.

See and feel how this tested compound of vegetable ingredients can bring back the buoyant joy of health. No griping. Safe and harmless. Non-habit forming. For listlessness, sallow skin. Nothing better. 15¢, 30¢, and 60¢.

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GRAY STREAKS Vanish

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You can prove it yourself on a single lock snipped from hair. You don't pay a penny. You don't risk a thing. We send Complete Test Package Free. Simply comb on clear, water-white liquid. Gray goes. Lustrous color comes: black, brown, auburn, blonde.

Hair stays soft—takes wave or curl. Nothing to wash or rub off on clothing. Entirely SAFE.



FREE TEST Why hesitate? 3,000,000 women have received this test. It can be your priceless beauty secret. Just mail coupon.

MARY T. GOLDMAN

3463 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

Name
Street
City State
Color of your hair?

scion of the swanky Biddles is stepping out with movie queens. John Hay Whitney may become a producer, and don't be too surprised if you see Mrs. John Hay Whitney on the screen—she's that pretty.

SOMEHOW, all of those fancy orgies in "Sign of the Cross" left us absolutely unmoved. We didn't shudder when the Amazon stuck a pitchfork through a pigmy and waved him aloft. We knew it was fake photography. Fredric March's wild party looked about as exciting as lodge night, and even the sight of Claudette Colbert, alluringly immersed in a tub of ass's milk, wasn't so thrilling. We kept thinking how much cold water it would take to get the sticky stuff off.

What really intrigued us no end was the fascinating performance of Charles Laughton as Nero. We were never sure whether it WAS Laughton. Maybe it was Alison Skipworth. Certainly the resemblance was uncanny. One reviewer even commented on the likeness. We don't know what Laughton thought of THAT, but we understand that Miss Skipworth was distinctly burned.

The story still bears repeating of the conversation between C. B. DeMille and Laughton. DeMille waxed eloquent on the subject of religious pictures, stating that they carried a great message, and would cure the ills of this tired, faltering, old world. After a long harangue, Laughton's one comment was—"how cozy!"

ONE of those inevitable radio broadcasts of Hollywood news offered a startling tidbit the other night. The broadcast stated that Mae Clark and Neil Hamilton were exchanging "sweet nothings" between

scenes of their picture. It surprised Hollywood. It must have surprised Mae and Neil, and THINK how surprised Mrs. Neil Hamilton must have been.

Incidentally the Hamilton marriage is regarded as a pretty successful merger in our town.

THESE new stars just won't act dignified and sit around like a lot of stuffed shirts. They insist on being themselves, and just IMAGINE anyone being himself in Hollywood. Why, a lot of the stars have even forgotten what they're really like.

Just the other night George Raft attended a night-club, and obliged by doing a tap dance. Think of it—Paramount's new romantic, white hope getting up and doing a tap dance! Catch Richard Barthelmess, John Gilbert, or any of the other old-line stars, indulging in such monkey business. And the movie colony still remembers

the horrifying spectacle of Barbara Stanwyck turning flip-flops when she made a personal appearance with her husband, Frank Fay.

Another rebel is Katharine Hepburn, who sort of surprised the folks over at Radio Studios by waiting on tables during the lunch hour. We say sort of surprised them. By this time the studio wouldn't be really surprised if Katharine stood on her head atop the flagpole. We hope she doesn't read this. It would be just like her to up and try it.

LOLA LANE isn't Mrs. Lew Ayres any longer. The judge gave her a divorce, and she was awarded the "custody" of \$35,000, and her own clothes. The latter is a bit puzzling to us. Why shouldn't Lola keep her own clothes? Lew wouldn't want to

(Continued on page 82)



Frier

Will it come to this? Sheila Terry reveals how a girl might go in for masculine styles, and still remain half-feminine—just for dear old television's sake!



★ JOAN BLONDELL

Featured in Warner Bros.

"LAWYER MAN"

and Max Factor, Hollywood's Make-Up
Genius, using Max Factor's Face Powder.

HOLLYWOOD Tells How to Create Beauty that Fascinates with MAKE-UP in Color Harmony

★ *Make-Up is something different in Hollywood...that is why the beauty of the stars appears so fascinating.*

Color harmony in powder, rouge and lipstick is the secret...a new idea in make-up originated by Max Factor...Hollywood's make-up genius. "To enhance charm and attraction, the individuality of blonde, brunette, brownette and redhead types must be emphasized," explains Max Factor. "To do this, make-up must be in color harmony to accent natural colorings."

The amazing difference will be instantly apparent to you. Created to screen star types, each shade of face powder is a color harmony tone. Exquisitely fine in texture, even and soft in color, it actually enlivens the beauty of the skin and creates new loveliness.

It imparts that satin-smooth make-up which you've so admired on the screen...and clings for hours, too, for screen stars will entrust their beauty only to a powder that adheres perfectly.

Proved perfect for you by the screen stars who face the close-up of motion picture lights and camera every day, you know that your make-up will appear flatteringly beautiful under any close-up test.

Now this luxury...Max Factor's Face Powder, originally created for Hollywood's stars, is available at the nominal price of one dollar. To complete your color harmony make-up: Max Factor's Rouge, fifty cents; Super-Indelible Lipstick, one dollar. Featured by leading stores. Discover today what new beauty Hollywood's make-up secret holds for you.

Blonde, Brunette, Brownette, Redhead! Permit Max Factor, Hollywood's make-up genius, to suggest your personal color harmony in make-up. Mail the coupon for your complexion analysis, make-up chart and book of illustrated make-up instructions.

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MAX FACTOR'S Society MAKE-UP

Cosmetics of the Stars ★★HOLLYWOOD

Face Powder...Rouge...Super-Indelible Lipstick...in Color Harmony

96% of All Make-Up used by Hollywood's Screen Stars and Studios is Max Factor's (Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce Statistics)

How to Make Up Your Lips to Last All Day



KAY FRANCIS,
Warner Bros. Star,
using Max Factor's
Super-Indelible Lipstick



1. Dry the lips. Make up the upper lip first. With Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick follow the contour of the lip and fill in by blending with the lipstick or finger. 2. Trace this lip contour on the lower lip by simply compressing the lips together. 3. Fill in and blend lipstick on lower lip. Now moisten the lips...and your lip make-up will remain perfect all day, permanent in color value...smooth in texture.

★Purse-Size Box of Powder...FREE

MAX FACTOR—Max Factor's Make-Up Studio, Hollywood, California.

WITHOUT obligation, send my Complexion Analysis and Color Harmony Make-Up Chart; also 48-pg. Illustrated Instruction Book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up." I enclose 10c for postage and handling. Include Purse-Size Box of Powder, in my color harmony shade. Fill in the chart below with a ✓

3-4-63

NAME	COMPLEXIONS	EYES	HAIR
_____	Very Light... <input type="checkbox"/>	Blue... <input type="checkbox"/>	BLONDES
_____	Fair... <input type="checkbox"/>	Gray... <input type="checkbox"/>	Light... <input type="checkbox"/> Dark... <input type="checkbox"/>
_____	Creamy... <input type="checkbox"/>	Green... <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWNETTES
_____	Medium... <input type="checkbox"/>	Hazel... <input type="checkbox"/>	Light... <input type="checkbox"/> Dark... <input type="checkbox"/>
_____	Ruddy... <input type="checkbox"/>	Brown... <input type="checkbox"/>	BRUNETTES
_____	Sallow... <input type="checkbox"/>	Black... <input type="checkbox"/>	Light... <input type="checkbox"/> Dark... <input type="checkbox"/>
_____	Freckled... <input type="checkbox"/>	LASHES/Color	REDHEADS
_____	Olive... <input type="checkbox"/>	Light... <input type="checkbox"/>	Light... <input type="checkbox"/> Dark... <input type="checkbox"/>
_____	Dark... <input type="checkbox"/>	Dark... <input type="checkbox"/>	
_____	SKIN Dry <input type="checkbox"/>	AGE	If Hair is Gray, check type above and here... <input type="checkbox"/>
_____	Only <input type="checkbox"/> Normal <input type="checkbox"/>		
STATE			

**SHE BUYS HER CLOTHES
IN PARIS**



**BUT SHE SWEARS BY THIS
50c FACE-POWDER**

Nothing is too much trouble for her (nor too expensive) where beauty is concerned. Yet she has found that Luxor is the finest powder she can buy. Its delicate silk-sifted texture gives an even perfection to her skin. Its purity safeguards her complexion. She loves its delicate flower fragrance, La Richesse. (She buys it for her personal perfume, at \$16 an ounce.) And among the perfect Luxor shades she found just the one to bring out her most radiant loveliness. Are you one of thousands who have discovered the greater beauty Luxor brings? You can get it at the nearest beauty counter.

**Luxor Complexion
FIFTY CENTS THE BOX POWDER**
but we couldn't make it better for \$5

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LUXOR, LTD., 1355 W. 31st St., Chicago, Ill.

I'd like a generous trial package of Luxor Powder and Rouge. Enclosed is ten cents to help cover mailing costs.

Check, Powder: Rose Rachel _____ Flesh _____
Rouge: Roseblush _____ Medium _____ Vivid _____
MC-4 Radiant _____ Sun glow _____ Pastel _____

Name _____

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For Blondes only!

EVERY blonde takes secret delight in the strange power she has over men's emotions. That is why it is such a tragedy when lovely blonde hair is allowed to fade, darken or become streaky. **BLONDEX**, an amazing special shampoo, brings back a lustrous golden sheen to darkened blonde hair. Stringy, unmanageable hair becomes silky-soft and wavy, shimmering with thrilling golden lights. No dye. No harmful chemicals. Amazingly beneficial to both hair and scalp. Try it yourself, and see the wonderful new beauty it will give your hair in *ten minutes!* It costs so little—only a few cents a shampoo! **BLONDEX** comes in two sizes now—the economical \$1.00 bottle and the new inexpensive 25c package. Get one of the 25c packages today at any drug or department store.

**NOW!
BLONDEX**

**IN NEW
25c
SIZE**

TAKING IN THE TALKIES

LARRY REID'S SLANT ON THE LATEST FILMS



42ND STREET Here is a glimpse of backstage life that looks like the real thing, not hokum. And that, I insist, is news. You see the inside drama of a Broadway show in the making—see the comedy, the pathos, the hopes, the jealousies, the grueling hard work of show business. It's refreshing entertainment; it's honest; it has pace. Warner Baxter, as a hard-boiled stage director, is the one who generates footlight fever in all the others—notably, Bebe Daniels, who sings once more, and wistful Ruby Keeler, who dances (and can that gal step!). In lesser rôles you have George Brent, Dick Powell, Una Merkel, Ginger Rogers and Guy Kibbee, who almost steals the picture as the sugar-daddy "angel."

SHE DONE HIM WRONG

There's a lusty, gussy new personality on the screen—a siren with a sense of humor that has all the surprise and spontaneity of a bomb. Her name is Mae West. And you don't want to miss her as the Belle of the Bowery in those Gay, Gay Nineties, which never seemed so lively before. As a bleached, singing sinner in an old-time saloon, who has a passion for diamonds and isn't particular about wedding rings, she's so human that she's wholesome. And the trouble she has, with the men who can't resist her! There's no gloom with Mae around! It's a *real* picture.

MYSTERY OF THE WAX MUSEUM

They should have saved this one for summer, when some good chills would come in handy. And if you have a memory for faces, you'll wish you had amnesia, after you get a look at Lionel Atwill in his make-up of a mutilated madman who makes wax statues of famous people and prefers to use *dead* models. He has put one over on Karloff, and no mistake. Fay Wray vanishes; Glenda Farrell tries to find her. Will she find her in time? You'll wonder!



STATE FAIR Rural America comes into its own on the screen at last, in "State Fair." It isn't another sob-story like "Way Down East" or another Pollyanna yarn like "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm." It's real. And it seems good to get away from the skyscrapers and the underworld, back to the soil. The setting is Iowa. The chief character is Will Rogers, who has Louise Dresser for a wife, Janet Gaynor for a daughter, and Norman Foster for a son. Off they all go to the state fair, in search of excitement and a blue ribbon for Will's prize hog, Blue Boy. Will's witty, but pessimistic crony, Frank Craven, predicts one of them will come home wiser—and unhappier. Janet and Norman have romance troubles with Lew Ayres and Sally Eilers, respectively, and Will has trouble with Blue Boy, which is fast losing interest in life until a big female porker bunks in the next pen. The happenings are colorful; Will is superbly, humanly amusing; and Blue Boy is a panic. Don't miss Blue Boy.



TOPAZE This is a holiday for John Barrymore. He gets away from both melodrama and romance; he has a chance to put across some suave comedy, and to prove that he's a swell character actor, like his brother Lionel. He starts out by being an honest simpleton of a schoolmaster, *Professor Topaze*, who preaches ideals to his pupils; he ends up by being a poised, delightful scoundrel, who seems fated to be dishonest, but accepts his fate with a sly grin. There's little action, but what of that? You have sophisticated, clever situations, a fascinating performance by Barrymore, and Myrna Loy bidding for new attention as a creature of glamour. Barrymore's transition from a meek man into a bold one is not only amusing, but believable. Meek or bold, he's always *Topaze!*

WHAT! NO BEER? Between them, Jimmy Durante and Buster Keaton (who is leaving the screen with this picture—at least for a time) kid the fact that America voted wet at the last election, but still has no beer. Hearing election returns, Jimmy is convinced that now is the time to make both beer and a fortune, and gets Buster to invest his life savings in a brewery. Federal agents and two gangs of racketeers then proceed to make life interesting—not to say hazardous—for them. (And is Jimmy "mortified?") The fun is a bit rough and at times a bit slapstick, but it's still fun. They'll be starring Durante alone pretty soon, or I miss my guess.

HAVE YOU HEARD *about* OUR OPERATION?

Read the March number of COLLEGE HUMOR and Sense and see this old friend with its face lifted . . . smarter, zippier, funnier than ever. But also with a touch of new sobriety, hot-topic campus thrills from the pens and brushes of such famous writers and artists as these:

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The Editors.

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With
the New March Issue

College Humor
and Sense



HOW'S YOUR BREATH TODAY?



If it's bad, you won't be welcome... Play safe... use Listerine

● How's your breath today? If it is bad, it will keep you out of things... it may mar friendship... kill off a romance... or jeopardize a business chance. *Don't let it do any of these things.*

Play safe... use Listerine, every morning and night and before social or business contacts. Listerine instantly renders your breath sweet, wholesome, and agreeable to others. It is the one reliable remedy for halitosis (unpleasant breath).

Everybody Has It

Fastidious as you may be, do not make the mistake of thinking that your breath is never bad. Halitosis spares no one, because it springs from such common causes as tiny bits of fermenting food particles on the teeth, unhealthy teeth or gums, and temporary or chronic infections of the nose, throat, and mouth. The insidious thing about it is that you yourself never realize when you have it.

Only Listerine Succeeds

Only by using Listerine can you be certain that your breath will not offend others. Cheap, ordinary mouth washes fail in 12 hours to conquer odors which Listerine gets rid of instantly. That has been shown again and again by strict laboratory and clinical tests.

Keep Listerine handy in home and office. Rinse the mouth with it before social and business engagements. It cleanses and invigorates the entire oral cavity and leaves you with a feeling of confidence and assurance. *You know your breath is right.* Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri.



LISTERINE

INSTANTLY ENDS HALITOSIS... (BAD BREATH)

MOVIE CLASSIC



By
BETH WALKER

There are show girls and show girls—and there is Al Jolson's wife, Ruby. She was a chorus girl at 13, and a Ziegfeld star right afterward—but she's just the opposite of what you'd expect, even after seeing her as the shy little hit of "42nd Street"!

Explaining RUBY KEELER (*She's Not What You'd Expect!*)

ALL I've got to say about Ruby Keeler is that, if it's an act, it's a darn good one. If it's an act, she has me fooled. If it's an act, she has Al Jolson fooled. Just wait until I tell you about that girl!

First of all, listen to these cold hard facts. She's five feet four, weighs one hundred and five pounds, has blue eyes and brown hair, and is twenty-three years old. She was a chorus girl at thirteen. Just one show after another. She was one of Texas Guinan's girls, dancing every night in La Guinan's whoopee, hot-cha night-club, the El Fey. She stepped right from there behind the Ziegfeld footlights. She's Irish.

Do you have the picture? Sure, I know what you're thinking—a hard-boiled baby, with a fast line of Broadway patter. A girl who can flip wisecracks as fast as the man in Childs' window flips hot cakes.

Well, you're wrong. For here's Ruby Keeler.

Since she and Al Jolson were married ('way back in 1928), they have been in but ONE night-club—and they went that time only because a friend insisted that they go. And she says, in that little, soft, mousey voice of hers, "I hope I get by in '42nd Street.'" (It's her first big picture.) "I've done so little real acting that I'm sure I'm not good. There are so many wonderful actresses in Hollywood. Why did I ever think I had even a chance?"

Well, other Ziegfeld girls, when cornered, have said practically the same words, while you spotted the sophistication in their manner and armed yourself with suspicion, muttering to yourself, "The same old line!" But Ruby, with her air of helplessness, somehow suggested in the innocent appeal of her starry eyes, disarms you. Her elfish charm wins you over, and you *do* believe her.

She says, still in that small, soft voice, "When Mr. Ziegfeld wanted to star me in 'Show Girl,' I thought he

(Continued on page 64)

GEORGE RAFT—

The Greatest Idol *Since VALENTINO*

If you doubt it, just read what frenzied women did to see George and to get near him on his recent tour! In Detroit, they mobbed him and tore half his clothes from him. In New York, a society woman tried to give him an estate. One woman broke the lock on his hotel door; another tried to get into his room by the fire escape. One posed as an interviewer to get to him—and gave him his most embarrassing moment. He has a bodyguard to rescue him from desperate admirers. Nothing like this has happened since Valentino's day!



“O H, kiss me, please.” A New Orleans girl, who had managed to elude theatre guards, stood inside George Raft's dressing-room and murmured the words. Her lips trembled slightly apart and her arms were flung down in surrender. “Please kiss me,” she repeated. It was no invitation; *she begged to be kissed.*

Raft stared at her in perplexity. This was his first experience of the kind (many more were to follow, had he but known) and he was uncertain about what he should do. Should he be hard-boiled, or should he laugh off the situation? For a breathless moment, he pondered. Then his toe pressed a hidden bell-button and within a few seconds his secretary, thus summoned, entered the room—and escorted the young lady out.

Not since Rudolph Valentino's never-to-be-forgotten personal appearance tour of the country have women created such furore at theatres and hotels as attended Raft's recent visits to several cities. Packed theatres greeted him everywhere. Long lines of women waited for doors to open on early shows. Crowds met George at railway stations, or waited for him outside stage doors. Lobbies of hotels where he stayed were filled with curious, infatuated women.

Hats, handkerchiefs, pencils, lapel flowers, buttons from his clothes, even shoe laces were snatched from his person every time he dared to appear in public. Scores of garments and other personal belongings were taken from his dressing-rooms.

George may not have the physique of a Valentino, but he's all muscle and as fit as a boxer (which he used to be)

Victim of Souvenir-Seekers

“NOTHING of real value was taken,” Raft says. “Just minor things like ties and sox. Once someone took half—the lower half—of a pajama suit, and someone else took a gold collar button. But people weren't *robbing* me; they were only taking souvenirs.”

In every city he visited, Raft was entertained royally. He met social and civic leaders. He dined in their homes and he made many friends among the country's most charming families. But he also came face to face with mobs of women who fought to be close to him. Everywhere, crazed women gave evidence that a new Sheik, every bit as compelling as Valentino, had arrived.

Women who knew that Raft was scheduled to visit or pass through their home-towns wrote him letters and begged to see him. Their purposes ranged from the commonplace to the desperate—some only wished to talk to him as a sister or a friend, but others wrote to him in the language of a Du Barry. Some even made that old threat of suicide if he did not answer—favorably.

One woman telephoned long-distance, from Chicago to New York, to learn when he would visit her city. "I must see you when you are in Chicago," she cried across the thousand miles of wire. "My heart yearns for you."

Raft promised that he would see her, but he had no intention of doing anything so rash. How could he know what to expect from a woman who voiced such insinuations over long-distance telephone?

His Most Embarrassing Moment

IN Detroit, he was approached by a woman who informed him that she was a radio announcer. "I go on the air twice weekly," she said. "I want to interview you so that I may tell my listeners-in all about you."

Raft was about to start his act, so he politely invited her to visit his dressing-room five minutes after he left the stage. In five minutes, he knew, he could change from his dress clothes into more comfortable lounging garb.

But the woman did not wait. She went at once to the dressing-room and when George arrived, she was calmly seated. He stared at her dubiously and said, "I'm sorry, but I must change clothes." He expected her to reply, "I'll wait in the hallway."

Not that girl. She coolly lighted a cigaret and answered, "Go right ahead. I'll look the other way."

Raft proceeded to change, although he did employ the protection of a screen. Then, clad in lounging pajamas, he seated himself for the interview. And what an interview! It became immediately apparent that she was listening to nothing he said. And suddenly she leaped to her feet and threw off her dress—tore it off, might better describe her action—and stood before him clad only in the very scantiest of undies. She moved toward him—suddenly, impulsively.

But Raft was on his feet when she reached his chair, and that article of furniture stood between them. "Are you crazy?" he demanded—and again his secretary was called to the rescue.

How Valentino Once Escaped

RRAFT'S use of the chair as a barrier is reminiscent of the time that Valentino, confronted by a semi-clad woman, raced to a closet and locked himself



Above, right, the photographic study of Valentino that won him his screen chance. Above, left, Valentino in the robes of "The Sheik." Left, how George would look in the same garb

inside until he heard other voices outside.

One of Raft's most unusual experiences occurred in New Orleans. Two sisters—the older could not have been more

(Continued on page 58)

How MOVIE the GANGSTER



POLICE CHIEF ROY E. STECKEL of Los Angeles gives this advice on dealing with gang threats:

"Call the police department at once if you are threatened. We will give adequate protection. Don't keep secret any threats you may receive. Secrecy is an aid to gangsters. Publicity, police and sawed-off shotguns will blot them out."



Acme

By HAL HALL

GANGLAND is knocking at the gates of Hollywood—and the movie stars will not let it in! Gangsters, tiring of the small pickings secured from the men and women of ordinary walks of life, and with brains fired by dope and the stories of the fabulous wealth and incomes of the motion picture stars, are reaching their dirty hands toward the stars in an attempt to wrest some of this "easy money" from the picture favorites. How are the stars meeting the menace?

Scores of players are packing guns in holsters and handbags and many of their homes resemble armed military camps. One star has found it very convenient to take a trip to Europe, and while no one connected with the individual will admit it, it is pretty generally known that the reason for the trip is to escape for a time a nerve-wearing defiance of the unseen forces of the underworld.

This assault upon Hollywood by the slinking, murderous members of the underworld has been going on for some time. Thousands of dollars have been demanded under threats of death—and worse. No one can state accurately



Top, Police Chief Roy E. Steckel of Los Angeles, who has declared war on gangland; and Marian Nixon, who aided bandit hunt. Above, Marlene Dietrich and chauffeur-bodyguard she has had since threats. Right, Mac Green, George Raft's bodyguard, Barbara Weeks and George Raft, who's taking no chances

Like Marlene Dietrich and Stan Laurel, death, if they do not meet the demands to terrorize stars with a series of But Hollywood isn't under any Reign of is the whole story about the weapons racketeers, themselves,

how much money has been asked for, but one can safely say that the total demands of the underworld have reached a cool million dollars so far. However—hats off to the picture people—so far as it can be definitely learned, *not one penny of money has been paid over to the members of gangland.* And, judging from the attitude of the movie colony, America's gangsters will starve to death if they expect to eat at their expense.

Not Under Any Reign of Terror

FAILURE on the part of the gangsters to mulct the men and women of Hollywood is due to the fact that these heroes and heroines of a hundred picture dangers, while their knees may be shaking like dried leaves in a chilly Autumn wind, have thrown personal danger to the winds and have dared to challenge the gun-waving gangsters to do their worst. Then they have taken measures to protect themselves and their loved ones—and the gangsters have sat

Wide World



STARS *Fight* MENACE

other stars have been threatened with of the underworld. Gangsters are trying robberies to make them "come across." Terror—and never will be. And here that the stars are using to put the "on the spot"!

AL HILL, actor-authority on the underworld, gives this advice on dealing with gang threats:

"Never pay a dime to any crook. Notify the police. Next call up the newspapers. Let the crooks know that you will not pay and that the police are waiting for them. Protect yourself and your family with guns and guards, but most of all with publicity."

back like cowardly coyotes, snarling and snapping, but not daring to come out into the open.

There is a man in Hollywood, now a screen player, who is an authority on the underworld. Al Hill was born in the shadow of gangland. He was surrounded by it as he grew up; he saw it at work. Hill knows the underworld. He recently wrote a book, giving the lowdown on gangsters, and it became a best-seller; "Easy Pickings," he titled it. He is called in as technical adviser on many crook pictures. He recently appeared in "The Last Mile" and with George Raft in "Night After Night." And Al Hill declares that the unflinching attitude of the picture stars in answering gang threats is the only way to stamp out gang rule.

"Never pay a dime to any crook," Hill advises. "If you do, you are sunk; they'll be back for more. The thing to do, if you get a threat, is to notify the police at once. Then tell the newspapers



and send a message to the crooks through the press, telling them that you will not pay and that you and the police will handle them if they come.

"The crook hates publicity. Secrecy is what he wants. He has a one-track mind and an over-developed ego. He thinks his plans will work out as he makes them. And if someone crosses his plans, he is licked. No crook will run his head into trouble if he knows it is waiting for him. So, don't keep threats a secret. Protect yourself and your family with guards and guns, but tell the world and the police.

Inviting Trouble?

"**P**ICTURE stars bring on a lot of the threats, themselves, by their public display of wealth. There are public-

ity stories of their huge incomes. Pictures are printed of their magnificent estates. A man who is hungry and has a hungry family sees a star get out of a big car at an opening and walk into the theatre, wearing a fortune in sables and diamonds. He thinks to himself, 'Guess I'll try to get that baby'—and there is another crook in the world."

(Continued on page 74)



Acme



JOAN Answers *Pointed*

MOVIE CLASSIC, through James Fidler, —ranging from health right through to twenty “pertinent” answers. It’s

By JAMES FIDLER AND

Either way, Joan coöperated whole-heartedly, and despite the fact that some of Fidler’s questions were abruptly frank, she answered him in kind. The results explain many things about Joan Crawford, and also correct a few false impressions.

Read Jimmie’s “impertinent” questions (in light italics) and Joan’s “pertinent” answers (in heavy Roman type), and learn for yourself:

1. *Did you have an operation performed on your eyes to enlarge them?*

Joan’s answer: “No.” (Laughing.) “I can explain that rumor, though. Another star whose first name is Joan has had serious trouble with her eyes. When she goes to New York, she visits a noted eye specialist there. People, gossiping, have confused the two Joans. First rumors had me going blind, but later reports changed this to the theme of your question.”

2. *Why did you use such heavy make-up on your lips in recent pictures?*

“When I first entered motion pictures, I was told that my mouth was too large; consequently, I adopted a style of make-up to make my lips appear smaller. Not long ago I became less self-conscious; I decided my mouth was not too large. Then I went to the other extreme, and used very dark lip-rouge to emphasize my mouth. The effect was far from what I wanted, so now I have found a middle ground—I rouge my lips to their normal size, but use a natural make-up color.”

3. *Did dieting nearly wreck your health? Do you diet now?*

“‘Foolish’ dieting injured my health. I ate condiments until the lining of my stomach was raw. Warned by physicians that I must cease that practice, I decided to ‘eat nothing,’ and often lived for days on buttermilk. I tore down my physical resistance, and considerable medical care was necessary to gain my recovery.

“I still diet, but sensibly. I eat, but I do not partake of fattening foods.”

Joan Crawford is the third star to coöperate with MOVIE CLASSIC to give you a “cross-examination” interview—something new and newsy in interviews. You form your own impressions of a star, without any help from the interviewer. The questions ask things that everybody wants to know about Joan—but they are worded frankly to encourage frank, revealing answers. And the stars who follow her in this series will have to work hard to be any franker than Joan Crawford!—Editor.

YOUR Questions-and-Answers are certainly causing talk in Hollywood,” Joan Crawford told James Fidler when he arrived to pry into her secrets. “When I was informed that I was to be your next ‘victim,’ I trembled in my boots. But here I am; what are you going to do with me?”

“Well, I might be like a dentist and tell you this isn’t going to hurt at all,” Jimmie responded, “or else I might act like a fond parent and tell you this will hurt me worse than you.”

CRAWFORD

Twenty Questions

asks Joan twenty "impertinent" queries
divorce—and she comes back with
something new and frank in interviews!

JOAN CRAWFORD

4. *What do you detest reading about yourself?*

"Untruths, and gossip—not only about myself, but about other people. I am honest, and I detest dishonesty. Untrue, unfair gossip infuriates me, and once I tried to fight it. I found fighting did no good, so now I treat it with disdain."

5. *Are you ill? Was your recent trip abroad for the purpose of recovering your health?*

"I was ill; I am not ill now. I throw myself into my work with such intensity that my nerves are punished severely. When I went to Europe, I was on the brink of a nervous breakdown. The trip proved so beneficial that I am determined to repeat it annually."

6. *Have you and your husband, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., reached an understanding by which each agrees that the other may visit public places attended by someone else?*

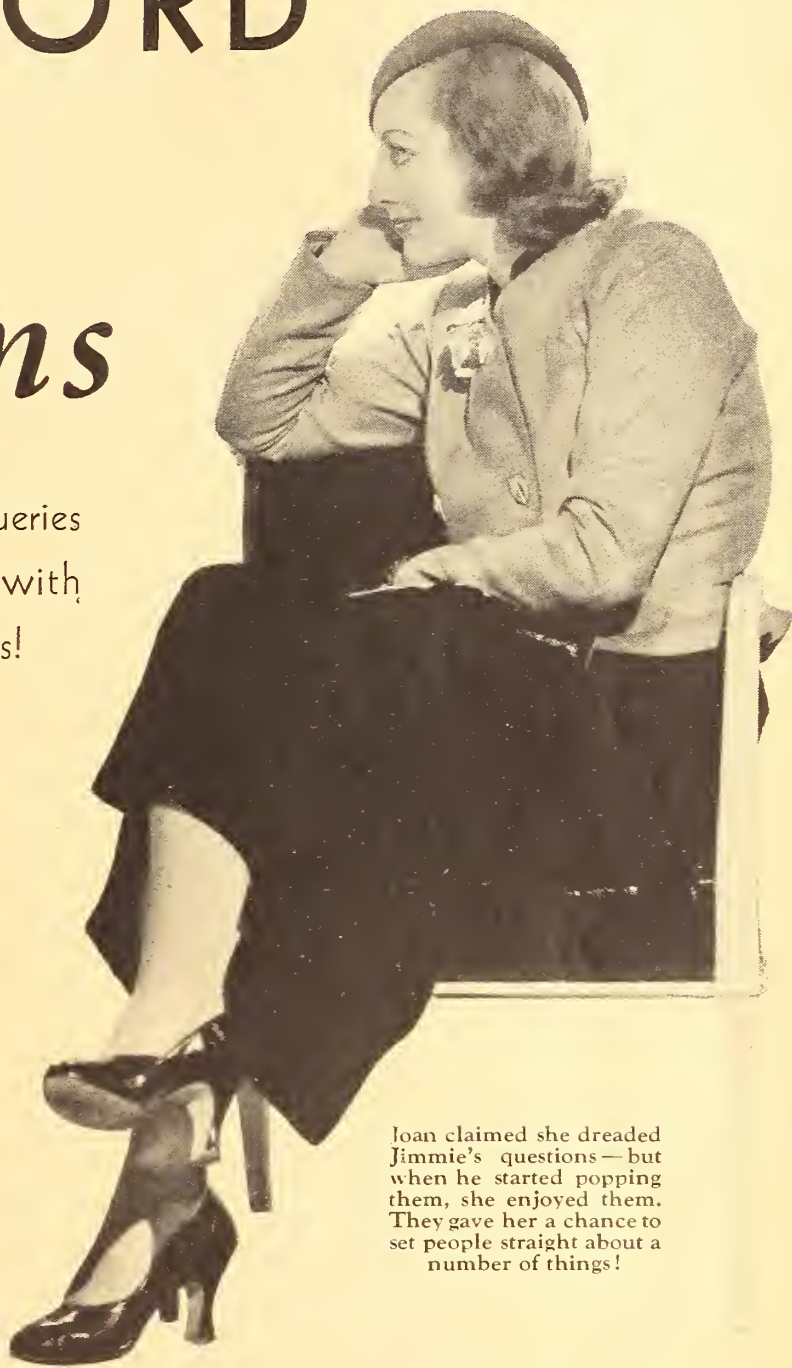
"Yes. We are intelligent enough to permit outside friendships without absurd jealousy.

"We are engaged in a unique business. There have been periods of months at a time when our individual production schedules have rendered it impossible for us to go out often together; consequently, we understand each other when we seek companionship elsewhere during such times.

"Unfortunately, many people do not agree with us, and there have been ridiculous, unjust rumors following such appearances."

7. *What changed you from the good-time, dance-contest girl of a few years ago to the present dignified Joan Crawford?*

"I do not believe I have changed, except to undergo the natural alterations that time brings about. I should love to take part in dance contests now, but Hollywood hotels and restaurants no longer have them.



Joan claimed she dreaded Jimmie's questions—but when he started popping them, she enjoyed them. They gave her a chance to set people straight about a number of things!

"Don't forget, too, that I work much harder now; I have less time to play at night."

8. *Do you ever intend to have children?*

"Thousands of them! I love them. I coddle strange babies on streets. Mothers must dread me, the way I spoil children who work in my pictures."

9. *What is the limit of your ambitions?*

"Ambitions have no limit. Once I asked a friend the very same question, and he enumerated the things he wished to do. Suddenly, I realized that he was not ambitious; he merely had aims. There are always newer, higher goals to strive for, and no person has ever achieved perfection."

10. *Do you think a woman should be jealous of a man's past, or he of hers?*

(Continued on page 62)

LEGS! Do They Have to Show Them?

BY their legs shall ye know them—till they're famous." There is no Hollywood axiom as unchanging as that one. Its corollary is: "Maybe a girl has talent, but it's certain she has legs." That's why you so often know that a beginner has a figure before you learn she has talent; they attract your attention by the legs and then hope to reveal enough talent afterward to hold your interest. That's how you first met Joan Crawford, for one. And Constance Bennett, for another. That's how you're likely to meet any girl beginner in the movies. And it's a rare girl who rebels, as one girl is now doing—for legs ARE good publicity.

Other rules may come and go, but since the movies began, there has been no variation in the method of exploiting filmdom's cuties by the ample display of legs. "Leg art," they call it in Hollywood. In more polite English—if one can be polite about the subject—this means photographs of dimpled darlings taken in such revealing poses that no one bothers to look at the dimples.

Every young newcomer, the moment her contract is signed, is rushed off to the portrait gallery to have her face and figure immortalized by the still-photographer. The question of how much face is to be shown, and how much figure, depends on how good the figure is. If it surpasses expectations, they take "drape art"—a single strip of shimmering cloth acting (purposely) as a somewhat ineffectual drape.

There are precious few

When they're stars, actresses can cover their legs. But when they're newcomers, they have to reveal them—to attract attention. It's one of the Hollywood rules. Joan Crawford and Clara Bow and Marlene Dietrich—yes, and all the others—obeyed it when they started. But Glenda Farrell is a rebel. She's going to fight to win attention by acting alone. Can she do it?

MARLENE DIETRICH

JOAN CRAWFORD

GLENDA FARRELL

JEAN HARLOW

exceptions to the rule that this is the one surefire way for any new actress to gain immediate publicity. Such exceptions are nearly always dictated by the physical inability of the unfortunate few to look at their best in the semi-nude. Sometimes even this drawback to fame and fortune may be overcome by adroit posing and clever lighting effects. Then, too, retouching of photographs may play a part.

Where Leg Views Are Welcome

IT is a matter of record that occasionally a demure young actress protests the taking of "leg art." But to her plea that maybe her talents will be recognized without the removal of clothing to display them, the publicity men have a score of ready answers—and proceed to give them.

They point to the avid newspapers that have long livened up their pages with striking examples of feminine beauty. They call attention to the numerous cases of lady murderers and divorce-seeking wives who have won their freedom just because judges and jurors could not resist the appeal of silk-clad knees. They prove the ease with which any bathing beauty, if not fat and forty, can crash

more gentlemanly attire, to the chagrin of millions. How Joan Crawford, Marion Davies, Nancy Carroll, Carole Lombard,



ALICE WHITE

HELEN TWELVETREES



KAY FRANCIS



CLARA BOW

Billie Dove and Claudette Colbert have looked in abbreviated costumes is comparatively easy to remember. Jean Harlow's fame is not entirely concerned with her figure, but "drape art" was what first brought attention to her. And it was the same with Clara

Bow—and very nice art it was, too, if you remember. Then it is pointed out that a good deal of Mary Pickford was displayed in "Kiki." And after Mary comes the long list of demure youngsters like Mary Brian, Dorothy Jordan, Loretta Young, Leila Hyams, Marian Nixon, Gloria Stuart and Fay Wray, all of whom were revealingly photographed early in their careers.

Didn't Hide Them Once

THE roster runs on to include stars who once had knees, though you may have forgotten—stars like Kay Francis, Bebe Daniels, Gloria Swanson, Helen Twelvetrees. Stories are told about the time Dorothy Mackaill, wearing only two ounces more attire than Lady Godiva and much less hair, rode through Hollywood atop a float; and about the time Constance Bennett was one of the chorus girls in "Sally, Irene and Mary." True, when these girls became famous, they also became self-conscious, hid their legs, and found more subtle ways of revealing sex appeal—but they all got their start toward fame by revealing obvious shapeliness and displaying sensational poise.

Norma Shearer played drab little stenographers on the screen for years. She wished to change her characterizations and called in photographer George Hurrell. He took pictures of her such as had never been taken before. The portraits revealed a new personality and a considerable portion of Norma, herself. Upon publication, the art was received with "oh's" and "ah's" by Shearer fans and, on the strength of this reception, she changed her rôles to become a leader of film sophisticates.

Generally, having reached this stage of their arguments,

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NANCY CARROLL

JOAN BLONDELL

into print. They even point out the penchant of society women for perching on boat rails before facing the

ship news cameras on returning from Europe.

And if these arguments fail to impress the little lady, then the press-agents take to enumerating the great names of the screen who began their ascent to fame upon

their own legs. They mention, first off, such stellar lights as Lupe Velez, Lili Damita, Fifi Dorsay, Alice White, Thelma Todd, Joan Blondell, Arline Judge—all hot-cha girls whose figures are as familiar as their faces, and who find that this state of affairs is most profitable.

Marlene Dietrich's incomparable legs are recalled. "Legs" Dietrich was her nickname before she took to

"I'll Never Divorce Frank Fay!" Says Barbara Stanwyck

"And Hollywood can't make me do it!" she adds, with fire in her eye. "That's a challenge!" For Barbara is fighting mad about the way the gossips are trying to fix up a separation for her and otherwise meddling in her married life. And in this frank interview she drops some remarks that should convince you that she means what she says—and make you wish you knew a girl like this!

THEY can't separate us and they might as well quit trying. They can jabber as much as they please, say whatever comes into their heads, gossip from now till Doomsday. But the fact remains: I'll never divorce Frank Fay! And Hollywood can't make me do it. That's a challenge. If I can't stay married and stay in pictures, I'll get out of pictures. One more crack about Fay, and I will anyhow."

Barbara Stanwyck speaking, ladies and gentlemen. "Burning" would be a better word. And when Barbara burns, she speaks her mind without fear or favoritism.

The causes of the current conflagration were the recently-circulated reports that all was not well in the Stanwyck-Fay ménage. In some quarters, the rumors reached print, hinting, rather broadly, that a divorce was contemplated. Denials from both parties failed to quell the "insiders."

"I'm a fugitive from the columnist gang," says Barbara. "Fay and I"—she always calls her husband Fay, never Frank—"try to live our own lives. We never are seen in public, seldom leave our home in Brentwood. We have no friends among the movie crowd, which means we don't attend their parties or give parties to them. What few friends we have are old acquaintances from Broadway.

"You'd think that this clique of Hollywood gossipers would let us alone. They have nothing to gain by dogging



our footsteps. We are only normal people, leading normal lives. Except for our connection with the picture industry and the stage, we might be Mr. and Mrs. Suburbanite, no different at all from your next-door neighbors. Well, maybe, a little different. We wouldn't have to borrow a cup of sugar.

Victim of "Peeping Toms"

UNDER ordinary circumstances, an attitude such as ours would be respected. But Hollywood is not an ordinary community and has utterly no respect for anything. The place gets in your hair.

"If you remember 'The Front Page' as a play or picture, you will recall that one of the biggest laugh lines came when a reporter telephoned to ask some woman, 'Is it true, madam, that you were the victim of a Peeping Tom?' Had this reporter called me, I should have shouted a loud and emphatic, 'Yes, almost continually.'

"Now, understand me. I have no quarrel with newspaper men. Some of them have been very kind to us; even some columnists have been. They are only doing their jobs by investigating tips that

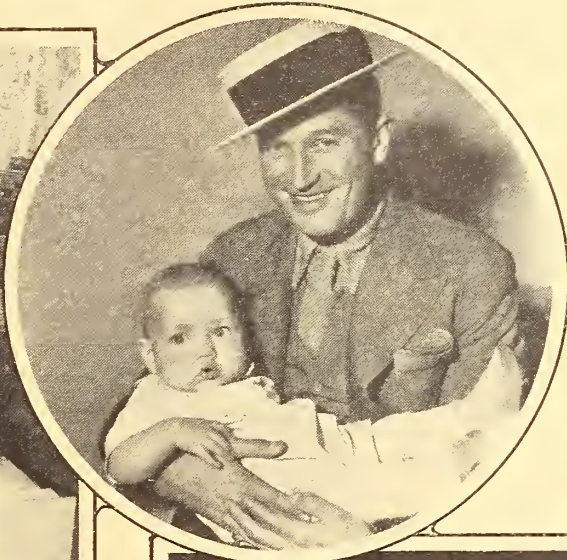
might lead to news. It's how they make a living.

"I don't blame those reporters as individuals for calling me recently to ask if it were true that I was divorcing Fay. It must be admitted, however, that it is exasperating when the calls for one morning total seventeen by actual count. My temper had

(Continued on page 60)

By JACK GRANT

◆ THE NEWSREEL OF THE NEWSSTANDS ◆



No, Maurice Chevalier (left) isn't the latest star to adopt a baby—but when Leroy Weinbrener grows up he'll have \$2,000, thanks to Maurice. For Leroy, 8 months old, gurgled his way into the rôle of Chevalier's "heir" in "A Bed-time Story," winning over 1,000 rivals. That lower lip did the trick. His mother is a 16-year-old widow

If you were a stenographer in a movie studio and had a chance to act, wouldn't you give your typewriter a farewell kick? Well, that isn't what Mozelle Brittone (above) intends to do. She'll act, but she'll keep the old job, too—between scenes. She's 22 and red-headed

Acme



Imagine having to introduce George Raft or Warner Baxter to a Hollywood audience! But it's an old Hollywood custom — so James Dunn, broadcaster at the opening of "Cavalcade," does his duty



Globe

And who do you think this dangerous-looking siren might be? Nobody else but Greta Garbo—as she looked when her name was still Gustafsson and she was a shopgirl in a Stockholm department store. This photo was just unearthed in Stockholm, where she has been getting cables from Hollywood: "Hurry back!"



International

Left, Lupe Velez, in New York to play in a revue, steps out with Johnny Weissmuller, who flew East to see if she was lonely. And they're still claiming that they're "just friends!"

◆ THE LATEST HOLLYWOOD NEWS PICTURES ◆



Is Alexander Kirkland head man with Boots Mallory (above), now that she is divorcing Charles Bennett? No, Alex is just leading her to work in "I Am Guilty of Love." Wonder if James Dunn is jealous?

It looks like wedding bells for Cary Grant and Virginia Cherrill (right)—if the bells haven't rung already. They're seen everywhere together, looking as happy as newly-weds. It wasn't so many months ago that Chaplin's former leading lady was to wed a New York millionaire!



Lili Damita (left) resting after a fling at Broadway, gives Palm Beach the once-over. While South, she also decided to see Havana with Sidney Smith, New York broker. A "Follies" beauty had the same idea—and was Lili mad? There was a near-riot!



When Maurice Chevalier took Marlene Dietrich to a première recently, Marlene wore mannish attire—even to the shoes. And Maurice kidded her, as you can see. So next time she wore a skirt—but a divided skirt!

Marian Nixon surprised Edward Hillman, Jr. (with her, below) when she sued him for divorce, charging cruelty and interference with her career. She asks no alimony. The baby they adopted a few months ago will go back to the orphanage



International

Wide World

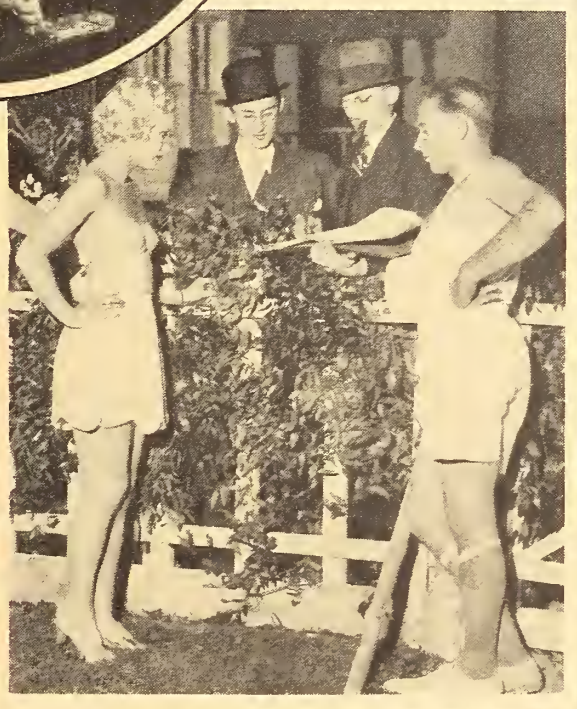


Grant Withers and his wavy hair seem to catch the eyes of all the new girls—and if you don't believe it, just take a look at Peggy Hopkins Joyce (left). Peggy, who has just written a novel about "a man I could fall in love with," is in Hollywood to appear in "International House"—her first talkie



Wide World
With Gary Cooper looking on, Mary Pickford touches up the lips of Countess Di Frasso, who has been visiting her. The trio have laid plans to meet abroad, where Mary has gone to join Douglas Fairbanks

International
Now they're making a "nudist" movie (right)—with Vera Marsh as "Eve," Eddie Foy, Jr., as "Adam," and H. H. Rogers 3rd and H. McCracken as the producers. They call it "An Old-Fashioned Garden"—and hope the censors will stir up talk!



Mary Carr, who played the mother in the silent version of "Over the Hill," is now living much the same rôle in reality—misfortune forcing her to vacate her modest home. But in real life her children are all staying with her (below)



Lew Ayres and Lola Lane, so playfully happy here, have come to the end of the marital road—and Lola now has a divorce, which, she testified, Lew often urged her to get if she didn't like what he did

LOOKING THEM OVER

GOSSIP FROM THE WEST COAST BY DOROTHY MANNERS

THE day following her arrival in Hollywood, the Fox company threw a tea for Lilian Harvey and the little British girl made a hit in a big way. Although exhausted



Fryer
As a "Picture Snatcher," James Cagney gets "the works," himself—with Alice White vamping him



Lippman
Joe E. Brown must like baseball. He's a comic baseball rookie in "Elmer, the Great"—and he has bought a partnership in the Kansas City team!



Over from Paramount to make "To-day We Live" with Joan Crawford, Gary Cooper matches "war" notes with Clark Gable, who's now saying farewell to Helen Hayes' arms in "The White Sister"

from her long trip, she smiled and shook hands, cordially, like a tired child being polite. The large collection of diamond bracelets on her wrist and the huge diamond ring on Lilian's finger were not so childish. Never has Hollywood seen a diamond ring as large as her canary solitaire. Besides the diamonds, the rest of her ensemble consisted of a brown suit and dress of the Russian motif... with which she wore small brown boots. The other big shock was that her hair appears to be "naturally" blonde, without benefit of touch-up. This makes Lilian the first real blonde that Hollywood has seen in many a day.

A great number of the attending press tried to argue with Lilian that her "accent" was not very "English." Many of our most American actresses speak much more "broadly" than the little Britisher from over the Rhine. She also speaks German and French fluently and expects to make her own foreign versions of her pictures. She's a star linguist and a linguistic star!

IT'S a girl at the Richard Dixes' and they are going to name her for her two grandmothers. "Rich" is tickled to death—he was hoping it would be a girl all along!

"CAVALCADE" had a tremendous opening night at *Grauman's Chinese* with half the local population decked out in ermine and emeralds while the other half patiently stood on the sidelines, watching the parade. And, what's more, Hollywood, along with New York, is crazy about this picture. It is one "epic" that really rates with the home folks. Diana Wynyard was a big hit, as were Clive Brook and other members of the excellent cast.

Will Rogers in a plain "business suit" was master of ceremonies and added to the festivities with his witty quips. It is the first appearance Will has made on the stage of the *Chinese* since his great *faux pas* of burlesquing Greta Garbo (along with Wally Beery) at the opening of "Grand Hotel." Will's opening remark was:

"Hello, folks! I bet you never ex-

pected to see me here again..."

He went on to say that he was real sorry about the Garbo stunt, but that as far as he personally was concerned, he'd just as "leave" look at Wally Beery any day. The audience seemed to get a real laugh out of





The breaks are coming to the four girls above. Left to right, Helen Twelvetrees is Chevalier's new leading lady in "A Bedtime Story"; Wera Engels, German newcomer, wins Richard Dix in "The Great Jasper"; Fay Wray gets the biggest chill in "King Kong"; and Genevieve Tobin is featured above all the rest in "Pleasure Cruise"

Will's "ribbings" this time.

TWO nights after "Cavalcade" opened, a mix-up in an evening engagement took us to the same theatre, and the same picture again. And the celebrities on hand on this "off night" were almost as plentiful as they were at the premiere.



Bert Str

Clyde Beatty, Hollywood's newest thrill-giver, handles two lionesses at once when they rush him in "The Big Cage." It's all in the day's work for Clyde!



Lippman

Back from his trip East to see his mother, who was ill, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., steps out with Joan Crawford to an opening. Those "rift" rumors just don't jell!



In any line-up of pretty legs, you can't leave out Jimmy Durante—those M-G-M girls won't permit it!

Eleanor Boardman, in a gorgeous mink coat was there with director Harry D'Arrast. The Sam Goldwyns sat in front of them. Sally Blane and Loretta Young, with two boy-friends, were also among those present.

Just before the lights went down,

Johnny Weissmuller arrived all by his lonesome! Lupe Velez must have been out of town, or maybe she was on one of her habitual "mads" with her current flame. Anyway, Johnny didn't try to get even by taking another girl to the theatre!

THE other afternoon at tea time, an ambitious Hollywood news photographer just happened to be passing the Hollywood *Brown Derby* in time to discover Joan Crawford and Douglas Fairbanks, Sr. as they were leaving the restaurant. It seems that Joan and her pappy-in-law had been enjoying a long, serious family talk over a café table.

OF course, it sounds trivial and silly, but Hollywood just can't help wondering if the good old game of bridge had anything definite to do with the separation of Lew Ayres and Lola Lane!

(Continued on page 62)

Has America Declared War on ALL Foreign Players?

Murray W. Garsson, Special Assistant Secretary of Labor, has been investigating every foreign player in Hollywood—and several are about to leave. But how does the government determine which players are to be deported? He tells you in this story—and prophesies a law to ban all alien players except those of the first rank, like Arliss and Chevalier, whose places could not be filled by Americans!

THE panic is on in Hollywood's foreign colony. And it is not Old Man Depression that is causing it, either. The cause of said panic is a gentleman named Murray W. Garsson, Special Assistant Secretary of Labor, who journeyed from Washington to see what foreign stars, and would-be stars, are in America illegally—and to see that these players hasten back to their native lands as rapidly as they can arrange their affairs and secure transportation.

The result is that scores of foreign players are digging up immigration papers, long since dusty, and are attempting either to set themselves right with the American government, or depart as gracefully as possible.

It was probably only a coincidence that the Marquis de la Falaise and his wife, Constance Bennett, started for Europe three days after the immigration authorities sent for Henri. But within a couple of months the Hollywood foreign group will be much—very much—smaller than it is now.

According to Mr. Garsson, every foreign player, writer, director and technician in Hollywood will be investigated; and if any are here without the proper permits from the Immigration department, they will be asked to leave immediately.

"I would not even venture a guess as to the number of foreign players illegally

in Hollywood," Mr. Garsson told me. "There are so many of them that any man's guess is as good as mine. And these people will have to get out and go back where they belong. We are now 'requesting' them to leave.

If they do not do so, we will arrest them and deport them. We will stand for no foolishness. We mean business."

All Subject to a Quiz

AMONG the foreign players now in this country whose status is being investi-

EXPLAINS UNCLE SAM'S STAND



Keystone

MURRAY W. GARSSON, Special Assistant Secretary of Labor, who has been investigating Hollywood's aliens, says, "I would not even venture a guess as to the number of foreign players illegally in Hollywood—there are so many of them. These people will have to get out and go back where they belong. We are doing this to protect American actors and actresses. We do not object to the bringing of a player like Chevalier here to do a part no one else can do. But we do object to hordes of players coming here and settling, many of them illegally and, while claiming allegiance to another flag, taking the work that is so badly needed by our own players."

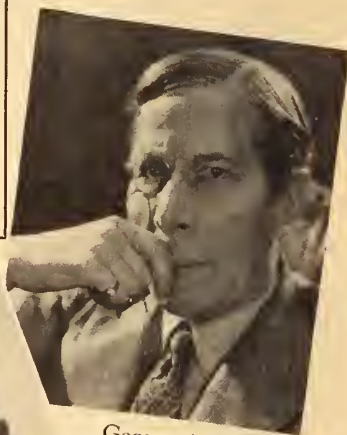


Ronald Colman

Greta Garbo



John Farrow



George Arliss

gated are: George Arliss, Charles Chaplin, Elissa Landi, Marlene Dietrich, Lupe Velez, Lili Damita, Maurice Chevalier, Gregory Ratoff, Maureen O'Sullivan, Nils Asther, Tala Birell, Anna Sten, George Brent, Diana Wynyard, Clive Brook, Ronald Colman, Frank Lawton, Mona Maris, John Warburton, Leslie Howard, David Manners, Colin Clive, Herbert Mundin, Ursula



Above, Constance Bennett and the Marquis de la Falaise sail for France—to get Henri a new visitor's permit, presumably



Marlene Dietrich

newing the permit. They just took things into their own hands. We are stopping this now. We are doing this to protect American actors and actresses. It would have been done long ago

if native-born players had dared to voice their protests. I have asked American actors why they have kept silent. They explain that they have been afraid to speak because they feared reprisals from Those Higher Up and from the studios. They need not fear that any longer, for the studios are cooperating with us fully."

Studios are gladly supplying records of when their foreign workers entered this country, so that the investigators can check with the files of entry permits in their possession.

Says Some Benefit Unfairly

"It is shameful," Mr. Garsson adds, "the way some of the foreign players have abused their privileges here. Scores of them with no jobs in sight have come to Hollywood and free-lanced, taking the work that otherwise would have gone to Americans and gradually building up reputations at the expense of our own people. A lot of them would act for less money than the Americans have been accustomed to; naturally, the assumption is that the work would go their way."

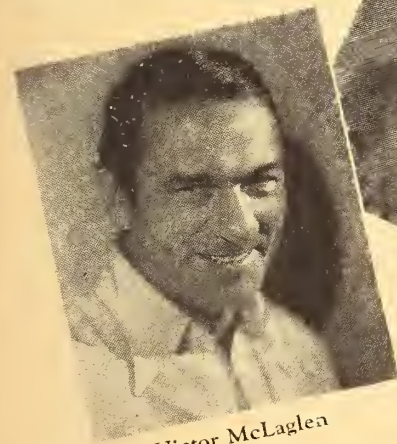
And to show that the government and Mr. Garsson mean business, John Farrow, writer, born in Australia, was arrested the first week that Mr. Garsson came in Hollywood. He was a surprised young man when the blow fell. He was dancing at an exclusive night-club. In his arms was the bewitching Mona Maris. A dreamy waltz was playing. They were gliding over the floor, murmuring the usual nothings, when an immigration officer tapped Farrow on the shoulder. He stepped outside and was under arrest on charges of illegal entry.

That is what will happen to all of the foreign players and others in the film business who are here illegally and who do not depart willingly. That is why the panic is on.

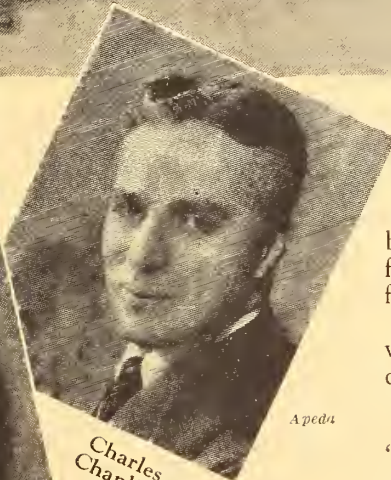
Already, more than twenty players, some of them prominent, have promised Mr. Garsson that they will leave. They are being given sufficient time in which to straighten up their personal affairs. If they overstay that time, the heavy hand of the law will fall, and they will be given transportation they do not expect or like.

The Dickstein Bill, now before Congress and admittedly about to be made into a law, will solve the foreign player problem, Mr. Garsson says, and will make changes that will greatly

(Continued on page 66)



Victor McLaglen



Charles Chaplin

Jeans, Lyda Roberti, Paul Cavanagh, Benita Hume, Ivan Lebedeff, Lilian Bond, Gwili Andre, Ralph Forbes, Wera

Engels, Boris Karloff, Bela Lugosi, Sari Maritza, Paul Lukas, the Marquis de la Falaise, and a horde of lesser acting lights, together with writers, directors and technicians. In short, the papers of all the foreigners are being checked—particularly those who do not have long-term contracts with any studio, for studios usually take pains to make sure that their foreign stars' papers are in order.

This drive against the foreign players has been prompted, Mr. Garsson says, by protests on the part of the Actors' Equity Association and the Lambs Club of New York.

"These two organizations have been hot after the Department of Labor in Washington for a long time," said Mr. Garsson. "They have been protesting against the influx of foreign players who, they declared, were taking the jobs that belong to Americans.

"We have been very kind to the foreign players," said Mr. Garsson. "We have tried to show every courtesy possible. We would grant a player a six-months permit. In scores of cases, these players took advantage of us and stayed on and on without even thinking of re-

By FRANK CATES

LOVE? It's Just a Jig-Saw Puzzle to MIRIAM HOPKINS!

BY
FAITH SERVICE

"I HAVE no idea what Love really is, or why," says Miriam Hopkins. "I think most of us are much too worrisome about all these fevers peculiar to mankind. I think it is more important—and certainly wiser—to have a sense of humor, about the whole of the passing show, and let it go at that."

And that, in case you haven't heard, is Miriam Hopkins.

Beneath that naturally wavy corn-silk hair, there is a brain—with the ingredient of a bubbling sense of humor thrown in for more than good measure. When interviewers see Miriam, they forget the usual questions about sex appeal and rumors and decide "the time has come to talk of other things."

This Hopkins girl knows *Important People*. She is *glamorous*, sophisticated, animated and very much amused by the passing show. She doesn't take our little human race too seriously. She thinks we are all, every one of us, "rather funny." She includes herself. In a world given over to long-faced depressions of one sort or another, the thistle-down spirit of Miriam comes as a fresh relief.

Miriam doesn't wax weighty over *anything*. When I asked her, for instance, why she had adopted a baby, thus starting an epidemic of adoptions in Hollywood, she said, "I really don't know. There was no sense of a Mission in Life attached to it, certainly. I hope not—Missions in Life are such dreary things.



She may never marry again, asserts Miriam—but on the other hand, she may marry again tomorrow. She claims she doesn't know much about love—or what goes to make a happy marriage. But Miriam, who adopted a baby just because "it would be jollier to have a baby around the house," isn't the one to worry about it. Here's a new slant on one of Hollywood's brightest stars!

"I am not passionately maternal, so it wasn't that. I am certainly not the type to seize my little one to my heaving bosom and shower endearments upon him. I felt no conscious Yearning—always with a capital 'Y,' you know—for the patter of little feet. I didn't feel that I owed it to the race, or to life, or even to myself to take unto myself an infant. I wasn't lonely. I haven't time to be lonely.


Why She Adopted a Baby

"I JUST felt, I suppose, that it would be jollier to have a baby around the house than *not* to have a baby around the house—and so I adopted a baby. He was the only baby I ever looked at. He has my coloring. I believe he has my temperament, whatever that is. He's my kind of person. He's a *jolly* person and we'll get along together. He's *fun*. I certainly do not feel that it is noble or anything to acquire a baby. I did it, as most people do it, either by adoption or via the more personal stork, from purely personal, selfish motives. And that is that.

"I suppose I do not give the ponderous facts of life enough thought. I don't know enough about them. I have been married. I have been divorced. I have 'been in love' and I have 'fallen out of love'—and I know nothing about any of it.

"If I were asked whether or not I expect to marry again, I couldn't say. I may never marry again. I may marry

(Continued on page 76)



A spider needs a web to snare a fly—but Miriam Hopkins doesn't need a web to catch the eye, as you'll see in "The Story of Temple Drake." However, no matrimonial nets for Miriam! (Says she!)



"ADIOS,
HOLLYWOOD—
'ELLO,
BROADWAY!"
SAYS LUPE

Ray Jones

It looks as if Lupe Velez meant it when she said she hadn't even thought of settling down yet. For what has she gone and done now—just after making a big hit, too, in "The Half-Naked Truth" and "Hot Pepper"—but scamper off to the Great White Way to make big brown eyes at Jimmy Durante in a stage revue! Between times, she's making radio microphones sizzle and is keeping the telephone wires to Hollywood hot—just so her "bes' fren'," Johnny Weissmuller, wont worry too, too much



ANOTHER
BARRYMORE
GOES MEEK!



Blessed are the meek—for sometimes they are portrayed by a Barrymore. In "Grand Hotel," Lionel had his chance—and now, in "Topaze," John's turn comes. Take a long look at that famous profile above and see if you can't picture him as a timid, absent-minded professor, which is what he is when the picture opens. But then he's tricked by some phony financiers, and Myrna Loy (with him, left) makes him "snap out of it"—and, with comedy crackling to right and left, he finds a way to turn the tables!



SHE'D BE A STARLET IN ANYBODY'S STUDIO!

Her name is June Vlassek. She's young, blonde, pretty, looks equally well in shorts or in the latest thing for junior misses, has the poise that all dancers seem to have, has a good voice (she has sung on the stage), and has had acting experience. And as it happens, she IS a starlet—at Fox Studio, where they are laying plans to make her into a featured player. Watch for June!



ELISSA LANDI

There's something regal about Elissa—you can't miss it. And after her work in "The Sign of the Cross" and opposite Ronald Colman in "The Masquerader," she is due to get some regal opportunities at her home studio. First of all, she'll play the Warrior in "The Warrior's Husband" — the comedy about the days when women went to battle and men kept the home fires burning. Katharine Hepburn played the rôle on Broadway a year ago—and just see what it did for Katharine!

LET THE OTHER GIRLS
GO MANNISH—
KAY FRANCIS WILL
STAY FEMININE!
(AND HERE'S HOW!)



The full-length view, right, shows you the regal beauty of Kay Francis' newest evening gown and, above, you see a close-up of the back. It is of flame-colored chiffon, embroidered with crystals

Beige broadcloth and astrakhan are smartly combined to form the tunic dress which Kay Francis seems so proud of above. Take special note of the manner in which the collar crasses and fastens on each side with large broadcloth buckles, and note the slope of the tunic. Mannish attire doesn't go over very big with Kay, if one is to judge from the graceful, flirty and truly feminine beige crêpe negligée she is pictured wearing in the upper left-hand corner. It is trimmed with long cuffs of sable

ORRY-KELLY Designed These Creations
 KAY FRANCIS Wears Them in "The Keyhole"
 Elmer Fryer made these portraits



There is nothing richer-looking than a black velvet hostess gown set off with pearls, and Kay Francis (left) wears one with which the pearls run through slits of the neckline. Above, you see the V-shaped cutout in back, again revealing the pearls.



Another stunning version of the long evening wrap is presented above by Miss Francis in velvet of a deep henna shade. The color, a luxurious affair of matching oigarettes, distinguishes this wrap, which has long, tight sleeves and a brief train. Miss Francis chooses to wear this over a gown of the same color in softer and lighter tones

Kay Francis' "coachman's coat" of ton broadcloth (right) with its long, sweeping lines and tiered cape-collar, is patterned after the coat of the old-time coachman, but finds added elegance in the luxurious, wide cuffs and tied collar of mink. Kay believes that long evening coats like this one will eventually sound the death knell of the short evening wrap



Must CLARA BOW Choose Between MARRIAGE and CAREER?

BY ELZA SCHALLERT



CLARA BOW and Rex Bell are back in Hollywood after their belated honeymoon trip of two months spent in England, France, Switzerland and Germany. Rex is working on the next-to-last picture of a

series of Westerns for Monogram Pictures and Clara is preparing for a follow-up on "Call Her Savage," the picture responsible for her comeback after a year's absence from the screen. And Hollywood—well, Hollywood is speculating, as always, on just how long Clara and Rex will be able to forestall what film-land predicts as the inevitable—the breaking up of their marriage.

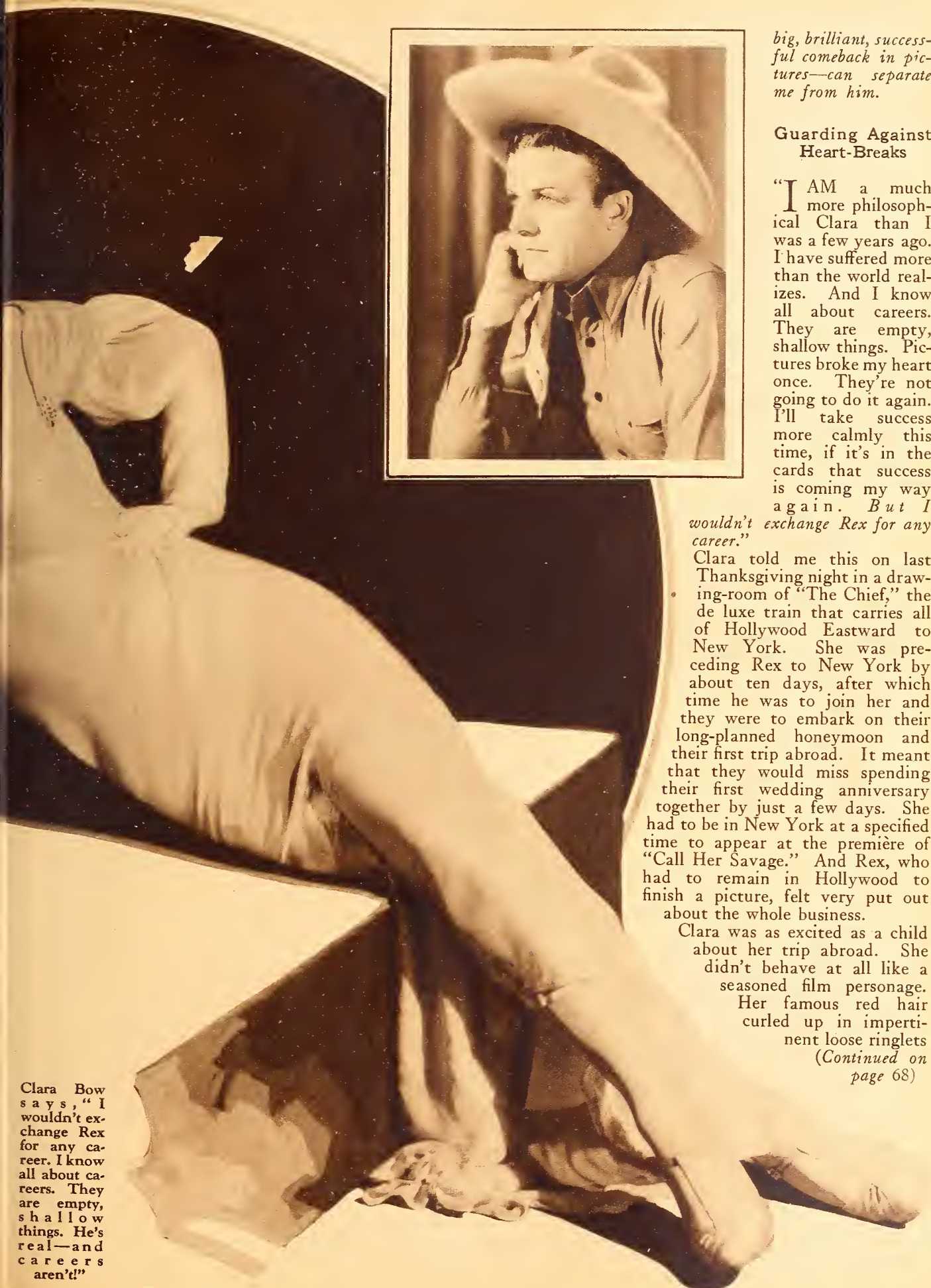
The menacing spectre of success and fame once again appears to be casting a shadow over a marriage of but fifteen months' duration. Hollywood feels that the suc-

Clara and Rex Bell are just back from a long-delayed honeymoon abroad—with a year of happy marriage behind them, but a great big question mark ahead. As Hollywood sees it, Clara's brilliant comeback in "Call Her Savage" brings them face to face with that old problem: Will career and marriage mix? In this story, Clara and

Rex both tell you how they are facing this danger!

cess of Clara's first picture is a signal for new conquests for the former "It" Girl in hitherto untouched fields of drama. And that success may be the cruel hand that will eventually destroy the Bow-Bell marital union.

Clara told me, last November, just as she was leaving Hollywood for the trip abroad: "Hollywood is always predicting a matrimonial smash-up for Rex and me, but we're going to fool everyone. We are not going to divorce—for the good reason that we love each other. Rex means the world to me. *Not even a new career—a*



big, brilliant, successful comeback in pictures—can separate me from him.

Guarding Against Heart-Breaks

"I AM a much more philosophical Clara than I was a few years ago. I have suffered more than the world realizes. And I know all about careers. They are empty, shallow things. Pictures broke my heart once. They're not going to do it again. I'll take success more calmly this time, if it's in the cards that success is coming my way again. *But I*

wouldn't exchange Rex for any career."

Clara told me this on last Thanksgiving night in a drawing-room of "The Chief," the de luxe train that carries all of Hollywood Eastward to New York. She was preceding Rex to New York by about ten days, after which time he was to join her and they were to embark on their long-planned honeymoon and their first trip abroad. It meant that they would miss spending their first wedding anniversary together by just a few days. She had to be in New York at a specified time to appear at the premiere of "Call Her Savage." And Rex, who had to remain in Hollywood to finish a picture, felt very put out about the whole business.

Clara was as excited as a child about her trip abroad. She didn't behave at all like a seasoned film personage.

Her famous red hair curled up in impertinent loose ringlets

(Continued on page 68)

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Lazarnick

Here's a smile that IS a smile! And why shouldn't she be happy? Isn't she the first foreign star that Hollywood has welcomed with wide-open arms? For this 22-year-old English girl has danced and sung her way into the hearts of Englishmen, Germans and Frenchmen—and she may bring lilting, light-hearted romance back to us, too. Just wait till you see "My Lips Betray"!

LILIAN HARVEY




Carl Dial

MARY PICKFORD

Our Mary has grown up. No longer is she the wistful ragamuffin of "Little Annie Rooney," or the willful adolescent of "Coquette," or the hoyden of "Kiki." She is a woman of deep and lasting emotions—on the screen now, as well as off. "Secrets" marks the change—for in "Secrets" she is a passionate idealist who keeps her ideals, let time do what it will. Now for a holiday with Doug!

One of the most feminine of all the stars, and the star most famous for beautiful legs—Marlene was the first to don mannish clothes. Figure that one out, if you can! She says she wears them just to be comfortable—and here is a study of Marlene being "comfortable" and feminine at the same time. But few can achieve this effect—though plenty are trying! In "The Song of Songs"—her last picture before her trip to Germany—she is ALL-feminine (and presumably uncomfortable)



MARLENE DIETRICH
STARTED SOMETHING!

NO MATTER
HOW YOU
LOOK AT HER,
SHE'S A NEW
SYLVIA!

Sylvia Sidney started doing new things with her hair in "Madame Butterfly"—to take on a new personality. And she's continuing the noble experiments, this time with a braid—which DOES change her, no matter whether she's dreamy (as below), or Sweet Sixteenish (as at the bottom), or woman-of-the-worldish (as at the right)! And maybe she'll reveal a new personality in other ways in "Pick Up," with George Raft as a co-star. Then comes a big chance to be wistful in a brand-new way in "Jennie Gerhardt"!





"Hi there, Good Times! Glad to see you coming back!" chortles Marie. And hi there, yourself, Marie, say we. Nobody has helped to bring 'em back any more than you have. Didn't you work yourself sick, giving us "Prosperity"? But that little trip to New York was all you needed to fix you up again, by the looks of things. Almost ready to start "Tugboat Annie" with Wallace Beery?

MARIE DRESSLER



C. S. Bull

JIMMY DURANTE

"TechnoRATS? Pah! I unnerstan' dey wanna give everybody twenty t'ousan' ergs a year ta live on—fried ergs, poached ergs, and hard-berled ergs. Dey laid an erg, demselves, wid dat idear!" Jimmy, who recently condoled Norman Taurog for having to direct a Chevalier after directing a Durante, has finished "What, No Beer?" His vacation, so-called, he'll spend on Broadway



Above, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., seems to be doing the impossible—playing chess with himself, between the opening scenes of "The Narrow Corner." But what he's really doing is concocting some knotty problems for his Hollywood Chess Club

THREE OF THE BOYS STUDY THINGS OVER

Below, Richard Barthelmess, just finishing "Central Airport," and William Powell, just starting "Private Detective," compare notes on the lines they have had to learn—each betting he works harder than the other. Both are seen changing their minds!



"America or France?— Fifty-Fifty for Me!" Says CHEVALIER

America wants to keep him, and France wants him to come home—and Maurice wants to please everybody, including himself. So now he has a plan—he'll make half his future pictures in Hollywood, and the other half in Paris! And does he have any other plans—marriage plans, for instance? "Marriage is not for me," he says—meaning what he says, and then explaining what he means!

By GLADYS HALL

WHAT does Maurice Chevalier, as a Frenchman, have to say about the French debt to the United States? As a man who knows Europe, as well as America, in what direction does he think the world is heading to-day? As a man whose first marriage has just ended in divorce, what does he think about second marriage? As a French star who has found his greatest fame in America, what does he think about the new drive against foreign actors and the French appeal for him to come home? I went to him with these questions. What he told me should help Americans and Frenchmen alike to know him better.

The only thing Maurice knows about foreign and domestic relations, he says, is the way they affect himself. He has a one-track mind, he declares, and can take an interest only in the things that interest him. When a thing does interest him, he will dig and delve to the very bottom of it, acquiring every bit of knowledge there is to be had about that particular subject. When a thing does not interest him, he simply ignores it.

Politics is *not* among these interests. Chevalier seldom or never reads the newspapers—at any rate, not the parts that have to do with moratoriums and technocrats, et al. He knows nothing whatsoever about the French debt, or the whys or the wherefores. He seemed to be mildly surprised that there *was* a French debt . . . and what about it?

He says that when he was recently in Paris he tried to con-

(Continued on page 70)



PAPA and MAMA ARLEN Won't Let Baby Change Their Lives!

AS you have probably read by this time, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Arlen of Tolucka Lake, Hollywood, are expecting a Blessed Event to take place just about the time these words hit print. But wait just a moment! Don't go away. This is not another one of those typical Hollywood baby stories all about "the greatest happiness in our lives—the most wonderful thing that ever happened to us—THE BABY!" To the contrary, it concerns the outlook of two very modern people (and two very swell ones), who are not laboring under the idea that they have done something different, unique and downright remarkable in having a baby!

I know what you are probably thinking. I know all about those stories you have been reading for years about the "dear little Arlen couple"—so quaintly happy, one of the really nice couples of Hollywood, so proud of their home and so glued to its hearth! For years the writers of Hollywood have done all in their power to make Dick the nicest, safest, sanest and most uninteresting man in Hollywood, and Jobyna, his nice, safe, sane, uninspired wife.

Their married life has been painted to seem about as exciting as a marshmallow toasting. Whenever any breath of scandal came up about some unfortunately divorced couple of the colony, the Arlens were "pointed to with pride," along with the Conrad Nagels, as one of Hollywood's *contented* couples.

When the news came along, after six years of married life for the Arlens, that they were to be blessed with an



Everybody knows that Richard and Jobyna Ralston Arlen are one of Hollywood's happy married couples. But few people know how they manage to stay that way. Here is the whole story—brought up-to-date by their ideas about babies. They're somewhat amazing ideas, coming from Hollywood—but Dick and Joby are amazingly modern!

By NANCY PRYOR

of rules or regulations or stifling interference with one another. If Dick wants to go batting off for a week-end with one of his perennial boy-friends, it's okay with Joby. It gives her a chance to play Bridge (a game she loves) all night if she so desires. That Dick usually prefers the company of his wife on his frequent spontaneous and unplanned jaunts to the nearby week-end resorts, however, is just another testimonial to the success of their modern methods of matrimony.

There are never any bickerings over bills, because Joby has her own checking account and if she overdraws it, Dick merely puts more in. It's very simple. If Dick, in a moment of unexpected domesticity, happens to decide to "fix" a leaky tap, and in the fixing completely floods the

(Continued on page 78)

Event, it just about cinched the picture of marital bliss. It's all very sweet and old-fashioned and comes in handy for reference in times of other couples' break-ups. But it is with the utmost respect for Joby and Dick as modern and amusing and exciting human beings that I report there is something wrong with the picture.

A Couple of Real Moderns

IF Dick Arlen is a safe, sane and settled married man, then I am the reincarnation of Cleopatra. If Jobyna is just another hysterically excited "little woman" because she is going to have a baby, then *you* are Cleopatra.

In a town that loves to pride itself on its modern marriages, here are two real, honest-to-goodness moderns! For six years they have lived without benefit

Palmolive now at lowest prices in history

Nothing is changed but the price. The same amount of olive oil goes into every cake . . . the same generous-size cake . . . the same true cosmetic effect that has made Palmolive the voluntary choice of more than 20,000 beauty experts

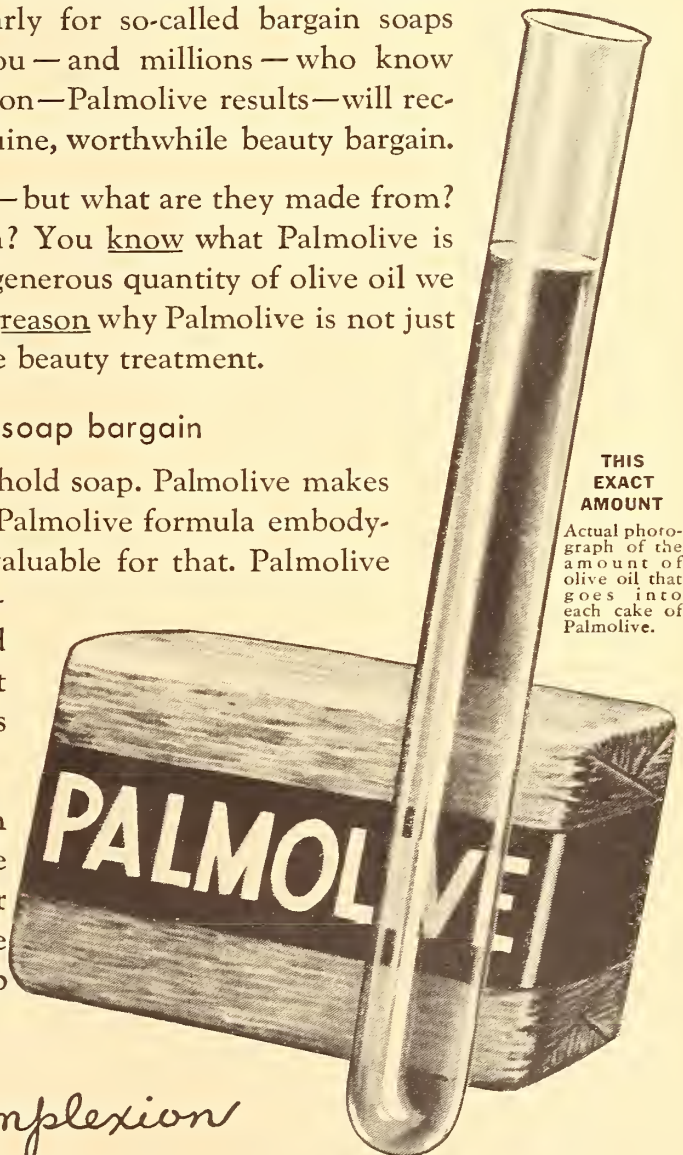
WITH beauty at stake—you must choose soap bargains carefully. Beware—lest you pay too dearly for so-called bargain soaps which dry, irritate, age the skin. You—and millions—who know Palmolive quality—Palmolive reputation—Palmolive results—will recognize in these new-day prices a genuine, worthwhile beauty bargain.

To be sure there are cheaper soaps—but what are they made from? Do you dare use them on your skin? You know what Palmolive is made from. Below we show you the generous quantity of olive oil we put into every cake. We show you the reason why Palmolive is not just another soap—but a genuine, provable beauty treatment.

A real complexion soap bargain

Palmolive is not an all-purpose household soap. Palmolive makes no claims for laundry purposes. The Palmolive formula embodying time-tested cosmetic oils is too valuable for that. Palmolive is a skin soap—a complexion soap—made to preserve youth—to foster and promote true natural skin beauty. It is the only leading soap that reveals its ingredients.

Now—supply your household with Palmolive generously! Use this fine beauty aid for face—for shampoo—for bath—for the whole family. At these low prices you need never let any soap but Palmolive touch your skin.



Keep that Schoolgirl Complexion

3 famous Stars of the Screen • LORETTA YOUNG •



Complexions that fascinate—even in a snapshot

*Why don't YOU try
Hollywood's Beauty Care*

THE Hollywood screen stars are lovely *always*. Even a snapshot shows them radiantly fresh—youthful!

Snapshots are not *kind*—every woman knows that. But the stars face even this test fearlessly! How charming is the trio above—Loretta

Young, Polly Ann Young, Sally Blane—snapped by John Boles in an informal moment at the popular Coconut Grove!

How alluring they are—these beautiful stars! What is the secret of their matchless charm?

“Above everything else,” says lovely Sally Blane, “we take exquisite care of our complexions. I started using Lux Toilet Soap my first day in the studio, and find it helps

keep my skin smooth and glowing.”

Loretta Young, and Polly Ann, too, like scores of other fascinating stars, use this gentle care to keep their skin always youthfully alluring.

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use it

Of the 694 important actresses in Hollywood, including all stars, 686 use this fragrant white soap!

Not only at home in their own

LUX Toilet

POLLY ANN YOUNG • SALLY BLANE •



enlargement

luxurious dressing rooms, but in their studio dressing rooms as well. Because the stars' preference is so well known, this fragrant white soap has been made official by all the big film studios.

Why don't you try the Beauty Soap of the Stars — guard your complexion as the world's most beautiful women do? Buy several cakes of this gentle soap. Begin at once to give your skin the care that will keep it always temptingly smooth and fresh.



Snapped by
JOHN BOLES
at the
Cocoanut Grove
in Hollywood



Soap

— *The Beauty Soap of the Stars*

STRICTLY PERSONAL

MOVIE CLASSIC'S INTIMATE SKETCHES OF WHO'S WHO IN HOLLYWOOD

By MARK DOWLING



GARBO: The Swedish Siren better tank about coming back quick—we've K. Hepburn, a "new" Crawford, and a few Barrymores. But Greta's clever. She sent her Xmas card, not to studio "execs," but to her cameraman. *He's* responsible for photographing those—ah—large extremities in a soft light. Do you know she has written agents for a Hollywood house surrounded with ever-greens? Address: unknown.

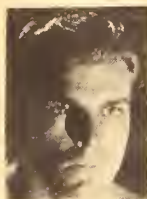


MAURICE CHEVALIER: Five feet eleven. Weighs 165. What a heart-throb for the local lassies, now that his wife signs her letters Yvonne Ex-Chevalier! Even Marlene Dietrich wore a skirt at the Mayfair the other night, 'cause Maurice doesn't like her in men's pants. Hollywood never figured the ooh-la lad with the pouting lip as a ladies' man in private life, but now—! Address: Los Feliz Hills.

LESLIE HOWARD: Five feet ten and a half. Weighs 145. It's mental appeal, this time, and does it wow 'em! The fact that he's happily married doesn't stop our greatest feminine stars from *hoping*. They say he makes love "an adventure delicate and invitingly dangerous" and can suggest worlds with one quick sharp glance. (What ho, Lion Men!) Suave, whimsical, and forty this April. Address: 780 Gower Street, Hollywood.



RUTH CHATTERTON: Has the town agog by a rumor that she'll divorce George Brent and remarry Ralph Forbes. An oh-so-civilized lady who likes to try her French on the guests. And Charles Laughton says he can't figure whether his real English accent sounds funnier than her—er—"acquired" one. Not awfully popular with the gang at the studio, but her friends swear by her. Address: Warner Brothers.



BUSTER CRABBE: Six feet one. Weighs 168. This fella specializes in muscle. The Lion Man won't answer to Clarence, but that's his real name. Had his voice lowered to a growl for pictures and is now Tarzan's biggest rival. (His chest is four inches bigger!) Grew up on romantic Waikiki beach in a pair of swimming trunks. Has avoided the Hollywood gossip test and lives near the U. S. C. campus, where he worked through school.



ELEANOR HOLM: Short brown hair. Hazel eyes. A breath of fresh air for Hollywood. Determined to maintain her amateur standing and won't swim in pictures. Drinks three quarts of milk a day and sleeps nine hours. Says she "doesn't give a damn for the whole shooting match." Meaning a pictuah career? What about Laemmle Jr.? Will make her debut soon, after studying acting for six months. Address: Burbank.

ALICE WHITE: Nerts to the dope about Alice coming back as a "great dramatic actress"! The gal's as hot-cha as ever, the only change being a new nose that clicks with her peppy personality. But what a change! Old friends can't recognize her and the lads have discovered she's the cutest thing in town. Does that burn up Cy Bartlett, the fiancé and manager? Address: Helois Road, Hollywood.



TOM KEENE: Six feet. Weighs 175. What about a Western star to complete the list? Tom used to be George Duryea, smooth juvenile. Now even his private life has changed. He practices rope tricks and shooting at odd moments. It isn't synthetic—he lived on the range for years. Do you know that his box office rivals Tom Mix's? That C. B. deMille discovered him? Address: Gower Street at Melrose, Hollywood.



KATHLEEN BURKE: Brrr! The Panther Girl! Exotic. Large sloping brown eyes. High cheek bones. Swell figger. Surprises by being genuinely *different*. Prefers reading to going places and saves every penny. Did lowly office work before winning that movie contest over 60,000 candidates. Her announced marriage to Glenn Hardin, football star, is indefinitely postponed. Like 'em dangerous, men? Address: Marathon Street.

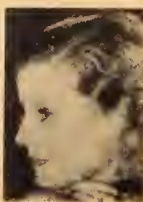


LYLE TALBOT: Five feet eleven and a half. Weighs 172. Whatever type of man you like this month, ladies! This newcomer specializes in heavy menace. Glenda Farrell, Estelle Taylor, Loretta Young, Joan Marsh and Wynne Gibson are reported interested. That's **COMPETITION!** But they tell me Lyle lives "quietly" and collects first editions. Believe it or not, his real name's Lyle Hollywood! Address: Burbank.

ERIC LINDEN: Five feet nine. Weighs 140. Sensitive-young-artist type. Would rather write than act. Has escaped romances, and plays about with the young intellectuals. Brilliant. Restless. Takes himself pretty seriously, but why not? He's a juvenile who can ACT. Works to help support his mother, brother and sister, and vows he'll give up the screen when his contract runs out. Address: RKO Studios.



LILIAN HARVEY: Looks like a big-timer. Remember the mannered blonde in "Congress Dances"? She just arrived at Fox, with 47 complete ensembles, a Mercedes racer, and diamonds to her elbow. Asked the studio to install a tight-rope immediately—that's her hobby. Looks a trifle plump—a sophisticated version of Clara Bow. Says she's not married, rumor to the contrary. Address: Benedict Canyon.



COLGATE DOLLAR VALUE

ALL FOR

49¢



THESE ARE THE
THREE ARTICLES
INCLUDED IN THE
SANITARY PACKAGE

AT ALL dealers' now . . . as long as they last . . . 2 full-size tubes of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream, a tooth brush guaranteed equal in value to any 50-cent tooth brush on the market . . . all three for 49c!

Economy on strictly standard merchandise—two packages of the world's largest-selling tooth paste—a guaranteed 50-cent tooth brush all at less than half price.

Get a package for each member of the family *now*.

Two 25c Tubes COLGATE'S RIBBON
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★ A Real 50c Colgate Tooth Brush—
Quality Guaranteed 50c

VALUE . . . \$1.00



This is how this bargain comes to you—in a sanitary, Cellophane-wrapped package.

★ This tooth brush guaranteed the finest bristles, the best handle material that can be put into a tooth brush . . . equal in value to any 50-cent tooth brush on the market. Your choice of 5 pastel shades. Colgate's reputation is back of this guarantee.

THE NEW MASCARA
THAT IS

actually
NON-SMARTING
TEAR-PROOF
AND ABSOLUTELY
HARMLESS



YES, WE KNOW—you've read many claims advertising eyelash darkeners—only to have an evening ruined because a tear smudged your mascara and the resultant smartingspoiled your make-up—one of life's little tragedies! But it need never have happened! It can't happen when you use our NEW improved MAYBELLINE mascara. Quickly and easily applied, it instantly makes your lashes appear longer, darker and more luxuriant—and it keeps them soft and silky, too! MAYBELLINE gives that much-to-be-desired natural appearance of eye beauty—the color, depth, and expression of the eyes are intensified by the soft, dark fringe of lustrous lashes. These are the reasons that millions of women are using the NEW MAYBELLINE regularly with most gratifying results. Try it today, you'll be delighted!

Black or Brown

75c at all toilet goods counters

Maybelline

EYELASH DARKENER

The
PERFECT
Mascara



MAYBELLINE CO.
CHICAGO

George Raft—The Greatest Idol Since Valentino

(Continued from page 19)

than eighteen, he says—managed to reach his dressing-room. They talked for several minutes, and then the younger girl cried out, "Take me in your arms and hurt me."

George was amused, for the girl was hardly more than a child. Nevertheless: "I can't do that, with your sister watching us," he answered.

But the sister threw a bombshell into his plans of evasion. "Don't mind me," she cried. "I watch everything she does."

George had to step on the ever-ready button that summoned his secretary.

Another girl ran—not walked—up five flights of stairs to his dressing-room in the Palace Theatre building. Arrived in front of her idol, she was so breathless she could not speak. At last she recovered her voice and begged him to autograph her book. When she held it toward him, her hand trembled violently.

"Why are you shaking?" Raft asked.

"B—because I'm s-so happy," she stammered.

Mobbed as Rudolph Was

WHEN he was forced to fight his way from the stage door of a Detroit theatre to a waiting automobile, George had his clothes torn almost entirely from his body by feminine admirers. A police escort was helpless before the rush, for, after all, the officers could not smash women's heads with clubs, though that would have been the only way to stop their drive. When Raft at last fell into the rear seat of the sedan, he had lost his coat and shirt, and had barely retained his trousers, which were torn to shreds. By some unreasonable whim of Fate, his collar was gone, but his tie remained around his neck, perfectly bowed.

Valentino underwent a similar experience in Boston when a mob—not crowd, but mob—of women rushed him at the stage door. Several photographers smashed expensive cameras on feminine heads on that occasion, but when Rudolph reached his automobile, his clothes were practically gone and his body was covered with scratches and bruises.

Following his Detroit experience, Raft used side-door exits, or remained in the theatre until the crowds dispersed. Once or twice he slept in his dressing-rooms, and it was on one such occasion that he was paid a visit by a fire-escape lady.

This woman went to the top of the building and descended via the fire escape to the window of Raft's room, through which she climbed. Perhaps she will never know the danger she faced. George had his revolver in hand and aimed directly at the intruder, but before he could pull the trigger he saw that the dark figure wore skirts, and he realized that here was an extreme case of amorous insanity. The secretary-body-guard, always near, again was summoned to act as gentlemanly "bouncer."

The "Most Dangerous" Women

IN New Orleans, a woman telephoned him at the theatre. She and her husband were en route to Havana, she said, and were stopping at Raft's hotel. She wondered if she might visit his dressing-room. George granted permission and she soon arrived. There she confessed that she was not in love with her husband.

"I like him," she said, "but it's more like friendship. Now with you," she sighed, "it could be different."

Whereupon she begged Raft to kiss her. She became almost hysterical, until he was

forced to ring for his omnipresent secretary. I shudder to think what might have happened to George had his secretary ever failed to obey the summons.

Anent the New Orleans incident, Raft offers this philosophy: "Women with husbands are much more dangerous than women without. If a woman is desperate enough to leave her husband for an illicit affair, she is desperate enough to do anything."

This brings up a new question about Raft—the same question that was once directed at Valentino: Is George Raft the rival of every American husband? Is he the answer to the natural feminine desire for love and attention—a yearning that too-busy American husbands do not satisfy in their wives?

There was a married woman in New York who attended every performance given by Raft. She employed several ruses to get backstage to talk with him, and she spent countless hours in the hallway outside his dressing-room or outside the stage entrance, waiting to waylay him. She sent several beautiful presents to the actor, and when he went to Chicago, she boarded the same train. Raft decided such tactics were dangerous, and he refused to see her again.

In one city a woman bribed a room clerk to give her the suite adjoining that occupied by the star. That night, while he was at the theatre, she jimmied the lock of the door connecting the suites, and when Raft returned from work, she was asleep on his bed. Quietly, he repaired the door lock. This done, he cautiously carried the sleeping woman into her own quarters. Then he locked the door. He never saw or heard of her again.

Freak Requests He Had

SCORES of odd requests were made of George. One woman in an evening gown asked him to autograph her bare back with a fountain pen. Another begged him to rouge his lips and kiss her shoulder; she intended to have the impression tattooed into her skin. A fabulously wealthy woman (mention of her name would stir Eastern society) offered to give the Latin-looking star a magnificent estate near New York, if he would agree to live there one month each year.

Maniacal mobs of women did considerable damage to theatre lobbies, and to other interior sections of the cinema palaces in crazed struggles to get close to Raft. Did theatre owners and managers regret or resent such damages? They did not. On the contrary, theatre officials are begging Raft to make return appearances. They state, in letters to Paramount officials, that George is enticing women back into theatres. They declare that he is likely to equal Valentino's records for feminine attendance.

A few more optimistic theatre owners go so far as to say that George may succeed in turning the tide of the theatrical depression; that he may be the most important factor to bring good times back to the motion picture industry.

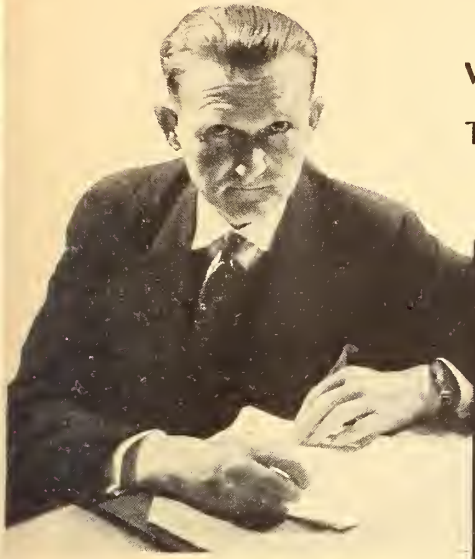
Meanwhile, Raft has only one message to voice, following his return from his brief tour. The message is broadcast to the world, but is actually meant for only three women.

Raft begs: "Will the three ladies who threw their engagement rings on the stages in Detroit and Brooklyn kindly forward their addresses?"

Raft wishes to return their rings.

Even the sophisticated Parisienne

WON A LOVELIER COMPLEXION THROUGH THE HALF-FACE BEAUTY TEST



Dr. Joseph Pierron,

prominent dermatologist of Paris, declared of Woodbury's Facial Soap: "It achieved improvement in every case, frequently a complete cure of all the faults of the skin."

Since the days of the *Roi Soleil*, the genius of France has been at the service of the Parisienne, devising seductive soaps, creams, lotions, *lairs de beauté*, to enhance her loveliness!

Yet even sophisticated Parisiennes experienced a shock of delight, a *coup de foudre*, when recently they came from all parts of Paris and from many different social groups and occupations at the call of the eminent skin specialist, Dr. Joseph Pierron. For thirty days they made the Half-face Beauty Test, using what they ordinarily employed to cleanse and care for the left half of their faces, Woodbury's Facial Soap for the right half.

Only one was free of every blemish. Blackheads, large pores, dry skin, excessive oiliness, sallowness—these were the main faults which 8 different brands of French soap and 17 creams had utterly failed to correct.

When the test was over, the Woodbury sides of those faces *bloomed*, were freshened, cleared—relieved of sluggish sallowness, blackheads, pimples, coarse pores. Dry skin grew supple and fresh. Oily skin lost its disenchanting shine. "Fabuleux!" cried the doctors. "A merveille!" echoed the subjects.

Dr. Pierron's report, among other words of praise for Woodbury's, said: "Acne and blackheads were uniformly improved, oiliness of the face and scalp ultimately yielded to the treatment. Woodbury's Facial Soap tones not only the epidermis but the tissues beneath the surface of the skin. Causing no irritation, it is the ideal product for the care of healthy



Jeunes filles, femmes de familles, femmes de commerce, femmes du monde—took the Half-face Beauty Test under the supervision of Dr. Joseph Pierron, of Paris, who reported: "All the women subject to my supervision expressed such opinions as the following: 'Woodbury's Facial Soap makes the skin very soft and smooth.'"

skins, the best remedy for skin ailments."

So, even to the sophisticated Parisienne, Woodbury's Facial Soap brought a lovelier, clearer, smoother complexion than all the cosmetics of the Rue de la Paix and the Faubourg St. Honoré!

Woodbury's Facial Soap is not just a complete cleanser for keeping the normal skin in good condition. It is also a healer and corrector of habitual skin defects. Give *both* halves of your face the benefit of this simple, bland, invigorating care! The cake lasts so well that its daily use will cost you less than a penny a day!

What The Figures Told!

Of all the troublesome conditions found, 15% were entirely cured, eliminated; 75% were improved or helped; only 10%—and most of these were cases of extremely deep wrinkles—failed to respond at all to Woodbury's Facial Soap. Cases of blackheads, 48% helped, 41% greatly improved, 11% cured; of large pores, 56% helped, 25% greatly improved, 13% cured; of wrinkles, 33% helped, 27% greatly improved; of sallowness, 25% helped, 37% greatly improved, 37% cured; dry skin, 30% helped, 30% greatly improved, 40% cured; oily skin, 100% cured!

FREE SAMPLE Send this coupon now for liberal cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap FREE. Or send 10 cents to partly cover cost of mailing and receive charming weekend kit containing generous samples of Woodbury's Creams, new Face Powder and Facial Soap.

John H. Woodbury, Inc., 928 Alfred St., Cincinnati, O. In Canada, John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Perth, Ont.

Name _____ Street _____

City _____ State _____

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MORTON DOWNEY — DONALD NOVIS — and LEON BELASCO and his Orchestra—on Woodbury's new radio program over station WJZ and N. B. C. network every Wednesday evening at 9:30 E. S. T.



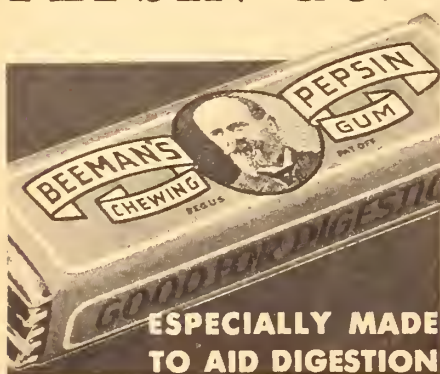


police!

"Hold back the crowds". That's what you almost expect. You feel so radiant—so beautiful. You have so much pep when your digestion is good.

But lots of people have a little indigestion without knowing it. They don't realize what makes them feel tired and restless. That's why so many chew Beeman's regularly. It's a delicious chewing gum that helps keep your digestion "just perfect". Chew it every day.

Chew
**BEEMAN'S
PEPSIN GUM**



"I'll Never Divorce Frank Fay!" Says Barbara Stanwyck

(Continued from page 26)

reached the breaking point before the 'phone rang the seventeenth time. It so happened that I didn't blow up until then.

"A man from one of the local papers called. 'Is it true—' he began. Then I did a nice, polite thing, the sort of thing that gives me a reputation for not being very lady-like. I said, 'Aw, nuts!' and hung up.

"They printed it, the so-and-so's. 'In answer to a question concerning the report that she was contemplating a divorce from Fay, Miss Stanwyck stated, 'Aw, nuts.'" The headline read, 'Stanwyck Says Nuts.'

What Makes Her Fighting Mad

"DON'T tell me that I should control my temper. I know I should. But sometimes I can't. It gets me all burned up to have people poking around my private life.

"I have no objections to revealing all manner of intimate items about myself for publication, my hobbies, habits, preferences and prejudices, or whatever they want to know that solely concerns me and my work. I am as pleased as the next fellow to see my name in print. But there is a limit to good taste in the questions interviewers ask.

"I don't wear powder, rouge or lipstick off-screen. The reason is that my face doesn't take make-up very well. This sounds absurd, coming from an actress, but it's the truth. When I put rouge on my cheeks, invariably it spreads itself down to my chin. It just happens that make-up won't stay on my face.

"I had no idea that my habit of going without rouge and lipstick was the subject of comment until a woman interviewer asked one day why Fay wouldn't let me use it. I didn't answer. I just socked her in the nose. Another dame wanted to know if I wore low-heeled shoes because Fay wouldn't let me wear high heels. I socked her, too.

"Why must they bring Fay into these habits of mine? Why must he be charged with making me do things? Why is he always the fall guy? When they get him mixed up in it, of course I burn. Wouldn't you burn, too, if they said you were playing a *Tribby* to somebody's *Svengali*?"

Why She Clowned With Fay

"WE went into the picture theatres on a personal appearance tour not so long ago and did the identical act in which we toured vaudeville for years. The critics used to like the act. But that was before I was That Movie Actress. The critics did a complete about-face. It wasn't that they panned me. I can stand that. What made me mad was the assertion that Fay made a stooge of me so that he could steal the act.

"Fay has always stolen the act. I have always been his feeder, the straight one who feeds the lines so that the comic can get the laughs. It has always been that way. It's our act. I danced in the act, the same routine I used to use in vaudeville. Yet they said Fay made me dance. Just as though I haven't been dancing ever since I was three.

"The public has us both wrong if they believe Fay makes me do anything. He never intrudes upon my affairs unless I ask his advice. Nor do I intrude upon his. If I have a problem, I take it to him and we thrash it out together. But he would not say a word unless I brought the matter up first.

"It is my opinion that a couple can't be in love without fighting. I hope Fay and I will always fight. I know that when we stop having battles, I'll look around to see what blonde he's interested in.

"And just as I fight with Fay, I'll put up an awful scrap for him. Not that he needs me as a defender. He is well able to take

care of himself. He wants to laugh off all this talk, but it makes me see red and I can't laugh.

In Mood to Leave Hollywood

"RIGHT now, I'm so sick of these attempts to separate us that I want to get out of pictures. I will, too, unless they lay off Fay. Being a wife is much more important to me than being a film star.

"We have our baby and he's the cutest little fellow that ever kicked a blanket out of a crib. When we adopted him, there was talk about Fay making me adopt a youngster. Honestly, there seems nothing I can do upon my own initiative. It would do no good, of course, to say that we wanted a baby.

"The same thing came up about 'Tattle Tales.' This was the local musical show in which Fay starred recently. He disagreed with the producer and stepped out of the part, only to take the whole show over two weeks later and move it to another theatre.

"Barbara Stanwyck Buys Show for Fay,' said the headlines. This isn't true, but do you think it could be denied? I didn't have a penny invested. Fay financed it all himself.

"The thing most people overlook is that I have been in the money only a few years. Fay has been a Broadway stage star for many years. I wish I had as much in the bank as he has at this moment!

"He paid me a salary when I went to San Francisco with 'Tattle Tales.' I planned to go into the cast locally, but a film engagement interfered. We both played the show during its San Francisco run, though not in our old act. I did a dramatic sketch, because that is what the public demands of me these days."

The Most Likely Explanation

BARBARA refused to discuss the reasons for the disagreement between Frank Fay and the producer of "Tattle Tales." She said she was not at liberty to talk about the subject. She is doubtless bound by a promise of some sort. From another source regarded authentic, I am advised that the trouble had to do entirely with money matters. Fay, it is said, bought out the original producer after the show was scheduled to close. Again assuming the leading rôle, he moved "Tattle Tales" from a downtown Los Angeles theatre to a Hollywood playhouse, then took it to San Francisco. Hollywood gossip, of course, had several other versions—most of them involving Barbara.

"It is all this talk, talk, talk that gets me down," Barbara says. "It may seem very petty and inconsequential to you—just as it might to me, if there wasn't so much of it. It's like rain on a tin roof. You don't mind it at first. Then it seems that if it doesn't stop for a moment, you'll go insane. In Hollywood, it never stops—gossiping, I mean. But, I repeat, Hollywood can't make me divorce Fay. I'll quit pictures first.

"Before I quit, however, there are a few noses badly in need of punching. Those who know me know that my favorite expression is 'I socked him in the nose.' It means, roughly, putting someone in his place.

"This time I mean it literally. And if I punch any one of three noses I have in mind, I'll have to get out of pictures before I'm put out. Still, it will be worth it. Want to come along and watch the fun?"

I certainly do, Barbara. I believe you are just the girl to make good your threat. Your hair, after all, is not red without cause. You can be red-headed, too.

IN 3 DAYS

Red, rough hands

made soft, white, alluring...

Painful chapping relieved instantly

"THAT's the girl I've been looking for all my life!" He thought as she entered the room—beautiful, poised, exquisitely gowned...

A murmured introduction... he asked her to dance.

Quickly he glanced at her hands to see if she wore a wedding ring. What a shock! Coarse, red hands that cried "Scrubwoman"—not "Romance." He finished the dance—interest gone.

It's tragic, when only 3 days of Hinds care would make those hands soft, white, baby smooth... the kind of hands men love.

Why hands get rough, coarse

Housework means putting hands in and out of hot water, using harsh alkali cleansers. This dries out the natural skin oils. Then cold weather roughens, chaps and cracks open skin. Hinds *puts back* these precious oils. And thus ends chapping pain... restores youthful softness and smoothness.

Hinds is not a weak, thinned-out lotion. Not a thick, gummy jelly that just goes over the top of the skin. Hinds is an *ultra-penetrating lotion*. Thus is absorbed more *thoroughly*. That is why it can do in 3 days what other creams *may* do in weeks.

What the "second skin" is

And then, Hinds leaves an invisible "second skin" that *protects* hands from chapping. This "second skin" is a fine layer of Hinds Cream that has penetrated so

Her beauty whispered "ROMANCE" but her hands screamed "scrubwoman!"



Women! Here's real beauty news!

Now! A new expensive-type liquefying cleansing cream for only 40c the small jar—65c the large! The kind of cleansing cream women were glad to pay \$2.00 for in good times! Ask for Hinds Cleansing Cream.

deeply through the rough skin that water won't wash it off. There it stays, softening, whitening, *protecting*.

Use Hinds after exposure. After hands have been in water, and *always at night*.

A 7-day trial bottle for you—FREE

(Also special trial sizes of the new Hinds Cleansing Cream and Hinds Texture Cream)

Coupon below brings you a generous trial bottle of Hinds by return mail. The minute the postman hands you your bottle of Hinds open it, smooth this famous lotion on your hands—your children's hands. See how it heals chapping... how soft and lovely it makes hands. Fill out and mail coupon NOW!

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Lehn & Fink, Inc., Sole Distributors, Dept. HL-4, Bloomfield, New Jersey

Please send me a generous FREE trial bottle (enough for 18 or 20 applications) of Hinds Honey and Almond Cream. Also new Hinds Creams.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____



HINDS *honey and almond* CREAM

Joan Crawford Answers Twenty Pointed Questions

(Continued from page 23)

Wise

Girl!

35¢ saved her many a friend many a dress

Time was when she wasn't so wise! Perspiration-ruined dresses were common to her wardrobe. And former friends sometimes whispered about underarm odor.

But now she uses Odorono. She saves dollars and dollars on her dress bill. And underarm odor is banished . . . completely.

You can only prevent stained dresses and offensive underarm odor by preventing the perspiration itself. Odorono is a doctor's prescription—used and recommended by nurses and doctors—that does prevent it, harmlessly and surely.

Greasy creams, temporary powders, soaps, perfumes, cannot save you. For if this perspiration goes on, odor will surely follow. You still need Odorono—to protect your dresses, to protect your charm.

2 kinds



ODO-RO-NO REGULAR for use before retiring—gives 3 to 7 days' complete protection. 35¢, 60¢, \$1—with the original enclosed sanitary applicator.



INSTANT ODO-RO-NO is for quick use—while dressing or at any time. 1 to 3 days' protection. 35¢, 60¢, \$1—with applicator.

ODO · RO · NO



"No. A man's past—and a woman's—are their own. A wife and husband owe each other loyalty and allegiance only from the day they pledge themselves to each other."

11. Do you agree with many critics that Sadie Thompson in "Rain" was your worst screen performance?

"I loathed the picture. I think I overacted throughout. When I attended the première, I closed my eyes time and again and whispered to Doug, 'Tell me when the scene is finished.' I was unhappy during the making of 'Rain'—unhappy, I mean, on the sets and with the details of production. Under such circumstances, I do not believe it humanly possible to give one's best efforts."

12. How much longer do you give yourself on the screen?

"As long as my stories are good—no longer. I believe the day is past when a star's screen life was limited to a brief period of years. Given good stories, an actress may remain popular indefinitely, as is possible on the stage."

13. Are you stage-ambitious?

"Yes; I have been since childhood. I am mad to do a play before an audience I can see. My motion picture contract prevents now, but I hope that within a few years I may have opportunities to satisfy my heart in that direction."

14. Have you been hampered by the presence of Greta Garbo and Norma Shearer as stars with your company?

"Not at all. We are of distinctly different types. I think the men at the head of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer have chosen stories suitable for me, as well as for Miss Shearer and Miss Garbo, with the fairest minds and aims."

15. Did you gain as much as you lost with marriage?

"I gained far more. I attained a more serious outlook on life. I learned the importance of tolerance, and of sacrifice. I discovered that there is fun in being considerate of the other fellow. Any woman who enters into marriage seriously and with honesty profits greatly."

16. Do you believe a man should be head of his house?

"Yes. Doug fills that position in our home, despite what gossips may say. He pays the servants, the grocer, the household bills. I assume the wifely responsibility of keeping his home in order."

"I think men like to provide, but like their wives to attend to the actual task of maintaining a smooth-running household."

17. Do you think married women should work?

"I think all women should have an interest other than taking care of her home. But I also think certain duties should be considered. If a woman marries a man of moderate means and she chooses to work, I think she should employ a servant, from her own salary, to attend to those household duties which she will find herself unable to perform."

18. What one common trait should every woman develop in order to make herself more attractive?

"Naturalness. Every woman should strive 'to be herself'—making that self pleasant and charming, of course. Some women have more than ordinary beauty, others have more personality, and others have more common sense, but it is within the scope of every woman to make herself so natural that she will be admired for her honesty and sincerity."

19. Do you weigh only one hundred and ten pounds?

"I weigh slightly more than one hundred and twenty-five pounds, and I wish newspapers and magazines would understand that. Only yesterday I read that I weigh one hundred and eight pounds. At such a weight, I would be as thin as a fence rail."

20. And now, Miss Crawford, a question I dislike asking, but must in order to quiet the clamoring mob: Are you and Doug contemplating a divorce?

"Thank you for your thoughtfulness, and the answer is: No. I have heard that question so often, from so many people, from so many sources. Gossip, gossip, gossip—all untrue. Please believe me, the answer is: No!"

Looking Them Over

(Continued from page 31)

Looking back over the short span of their married life, their close friends recall that Lew and Lola had many sessions of stormy bickerings as to whether Lola should have "led the queen," or Lew should have given that "two demand-bid" short of five and a half quick tricks! But as quarreling over bridge hands is to be expected among married couples, their opponents usually set the scenes down as just one of those things to be forgotten after the game was over.

We are sure Lew and Lola couldn't have taken their bridge so seriously that it led to a definite parting. But probably those bridge squabbles didn't help out the other "incompatibilities" either.

FOR the present, at least, Dick Powell seems to have cut out all other escorts with the popular Mary Brian. Dick and Mary are constantly together, and, what's more, they say that Mary's mother thinks Dick is quite the nicest boy Mary has ever known. When a girl's mother begins to like a current boy-friend—well, that's serious.

THE other day, about ten or twelve newspaper men were gathered in one of the studio publicity departments, and the talk drifted around to the subject of actors—especially actors whom the press tribe considered regular (real human beings, to you).

Spencer Tracy should consider it a real compliment that he polled the greatest number of votes. Clark Gable, Fredric March and Richard Arlen were in a three-way-tie for second honors. Among those receiving honorable mention were: Lee Tracy, Edward G. Robinson and George Brent. The two Tracys—no relation to each other—certainly rate.

LADY Star (who makes many pictures . . . most of them bad . . . to another starlet who would like to work, but hasn't had an offer in some time): "My dear, why don't you make a picture?"

Starlet: "That's exactly what I said to myself when I saw your last one!"

Ladies . . . please!

She Compromise?

..NEVER!

Nor did she need to

• Among the three million users of Listerine Tooth Paste are thousands upon thousands of women of this type—well educated, well informed, critical of values, and with ample means to fulfill their wants. Such women would never compromise with quality for the mere sake of economy. Clearly, their rejection of older and costlier favorites for Listerine Tooth Paste was based, not upon the latter's price, but upon the brilliant and satisfying results it gave them.

If you have not tried this remarkable new dentifrice, made by the makers of Listerine, do so now. Buy a tube. Try it for a week or more and then note the improvement in your teeth.

See how clean they are—how clean they feel, both in front and in back.

Note the absence of repellent tartar and the unsightly stains of food and tobacco.

Observe the flash and brilliance that this tooth paste gives to teeth.

They are due to those swift-acting, fine-textured, cleansing and polishing agents that make Listerine Tooth Paste outstanding.

Look for the delightful feeling of freshness and invigoration that follows the use of this paste—the taste you associate with Listerine itself. And of course you know it makes your breath sweeter.

In case you're interested, the price of 25¢ saves you about \$3.00 a year over tooth pastes in the 50¢ class. Not a staggering sum, but a welcome one in these times. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.



**LISTERINE
TOOTH
PASTE**

25¢

.. it makes the breath sweeter



The makers of Listerine Tooth Paste
recommend

Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brushes

Explaining Ruby Keeler

(Continued from page 17)



**"I have
REDUCED MY HIPS
9 INCHES WITH THE
PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE"**

... writes Miss Jean Healy.

**"IT MASSES
like magic". . . writes Miss Kay Carroll.
"The fat seems to have melted away"**
... writes Mrs. McSorley.

● So many of our customers are delighted with the wonderful results obtained with this Perforated Rubber Reducing Girdle that we want you to try it for 10 days at our expense—

**REDUCE YOUR WAIST AND
HIPS 3 INCHES IN 10 DAYS OR
IT WILL COST YOU NOTHING!**

● Worn next to the body with perfect safety, the tiny perforations permit the skin to breathe as its gentle massage-like action reduces flabby, disfiguring fat with every movement!

● In TEN Short Days You Can Be Your Slimmer Self. . . without Dieting, Drugs or Exercise.

SEND FOR FREE 10 DAY TRIAL OFFER

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Dept. 1641 41 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

Without obligation send FREE Booklet, sample of rubber and details of 10-Day FREE Trial Offer!

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Address

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made a big mistake. I believe I'm a good tap-dancer, but I can't sing and I can't act, and I told him so. But he wanted to star me, anyhow."

Her voice I repeat, is small. In Hollywood—where everything is possible—they gave her a bigger voice by amplifying the sound when it came over the microphone. That's an amplified voice you hear in "42nd Street."

In the last several years, plenty of movie offers have come Ruby Keeler's way, but Al wasn't crazy about having the little woman go into pictures. He likes to have her around to go on fishing trips and play golf with him. Besides, Al says, "Depression? What do you mean—depression? There aren't any hard times for papa."

But Ruby wanted to go in pictures. She wanted to meet all the big picture stars. So Al said, "Okay." She didn't need the money, but it was a lot of fun meeting the celebrities. And when Una Merkel gave her an autographed picture on which she wrote, "I hope we work together in another picture," Ruby was thrilled and showed it to everybody. (And Ruby's the girl Broadway believes was once a tough mug's sweetheart.) Incidentally, when you ask her about the old Guinan days, she says, "All the girls who worked for Texas Guinan were awfully nice girls." So there you have it. Take it or leave it!

Well, she met Bebe Daniels, Ginger Rogers, Warner Baxter, George Brent and all the fine celebrities—and wasn't that fun! When she walks along the streets in Hollywood with Al, everybody stops and speaks and shakes hand and says "Hi, Al—Hi, Ruby." But when she walks on Hollywood Boulevard by herself, nobody recognizes her. Anyhow, that's her version of the story.

"They're all Al's friends," she says.

The Reverse of a Siren

RUBY dresses simply. She likes dresses of all one color—brown or dark blue. She doesn't wear much make-up, and in a dark tweed suit she looks like a little mouse. But, boy, oh boy, oh boy, she has grand-looking legs. You've got to go to her pictures to find that out, however—she's such a modest, shy little thing in real life. She is like a little girl about twelve years old who hasn't blossomed out. And that's strange, for usually those Irish girls are lush and full-blooded at sixteen!

Al tells her what to do. Yes sir, she's thoroughly domesticated. He takes her business calls for her and acts as much like a father as a husband. Over the telephone you'll hear Al saying, "Okay, she'll be there." And it's his decision, whether the request upon her time is worth fulfilling or not.

She has done a lot for Al, too. Because she is so demure and calm and quiet, the lusty, gusty Al Jolson seems a little less bounding and full of bustle when he's around her. They like to dance together at private parties (no night-clubs, remember). But most of all, they like to play golf.

Ruby began learning how to chase the pill over green pastures because Al liked to play and she didn't want to be separated from him. Then guess what happened! Ruby became really good. Once, she shot an eighty! Which Mr. Jones of Atlanta will tell you is mighty good golf for a girl golfer.

She's not embarrassed when she plays golf. She says she was awfully embarrassed when she starred in "Show Girl," and when she'd look out in the audience and see a couple of people with heads together, laugh-

ing—she'd be sure they were laughing at her. In "42nd Street" it wasn't so bad. There wasn't a big audience to watch her and she just did what she was told. She hasn't an ounce of self-confidence. All she is willing to admit that she does well is tap-dancing. And boy, can she pick those tootsies up, and put them down again! Are yuh listen-in', Bill Robinson?

In "42nd Street," she tells Dick Powell that in seeking a job as a chorus girl she was so "scared" that she walked around the block four times before she could get up enough courage to put in a bid. And the first day she went to work on the picture, she walked around the set about eight times before she could get up enough courage to face the cameras! That's Ruby.

She and Al have a house in California, and she likes to arrange furniture and things like that. She's a domesticated little dove. And that irrepresible Al Jolson gets domesticated when they're together. They call each other "darling" and "dear." And how they mean it!

Wed Al Before Applauding Him

RUBY is crazy about going to the movies, and Kay Francis is one of her favorites. Kay is so sleek and sophisticated—that's why Ruby likes her. But the funny thing is that she never saw Al Jolson in a movie or on the stage until after she married him. Then he gave her passes!

He gives her lots of other presents, too—coats and jewelry and things like that. Al loves buying things for her, but during the daytime she doesn't wear much jewelry—just her enormous diamond engagement ring and her wedding ring. That's her own personal taste.

Ruby is really crazy about her family. While she was in New York on a recent trip, her father was ill. Important people—whom she should have seen—were kept waiting while Ruby made visits to the hospital. And two of her sisters worked as "extras" in "42nd Street." Ruby was born—in case you're interested—in Halifax, Nova Scotia, but the family moved to New York when she was three.

It was while she was still in school that she discovered she could dance. Ruby used to take the dull "drill exercises" and turn them into regular chorus routines (you know, the one, two, three, four, five, six, seven-step). So her parents took her out of public school and enrolled her in the Professional Children's School. Plenty of famous folks have gone there. In Ruby's class were Lillian Roth, Gene Raymond, Marguerite Churchill and William Janney.

Ruby is the sort of person who just doesn't have idiosyncrasies. She likes to fish, play golf, swim, watch prize-fights, six-day bike races and ice hockey. She does these things partly because she likes them and partly because Al likes them. But bridge as you and I, and even Mr. Culbertson, play it, leaves her cold. Rummy she can manage, and also "Find the Murderer," that rousing indoor game. She has outgrown "postoffice." Checkers and ping pong are out.

Reading is not one of Ruby's pet diversions, although she is a sucker for a mystery story. And she swears she's not extravagant about money. Why should she be, anyhow, when Al gives her such marvelous presents?

"I want to make a success," she says. "But I know I'll never be a great emotional actress. I never could be."

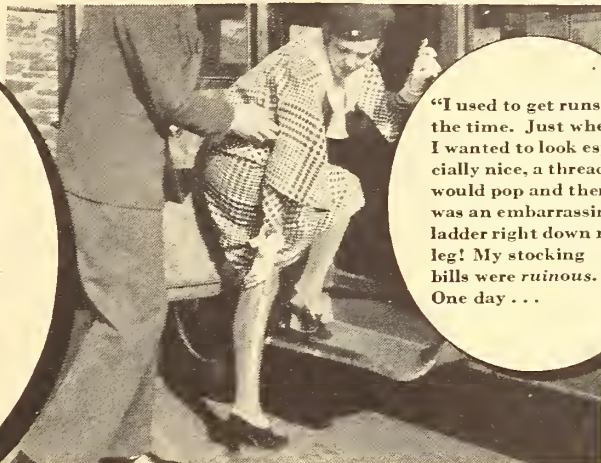
And what are you going to do with a girl like that?

All I can say is that, if it's an act, it's a darn good one!

"34 Days without a Run"



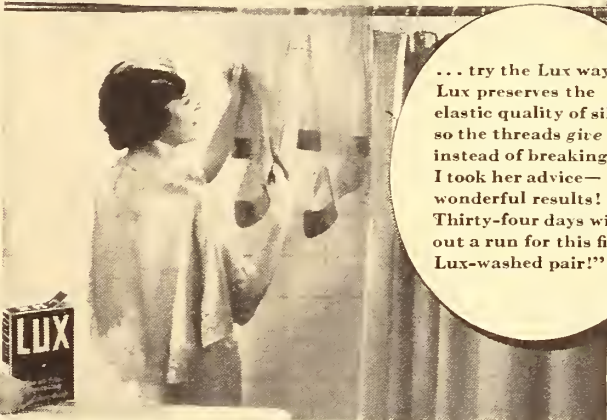
"This pair of stockings was worn 34 days without a run! They still look like new! That's a record—especially for me, because I'm terribly hard on stockings. This is how I learned the secret of preventing constant runs . . ."



"I used to get runs all the time. Just when I wanted to look especially nice, a thread would pop and there was an embarrassing ladder right down my leg! My stocking bills were ruinous. One day . . ."



. . . a friend said: 'Madeleine, most of those runs are your own fault! I've noticed you rub your stockings with cake soap. You destroy the elasticity of the silk, so the threads break easily. Why don't you . . .'



. . . try the Lux way? Lux preserves the elastic quality of silk so the threads give instead of breaking.* I took her advice—wonderful results! Thirty-four days without a run for this first Lux-washed pair!"

* Madeleine Ingalls, above, tells the story of her discovery about stocking wear.

IT TAKES ONLY 2 MINUTES to Lux your stockings each night! You'll find that it more than *doubles* their wear. Keeps them so elastic they fit better, too. And Lux protects the color as well. Many girls say it's the best stocking economy known!

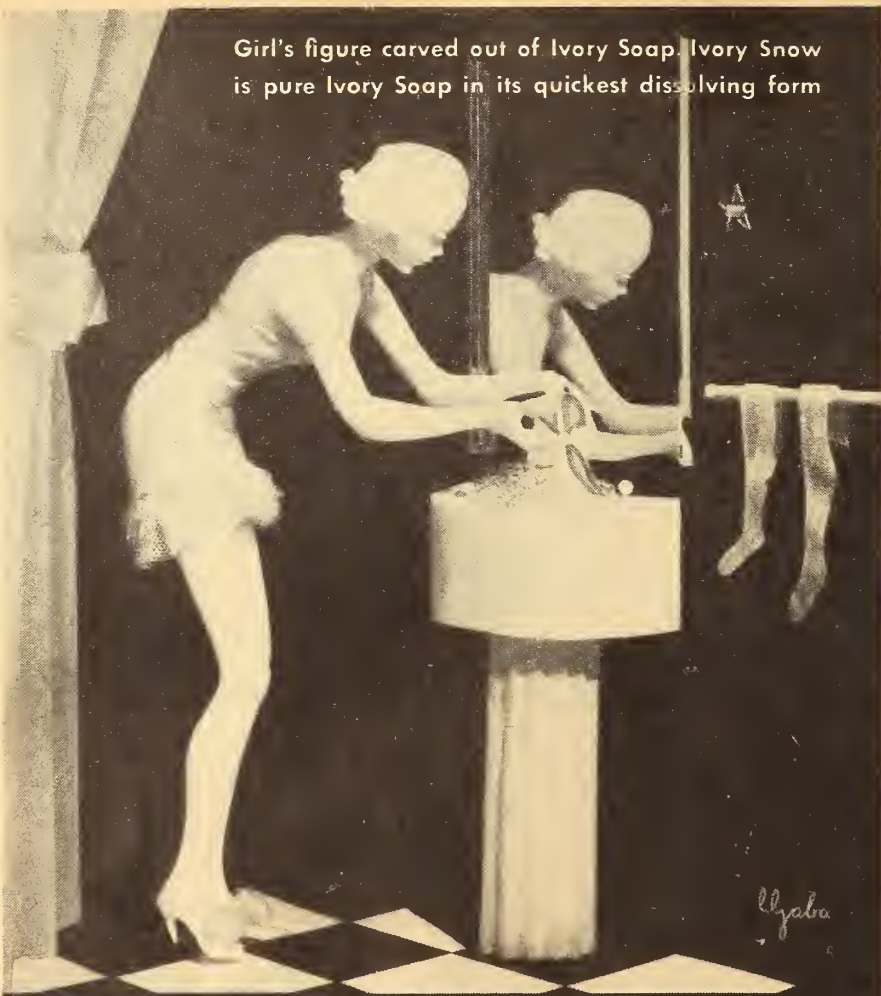


"All these 445 items washed with one box of Lux," says Mrs. Robert Hughes:

- | | |
|---------------------------|--------------------------|
| 36 pairs silk stockings | 173 children's undies |
| 38 pairs children's socks | 60 towels and washcloths |
| 38 pieces silk lingerie | 20 children's sheets |
| 40 children's dresses | 40 diapers |

LUX saves stocking elasticity

Girl's figure carved out of Ivory Soap. Ivory Snow is pure Ivory Soap in its quickest dissolving form



Has America Declared War on All Foreign Players?

(Continued from page 33)

affect the foreign colony in Hollywood.

"The Dickstein Bill," says Mr. Garsson, with conviction, "will be a blessing to those American men and women who are making their livelihood by working on the stage or in pictures. This bill will prohibit the bringing of foreign players, directors, writers or technicians, *unless they are of proven worth and have genius in their line.* Similar legislation against American players is already in force in most other countries.

"No actor, actress, director, writer or technician will be permitted to come to America to seek work. There will be no more actresses spending a year and a half here to learn the language before they can make a picture. Film companies will not be permitted to bring in any of these people without a special permit, and then they will not be allowed to stay on indefinitely. This rule will apply to such players as Marlene Dietrich, Chevalier, George Arliss and Garbo, the same as to any others.

"If a studio wishes to import a player from a foreign country for a picture, the officials of that company will have to present a sworn affidavit to the Immigration Department, stating that they cannot find any player in America who is capable of playing that part. Or if it is a writer, that there is no writer in America who is able to write said story. And then a permit will be granted only for the duration of time needed for making the picture or for writing or directing the story. Then the player, writer or director will have to go back home. He will not be permitted to stay here and shop around for another job, as has been the case in the past. And if a picture company cannot prove that there is no one in American ranks who could do the job, that company will find itself in a lot of trouble with the government.

Putting It Up to Studios

"WE will not attempt, ourselves, to say who is a genius. We will not have an underpaid clerk pass judgment on anyone who claims to be a genius. We will not meet the boats and test foreign actors for genius. We will take the word of the picture company—but the company had better be sure it is telling the truth about it.

"With the passage of the Dickstein Bill, the American actor will be assured of an opportunity to make a living. And this assurance is surely needed. You would be amazed if you could hear the stories of some of these American players. Why, only yesterday an American actor who is known wherever pictures have been shown—a man who was a featured player—sat across my desk and told me his story. He has worked but seven days in the past two years—because foreign players of his type, who have come here and made their homes, have taken the work and parts he used to do. And he did them well. He pulled ninety cents out of his pocket and said: 'Mr. Garsson, this is all the money I have in the world. And I borrowed this to come down here to see you and tell you how badly we need the work the foreign actors are taking!'

"That," declared Mr. Garsson, "is a condition we must remedy. We do not object to the bringing of a player like Chevalier here to do a part no one else can do. We love George Arliss, who is in a class by himself and takes no work away from anyone; and we have room for a Ronald Colman or a Clive Brook. But we do object to hordes of players coming here and settling, many of them illegally and, while claiming

Keeps silk stockings spruce and sprightly

If you want your silk stockings to do their best for you, use Ivory Snow suds. Ivory Snow is the speedy dissolving form of Ivory Soap. Silk stockings couldn't ask a nicer bath than Ivory—the pure soap doctors advise for bathing little babies!

Dissolves completely without hot water. Ivory Snow is made in

the most modern way—not cut into sharp, flat flakes, but BLOWN. Its soft *round* bits turn to suds at the touch of *lukewarm* water. Not a flat particle anywhere to flatten onto stocking mesh in an undissolved soap spot!

Ideal for all silks and woolens. Washing tests made by manufacturers of silks and woolens have convinced them of the safety of Ivory Snow. "A perfect soap for silks" say Mallinson, Cheney Brothers, and Truhu, and "ideal for woolens" agree the weavers of fine Biltmore Handwoven Homespuns, the makers of downy Mariposa Blankets, and the Botany Worsted Mills. There's this happy point to remember, too—the BIG box of Ivory Snow costs only 15c!

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99 ⁴⁴/₁₀₀ % PURE

allegiance to another flag, taking the work that is so badly needed by our own players.

"With the passage of the Dickstein Bill there won't be such a thing as a lot of 'extras' over here who are foreigners. That is where the Dickstein Bill will be of benefit. Those people will not be allowed here. There are thousands of 'extras' of our own who can do all the 'extra' work we need done. Why not let them have the work and get money enough to eat on?"

They Must Behave to Remain

AND then Mr. Garsson pointed out something else—the matter of behavior. He said that even if a player has a legal permit to be here, he or she must behave or that permit will be revoked. He declared that while misbehavior has not been of more than average prevalence, there has been a certain number of offenses. Complaints of alleged offenses all have to be investigated, putting the Immigration Department to considerable trouble and expense.

Mr. Garsson also revealed that there are several supposed "foreign aristocrats" in the film business who are proving to be native Americans, posing as foreigners in the hope that they will get a better chance in pictures. "There are not many of them," he explained, "but there are a considerable number. They are coming to light now." On the other hand, there are several members of the film colony, born abroad, who are now naturalized American citizens like Norma Shearer, Edward G. Robinson, Victor McLaglen, Fifi Dorsay and producer Mack Sennett.

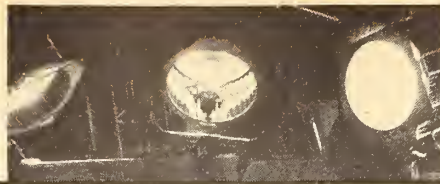
Another condition that has existed in Hollywood for some time will take the count when the Dickstein Bill is passed and the new order of things is in effect. This is the little matter of renewing permits simply by spending a pleasant week-end in nearby Mexico.

No More Easy Re-Entries

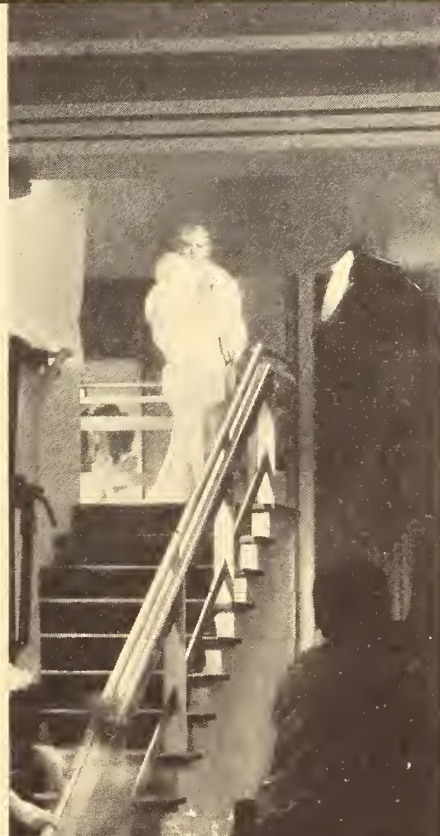
FOR a long time it has been the custom among foreign players to go to Agua Caliente, famous racing and gambling resort of Mexico, just as their six-months permits expired. After a pleasant little holiday in Mexico, the players would re-enter the United States under the immigration quotas allowed from their respective countries and would be all set for another six months. This has "burned up" a number of American players who do not get enough work to afford trips to Caliente, but it will be ended with the new law. "We are curbing it right now," said Mr. Garsson. "It would have been curbed sooner, had we been told about it."

And so, that is the situation in the Hollywood foreign circle at this writing. No one except Mr. Garsson and his assistants knows just who will depart; but it is certain that there will be a general egress of foreign players—some of them prominent—very shortly. Of course, many of them will no doubt be going "just for a visit to the old home," but the Immigration Department knows what prompts the visit—which, in many cases, will be permanent. And in the very near future, it will be American players playing the rôles in American pictures.

It will take more than a good-looking pair of legs to swing a permit for a foreign picture actress to get by the authorities at New York harbor; it will take acting ability so unusual that no one else in America can take the part she is scheduled to play. And those close to the picture business say that it will help the picture companies, for it will stop them from bringing possible future stars from abroad and futilely trying to make box-office hits of them. Studios won't waste time and money, searching for "discoveries"; they will get the best talent at the start.



The LIGHT that enhances the beauty of the star




LOOK FOR
THIS MARK



● Light sets the stage in Hollywood. Cleverly it plays on the star and brings out all her beauty. Nowhere in the world is light more important than in the motion picture studio.

That is why General Electric MAZDA lamps are favorites in Hollywood. The lighting experts of the studios know that General Electric MAZDA lamps give as good and as economical light as scientific research can devise.

You can have the same good, economical light in your home . . . if you choose the lamps that Hollywood uses. Look for the mark  on every lamp you buy. Then you will be sure to get good light at low cost.

Ruth Chatterton
in Paramount's
"Once a Lady"

GENERAL  ELECTRIC
MAZDA LAMPS

Want a brand new thrill?

wear

SEVENTEEN!



LIFE just can't be dull—unexciting—for those who wear the fragrance of Seventeen!

It lifts you up—it carries you away—across years and years—to that gayer, thrilling world we all lived in at seventeen!

Give this pleasure to yourself and those around you! Wear Seventeen—respond to its subtle invitation to be young—glamorous—and care-free!

Wear Seventeen's fragrance in Perfume... Toilet Water... Sachet and a complete Ensemble of Scented Toiletries.

MAISON JEURELLE

247 Park Avenue, New York

Makers of

Seventeen

Must Clara Bow Choose Between Marriage and Career?

(Continued from page 43)

about a saucy hat that dipped over her right eye; her dress matched it in color of tawny red, and a voluminous mink coat enveloped her roundish, though slender, figure.

Except for a fuller contour of face and for eyes that are somewhat moody, Clara is much the same girl of a year or so ago. That is, physically. Mentally, she has developed poise, a quality that belies the description given her a few years back by a newspaper woman who described her as a "madcap trying to be a lady."

Clara may have been a grand little "madcap" in her day—she certainly was the reporters' delight, and her escapades made many an eight-column banner line in the newspapers. But to-day that rough-and-ready quality is sublimated. The experience of lawsuits, with their attendant notoriety, and a constant barrage of sensational headlines—all this, coupled with a nervous breakdown, have transformed her vigorous, devil-may-care quality of yesterday into a vitality that at least recognizes some restraint. Instead of kicking off the lid and letting the chips fall where they will, Clara now heeds the philosophic warning of "Look before you leap."

What Marriage Means to Her

"MARRIAGE has done worlds for me," she continued, with characteristic spirit and staccato rapidity in delivery of speech, which she alone seems to possess of all the Hollywood feminine stars. She is a veritable Floyd Gibbons in rapid-fire talking. I have never known Clara to grope helplessly for the right word. If she doesn't find it instantly, she simply makes a fluttering gesture with her hands and her meaning is unmistakable.

"Marriage means the fulfillment of everything for me, as it must for every woman. I hope sometime to have a child, too, and then my destiny as a woman will be complete. This sounds like the bunk, I know. But I mean it. Else I wouldn't say it.

"Now, as to Rex. He treats me differently from any man I have ever known. Maybe that's his fascination. I've known many fellows—grand ones—but every one of them spoiled me, let me have my own way. I was always willful. They acceded to my headstrong disposition. Rex doesn't seem to recognize it. Or if he does, he is smart about it, because he doesn't give in to me. He tells me what he thinks is the best thing for me to do, and then, without being arbitrary, he makes it plain that I can 'take it or leave it,' so far as he is concerned. That attitude is good for me, I guess.

"But honestly, I could never tell you what a real friend he has been to me. All through those terrible lawsuits—oh, boy, they were awful, and they just about did me up!—Rex stood right by me. Oh, I always had lots of friends, men friends, who lent me their moral support and all that when I needed it. But Rex was just like a big brother to me. He was always on hand when I needed him. And he's like that to-day.

Rex Responsible for Comeback

"HE helped me regain my health by taking me up on his big ranch near Searchlight, Nevada. And it was Rex who always urged me to stage a comeback in pictures. He would always say to me, 'Honey, go ahead and show them what you can do. Settle the slurs of some of those

smart prophets who say you can't make a comeback even if you want to. Go on and make just one picture to satisfy yourself. Show all of your old fans, and the crepe-hangers, too, that you've got the stuff in you as a dramatic actress that they've never known about. And then, quit the fool business for life, if you feel like it. But at least show what you're made of!"

"It was Rex's marvelous confidence in me that made me believe in myself again. When I asked Paramount over a year ago to terminate my contract, I swore I would never go back into the game. I hated everything about the business. I despised the notoriety I seemed to attract. I was sick of it all and completely fed up. And then another reaction set in. I started to lose confidence in myself. I thought I was licked. I have plenty of money to take care of myself comfortably for the rest of my life. I kept thinking of that, but it wasn't enough to console me—for the reason that I was losing spirit. Rex is the one person who kept encouraging me then, constantly telling me how good I was. Well, he's swell and I think everything of him. *More than any career. Because he's real—and careers aren't!*"

Until Clara married Rex Bell, nobody had ever heard much about him. There were many wagging tongues in Hollywood that accused him of having deliberately cashed in on some grand publicity by forcing his hand with the famous "bonfire" at the very height of her career when she was making millions for the producers and several thousand dollars a week for herself.

Clara His "First and Only"

BELL at that time had actually accomplished little in the films to distinguish himself, other than having doubled for Buck Jones and having had a contract with Fox to make Westerns. He probably wasn't making over a hundred dollars a week in those days. His present contract with Trem Carr Productions for ten pictures, the option on which will doubtless be taken up, because of Bell's appeal in small towns, probably brings him a salary in the neighborhood of five hundred dollars a week.

Despite any innuendoes of the wagging tongues, the salient fact remains that Rex Bell was probably the exact man to come into Clara's life at the crucial moment when her career was in jeopardy because of the notoriety to which it was being subjected. And the fact remains that in the hour when she needed a real friend most, along *did* come Rex Bell—a clean-cut chap, substantial, protecting—the knight in armor, ready to defend the fair lady in distress. He helped her fight her battles.

"Any man who loves a girl enough to marry her will naturally fight for her. Otherwise, he's a sap. I love Clara—she's the first girl I really loved, and there never will be another, no matter what happens. Naturally, I am going to fight to preserve our marriage. But if anyone thinks that Clara's return success on the screen is going to be any cause for splitting up our marriage, they're underestimating Clara's good common sense. If she ever ceases to love me—well, that's something else. That would be a good, sound reason."

May Give Up Career for Her

THUS spoke Rex Bell to me one day on a cold, damp set where he was making the final scenes of "Crashin' Broadway,"

preparatory to his rushing on to New York to meet Clara. He is twenty-six years old, the same age as Clara, and in many ways as much of a kid as she is. He was "throwing" a farewell party to the company that night on the set where they had been working and had engaged a large bus to carry the entire crowd down to the station with him to see him off! Typical kid stuff—and very appealing.

"As for Clara's making a wonderful new success as the result of her comeback, no one wishes it more than myself. If I find, however, that her career and my own are going to separate too much, then I will take some action to correct that condition. And by that I mean that if, for instance, she should again achieve the great popularity that she had a few years ago, and my own career isn't setting the world on fire, I will change my line of work for something that will keep me closer to her.

"No, there's nothing sacrificial about that at all. It's just good common sense. For instance, I told Clara the other day that I might as well devote my time to her completely in the combined jobs of business manager, chauffeur, personal maid, secretary, and even masseuse, and collect a good salary for all this work, rather than try to work all day at the studio in my career and handle her many affairs in addition! It's almost getting to be too big an undertaking to do my own work and manage her career, also.

"Clara and I have lots of fun together. We're very companionable. But, of course, it is very hard for me to try to follow her whims and make pictures at the same time. She loves night-clubs and parties. Well, so do I. But I can't do justice to my work and health by trying to play around half the night at some club and report for work three or four hours later. It can't be done. That's O. K. once in a while, but not as a steady diet. Not that I mean Clara wants to go out every night. But she likes fun, just the same.

Both of Them Are Independent

"I SUPPOSE the success of our marriage so far has been due to the fact that I never object to her doing what she really wants to do. I am not jealous of her for the reason that I believe she could have married one of a dozen fellows who were crazy about her. She preferred me. I got the break and I think I am lucky. Maybe I do show an independent attitude toward her once in a while by not doing what she wants me to do, but that is because I feel it is the better thing for both of us. She has a mind of her own, though, and once she decides to do a thing she goes through with it. In such cases, I present my point of view, and if she still wants her way—well, I let her take it. It saves time and argument.

"She may think I don't baby her, but that's all wrong and I found it out to my own surprise just recently. After having put in a long day at the studio, I found myself running all kinds of personal errands for her, and in response to her request that I massage her arm because it pained, I soon discovered that I was performing the duties of personal maid and masseuse. It was then I asked her what the dickens I really was—an actor or a servant-in-waiting! And she answered, 'Both. And, in addition, a loving husband.' After that, what's a man to do—especially when she's so darned sweet about it?"

If I were a prophet, I should hate to predict any dire results to the marriage of Clara and Rex, because it's all so very romantic now and their sky seems serenely blue. Supposing there is a dark cloud moving in from the West? Threatening clouds sometimes pass right by.



Film GOT IT!

*and a million dollars
couldn't put it back!*

Caution: To save lovely teeth—fight film

FILM . . . what is it? A soft, sticky mass that stains teeth an ugly yellow. Food particles cling to it. The mineral salts in saliva combine with film and form hard, irritating tartar that makes gums bleed.

Film's greatest damage is done through tooth decay. In film are tiny, rod-shaped germs . . . *Lactobacilli*. These germs produce strong acid. This acid eats away the tooth enamel just as other acids eat into cloth or wood. Deeper and deeper goes the acid until the nerve is reached . . . the root canal infected . . . and unless repaired, results may well prove tragic.

"What can I do to fight decay?"

To fight film use Pepsodent *instead* of ordinary tooth pastes. Why? Because Pepsodent contains a special film-removing substance that is one of the great discoveries of the day. Its power to remove every trace of film-stain is revolutionary! Its notable distinction of being twice as soft as other materials in common use has gained wide recognition.

And so, when tempted to try cheap and ineffective tooth pastes, remember the one safe way to fight film is to use the special film-removing tooth paste—Pepsodent. Use Pepsodent twice a day and see your dentist at least twice every year.

See how rapidly film forms on teeth



These teeth were absolutely free of film at 8 a. m. **At noon**—the film detector* shows still heavier deposits of film. Two-thirds of the tooth's surface is covered.

At 8 p. m.—the film detector* shows still heavier deposits of film. Two-thirds of the tooth's surface is covered.

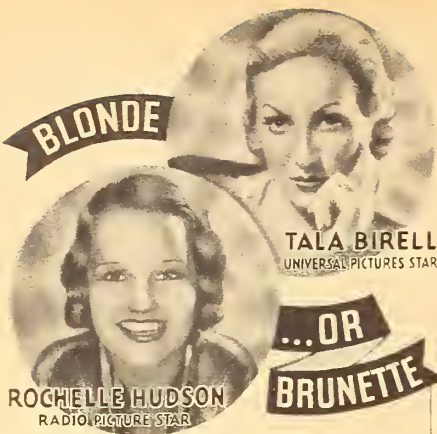
At 10 p. m.—these same teeth were brushed with Pepsodent. Note how thoroughly film has been removed.

* A harmless fluid, used by dentists, which stains film so that the naked eye can see it.

Pepsodent— is the special film-removing tooth paste

"America or France? — Fifty-Fifty for Me!" Says Chevalier

(Continued from page 51)



Beauty Secrets
are "secret" no longer!

EVERY clever woman now knows what the stars of the stage and screen have known for years . . . that a beautifully-kept hairdress is the most important aid to perfect feminine beauty! That is why HOLD-BOBS are the inevitable rule in boudoirs and dressing rooms of well-groomed women. These famous bob pins are not only convenient, but they keep a perfect hairdress perfect!

HOLD-BOBS have small, round heads that do not show in the hair, and smooth, round points that cannot scratch the scalp. The flexible legs are tapered, one side is crimped to hold the hair securely in place. HOLD-BOBS are available in colors to match every type of hair. Use HOLD-BOBS always . . . either the straight style or the curved shape style to attain a flawless hairdress and to keep it that way! Send for FREE Sample!

MAIL COUPON FOR
FREE SUPPLY



Write today for sample card of HOLD-BOBS (specify color) and new booklet, "The Quest for Beauty" . . . FREE . . . send coupon.

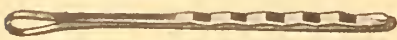
Gold and Silver Metal Foil cards identify HOLD-BOBS everywhere . . . made in all sizes to meet every requirement. Also sold under these brand names: BOB-ETTES, CLIP-PER-ETTES and LOX-THE-LOCKS.

Made Only by

THE HUMP HAIRPIN MFG. COMPANY
(Division of Chain Store Products Corporation)
Sol H. Goldberg, President
1918-36 Prairie Avenue, Dept. C-4, Chicago, Ill.

The Hump Hairpin Mfg. Co. of Canada, Ltd.
St. Hyacinthe, P. O., Canada

Straight Style HOLD-BOB



SMALL, INVISIBLE HEADS



Curved Shape Style

Copyright 1933 by The Hump Hairpin Mfg. Co.

The Hump Hairpin Mfg. Co.
Dept. C-4, Chicago, Ill.

Please send me free sample card of HOLD-BOBS and the new booklet "The Quest for Beauty."

Name.....

Address.....

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

Blonde Gray Brunette Gold

cern himself about matters political, but after one or two passes at it, he gave it up. There is not, he says, so much talk about depression and politics in Paris as there is elsewhere in the world.

Has No Cure-All for Depression

"I DO feel," Chevalier said, "that things must be very bad to-day. They are more grave. I *feel* rather than *think*, than they have ever been before at any time, even after the World War. Heretofore, I feel, such conditions have been peculiar to one or more countries. Now, to-day, it is a universal matter and that is very bad. But I do not know where we are going or what is the remedy, if any. I only know that I am not the man and have not the brain to find a solution to such a problem. I do not know who can find it. I do know that I could not."

Which, perhaps, is just as it should be. Chevalier is a great entertainer. His mission is to lift the heart with his lilting *Smiling Lieutenants*, to dispel gloom with his deliciously naughty, but-oh-so-nice gaiety, to make a world of depression and threat and fear temporarily a world where tailors make love to Princesses and the effervescence of champagne and moonlit love-making are the only burdens on a blessedly giddy planet. *Vive* Chevalier, I say, if he can keep on doing just what he has been doing!

"In Paris, however," Chevalier was saying, "things go on much as ever, at least on the surface. If the shows are good, the people go to them. The only difference is, perhaps, that they do not spend their money so freely to try shows that have not been tested, that may be second-rate. The cafés and the night-clubs are still attended with only a very slight falling off in regular attendance."

"I wish I could tell you more of what I think about the French debt and technocracy and such matters. I am not shirking the questions—I do not know about them."

Not in America for Money

WHATEVER Chevalier may be lacking in political information is one thing. He is certainly not lacking in a very firm grasp upon his own part in the Franco-American situation. There has been talk, you know, to the effect that France is indignant with her debonair son for confining his efforts, his money, his place of residence and his prestige so much to America. America, on the other hand, shows signs of ruffling her mighty feathers and evincing a slight distaste for foreign actors and actresses who are over here filling places that might otherwise be filled by American-born players. Whether anything will ever be done about it or not it is hard to prophesy.

When I asked him about his status, in France and over here, Chevalier said, "When I first came to America, I did not come for the dollars, as some people said and thought. I would not refuse the dollars—why should I?—but they were not my reason for coming over here. I was already a big star in Paris. I had enough money to satisfy my simple and normal requirements. I did not then and I do not now want twenty servants and two Rolls-Royces. I would not know what to do with them. I had enough fame over there, too, to satisfy what you call the ego."

"No, I came to America because I thought it would be good for a Frenchman to start on the ladder to *international fame*, to international success. It seemed to me that it might be a very good thing for me to

do, politically as well as personally. There, again, it was a matter of feeling with me, rather than of thinking. I felt that it would be the good thing for a Frenchman to be a success here and, so, everywhere.

How France Took His Success

"**T**HAT first year I had a great success. When I went home in the Spring, I was received in Paris as a king returning. I have never seen before such an enormous reception. They seemed to be so happy for me and about me.

"Then, I came back to America again. Naturally, they had options on me and naturally they would take up those options when I had been a success. That next time when I went home, after making 'The Love Parade,' the reception was even bigger than before. This time, my success was not just a chance thing; it had become definite. And then, that year, in some funny little papers over there, things began to be said.

"Some wrote that what did I think I was—Napoleon or some conquering hero? Or Lafayette? They pointed out that I was a very good entertainer, but no Napoleon. I could read that there was jealousy there, and some bad feeling. And so I just went into my shell, and did not go out any more and when it was time, I slipped quietly out of Paris and came back to Hollywood.

"This last time I have been home, just now, things were about the same. The theatre was full when I played and I came to understand that whatever feeling there might be, the public did not share it. I have often looked for a sour expression on this face or that in the audiences. I have watched for some display of feeling that would not be kind to me. I have never seen it.

"I know, of course, why they feel that way over there. They feel that a man should give his time and live a good part of his life in the country that gave him birth, that loved him, that gave him his first recognition.

His Plan for the Future

"**S**O, now, I have made my plan: This year is the last year of my present contract. I have two more pictures to make and then this contract is finished. After that, *I shall spend six months here in America and six months in France.*

"Over here, I shall hope to make two pictures with Lubitsch or Mamoulian or Norman Taurog, and in Paris I shall hope to make two with René Clair, who is the best director we have there. I think that is very neat—no one can be offended. I shall be perfectly fair and just, and that is the way I want it.

"I could not stay all the time in France. Over here, they have been very kind to me, too. I have things I want to do. I hope to change the type of work I am doing from time to time, to improve, to give better than I have given before. And I could not stay all the time here, because it *is* right that I should be half of the time in my own country. I think that will satisfy everyone, including me."

"Do you think," I said, dropping foreign relations for domestic with a swift, Lubitschian shift, "do you think that you will ever marry again?"

"I would not dare," Chevalier answered, without even a twinkle in his incredibly blue eyes. "I am not in love. I have no marriage plans. I am satisfied now that I am free and at peace."

"And Madame Chevalier?" I asked, "What is she planning to do?"

"She may return to the stage," her ex-husband said. "I hope she will, and I wish her every success. She is a dancer, as you know. She danced with me; that is the way we met. And she can sing. And she is young. She should find success very easily."

Why Marriage Is Not for Him

"BUT marriage—marriage is not for me. There are too many things against it. When a man who is working in the studio comes home at night, he is tired, he is irritable, he is nervous. He does not want to talk. He does not want to go out, or even to be talked to. His wife, who has been at home all day, doing nothing, is not tired. She wants to talk. She wants to go out. She wants to be talked to. Then the trouble begins. . . ."

"Then, there is jealousy. You would have to be more than human beings to rise above all these things. Jealousy cannot very well be avoided in our profession. And the American columnists do not help this very much. Some one of us is always being seen talking to this lady or that one, or lurching or walking about. Then the columnists write things. Sometimes they hit the nail on the head; sometimes they write things that do not hit the nail on the head. Which-ever way it is makes no difference at home—whether it is true or false, it causes the same trouble."

"I believe in destiny, you know. I am what you call a man of destiny. I do not believe that we can do very much about what is or is not to be for us. I have never planned or worked for anything in all my life. I did not work to get on the stage. I just got there. I did not scheme and work to get into movies. I was invited to come here. I never have worked or made issues about my contracts or my stories or any of the details of my work. I never plan about anything. I know that if a thing is to be, it will be."

May Face Lonely Future

"THERE is, sometimes, I think, a *choice*. With me, for instance, I should like to have beautiful babies. I do not have them. I have to choose the other way of life. There are poor men who are struggling along day after day, barely alive, and they can have beautiful babies, sons and daughters for their old age. There is, on the other side, a man like myself whose conditions of money are all right and I cannot have those babies."

"I know that I may be lonely after I am fifty or more. I have to leave that, too, to the blind destiny I believe in. I must choose between living all my life in disharmony with my wife and having those babies, or living peacefully alone by myself and having no sons."

"I do what seems to be there to do at the moment. I do not worry about the tomorrows."

"It is my feeling that I am driving a car. I do what I can, I know, to drive sanely, safely, within the rules and regulations of traffic. I may reach my various destinations safely and in good shape or—I may have an accident. I can only handle this wheel we may call life as competently as I know how—I cannot drive and also look with my eyes to see what is around the corner."

In real life, he does not have babies; but in "A Bedtime Story," his new picture, he has one. And his "heir," moreover, has a provocative lower lip like his own—and a big smile. In case you're interested, it took a search of one thousand babies to find one to match him. But where could you ever find another adult Chevalier? That's what America and France both want to know. But neither will have to start looking, for both are going to have him!

YOU LOSE WEIGHT FASTER by Eating Sugar

says SYLVIA

*World's Foremost Authority on
the Care of the Feminine Figure*



If you are anxious to get rid of hips and spare chins faster, *don't* say good-bye to sugar! That's my advice to stars of the screen, footlights and the Social Register. And it's part of the reducing advice I'm paid \$100 a half hour for.

In a moment I'll tell you *why* sugar helps you reduce faster. But first let me give you my basic rules for acquiring *and keeping*—a slender figure:

FIRST: Get enough exercise. Walk at least a couple of miles a day outdoors.

SECOND: Avoid fat, rich foods, gravies and sauces. And **NO** liquor!

THIRD: Don't starve yourself on sugar. The right sweet at the right time helps you reduce faster.

Why Sugar SPEEDS UP Reducing

Here's the very latest dietetic finding, and my own experience proves that it is correct. Body fats are fuel. Sugar provides the flame that most quickly and safely melts away body fats.

That's why sugar *helps* you reduce—and why I always prescribe Life Savers for my clients. These delicious candies give quickly assimilated sugar energy—without fat-producing bulk. Life Savers dissolve slowly on the tongue, satisfying your natural craving for sweets. Enjoy them often—and help along your reducing!

You are certain to find a Life Savers flavor you will relish, because there are fourteen kinds. My pet is the new Cryst-O-mint, but yours may be something else.

Come On, Sister . . . Let's Go!

Prove to me that you are in earnest about reducing and I'll make you a gift of a booklet that contains reducing information I get hundreds of dollars for. Show me that you have *started* my program and this book comes to you—free. Prove it by sending me the wrappers from two Life Savers packages, together with the coupon below.

Mme Sylvia



BETTE DAVIS, *Beautiful Warner Bros. featured player, now appearing in "20,000 Years in Sing Sing."*



IF YOU REALLY MEAN BUSINESS SEND THIS COUPON; IF YOU DON'T, *Don't!*

MADAME SYLVIA, c/o Life Savers, Inc.
Dept. MC-4-33, Port Chester, N. Y.

Certainly I mean business. Here's proof. Attached are wrappers from two packages of Life Savers. Please mail me your booklet of diet and exercise instructions. (If you live outside the U. S. A. and possessions, or Canada, include 10¢ to cover mailing.) This offer expires December 31, 1933.

Name _____ Address _____

City _____ State _____

All candy products having the distinctive shape of Life Savers are manufactured by Life Savers, Inc.



Posed by professional models

New discovery! Fills out skinny figures quicker than BEER

Astonishing gains in a few weeks with sensational new double tonic. Imported beer yeast, richest yeast known, now concentrated seven times and combined with energizing iron. Adds 5 to 15 lbs.—quick!



WHAT would you yourself give to put on pounds of firm, attractive flesh in a few short weeks? Thousands have already done it—inexpensively—with this new discovery.

As you know, doctors for years prescribed beer to build up skinny, rundown men and women. But now this new discovery gives you even better results—puts on firmer, healthier flesh than beer—and in a much shorter time. And brings other benefits, too. Blemished skin changes to a fresh, glowing, radiantly clear complexion. Constipation, poor appetite, lack of pep and energy vanish. Life becomes a thrilling adventure.

Concentrated 7 times

This amazing new product, Ironized Yeast, is in pleasant tablet form. It is made from specially cultured, imported beer yeast—the richest yeast ever known—which through a new process has been concentrated 7 times—made 7 times more powerful.

But that is not all! This marvelous, health-building yeast concentrate is then *ironized*—scientifically combined with three special kinds of iron which strengthen and enrich the blood—add abounding new energy and pep.

Day after day, as you take Ironized Yeast, you'll

see ugly angles fill out, hollow chest develop, arms and legs round out pleasingly. Complexion becomes lovely, indigestion disappears—new vitality comes.

Danger in skinny body

Authorities warn that skinny, anemic, nervous people are far more liable to serious infections and fatal wasting diseases. So begin at once to get back the rich blood and healthy flesh you need. *Do it before it is too late.*

Results guaranteed

No matter how skinny and weak you may be, this marvelous new Ironized Yeast is guaranteed to build you up in a few short weeks as it has thousands of others. If not delighted with the results of the very first package, your money instantly refunded.

Only be sure you get *genuine* Ironized Yeast and not some imitation that cannot give the same results. Insist on the *genuine*, with "IY" stamped on each tablet.

Special FREE offer!

To start you building up your health *right away*, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body", by a well-known authority Remember, results are guaranteed with the very first package—or money refunded. At all druggists, Ironized Yeast Co., Dept 201 Atlanta, Ga.

8 Lbs. in 3 Weeks

"In one week I gained 4 lbs., in 3 weeks 8 lbs. with Ironized Yeast. Tired feeling and constipation are gone, too." Roy H. Tinney, Oklahoma City, Okla.

11 Lbs. in 3 Weeks

After taking Ironized Yeast for 3 weeks I gained 11 lbs. and new pep." Mrs. H. J. Frereich, National City, Calif.

15 Lbs. in Month

"I gained 15 lbs. in a month with Ironized Yeast." Louise Adams, Friars Point, Miss.

Legs! Do They Have to Show Them?

(Continued from page 25)

the press-agents pause. If the newcomer still is not awed by the imposing precedent of all these stars who first got ahead by posing for leg art, the publicity men have one more trump card to play. You're right. None other than Garbo.

The great Garbo was once a screen beginner, too, they say. And she took leg art. Although examples are now collectors' pieces, there are a few in existence showing Greta in a track suit engaged in various exercises, Greta cavorting in a bathing suit on the sands of the seashore, and Greta modeling early 1926 lingerie.

At this tremendous revelation, there remains no possible protest. The newcomer meekly poses as desired. Precedent, in the persuasive hands of a glib press-agent, is a powerful weapon.

Glenda Is the Exception

SO leg art goes on, winning aspiring girls space in publications that could not spare the space for them if it were not to answer a public demand. For the public does demand decorative pictures—and what could be more decorative than these pretty young things?

But to every rule there is an exception. And the phenomenon now before us is a young lady named Glenda Farrell.

When Glenda made her smash hit as the Mama who sang "Frankie and Johnnie" and carried a hot-water bottle for a flask in "Life Begins," the brothers Warner lost no time in obtaining her signature on a long-term contract. They would make of her, it was announced, a new wisecracking siren who would soon take her rightful place among the stars of the cinema heavens. "We expect great things of Glenda Farrell," they said. "She has established a place for herself on the stage. She will go even further on the screen."

The public seemed to agree. Her fan mail has grown by leaps and bounds. Her performances have won high praise and the press, always alert for new film faces, have called for interviews and photographs. They have pawed through huge stacks of examples of the photographers' art. There have been plenty of pictures depicting Glenda's every mood, from smiles to tears. But wonder of wonders—not a single bit of leg art.

Such departure from tradition is news in Hollywood. If the proverbial man had bitten the proverbial dog, a greater furor could not have been caused. Every reporter in town arose to cry in amazement, "What! No legs?"

"None," answered the studio publicity department. "Miss Farrell has decided that she will rise or fall strictly upon her talents as an actress. She is playing siren rôles, it is true. Her belief is, however, that she can display sex without exhibiting it, if you know what we mean."

The reporters didn't know, but they nodded their heads. In truth, it sounded somewhat like rank heresy to them. It sounded like a story to us and, as it has long been the policy of MOVIE CLASSIC to give its readers the last word in news, we ventured to ask Glenda Farrell her reasons for defying precedent. We put the question as best we could, albeit a bit timidly. We drew a large smile in response.

"Neither Prude Nor Puritan"

"I HOPE I am neither a prude nor a Puritan," Glenda said. "It is just that I can't see the slightest excuse for posing in undies of any sort. This is entirely a personal opinion and judging by the num-

bers who differ with me, decidedly a wee voice in the minority.

"If what success I am able to attain on the screen should make me an important figure in the film industry, my pictures will be published entirely on merit. There is no need meanwhile for me to attempt gate-crashing methods of obtaining publicity. What others have done before me has no bearing upon the matter. If they held different views from mine, I haven't the right to criticize. They probably were motivated by reasons of which I know nothing. And it is their business, just as what I do is mine.

"We had this all out at the studio months and months ago. The ink on my contract was hardly dry when I was called into the photographic gallery for a portrait sitting. The first thing I was handed was a cute little bunny suit.

"What's this for?" I asked.

"Put it on," they told me. "We're making some art for Easter and want you for one of the bunnies."

Why She Refused

"I LOST no time in announcing that they had picked on the wrong rabbit. A patient publicity man started a long explanation. He told me why it would be advisable to get my name in the papers. He called it a build-up. I said I didn't want to be built-up if the procedure meant my wearing bunny suits. Whereupon he became even more patient and said that every star on the screen to-day had once gone through the same thing. His attitude was this-hurts-me-more-than-it-does-you, little girl.

"I fear I was abrupt in my positive refusal. I wasn't sure but what my contractual status might suffer. Still, I felt I was right. Since then I have done many things in the name of publicity, even to going to a zoo to be photographed aboard an elephant in an effort to be a good fellow.

"The public will never have my insufficiently-clad person thrust upon them without cause. Advancing a screen characterization is one thing. Posing in a bunny suit is quite another."

And that seems to be that, according to Glenda Farrell. It may be recalled in passing that her legs have been seen on the screen as part of a characterization now forgotten. She once played a murderess in a courtroom drama made by Universal. This is offered in proof that Glenda has no reason to hide her knees other than the very excellent reasons she has advanced.

After all, figures don't lie.



Portraits like this were what changed Norma Shearer's whole career

There is no curl like the
Eugène curl



Dictated by Fashion



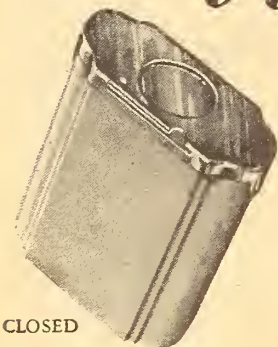
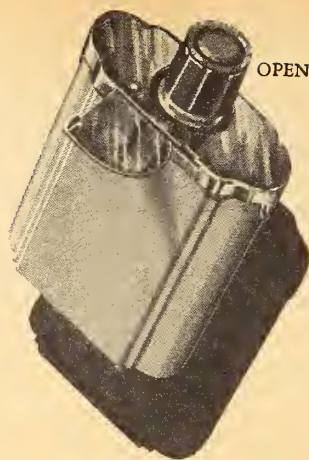
... soft, rolling waves
abundant, lasting curls

This year, your hats make demands of your hair and your hair makes demand of a wave—that only Eugene can satisfy. For only the Eugene Permanent Wave can give your hair the rolling, natural undulations and the flattering face-and-neck curls of the mode.

Don't think that all permanents are alike. *They're not.* Don't think that any permanent wave will do. *It won't.* This year, your wave must be perfect and its frame of curls for the nape of your neck must be *permanent.* You have that assurance when your hairdresser uses the internationally famous Eugene Method and genuine Eugene Sachets. Make sure that the Eugene Trade Mark figure, "the goddess of the wave," appears on each sachet or waving wrapper. Make sure for the best of all possible reasons:—The beauty and the safety of your hair! Eugene, Ltd. . . . New York · London · Paris · Berlin · Barcelona · Sydney

e u g è n e
permanent waves

A Remarkable Offer



You will surely want at least *one* of these neat little perfume containers for your own use. And...they are so attractive and useful that you will want *more*...to serve as ideal gifts for your friends. These non-leakable containers may be had in six popular colors...Get yours *now*...keep it in your purse...and you will always have a ready means

of applying a dab of your favorite scent.

Just send your name and address with the top of a LINIT package and 10c (to cover cost of wrapping and postage) for *EACH* perfume container wanted. Use the handy coupon below.

To have a Soft, Smooth Skin INSTANTLY!

A LINIT Beauty Bath is sensational in immediate results... delightful...no waiting...and at trifling expense!

Merely dissolve half a package or more of LINIT in your tub...bathe in the usual way, using your favorite soap...and then feel your skin! In texture it will be soft and smooth as velvet...as well as perfect in elasticity and suppleness.

Perfumed LINIT is sold by grocery stores, drug and department stores. Unscented LINIT in the familiar blue package is sold only by grocers. Try a LINIT Beauty Bath tonight...you will be delighted with the results.



THE BATHWAY TO A SOFT, SMOOTH SKIN

Corn Products Refining Co., Dept. MP-4, P.O. Box 171, Trinity Sta., N.Y.

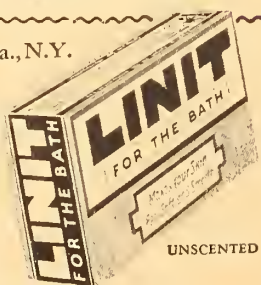
Please send me.....perfume containers. Color(s) as checked below. I enclose \$..... and..... LINIT package tops.

Black Brown Red Blue Green Ivory

Name.....

Address.....

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



THIS OFFER EXPIRES NOVEMBER 15, 1933

How Movie Stars Fight the Gangster Menace

(Continued from page 21)

Here are a few of the dauntless men and women of the screen who have been "put on the spot" by gangland—but have not paid a penny of tribute: Mary Pickford, Ann Harding, Gary Cooper, Harold Lloyd, Marion Davies, Marlene Dietrich, Jack Oakie, Betty Compson, Eddie Cantor, Victor McLaglen, Stan Laurel, Lilian Bond, Marian Nixon and Natalie Talmus, wife of the head of the Technicolor Corporation.

And here is how these people have handled the gangsters.

A "stool pigeon" revealed the fact that gangsters were planning to kidnap Mary Pickford and hold her until Douglas Fairbanks, her husband, paid a ransom of \$200,000. The plan was well laid. The Shriners were to hold a big convention in Los Angeles, and the kidnaping was to take place the day of the opening of the convention. Wearing Shriner badges and regalia, the would-be kidnapers figured they would be able to hang around the gates of the studio with little difficulty. It looked easy. But the police had been watching the gangsters for a month and suddenly swooped down and arrested them. They were convicted and sent to prison for ten years to life. And that ended gangster attempts to get Mary.

Gary's Reception for Gangsters

GARY COOPER, who is a man of action both on and off the screen, had been approached by gangsters in New York. They demanded \$5,000. He gave them an icy stare. They followed him to Hollywood and repeated their demands. He was adamant. And then he was awakened at five o'clock one morning by the ringing of his telephone.

"We're comin' right over to get you or the five grand," said a voice.

"All right. Come on over," replied Gary.

He telephoned a friend and then the police. Then he prepared for the arrival of the gangsters. It was a reception they did not expect.

His friend arrived before the gangsters. Gary gave him a gun and stationed him behind some bushes on the front lawn. It was still dark and Gary had the advantage. Soon an automobile pulled up in front of the Cooper home and three gangsters stepped out. They were so sure of their success that they strolled slowly up the front walk.

Gary stepped forward and they saw him with two wicked-looking guns trained right on them.

"Now get to H--- out of here and don't come back," said Gary, "If you make one wrong move, I'll plug you."

The surprised trio heard the clicking of a gun hammer and the slight cough of Gary's friend in the bushes at their rear. With a start they turned on their heels and ran—and they have never come back!

Lloyd Estate an Armed Camp

THE situation in the Harold Lloyd home has been really serious for a long time. The Lloyds live in a sort of continual siege, and the Lloyd children do not know what it means not to be under the watchful eye of armed guards. For a number of years gangsters have been hounding Lloyd, and have been demanding thousands of dollars with threats of kidnaping his children if he does not pay.

The Lloyd home and grounds have become an armed camp. Guards patrol the estate day and night. It is uncanny to see the children at play and to know that in the bushes out of their sight are men with guns ready to shoot down any member of gangland who attempts to harm them. The

playroom and bedrooms of the children are equipped with every known protective device. It is almost impossible for a fly to try to get in without any alarm. When the last baby, Harold, Jr., was born, an armed guard sat beside the hospital incubator twenty-four hours a day. That is the Lloyd answer to gangland, and if its members ever try anything, they will meet with certain death.

Stan Laurel is one of the latest to be threatened. Immediately after it had been reported that he and his wife were parting and that he was settling a large sum on her and on their little girl, he received a threat and a demand for \$10,000. He was told to pay or go "on the spot." He ignored the first warning. Then came another. He was ordered to get \$10,000 in large bills and carry them in an envelope in his pocket all of the time until the gangsters came for them. He was told that some day, while driving, he would see men working (as they often do) in the street, with a red flag to protect them from traffic. As he slowed for this flag, a man would come over and climb into his car. He would collect the money.

Laurel Disregarding Red Flags

"WELL," said Laurel, in telling this writer about it, "I guess they will have to kill me, for I don't intend to take them seriously and go packing ten thousand dollars around to give to them. Anyone who waves a red flag at me now will have a tough time stopping me—even a flagman at a railroad crossing. Anyway, if the flag-waver does succeed in getting in my car, I shall certainly tell him that he is too late—that another flag-waver has already collected the money. Then he can go and fight it out with his friends. They can't expect me to know which flag-waver it is.

"I think that there are a lot of cranks who try to put something over on us. But cranks or gangsters, they are all the same when they get after the money. I haven't taken any unusual precautions, but I can say that they won't get anything."

It is significant that Laurel has engaged a very combative-appearing chauffeur since receiving the gangland threats. Being an alien, Laurel is not allowed to carry a gun. But he looked very wise when he explained that aliens cannot get gun permits.

Marlene Dietrich is another star who has had a disturbing time with gangsters. The underworld decided that she would be "easy pickings," so sent her a demand for \$10,000, and threatened to kidnap her child if she failed to pay. She ignored this demand. A second came and she told the police. Then a third letter came, increasing the demand to \$20,000.

"You, Marlene Dietrich," said the letter, "if you want to save Marie to be a screen star, your own girl, pay, and if you don't she will be but a loving memory to you. Don't dare to call the detectives again. Keep this to yourself."

Marlene Has Chauffeur-Guard

THERE is gangland!—threatening to strike at a mother through her child. With fear in her heart, she notified the police again and her home became a fortress, packed with police, private detectives and sheriffs. A heavy bodyguard was placed over Marlene at all times. One of her guards was her chauffeur. Gradually, the matter has died down, but there is still that threat hanging over her—still that fear that some day the gunmen of the underworld may strike. *But there has been no tribute.*

Natalie Talmus, wife of the president of the Technicolor Corporation, did not fare so well with her dealing with gangland.

"I received a letter demanding five-thousand dollars," Mrs. Talmus told this writer. "I was told that I would be killed if I did not pay. I took the matter as a joke

(Continued on page 79)

*Skin dull and muddy?
Pimples and blemishes?
Headaches?
Fatigue? Losing
your charm?*



CHECK Constipation

THIS SAFE, SIMPLE, PLEASANT WAY

**How pure pasteurized yeast strengthens
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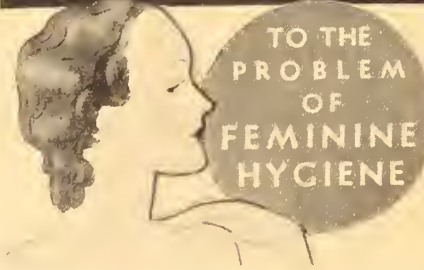
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Love? It's Just a Jig-Saw Puzzle to Miriam Hopkins!

(Continued from page 34)

again tomorrow. I have learned nothing conclusive from any of these experiences. I have no idea how one goes about the making of a happy marriage."

And that was where Miriam, who has one of those friendly divorces from writer Austin Parker, said she had no idea what love really is, or why—but doesn't intend to worry about it.

"You ask me what I think about the marriage of tomorrow in this changing world we live in," she continued, "and I can only say that I don't even know what is happening to it to-day. I see no solution for the dratted thing! If two professional people marry, one of them—often the husband—is apt to lose his job, his prestige. Which makes the wife the breadwinner and the personage, and puts the husband in the category of something too unpleasant to name. Naturally, he rebels against this from injured pride, or the wife rebels from a sense of contempt and disgust—and there you have it.

Marriages She Has Seen

"IF, on the other hand, the wife loses her job and her name in electric is dimmed, the husband is still mingling with the famous and beautiful and important people, then jealousy and other conjugal spooks break in. And that, again, is that. Then you take the cases of the 'normal marriage,' where the Little Woman, being unable to do anything else, stays at home and counts the laundry and the long hours of nothing-to-do and waits for hubby to come home for dinner, or not—and, well, I know of dozens of such marriages and in almost every one of them the wife is bored to suicide with the husband and is only staying with him because there is nothing else she can do about it.

"Then consider the modern marriages in which the husband and wife both play about a bit on the outside. In such cases, both are afflicted with guilty consciences and both make it their business to be charming and generous and entertaining and affable to the other, by way of atonement for their little peccadillos. Whenever I see a couple constantly bickering and fighting and ill-humored, I know that they are being absolutely true to one another. You never can tell. Maybe this will be the marriage of tomorrow—a common roof, the mutual care and raising of the children, and freedom otherwise."

Likewise, when I asked the effervescent Miriam what she had to say about this strange distracted world of To-day and Tomorrow, she looked charmingly distracted and said, "It's rather absurd, asking me—a mere actress-person. I would cut a figure, wouldn't I, doing one of those 'Miss Hopkins will now take the floor' sort of things? Because what I might have to say really doesn't matter. I might so easily say something foolish or quite wrong and someone might read it and be foolish enough to believe me and, so, be misled.

Wants to Be in on Revolution

"I ONLY know or feel that if Technocracy or Communism or any other Ism comes in; if machines replace men and men must find other things to do, face new problems in a new world—then it will be fearfully exciting. I think it will be a dramatic age to live in. I want to be alive when it happens. I haven't the slightest fear. I don't want to miss any part of it, that's all. I want to be IN it.

"And I am sure of this much, too, that if

by any chance the price system is changed, if everyone must take less than he has had before, or if equalization of money is the order of the day, the actor and actress will feel it less than any other persons doing any other jobs.

"I know, for instance, a great many 'extras' who are getting and have been getting and probably expect to get for some time to come their seven-fifty a day. Ambition burns in them as fiercely as ever it burned in the heart of a famous star. *And their ambition is not for money.* This much I do know. When they talk, enviously, admiringly of the Clark Gables, the Freddie Marches, the Marlene Dietrichs, they never talk in the terms of the money these stars make. They talk of the work they are doing, of how swell it must be to have the opportunities they have. Their ideals are more passionately important to them than the checks they would receive if their ideals were realized.

"I believe that the actors and actresses of tomorrow, if reward were based on personal satisfaction more than on pay, would feel the way these 'extras' feel now. I know that if I were offered fifty dollars a week and could do the sort of thing I really want to do in the way I really want to do it, working with a small group of intelligent and congenial people, I would be satisfied. I would be more than satisfied; I would be gloriously happy. I am willing to suffer for an ideal where I am not willing to suffer for a salary.

What You Will Have to Learn

"AND so I think the people of tomorrow will have to learn, as the majority of people in the arts have learned to-day, to do things that are vital to them just for the sake of doing them. If what you do is vital to you, the recompense you get for it, in silver or gold or paper currency, is NOT the most precious thing. Men gave their lives for the Holy Grail, didn't they?—and they never thought of being *paid* for it.

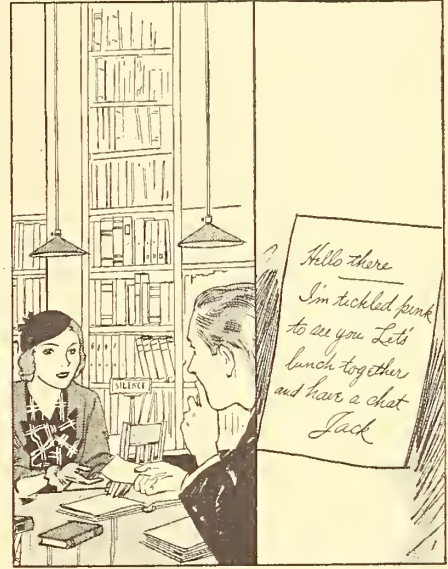
"One really can't have very much ego about working in pictures to-day. We are all, every one of us, parts of a whole and only parts. I like to feel that the making of a picture is something akin to the making of a vast painting or a piece of gigantic sculpture by a Michelangelo. He drafted out the central idea, of course; his was the major share of the work. But he also had his artisans. One of them did a bit of work on an arm or a leg or a part of a torso. Still another filled in an outline here and there until the whole was completed. And so on.

"We do the same, in our way, in the making of pictures. The director is, or should be, the Michelangelo. The rest of us are the artisans—scenarists, cameramen, assistant directors, actors and actresses, 'extras,' scenery designers. If each one of us contributes the best he has to give, we stand a chance of producing something worth while. If any one of us falls down on his bit, there will be something faulty in the construction of the whole. It is necessary for me to feel this way about the making of pictures in order to feel right with myself and my little ego.

"But all this imagining a day when wages will be equal and aristocracy will be built on achievement, not money—this is a Utopian dream. Another one of 'em. Because I do not believe that the American people will ever stand for anything even approaching an equalization of wage. Before that could happen the streets would run red with blood and such a revolution as even the Russians never experienced would be upon us.

"I only *feel* these things. I don't know. I only know that whatever change the future brings, whenever it brings it, I hope I am in the midst of it. I hope I don't miss any of it. I hope I am ALIVE!"

LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT UNTIL . . . by Timmins



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Papa and Mama Arlen Won't Let Baby Change Their Lives!

(Continued from page 52)

living room, there is no wifely hysteria from Joby. After all, it's Dick's living room as much as hers. If he wants to put it under an inch of water . . . !

If he is always as restless and unexpected as a firecracker; if he gets violent moods of night-clubbing and movie première-ing, alternated with equally decided moods of "staying home"; if in the middle of the night he decides to start out for San Francisco or Agua Caliente or New York—well, it is all slick with Joby, because it is all part of the excitement of being married to the handsome, restless, temperamental gentleman known as Arlen.

They Won't Change Afterward

WHEN Jobyna Ralston Arlen first realized that she was going to have a baby, she did *not* faint with joy, delight and sheer wonder of the amazing event. She says her first reaction was: "Where in the world is a baby going to fit into our harum-scarum lives?" That, of course, was just the first reaction. She's glad, now, of course—but it isn't that silly unreasoning, hysterical joy that you have had from many other movie ladies who have been, or are, expecting heirs.

"Having a baby is a different problem with every couple," explained Joby, who was waiting for Dick to join us at their town apartment at the *Chateau Elysée*, "and prospective parents should honestly analyze themselves and decide just what sort of parents they are going to be. I know Dick and myself well enough to know that after the baby comes we will keep on being, and living and carrying on, very much the same as now.

"You see, we have been married six years. In that time we have acquired a routine of life—which really isn't a routine at all, but it is our particular method of living. For six years we have been free of most domestic responsibilities. We could come and go as we pleased. We have been as free as the air. If a baby had come the first year we were married, that would have been something else again. Our life would have taken a different pattern. But it is sheer foolishness to expect that the arrival of a baby now will suddenly change the habits of living we have enjoyed for six years. Just because a doctor will soon step out in a hospital corridor and announce to Dick, 'You are now a father,' can that fact *instantaneously* change him from what he is into a doting sit-by-the-fire whose only interest in life is the baby's feeding schedule?"

"I can't help wondering what these people who make such a fuss about the advent of their babies do for interest when the *novelty* wears off. I know that children aren't toys to be go-ood over for six months like some new fad in hats!

"For that reason, we feel that we are really planning for the real future happiness of our child by deciding to have someone competent to take care of the baby and assume most of its responsibilities from the moment it is born."

Baby Will Pick Its Own Name

"THEN," grinned Dick, himself, who had just burst into the room from the golf tournament, "if its crazy, nutty parents decide to go scrambling off in the middle of the night, the youngster won't miss us!"

He sprawled himself out in a comfortable chair and looked sunburned and slightly gray at the temples, which is one swell combination of looks in a man!



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"We're some would-be parents," he grinned. "Joby hasn't bought a stitch of clothes for the youngster. The other night at the Club New Yorker I got to thinking about the clothes and I asked Jobyna, 'When are you going to get little-womanish and buy a basket of clothes or whatever they call them?' And she said: 'As soon as I'm not so busy hopping around to night-clubs with you.'"

"We decided to go on a rest jaunt. So Joby and Herman and I went up to Arrowhead for the snow and skiing."

"Who's Herman?" I inquired.
 "That's the baby," answered the jovial Mr. Arlen. "The Marx Brothers have named it 'Herman.' I suppose that is as good a name as any until the youngster grows up and we can tell what sort of personality he, or she, is assuming. I think it is criminal to tack any sort of a name on a child until it is old enough to see whether that name is going to fit or not. Joby and I have decided not to give our baby a permanent name until it has a chance to take a hand in the thing itself. Believe me, if my parents had consulted me about my name, I would never have gone through the first twenty years of my life under the title of 'Sylvanus.' Do you wonder that I changed it to Dick at the first opportunity?"

"What we really want," said Jobyna, "is for the baby to grow up and fit into our lives—we have had lots of fun living the way we do. We hope the baby will enjoy it, too . . ."

"He'd better," said Dick, "or we'll put him in the movies and make him self-supporting."

Somehow or other, I have a hunch that Herman Arlen is going to have a lot of fun in life! How could he help it with such parents as Joby and Dick?

How Movie Stars Fight the Gangster Menace

(Continued from page 75)

and wrote a note to the gangsters, telling them that my life was not worth that much. I put the note where I was supposed to leave the money. The answer was a bullet through the window of my living room.

"I notified the authorities and hired private detectives to guard my home. All was quiet for a time. Then, just as we thought the gangsters had decided to let us alone, they entered the house one night and stole a chest of silver that had been in the family for years. And they followed this up by coming again and taking twenty thousand dollars' worth of rugs. They have never bothered me since then. Perhaps it would have been cheaper to pay. But I would not pay a dime of tribute to them if they stole everything I have."

All These Ignored Threats

EDDIE CANTOR was threatened in New York; in a letter demanding \$5,000. He ignored the demand, but mailed a letter to General Delivery, New York, as he was directed, and the police nabbed the would-be extortionist who came for the letter. Jack Oakie was threatened in Chicago while making a personal appearance. The gangsters demanded \$5,000. Oakie ignored them, but turned the matter over to the theatre officials, who called in the police. That ended the matter. Ruth Chatterton, George Bancroft and Richard Arlen have been threatened—and guards have been their answers.

Victor McLaglen, he-man of the screen, was approached by gangsters while on a trip to New York. They demanded \$5,000 from him. McLaglen thought the matter over briefly and sent them a message, saying, "To H--- with you!" And the gangsters decided not to come to grips with this

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man who once was in the prize ring as a heavyweight fighter.

Lilian Bond, who has just been made a Wampas Star, got an attack of shivers a while ago when she opened a letter demanding \$5,000, under threat of kidnaping.

"In the first place, I did not have five thousand dollars to give this gangster," Miss Bond told this writer. "And in the second, I figured that the best thing to do would be to defy him. A warm reception awaits any gangster who attempts to invade my home."

In the old days, when a star announced a "robbery," the suspicion of "publicity stunt" hovered over the whole affair. But stars aren't faking robberies these days. They aren't out to attract the attention of gangland, unless there's good cause. When robberies are announced, the police do the announcing; and if the announcements come to the attention of gangsters—so much the better. They will know that Hollywood is getting just that much hotter for them.

Rise of a New Racket

RECENTLY, a gangster, disguised as a messenger, forced his way into Betty Compson's home, bound her and a friend, and got away with \$37,500 worth of jewels. Betty promptly called the police, described the racketeer that if she called off the police, she would get her jewels back; otherwise, she would be "taken for a ride." Police scented the beginning of a new racket—with gangsters stealing stars' valuables and then returning them upon payment of a fraction of their value. The police stayed on the case. It wasn't long before Betty received a letter with a baggage check enclosed, telling her to take the check to a railroad station, and there she would find a package containing her jewels. And Betty did. The police hunt was getting a little too hot for the robber.

Mae West was held up early one evening while seated in her limousine on a local thoroughfare—the hold-up man taking \$16,000 worth of jewels and \$3,400 in cash. She notified the police at once, and they started laying their net on the quiet; it was several days before news of the robbery "broke" in the newspapers. In this case, as in several of the other recent Hollywood robberies, an "insider" was suspected of tipping off racketeers about what stars had jewels and when they would be wearing them. For this was the first time Mae had worn her jewels in public in Hollywood and the cash represented a sum that she had withdrawn from the bank only that afternoon. Several "tipster" suspects are now under surveillance. No strangers are welcome in studios these days. Studio passes have become almost as hard to get as chances to enter the movies while still unknown.

Bomb Squad Opens Packages

FEW, if any, stars open their mail personally. And when Marion Davies received a certain package in the mail, her secretary was suspicious of it. Not laughing off their suspicions, Marion and her secretary "played a hunch" and turned it over to detectives. The package contained a bomb. And Marion's experience has taught other stars and their secretaries to let the bomb squad open any suspicious packages. "Prevention" has become Hollywood's favorite word.

Helene Costello, soon after her divorce from Lowell Sherman, was robbed of \$35,000 worth of jewels. Aileen Pringle, together with a friend, was recently robbed in her home by four masked bandits, who got \$1,000 in cash. George Raft came home one evening recently to find that his wardrobe had been rifled of \$1,000 worth of wearing apparel. (George has long had a



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bodyguard—just in case his gangster rôles focussed the attention of some racketeer upon him—but his home, in his absence, was unguarded.) The publicity given all of these cases has put Hollywood more than ever on its guard, and has made the "pickings" harder than ever for the racketeers.

Last year Marian Nixon and Edward Hillman, Jr., whom she is now divorcing, were robbed on a train bound for the East. She gave an excellent description of the highwayman. A suspect fell into the hands of the police, and was charged with the crime. Obviously dreading the ordeal, Marian appeared in court to see if she could identify him. *She did not permit the possibility of underworld reprisals to keep her silent.*

The stars with children, who used to have only nurses or governesses to watch their offspring, now have armed guards, as well. Ann Harding's hilltop home has become an almost impregnable fortress. Marlene Dietrich's windows are adorned with iron grille work. Constance Bennett's home is equipped with burglar alarms. Conrad Nagel's little girl is guarded. Right down the list of Hollywood parents, not one is running any risks. Jackie Cooper is accompanied everywhere by private detectives.

Forewarned, They Are Forearmed

MOST of the stars are not waiting until they are robbed or receive threats before they fight the gangster menace. There are few stars who do not have bodyguards—usually disguised as husky chauffeurs. Many stars have permits to carry guns—and do carry them. They are prepared for gangland. Police patrols have been increased. Underworld hide-outs are being constantly raided. In other words, racketeers are being driven out of Hollywood. For gangsters don't hang out where the "pickings" aren't easy, or where everybody is on the watchout for them. The gangster likes to strike where least expected, where there is no forewarning of his presence, no forearming against his attacks. He preys on the unprotected. And Hollywood, right now, is probably the best protected city in the world.

In an effort to secure the best possible advice for people who may be threatened by the underworld, we asked Police Chief Roy E. Steckel of Los Angeles to tell them what to do. Oddly enough, his advice is almost exactly like that of Al Hill. With an angry smack of his fist on his desk, the Chief shouted:

"If the picture people will not keep these threats secret, we can help. And there will be less trouble with gangland. We have one of the finest police departments in the country here, and we can cope with any gangsters who want to come to grips with us. Just let us use a sawed-off shotgun on only *one* gangster," the Chief added yearningly, "and gang threats in Hollywood will end, once and for all."

"We will not have gangsters menacing our stars, or anyone else in Hollywood or Los Angeles. We have the business end of a gun waiting for every gangster who wants to step in here and try his racket. And our men can shoot. If a star gets a threat, he or she should at once notify us. We will give adequate protection. We will welcome the job, and we will see that no gangster gets either the star or his money. Secrecy is an aid to gangsters. Publicity, police and sawed-off shotguns will blot them out."

So that's that, as far as the gangster situation is concerned in the land of the picture stars. Not a dime has been paid. Not a dime will be paid. Gangland will not be tolerated. Gangsters are being met by guns—the only argument they understand. For the stars have banded together for armed protection, like the Vigilantes of an earlier California.



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Try the Exquisite New Marchand Castile Shampoo

Gray Hair

Best Remedy is Made At Home

To half pint of water add one ounce bay rum, a small box of Barbo Compound and one-fourth ounce of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it at home at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. It imparts color to streaked, faded or gray hair and makes it soft and glossy. Barbo will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off.

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Our Hollywood Neighbors

(Continued from page 12)

wear them, and not to be too anticipatory, they might not fit the NEXT Mrs. Ayres.

A little pathetic, this particular divorce. Just two years ago Lola and Lew were insisting that they couldn't live without each other. And, at the divorce, someone testified that Lew had called Lola a "dumb cluck."

No one said what Lola answered to that—and Lola is not the meek girl who would have no comeback to a crack like that.

ONE of the new Hollywood cocktails bears the imaginative and alluring title of "Fallen Angel." Two of 'em and you don't care. And, by the way, we're glad to see that someone is going to glorify a great American institution. Columbia is filming "The Cocktail Hour."

ROMANCE isn't what it's cracked up to be—particularly in the land of cinematic make-believe. David Manners, appearing opposite Elissa Landi in "The Warrior's Husband," made an appearance at a party the other day with his hands badly cut and bruised.

"What happened and whom did you hit?" someone asked.

"It wasn't a fight," replied Dave, "I got it in the picture, making love to a woman wearing a suit of armor."

IF we had the money and the time we'd have loved to be on that freighter which carried Constance Bennett and her husband, the Marquis, through the Panama Canal and thence to Europe. We'd like to know, for instance, what the Sam Hill a Marquis and a Marquise could do with their spare time on a thirty days' voyage on a freighter. Somehow, we can't picture Connie traveling in any less luxury than the royal suite on the *Berengaria*. There were only eleven other passengers on the freighter, and after Connie had signed those eleven autograph books what ELSE could be done?

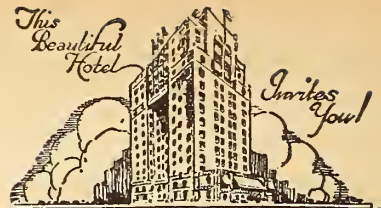
There was a little difficulty about the Marquis' passport. It seemed that it read that he was the husband of Gloria Swanson. He couldn't very well go traipsing about with Connie under those circumstances. However, the change was made, and everything was hunky-dory, or in this case, of course, ship-shape.

Huh, betcha wouldn't catch Gloria Swanson traveling on a freighter. She took her title seriously.

MOST stars usually indulge in a little whoopee the day that the option is renewed. Sometimes it is a new car or an ermine coat, sometimes it's a party, and occasionally the grocer gets paid just by way of extra celebration. But Alison Skipworth had ideas of her own. When Paramount told her that she'd be sticking around for at least another six months the Skipworth lady went out and bought a lemon tree. Moreover she planted it in her own back yard. A lemon tree was what she had always wanted, and never had.

PARAMOUNT is making a mystery thriller now wherein the big surprise is finding a young lady, frozen to death aboard a yacht in the South Seas, and the time is mid-summer.

Well, they can JUST figure it out, too. We don't even want to know. But did Boris Karloff wander over from Universal, by any chance?



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The Age of Selection is here

Our times are marked by one vast advantage over the past—freedom of choice for the average person.

A young man now has a hundred interesting careers to consider. His grandfather had ten. Many paths are open to the scientist, writer, teacher, athlete, business man. When we travel, we often choose between rail and bus and car and plane. Every last thing we buy is one of many offered.

This is the Age of Selection. For advertising keeps us informed. Tells us the special benefits of this, the new features of that. Shows us how to build houses and how to make muffins. Explains why and where and when and how much.

As we read we learn how to discriminate, to recognize worth, to be sure of value received. Before we buy a car or refrigerator or a can of beans, we know what it is and what it offers. Advertising teaches us how to live by this year's rules.

Read the advertisements in this magazine. They bring you up to date in this Age of Selection.

if you really knew about Princess Pat powder

- - - YOU'D SURELY TRY IT



• here we shall try to give the facts—read carefully

BY PATRICIA GORDON

In the first place, Princess Pat is the only face powder that contains almond. Your accustomed powders likely have a base of starch. This change of the base in Princess Pat makes it a completely different powder. Almond makes a more clinging powder than can possibly be obtained with starch as a base. So point one in favor of Princess Pat face powder is that it stays on longer. Every woman will appreciate this advantage.



Almond makes Princess Pat a *softer* powder than can be made with any other base. The softer a powder, the better its application.

So point two in favor of Princess Pat is that it can be applied more smoothly, assuring the peculiarly soft, velvety tone and texture which definitely establishes Princess Pat as the choice of ultra fashionable women everywhere.

A deciding factor in choosing powder is perfume. Will you like Princess Pat—an original fragrance? Yes. For it steals upon the senses subtly, elusively. Its appeal is to delicacy, to the appreciation every woman has of finer things. It is sheer beauty, haunting wistfulness expressed in perfume.

So point three in favor of Princess Pat is perfume of such universal charm that *every* woman is enraptured.

Even beyond all these advantages, Princess Pat possesses a special virtue which *should* make every woman choose Princess Pat as her *only* powder.

For Princess Pat powder is *good* for the skin. Not merely

harmless, mind you, but beneficial! And once again the almond in Princess Pat is to be credited—the almond found in *no other face powder*. You know how confidently you depend upon almond in lotions and creams, how it soothes and beautifies, keeping the skin soft, pliant and *naturally* lovely.

Almond in Princess Pat face powder has the *selfsame* properties. Fancy that! Instead of drying out your skin when you powder, you actually improve it. Constant use of Princess Pat powder is one of the very best ways to correct and prevent coarse pores, blackheads and roughened skin texture.

Princess Pat has been called “the powder your skin loves to feel.” It is a most apt description; for the soft, velvety texture of Princess Pat *is* delightful — and *different*. And now, if you have read carefully, learned the unusual advantages of Princess Pat you will surely want to try it.

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●● This famous Introductory Kit contains rouge and lip rouge to last two weeks to a month; also a purse size, metal box of Princess Pat face powder and book of new copyrighted beauty secrets. The 10c is simply for postage and packing. An extraordinary offer; made to acquaint you with three delightful Princess Pat beauty aids.

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1932

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APR 25 1933
PERIODICAL DIVISION

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ENCLOSURE

We print this ad
for **MEN**
at the request of
1,100 WOMEN



How's
your breath
today?

• The burden of their complaint is: "We're sick and tired of seeing nothing but women in your ads about bad breath. It isn't fair, because men are really the worst offenders. Why don't you quit picking on the women and write a few ads that will urge men to be more fastidious about their breath?"

When these requests, coming from dancing teachers, cashiers, club women and housewives, began to get over the thousand mark, we thought it about time to do something about it. This advertisement is the result.

How's your breath today?

Whether it is because men are too busy to take proper care of their mouth and teeth, or because they smoke more than women, or eat and

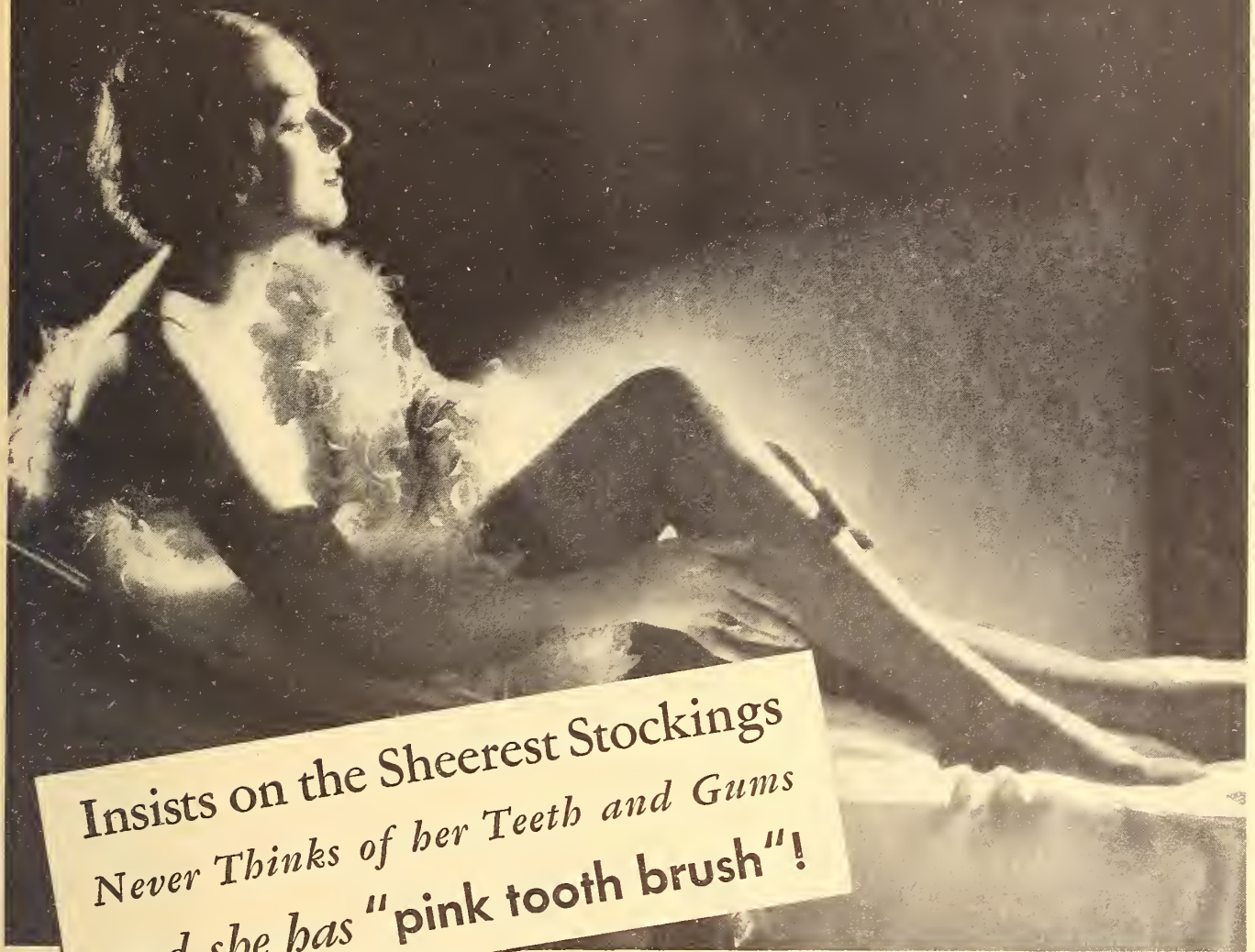
drink unwisely, the fact remains that men are the worst offenders when it comes to halitosis (unpleasant breath).

Your common sense tells you that halitosis is the unforgivable fault in the business or social world. It is unforgivable because it is *inexcusable*.

The one way to make sure that your breath is beyond reproach is to gargle with Listerine every morning and

night, and between times before meeting others. Don't waste your time and effort on questionable mouth washes with little or no deodorant effect. Tests show that Listerine instantly conquers mouth odors that ordinary antiseptics cannot hide in 12 hours. It attacks the source of odors (fermentation of tiny food particles in the mouth) and destroys the odors themselves. *Lambert Pharmacal Company.*

WHAT A FOOL SHE IS!



*Insists on the Sheerest Stockings
Never Thinks of her Teeth and Gums
and she has "pink tooth brush"!*

SHE *insists* on silk stockings to set off her shapely ankles. She couldn't imagine doing without them. But to the glamour and loveliness of her smile—to the health of her teeth and gums—she never gives a second thought.

You *must* take care of your teeth and gums. If you find "pink" upon your tooth brush, if your gums bleed easily—then the health of your gums, the brightness of your teeth, the attractiveness of your smile, are in danger.

"Pink tooth brush" may lead to gum troubles as serious as gingivitis, Vincent's disease or even pyorrhea. It is an ever-present threat to the brightness and even the soundness of your teeth.

Ipana and Massage Defeat "Pink Tooth Brush"

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Maurice CHEVALIER *in* "A BEDTIME STORY"

with
HELEN TWELVETREES
EDWARD EVERETT HORTON
ADRIENNE AMES and M'SIEUR LE BABY

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MOVIE CLASSIC



Is ANN HARDING Staying or Leaving?

Hollywood has it that Ann has been unhappy about her recent rôles, except the one in "The Animal Kingdom," and aches to return to the stage.

But, on the other hand, she has just been borrowed from RKO by M-G-M, as the only star who could do justice to the movie version of the stage hit, "When Ladies Meet." And Ann can't be unhappy about that!

Will she stay, or will she leave? You may know her decision in the next couple of months!

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COVER DRAWING OF ANN HARDING BY IRVING SINCLAIR

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MOVIE CLASSIC comes out on the 10th of every Month

STRICTLY PERSONAL

MOVIE CLASSIC'S INTIMATE SKETCHES OF WHO'S WHO IN HOLLYWOOD

By MARK DOWLING



ADRIENNE AMES: This lucky actress has a broker-husband who gave her a Beverly Hills mansion (with swimming pool) and a Rolls-Royce. But in these days, what's a broker? Adrienne is appearing in Chevalier's next and raises her own gardenias anyway. Cultured, she comes of the Chenniwith line, Colonel, who settled in Virginia. Has sapphire blue eyes. Address: Palm Drive, Beverly Hills.

CONSTANCE BENNETT: Five feet four. Weighs 106. Rival stars vote her the most glamorous and temperamental woman in town. And tie her with Tashman for best-dressed, with Pickford for best hostess. That's the lady who sailed for Europe on a tramp steamer with her titled spouse. She cables she won't buy clothes in that naughty Parea. Address: Somewhere in Europe.



RICHARD ARLEN: Five feet eleven. Weighs 158. They're expecting a new baby at the Arlens' (Jobyna Ralston is the Missus). One happily married couple that didn't go boom last year. Don't the sirens know Dick rivals Weissmuller in build? That he's one of Hollywood's most attractive youngsters? But then, so's Joby. Dick has a new streak of gray hair that gives him a new romantic touch. Address: Toluca Lake.



FREDRIC MARCH: Six feet. Weighs 170. Year in, year out, half the gals in town yearn not so secretly for Freddie—that suave manner gets 'em. Meantime he stays married to Florence Eldridge, stage star whom you probably saw in "The Great Jasper." Their Gay Nineties party was a high spot of the season. In Hollywood, the Marches are Society, and Freddie is president of the Mayfair Club. Address: Beverly Hills.



WERA ENGELS: Auburn hair. Brown eyes. Twenty-four-year-old German divorcee with a mole under the left eye. Not a bit of the "foreign prima donna," this import designs her own clothes and reminds you of Sue Carol. Has a slight accent but no romances, since she wouldn't go out in Hollywood till after her first picture. Sweet. Address: 780 North Gower Street, Hollywood.

JOAN BLONDELL: One bright little wise-cracker gone domestic, with cameraman Barnes, her bridegroom of a few months. The courtship had Hollywood guessing, but this star is an Outdoor Gal who likes long walks and a "real home." She went on the stage at four months and, if she left the screen, would try for a job as Al Capone's secretary. Address: Burbank.



JACK LARUE: Five feet eleven and a half. Weighs 150. Come, come, gentlemen, this Latin-looking Valentino hope should be named Jacques or Rodrigo. Like George Raft, he's from sidewalks of New York. Likes boxing. Unlike Georgie, he consented to play the narsty villain in "The Story of Temple Drake." Like Georgie, he's single—a new thrill for you gals! Dark, romantic, and appealing. Address: Paramount Studios. (See story on page 31.—Ed.)



JACK HOLT: Westerner by way of Virginia. Pursued gold in Alaska, now pursuing rustlers and cattle in pictures—pastime he has been engaged in since 1914. A man's type of man, though wimmen like him, too. Steely brown eyes. Knows hosses and owns a few dozen of them. Plays a mean game of polo. Cowboy clothes fit him well. So does his tuxedo. Ditto the mustache. Address: Hollywood.



KAY FRANCIS: Her story puzzles. On leaving college she entered secretarial school and studied shorthand. Then left for eight months in Europe. On returning to America, she determined to go on the stage. It doesn't make sense but the gal succeeded. Happily married to Kenneth MacKenna and fighting for Hollywood's best-dressed title. Owns a "future home" on Cape Cod, Massachusetts. Address: Burbank.

PEGGY HOPKINS JOYCE: "Certainly I'll marry again—sometimes!" says the glittering blonde. (Note that final "s"! Orchidaceous? That's the word. Previous experiences have been Mr. Archer, millionaire, Mr. Hopkins, millionaire, Mr. Joyce, multi-millionaire, and Count Morner of Sweden. Now it looks as if Jack Oakie, comedian, might be added. Can you GIVE, Jack? Address: Marathon Street.



JIMMY DURANTE: Five feet seven and a half. Weighs 155. Blue eyes that light up when you mention Garbo. Claims he is only mans who unnerstan's her. Knows New York's back alleys. Played pianner and sang roustabout songs on the Bowery. Likes fishing trips and (believe it or not) collects stamps. Hollywood wonders about the schnozzle. Is it wax? Address: Majestic Theatre, New York City, where he's vacationing in "Strike Me Pink.



BRIAN AHERNE: Six feet two and a half. Weighs 185. Brown hair. Blue eyes. The lad who's making Dietrich go sissy. When you see Marlene in girl's clothes with a handsome escort, that's Aherne! He's athletic, intelligent, and, they say, your new matinee idol. You'll get a chance to decide when you see "Song of Songs." He was Katharine Cornell's hero in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street." Address: Marathon Street.

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supremely above criticism. A capacity audience sat spellbound.

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FOX

"Cavalcade" will be shown in your city soon. Your Theater Manager will be glad to tell you when.

BETWEEN OURSELVES

AMERICA was sick financially; its morale was shattered; it needed someone to diagnose its ills and then work fast to correct them. It needed a leader to bring order out of chaos. And it got one. When Franklin D. Roosevelt became President on March fourth, he became more than President; he became a semi-dictator. It wasn't a matter of choice with him; it was a matter of necessity. It was the only way to keep conditions from getting worse, the only way to hurry up recovery. And America began to feel better right away.

The movie industry is sick financially; its morale is shattered; it, too, needs someone to diagnose its ills and work fast to correct them. It, too, needs a leader to bring order out of chaos.

HOLLYWOOD, no less than Washington, needs someone who will "drive the money-changers from the temples." Hollywood needs someone who knows where operating expenses can be cut—and should be cut. Hollywood needs someone to tell it that salaries must come down, so that there will be enough money to go around. Hollywood needs someone to impress upon it the need of team work, someone to make the old war-cry of "every man for himself" as unpopular a pastime as Roosevelt made hoarding.

HOLLYWOOD, for years, has been a gigantic grab bag—with everybody grabbing as much as he could for himself. There was fame in the bag, and there was gold. The gold was the important thing. Nobody stopped to think that sometime, perhaps, the bottom of the bag would be reached. But the bottom is now in sight.

New York bankers, who have sunk millions in film companies, are now tying up the purse-strings. They have taken off their rose-colored glasses and now see clearly where their money has been thrown away. They loaned money to bolster a great industry—and the industry didn't even feel the effects of the loan. The money-grabbers got the money. High salaries ate it up. Now, the bankers are through—until Hollywood gets wise to itself, until it drives the money-grabbers from the temples.

THE depression has finally caught up with Hollywood—which only read about it in the papers before. For the retreat of the bankers, coupled with the bank holiday, caught Hollywood short of cash. "Salary holidays" had to be declared. Overnight, fifty per cent pay cuts went into effect. *Fifty per cent pay cuts!* Stop to think that one over. When any industry can slash its salaries in half overnight and still get along—there must have been something wrong with those salaries in the first place!

BUT even when the necessity for such cuts loomed up, did everybody pull together and say, "Sure, we're willing to take them—for the sake of the industry"? Was there team work in the crisis? Far from it!

Executives and most of their stars were willing. Some players and union workers of the studios weren't willing. They were still out to get as much as they could, just as long as they possibly could. And what to do about it?

When the Boston police staged a strike a few years ago, crippling law and order, the city fathers recruited an entirely new police force. The former cops, who had refused to listen to reason and had thought of only themselves, were just out in the cold—where they deserved to be. Hollywood might well take a lesson from Boston.

SUNNY Southern California had been told for fifteen years that an earthquake was overdue; it refused to believe it. Hollywood has been told for four years that reduction of salaries was overdue; the movie colony laughed. Both are now wiser. All buildings, from now on, will be earthquake-proof. All star and executive salaries, from now on, will be smaller—much smaller. Isn't it out of all proportion when any blonde, no matter how dazzling, receives five times the salary of the President of the United States? And isn't it a bit incongruous when a third assistant vice president of a minor film company gets twice as much per year as the head of America's biggest bank?

ONE executive, laughing off the crisis, says, "Hollywood can never be doomed except by producing bad pictures. These money troubles, I think, are only temporary. Art has never been fostered by finance."

And in that last sentence, I think, the gentleman errs. Art, to Hollywood's mind, constitutes something lavish—something on a million-dollar scale. And what, pray tell, can foster such "art" except finance—and big-time finance, at that?

Also, I think, he errs in his first sentence. Plenty of play producers, who haven't produced poor plays, have ended up comparatively poor. Consider Ziegfeld, for one; and Belasco, for another. Lavishness and debt might conceivably do the same thing for many a movie producer.

And in his second sentence, as well, the gentleman may be in error—unless the economies that Hollywood is now putting in force are permanent, not temporary. Any college economics class could tell him that.

AND in case you might be thinking that I'm just filling up space by talking of Hollywood's need for a leader, or even a dictator, listen to what Conrad Nagel, President of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences, recently said: "Some day soon, Hollywood will find the brilliant leader it so desperately needs, and then it will emerge from the morass of bewildering theory and haphazard effort. Then the industry will find that the present critical condition is a thing of the past."

Keep your eyes on Hollywood. It's going through a crisis!

TWO members of the New York State legislature have just had a brainstorm—a storm that may spread to other states. They have introduced a bill to prohibit the showing of pictures that would, "without warrant or cause, tend to undermine public confidence in public officials and their conduct of office." In other words, the movies, must see no evil, hear no evil, speak no evil about politicians who rise to high places and then abuse their authority. Newspapers, magazines, books and the stage can still say as much as they wish on the subject—for they can't be suppressed by politicians. But maybe movies can be—for politicians control censorship boards, censors being appointed, not elected. To stifle the movies more than they are stifled already has vicious possibilities. It's like a kidnap gang telling a victim's family, "Do just as we want you to do, or it's your child's finish."

Larry Reid

JOAN: "I love my role in 'TODAY WE LIVE'. No part ever thrilled me so deeply, touched my heart so keenly. Do you think the public will like me in it, Leo?"

LEO: "My child, the public always appreciates genius. It's a great emotional part. You are perfect in 'Today We Live'."

JOAN: "If that's so, then we must thank Howard Hawks' marvelous direction for his greatest picture since 'Hell's Angels', and the inspired playing of Gary Cooper"



The finest picture Joan Crawford has yet made. Gary Cooper shares the stellar honors. The scene at her home, where the sweetheart she believed dead returns and finds her the mistress of another—is as powerful an emotional scene as the screen has ever witnessed. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer is very proud of "Today We Live"!

With Robert Young, Franchot Tone, Roscoe Karns. Story and dialogue by William Foulkner. Screen play by Edith Fitzgerald and Dwight Taylor.

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Movie Classic's Letter Page

Each month, MOVIE CLASSIC gives Twenty, Ten and Five Dollar Prizes for the Three Best Letters published on this page.

\$20.00 Letter
Chinese Screen Villainy

CAN nothing be done to overthrow the Fu Manchu dynasty in Chinese motion pictures? The secret passage, the poison ring, the silken cord about lily-white throat—will these, like the poor, be always with us?

Apparently without hope of surcease, we must lend eye and ear to the story of the lovers separated by parental machinations and the girl sold into a loveless marriage. To escape this fate worse than death, the unwilling bride kills herself, her husband, or both. The father, innocent but helpless in the toils of the villain, must take his own life to atone for the disgrace to his house.

There is but one redeeming feature—the number of deaths in the end. But this does not prevent a future incarnation in which they suffer and sin anew.

There is only one remedy—do away finally and forever with the sneering Chinese villain, mouthing dire threats cloaked in Oriental philosophy. Then no more moon-flowers will fall into his sinister clutches, to be cast up as broken blossoms on the cinema shore.

GEORGE D. REYNOLDS, Altoona, Pa.

\$10.00 Letter
Shades of Baron Munchausen!

I'VE seen a lot of war pictures, but never one that varied so much from the real article as does "Private Jones." I've seen a lot of rear rank privates and plenty of shavetails, but I never heard a single one talking to a lieutenant like *Private Jones*. Maybe conditions have changed in the last few years, but *Private Jones* would have been promptly clapped into the "hoosegow" according to my best recollections of military life.

Withal it is a clever picture and a lively one. Lee Tracy fills his part well and provokes some good rib-tickling laughter. And, after all, a hearty laugh makes us overlook the military inaccuracies that flood the picture.

Come again, Lee Tracy! We're pulling for you, you old buck private!

JASPER B. SINCLAIR, San Francisco, Cal.

\$5.00 Letter
American Idols Lack Polish

IT is a singular fact that three of the most charming and versatile actors in the Talkies today are Englishmen—Ronald Colman, Herbert Marshall and Leslie Howard. They are a caustic challenge to our Gable, Powell and Cooper.

Isn't it a fact that our own American male idols mirror too much of this "rough and tough" element and lack some of those finer qualities that register with women as "perfect gentlemen"?

Don't misconstrue this letter . . . I adore all our American movie heroes . . . but couldn't they seep up a tiny bit of this Colman-

Marshall-Howard charm and polish? Or is that English trait "born and not made"?

ANNETTE VICTORIN, Cicero, Ill.

Back to the Farm

BUSTED, disgusted and distrusted, I wandered into a movie to forget my troubles. The picture was "State Fair." Before I realized it, I found myself amidst green pastures and cool waters. The charm of that quiet countryside brought me back to the days of my youth, and I was Norman Foster, suffering his very trials and tribulations. As for Will Rogers and Louise Dresser, they were my own ma and pa, not so many years ago. And there was the country sweetheart with the blue sunbonnet with whom I used to walk down the shady lanes, before "big money" lured me to the city that humored me for a few years and then ruthlessly landed me in the ranks of the unemployed.

Well, I left that theater with a definite purpose in mind. I'm going back to help the old folks on the farm, for "State Fair" has made me realize that I've always been a "country" boy at heart.

JOE MILLER, Charlotte, N. C.

"Rain" Still Swanson's Show

I WENT to see "Rain" and as Joan Crawford laughed and cried through the scenes I thought of another Sadie Thompson; of eyes that slanted shades naughtier; of a feather that drooped wearily in the rain and an umbrella that ran tiny rivulets of water. A tiny, vibrant, beautiful, appealing Sadie—Gloria Swanson!

Joan Crawford may jam the box office in "Possessed," she may run abreast with Garbo, if the part is especially written for her, she may aspire to the very heights in the near future, but never in a picture through which Gloria Swanson has walked with the true artistry that is hers.

RUBY PERNINOR OZBUN, Pittsburg, Kan.

A Boom for Bing

CROONERS, as a class, never made any appeal to me. To be brief and explicit, I did not like them and refused to listen to them. It made no difference who the crooner was—Crosby, Columbo or Vallee.

This was before "The Big Broadcast" and now I make an exception of Crosby. I did not go to see "The Big Broadcast" because of Bing Crosby, but in spite of him, and because I wanted to see other favorite radio entertainers as well as hear them. I came away a Crosby fan.

He has good looks, a better voice than I expected, an entire lack of self-consciousness and, best of all, a sense of humor. He doesn't object to being a little ridiculous if it will help the picture. He has not, of course, the polished perfection of a John Barrymore or the compelling ruggedness of a Clark Gable, but he does have the clean, boyish sort of good looks that every woman likes to see in a man she loves, be he brother, son or sweetheart.

JULIA CONSTANCER, Lincoln, Nebr.

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with
NANCY CARROLL · FRANK MORGAN · PAUL LUKAS · GLORIA STUART

While she was primping before the mirror, her adoring husband kissed her. *It angered her.* The primping was not for him. He realized it instantly, followed her—found her in her lover's arms and killed her.

His intimate friend, who defended him in court, found a similar situation in his own home, and promised himself that he would follow his friend's example. Did he or did he not? What happened? This picture will stir you to the core. It is *modern* romance and tragedy combined, *beautifully* acted by players of more than the average moving-picture talent.

Presented by
CARL LAEMMLE

Directed by
JAMES WHALE

Produced by
CARL LAEMMLE, JR.

IT'S A UNIVERSAL

TAKING IN THE TALKIES

LARRY REID'S SLANT ON THE LATEST FILMS



THE WHITE SISTER

I haven't forgotten Lillian Gish and Ronald Colman in the 1924 version of "The White Sister." But I don't expect to forget Helen Hayes and Clark Gable in the talkie version, either. The story of the girl who enters a convent, believing her soldier-lover dead, has all the power of heartache it ever had. And the story, itself, has taken on a more modern touch. *Giovanni* is now an aviator, not an infantryman; the World War, not an African expedition, parts him from *Angela*; and an enemy air raid near the convent, not a volcano, gives him one last chance to prove his love. Helen improves on Lillian, with her early animation heightening the later tragedy. Gable looks less like a Latin than Colman did, but is no less memorable a lover. You can't afford to miss it. For it's one of those rare pictures that will stay with you a long, long time.



EX-LADY

This is something for the Younger Generation. What with Spring and Junior Proms in full flower, there's going to be plenty of talk about marriage—and just in case any of the youngsters are plotting the companionate kind, good old Hollywood is all set to head them off. At least, that's the impression I got. For Bette Davis, who is one of our pert, modern maidens, has the notion that marriage ruins love—and when she weds Gene Raymond, they decide that they're both still going to be free. And so they are, until she sees him with Kay Strozzi and he sees her with Monroe Owsley—and that old green-eyed monster appears. Maybe you can guess the outcome. If you can't, you might take a look at Bette Davis making herself into a star. She does better by the story than the story does by her. It's a bit unusual to see a blond hero with a blonde heroine, but the experiment works.



MEN MUST FIGHT

"Men Must Fight" has the makings of a great picture—but it misses fire. For here is a story that looks as if it might do the same thing to war that "Cavalcade" did, and here is Diana Wynyard repeating the magnificent performance that she gave in "Cavalcade"—but then, at the end, the story weakens and turns a right-about-face, letting everybody down. In the World War, Diana loses her aviator-lover and has to marry another man (Lewis Stone) to give her son a name. She vows that this son (who grows up to be Phillips Holmes) will never go to war. She fights war, especially when her husband becomes Secretary of State. But war does come—in 1940—and she sees her son enlist, and cheers him. And then, I grieve to tell you, the story goes spectacular, instead of ironic. Lewis Stone is more of a help than Phillips Holmes.



SAILOR'S LUCK

James Dunn and Sally Eilers—who have been parted too long—get together again in "Sailor's Luck." If you have heard that it was once called "Bad Boy" (which made it sound like a sequel to "Bad Girl"), forget it. For the characters they play this time bear small resemblance to those in Vina Delmar's story. Sally is a girl out of a job, and Jimmy is a sailor who is not only on shore leave, but also "on the make." He wants to help Sally, but when he makes a proposal that doesn't mention marriage, she can't go through it. That changes Jimmy—until he sees her with a deep-dyed villain, takes too much for granted, and brings on a fight that is a near-riot. The comedy is contagious; the romance is secondary; and the two stars are excellent. Maybe I'd better tell you that it's more for a gay mood than a romantic one.



CHRISTOPHER STRONG

In her second picture, as in her first, Katharine Hepburn goes in for noble self-sacrifice. For once again she runs head-on into a romance that cannot end in marriage. She is a world-famous young aviatrix who hasn't had time for love, until she meets Colin Clive. He is an English diplomat, a married man with a grown daughter—not the elderly play-boy type. They fall in love, fighting against the attraction, even parting for a time. And *this* romance between Youth and Age isn't a bit sordid. Just otherwise. You're hoping for the lovers all the time—and if you aren't prepared, the ending may stun you. Clive walks away with the acting honors. Katharine, at times, seems nervous, almost a victim of stage-fright. But oh, what personality she has! As if I had to tell you!



THE MASQUERADER

Every actor has a yen to play a dual rôle—and Ronald Colman get his wish in "The Masquerader," which may be his last picture for two years or so, if he carries out present plans. He is a brilliant Member of Parliament, who is a nerve-tortured drug addict—and he is this man's "double," who steps into the other's shoes when his nerves give way. But while the "double" contracts to make speeches and public appearances, he doesn't contract to fall in love with the other's estranged wife—which he does. (And you can't blame him, either, with Elissa Landi as the wife.) Only the other man's mistress (Juliette Compton) suspects the masquerade. It's all a bit implausible, but it does have suspense, and Colman does a smooth, expert job, with both pathos and humor.

WE DON'T DARE TELL YOU HOW DARING IT IS!



Never before has the screen had the courage to present a story so frank—so outspoken—yet so true! Get set for a surprise sensation!

Introducing...
filmdom's newest favorite
in the stardom she earned
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BETTE DAVIS in
"EX-LADY"

With Gene Raymond, Monroe Owsley, Frank McHugh, Claire Dodd, Kay Strozzi... Directed by Robert Florey... One more in the sensational series of 1933 hits from
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 IN **10** DAYS
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"I have REDUCED MY HIPS 9 INCHES WITH THE PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE"
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● So many of our customers are delighted with the wonderful results obtained with this Perforated Rubber Reducing Girdle that we want you to try it for 10 days at our expense—

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● Worn next to the body with perfect safety, the tiny perforations permit the skin to breathe as its gentle massage-like action reduces flabby, disfiguring fat with every movement.

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N Our Hollywood NEIGHBORS

Goings-On Among the Players

By STACY KENT

HOW high is up, anyway? John Gilbert, who has had his share of this fame business, could probably answer the question—and with a few, good, old-English cuss-words thrown in for good measure. You remember John, of course. In the pre-Gable era he was the de luxe great lover. When Garbo and Gilbert put on a necking match the film burst into flame, and strong women were carried from the theatre. But those were the dear, dead days when all we had to worry about was prohibition and hay fever.

Just recently John completed his last fillum for M-G-M—a little opusyclept "Fast Workers." He returned one afternoon from the set to discover his elegant dressing-room bungalow in the possession of carpenters and sundry other workmen. The picture was not to be completed for two weeks, but no time was being lost. When that picture was finished John moved out, and out of M-G-M. A new producer on the lot wanted the bungalow for his executive offices.

John exploded, so terrified witnesses say, and the workmen left in a hurry, scattering hammers and saws along the way. But that isn't the point of the story. Another star has discovered the bitter fact that "up" isn't so very "high," after all, in Hollywood.

The Hollywood banks were open for business one afternoon, and the very next morning they weren't open for any kind of business. And never let it be said that a secret can't be kept in Hollywood. No one had the slightest inkling that a bank holiday was imminent. Consequently everyone was shy on that vulgar, but beautiful

thing called cash.

The first press-agent story to break into print about it concerned Peggy Hopkins Joyce, who, of all people in the world, had just thirteen cents. She had to vamp the studio gateman into paying her taxi bill. Peggy doesn't want diamonds any more. She wants a leg of lamb and cans of soup. June Collyer started on a career of crime by robbing her baby's bank, and David Manners borrowed four dollars from his Filipino houseboy before the lad had time



Keystone

Clara Bow and Rex Bell were accompanied westward by John and Lilian Bow, nephew and niece of the famous redhead. These twins, aged ten, will attend school in Hollywood and live with Clara

to read the headlines in the papers.

At the Henry King bridge party all the debts were paid by check, and there was a bank president there, too. Golly, he must have felt pretty silly.

Tom Brown gave a tin can dinner—the guests bringing their own tin cans. But there was one ray of hope—Hollywood bootleggers were still taking checks, optimists that they were.

THE lady had a country house near Beverly Hills, but three miles from the nearest picture theatre. Having a hankering for a little entertainment via the cinema route, she sent her Chinese butler to find out what was showing that evening at

QUITE a few stars have been wondering where in the Sam Hill their next Rolls-Royce was coming from, but no one expected to wonder where they could get a dime

the local film emporium. In due course the butler returned with the surprising news that it was something about "bank president robbing the people." Curiosity finally got the better of the lady. She had to go see what it was all about. Here was the sign on the marquee—Tallulah Bankhead in "The Cheat."

HOLLYWOOD, so profligate with its favors, is more adept at heart-breaking than Theda Bara in her best vamping days. The movie town has almost succeeded in breaking the heart and spirit of Colleen Moore, the favorite daughter of three or four years past.

She returned to Hollywood in a stage play and proved to the satisfaction of all concerned that she had outgrown her flapper days—and deserved serious consideration as a dramatic actress. Numerous contracts were offered her, and she chose M-G-M. For almost a year now she has been under contract, drawing salary, and never facing the camera except for an occasional test.

Then she was borrowed by Fox for the leading rôle in "The Power and the Glory." It offered her a great opportunity for she was to play both a young girl and an old woman. Colleen was happy. The picture was not unlike "So Big," and that had always been her favorite picture despite the success of her flapper dramas. At last she was to return to the films after years of waiting. Then, suddenly, the picture was canceled. Colleen is still waiting, and wondering if that "break" will ever come.

ALMOST any bright, sunny day along the elegant streets of Beverly Hills and Brentwood, you're liable to see a bicycling party out for whoopee and slim waistlines. In Palm Springs it isn't safe to risk yourself on the streets. You're liable to come to with Janet Gaynor, and her bicycle, in your lap. The hotels practically issue "bikes" with the bathroom soap. Joan Crawford, Claudette Colbert, and Mary Pickford are enthusiasts. Even the dignified Leslie Howard dons shorts, and pedals about, looking at the scenery.

Jean Harlow, and there's a smart gal, has all the exercise without troubling to buy one of the durned things. She just lies flat on her back in her boudoir, points her tootsies toward the ceiling, and pedals away for dear life. She says she gets the exercise with about half the effort.

And not that this has ANYTHING to do with bicycling, good gracious

(Continued on page 65)

Just a little piece of chocolate



YET what a big part it plays in the health of millions

It *looks* like chocolate. It *tastes* like chocolate. Yet millions have found it such a big thing in keeping healthy.

A little thing for a big purpose—to keep "regular"—that's Ex-Lax!

Ex-Lax checks on every point you should look for in a laxative:

Ex-Lax contains a laxative ingredient approved by doctors everywhere.

It tastes like the most delicious chocolate you ever ate.

It does not gripe or disturb the stomach. Causes no disagreeable after-effects.

It is *not* habit-forming.

It is a laxative scientifically timed to act thoroughly, gently and safely.

Ex-Lax has stood the test of time. In the 27 years that Ex-Lax has been a household favorite, many laxatives have come and gone. Yet Ex-Lax is still the leader, holding old friends and winning hosts of new ones every year.

There's only one Ex-Lax!

Success breeds envy. Beware of imitations of Ex-Lax! The names of some imitations *sound* like Ex-Lax. But there is only one *genuine* Ex-Lax. See the exact spelling when you buy. Insist on getting Ex-Lax to make sure of getting Ex-Lax results!

Get Ex-Lax at any drug store—in 10c and 25c sizes.



keep "regular" with

EX-LAX

THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

Smile for
the Ladies



(AND POCKET
\$3
THE 3 OR SO
THAT YOU
SAVE)

*Pay less for your Tooth Paste
and get better results*

Let's be fair. There are a number of good tooth pastes—all made by reputable manufacturers, who feel a responsibility to the public as well as to their own pockets.

But these first-rate dentifrices commonly cost 40 or 50 cents a tube. There is, however, one—Listerine Tooth Paste—that is regularly priced at 25 cents for the large size.

We don't pretend that you will suffer from pyorrhea, gingivitis, or trench mouth if you go on using a tooth paste in the half-dollar class. But you *will* be throwing away about \$3 a year. And you'll also be missing a chance to have a brighter, more engaging smile, with cleaner teeth and healthier gums!

Since improved methods of manufacture and a huge demand give you Listerine Tooth Paste at a quarter a tube—and since a new polishing agent makes it do a better job than costlier pastes—isn't it just plain common sense to give it a trial?

You will not be disappointed. People tell us that Listerine Tooth Paste makes dingy, lusterless teeth white and sparkling in two or three brushings—that it firms the gums wonderfully, and leaves a pleasant, invigorating after-taste in the mouth.

Those are just the results we *meant* it to give, regardless of what it would have to cost. That's why we put into it a cleansing and polishing agent so fine that it cannot scratch the softest enamel, yet hard enough to remove tartar, discoloration, and tobacco stains in record time.

Disregard that three-dollar saving, if you like, and judge Listerine Tooth Paste on results alone. We know what your decision will be! LAMBERT PHARMACAL Co., St. Louis, Missouri.

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MOVIE CLASSIC

NORMA SHEARER *talks* *back* to Dame Rumor

By GLADYS HALL

DAME RUMOR is having a perfectly swell time of it these blustery days. She is licking her rapacious lips over two mighty morsels never served up to her before—i.e.—Norma Shearer and her husband-producer, Irving Thalberg.

Dame R. has been gossiping about an eight-point plan of her own, namely, that (1) Norma and Irving are planning to retire after their trip abroad—to renounce the studio world and live on some pastoral farm where they will raise chickens, children and cauliflowers; (2) that Louis B. Mayer, the boss, is easing his son-in-law, David Selznick, onto the Thalberg throne and, by the same motion, easing Thalberg out, (3) that such is not the case at all—that Selznick is only “taking over” while Thalberg is away, a sort of personal *entente cordiale*, as 'twere; (4) that Thalberg is dangerously ill; (5) that Thalberg is not dangerously ill at all; (6) that Thalberg will start producing on his own when he returns, with wife Norma as the start-to-begin-with; (7) that Norma, Irving and William Randolph Hearst are planning some sort of a unit combination to go over to United Artists; (8) that all of these other rumors are apple-butter and that all is as Norma and Irving say it is—to wit, that they are going to take a much-needed vacation, while Irving



Gossip has left Norma and her producer-husband, Irving Thalberg, pretty much alone. But their trip abroad has brought on all kinds of rumors. Not about divorce—but about their futures. “They may be quitting Hollywood.” That’s just a sample of the gossip. Norma answers it all!

recuperates from his recent serious illness, and that they will return to the Metro embrace upon their return, where everything will be as it has been. You can take your choice or make up your own rumor.

Norma Answers the Rumors

NORMA, at home in her lovely beach house at Santa Monica, agrees positively—and with no reservations—to Rumor (8).

Said Norma, always frank and as open as any producer’s wife dare be, “We have contracts to fulfill at Metro, Irving and I. We plan to return there after we get back from Europe. Of course, there *would* be these rumors—this is Hollywood, you know.

“There have been so many rumors started that we should have worked up an immunity to them, all of us. There have been rumors, stated as facts, about my position in the studio, due to being Irving’s wife. I am supposed to have the choice of all the best stories, all the best parts, merely by raising my wifely little finger. I am said to snatch the best plums right out of the Crawford and Garbo pies. I am papa’s little pet and what is done at home in the breakfast room cannot be undone in the studio. This is not so. Quite the contrary.

“If I were in any other studio I would frequently, no doubt, demand stories I thought were good for me.

(Continued on page 56)

Will It Be Trousers for Women?

By DOROTHY CALHOUN



Barbara Weeks and Diane Sinclair like 'em

Acme

IF this controversy over trousers for ladies doesn't subside, President Roosevelt may have to declare another holiday — a tailoring holiday! It already has reached Congress, and that august body has had to pass on whether or not the new styles violate the law forbidding a woman to "masquerade as a man." The recent "lame-duck" Congress, faced with the dismaying spectacle of trousered women on the streets of the national capital, decided weakly that since they were not trying to deceive anybody as to their sex, and certainly *didn't* deceive anybody, they were within the law. But what does Hollywood say about trousers for women? Plenty!—both pro and con.

Jesse K. Lasky, who did much to make movies what they are to-day, has sent out a passionate letter to all his



Lilyan Tashman, who has started a few unusual fashions, herself, says, "Anything beautiful is excusable, but there is nothing beautiful in the feminine figure in male clothes"

fellow-producers, asking them to have their feminine players stop wearing trousers because, he says, the fans don't like it. Mr. Lasky is an influential man, but his position is somewhat like that of the legendary Norse gentleman who stood on the seashore and bade the tides turn back. For Marlene Dietrich certainly



Mozelle Brittone "suits" herself!

Acme

started something when she appeared at the opening of "The Sign of the Cross," wearing a masculine tuxedo, wing-collar, soft felt hat, mannish topcoat, and a pair of mannish patent-leather shoes!

Marlene Dietrich started it all—and plenty of the girls are following suit. Others say, "Trousers? Never!" Constance Bennett calls them "atrocities"; her sister Joan wears them. Lilyan Tashman says most men despise women in trousers; June Clyde's husband ordered a suit for her to match one of his. Hollywood's Best-Dressed Women are all in on the feud!



Adrienne Ames says, "I am not ashamed of being a woman. I intend to keep on looking like one. Trousers on women are hideous. You will never see a woman wearing a man's clothes on Park Avenue!"



Fay Wray finds trousers "chic"

Marlene Dietrich claims she took to trousers to be comfortable, not sensational. She has ten trouser suits. This is one she wears to work

Marlene had been wearing trousers for some time previous, but they had been pooh-poohed and soft-pedalled by her studio and friends. Marlene, herself, refused to pose for photographs in her male togs. But on the evening of January twelfth, a new era in feminine fashions was officially inaugurated when, accompanied by

a blushing and slightly embarrassed Chevalier, La Dietrich wore her tuxedo to that première. Before radio announcers and goggle-eyed spectators stuttering with amazement, Marlene coolly and challengingly wore the tux, which may yet become as much a symbol of liberty as Betsy Ross' flag—and posed obligingly for the newspaper photographers.

News and Views Circled Globe

EVERY newspaper in America carried a picture of Marlene in trousers. Telegraph wires clicked, cables carried the news to far countries, and dress-designers cursed and tore their hair. Paramount, making the most of what first looked like "a bad break," seized advantage of the occasion to push the greatest publicity campaign ever given a star. Word was given out that Marlene had ten trouser suits; she was photographed in several of them. Department stores blossomed out in pantaloons for every size, from junior miss to stylish stout. Advertisements blared the new "Marlene Mannish Styles." Editorials discussed the Dietrich vogue, pulpits denounced it, Broadway caught up the new fad and put it behind footlights.

(Continued on page 62)

JOAN CRAWFORD

Explains Why She and Doug, Jr., *Are Parting*

With deep regret, and with not even a hint of bitterness, Joan Crawford and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., have decided on separation. Neither wants divorce. And what led to their decision? Which one of them changed? Did gossip have anything to do with it? Did jealousy enter in? Joan answers all these questions frankly, completely. Read what she says—and understand these two youngsters, who will always be friends!



Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Joan Crawford return from Europe—where they went in search of “lost happiness” (and didn’t find it)

BY FRANK CATES

In an interview in the April MOVIE CLASSIC, entitled, “Joan Crawford Answers Twenty Pointed Questions,” James Fidler asked her: “Are you and Doug contemplating a divorce?” Her answer was: “Gossip, gossip, gossip—all untrue. Please believe me, the answer is: No!” The answer is still “No.” Joan and Doug may be separating, but neither is ready for divorce, as Joan explains in this frank, confiding interview. She explains everything—and in doing so helps you to understand both Doug, Jr., and herself completely—Editor.

“YES, Douglas and I are going to separate,” says Joan Crawford. “We decided on separation, rather than divorce, to prove to the world that there is no outside reason for our act. This talk about other men or other women coming between us is as absurd as most of the things they have said about us for three and a half years. There is no one I want to marry, and Douglas will tell you the same thing—even more violently!”

Joan has been accused of dramatizing herself. Introspective, intensely sensitized, with an actress’ love for expressing emotion, she has sometimes seemed (to cynical interviewers) to be enjoying her own woes. I have known Joan for a long time, and I remember vividly once when, with a tragic hand on breast, she confided to me that her little feet were dancing, but her little heart was breaking.

Now, Joan Crawford is not acting. She speaks short, curt sentences, as women speak of a dead child, too far beyond tragedy for easy tears. “Over the air, Walter Winchell said that, if and when



Those were the happy days—when Joan and Doug first found each other and romance, and talked a love language all their own!

Lappman

we did part, it would be the chatter-writers and gossip columnists who would be responsible," she went on. "I can't truthfully say that Hollywood is to be blamed. The same thing that has happened to us is going on every day, all over the world. Only people are more interested in hearing what movie couples do.

Jealousy Didn't Enter In

"WHEN we fell in love—they talked. When we were happily married—they talked. I can't send Douglas a cake on his birthday, and he can't bring me a present from New York without causing comment. Neither one of us can be seen any place with any third person without reading about it in the papers the next day. If I had half the love affairs I'm supposed to have, I wouldn't have had time to make any pictures.

"But such gossip has not really hurt our marriage. I know Douglas' girl acquaintances; I have had them here to dinner. He knows the men who occasionally take me out. Ricardo Cortez is one of my latest alleged loves. A Chicago newspaper even went so far as to publish the rumor that he and I were to marry, following my divorce from Douglas. This was last February, long before any announcement of a separation was made.

"Douglas and Ricardo both thought it a great joke. They had been teasing each other for a long time about the linking of Ric's name and mine. We've often lunched together, the three of us. Ric always called himself 'The

Menace' when he telephoned the house. 'Tell Mr. Fairbanks the Menace is calling.' Fortunately, the servants weren't in on the joke.

"The main reason we have taken this step is because we have grown apart. We haven't rushed into it without long thought. Actually, we separated eight months ago, though we have shared the same address and have lived under the same roof ever since. But I think we both hated to admit that such wonderful happiness as we have had together could come to an end. I don't really remember which one of us first broached the subject of separation. Both of us knew—long before a word was said—that it was over."

Over. The days when Joan would spring up from her luncheon to rush to the telephone to remind Douglas to eat spinach for *his* lunch . . . the times when they kissed and held hands radiantly and unashamedly in public places—the more public, the better . . . the Christmases when Joan hid Douglas' presents and he hid hers and they both scampered in pajamas over the house, trying to find them . . . the times they thought up jokes to play on each other . . . the evenings when Joan hooked rugs in an ecstasy of housewifeliness . . . the dinner hours when they stole kisses while the servant was out of the room. Over.

"I have no reason to blame Douglas because we have grown apart," Joan says, slowly. "He is no different from what he was on the day we were married. I am the one

(Continued on page 60)

GEORGE RAFT

Answers Twenty Pointed Questions

George Raft is the fourth star to cooperate with **MOVIE CLASSIC** to give you a "cross-examination" interview—something new and newsy in interviews. You form your own impressions of a star, without any help from the interviewer. The questions ask things that everybody wants to know about the mysterious George—but they are worded frankly to encourage frank, revealing answers. And no star to date has been franker than George!—*Editor.*

GEORGE RAFT, who is one of the most mysterious stars in Hollywood, has just faced a cross-examination intended to reveal some of his hidden life and plans—and liked it.

Usually, when George is interviewed, he manages to give such evasive statements that even the keenest writers leave him with confused notions about the man. But **MOVIE CLASSIC** forestalled such a happening.

James Fidler asked George twenty "impertinent" questions and warned him that his "pertinent" answers would be "used against him." Despite this warning, George responded whole-heartedly to every question, with the result that he tells more about himself than he ever has before. And after you read them, you will know him better than you ever have before.

Read Jimmie's questions (in light italics) and George's answers (in heavy Roman type), and see how many of the Raft "rumors" they end:

1. *Are you in love? Will you marry?*

I am not in love. I will not marry until I can give a woman everything she desires without sacrificing my own wants. I would be unhappy if I had to "do without" in order to be married.

2. *What will you seek in a wife?*

Attractiveness—of dress, appearance, mannerisms. A woman attractive in every way.

3. *Have you ever been married?*

Not yet. I have been accused of having a wife, but, I assure you, there has never been a Mrs. George Raft.

4. *Were you questioned by the police soon after your arrival in Hollywood? If so, why?*

Yes. The police heard rumors that I was connected with





MOVIE CLASSIC, through James Fidler, asks The Mystery Man twenty "impertinent" questions—about everything from blondes and bodyguards to his dislike of being alone—and George comes back with twenty "pertinent" answers. In fact, some of his answers may surprise you!

By JAMES FIDLER
AND GEORGE RAFT

many fights between men, ours cemented a friendship that endured.

6. *Have you objected to starring in former Valentino stories? If so, why?*

Yes. I do not think I am capable of playing the same parts as well as Valentino played them. Therefore, I would suffer by comparison.

7. *Did you win your salary fight with Paramount?*

Yes. I was being paid a very small salary under the terms of a contract signed before I won a fan following. I felt that I had made myself more valuable to my organization, and therefore should be paid more money.

Paramount was not at first inclined to agree, but when my employers learned that I seriously intended to quit motion pictures, rather than work for an inadequate salary, they agreed to my demands.

8. *Is it true you cannot drive an automobile?*

No; I drive well. However, I dislike to, and seldom do. Because I am always chauffeured, people conceived the notion that I know nothing about automobiles. I can take motors apart and, more important, put them together again.

9. *Do you have a bodyguard?*

Yes—and no. A man accompanies me wherever I go. Primarily, he is for company. But he is an expert pistol shot and has a permit to carry firearms.

I, like many other stars, have been the victim of kidnap and extortion threats.

10. *Did you order a dozen suits at one time, and do you purchase at least one new suit every week?*

Yes—to both parts of the question. Clothes are my weakness, and now that I can afford to, I indulge freely. After I leave you, I have a date with my tailor. He is fitting me with four new suits.

When I went to Europe for a few weeks, I brought back twenty new suits. I have reached the point where I order seasonal clothes far in advance; for example, I was fitted for white summer suits in December. Who knows?—I may be dead before I have a chance to wear them.

11. *Is it true you date only with blondes? Why?*

Yes, with a few rare exceptions. Brunettes do not interest me. Perhaps I am an example of the old law of opposites.

(Continued on page 71)

New York gangsters. I was thoroughly investigated, and given a clean record.

The fact that I was permitted to remain proves that I was found to be a desirable citizen. Police officials later apologized for their action.

5. *Did you once have an argument with Rudolph Valentino that ended in a fight?*

Yes. When Latin men are thrown together, they often quarrel. Valentino and I were no exceptions—but like

Who's *Who* on Hollywood's HONOR LIST

Do you know what feminine stars you should salute as Colonels? The town's full of them. But some of the other honors Hollywood can claim are rare! Do you know, for instance, what star can call himself "The Sweetheart of the World"? Guess three times—and then start reading. For here's the story about the stars who **MUST** be famous!



Left to right, George Arliss, who is an honorary Doctor of Philosophy; Constance Bennett, who can wear the Distinguished Service Medal; Buster Keaton, who was created an Admiral by the State of Nebraska; and Polly Moran, who calls herself, "Miss America of 1880"



C. S. Bull

square has been named for him down in Mexico, but before he has a chance to boast about it, another has received word that a whole town right here in the United States has changed its name to his own. A small town, maybe, but the feeling is there! And while on the subject of christenings, a tactful fan did Mary Pickford the high honor of naming her small daughter after the pioneer star, and then, to avoid causing jealousy within Pickfair's gates, called her second child, a son, after Douglas Fairbanks!

Mary leads the honors list of Hollywood. Just last New Year's, she was made *grand marshal* of the Tournament of Roses Parade in Pasadena—one of the biggest annual pageants in the world. *That* was an honor every star in Hollywood found cause to envy! Riding in a coach covered with white roses, drawn by four white horses in pink satin harness, Mary led the parade and looked ravishing, sophisticated, and a year or two under twenty. Per-

haps no other actress of the screen could have carried it off so well. (No other has ever had the chance!) Parade officials estimated that the magic of the Pickford name brought a million more spectators than usual.

Mary's Government Honors

OTHER important honors Mary has received include her commission by the Treasury Department, during the War, to *tour the country on behalf of the Liberty Loan*. Only two other stars were similarly honored—Charlie Chaplin and Douglas Fairbanks.

Mary was the first star to be made an *Honorary Colonel*,

By MARK DOWLING

TO those with honor, more honor comes (to play about with an old saying), and the stars of Hollywood have received almost every decoration, degree, and gift in the power of an adoring world to bestow. There's plenty of rivalry about it, too! No sooner does a star hang a large silver medal on the boudoir wall than she finds a gold statuette on the mantelpiece at her rival's Beverly Hills mansion—and for every cinema celebrity who has been presented at the Court of St. James's, there is another who has chatted over a dish of tea with the President.

One star learns with gratification that a handsome

though now there are so many that if you entered a studio restaurant and shouted, "Hey, Colonel!" half the actresses in the room would spring to attention and salute. Her regiment was the 143rd Field Artillery, just going into the line of fire when the Armistice was signed.

She was christened *Little Sister of the Navy* by Secretary Daniels, before the entire Pacific Fleet at San Pedro, and she has been *presented to royalty* all over the world, the Spanish and English Courts



Above, a close-up of Mary Pickford as the first woman grand marshal of the tournament of Roses Parade. Left, in her coach-and-four



among them. It's a considerable honor, too, that the nickname given her by Sid Grauman's father, *America's Sweetheart*, was adopted all over the world.

The lad with the *town named for him* is Gary Cooper. It is Gary, Montana, and used to be Greenesville. Gary was also made a *member of the Western Ambulanciers*, for his portrayal of the ambulance driver in "A Farewell to Arms," and he was nominated the *most thoroughly American young man* on the screen by Faith Baldwin, the novelist. She explained, "He makes you think of mountains and plains, of pioneers and the days of Daniel Boone!"

The Title That Polly Claims

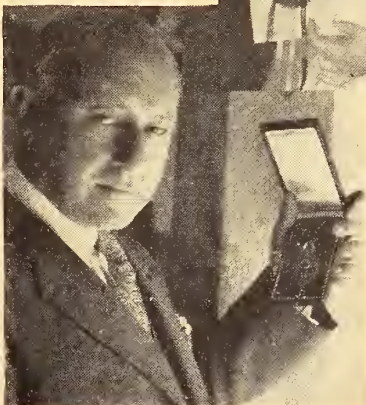
THESE honors, you see, are both serious and—ah—silly. Polly Moran clings to the title of *Miss America for 1880*—at least, that's the way she autographed a picture for Jimmy Walker, ex-mayor of New York City. George M. Cohan was elected *Good Will President of the United States* by the Breakfast Club, a local organization. (That was before he left us and said those horrid things about Hollywood!) Mae West was honored by Billy Sunday when he urged her to quit acting. "*She'd be a sensation in any pulpit*," he declared. You don't appreciate that one till you've heard Mae sing some of the old Bowery songs!

Bebe Daniels (who knows

Patrol—honors that have come to the Western star partly through his screen rôles and also because he turns over



Cecil De Mille (left) has won the Order of the Holy Sepulchre. Joan Blondell (above) has an honorary "passport" from California. Bebe Daniels and Marion Davies (right) are honorary U. S. Colonels



how to pilot a 'plane) is *Honorary Colonel* of the air corps at March Field. They held an inspection of the entire corps in her honor, a thing done before only for Amelia Earhart, the feminine Lone Eagle. Joe E. Brown is the only star *allowed to sit on the bench* at the big-league baseball games. Maybe that's cheating! Joe, you know, used to play with the New York Yankees and even now owns a part-interest in the Kansas City club.

Tom Mix *belongs to dozens of boys' clubs*—the Boy Scouts, the Mounted Troops of America, the Old Glory Braves, the Tom Mix



his house and grounds to these organizations for week-ends. A form of charity, by the way, that Tom hasn't allowed much publicity.

(Continued on page 74)



UFA Willy Fritsch—wed to Lilian?

Is LILIAN HARVEY Married?

German fans says she is—Lilian says she isn't—and Hollywood is wondering. But married or not, the little German-English star is creating a stir in the movie colony—chumming with Chevalier, racing around in a big white foreign car, and saying the camera is like a lover who must be wooed!

By LEONARD O. MOSLEY

THE Pickford-Fairbanks combination of Europe"—so UFA called Lilian Harvey and Willy Fritsch, when these two popular players were both making pictures for the German studio. "*Willy Fritsch is happily married to the diminutive Lilian Harvey,*" the press sheet stated, "*and they are known as the Fairbanks-Pickford combination of Europe.*" Certainly, it would seem that UFA would have the true story—a story seemingly upheld by reproductions of photostatic "copies" of marriage papers in the German newspapers, as well as by a most amusing sequel, which also appeared in the Berlin newspapers a few months ago.

According to this story, two burglars, having heard of Lilian Harvey's celebrated jewels (with which she later dazzled Hollywood on her arrival), climbed up a drain-pipe to her bedroom one night, and slipped into the room, only to stop short when the lights were suddenly snapped on, revealing the lovely blonde film star asleep while a personable young man sat on the edge of the bed, revolver in hand.

Being good film fans, the burglars had read the movie magazines and had seen stories that Lilian Harvey was unmarried. So, the story goes, they cleverly threatened the young man with a newspaper scandal unless he let them get away.

"Well, go ahead," the young man was quoted as saying, with a smile. "I don't mind the newspapers knowing that I am Willy Fritsch and that Miss Harvey and I have been married secretly for three months."

Shrugs Away the Rumors

NATURALLY, then, the first question that reporters asked Lilian Harvey on her arrival in Hollywood was, "When do you expect your husband to join you?"



Lilian Harvey danced her way into Europe's heart—and Willy Fritsch was often her co-star. And she does admit that she is lonesome for him

Smiling blandly, while a twenty-five-carat diamond solitaire on her engagement finger caught the rays of the California sun and almost blinded the spectators, Miss Harvey replied astonishingly, "I have no husband."

Confronted with reports from abroad, she smiled gently, "Oh the studio gave that out just for a good publicity story," she explained.

But the burglars? The "confession" of the secret marriage?

"I've worked with Willy in countless pictures," shrugged Lilian. "We've been together on the set for days on end, making love to each other for our audiences. But that's as near man and wife as we've ever been. The papers print such dangerous stories. The one about the burglars is only one of them."

"Of course, I like Willy. I might even have been in love with him once. But I can fall out of love, even as he can. He was once very much infatuated with Marlene Dietrich, you know. When I was a little girl I was in love with the postman!

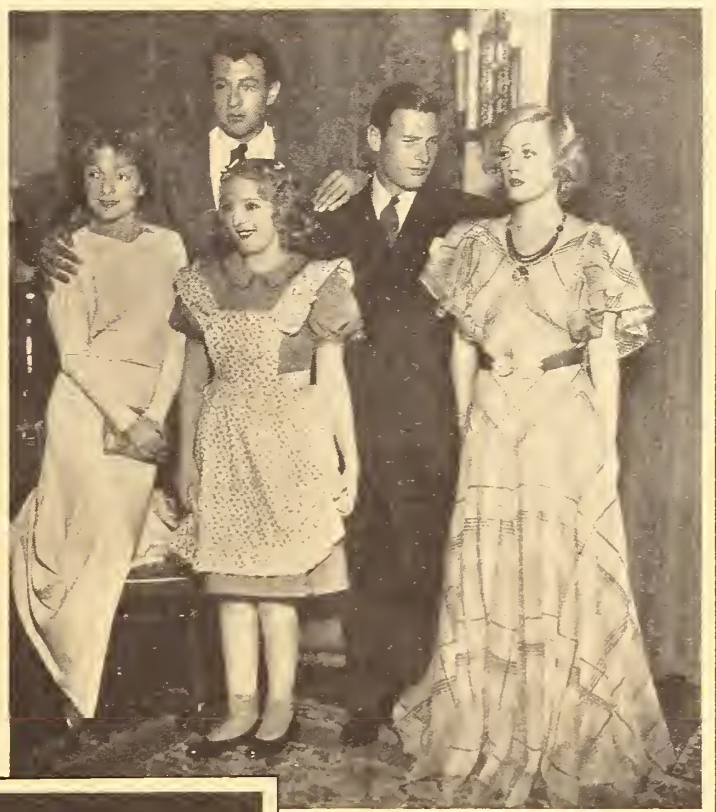
"I've been reported married and engaged so many times I've lost count. There was an Archduke, a Baron—a wealthy American and a dozen more. Perhaps I might have been interested in some of them, but I've been too busy to settle down. I'm as free as a bird. (Continued on page 76)

THE NEWSREEL OF THE NEWSSTANDS



Wide World

Producers predicted a bright future in films for Gretchen Wilson, from down Louisiana way—but little she cares now! She has married John Randolph Hearst (with her, above), son of the publisher!



When Gary Cooper (in rear, above) gave a party for Mr. and Mrs. John Hay Whitney, of New York's 400, he invited these stars (left to right): Helen Hayes, Mary Pickford, Richard Arlen and Marion Davies. Below, Carole Lombard buys lunch during bank holiday with her own scrip—"stage" money with her picture pasted on it



Acme

When Kathleen Burke won her screen chance as "The Panther Woman," Glen Rardin, Chicago photographer, followed her to Hollywood—just to make sure she wouldn't forget him, with all the movie sheiks around. And now his worries are over—for she's Mrs. Rardin!



Acme

Buddy Rogers, newly signed by Fox, returns to town—and Mary Brian is waiting for him with a great big hug. Romantic again?



◆ THE LATEST HOLLYWOOD NEWS PICTURES ◆



Off to the Sumatra jungle to film "Wild Cargo"—that's where Frank ("Bring 'Em Back Alive") Buck is going now. And Mrs. Buck intends to be in on the fun



International

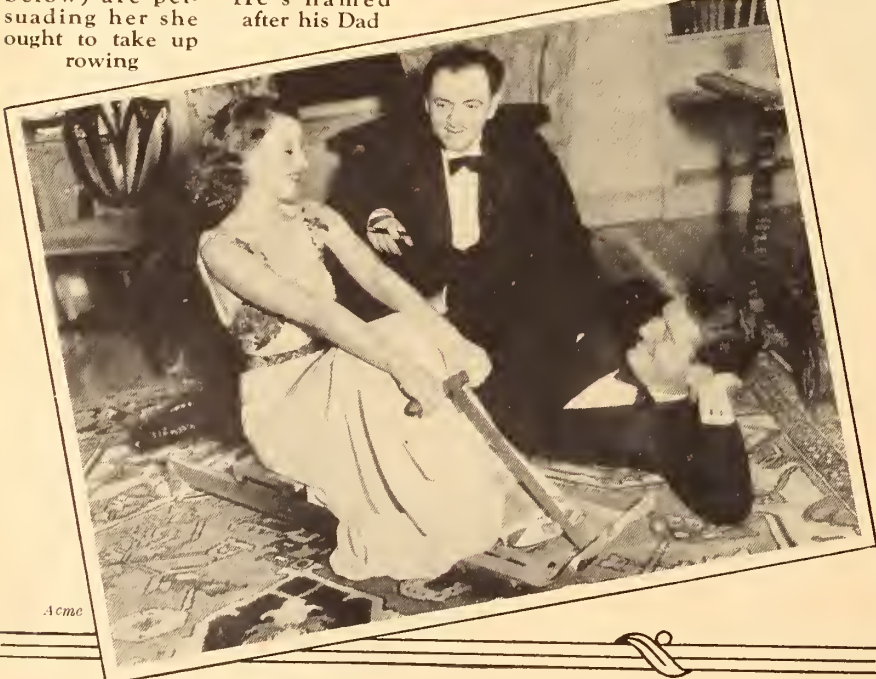
When Jack Dempsey took both Gail Sisters to a party, Hollywood thought he couldn't choose between them. But Jane (left) seems to be acting as June's chaperon



International

One of Hollywood's new indoor sports is teasing Lilian Harvey about being so athletic. Harry Lachman and Spencer Tracy (at her feet, below) are persuading her she ought to take up rowing

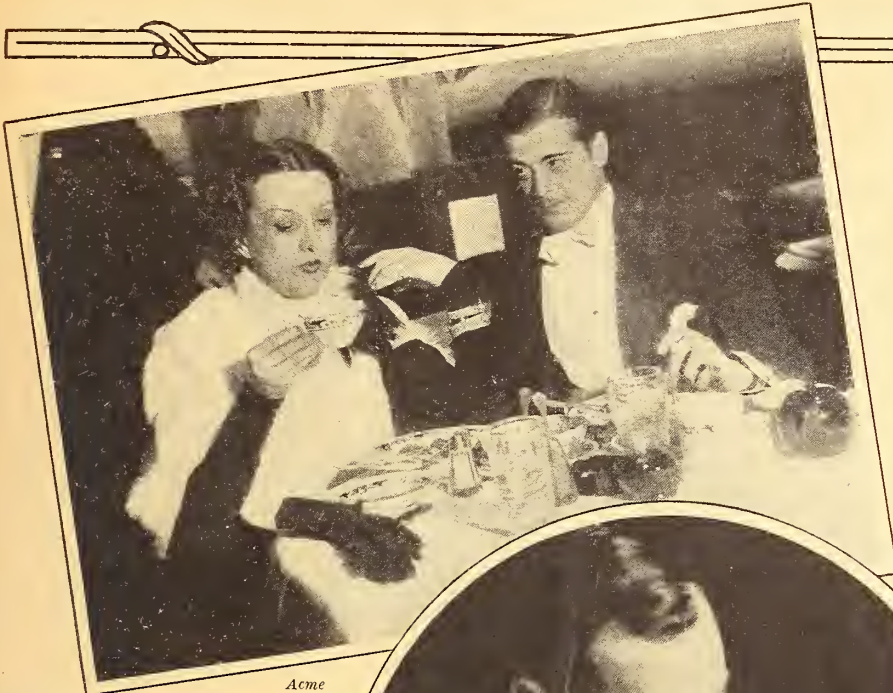
Not a bit camera-conscious—that's the kind of son that Arline Judge (right) and director Wesley Ruggles have! He's named after his Dad



Acme



Hollywood thought that maybe Janet Gaynor and Lydell Peck would hold hands again. But Janet has gone through with the divorce, charging "extreme jealousy"



Acme

And Estelle Taylor—the former Mrs. Dempsey—isn't pinning away from loneliness, either. Her favorite escort seems to be John Warburton (with her, above)



Wide World

Ready to quarrel at the drop of a hat? Don't you believe it! James Dunn and Maureen O'Sullivan use the hat for a game of "pick up"



International

In the U. S., Buster Keaton isn't yet divorced from Natalie Talmadge, but in Mexico he's married to May Scribbens, a nurse (left)!

It took the "42nd Street Special" to get all these stars to New York at once (below, left to right): Eleanor Holm, Joe E. Brown, Leo Carrillo, Bette Davis, Tom Mix and Laura La Plante



Trousers for women? Then why not skirts for men? "What was good enough for our grandmothers is good enough for us!" say Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey



International

WALTER HUSTON Says, "If I Were Roosevelt—"

"If I were Roosevelt," said Walter Huston, "I would probably do exactly what he is doing—that is, of course, providing that I had the ability, the courage and the foresight our new President has already shown he possesses. He stepped into office to face a crisis in our national affairs as great as has confronted any Chief Executive in history. And he has lost no time in setting into motion the machinery that will bring order from threatening chaos.

"It is, nevertheless, an interesting question you ask—'What would I do if I were Roosevelt?' I doubt if I would have the temerity to attempt an answer, were it not that I am so impressed by this rôle I am playing in 'Gabriel Over the White House.'"

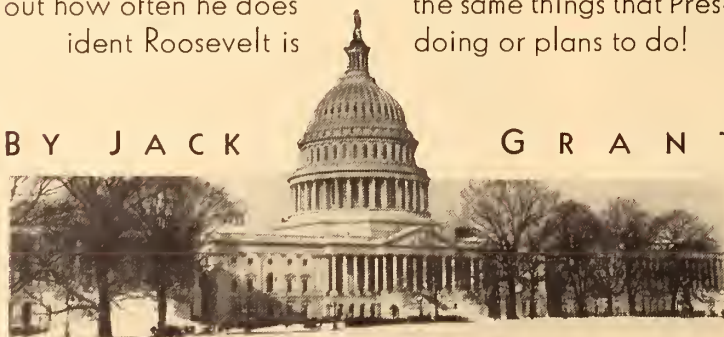
Huston, as he spoke, was in make-up for the picture. He plays *Jud Hammond*, *President of the United States*. It marks his third term as President, as he has previously given us *Lincoln* and *Grant* on the screen.

Jud Hammond is, however, an entirely fictitious character. An anonymous author created him



In "Gabriel Over the White House," Walter Huston plays a President of the United States. Moreover, he encounters many of the same problems that now face President Roosevelt. How does he solve them? How does he lead America out of the depression—and cope with unemployment, balance the budget, settle the foreign debts, wipe out the gangsters? He tells you in this interview—and you may be amazed to find out how often he does the same things that President Roosevelt is doing or plans to do!

BY JACK GRANT



Acme

and imagined what he might do in solving the riddle of present conditions. At first, *President Hammond* is a party man, a politician loyal to the powers that brought about his election, a hail-fellow-well-met type, mouthing empty promises, possessing no convictions that have not been dictated for him by party bosses.

Then the *President* is hurt in an automobile accident, receiving head injuries that utterly change his personality. A divine madness leads him to act without fear or favoritism. Instead of submitting himself to dictation, he becomes a dictator, forcing his hopelessly incompetent Cabinet to resign and Congress to adjourn *sine die*. He deals summarily with the problems of unemployment, lawlessness, foreign debt collection, disarmament, farm and industrial relief, and the various items of taxes, tariffs and the unbalanced budget. All of this is accomplished in a year, before the *President* recovers from what is ironically called "insanity." He is, in short, a bit of a "miracle man."

(Continued on page 68)

Will His First Big Rôle Make Or Break JACK LA RUE?



George Raft (above) wouldn't play *Trigger*—and risk his popularity. Jack La Rue (left) says, "I'm not soft-peddling *Trigger* one bit, and I don't think the public will hate me for it"



An unknown, he is gambling his whole future on a rôle that George Raft refused to play—a rôle of the town. George tells you why he asked to play it—and La Rue tells you why he took the "big chance"

By
ROSEMARY
MONNELL

SOME stars have been refusing to accept fifty per cent pay cuts—which hit Hollywood at the same time as the bank holiday. But that wasn't why George Raft walked out of his studio and became a rebel; his walkout came just before the bank holiday. What George was refusing to do was to play a character called *Trigger* in a picture called "The Story of Temple Drake." His place was immediately taken by Jack La Rue, who played the priest in "A Farewell to Arms" and was the victim of the horsewhipping in "The Woman Accused." And the rôle to which George Raft objected so violently is looked upon as a great opportunity by Jack La Rue.



In a corn-crib, *Trigger* (Jack La Rue) kills a half-wit and attacks *Temple Drake* (Miriam Hopkins). This may be the most sensational movie scene of the year. George Raft refused to make it

"The Story of Temple Drake" is based on the novel, "Sanctuary," by William Faulkner, in which the character Raft was to play was called *Popeye*. In the book, this character is partially described in the following sentences—found in several scattered passages:

... man of under size, a cigarette from his chin. His face had a bloodless color as though lit by electric light; in his slanted eyes a hat and slightly akimbo nose he had the vicious depthless look of stamped tin . . .

... twisted and pinched cigarettes in his little doll-like hands. His skin had a dead dark pallor. He had no chin at all. His face just went away like the face of a wax doll set too near a hot fire . . .

"*Popeye's* eyes looked like rubber knobs . . . *Popeye* looked about with a sort of vicious cringing . . . 'He smells black,' *Benbow* thought. . . .

"'I be dog if he ain't skeered of his own shadow,' *Tommy* said . . .

"*Popeye* waggled the pistol slightly and put it back in his coat, then he walked toward her. 'Something is going to happen to me,' she screamed . . .

"'He will never be a man, properly speaking,' the doctor said . . .

"When he was on his way home that summer, they arrested him for killing a man in one town at an hour when he was in another town killing somebody else."

This, only slightly changed for movie purposes, is the character that George Raft was asked to play, and refused to play. This is the character that Jack La Rue believes will make him famous.

(Continued on page 58)

LOOKING THEM OVER

GOSSIP FROM THE WEST COAST BY DOROTHY MANNERS

SOMETIME before Lydell Peck met, and married Janet Gaynor, he had been romantically interested in Catherine Dale Owen, than whom there is no whomer when it comes to beauty. And now that Janet and Lydell are definitely parted (Janet is insistent that there will be no reconciliation), Lydell is once more squiring Catherine to the Sunday evening parties and the new movie premières.

It looks like

crack to the effect that no one in Hollywood really played Bridge well. The Marx Brothers, who are plenty sold on their own game, challenged him to "eat those words" by meeting them in tournament. Culbertson accepted. Invitations went out to the press and to the Bridge bugs of the town to attend the first night's session at the Paramount Studio, and the second night at RKO.

At the last minute Ely backed out! Rumor has it that he did not like all the publicity the game was attracting. As the leading disciple of Contract, it would do him no good to lose to the merry, mad Marx clan at his own game! At least that is one story.

The Marxes, however, prefer



Maureen O'Sullivan (above) meets a \$5,000 dog—a Siberian Samoyede. No, she isn't buying it!

Mae Clarke gets John Gilbert's "farewell" movie kiss—in "Fast Workers" (circle). For John has plans to become a director! He'll love only his work from now on!



If you don't think Jean Harlow knows her golf—look at who her instructor is! Leo Diegel, the famous pro!

a really serious romance this time. No one would be at all surprised if Catherine became Mrs. Lydell Peck II as soon as the law allows!

MERVYN LEROY (baby-faced director) is this-way-and-just-like-that about Doris Warner, of the Warners, and he doesn't care who knows it. When Doris returned to her home in New York, Mervyn was as lost as a five-dollar bill on a street corner.

Ginger Rogers, Mervyn's former flame, is now stepping out on the arm of Howard Hughes. But who isn't?



Fruer
Ruby Keeler (above), who gave a bang-up performance in "42nd Street," is now planning to give a "bangs-down" one in "Gold-Diggers of 1933." And another newcomer who will bear watching is Jean Carmen (right), of RKO comedies



to believe that Ely is "scairt" of them and their Bridge expertness. Now, to tempt Culbertson into a match, they have offered to play for a prize of \$5,000. At the present writing Culbertson hasn't accepted.

THE newest Hollywood feud is The Marx Brothers (in toto) vs Ely Culbertson, Bridge Expert! It seems that Culbertson made some sort of

FREDRIC MARCH is taking "airplane lessons." At least, that's what he calls them. In other words, Freddy is

learning to fly, because he will have to do plenty of it in "The Eagle and the Hawk."

HELLEN TWELVE-TREES has a brand-new idea for buffet suppers. Helen serves four different kinds of soup! Sounds terrible . . . but tastes grand.

THEY say that Marlene Dietrich's "trouser" gag has stirred up more national publicity than Garbo's famous "mystery" pose. Certainly, it has stirred up old Hollywood, whose reactions are both combustive and humorous!

M-G-M has issued orders that none of its stars shall talk to reporters on what they think about wearing trousers! Evidently, M-G-M doesn't want to be pulled in on Paramount's prize line of publicity.

Even Jesse Lasky of Fox has issued a round-robin letter to his fellow-producers, begging them to "urge feminine stars on their respective lots,



Gloria Stuart (above) has a habit of going asleep at Hollywood parties. But she won't be caught napping in "Sweepings"—as Lionel Barrymore's daughter!



Bachrach

Which is harder-boiled—Edward G. Robinson in "Little Giant," or James Cagney in "Mayor of Hell"? They're arguing about it, as you will!



Talk about women wearing men's clothes, and vice versa—that's just what Elissa Landi and Ernest Truex are doing (in oval) in "The Warrior's Husband"! And keep your eyes open for Brian Aherne (far left). He's Marlene Dietrich's new hero in "Song of Songs." Left, Ben Lyon and Bebe Daniels hop off in their own 'plane for Palm Springs. Wonder if it has dual controls, to keep peace in the family?

Bert Wheeler's line, "What was good enough for my grandmother is good enough for me," has been quoted all over town. But the prize gag of all was pulled by Wallace Beery. Wally escorted his small adopted daughter, Carol Ann, to a Hollywood café for luncheon . . . and Carol Ann was Dietrich-arrayed in trousers and a tailored coat!

MAE WEST is certainly making herself popular on the Paramount lot. All the little secretaries are crazy about her. One girl happened to admire a certain perfume Mae was wearing and the next day she received an enormous bottle of it. Mae had sent it from

a drugstore and the clerk had forgotten to remove the price. The little gift cost \$45 worth of Mae's well-earned cash.

(Continued on page 80)



to refrain from appearing on the streets in men's clothes!"

The humorous side of the tempest-in-the-tea-pot was furnished by Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey when they showed up at the Brown Derby for lunch wearing skirts.



CLARK GABLE Sizes Up CLARK GABLE

IT isn't every day that you will meet a Hollywood sensation who will say: "I can now appear in crowds without the embarrassing danger of having my clothes partly torn off. Six months ago I couldn't. Just what the change might be, I don't know. But then I didn't know why they were tearing them off in the first place!"

Clark Gable said that to me. Moreover, with all the statistical frankness of a Technocrat, he went on to chart the high and low points of his career—from his first great success in "Dance, Fools, Dance" right down to "The White Sister." He turned critic on himself. He looked into the claims that he "skyrocketed" to fame, and that he has suffered a "lull" in his career—claims that usually make an actor see red. But not Clark.

A curiously critical detachment about Clark Gable, the actor, is one of the most unusual characteristics about Clark Gable, the person. John Gilbert, in his heyday, was so sympathetic with his own shadow that he practically became, in real life, the man he was pictured to be. Valentino, too, was strongly influenced by the Valentino the public had created. On the other hand, Clark can regard a screen performance of Clark Gable's as dispassionately as he would see a portrayal by a Fredric March or a James Cagney or any other actor.

He did not approve of the casting of Clark Gable in "The White Sister." He feels that Gable is not a Ronald Colman and, like everyone else who ever saw the original silent version with Colman and Lillian Gish, he feels that Ronnie made that part his particular own. In spite of this belief, he has never worked harder on any rôle or tried to give it more. At the present moment he would advise any



It's a rare actor who can see himself as others see him—but Clark Gable is willing to try. And when he looks at C. Gable, the movie star, he has a pair of critical eyes. He can tell you the high point of his career, and the low point—and he has a pretty good idea of what he wants from the future!

By NANCY PRYOR

for years in Hollywood, not doing much, when along came a manipulation called 'Dance, Fools, Dance.' Up went the stock!" said Clark, as he might have said, "Up went Lee Tracy after 'Blessed Event.'"

"I've been trying to figure out ever since just what did happen. The newspaper writers called it 'humanizing the heavy.' For no reason at all that I have ever been able

(Continued on page 75)

actor that it doesn't pay to squabble with the Front Office over the way they cast pictures. And he takes his own advice.

What Sudden Fame Feels Like

"THE entire business of my career has been so puzzling to me that I have long since given up the *whys* and *wherefores* of it. I don't ask questions any more. But I have made a few pertinent deductions by merely standing on the sidelines and noting what is happening to this fellow, Gable!"

He was wearing an aviator's uniform and his face was smudged with dirt for several re-take scenes on "The White Sister." He said he felt like a minstrel doing a blackface act. He didn't look it. You'll just have to take my word for it that even a "smudged up" Clark Gable still registers plenty of Gable-appeal.

"I sometimes feel like a stock that is being manipulated on the Big Board," he continued. "Clark Gable, Limited—or something like that. It rises . . . it drops a little . . . it climbs back slowly in a zig-zag fashion. It must maintain a certain level to pay dividends—to the public, to the company that has so much money invested in it.

"Well, in the beginning, it seems that this Gable stock had been going along



GLENDA FARRELL—

JUST BIDDING HER TIME

There aren't any wrinkles in Glenda's brow. She isn't worrying about what rôles they'll give her. She can play any of them. But she's on the alert for the character parts with the flashes of humor. For Glenda's smart. She knows that those are the picture-stealing, star-making rôles. Take a peek at her in "The Key-hole"—and see a future star at work, becoming one!



**JANET GAYNOR
AND HENRY GARAT**

Janet found the going a bit rough on the sea of matrimony, but the Pacific Ocean off Los Angeles (where she goes yachting on week-ends) is as smooth as her new leading man. He's direct from Paris, where he rivals Chevalier in popularity. And he didn't come over to take Charles Farrell's place opposite Janet, but to make a place for himself. You'll see them together in "Adorable" — with Janet a princess



Lippman

**RICARDO CORTEZ
AND
CAROLE LOMBARD**

The prodigal has come home. After all these years away at other studios, Ricardo has returned to Paramount, where he got his film start. And Carole is showing him around. What they were looking over here was the set of a new thriller. And we leave it to you to guess which set it was—the one for Ricardo's next picture, "Dead on Arrival," or for Carole's, "Supernatural"

OFF THE COLD

STANDARD



A girl can't go swimming yet, but she CAN go sunbathing. And doesn't Muriel Evans (left) look worm in her solid-color suit—even if it does have a wide-open back (above)?



Spring fever? Madge Evans has it bad! She can hardly wait to kick off her toeless sandals and dive into the blue Pacific—which won't be so blue, after it meets Madge in her one-piece, stream-lined outfit (right)

BATHING SUITS
By BVD



And while one suit is drying, Muriel Evans (no relation to Madge) has another she can put on—o ribbed one, with bows about her shoulders, and o back that makes o U-turn at the waistline



Homesick? Not any longer! Moureen O'Sullivan intends to be in California and a swim suit when summer rolls around



Mory Corlisse (above), who's about as little as a Brownie, is taking on the hue of one in her trim little sun-bathing suit. X marks the spot (left) where she intends to tan most



When Anita Poge hangs a both-house tog around her neck, she'll step out on the beach in a one-piece suit. Sometimes, a dark one (left); other times, a light one. The "H" in the back stands for "hot-cha"





PHYLLIS BARRY

Phyllis was the tragic shopgirl in "Cynara," then Buster Keaton's dream-damsel in "What! No Beer?" And now she goes seductive as the French girl who puts Wheeler and Woolsey "In the Red." (Here you have a couple of hints as to how she does it!) She's from England—like many another of the new film "finds"



C. S. Bull

MAE CLARKE

Mae has started something—in fact, a couple of things. One is an exotic new kind of boyish bob. And the other is a topless turban (which is exotic, too)—designed for wear in a sunny climate. And she has completed a couple of other things—namely, her recovery from the serious illness that took her off the screen a year ago, and the lead opposite John Gilbert in "Fast Workers"

"KING KONG"

—How Did They Make It?

A prehistoric monster on the loose in our modern world—nothing like this has ever been seen before in the talkies. And how was it done? How was the giant ape created and made to look "alive"—how were the battles of the monsters filmed—how were their cries concocted—how was Fay Wray picked up in Kong's huge paw? This is the first story—and the only authorized story—telling the "inside" secrets!

THREE hundred hard-boiled newspaper correspondents, with their customary assurance, took their seats in Grauman's Chinese Theatre recently. The hour was nine-thirty in the morning, an unearthly time for the average Hollywood news hound to be awake or about. But RKO Studio was holding an advance press preview of "King Kong," in the making for more than two years amid much mystery. They were promised such a picture as they had never seen before—and they were there to be shown.

Before noon the showing was over and the same three hundred members of the press emerged from the theatre to face the glaring sunlight of a California day. They were no longer hard-boiled. They gave no evidence of ever having been self-assured. They felt, as a matter of fact, like tiny atoms, so thoroughly were they still within the thrall of this gargantuan thing that is "King Kong?"

It was several minutes before a sense of reality returned. Then, almost to a man, came the chorus of nearly three hundred voices, asking, "How was it done?"

As "King Kong" confounded these many writers, wise in the technical tricks of the film trade, as it presented to them an illusion that they were unable to fathom, so it probably has startled and intrigued you. And you, too, have no doubt asked, "How was it done?"

Under ordinary circumstances, the long-established policy of MOVIE CLASSIC would prohibit an answer to that question in these pages. It is not our desire to strip the films of their glamour, to destroy the illusion of good drama. If "King Kong" were other than what it is, an obvious excursion into fantasy, we would not attempt to reveal the "inside" story



Photos by Bachrach



Top, Kong shakes the men off the tree over the abyss. Above, he raises the rope on which Fay Wray and Bruce Cabot are escaping

of its production. It is impossible, however, to view the picture without the knowledge that the whole affair is a feat of movie magic. You know that you are being magnificently fooled, yet you find yourself willing to enter into the spirit of the

By JACK GRANT

deception—that is, while you are in the theatre. Then you return to reality and begin to wonder.

All Visitors Banned

SECRECY, of course, surrounded the actual photographing of this monstrous spectacle during the two and a half years that it was in production. Every technical process known to films was employed to animate the pre-historic mammals and when the effects, in a few cases, were unsatisfactory, no less than seven new processes in camera magic were invented. People wishing to visit the "King Kong" sets were advised politely that it was impossible to do so. But Hollywood, completely fooled, did not guess that there simply were no sets to see unless one took along a magnifying glass.

Secrecy, except for these inventions which cannot be patented, is no longer necessary. "King Kong" has been completed and now is in your theatres from Coast to Coast. You have seen it or will see it. But in this story, you will learn for the first time how it was done.

The idea that was to become "King Kong" was originally conceived, as you know, by the late Edgar Wallace, the author of countless mystery novels, and Merian C. Cooper, who, with Ernest Schoedsack, has adventured in far corners of the earth to film such pictures as "Grass," "Chang," and "Four Feathers." It was Cooper's desire to create a film monster so fantastic that it would defy description. But he was to learn that man cannot improve on Nature.

"We quickly discovered that we must follow the laws of Nature, even in fantasy," Cooper
(Continued on page 66)



Kong and the tyrannosaurus battle for Fay Wray (in treetop at right). The figures, huge on the screen, were actually miniatures



Five different pictures were joined to make this one scene of Kong atop the Empire State Building, battling the airplanes



Left, Fay Wray gazes horror-stricken at where Kong is supposed to be. Above, the adventurers fight a dinosaur—which wasn't there when they made the scene!



Pardon the bewildered, dreamy look—but Bette has just attained stardom. (It didn't take her long to get there, once she was on the way!) She just realized that now she won't have any private life any more. And being a new bride—Mrs. Harmon O. Nelson, Jr., is the name—she doesn't relish that. As a bride in "Ex-Lady," she runs up against every difficulty except that one. What to do??

BETTE DAVIS



**ELISSA LANDI—
THE HAPPY WARRIOR**

Elissa looks right at home in one of those "riding-to-the-hounds" derbies that are all the rage now. And she FEELS right at home in her Santa Monica garden—now that she knows she'll be staying. For the battle for radiant rôles is all won. She has one in "The Warrior's Husband"—and "I Loved You Wednesday" will offer her still another!



Fryer

The bank and salary holidays are over—and it's almost time for swimming. So the girls are happy again! Mary Brian (top left) is all set for that first-dive-of-the-year. Betty McMahon (top center) isn't out of her opera pumps yet, but she's in her sun suit, anyway! And Joan Blondell (above) says nobody's going to get more Vitamin D this year than she is. At the left—twice—you see how newcomer Patricia Green is all prepared to become Patricia Brown just as soon as possible



Besides having hair that's the envy of all the other girls in town, Ginger Rogers (left) has a new bathing suit that can be seen from one end of Malibu to the other. Why shouldn't she be happy? Above, you see the back of it—with not even a shadow on the shoulders



Al Jolson's back from the East—which is one reason for Ruby Keeler to be happy. Also, he says they're going on a world cruise together. And to top everything, it's almost time to dance down to Malibu again and get Ruby-red!

Sari Maritza can hardly wait to get down to the beach and make the lifeguards' eyes pop. For one thing (top left), she'll stroll down in a wrap-around skirt, instead of beach pajamas. For another thing (right), she has a blue-and-white RUBBER suit!



**HAPPY DAYS
ARE HERE
AGAIN!**

Richee



Longworth

Some people like to give their minds a rest when they relax—but not the Brents. They face each other across a chessboard and see which can outwit the other. (At the moment, from the look of things, Ruth has the upper hand.) And even as they like to play opposite each other in chess, they like to play opposite each other in pictures. Which they do once again in "Lilly Turner"

**RUTH CHATTERTON
AND
GEORGE BRENT**

BETTER TAKE THEM SERIOUSLY, GIRLS!

When Stuart Erwin left Squaw Valley, California, for the big movie city, he played "dumb" and wouldn't look at a girl—until he decided he'd like to marry June Collyer. Then he won the gal—and began to get the last laughs in films, as well. Now he's a hero in "Under the Tonto Rim"!



Jack Oakie—the pride of Sedalia, Missouri—has always looked happy-go-lucky. But since when has he shed his sweatshirt and become the Well-Dressed Man? Since Peggy Hopkins Joyce came to town and he became her escort! Better look at him twice, girls, in "From Hell to Heaven"!

ONE STAYS FEMININE—
ONE GOES MASCULINE—
AND BOTH HAVE GLAMOUR!



There's something glamorous about blondes, no matter what they wear. Nell O'Day (left), who is George O'Brien's platinum blonde in "Smoke Lightning," holds those feminine lines in satin and lace. While newcomer June Vasek (above)—and there's gold in them thar curls, too—takes on masculine lines in a chic white flannel suit. And both are a treat for the eyes!

"It's Your Duty to Spend!"

Says CAROLE LOMBARD

"It's your duty to be EXTRAVAGANT!" declares Carole—to keep prices down, to keep stores and cafes and theatres open, to keep people at work. It's the only way out of the depression for all of us, says she—and leads the way for Hollywood, where salaries are going down, down, DOWN!

By FAITH SERVICE

IT'S your duty to spend—to be extravagant—now as never before!" says Carole Lombard. That is what she tells herself, and her friends. That is what she would like to tell you. It's her answer to those who whisper, "Hang onto your money. Hoard it." She echoes the word from Washington that, when more money is spent, there will be more money to go around and prices will stay down.

Carole says, "We haven't any right to stay away from the theatres and cafes and shops and clubs. These aren't just pleasure places. They are places where people are earning livings—and helping other people to earn livings. We haven't any right to 'do without' clothes and furs and parties and cars. Because if we don't spend and give other people work, they're going to be out of jobs before long. And where will they get other jobs? How will they live? And if we refuse to spend and other people lose work because of it—their ability to spend will be cut off. And that will, in turn, hurt you and me. It all works in a circle. We can't hope to reap good times again, unless everybody helps to sow them. And EVERYBODY means both you and me.

"If we stop spending money, we strike a death blow at the very roots of *everything*, beginning with the factories and ending with the already half-emptied stores. If no one is willing to consume the output of the factories, how and why should they operate—and what will become of their hundreds of thousands of employees? If we stay away from the stores, what is to become of the clerks employed in them? If we economize on our food, what is going to happen to the farmers, the grocers, the butchers? If money is not

poured into circulation, where will it go—what good will it do? Hoarding—not spending—breeds unemployment; it promotes desperation and crime.

Depression a "Poor" Excuse

THE depression has been used as an 'out,' an excuse for not buying and giving by too many people, who have been scared by the old bugaboo of fear. I am not talking, of course, of those who cannot do it because they simply haven't GOT it to do with. They are the victims, at least partially, of those of us who can, but are afraid to, be 'extravagant.'

"Stores say they are
(Continued on page 78)



"I wouldn't have a single pang of fear if I were told that I would be poor again tomorrow!" says Carole—and explains why



JIMMY DURANTE Bares His Marriage Secrets

Jimmy, the Well-Dressed Man, has been married since "de Woil' War, butta don't seem no longer 'an de Civil War ta me." And how has he managed to dodge divorce so long—with even Garbo (so he says) making eyes at him? Just listen to his rules for staying married, though happy. They'll overwhelm you!

By JAMES FIDLER

THE World War had just ended and the politicians' heroic speeches were dying down when Jimmy Durante walked into the New York city hall and demanded a marriage license. "Starting a little war of your own, huh?" guyed the clerk. "Well, buddy, you may have been a general over there, but from now on you're a buck private, and don't forget it."

"An' I ain't forgot," Durante says. "I still gotta wife ta remind me."

And that, ladies and gentlemen, is the beginning of Jimmy's story, privately related to me, of how he has managed to remain happily married for fifteen years,

part of that time in Hollywood—among the screen sirens.

The license clerk produced the necessary papers, then said, "That will be two dollars, mister."

"Two bucks?" screamed Durante. "I can buy a dog license fer one!"

"It's safer, too," said the clerk, which was as funny as anything Jimmy might have spoken.

Without undue fuss, Durante and his present wife were married. She at once surrendered her own professional career as a singer and dedicated her life to her husband. If Mrs. Durante has since felt the urge to return to the stage—which she might

(Continued on page 72)

SOME OF JIMMY'S RULES

"Don't never take outta wife an' goil frien' atta same time.

"Keep 'at li'l ol' address book hidda.

"If a wife's relatives wanta live wit' yuh, say 'Yessa'—if yer owna, say 'Naw.'

"If a missus finda lipstick on yer hannerchief, alluz boin up an' shout, 'How'd 'at get dere?'

"On yer night out wit' a boys, don't come a home blowin' yer schnozzle onna silk stockin'.

"If yuh gotta goil frien', don't never say it wit' ink."

"They can't kid us
Jimmy"



This Exact Amount

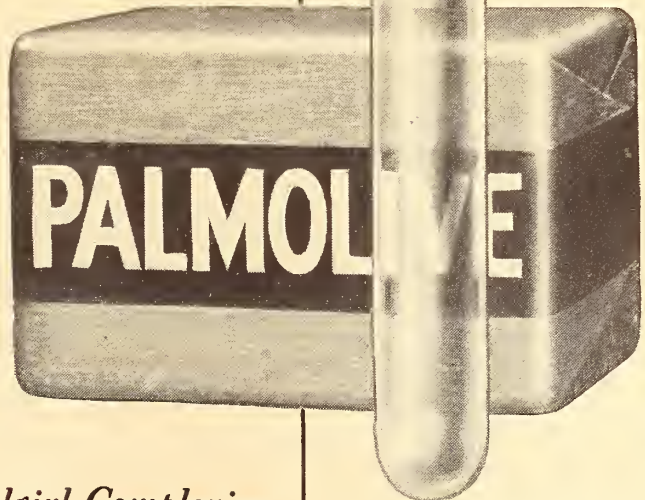
Actual photograph of the amount of olive oil that goes into each cake of Palmolive.

"I'D RATHER have you than be a movie star. Daddy calls us Palmolive pals and says we'll never be wallflowers as long as we continue to keep clean and sweet with Palmolive. He says that explains his beautiful family.

Just between you and me, Jimmy — mumsy still has her schoolgirl complexion* and gets a great kick out of living. Too bad more women don't know the truth. I've used Palmolive since I was big as you and I know all that olive oil in each cake is good for little boys and big girls and big boys and little girls. At any rate—this family will take no chances experimenting?"

* * *

*and now since the price of keeping that schoolgirl complexion has been reduced by just about one-half—you and millions of women and the whole family can use this famous cosmetic soap freely for face, hands, bath and shampoo.



Now it costs less to keep that Schoolgirl Complexion

“Don't let _____ warns



“When a man begins to take you for granted, look out! Capture for yourself glamorous complexion loveliness the way the Screen Stars do. Men are always stirred by lovely skin!”

Helen Twelvetrees



She knows her husband really loves her still, and yet something that was precious has been lost. She is taken for granted, neglected. Love has grown humdrum, stale.

“DON'T let love grow humdrum!” This is the warning Helen Twelvetrees sends to the many perplexed women who write this charming screen star for advice.

“When a man begins to take you for granted,” she says, “look out!”

Then she tells Hollywood's secret of winning — and *holding* — adoration. “Capture for yourself glamorous complexion loveliness. You can do it the way the screen stars do. Men

love grow hum-drum”

HELEN TWELVETREES



She learns the Hollywood secret—that a velvet-smooth, tender skin has a charm men can't resist. She begins to use the Hollywood way to this complexion loveliness.



She begins to live over again the thrill of honeymoon days! Eager eyes search the new, seductive beauty of her face. Now love is glamorous again, life is colorful, gay!

are *always* stirred by lovely skin!”

Of the 694 important Hollywood actresses, including all stars, actually 686 use Lux Toilet Soap to keep their complexions always lovely. It is the official soap in all the large film studios.

Don't be satisfied with a skin that just “gets by.” Have a skin flawlessly lovely—irresistible. Begin today to use fragrant, white Lux Toilet Soap *regularly*, just as Helen Twelvetrees does!



*Let the Beauty
Soap of the
Stars make
your skin
Glamorous*

FROCKS and FRIENDS

Perspiration can Cost
You Both



Under your arms there is a social and financial enemy. A social enemy, because the odor emanating from arm-pits is positively repulsive to your friends!

A financial enemy, because the acids of perspiration stain dresses and fade colors. That alone can cost you the best dress that you have to your name.

Odorono Saves your Dresses and your Friendships

Odorono, a physician's defense against perspiration and its odors, protects you. For perspiration *must be prevented* if you are to avoid ruining dresses and offending friends. Greasy creams and sticks, temporary powders, perfumes, soaps, cannot save you. But Odorono is certain; with it your freshness is secure. Without it doubts can disturb your mind—perspiration wreck your dresses.

Choose with confidence the famous Odorono Regular (ruby red) or the newer Instant Odorono (colorless). Both now have the original Odorono sanitary applicator.



ODORONO
REGULAR

INSTANT
ODORONO

for use before retiring
—gives 3 to 7 days'
complete protection.

is for quick use—while
dressing or at any time.
1 to 3 days' protection.

ODO·RO·NO

Norma Shearer Talks Back To Dame Rumor

(Continued from page 17)

demand parts I'd like to play, compete and stand up for my rights along with the best of them. I never have at Metro *because of my position*. You can't make a scene with your husband-producer as you could with just a husband or just a producer. That little hyphen between the husband and the producer *is the plank I skid on*.

"In all the time I've been at Metro, I've asked for one story only—'The Divorcée.' As a matter of fact—and not to sound Pollyannaish, which goodness knows I'm not—I've turned down chances to do stories that were offered me, mainly because I was afraid that people would say—just what they do say, anyhow.

"I was offered 'Reunion in Vienna,' for instance. I told Irving it was foolish to give it to me. I wanted Garbo to do it—and said so. I knew that she could give it everything it should have and that I could not.

Doesn't Stand in Way of Other Stars

"IN answering the rumors," Norma continued, "many times I have come home late from the studio to find Garbo at the head of my dining-room table, in conference with Irving and others. There she would sit, legs crossed, in a tilted-back chair, while Irving and the other guests, and the very servants, almost completely ignored me for the very real, great star in my place. I've taken whatever odds and ends of dinner the beglamoured servants could think to give me while waiting on Garbo.

"No, it hasn't helped me to be Irving's wife—not as people think it has. Because I haven't let it. I knew that the ill-feeling I could arouse by taking advantage of my position would do me far more harm than the good any one story or coveted part could ever do.

"In every other way Irving has been of inestimable benefit to me. He has taught me things that would have taken a lifetime to learn otherwise. Little things—such as making me read aloud to myself an hour every day in order to keep my voice flexible and strong.

"I wish, while talking of rumors, that there could be more warmth of generosity, more camaraderie among us people of the screen. If we could only capture the glorious sort of feeling that seems to be so marked in other fields—the opera, for instance, as exemplified by that breath-taking last farewell of Scotti's when Lawrence Tibbett stood up in his box and sang 'Auld Lang Syne'—and all the great of the opera world were there, Scotti's friends.

"There is too much jealousy in Hollywood. One star goes to another star's opening, her eyes glazed, sarcasm on her lips, grudging the applause of one she feels to be her competitor. There is too much fear among us—not enough feeling that each one of us can have his own place and that no one really encroaches on anyone else.

"Irving has helped me to hold this point of view very strongly, too. He has pointed out to me that right on the Metro lot, not one of us really conflicts with the other. Take Garbo, and Joan, and Marion Davies, and myself—we are all totally different individuals, each one of us apart, each one capable of doing and being and *giving* different things.

"We should like, Irving and I, to see more of a tradition grow up in pictures, a kindlier, a longer-lived tradition. There's a place for such a tradition as prevails in the opera, in literature, in certain things of the theatre—plays that are like old friends, done over and over again and attended over and over again, faithfully, by the same people. People do not stay away from 'Faust' because they

have heard it many times before. People do not 'scrap' Galsworthy's 'Forsyte Saga' because they have read it a year or two ago. People do not stay at home when 'Romeo and Juliet' is played because it has been played hundreds of times in the past. We should like to see something of this sort happen to pictures. There are too many pictures, Irving feels. That is one trouble. There should be fewer pictures and each one should be greater, worthy of perpetuity.

"There should, perhaps, be fewer players, too. And their span of success should not cease with the passing of their youth. As Duse and Minnie Maddern Fiske and others went on through the years in the theatre, so some of *us* should go on giving to our friends, the audiences, the benefits of our maturing talents.

How Norma Would Carry On

NORMA, warming to her subject, enthusiastically continued: "I have to smile a little at Rumor (1)—that Irving and I are planning to retire and live a life of rural and domestic leisure. I might be able to imagine such a life for myself. But I can't imagine it for a man of Irving's terrific energy.

"If I were to say that Rumor (1) is true—that we were planning to live a non-professional life in some sequestered spot—well, it would *still* be a professional life for me, because I would *make* a profession, for want of a better word, out of being a good wife, a good mother, a good housekeeper and a good social asset. I would never be idle. I would try to make myself as colorful and as significant a person as I try to make of myself in my present professional life.

"Oh, I would know what to do with my leisure and so should any woman with a husband, a home and a child. In the first place, I would have more children. I plan to have at least one more, anyhow—some-time soon. I would make a personal profession of being a very good mother. Not the demanding, 'Silver Cord' type—but the sort of person who would be stimulating, entertaining, interesting to the child—the wise and understanding person to whom the child would turn because he wanted to, because he believed in me.

"I would study French and German and singing and piano. I would take up tennis and golf, seriously. I would read and go to lectures and concerts so that I would be adequate to any occasion, to any guest, no matter where he might come from or what his interests might be.

"I feel that our social life is seriously lacking, artificial and *un-individual* these days. I would try to bring back the ways that are gone—the days when people gathered about a piano and sang songs, together, while somebody played for them. I would try to bring back the lost art of conversation. I would try to dispense with radio entertainment and hired orchestras and other mechanical devices. I would try to be entertaining, myself, and to have my guests contribute their share.

"I would be a very competent house-keeper. I would study the fine art of cooking so that I might be able to give intelligent instruction to a cook if I had one, or do it, myself, if I were without one. I would simply do, more zealously and consistently, what I do now anyhow, between pictures. I wouldn't be afraid of leisure—there isn't very much of it for any woman."

These are the morsels Dame Rumor is having herself a time with—and these are some of the answers to them. Whichever rumor is correct, if any, Norma and Irving Thalberg will *always* have an answer to it—so much *is* true and undebatable.

SILVER-BLONDE OR EBONY-BRUNETTE



DRY SKIN MAY MENACE YOUR BEAUTY

Whatever the color of your hair, the texture of your skin, seven out of ten of you are threatened with Dryness! Keep the oil glands active, if you would have the skin that thrills the touch!

But Element 576 in Woodbury's Cold Cream actively aids in keeping the skin fresh, lush, supple, firm.

Beneath the outer layer of the skin, lie hundreds of tiny oil glands, little pockets which supply the skin with the oil that keeps it elastic yet firm, fresh, vigorous. When these go dry, due to lack of exercise, stay-thin-or-die-diets, too much excitement, too little sleep—the source of skin youth is gone! Dry Skin! And with it ugliness—wrinkles under the eyes, crow's feet at the edges, lines from nose to mouth—scaliness, flabbiness! Vitality exhausted!

This cruel tendency showing itself in women of every type and age today must be combated in an *active way!* And now it can be!

The makers of Woodbury's Aids to Loveliness, after long research, recently discovered a new element which is an *active agent* in the war against increasing Dryness of the Skin.

Woodbury's Cold Cream containing this new ingredient, called Element 576, resists Dryness with a vigor no other beauty aid possesses. Element 576 has properties similar to those of vitamins in foods which

bring the body its energy, its capacity to function healthily. Element 576 brings this stimulation to the skin *directly*. Now Woodbury's Cold Cream stirs the skin to more vigorous activity in its own defense, helps it keep supple, fresh, elastic, glowing with health! The functions of the skin are stimulated, the oil glands do their work—resistance to Dryness and all its unhappy consequences is built up.



Despite this priceless new ingredient, Woodbury's Cold Cream comes to you at the same price as before. It cleanses the pores more thoroughly than ever, clears the skin of all impurities. But best of all it helps the skin do its own job of fighting its worst enemy—Dryness! 50¢ in jars, 25¢ in tubes.

Other Woodbury Beauty Aids

WOODBURY'S FACIAL CREAM... for powder base and protection against sun, wind and dust. 50¢ in jars—25¢ in tubes.

WOODBURY'S CLEANSING CREAM... a very light, quick-melting cream for cleansing *only*. Excellent to flush out pore-deep dirt. 50¢ in jars—25¢ in tubes.

WOODBURY'S TISSUE CREAM... a high fat cream for upbuilding thin, under-nourished tissues of face and throat. 50¢ in jars.

WOODBURY'S FACIAL FRESHENER... a refreshing liquid to remove excess cream, refine texture, tone up skin. 75¢ a bottle.

WOODBURY'S FACIAL POWDER... exquisite in perfume, fine in texture—several carefully blended shades. Spreads evenly, stays on, does not clog pores. 50¢ and \$1 the box.

FREE SAMPLE Send coupon for tube of Woodbury's Cold Cream free—enough for several treatments. Or send 10 cents (to partly cover cost of mailing) and receive charming Loveliness Kit, containing samples of Woodbury's Cold and Facial Creams, new Facial Powder and Facial Soap.

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TUNE IN on Woodbury's new radio program over station WJZ and N. B. C. coast-to-coast network every Wednesday evening at 9:30 E. S. T.

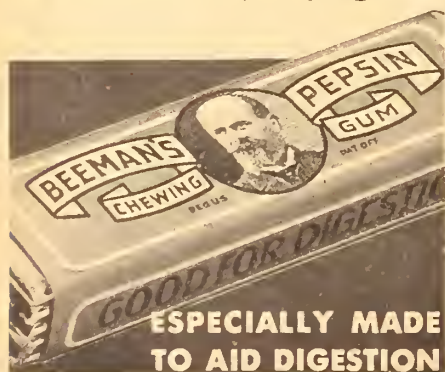


hurricane!

You just feel like tearing into your work a mile a minute when your digestion is good. The trouble is many people have a little indigestion, yet don't know what is bothering them.

It's nice to know that Beeman's Gum is often a real help in indigestion. Dr. Beeman knew what he was doing when he originated Beeman's Pepsin Gum. You'll like the Beeman's flavor. Chew it frequently.

Chew
**BEE MAN'S
PEPSIN GUM**



Will His First Big Rôle Make or Break Jack La Rue?

(Continued from page 31)

Why did Raft refuse, absolutely, to take the rôle? Why does La Rue think the rôle may do great things for him? Each of them is willing to tell you!

"I still got a dime," says George Raft, flipping it up into the air in the way he made immortal in "Scarface," and adds, "I always ate before I went into the pictures. And the pictures got along pretty good without Raft, too. Maybe this Paramount break, if it comes to a real split, is all to the good. I don't know.

"I'm not an actor. Anybody is a better actor than I am. You're a better actor. But I've been lucky enough to get a break on the screen. People have been good to me—they've liked me. If I had done what Paramount ordered me to do and played the part of *Trigger* in 'The Story of Temple Drake,' they wouldn't have liked me any more. That's the way I got it figured out. That part was plain suicide for me—a fellow with my face. Any other actor might play it and maybe get away with it, *but I look like that kind of a guy*. Not just on the screen—on the street, anywhere. There'd be just one thing for the public to think and they'd think it—'George Raft, himself, is like *Trigger*.'

"Listen, do you know what I would have had to do in that picture? First I had to kill a feeble-minded boy and then I had to rape a girl—in a corn-crib, see. Then I take her to a sporting house. That's the part they asked me to play. That's the part I refused to play.

Wants No More Gangster Rôles

"I WAS promised, when I went on that personal appearance tour, 'No more gangster and racketeer rôles'. Then they spring this on me. Listen, I know the luck won't always hold. But I'd like to leave the screen when people could point me out and say, 'That's George Raft. He was hitting on high when he quit.' I'll never be one that gets a bum part and loses the respect of the public, and by and by, has to pan-handle bits while he hears people say, 'That's Raft—remember him?'

"I'm not panning Paramount for making the picture. That's their business. I'm not criticizing Jack La Rue for taking the part of *Trigger*. Everybody's got a right to see things his own way. I'm only thinking for me—George Raft. I wouldn't play a heel like *Trigger* because I don't choose to commit suicide, and for me that was plain suicide. I'm not just relying on my own ideas. I don't pretend to know the movie racket. But men who ought to know advised me to do what I did.

"If Paramount and I can't get together—and they took up my option in the same mail they wrote me a letter suspending me from the payroll for refusing to play a part—I can go to Europe and make a personal appearance tour of London and Paris and those places. I'd make a lot more money.

"It's not as if I was a big star and had made my pile," George adds. "My career is just commencing. I haven't made enough to live on out of the movies yet, and I can't afford to take chances like the guys who have been cashing big pay-checks for years."

And what does his successor in the disputed rôle have to say?

"At first I was scared," says Jack La Rue, "Scared to death. Everybody told me it would be suicide for me to play the part George turned down. The Hays Office had vetoed the picture twice and refused to okay the script. I hadn't read the story.

My friends told me, 'Don't—or you won't play it!' I'd just finished three different parts, the saintly young priest in 'A Farewell to Arms,' the horsewhipped squealer in 'The Woman Accused,' and a romantic musician in 'Terror Aboard.' After that one, Paramount gave me a contract. I'd been trying to get ahead in pictures for years and was almost discouraged. Suddenly I had a contract—a chance. The first rôle they asked me to play was *Trigger* in 'The Story of Temple Drake.'

"I didn't want the part—then. But I needed the job, and I couldn't back down on the first chance they gave me—could I? Now I'm glad I'm playing it. I'm not soft-peddling *Trigger* one bit. I'm making him out a dirty dog, and I don't think the public will hate me for it.

"I've been on the stage fifteen years. I've never heard of any actor's being ruined by playing a bad part, not if he played it as well as he knew how. Bad acting has ruined actors—not bad parts. I only hope it doesn't type me; that's all I'm afraid of. I want to play all sorts of parts. Maybe I'm not good-looking enough for a romantic lover. Frank Borzage, who directed 'A Farewell to Arms,' hit the ceiling when he saw whom they'd got for his sympathetic, Christ-like priest. 'That fellow—with that face?' he shouted. But I played it, and the critics were kind enough to say I played it well.

"That's being an actor. On the stage in New York, they don't have you typed to one rôle. You aren't a butler forever because you play a butler once, or a gangster all your life because you're in one gangster play. I've played every sort of part on Broadway. I played the bull-fighter in 'Blood and Sand.' I played the Spanish fellow in 'Diamond Lil' with Mae West. I've played both heavies and lovers.

Why It's His Big Chance

"GEORGE RAFT and I are good friends —I've known George for years. I don't blame him, understand. He has more than I to lose—he has gone farther. I don't think an actor ought to have to play a rôle he feels will hurt his career. But as a matter of fact, all this newspaper stuff and argument is going to be great publicity for the picture—and for me. Everybody will be curious to see the fellow who took the part George Raft wouldn't play.

"And, after all, it's going to be a swell picture, reflecting a phase of modern life. There are plenty of excitement-crazy society girls like the one called *Temple Drake* that Miriam Hopkins plays. And plenty of guys like *Trigger*, too. I'm making him one of the lowest heels that ever stepped on the screen. I hope I haven't got the public wrong."

Jack La Rue has been around Hollywood for four or five years without getting his Big Chance. You may have glimpsed him in gangster and night-club scenes—he has a face one remembers. He is gambling all his future on the hope that the public won't hold it against him that he plays a despicable character in "The Story of Temple Drake." If he wins, he may make as big a hit in as short a time as George Raft has done this last year. If George doesn't make up his differences with Paramount, he might even fall heir to some of George's future pictures. "The Story of Temple Drake" will mean Fame or Failure to Jack La Rue.

And now, to top it all, there's a report that George and Jack will soon play together in a picture now being planned!

KOTEX ANNOUNCES The NEW PATENTED* EQUALIZER

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**20 to 30% greater
protection!**



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(In United States only)

CLIMAXING two and one-half years of scientific study and research—the Kotex laboratories now announce the greatest advancement ever made in sanitary protection—the Patented* Equalizer! Because words cannot explain its full value—we make this remarkable introductory offer. We want you to *try* the new Kotex—to experience the new security—the greater comfort. We urge you to purchase 3 packages at once.

What it is

The Patented Equalizer is a remarkable distributing agent placed in the center of each Kotex pad. It acts to give 20% to 30% greater protection. It gives infinitely greater assurance of safety by keeping edges dry—by providing greater thick-

ness without greater bulkiness. It actually *insures* safety. An intimate message of explanation is sent you on the direction sheet inside the package.

All features retained

The famous Kotex softness remains—its super-absorbency—its disposability. It can be worn on either side with equal protection. Kotex—and Kotex alone offers the special “Phantomized” shaping, making it possible to wear closest fitting gowns without slightest revealing line. Mere rounded ends will not accomplish this.

Try the new Kotex!

For the sake of your comfort—for economy’s sake—learn the full advantages of Kotex with Patented Equalizer. It is now on sale at drug, dry goods, and department stores in your city.



To ease
the task of
enlightenment

THIS year—some five million young girls between the ages of 10 and 14 will face a most trying situation.

This year—some five million mothers will face a difficult task. Thousands of these mothers will be too timid to meet this problem.

To free this task of enlightenment from the slightest embarrassment, the Kotex Company has had prepared a booklet, “Marjorie May’s Twelfth Birthday.”

It is accompanied by a simple plan affording the child complete privacy.

To secure a copy in a plain envelope without cost or slightest obligation parents or guardians may fill in and mail the coupon below.

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Joan Crawford Explains Why She and Doug, Jr., Are Parting

(Continued from page 21)

who has changed. It is trite to use the phrase 'temperamentally incompatible'—and yet it just means that Douglas and I no longer like to do the same things. He has his friends. I have mine. The fact that they weren't always the same, or that we needed anybody else besides each other to be happy, was the first symptom that something was wrong with our marriage. . . ."

The light glances off from the diamond that Joan is still wearing. "I am the one who has changed," she says slowly. "Or maybe I haven't changed. Maybe when I was first married, and was housewifely, and bride-like, and silly, I was trying to change. I was so happy! I wanted so to be a good wife and sweetheart—maybe I was playing at being a carefree, adolescent Joan then! I have had to be serious, you see. I've had to be ambitious—I have had my own way to make since I was a child almost. I can't play when there is work to be done. I can only work. I cannot bear to think of remaining stagnant, of not getting ahead. Douglas would rather play than do anything else in the world.

"From small matters that we didn't agree on, we gradually came to larger matters. One thing I'm proud of. We have never quarreled about our disagreements, but we can't always avoid it if we go on living together.

Was It Doomed From the First?

"I SHOULD hate to have our marriage, which started so beautifully, end in bitterness. I will not allow what we have had to be spoiled. Probably it was doomed from the beginning, as so many people warned us when we were married. And yet I did try to make it a success. That is why I wouldn't marry Douglas at once, but insisted on a year's engagement. I wanted to be sure. It meant so much to me. Too much, perhaps. Maybe you can't work so hard, just for happiness and contentment. You become conscious of the struggle, overstrained, taut, and so destroy the very thing you are trying to do. But I did try—"

Yes, Joan, you did try. You tried to make yourself into your ideal of a wife. I think that Hollywood has never witnessed such a gallant fight as you made of it. You mothered the eternal boy who was and is and probably always will be Doug, Junior. In years you were about the same age, but in experience and the bitter education that comes from the school of hard knocks you were eons older than he will ever be, on the day you said "I will."

"For more than two years," Joan goes on, with her eyes somber, "we were as happy as we were quoted to be. We had more happiness in those two years than lots of people can look back to at their golden wedding. We had a secret love language that we talked even when we were alone. We played amazing games. We were always planning some trick on the other, or some surprise. We were insanely, ecstatically happy just to be together.

"Such a state doesn't often last forever. But we kept postponing the end of the honeymoon. Even after we were forced to admit that we could not go on as we had begun, and even after we knew that we would accept no poorer relationship than we had had, we made one final desperate effort. We went to Europe together last Fall for the sole purpose of attempting to regain our lost happiness. We wanted to stay in love. The papers, when we came

home, called it 'a second honeymoon'—but it wasn't one. We kept on denying divorce rumors, *but in our hearts we knew*—

Gossip Held Them Together

"GOSSIP, far from being the cause of our separation, has held us together for many months," Joan says definitely. "We were waiting until false charges would subside long enough for us to make a clean break without hateful gossip. We were both determined that the other was not to take the brunt of blame for the separation. There was this much affection remaining, at least. I wanted to protect Douglas—and, as a matter of fact, I would not take the rap, myself. It would have been unjust. No matter what gossipers have said, I can look at myself in my mirror and say, 'Joan, you have played the game.'

"It wasn't until Douglas went to New York alone recently that the word 'separation' was mentioned openly between us. He went away for the sole purpose of making a temporary break so that we both might think. Hollywood isn't a very good place for straight thinking. When he came back, he said, 'Joan, it's for you to do what you think best. It's in your hands.' Even Douglas' father agreed. He said, 'If you two kids are getting on each other's nerves, certainly, call it quits and remain friends.' We are doing just that—parting in the friendliest possible spirit!"

You look like a schoolgirl as you sit there, Joan, all except your eyes. No schoolgirl ever had such tragic eyes. It's a funny thing, but you look lonely, Joan. How can a famous movie star with a huge salary and a million fan letters look lonely?

Won't Run Away From Memories

"NATURALLY, I am disheartened," Joan says, as if in answer to my thoughts. "But I am not going to run away from my memories. People will probably find fault with me for staying on here alone in the Brentwood house where Douglas and I have lived together for three and a half years. Gossip will call me heartless for keeping our 'honeymoon house.' I wish you'd tell them that this wasn't a honeymoon house—I built it and lived in it a year before we were married.

"Hollywood will criticize me, too, probably, for having returned every present Douglas ever gave me; even the engagement ring I have on now will be returned.

"Sick at heart as I am that our marriage is over, I could hardly find much comfort from mementos of a lost happiness. It is not healthy to cling to the past. One is so apt to remember the unpleasantness and forget the lovely parts."

What about the future, Joan—when you have moved your furniture about, and told the cook that she needn't make Doug's favorite dessert any more, and you have picked up the pieces of your life?

"I'm not going to give up my friendships," Joan answers. "I intend to go out dancing when the mood strikes me, and dine and go places with those I'm fond of. In this respect, I will defy the talkers. I'll even be glad to make dates with Douglas if he calls me up. I may go on taking care of his business affairs for him, too—"

"It is time enough to talk of divorce when either of us falls in love again. For my part, I know that it will be a long, long time before I will think of anything so serious as a second marriage. If I couldn't make a success of the first, why should I try again?"

Are MEN too POLITE to you at parties?

Gray hair sets you apart, brings you respect instead of heart-warming admiration.

SO correct—offering you refreshments—making sure you're comfortable—while everyone else is dancing. There's no denying it—gray hair sets up a barrier that keeps men at a distance.

Why welcome Heartbreak Age? Youth is precious, not to be given up lightly. Banish gray hair that makes you look years older than you should—steals those happy moments that make life bright and varied.

Notox is a new scientific method that recolors your hair undetectably. Instead of crusting the hair with a surface plate of dye as do ordinary dyes and "restorers" Notox gently penetrates the shaft and colors it inside where nature does. Your hair remains beautifully soft, lustrous and natural. Wash it, wave it, expose it to the sun all you like—Notoxed hair retains its natural, even shade as permanently as nature's own color.

Better hairdressers always apply Inecto Rapid Notox. Or buy Notox at any smart shop. Resent a substitute—a like product does not exist.

• SEND FOR FREE COPY of the fascinating booklet "Heartbreak Age". We will give you, too, the address of a convenient beauty shop where you may have your hair recolored with Notox. Write Sales Affiliates, Inc., Dept. 51, 33 W. 46 St., New York.

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Colors hair inside where nature does

RED, ROUGH HANDS ...

*made smooth,
white, lovely—*

IN ONLY 3 DAYS!

HER new friends were wild with envy! Her gorgeous frock ... her beautifully coiffured hair ... she outshone them all! Then they saw her hands—coarse, red, rough ... They breathed easily again. No danger of anyone falling for a girl with *those* hands!

Are you killing the charm of your lovely frocks, the allure of your beauty, with rough, red, ugly hands?

Would you continue to, if you knew that only 3 days of Hinds care would make your hands tenderly soft, white, lovely? The kind of hands men adore ...

How this famous cream works

Hot water ... harsh cleansers ... housework ... all take away the natural oils that keep hands soft. Hinds Cream *puts back* these precious oils. And thus restores youthful softness and smoothness.

The moment you rub this dainty, gossamer-fine cream into your hands you feel the skin become soft and supple again.

Unlike ordinary hand lotions

Observe how different Hinds is from other hand lotions. It is not weak and thinned out, nor is it one of these thick, gummy jellies that just stay on the top of the skin. Hinds is so chiffon-fine, so penetrating, that it goes deep down *through* the skin layers where the *real* healing work must be done.

Use Hinds *always* after hands have been in water, after exposure, and *before going to bed at night*.

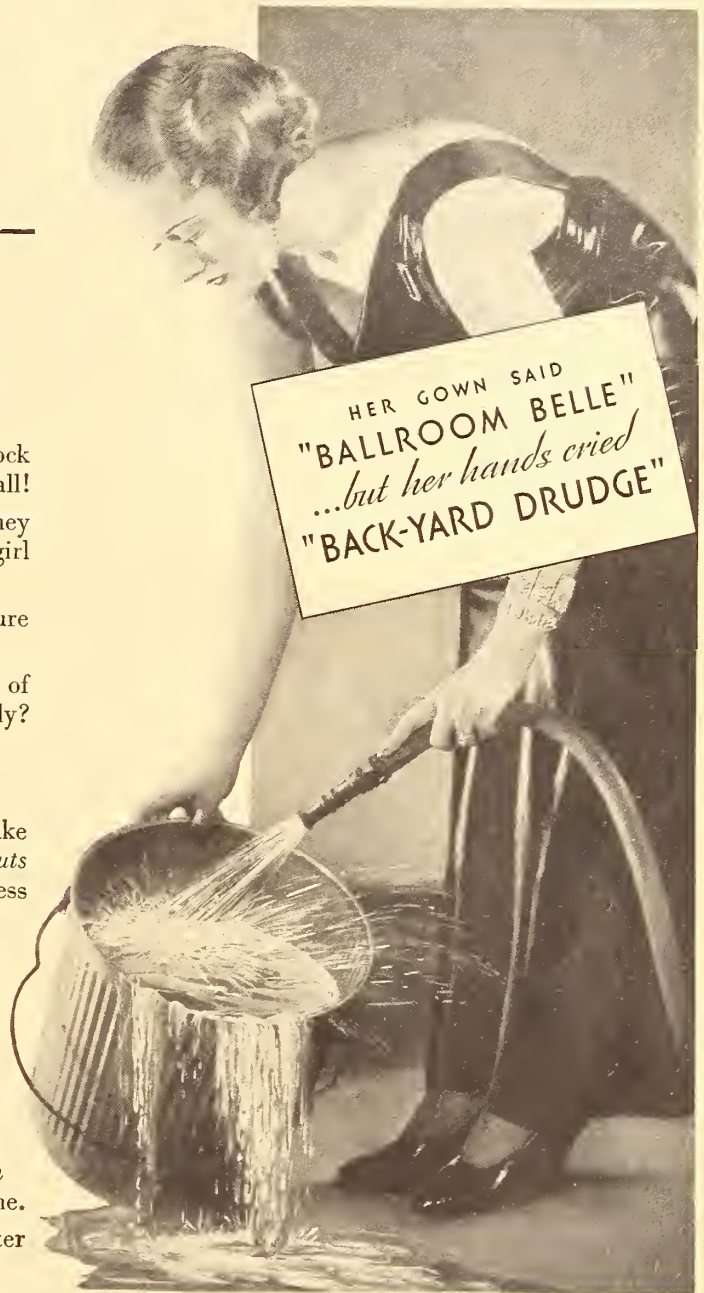
This famous lotion leaves an invisible "second skin", too, that protects hands from chapping and drying, keeps them lovely in all kinds of weather. This "second skin" is a fine layer of Hinds Cream that has penetrated deeply through the rough skin. There it stays, softening, whitening, *protecting*.



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"BALLROOM BELLE"
...but her hands cried
"BACK-YARD DRUDGE"

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HINDS honey and almond **CREAM**

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Will It Be Trousers for Women?

(Continued from page 19)



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POPULAR STAR

WHO IS SHE?

Wherever she goes, women envy her — men admire and whisper eagerly, "Who is that girl with the wonderful hair?"

Such hair is a precious possession. Yet there is no mystery about it. Just one Golden Glint Shampoo can make your hair lovelier than you ever hoped—no matter how dull and lifeless it may seem to you now! More than an ordinary shampoo. In addition to cleansing, it adds a subtle "tiny-tint"—not much—hardly perceptible. But what a vast difference it makes! 25c at your dealers', or send for free sample.

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In three days my skin, too, was gorgeously smooth—clear—white. No more redness, sallowness, freckles or blackheads. I keep it flawless, too, by simply spending ten minutes a week with Golden Peacock Bleach Creme—just rub the lightest film imaginable over my skin twice a week. It's so quick—simple—economical! Get a jar of Golden Peacock Bleach Creme today, yourself—simply ask for it at any drug store or toilet-goods counter.

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THE most exquisite and refined of all perfumes! Made from the essence of flowers, without alcohol. A single drop lasts a week!
Regular value of each vial is 25c—total 75c. I'll give you three trial vials of our most exquisite Flower Drops odors—Romanza, Esprit de France, Violet. To pay for postage and handling, send only 30c (silver or stamps) for all three vials.

PAUL RIEGER
America's Master Perfumer
182 First St. San Francisco, Calif.

Marlene Dietrich has received more newspaper space for wearing trousers than Garbo ever got for being mysterious. And all within the space of three months.

Naturally, the emotions of Hollywood are mingled! Rival feminine stars, who had been wearing slacks and lounging pajamas for years, suddenly discovered that they thought that women should be womanly. The more youthful players went into pants unanimsously. Some studios sent out edicts that their women stars should not be photographed in male attire or quoted on the subject. "Why should we give Dietrich any more publicity?" they inquired bitterly.

Perhaps Metro has been the most badly bruised by the phenomenal publicity given Marlene's trousers—which she claims she donned to be comfortable, not sensational. For many years Garbo has worn trousers, not only for those famous solitary walks of hers in the rain, but for street sauntering. Attendants at the Filmarte Theatre often saw Garbo strolling in, wearing white flannel trousers and a mannish coat. Partygoers were accustomed to the sight of a Greta in slacks or trousers. Her neighbors no longer turned to look when she sauntered out of her house in masculine garb. But nobody had ever thought of making publicity out of it. And so Garbo, the real pioneer of pants, gets no credit for her bravery in flaunting convention—and is the Metro Lion's face red!

Gwili Says "They're Show-Off"

BUT let's hear what Hollywood's Best-Dressed Women have to say about the new mannish vogue!

"I shall not take up mannish suits," says Gwili Andre, who, before coming to Hollywood, was the highest-paid clothes model in New York City. "They are not my type. But I think they are not becoming to any type of woman. They are show-off. True style is never sensational. I have modeled for the best couturiers and dress-designers in New York and have never worn an immodest gown. Here in Hollywood I rebelled at the nakedness of some of the evening dresses. I refused to wear them. I refuse to wear trousers, too.

"Suggestion is so much more fascinating than reality—but what sort of suggestion is there in a man's garments? Satins, chiffons, laces, velvets—these are the materials that enhance woman's femininity. After all, women are not made like men. Why try to look like them? The result is grotesque. Mannish styles for women will never succeed to any extent. Women want to look charming and attractive, and I do not know one who can in masculine-type clothes."

Lilyan Tashman won the title of The Best-Dressed Woman in Hollywood long ago and has held it against all comers ever since. Lilyan is no coward when it comes to introducing extreme styles—as witness her straw jacket and tiny pancake hat recently. But she has so little patience with the masculinized styles that she has decided to wear skirts all summer at Malibu instead of beach slacks and pajamas, just to register her convictions.

"Most men despise women in trousers, and my husband, Edmund Lowe, is one of those who are most vehement against the pants-for-women vogue," says Lilyan. "Just when the styles were getting so charming and becoming to everyone, too! Of course, the public won't take this absurd hybrid fad seriously, and yet it has had the result of deflecting the attention from the lovely mid-Victorian revivals of feathers and lace and frills. However, a certain type of woman always follows fashions set by

movie stars—and trousers are a craze at present. But I can't see how they can last.

No Excuse for Them, Says Lil

"ANYTHING beautiful is excusable, but there is nothing beautiful in the feminine figure in male clothes. Women have had the priceless chance to show individuality in their clothes which men have never had—why take it away from them? Sports clothes—that is, clothes that look sporty, but would hardly be worn for the actual sports, themselves—are the ideal daytime garb for women."

Carole Lombard, another candidate for the style honors of Hollywood, is likewise scornful. "I have never seen a single woman who looked well in trousers," says Carole coldly, allowing her eyes to rest momentarily on Marlene at the next table, in a gray flannel lounge suit, beret, men's oxfords and turtle-neck sweater (a la Clark Gable).

"After all, it is a bit silly, isn't it, to say that severely tailored suits are new? I've worn them for years. I adore men's tailoring—but trousers? No! Putting them on takes away woman's last advantage of sex.

"We have aped the men until we earn our own living, vote, smoke, go to Congress—but we did have one advantage over them—lovely clothes and comfortable garments. Now, we are thinking of giving up that advantage and putting on stiff, rasping woollens and tweeds, with hot trousers and stiff collars. Besides, what a drab world it would be without women's styles, constantly changing, always gay and new and colorful to add to the scenery! To be sure, it's expensive to keep up with constantly-changing styles—but that keeps industry going. If there were a standardized style for women, as there is for men, think how many thousands of textile workers and lace makers, and silkworms would be out of work!"

One of the newer of the Best-Dressed Women of the Screen is Adrienne Ames, recruit from New York's Four Hundred, with five cars, eight servants, and a wardrobe that has made Hollywood open its eyes. Adrienne's husband is reputedly a millionaire. Her New York apartment is on Park Avenue, and her pictures are in the roto section every Sunday, wearing gorgeous fashions.

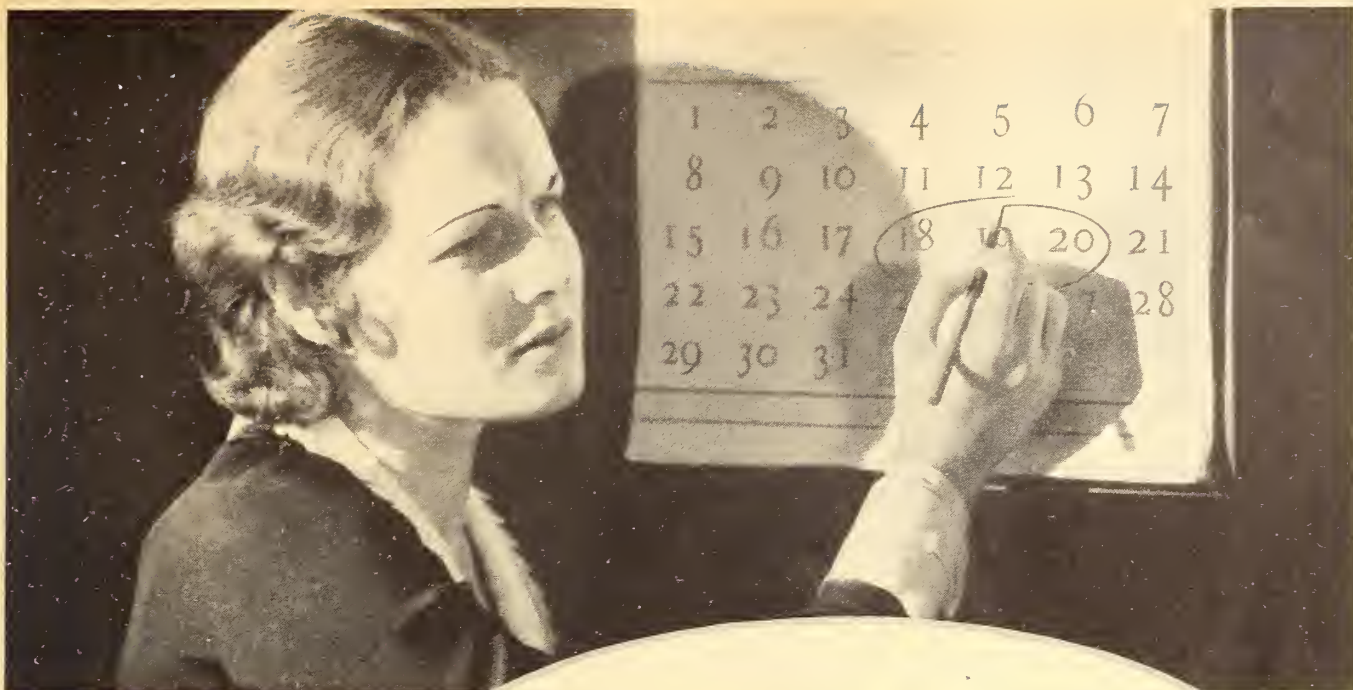
Intends to Stay Feminine

"I, FOR one, am not ashamed of being a woman. I intend to keep on looking like one," says Adrienne succinctly. "I don't mind adapting masculine styles to feminine garments. In fact, I have just had the most adorable little suit made—a sort of caricature of a man's tailored coat that is the most coquettish garment you can imagine, because it calls attention to the feminine figure. The contrast is chic. But trousers on women are hideous! The public will never go for them. Broadway, yes, perhaps—but you will never see a woman wearing a man's suit on Fifth Avenue, or Park! But, of course, it's just a stunt with Marlene, and it certainly has been grand publicity!"

"I don't care much for pants on men, much less on women," Mary Pickford says. Mary, being the court of last resort on most matters, deserves listening to here: "I'd like to see men go back to the styles of the old days when they wore ruffles and satins and more colors. That made for romance, and the world needs that just now."

Lilian Harvey is horrified to find Hollywood going into pants just as she has arrived with forty-five separate dresses and suits, complete with hats, shoes, bags, and gloves

(Continued on page 64)



Those *Marked* days

what will they tell you?

IS THE FEAR OF THEM SHATTERING YOUR HEALTH?

Many eminent physicians have declared that *fear* often acts on the system like a poison, creating a toxic condition that is particularly disturbing to the delicate feminine organism.

When women watch the calendar, month after month, with anxiety and apprehension, this very worry, in itself, often causes feminine irregularities and ill-health.

Why not banish "CALENDAR FEAR"? Why not follow the lead of millions of women who are safeguarding health, youth and feminine daintiness by practicing correct and sensible hygiene?

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nine antiseptics that has been approved by leading doctors throughout the world, for more than forty years.

"Lysol" is mild and healing. It contains no free caustic alkali, commonly found in chlorine-type antiseptics, which deadens sensitive tissues and inflames tender membranes.

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cleanliness. Use "Lysol" according to directions. Your druggist has it. Your doctor recommends it . . . And be sure to send for the new, *free* "Lysol" booklet, "Marriage Hygiene—the important part it plays in the ideal marriage." It will come to you in a plain envelope. Please use the coupon below.

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How to keep WASH GLOVES supple as when they were skins

Is the stamp "washable" in chamois, doe- or pig-skin gloves just another ha-ha to you? Don't blame the gloves. They are as sensitive as your own skin to the least bit of harshness in soap.

Wash your gloves with soap you *know* is PURE—IVORY SNOW, the quick-sudsing form of pure, gentle Ivory Soap.

And Ivory Snow *really* dissolves in LUKE-WARM water! It is made in a new way—not cut into flat flakes, but *blown* into quick-dissolving, sudsy *round* bits.

Six Rules for Success in Washing Gloves

1. Use IVORY SNOW and just barely LUKE-WARM water. Hot water is fatal to gloves. Ivory Snow melts instantly in water that is safely cool.
2. Wash gloves INSIDE as well as OUTSIDE. A soft nail-brush helps to get finger-ends clean.
3. Rinse thoroughly *inside and out* in barely LUKEWARM water. No flat particles in Ivory Snow to cling flat to the leather and make rinsing difficult—*no soap spots!*
4. DON'T SQUEEZE or wring gloves. Lay them flat between folds of a Turkish towel and *pat* loose water out.
5. DON'T hang wash-leather gloves to dry on a hot radiator or over heat of any kind.
6. Soften by working onto your hands just BEFORE they are dry.

KATHRYN MARTIN
Washability Expert



Will It Be Trousers for Women?

(Continued from page 62)

to match every one. Trousered women are no new sights in Continental cities, she points out. Marlene Dietrich wore such clothes long before she came to America. Many foreign women do, but it has never become a general style abroad, and will not here, she believes.

"Trousers for women? But no!" she shivers. "Men were intended to wear the pants in the family. Mannish trousers, coats, and vests have not the least bit of feminine appeal. Slacks, the big floppy ones, are very nice in their place, but their place is not on the street. Small people, nice feminine little creatures, look fine in slacks and gay-colored sweaters and berets, on the beach, riding bicycles, or on long motor trips.

"I, myself, started wearing slacks four years ago. I found them comfortable for use between my home and the studio—something for the great hurry one is always in these days! Now I wear them to Fox Movietone City—but never on the street, never!"

Connie and Joan Disagree

"TROUSERS for women are incredible, ridiculous and absurd!" says Constance Bennett, whose clothes have been the envy of half the girls of America. "I can't imagine wearing such atrocities. Such a style will never please American men." The Bennett family, however, is divided on the question. Joan Bennett, we hear, has had two masculine-style lounge suits made.

Katharine Hepburn is among the stars who have lined up on the side of trousers for women. It is said that she has had the local tailor who has fitted Dietrich and Garbo to trousers make several pairs for her. Her overalls are the talk of the town—as they are no doubt intended to be. She refuses to be quoted on trousers, as on all other subjects, but one thing is certain—Katharine Hepburn would not choose to wear them because they were the style, or refrain from wearing them because they were unconventional. She does as she chooses without reference to the rest of the world.

Norma Shearer takes the diplomatic stand that it is all a matter of opinion. "If they are comfortable, why not?" she says. "There are certain types who can wear them, and it is entirely up to the individual. I don't feel I am the type for trousers, though I do wear slacks and have for several years. The mannish styles won't last any longer than any other vogue."

June Clyde, Wampas Baby Star, has adopted the bifurcated garment with the full approval of Thornton Freeland, her director-husband. He has even taken her to his own tailor and had a suit made for her of the same cloth and identical style as one of his own, and completed it with a smaller hat and topcoat like his own!

Not Borrowing Hubby's Ties

"I'VE always worn tailored clothes," says Dorothy Mackaill, "and I was one of the first to adopt slacks and beach pants. I'm on the beach so much that I live in clothes like that a lot of the time. But I do believe there's a place for them, and that place is either the beach or one's own home. When you see Mackaill going along the boulevard in tailored trousers, you'll know I've lost my mind—and my husband. He'd get a divorce if he had a wife borrowing his ties and cuff links. A ladylike adaptation of masculine styles to the feminine figure is all right—and certainly not a new style. But I'm for skirts, not trousers!"

Amelia Earhart, dropping in on Holly-

wood from the skies for a visit to her publisher-husband, George Putnam, who is head of the Paramount scenario department, praises Marlene Dietrich for her bravery in defying outworn conventions. "I like the new style you so courageously started," she has told Marlene. "Trousers are a practical and comfortable garment for the modern woman who leads an active life."

Mae Clarke, who has chosen a boyish haircut as best suited to her personality, is an advocate for Pants in Their Proper Places. "Which means for sports wear," explains Mae. "I've got the smartest little suit with a vest and trousers which I expect to wear at polo games and for the beach—and, yes, maybe on the streets. But no tuxedos for restaurants or theatres. Imagine an audience at a Grauman opening, all in black broadcloth suits! It would be like an undertakers' convention. Parties and social affairs should be gay and colorful, and they couldn't be with women wearing men's evening garb."

The junior member of Watson and Sons, the Hollywood tailors, reveals an interesting fact. Since it became known that Watson does Marlene Dietrich's tailoring, scores of women have visited the shop to order trousered suits, and have sent in their measurements from all over the United States with money orders. "As though we were a mail order concern!" he shrugs. "We refuse to make such suits for about half of these women. Unless we know the woman has the proper figure, and will appear well in trousers, we will not make up the order."

Our Hollywood Neighbors

(Continued from page 15)

no, but that long-standing feud between the platinum Harlow and the rich Howard Hughes has been settled. They step out together again, and are just THAT chummy.

IF this keeps up, the interviewers are going to have to swim the Atlantic to get an interview with the stars. The moon-pitcher darlings, while studio shakeups are in progress, are leaving Hollywood in droves for the more or less peaceful atmosphere of the Old World. Norma Shearer, Irving Thalberg, Helen Hayes and Charles MacArthur are already gone; so are Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks and Jimmy Gleason. Connie Bennett and her Marquis are extremely vague about the date of their return. Gary Cooper is all set for another safari into the wilds of Italy—the Countess Frasso, you know, has already departed. For awhile it DID look as if Lilian Harvey might keep Gary interested in California. She called him "the tall boy with the beautiful face." George O'Brien has a house in Naples, Constance Cummings and Jeanette MacDonald are working in London, Jean Hersholt is going to Denmark, and Ramon Novarro is departing for Paris. Boris (Menace) Karloff is now in London.

Hey—who's going to act in these here now pitchers? Mickey Mouse can't act in ALL of 'em.

WE'RE not sure what all of this is about but—Peggy Hopkins Joyce, who has always been noted for her elaborate wardrobe, and Jack Oakie, who never wore anything but a sweat-shirt and a pair of wrinkled flannels, are keeping company. And Jack now steps out all tailored up like Adolphe Menjou, and Peggy wears a sweat-shirt and slacks. You'll have to draw your own moral to this. We're stumped.

(Continued on page 70)

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When you buy ZIP you are availing yourself of a product for destroying superfluous hair which millions of women have used, and which does all I claim for it. It is mild and fragrant, and ideal for face treatments. ZIP gently and quickly gets at the cause and frees you of superfluous hair.

Formerly \$5.00 . . . Now \$1.00. There is no other Epilator available for destroying hair this way.

And if you prefer a cream depilatory, use

This is by far the most popular depilatory cream today. Simply spread on and rinse off. If you have been using less improved methods you will marvel at this white, fragrant cream, as delightful as your choicest cold cream. It is the most modern and instantly removes every vestige of hair. No fear of later stubble or stimulated hair growths.

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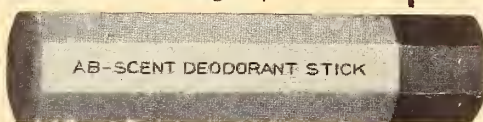
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"King Kong"—How Did They Make It?

(Continued from page 43)

says. "Gigantic figures, to move with any semblance of reality, have to resemble some living creature or a creature that once lived. A purely imaginary beast may be described on paper, but it cannot be animated successfully. Nature knows more than we do about such things.

How Kong Was Created

THIS is the reason *Kong* was made a giant ape, instead of something more mythological. Among his companions on the island where our motion picture troupe wanders in the story are a brontosaurus, a tyrannosaurus, a pterodactyl and a reptilian-like monster that was in reality the grandfather of dragon folklore. All actually lived in prehistoric days and all were painstakingly reconstructed in exact scale—but in miniature—from duplicates of skeletons such as those exhibited in museums all over the world. Their limbs, heads and necks moved on tiny ball-bearings.

"*Kong*, himself, was constructed upon the skeleton of an ape, with each measurement greatly enlarged. His height, for example, was fifty feet. His face was seven feet from hairline to tip of chin; nose, two feet; mouth, six feet; eyes and ears, both always small in an ape, twelve inches. His teeth varied in height from four to ten inches and in circumference from seven to fourteen inches. All of the bones in his body, though exaggerated in size, were copied with great fidelity. Otherwise, he could not have moved with any realism whatsoever."

You will note that Cooper refers to *Kong* as though it were an actual living thing. So it is to him, and so it will seem to you on the screen.

As a matter of fact, there were many dozens of *Kongs* (seventy-four, to be definite), all exactly alike, but of different sizes. Most of them were just a few inches tall; only one was in the full proportions of fifty feet. This big *Kong* was in sections, appearing only once in the picture in his entirety. That is when, after having been shot down by airplanes from the top of the Empire State Building, he lies dead in the street.

How His Fingers Moved

FOR many scenes, made on miniature sets, one of the miniature *Kongs* was used. Large sections of this huge *Kong* were used from time to time, however—particularly his arm and hand, which pick up Fay Wray so often. This arm was made to the size of twenty-three feet and operated much in the manner of a crane derrick. An intricate system of wires caused the fingers to open and close. So delicate was this mechanism that Fay never once suffered injury in the monster's grasp.

Kong's head, full size, was photographed in several sequences, notably the scenes at the hotel windows and the times when he crushed the life out of humans between his huge jaws. The killing of a native when *Kong* steps on him was also done with a full-size foot and leg. The leg was lowered by unseen ropes and pulleys from above, the foot being so large as to cover the actor's body completely as it apparently crushes him into the earth.

Other than in these comparatively few scenes, *Kong* was far from the formidable figure he is in the picture. In miniature, he seemed more like a child's plaything, made of rubber and leather and covered with coarse hair. Seldom did the actors who exhibit such fright at his approach really see him. They were told by the director the approximate height at which to gaze, horrified, and composite photography took care of the rest.

There is a sequence in the picture, if you remember, that duplicates this technique in acting. Fay Wray is given a camera test by Robert Armstrong in which she is told to act terrified at an imaginary menace.

"It was the easiest scene I played," Fay will tell you, "for I had been doing little else for many months. I worked in 'King Kong' more than a year intermittently and for six months I never saw anything more than the artist's sketches of the Thing in whose grasp I pretended to struggle."

What Fay Had to Do First

THE first day of work for Fay happened to be in the tree where *Kong* places her while he battles with the tyrannosaurus that attacks him. Fay stayed in the tree for twenty-two hours while cameramen recorded her fear from a score of angles and distances with different degrees of light. All that was photographed in the long day's grind was the girl's white figure perched among the branches. The background was a solid black velvet curtain.

Then it was the job of the composite technicians to strip in the action of the fight—which, incidentally, had been staged in miniature more than eight months previously. According to Cooper, the fight was comparatively simple to photograph. "It was merely precision photography," he says, "—the individual exposure of one frame at a time. The difficult part was to get Miss Wray into the same picture. Intimate scenes were always the toughest."

Asked to name the most difficult sequence in the picture, Cooper unhesitatingly says, "The one on the cave's cliff where *Kong* pauses to examine the beautiful creature he has captured. He tears away a section of her skirt and, holding it between thumb and forefinger, looks at it in amazement."

"I can't tell you how this was done, for the secret is not mine to divulge. It belongs to Willis O'Brien and his splendid technical crew. They worked it out with seven separate composites when others had said that it was impossible. Many times O'Brien proved nothing was impossible. I cannot give him too much credit for the success of 'King Kong.'"

When you realize that only a single "frame" or individual picture can be taken at a time in animation, you will agree with Cooper in his giving O'Brien and the technical crew a major share of credit. There are sixteen "frames" to a foot of motion picture film and every time *Kong* opened and closed his jaws, two hundred and thirty-eight exposures had to be made of this action alone.

How Kong Looked "Alive"

FOR each frame, O'Brien moved portions of the ape's jaw a fraction of an inch and after photographing the position, moved the jaw again. Better results were obtained by doing this by hand than with wires or other automatic devices. But it was slow and tedious work. The fight between *Kong* and the pterodactyl on the cliff took more than seven weeks to film. Each slight movement had to be photographed separately—an operation that took infinite patience. Yet even after such battles were successfully animated, there still remained the task of stripping in human action by composite printing.

Sometimes a half-dozen different figures of *Kong* were used in the same sequence. As they were of varied sizes, the distance of the camera from the figure had to be worked out with painstaking mathematical accuracy and the backgrounds constructed accordingly. Occasionally, these little lifeless figures were laid out flat on their backs and

photographed from a stationary camera above—as cartoon figures, Mickey Mouse and others, are animated.

The uninitiated who see "King Kong" on the screen may voice a unanimous criticism of his first entrance. "The figure moves jerkily," they may say. "The later scenes are much better."

Actually, there is no difference in the animation of the first scenes from that of the last. There is, admittedly, a jerkiness that cannot be avoided, no matter how perfect the technicians' work. Your eyes, however, become accustomed to the action and you fall under the spell of the illusion. *Kong's* first entrance, for example, is made through trees and dense underbrush. This was skillfully plotted to give you an opportunity to adjust your eyes to his movements.

The same criticism may be hurled at the scenes where airplanes attack *Kong* as he stands atop the Empire State Building. The speed of the 'planes, aviators will tell you, is too great. This again is only by comparison to the ape's ponderousness.

The Empire State Building, by the way, is not a miniature, but the real thing. For this sequence, five separate pictures were taken and joined by double exposure. Motion pictures of the Empire State Building comprise the basic composite, the figure of *Kong* a second, Fay Wray in his hand a third, the airplanes a fourth and the 'plane that *Kong* dashes to earth a fifth. Other scenes in New York were similarly composited, all excellent examples of the perfection of this new art of trick photography.

The history of "King Kong" is not complete without mention of the sound recording. There was no scientific data available as to the cries of prehistoric mammals. So again inventive genius had to be called upon.

Murray Spivack, head of RKO's sound effects department, acting upon the advice of paleontologists (biologists who specialize in prehistoric data), created some forty sound-making instruments for the hisses the authorities believed dinosauria may have uttered. But synchronized with the appearance of the huge monsters, the noises were slightly effeminate. "There is no menace," said Spivack, and tried another tack.

How Beasts' Cries Were Made

HE forced air by pressure through a series of pipes and recorded the hiss, then re-recorded it at sub-normal speed. This made the sound an octave lower and gave a definite note of terror.

For the arsinotherium, the giant beast that *Kong* kills in the jungle by tearing its jaws apart, the sound expert again used compressed air, blowing it through a vox humana pipe from an old organ. Despite the slowing-up process, the sound was recognizable as something heard before. So Spivack calmly reversed the sound track and got a groan, the like of which human ears had never heard before.

His success in this gave him the secret of vocalizing the other monsters. Their cries are respectively the growls of cougars, leopards and lions run backward. The screams of the bull gorilla reversed did very well for *Kong* in his milder moments, but when you are told what Spivack invented for the great ape's battle-cry, you may doubt the truth. It is nothing more or less than the familiar "raspberry" or "Bronx Cheer" re-recorded backward!

There are many details about the production of "King Kong" that are not available at present for publication—and in fact, may never be available. For whenever you ask Merian C. Cooper or his associates a question that trespasses on their secret processes, they invariably reply, "It was all done with mirrors."

And the funny part of it is that, after seeing the picture, you are willing to believe anything . . . even the mirror gag.



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PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC is 3 times as powerful as other leading mouth antiseptics. Hence it goes 3 times as far. And whether you buy the 25c, 50c, or \$1 size, you still get 3 times as much for your money.

THIS is no time to waste money! It's no time to neglect health! Be safe and fight colds with Pepsodent Antiseptic as millions are doing. After all, it's just plain, simple arithmetic that makes people change to Pepsodent.

\$1 does the work of \$3

Pepsodent Antiseptic is three times as powerful as other leading mouth antiseptics . . . hence it goes three times as far—gives you three times as much for your money and gives you extra protection against colds and throat irritations. For protection against germs associated with common ills, remember there are really only two leading kinds of mouth antiseptics on the market. In one group is the mouth antiseptic that must be used full strength to be effective. In the other group is Pepsodent Antiseptic, utterly safe even if used full strength, yet powerful

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It is bad enough to have germs in your mouth *before* you gargle . . . it's worse to have germs in your mouth *after* you gargle . . . so choose the antiseptic that kills germs even when it is diluted. Insist on Pepsodent Antiseptic. Be safe!

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Probably you'll say you don't have a painted look. Yet any ordinary lipstick coats the lips with paint. So switch to Tangee. For Tangee brings out the natural color of your lips... yet never paints them!

Tangee *isn't* paint. It's different. In the stick, it's orange. On your lips, it is the natural shade of blush rose perfect for your complexion! See special offer below.

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Rush Miracle Make-up Set containing miniature Tangee Lipstick and Rouge. Enclosed find 10c (stamps or coin).

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"If I Were Roosevelt —"

(Continued from page 30)

Author Anticipated Events

"GABRIEL Over the White House" appeared in book form some months previous to the time Roosevelt took office. With the exception of the march upon the Capitol of an army of unemployed and a bank holiday, not a single incident has any basis in fact. The whole plot is hypothetical and satirical. Yet by a very strange set of circumstances, the filming of "Gabriel" anticipated, sometimes by only a day, the newspaper headlines.

The film's cast was appalled to be confronted by the news of the attempt to assassinate Roosevelt, on the same day they had enacted a scene of identical import. The naval sequence, in which the pitiful lack of strength of the U. S. fleet against bombing planes is demonstrated, preceded the announcement of Roosevelt's strong naval policy by less than a week. Countless other parallels occurred in the actual moves of our President and those of the fictional President depicted in the film.

It is impossible to give any explanation for this odd situation. Some clarity might be gained from the knowledge of the identity of the author. But his anonymity has been closely guarded. Several guesses have brought forth the names of Samuel Blythe and Samuel Hopkins Adams, among others. Then the publishers further obscured the issue by announcing that "Gabriel's" author was "an Englishman as well known on London's Downing Street as on Washington's Pennsylvania Avenue."

Doubtless the studio knows, though it refuses to tell, to whom it paid royalties. There occurs, however, in Carey Wilson's screen play, a marginal note that may be a possible lead as to the original author. This note says, "A series of quick, hysterical cuts are to be prepared from *Mr. Hopkins' gags.*" An investigation failed to reveal a "Mr. Hopkins" on the lot. Can it be that this mysterious Hopkins wrote "Gabriel Over the White House?" Whoever the author is, there is no doubt that he is a keen student of politics. His satire is tinged with bitterness, containing the while some solutions to current national difficulties that are even now in the making by Roosevelt.

Would Abandon All Secrecy

"PRESIDENT *Jud Hammond* was hit on the head," Huston reminds us. "President Roosevelt doesn't need to be. He is thinking as clearly now as *Hammond* did with the Divine aid of the Messenger Gabriel. And just as clearly as he thinks, does he speak his mind.

"It is a great thing for public morale when a President abandons all secrecy—and tells the people by radio and through the press just what the government is doing. Too long have conferences been held behind locked doors, with the news of what went on rigidly censored for public consumption. *Hammond* in the picture overthrows precedent by broadcasting every word of his meeting with foreign diplomats regarding the cancellation of war debts. The world is allowed to hear, not a prepared speech, but the whole of the negotiations. If I were Roosevelt, I would establish the same radical policy against secrecy in all governmental affairs.

"What this country needs is a leader, a man with the personality to say 'Come' so that the masses will follow with enthusiasm—with confidence. I believe Roosevelt is such a man. He has yet to exhibit indecisiveness. He has inherited a load of problems, but he does not make them confusing by political phraseology. He seems to realize

that by plain speaking and forthright action he can banish the fear that has shaken American business confidence. There is nothing fundamentally wrong with America. All that we need is someone to lead us out of the despondency we have learned to call depression.

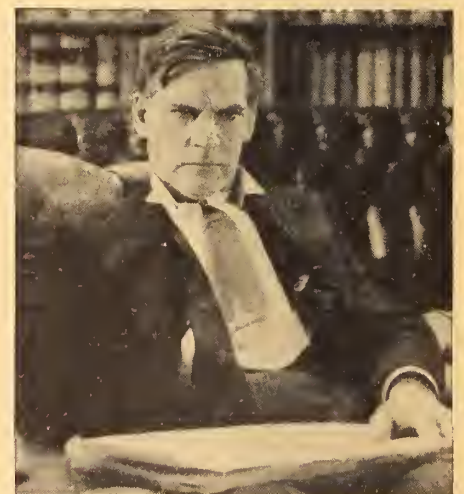
"In the picture, *President Hammond* attacks the unemployment question by mobilizing the Army of Unemployed. He admits what everyone knows—that tons of food are rotting in warehouses while millions of people go hungry. He asks, 'What's to prevent us from putting the wasting food into the mouths of the hungry, even though it means building one less battleship this year?'

What About the Unemployed?

"THE unemployed march on Washington and the *President* refuses to declare war on them—to call out the army against the people of the United States. He meets them fearlessly—in person—against the advice of his counselors. He talks to them, telling them that he wishes to put picks and shovels in their hands, as fifteen years ago the government gave them guns and bayonets. He knows they would rather engage in a public work than accept public charity.

"He creates an Army of Construction, under military discipline, receiving food, clothes and housing, as did wartime armies. And with army rates of pay. He sends this army into industrial enterprises—doing everything from baking bread to building dams. Not a dollar of profit accrues to any individual. Then as the wheels of industry, stimulated by these efforts, begin to turn, the men are retired from the Army of Construction into different private enterprises as rapidly as industry can conveniently absorb them.

"The scheme may seem slightly visionary, as Technocracy and other known plans are visionary. Yet if I were Roosevelt, I would seriously consider a practical application of a similar idea. And Roosevelt does have plans somewhat along these very identical lines.



Walter Huston has no time for formality in "Gabriel Over the White House"

"Dictatorship is an ugly word. It defies the traditions of the democracy upon which the United States of America was founded. But the President does not have to become a dictator to exercise some of the now-nearly-forgotten rights given him by the Constitution. He can, for example, declare the country under Martial Law.

Wiping Out the Gangsters

"HAMMOND does just that. And by organizing a mobile unit of the U. S. Army under the title of Federal Police, he cleans out the gangsters. He finds that bootleggers still operate even after the legalizing of liquor—that racketeers continue to terrorize the land with their extortion threats—that criminals and murderers, whose records are on file in every police station throughout the land, walk the streets as free men because courts of justice are hampered by legal technicalities. So, he serves warning before sending his Federal Police into action.

"Habitual offenders against law and order are dealt with summarily. If found guilty when brought before quick, but just, court martials, they face the firing squad. Crime is reduced to normal almost overnight. If I were Roosevelt, I would adopt this plan *in toto*. Why should we support public enemies in comfortable prisons or allow them to go free, just because of false sympathy? They have no sympathy for us, shooting and killing at will. We should be equally ruthless until this malignant, cancerous growth is destroyed.

"Hammond, in the book, prohibits the manufacture of bullets, thereby robbing a few men of their pleasure in hunting wild animals. But the saving of human life is a greater benefit.

"There are many matters with which the book deals that were omitted, in the name of entertainment, from the screen transcription. A high protective tariff and a sales tax are briefly mentioned, the latter under the theory that if you can afford to buy an article for one dollar, you can afford to buy it for a dollar and two cents—providing there are no other Federal taxes to pay. Perhaps the excise tax that President Roosevelt is quoted as favoring is preferable and the tariff should take into consideration American export and import needs.

Can There Be Disarmament?

"PERHAPS, too, the disarmament display that climaxes our picture and brings about a satisfactory solution to the payment of foreign war debts is better drama than it is government—human nature being as quarrelsome as it is and preparedness a protection for peace. If I were Roosevelt, I would know the answers in every detail. As I am merely an actor of Presidential characters and not a real President, I would rather leave these questions to a man who has made a sincere study of them.

"In one of the best speeches in the picture, Hammond says, 'I propose to reduce materially the cost of running the government. We are spending too much money for the most expensive article of merchandise in America to-day—red tape. We use millions of yards of red tape a year—at thousands of dollars a yard. Well, Uncle Sam isn't going to buy any more.'

"Apparently, President Roosevelt has the same idea. In his campaign, he pledged himself to a twenty-five per cent reduction of governmental expenses. He has already started to balance the budget to that extent. And it is up to every American among us to aid him.

"This is not a time for party politics. America must forget political party lines just as they were forgotten in the Roosevelt landslide. To-day is a day of collective effort when we must think in the terms of tomorrow instead of yesterday.

"The job the President faces to-day is not an easy one. Yet he has approached his tasks—and there are none greater—with a contagious optimism, with the strength, power and courage to solve them.

"Still, I do not envy him. In fact, if I were Roosevelt, I believe I would rather be someone else."

Women revolt against washing dirty handkerchiefs!

KLEENEX
brings release
from this hated
task! Soft tissues
are used once and
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Now 25c



How Kleenex prevents spread of germs



Linen fiber, highly magnified, from germ-infected handkerchief. Most germs have been dislodged—showing how handkerchiefs spread colds.



This Kleenex fiber defied all attempts to dislodge germs. Thus Kleenex cannot reinfect the user or spread infection to others.

MADAM, are you still washing dirty handkerchiefs? It's so unnecessary! Thousands of women let Kleenex end this hated task—why don't you?

For 25 cents—the cost of one linen handkerchief—Kleenex brings you dozens of handkerchief-size tissues, to be simply destroyed after use.

Kleenex in many forms

Kleenex is available in rolls and packages at 25 cents; and in extra-size tissues, three times usual size.

You'll find Kleenex a great comfort during colds. The tissues are of softest rayon-cellulose. They are very soothing to tender, inflamed skin.

And here's a great health factor. During colds, Kleenex does not infect hands and pockets as does a handkerchief, from whose fibers germs are dis-

lodged fifteen times more readily than from Kleenex. Remember that.

Ideal for children

Kleenex is the ideal handkerchief for children, who need especially this protection from colds. Teachers appreciate its use in the schoolroom.

Try 'Kerfs, too—smartly bordered handkerchiefs of tissue. At any drug, dry goods or department store.

KLEENEX disposable **TISSUES**



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CORN GONE IN 3 DAYS

THIS SAFE SCIENTIFIC WAY

- Here is the safe, scientific method for removing corns, the method that has given quick, sure relief to millions of corn sufferers for 35 years.
- It is Blue-Jay—on sale at druggists' everywhere. There is no reason whatever why anybody should suffer corn pain. No reason why they should risk infection by cutting corns, a method which gives temporary relief at best, and may lead to disfigured, unsightly feet.
- Blue-Jay Corn Remover is so quick, so simple—gentle yet sure. It is the invention of a famous chemist. It is made by Bauer & Black, the surgical dressing house whose scientific products are used by doctors and hospitals the world over.
- Don't risk unscientific remedies. Play safe. *When a corn appears, remove it with Blue-Jay.*

At all druggists'—25c
Special sizes for bunions and calluses



HERE'S HOW IT WORKS

1 SOAK FOOT ten minutes in hot water, wipe dry.

2 APPLY BLUE-JAY, centering the pad directly over the corn.



HOW BLUE-JAY WORKS

A is the mild medication that gently undermines the corn.

B is the felt pad that relieves pressure, stops pain at once.

C is the adhesive strip that holds pad in place, prevents slipping.



3 AFTER THREE DAYS, remove plaster, soak foot 10 minutes in hot water, lift out corn. (Old, tough corns may need a second application, because Blue-Jay is mild and gentle in its action.)

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"For Better Feet"—Free Booklet contains very helpful information for foot sufferers. Also valuable exercises for foot health and beauty. Mail coupon to Bauer & Black, 2500 South Dearborn Street, Chicago. (Pasting this coupon on a government postcard will save postage.)

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Our Hollywood Neighbors

(Continued from page 65)

HONESTLY, something should be done to compel these ladies with glamorous reputations to live up to 'em when they come to Hollywood. We're downright mad at Mae West and Peggy Joyce. Mae's sensational utterances used to brighten the lives of New York newspaper men, but out here she weighs every utterance like the president of some select women's college. And Peggy—she doesn't wear her diamonds. She doesn't even go around with millionaires, although, of course, that may not be her fault. Where would she find a millionaire? Lilian Harvey is the one bright star in a murky horizon. Now there's a girl who is a help to the papers and magazines. She says she isn't married to Willy Fritsch, and German fans say she is married to Willy Fritsch. She has Chevalier, Ernst Lubitsch and Gary Cooper guessing. She wears enough diamonds with sport clothes to stock Cartier's display window, and she has a racing car that is the biggest thing since "Ben-Hur." And, of all things, she uses ermine tails for lampshade trimmings. Even Lil Tashman, and her ermine chairs, didn't think of that. We hope La Harvey sticks around a long time and doesn't run out of ideas. Happy Bank Holiday, Lilian!

IN the springtime a young man's fancy tra-la-la—but Hollywood was a bit startled to discover that Buster Keaton's fancy had drifted as far as matrimony. For one thing, the movie village, being incurably romantic, thought the frozen-faced comic was still in love with his ex-wife, the former Natalie Talmadge. For another thing, and THIS is rather important if you're fussy about such things, Buster can't marry legally for months AND months. But he did. He married his trained nurse (practically no one even knew he had such a thing) and started out in that land yacht of his for the Mexican border.

Maybe it would be a good investment for matrimony habitues to buy an island somewhere. There they could live in wedded bliss while their divorces are becoming final. Helene Costello, married to a wealthy Cuban, might chip in, too. As far as the U. S. A. is concerned, she is Mrs. Lowell Sherman until come Maytime.

THE "Dietrich" party given by the Frank Morgans didn't turn out to be an unqualified success, at least as far as the costume business went. The lady guests were to appear in trousers and such one-time manly haberdashery. Constance Cummings, Una Merkel and Carmelita Geraghty kept faith with the instructions—and didn't look very comfortable. The rest of the good Hollywood ladies wore those quaint curiosities, dresses.

Someone has a solution for the Dietrich vogue. He says Marlene will quit wearing the things when a reference is made to her as "that girl with the shiny seat."

THERE'S a swell new filling station in Hollywood—it's almost too swanky to be called a speakeasy. And some of the very BEST people are there almost any time you drop in—providing, of course, that you can get in. The er-ah "soda-pop" is six bits a guzzle, and after you order twice the house stands treat for a third, for those who are still able to cope with a third. The real *piece de resistance* is a baritone with a sob in his voice. You should just see what he does to the customers when he sings "A Little Home For The Old Folks" along about two A. M. "East Lynne" didn't do any better—even in its palmiest days.

George Raft Answers Twenty Pointed Questions

(Continued from page 23)

12. Were you asked to use your influence in behalf of Al Capone?

When I was in Chicago, a group of men called on me and asked that I visit the late Mayor Cermak and plead for his aid toward Capone's release.

I did not go to the Mayor. After all, he could do nothing. The United States Government arrested and convicted Capone.

13. Were you ever a gigolo?

No. I was a taxi-dancer in a New York café at the same time Valentino occupied a similar position.

The difference between gigolo and taxi-dancer is marked. The former is paid by a woman or women for his body. The latter is paid for his services as a dance partner.

14. Is your underwear made to order?

Yes. Tailors fit it to my body. Such garments are much more comfortable.

15. Do you wear pajamas in bed?

No. I sleep in *puris naturalibus*. That means naked.

16. Is it true you did eight shows daily on your personal-appearance tour?

Eight shows most days. Some days I did ten shows. Those were the days I played two or more benefit performances.

The work was so grueling that I lost fourteen pounds in three weeks. The day before Christmas I broke down, and I spent Christmas Day in bed. I had to stop over in Chicago in order to regain the strength to travel to California.

The laugh is: I went East for a rest!

17. Why do you hate to be alone?

That is my phobia. Why do some humans dread being left in a closed room? Why do others fear high places?

I go crazy when I'm alone. I won't even attend a theatre or picture show without a companion.

18. Do you ever drink liquor?

I do not drink liquor or coffee. I have never drunk either, except for the initial tastes that convinced me I don't like their tastes.

19. How true is the report that you cannot sleep nights?

I rarely go to bed before three or four o'clock in the morning. Many years of night-life in New York brought about this uncomfortable illness.

The only way I can sleep at night, when I am working on a picture, is to stay out of bed for thirty-six hours prior to the start of production. That causes such a state of exhaustion that I must sleep.

But, invariably, when I am refreshed—that is, caught up on sleep—I revert to the early morning hours.

20. What amazing thing happened to you on your personal-appearance tour?

Members of audiences in a Brooklyn theatre threw gifts and roses on the stage. A beautiful bathrobe and a fine wallet were among the presents thrown to me.

This is a common custom in Europe, but I am told it has never before happened in America.

The gifts and flowers came from men and women. I was extremely embarrassed, particularly because of the roses.

Next month another big questions-and-answers surprise is in store for you—with a fiery feminine star welcoming a chance to speak her mind!

AN AMAZING OFFER!



Did you get YOURS yet?

This dainty, non-leakable perfume container has been enthusiastically received by thousands of fashionable women everywhere. Easily carried in the purse, ready for instant use and available in six different colors, they are fast becoming an indispensable accessory to milady's handbag. As they make welcome gifts for your friends, you will no doubt wish to get *more* than one.

Just send your name and address with the top of a LINIT package and 10¢ (to cover cost of wrapping and postage) for EACH perfume container wanted. Use the handy coupon below.

RESULTS are IMMEDIATE with a LINIT Beauty Bath

Try the Linit Beauty Bath to make your skin feel *instantly* smooth and soft. It leaves an invisible light "coating" of LINIT so that dusting with talcum or using a skin whitener will be unnecessary. To enjoy this delightful Beauty Bath, merely dissolve half a package or more of LINIT in your tub—bathe as usual, using your favorite soap, and then feel your skin! It will rival the smoothness and softness of a baby's.

Perfumed LINIT is sold by grocery stores, drug and department stores. Unscented LINIT in the familiar blue package is sold only by grocers.

*The Bathway to a
Soft, Smooth Skin*



THIS OFFER GOOD IN U. S. A. ONLY
AND EXPIRES NOVEMBER 15, 1933

Corn Products Refining Co., Dept. MP-5 P. O. Box 171, Trinity Station, New York

Please send meperfume containers. Color(s) as checked below. I enclose \$..... and..... LINIT package tops.

Black Brown Red Blue Green Ivory

Name.....

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

There is no wave like the Eugene wave

Don't think that all permanents are alike. They're not. Don't think that any permanent wave will do. It won't. It's well worth your while to select a shop that does genuine Eugene permanent waving—with genuine Eugene Sachets.



EMINENTLY VICTORIAN

...a wave in her hair
and curls, curls, curls

Miss 1933 wears a hat that's up in the back in a manner pre-eminently Victorian. Her hair shows. Therefore the great need of permanent waves, and curls, by Eugene. For the Eugene Method gently imparts the required natural, yet lasting, undulations . . . and easily handles your shortest hair to produce the flattering face-and-neck curls of the mode.

New and patented 1933 improvements, exclusively used by shops that do genuine Eugene Waving, assure you of the correct wave, the way you want it—with curls that are as permanent as the wave itself.

Insist on getting the genuine Eugene Wave and Curls. Look for the Eugene Trade Mark figure on each sachet or waving wrapper that is applied to your hair. Eugene, Ltd. . . New York · London · Paris · Berlin · Barcelona · Sydney

Eugene permanent waves

Jimmy Durante Bares His Marriage Secrets

(Continued from page 52)

easily do, for she is a most charming, attractive woman—she has managed to hide the yearning completely.

But I'm getting away from my story:

How His Romance Began

"FOIST time I seez me wife, she uz singin' inna New Yerh honky-tonk," says Jimmy. "I was playin' pianner atta ol' Alamo Teater an' one day I hadda 'company a doll named Jeanne Olson. Atta end of a chorus she mutters, 'Jeez, yer a lousy piannerst.' An' I comes back, 'How can yuh tell, wit' all 'at nerse comin' outa yer mout?' An' she says, 'Oh, yeah? Come out from behin' whatever's in front of yuh an' lemme see what yuh look like.' Well, atta crack makes me sore, 'cause I ain't behin' nottin'. 'At's me schnozzle. So I says, 'Jus' for dat I'll marry yuh.' An' I did.

"We been married ever since. We gotta tied right after de Woil' War, butta don't seem no longer 'an since de Civil War ta me."

Of course, you realize that Durante is really kidding; he can't be serious for a moment, even about his wife, whom he adores. Fortunately, she is a woman of sound common sense, and she knows that her husband's clowning is a part of his stock-in-trade, and that she must put up with merciless kidding.

In addition to being sensible, Mrs. Durante has her own keen wit. I asked her if she minded Jimmy's remarks. "Not publicly," she answered. "If he says something I do not like, I catch him at home."

"Yuh wanta know how me anna missus stays married, even in Hollywood? Cinch. We jus' don't t'ink about divorce. Divorce ain't nottin' but broad jumpin'—jumpin' from one broad tuh anudder. I ain't no attalete; I don't know nottin' abouta jumpin'.

A One-Woman Man

"FUDDERMORE, I ain't innerest in no dames. I wouldn't turn me head a see de Queen o' Sheba pass—not if me wife is wit' me. Dames jus' don't innerest me."

We were seated at a luncheon table, and a waitress chose this moment to request our orders.

"Chicken soup," said Durante, "an' a . . ." Joan Crawford passed and he eyed her longingly before he sighed and resumed his order: "Chicken soup," he repeated, "an' a . . ." Jean Harlow swished by, a vision in skin-tight coral satin, and again the Durante eyes popped, only to return eventually to the menu. "Chicken soup," he began, but the waitress yelled, "For Gossake! That's three bowls of chicken soup. Whatcha gonna do—swim?"

Jimmy appeared her with a tip before he continued his story:

"Naw, dames don't innerest me. I don't go for 'em. Take Garbo. Looka how she went onna make fer me! Askin' me tuh go tuh Yurrop wit' her! Tch. Tch. But does I go? Not me—I loves me home. Besides, when I tells a missus I gotta go tuh Sweden tuh see a sick frien', she screams, 'Greata Godda.' I t'ink she says Greta Carbo an' is wise, see?"

"Me an' me problem unnerstan's each udder—anyways, she unnerstan's me. F'instance, she takes me pay-check an' gives me a 'lowance an' by a time I pays fer me lunches, dere ain't nottin' left for de dames.

"One reason me marriage lasts is 'at I use da ol' noodle. One night I comes home wit'out me trunks. When I finds she is wise, whatta I do? HHHaaahhHH! I looks at meself, indignant, mortified, an' screams,

'I been robba!' An' she don't know no diff'runt, see?

Gives His "Set of Rules"

"I GOT me a setta rules fer happy marriages. Like a hear 'em? Here's me rules:

(1) "Don't never take outta wife an' goil frien' atta same time.

(2) "Keep 'at li'l ol' address book hidda.

(3) "If a wife's relatives wanta live wit' yuh, say 'Yessa'—if your owna, say 'Naw.'

(4) "If a missus finda lipstick on yer hannerchief, alluz boin up an' shout, 'How'd 'at get dere?'

(5) "On yer night out wit' da boys, don't come a home blowin' yer schnozzle onna silk stockin'.

(6) "If yuh anna missus quarrels, comp'omise an' give inna her. Take her baloney wit' some salt an' say nottin'.

(7) "If yuh gotta goil frien', don't never say it wit' ink.

(8) "Remember, a sock in her pan is wit' two in yer puss.

"Nudder t'ing: I always laughs at me missus' jokes. When we foist comes tuh Hollywood, I ain't seena sun in years, 'counta I'm a night-boid in New Yerk, see? Well, me squaw goes 'rounda sayin' a foist mornin' I wakes an' seesa sun trew a winnow, I races inner hall, screamin' 'Fire! Fire!' I didn't do it, but I humors her an' laughs, 'counta she t'inks it's funny, see?

"Me missus picks alla clothes fer me, an' yuh can see what swell taste a she's gotta. She buys me dis white tie wit' red dots, an' 'em green sox. She gimme dissa poiple an' yellor sweater, too. She says, 'I ain't takin' no chances of dese Hollywood dames, givin' yuh de eye—I'm fixin' yuh so yuh'll blin' 'em'.

"Nudder t'ing 'at's kept us married is 'at me missus is alluz nice to de dames 'at goes fer me. One nighta I'm playin' pianner atta party an' some dames is stan'in' dere givin' me de ups an' downs, an' me wife comes in an' says, polite likea, 'Beat it, yow wenchas.' She don't t'row nottin' or sock nobody. Unnerstan'? Jus' a lady, me missus.

The Chief Advice of All

"SO yuh see, it ain't harda stay married in Hollywood. All yuh gotta do is get hitcha to a woman like a mine—an' 'en try an' get loosa. Jussa try!

"Butta one t'ing about married life is, don't fall fer de dames. Dey don't mean nottin' to me no more."

At this precise moment, ladies and gentlemen, Durante's story came to an abrupt end. A dazzling, unattached blonde walked by our table and smiled. Jimmy's eyes popped.

"I jus' remem'er," he said hurriedly, "that I gotta see a fella 'bout a cow. I can't drink a milk dey're servin' at dese Hollywood parties." Then he leaned closer and whispered, "Yuh don't minda grabbin' a check, do yuh, pal? I may be needin' to-day's lunch dough, see?"

And the eyes of Hollywood's happiest married man focused on the stuffy curls of the departing blonde. The nose followed the eyes, and of course Durante followed the nose, for he is an example of a body attached to a nose; not a nose attached to a body.

Now that I have lost Jimmy, permit me to dwell briefly with that lovely lady, Mrs. Durante. She is a clever woman who is content to remain in the background, where she quietly graces his table, makes his home comfortable—and laughs at his jokes. She never intrudes into Jimmy's business; in fact, she has visited his studio only once in six months.

The longer I think about her, the more certain I become that despite her husband's "rules for happy marriage," Mrs. Durante is at least equally responsible for the success of their home. She is an intelligent, patient woman, is Mrs. Durante; she would have to be, to put up with such stories as this.

Just as likely to offend —the girl who says: "I never perspire"



OTHERS NOTICE IT

Don't trust yourself . . . underthings can absorb up to 30% of their weight in perspiration without feeling damp. The odor is noticeable to others even when *you* aren't aware of it.

All healthy people perspire . . . frequently over a quart a day . . . though many never feel sticky—
Second-day underthings are NEVER safe

GIRLS who say "I don't perspire" fool themselves. But they never fool others.

We all perspire—frequently over a quart a day, even though we don't feel sticky. Perspiration odor is bound to cling to underthings.

That's why dainty girls play safe, avoid all chance of offending.

They take this simple precaution—wash underthings in Lux after every wearing.

Lux takes away every bit of odor—keeps the harmful substances in perspiration from wearing out silk. It takes only four minutes, or less.

Avoid ordinary soaps—they often contain harmful alkali that weakens silk and fades colors. Anything safe in water is safe in Lux.

Mrs. E. M. Schellenger says: "With one box of LUX I washed 330 items
48 pairs stockings and socks
12 pieces silk lingerie
62 child's undies
83 diapers, pads, blankets
47 napkins, doilies
34 towels, wash-cloths, bibs
9 child's rompers, sweaters, cap
35 handkerchiefs
and did the dishes 21 times for six people!"

LUX underthings after each wearing
Removes odor . . .
Saves colors



Feminine hygiene



**made easy
dainty
safe!**

Women who dread uncertainty in personal hygiene, welcome Norforms.

Norforms are the tested formula of a nationally known pharmaceutical house...makers of such famous products as *Unguentine* and *Amolin*.

Their use requires no mixing of strong chemicals—no awkward or embarrassing apparatus for application—no unpleasant after-odors.

Norforms are slim, convenient suppositories, ready for use. They contain *Parahydracin*, a positive antiseptic with the unique feature of being soothing to delicate inner membranes. Norforms are the simple, safe, easy way to feminine hygiene.

Norforms come 12 or 3 in a box. Ask your druggist. Or, mail coupon below at once.



Dr. M. W. STOFER, The Norwich Pharmacal Co., Dept. 95, Norwich, N. Y. Please send me Norforms booklet, "The New Way."

Name _____
Address _____

Who's Who on Hollywood's Honor List

(Continued from page 25)

He's a Doctor of Philosophy

GEORGE ARLISS has an *honorary Ph.D.* from Columbia University and also a *medal for excellence in diction* from the Academy of Arts and Sciences. And don't be surprised if he should also get *knighthood* from King George one of these days.

Named after C. B. De Mille, the director, is *De Mille Street* in Hollywood. And after his picture, "King of Kings," appeared, he was made a *member of the Order of the Holy Sepulchre*, of the Greek Orthodox Church. That's a variety of honors! There are others, too many to list, from all over the world.

Constance Bennett can wear *The Distinguished Service Medal* because of her services in behalf of the American Legion's Welfare and Relief Fund. Her sister, Joan, is an *honorary colonel*.

A group of fans in Japan just christened Gary Cooper "*Sweetheart of the World*," and not to be out-done, Roland Young tells us that he is known everywhere as "*the Darling of the Aurora Borealis*." Aw, now, Roland!

In Durango, Mexico, is *Novarro Square*, christened, of course, in honor of your old friend Ramon; and right near Hollywood we have the *Beery Flying Field*, named after Wally.

Charles Farrell is the *honorary mayor* of his home town, Onset, Mass., and they gave him a *gold wrist watch* in addition. In fact, if option time came around and the studios proved neglectful, the stars of Hollywood could live for quite awhile on their honors!

Tom Brown, the up-and-coming juvenile, has a *sword and spurs* given him by the Culver Military Academy, where he went on location for "Tom Brown of Culver," and Ken Maynard has won dozens of *silver buckles* for trick riding.

Charlie Chaplin is the first movie star to receive the *ribbon of the Legion of Honor*. Jeanette MacDonald has just been awarded *The Order of the Belgian Griffon*. Funnyman El Brendel was made a *citizen of Minneapolis*, the home of thousands of Swedish-Americans who evidently didn't know Brendel's accent is just a stage prop. Richard Dix was *adopted by an Indian tribe* after he made "The Vanishing American."

Color Named After Marion

ACERTAIN color, a shade of powder blue, is called *Marion Davies blue*. She wears it often. Marion is also an *honorary colonel* of the Twenty-Sixth Infantry. Hairdressers the world over have called the *long bob* after the gal who started it all—Greta Garbo. And women who wear trousers are said to be following *the Dietrich vogue*.

Gloria Stuart is not only a *Wampas Baby star*, but also was chosen official *Pitt Mascot* for the East-West gridiron classic between U. S. C. and Pittsburgh last New Year's. (Not her fault her team didn't do better!) Since this magazine has already, in a previous issue, told you about the Baby Stars, we won't list their names again.

James Gleason doesn't know whether he was honored or not when a woman who had appreciated his tough-guy performances told him she thought it was wonderful that

he, an uneducated man, had worked up to be an actor. And offered to teach him the English language as it should be spoke!

Buster Keaton, who retired to his famous "land-yacht" after parting from Natalie Talmadge, was made an *Admiral of the State of Nebraska* in an official-looking document that charges all seamen, tadpoles, and goldfish under his command to be obedient to his commands. . . . Which proves, anyway, that the State of Nebraska has a sense of humor!

Joan Blondell was more seriously honored by the State of California, when she was presented a *special passport* asking other states and countries to extend her every courtesy. Conrad Nagel is the only actor to have been elected *President of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences*, and Fredric March was also honored at home when they made him *President of the Mayfair Club*.

Will Even Boomed for President

WILL ROGERS has too many honors to remember, having *met and kidded all the recent Presidents*, most of the *remaining royalty*, and having been elected *Mayor of Beverly Hills*. Hollywood sponsored his *nomination for President* and at the Democratic National Convention the delegation from his home state, Oklahoma, gave him their vote before turning to Roosevelt. In addition, Will has been an *Ambassador-at-large*.

Besides, there are the honors that the stars don't find so welcome. Charity organizations have a way of asking stars to perform at benefits, and although actors give more of their time and money to charity than any other group of wage-earners, the demands are so frequent as to prove embarrassing.

Then there are the Ladies' Clubs that expect their favorite star to perform at their annual luncheon—purely for the fun of it, of course, and for the lunch. "But don't you love entertaining?" they demand reproachfully when the star explains that singing a song is his way of making a living. He wouldn't get far if he started *giving it away!*

Hollywood Boulevard honored every star in Hollywood last Christmas, but the honor, in some cases, was a bit doubtful. In place of the street lamps, huge colored photographs of film celebrities stared at you from the tops of lamp posts, each picture surrounded by an electrically lighted wreath. Some of the pictures were hardly—er—complimentary. And a lot of tourists who found themselves confronted with larger-than-life-size reproductions, highly-tinted, of their favorites, where the street lights should have been, went away so confused by the whole thing that it's doubtful if they'll ever enter a movie theatre again. They might see lamp-posts instead of actors!

Most of the honors are welcome, however. (Though someone should have warned the group of Argentines who nominated Neil Hamilton "*The Man with the Perfect Face*" that Neil is, after all, just a shy chap trying to get along!) Even Tom Mix's horse, Tony, has had his share of honors, having been presented to the Mayors of most American cities and once formally introduced to the Prince of Wales!

Did You Know That—

When the recent earthquake hit Southern California, movie studios rushed powerful Klieg lights to the stricken areas—thus speeding the search for the injured?

The lights on the "Peg O' My Heart" set went out—and that the players found their way out of the inky, trembling darkness by striking matches, with no panic in evidence?

The players on the "Dead on Arrival" set involuntarily cried "Earthquake!" and rushed for the doors—and that now they're hoping to work this scene into the story, somehow?

Clark Gable Sizes Up Clark Gable

(Continued from page 34)

to figure out, Gable was compared to Valentino. Combine all these mystifying details with an enormous amount of publicity, and you'll get the answer to that sudden 'sky-rocketing'!"

(There is just one little thing you have forgotten, Clark, and that is that indefinable thing called "camera personality," which made you stand out in a background more than many "publicized" stars have ever registered in a close-up!)

His Peak and His Low Point

"OF course, I was a little bit dizzy—especially as I continued to play more or less minor rôles in the three pictures following. In 'The Secret Six,' 'The Finger Points' with Barthelmess, and 'Night Nurse,' I had third, or fourth, billing! You can imagine my surprise in picking up the movie magazines and reading that I was a 'sensation'!"

"In the year following, the good old Gable stock maintained a level of 'sensationalism.' I think it reached its peak in 'A Free Soul' with Norma Shearer, and maintained a pretty steady line with 'Sporting Blood' and 'Hell Divers.' 'Susan Lenox,' with Greta Garbo, didn't hurt anything, either. I was being put into excellent stories with three of the most glamorous women of the screen—Norma Shearer, Greta Garbo and, with 'Possessed,' Joan Crawford. The publicity was still burning at fever heat."

It was at this stage of his career that Clark could not appear in public without having his tie torn off or his shoe laces clipped by hysterical souvenir-hunters!

He continued, "I still hadn't got my bearings, or adjusted myself to the swing upward, when along came 'Polly of the Circus' and 'Strange Interlude.'"

He lighted a cigarette, and grinned: "If 'A Free Soul' was the peak of the Gable career, I should certainly rate 'Polly of the Circus' as its low point—with 'Strange Interlude' not doing much to improve matters. Came the lull—and with good reason!"

"In the first place, I don't look like a minister, nor do I look like a repressed doctor—rôles which I portrayed in those two pictures, respectively. I was out of line both times. I couldn't even make myself believe that minister part. I was even more out of tune with the thwarted doctor as conceived by Eugene O'Neill in 'Strange Interlude.' Naturally, this feeling reflected in my work. The public is not as easily fooled as Barnum led us to believe."

"On top of that, while I was abandoning my particular type of rôle, other studios were developing players that were flatteringly referred to as 'other Gables.' No longer was I definitely typed with the sort of rôle I had started with. While Gable was performing as a hero, several other gentlemen were *humanizing heavies* in one grand manner. In other words, the competition had set in. In still other words, it was no longer a Gable-novelty to see a gent getting rough with the heroine. Critics began to call attention to the fact that I was miscast. In view of the temporary Gable depression, the publicity slowed down."

Calls "Lull" a Piece of Luck

"I THINK that pause—that lull—in my career was the best thing that ever happened. It couldn't have gone on as it was, anyway. It's true that the public may make a 'sensation'—but they can begin to resent the idea awfully fast if the point is hammered home too often. Remember, too, that the sudden rise and lapse of my screen

(Continued on page 77)



A SKINNY FELLOW
HASN'T A CHANCE.
I WISH I COULD
GAIN SOME FLESH

YOU CAN—EASILY.
I'LL TELL YOU HOW
TO GAIN POUNDS
QUICKLY. LISTEN—

Posed by professional models

Skinny! New way adds pounds quicker than BEER

Astonishing gains with sensational
double tonic. Richest yeast known,
imported beer yeast, concentrated
7 times and combined with iron.
Gives 5 to 15 lbs. in a few weeks



FOR years doctors
have prescribed
beer for skinny,
run-down men and

women who want to put on flesh. But now, thanks to a remarkable new scientific discovery, you can get even better results—put on firmer, healthier flesh than with beer—and in a far shorter time.

Not only are thousands quickly gaining pounds of solid, beauty-bringing flesh—but other benefits as well. Muddy, blemished skin changes to a fresh, glowing, radiantly clear complexion. Constipation, poor appetite, lack of pep and energy vanish. Life becomes a thrilling adventure.

Concentrated 7 times

This amazing new product, called Ironized Yeast, is in pleasant tablet form. It is made from specially cultured, imported beer yeast—the richest yeast ever known—which through a new process has been concentrated 7 times—made 7 times more powerful.

But that is not all! This marvelous, health-building yeast concentrate is then *ironized*—scientifically combined with three special kinds of iron which strengthen and enrich the blood—add abounding new energy and pep.

Watch the change

Day after day, as you take Ironized Yeast, you'll see ugly, gawky angles fall out. Hollow chests develop and pipe-stem arms and legs

round out attractively. Complexion becomes radiantly clear—indigestion disappears—you'll have new, surging vitality, new self-confidence.

Skinniness dangerous

Authorities warn that skinny, anemic, nervous people are far more liable to serious infections and fatal wasting diseases than the strong, well-built person. So begin at once to get back the rich blood and healthy flesh you need. *Do it before it is too late.*

Results guaranteed

No matter how skinny and weak you may be, this marvelous new Ironized Yeast is guaranteed to build you up in a few short weeks as it has thousands of others. If not delighted with results of very first package, your money instantly refunded.

Only be sure you get *genuine* Ironized Yeast, and not some imitation that cannot give the same results. Insist on the *genuine*, with "L.Y." stamped on each tablet.

Special FREE Offer!

To start you building up your health *right away*, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body", by a well-known authority. Remember, results are guaranteed with the very first package—or money refunded. At all druggists, Ironized Yeast Co., Dept. 205, Atlanta, Ga.

12 Lbs. in 3 Weeks

"After taking Ironized Yeast three weeks I gained 12 pounds."
Frank Picunas, 6555 S. Wash-
tenaw Ave., Chicago, Ill.

14 Lbs. in 21 Days

"Before 21 days were up I had gained 14 pounds. My complexion was muddy and is now perfect."
Yvonne Murray, 906 Dixie
Overland Blvd., Shreveport, La.

14 Lbs. in Month

"I have gained 14 pounds in a month."
Joseph H. Clebeck, 3
Allen St., New York, N. Y.

Why Let Wrinkles or Age-Lines Make You Old? Send for This Secret

FREE Extra Gift if You Mail Coupon Below at Once



Estelle Taylor Tells a Hollywood Secret of Youth and Beauty

Estelle Taylor is one of the many experienced Hollywood stars who never seem to grow older. Not a line or blemish appears in her exquisite skin.

She uses SEM-PRAY COMPRESSED CREME—which gives you a complete beauty treatment in 3 minutes.

Prefers SEM-PRAY to Elaborate Treatment

Miss Taylor says: "Sem-Pray smooths away lines. It clears blemishes. It makes the skin soft. It is so quick a way to obtain results unsurpassed by elaborate beauty treatments."

Dorothy Mackail also says: "Sem-Pray takes the place of elaborate treatments." Betty Compson, Pauline Starke, Lila Lee, Marie Prevost and others all use Sem-Pray. No other creme in the world like it.

And now you can test this remarkable 3-minute beauty-youth treatment yourself. Mail coupon today.

New Skin Beauty Overnight

Use Sem-Pray just 3 minutes before going out and see your skin take on new loveliness at once. Use Sem-Pray at bedtime and note remarkable improvement of skin by morning.

See how Sem-Pray smooths away erasable age-lines and crow'sfeet. Firms flabby skin. Ends pimples, blackheads and other blemishes due to clogged pores. Reduces large pores. Takes shine from oily skin. Freshens dry skin. Enlivens faded skin. Softens harsh or roughened skin. Clears and whitens. Will not grow hair.

3 Minutes a Day Takes Years Away

Sem-Pray is a many-purpose creme. Use it 3-minutes instead of elaborate treatment with anti-wrinkle, nourishing, cleansing, foundation creams, pore pastes, muscle oils, tissue tonics and blemish removers. Sem-Pray's ingredients are so concentrated and compressed you get full benefits of each. Saves time and money by giving you COMPLETE treatment with just one creme—in only 3 minutes. Immediate results will amaze you.

Always Look as If You Had Just Come From a Beauty Parlor

Furthermore, the new Sem-Pray container has push-up bottom. Use like a lipstick. Fingers never touch. Carry it with you for MANY 3-minute beauty-youth treatments a day, any time, anywhere. Always look as if you had just come from a beauty parlor. A wonderful foundation creme too. Blends rouge and powder perfectly, prevents caking or spottiness. If you want to see new beauty this very night, go to any toilet goods counter today for a large economy size container of Sem-Pray. Only 60c.



FREE

Extra Gifts Send Today

Mail coupon for generous package of Sem-Pray. Act quick and we will include introductory packages Sem-Pray Rouge and Face Powder FREE

Coupon SEM-PRAY Brings Sem-Pray Rouge and Powder Sent Free With Creme

Mme. LaNore, Sem-Pray Salons, Suite 2242-E, Grand Rapids, Mich.

Send generous 7-day package of Sem-Pray Creme. Include introductory package of Sem-Pray Rouge and Face Powder FREE. I enclose 10c for packing and mailing.

Name.....

Address.....

Is Lilian Harvey Married?

(Continued from page 26)

I really think I'm freer than most birds."

Miss Harvey claimed that she came to America open to conviction on the subject of marriage. "Because American men ARE nice. When an American man smiles at you, you know it is perfectly all right to smile back."

"Very Lonesome" Without Him

AND Lilian—the darling of the Continent, a star in three languages abroad—smiled at all the curious American newspaper men surrounding her.

But if she shrugs her pretty shoulders at those Fritsch-Harvey marriage rumors and calls them "just good publicity" abroad, she isn't so willing to shrug away romance rumors. She told her new friends at Fox Studio that she was very, very lonesome for Willy—six thousand miles away.

She explained, "When I left Berlin to come to Hollywood, I had to send him away from the railroad station. Why? Because we had only one handkerchief between us. When his contract expires in December, he plans to come to Hollywood. Then I shall not be lonesome any more. We love each other very, very much, but that doesn't mean that we are engaged. Certainly not! I am just as free as the birds flying above me." And then she added, "Willy is in Berlin and I am in Hollywood. That is life. But who knows? Maybe I will meet some very handsome and very interesting American man. If I do—"

If she does, will she reveal that she *is* "as free as the birds"—or will she turn out to be already married? It looks as if we're going to have to wait to see!

But we won't have to wait very long to see Lilian, herself, in her American debut in "My Lips Betray," with John Boles as her leading man—to see this girl who caught America's eye in "Congress Dances" and won the biggest Hollywood contract ever given a foreign star prior to success in American films. And when you do see her, you will be wanting to know what she is like in real life. I'll try to tell you. I spent the first day with Lilian after she arrived in Hollywood—twelve hours of dashing around the town, buying things here and there, renting a house, talking all the time.

It's no use just meeting the girl for an hour's interview. That gives you no idea of the boiling vitality inside her trim little body. It's no use just asking her polite questions and listening to her polite answers. That gives you no idea of her personality. You have to spend the day with her. You have to rush around in her giant white European car, at a speed that will make you shudder. You have to shout at her and let her shout back. In other words, you have to let her be herself, pert and spry and sometimes cynical. She's clever, but not clever in that way which men dislike.

Takes Unusual Exercise

HER taffy-colored hair is naturally that way. And she gets that figure and fresh complexion from constant exercise—and the queerest exercise. She walks the tight-rope, every morning for an hour. She strings the rope across her garden, six feet above the ground, and prances across it, dances expertly, while it sags and quivers. It brings all her muscles into play, she says. It keeps down her weight and preserves her balance. Notice her easy sway when she walks across the screen!

Among other subjects, we talked of Hollywood's men. "I suppose you'll think me an unromantic soul," she said, "but I'm afraid I'm not going to fall in love with Clark Gable the moment I meet him—or

with Gary Cooper—or with any of the others. I'm dying to meet them, yes—but merely to see people I've so long admired on the screen."

There is just the slightest trace of accent in her faultless English. She was born in Muswell Hill, in London, and her childhood, until she was five, was spent there. Her father and mother went to visit in Germany just before the War, and after the conflict had started, they could not return. So Lilian grew up among German children. She learned the language.

And one day, soon after the War, she visited the UFA set where Erich Pommer, the director, was working. He watched the young girl—little more than a child—as she walked confidently among the actors and cameramen. He stopped her and asked her name. She was working in a picture two days later, and her film career was launched.

For three years now, she has been the toast of Europe. Go to Frankfurt, Munich, Paris, Vienna, Budapest, London—where you will; you will be sure to find a Lilian Harvey film playing. She has made scores of them—in English, French and German. She speaks all three languages, and even now is busily learning a fourth, Spanish. Her French is really quite poor. But the French people love it, even as we love the atrocious English of Maurice Chevalier (who, by the way, has been sending her flowers and showing her the town).

How She Rates in Germany

WHEN Germany heard the news that their favorite had signed a contract that would tear her from them to go to Hollywood, there were actual riots, and the newspapers protested this national calamity in huge headlines.

Life during the last eighteen months in Berlin has been very good to Lilian Harvey. Her parents were never able to give her much luxury, and she has pined all her life for beautiful clothes and fine cars. Her success in films allowed her to gratify those yearnings. She had her house in Berlin, and her villa not far away from Maurice Chevalier's on the Riviera and her fast racing car, in which she zipped over the miles between.

We looked over the Beverly Hills house that Lilian had just leased. She trounced through the rooms, pouncing on cushions here, books there, chairs in this spot, buffets in the other. She flung them all over the place; flung them with that carelessness that is typical of her whole attitude toward life.

"I'm going to like Hollywood," she said between her furniture bouts, "because it's so full of people. Human beings seem more interesting here, somehow, than they do in Berlin. The men are keener, more handsome, more charming. The women are slimmer and more beautiful."

Then into that car of hers again. Down Sunset Boulevard at a pace that froze my ears and had me mumbling my last wishes, but only intoxicated her, until her silken locks were flung behind her and her eyes sparkled. And then in her dressing-room at the studio, over a cup of tea, she began to talk in more subdued tones.

Likens Camera to a Lover

"I HAVEN'T come to Hollywood," she said, "with the attitude of some of the stars from Europe. I was a success there. Few people know me here.

"But I think I shall win through to success. I think I shall win through because there is so much of the cosmopolitan in my make-up. I understand men. And only

women who understand men can succeed in films. The camera is like a new lover. It has to be wooed and won—and wooed and won with tricks more skillful, more artful, more coy than any of those that ordinarily ensnare a man.

"I think I shall win through because I am at heart a sentimentalist. This brittle veneer that covers me really is a veneer, you know. It's superficial, this banter. It is something I put on years ago to cover up my lack of poise, when I was young and unschooled in Berlin. I drop it when I'm acting. That's funny, but I become natural then.

"That's why it's so essential that I act with some man I like. Then our scenes together can be real, sometimes even overdone because they are meant so much, are so sincere. That's why I acted so well with Willy Fritsch and Henry Garat. I liked them both. That's why I'm going to act so well with John Boles. I like him, too."

She said the words abruptly and set her cup down. She grabbed the telephone and began to call frantically. A few minutes later her car was outside, waiting for her. She hurried outside as though her life depended upon reaching it before I could put my overcoat on.

A few minutes later her car was moving away, and I shouted desperately to ask her where she was going.

"To see the sea," she shouted back. "To see the sea. I've just remembered Hollywood has some."

And around the corner the big car zipped. And if that's the pace Lillian Harvey is going to set for herself all the time she is in Hollywood—well, please find me a man who is going to keep up with her!

Clark Gable Sizes Up Clark Gable

(Continued from page 75)

fortunes had happened within a span of two years—and I was not yet officially a star!

"I regard 'Red Dust' with Jean Harlow as the first normal-reaction picture of my career. It also reinstated me in my correct medium. I had a swell story and another glamorous co-star; and, for the first time since 'Dance, Fools, Dance,' I figured I was once more on solid ground. I was lucky enough to get a repeat picture immediately following that in 'No Man of Her Own,' on loan to Paramount. I mean, I was repeating in a rôle that was congenial to me, a rôle that was my sort of thing! I consider 'No Man of Her Own' my first real starring rôle! Funny that it should come to me away from my own home lot, wasn't it?

"I hope that from now on I am going to stay set for awhile. Now that the up-and-down, chute-the-chute stage of my career has been more or less safely passed, I want nothing better than to maintain an average level of good pictures with good casts—pictures that neither are hysterically sensational nor offer minister rôles!

"I don't know about 'The White Sister.' As I remarked before, it is a follow-up on Ronald Colman; and following up on Ronnie in any rôle isn't something any actor would wish on himself! But the studio feels that it is a swell picture—and Helen Hayes is grand.

"We shall see," said Clark with a chuckle, "what we shall see!"

P.S. Last night I saw a secret preview of "The White Sister." Clark Gable is sort of grand, himself. With this very sympathetic performance to his credit, we believe that the "Gable depression" is over for good and that Clark will take his place as a permanent star just where he belongs—right up at the top!

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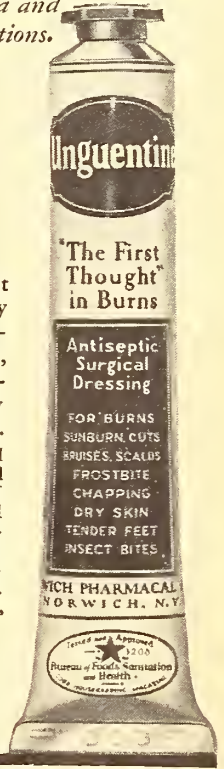
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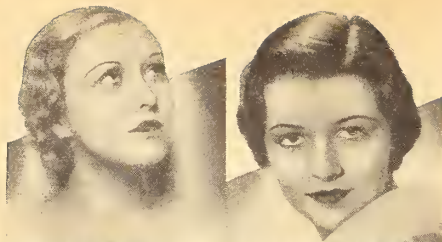
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Blonde Gray Brunette Gold

"It's Your Duty to Spend!" Says Carole Lombard

(Continued from page 51)

letting some of their help go because there is no need for them. There are no customers. It is up to us women to create that need, to become customers again.

"The only difference Bill and I have made in our shopping this past year has been to buy practical things for the majority of people, not only for Christmas, but for birthdays and anniversaries and for all the occasions when giving was at all possible. Things they needed—because the majority of people have not only avoided extravagance; they have also gone without the necessities, thus making millions of others go without the necessities also. For many of us, this depression has been almost a pose, an attitude, a frame of mind."

Carole, by the way, is just as firmly and just as ardently Mrs. William Powell as ever, unless my eyes and ears deceive me. She was calling Bill on the 'phone as I arrived in her dressing-room, and she was apparently calling Bill just because she felt like calling him, and for no lesser reason. And the conversation that went on was as carefree and endearing as any conversation I overheard during their pre-wedding days. That much for all the rumors!

But to let Carole continue: "Bill and I have not changed our mode of living one iota. We have bought more than we ever bought before. We have given more than we have ever given before. We have bought and given a little differently, perhaps, with more thought to the particular need and requirement; that's all. We have cut the wages we paid our help a trifle here and there. But that does not cause suffering. The money they receive now is equivalent to the money they had before the cut, because everything is so much cheaper. And—they are positive of work and a home.

Having Fun Is a "Duty"

"BILL and I go to the theatres just as much as we ever did. And where, formerly, we went only for pleasure and because we felt like going, we now go because we feel it is our duty, too. We want to do our bit to keep the nation's fourth largest industry in running order. We go to cafés and night-clubs for the same reasons. We dine and entertain as we always have in the past.

"I buy as many gowns and shoes and coats and hats as I ever did, and pay, approximately, as much for them. I keep our house filled with flowers, as I always did. I ride in the same cars. I buy the same number of books. I subscribe to just as many magazines; perhaps more. Probably the only extravagance we have omitted from our list is gambling. We used to go to Caliente and do a bit of that. We've stopped. Gambling is not spending money; it is throwing it away. And while I maintain that it is our duty to be extravagant, I do NOT mean that it is our duty to be reckless fools.

"I want to emphasize the fact that I DO believe in spending money, even in being extravagant, but I also believe in knowing that the money you spend is going to profit others, as well as bring pleasure to yourself.

"We give as many parties as we ever gave. Parties employ caterers and waiters and florists. As a matter of fact, I think that Hollywood, as a whole, has maintained a pretty steady keel where spending is concerned. No reason why it shouldn't, because there is no doubt about it—Hollywood is less badly off than most other places in the world to-day. Perhaps one of the reasons why we of the screen have not



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changed our ways of living so radically is because actors and actresses are notoriously free from worry about Tomorrow.

Hollywood Still Spends

"THERE is a lot of talk about the 'depression' here, of course. On every hand you hear screen people saying that they can't entertain as they used to do, and so forth. But Bill and I haven't noticed any difference, either in the quantity of entertaining or in the quality.

"As a matter of fact, it is odd for me to be counselling extravagance because extravagance means so little to me. No, don't look surprised—it's true. I've been through it both ways from the middle, and I know what I'm talking about. My family had money—and then they lost their money. And long ago I knew the meaning and the value of being well cared for and of poverty.

"And I found that I was just as happy in a one-room apartment with one dress to my name as ever I was in a de luxe apartment with a brimming wardrobe. I can make a one-room apartment look as charming as I can make a mansion look and get just as much satisfaction out of it. I can have just as many laughs in a \$3.95 gown as I can in a creation at seventy-five times that amount. I can find interests just as vital, to me as the interests I have now and—they will cost me nothing. I wouldn't have a single pang of fear if I were told that I would be poor again tomorrow.

"I'm not helpless. I can cook as good a dinner as anyone would want to eat. I can make beds and sweep and dust. I can manicure my own nails, do my own hair, dry-clean my own dresses, launder my own lingerie, shine my own shoes. I can have as much fun on a picnic in the woods as I can on a de luxe barbecue in the home of a millionaire.

"I can ride in a Ford and get places just as happily as if I were riding in a Rolls. And if I haven't a Ford, I can walk—I still have feet. I can have just as much fun bathing in the ocean, which is free, as I can in a tiled and private swimming pool. In other words, I am not advising women to be extravagant because it is the breath of life to me to be extravagant—but because I believe it is our duty to be extravagant, if we can.

"There are going to be changes such as few have dreamed about in this motion picture business of ours. The old days of the mammoth salaries are gone, never to return. Before very much time has passed the salaries we once knew about—salaries of five and ten thousand dollars a week and even more—will sound like the tales of Ali Baba and the forty thieves. And these changes, or I'm no prophet, will occur within the next three to six months. The bank holiday started the cuts—cuts going all the way to fifty per cent. These were temporary, but permanent cuts are coming. They have to come.

"The old days of paying fabulous sums for 'names' will likewise be gone. A name, any name, no matter what it has stood for elsewhere, will be paid only what it earns here, in Hollywood, on the screen. Names that may have mattered enormously in London, New York or Podunk will get now only what they give, dollar for dollar.

"I believe that, when these changes are upon us, we will find that we no longer draw opulent salaries, but will be paid moderate weekly sums and will cash in on a percentage, OUR percentage, of the pictures' profits. We will be paid precisely what we are worth; we will receive what we EARN; no more, no less.

"And it's all one to me—I can be rich or poor. I can draw a big salary or earn a meagre living. But so long as life holds a vital interest for me, so long as I can laugh, I'm not worrying about 'rainy days'!"



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Looking Them Over

(Continued from page 33)

FRANCHOT TONE was being politely put on the carpet by a member of the M-G-M publicity department because he (Tone) would not talk about himself when being interviewed. "You shouldn't be so modest," the P.-A. reprimanded him.

"You're wrong," Tone replied, "I adore to talk about myself. But most of the reporters I have met are so crazy about talking about themselves I don't have a chance!" Incidentally, he was seen stepping out with Maureen O'Sullivan during a lull in her romance with Jimmy Dunn. But it probably doesn't mean a thing!

WAS Maurice Chevalier mad when somebody taught eight-months-old Baby LeRoy (who is featured with Maurice in "A Bedtime Story") to give the "razzberry"! Chevalier thought it was cute . . . until they started to work in the close-ups. Then every time he opened his mouth the baby would give him the "bird." The company was held up one entire afternoon while Baby LeRoy was put to bed. It was hoped that when he woke up he would have forgotten his distracting little trick.

HOLLYWOOD'S latest amusement is shooting marbles. The M-G-M "champ" is Robert Montgomery. Richard Arlen is meeting all the Paramount comers. And Richard Dix is the "hot shot" at RKO.

ESTHER RALSTON returned to Hollywood after two years of a film career in England for the sole purpose of "selling out" her home and her beauty parlor. She is planning to make her permanent home in England.

During her short stay we saw Esther at the Universal preview of the English film, "Rome Express," in which she stars. Strangely enough, Esther plays the rôle of a movie star! She says England is grand . . . she's crazy about working in English movies . . . and she is one of the most prominent of screen stars over there. Her name was featured above Conrad Veidt's.

EVIDENTLY, there is to be no jealousy between those two Fox stars, Janet Gaynor and Lilian Harvey. Other "ingenuous" ladies on the Fox lot have been heard to hint that Janet was not overly cordial to them and the folks couldn't help wondering how the little queen of the lot would react to the arrival of the beautiful Harvey. Just to settle the rumors, Winnie Sheehan entertained at a large party in honor of both of them, and Janet and Lilian were more than politically polite. They seemed to like one another. By the way, we hear that Fox spent five thousand dollars redecorating a dressing-room for Lilian.

THE Marlene Dietrich-Maurice Chevalier pal-ship seems to have slowed down to a walk for some reason or other. Maybe Maurice got just a little bit bored with Marlene's trousers. Anyway, he has been stepping out with such be-skirted charmers as fluffy little Lilian Harvey and svelte Adrienne Ames. Marlene must be getting just mildly bored with her trousers, herself. She appeared at the Coconut Grove the other night in a long full skirt.

JOAN CRAWFORD had planned an informal little dinner party for six. Mr. and Mrs. Clark Gable and Mr. and Mrs. Charles MacArthur were to be the guests of



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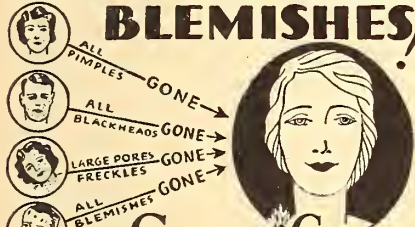
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Joan and Doug. At the last minute Clark Gable and Helen Hayes discovered they would have to make added scenes for "The White Sister" that night. Charlie MacArthur received a rush call to doctor up a script. Mrs. Gable was suffering from a cold. And to cap the climax young Doug was detained at a story conference. This should give you a fair idea of the joys of entertaining in Hollywood.

IT looks as if Marie Prevost and Buster Collier have kissed and made up. You can hardly turn around in Hollywood that you don't run into Marie and Buster, motoring, lunching, dining or dancing. Another surprisingly friendly couple are King Vidor and Eleanor Boardman Vidor. And after those sensational divorce charges, too!

SKEETS GALLAGHER'S wife, Pauline, has opened a smart dress shop in Westwood, called *The American Maid Shop*. The dresses are just too attractive for words and not a thing in the house costs over \$25. Bebe Daniels, Leila Hyams and Sally Eilers turned model for the first fashion tea and did the natives of Westwood get a kick out of buying a new Spring dress right off the back of Bebe, or Sally or Leila!

HOLLYWOOD has gone in for "community sings" with a vengeance. Next to shooting marbles it is the favorite indoor sport. The last big party at *Pickfair* before Mary set sail for Europe was marked by lusty singing, and so anxious was Mary for all her guests to "know the words" that she had the songs all printed up and passed around.

Joan Crawford is another who goes in for rallying her party guests about the piano. Joan always engages a pretty young "torch singer" who starts the songs in action and coaxes in the timid voices!

But to cap the climax, Moss Hart got on his feet the other night at the Coconut Grove and led the entire room into song with "Say It Isn't So."

ALL the Young sisters . . . Loretta, Sally Blane and Polly Ann have gone in for bicycle riding. How do I know? Well, I can look out my front window these early Spring mornings and see the pretty things as they set out. Another vantage spot I can see from my front window is Jean Harlow's new house. Come to think of it, my front window would be a swell spot for Walter Winchell's headquarters.

JEAN HARLOW'S favorite slang phrase is: "How am I doin'?" Sally Eilers' is: "Let's skip it."

THEY say Gary Cooper thinks Lilian Harvey is very, very attractive!

THE biggest professional laugh of the month is the tough time RKO is going through trying to make the heroine of "Déclassée" *déclassée*. At the time Ethel Barrymore starred in this story on the stage it was very *déclassée* for an Englishwoman to be divorced! Well, that was ten or twelve years ago and times have changed, Agnes, times have changed! It would be awfully hard to make an American or an English audience believe that divorce had affected a lady's social status in this day and age. In fact, when you come right down to it, there are very few "social sins" for women, any more. RKO has come to the sad conclusion that the only vice left



Cheeks no longer sallow,
skin clears,
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IT'S wonderful what a difference it makes in the way you feel and look when you keep internally clean. Thousands of women thank Dr. Edwards for his little Olive Tablets . . . a wonderful substitute for calomel and so much safer. Try them and see if you don't see the difference in fresh, smooth cheeks and lovely skin.

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which is really frowned upon is *stealing!* Hence, the heroine will be a polite lady thief.

RUTH CHATTERTON is suffering from two broken fingers! The painful accident occurred when the door of Ruth's town car was slammed shut on her hand. Ruth was rushed immediately to an emergency hospital, where her entire hand was put into a cast. The mishap will delay the starting date of her next picture by several weeks.

POLLY MORAN has turned down a new M-G-M contract in favor of a radio offer which will net her \$3,500 weekly! Loretta Young and Bruce Cabot are getting out and around together. So are Estelle Taylor and John Warburton.

At the Glendale preview of "The White Sister" the house was nearly shaken down with applause when the names of Clark and Helen were flashed on the screen. But the swell part of this story is that the clapping was just as loud and enthused when the picture was over. And That's what really counts!

SIGNS of early summer production slumping have already hit the studios. 'Tis said Warners will shut down very shortly for about a six weeks' period. M-G-M will take it easy. Ditto for Paramount. Pity the poor Hollywood extras. Meanwhile, the stars are on half-salary.

THOSE who flew at Marian Nixon with hammer and tongs "because she was giving back her adopted baby" at the time of her separation from Edward Hillman, Jr. had to turn around and apologize . . . and rightly so, too. The California laws do not permit a divorced woman to adopt a child . . . especially if her marital status has changed during the first year of the adoption. No one felt more terrible than Marian about having to give up the baby boy she had learned to love so much. We hear, however, that Marian has set aside a certain amount of money for the education of the little boy and that she will never lose touch with him. How's that for a grand gesture—and showing that her heart is in the right place?

THE death of Mrs. Antonio Moreno in an automobile accident on the morning of February 23rd was a sad shock to Hollywood. Mrs. Moreno and a friend were on their way to breakfast at the hilltop home of her daughter, Mrs. Francis Tappan, when the car swerved over a twenty-foot embankment, killing Mrs. Moreno, instantaneously, and critically injuring young Rene Dussac, a family friend, who was driving the car. Just a week before her tragic death Mrs. Moreno, who had been Daisy Canfield before her marriage to Tony, had reluctantly admitted her separation from the actor. Moreno collapsed when he heard the news of his wife's death.

ZITA JOHANN, while not fatally injured in another automobile accident, is lying in a hospital not knowing whether, or not, she will ever be able to resume her camera work. Severe cuts about the face and scalp may keep her from the screen for many months, her doctors have announced. Zita was returning from a party in the car of John Houston, young Hollywood writer, when the machine crashed into a post, hurling her from the vehicle.



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April College Humor and Sense

Mrs. Grundy has always delighted to caricature the college girl.

In the old days our matriculated sisters were derided as scrawny, hawk-faced grinds. A bookish brood of sour spinsters in blue cotton stockings and red flannel unmentionables.

More recently, the popular cartoon went to the opposite extreme. Co-eds became Flappers. Bare-thighed imps brazenly putting Sheba to shame. Hectic Hoydens hugging Sophomore Vallees on every dance floor. Necking Hot-chas publicly bathing in bathtubs of gin.

Your editors got to thinking about all this silly rot the other day—wondering what the typical feminine campus modern is **really** like. That's when we made the great discovery. College girls are exactly like other young women of the day . . . only more so.

When the College Girl is beautiful, boy, she's beautiful, no foolin'. She doesn't take a back seat for Broadway or Hollywood. The fact is many campus beauties now lend luster to both these leading national exhibits of girlish what-have-you.

Don't miss the optic-filling proof in the gravure section of April College Humor And Sense. Eight pages of superlatively lovely young things fresh from school.

If you thrill to the thud of sodden leather battering on flesh, you'll sit breathless over "Fighting Leather," Eddie Neil's startling exposé of two contending sport rackets.

* * *

Dr. Copeland Smith in "Co-Ed Farmerettes" hands sweet girl graduates some advice most of them will find hard to take. It's one answer to the question "What to do when college days are over." Other famous writers, too, contribute controversial articles that will keep you all upset until far into the night.

* * *

And then, of course, College Humor And Sense for April is still college humor in the wittiest of its rollicking fun formula. All the newest laughs and wise-cracks of the Campus dished up in one hilarious, rib-splitting package.

* * *

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APRIL ISSUE



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STEAKS COOK
BUT THE MAN LIVES...



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A roaring fire was built in an oven...the temperature rose to 600° F. Into the oven walked the "fire" king, M. Chabert, carrying several raw steaks. A few minutes later the doors were flung wide and out he stepped...safe and sound...with the steaks thoroughly cooked.

EXPLANATION:

Heat rises. When Chabert entered the oven he hung the steaks *above* the fire, then dropped to the floor at the *side*, covering his head with a hood made from his shirt. He breathed through small air holes in the floor.

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MOVIE CLASSIC

JULY

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Joan Crawford
by
A.S. Packer

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There's a lucky girl attending classes right now in some recognized American college or university. She's going to rocket to movie stardom this summer.

This girl may be you.

College Humor and Sense and Universal Pictures Corporation are holding a contest to pick this fortunate young lady. She will be called the All-American Girl of 1933. She will leave for Hollywood and stardom shortly after July first.

There she will be featured in Universal's third great football picture, to be released this fall. She'll get \$100 a week for at least four weeks.

But best of all, if she makes good, this fortunate co-ed will be offered a new movie contract, with a chance to make this glamorous profession her permanent career.

If you've secretly longed to be one of the glorified women of the screen, read the rules of this contest and send in your photographs without delay.

No one need know of your entry. You needn't lose a minute from classes. You needn't even be ravishingly beautiful, if you have charm and photograph well.

But you must act quickly. This opportunity may never come again.

All-American Girl Contest

Universal Pictures Corporation

College Humor and Sense

All-American Girl Contest Rules

1. Each entrant must be a registered student in a college of reputable standing.
2. Each entrant must submit two photographs of herself: (a) One profile photograph; (b) One full face photograph, large head of not less than three inches from chin to top of head.
3. Photographs must be accompanied by letter giving following information about entrant: Age, height, weight, color of eyes, color of hair, athletic training, theatrical training. (Do not omit any of this important data.)
4. Photographs and data as above must be accompanied by statement from elocution or dramatic teacher attesting to quality of voice.
5. All entrance material must be accompanied by cover of current issue of COLLEGE HUMOR and SENSE, or a facsimile thereof.
6. In case of a tie duplicate prize will be awarded each tying contestant. Copies of COLLEGE HUMOR and SENSE may be read at the office of the publisher, 1301 Paramount Building, New York City, or at Public Libraries. It is not necessary to be a subscriber to enter this contest. All photographs will remain the property of the publishers unless accompanied by sufficient postage for their return.
7. All entrance material must be in the hands of All-American Girl Editor of COLLEGE HUMOR and SENSE, 1301 Paramount Building, New York City, not later than midnight, July 1st, 1933.
8. A committee of judges composed of Carl Laemmle, Jr., of Universal Pictures, Russell Patterson and Jefferson Machamer, artists, Stanley Gibson, publisher of COLLEGE HUMOR and SENSE and other magazines, and Larry Reid, editor of Motion Picture and Movie Classic, will select and announce the name of the prize-winning ALL-AMERICAN GIRL before midnight, July 15th, 1933.

All-American Girl Contest

Universal Pictures Corporation

College Humor and Sense



Contest Closes
MIDNIGHT
July 1st, 1933



WHAT A FOOL SHE IS!



Her Finger-Tips Gleam
Her teeth are dull... her gums soft
and she has "pink tooth brush"!

THIS girl keeps her finger-tips resplendently manicured. People comment on it. They do not comment upon her dingy teeth, of course—but they notice them!

Examine your own teeth—*and gums.*

If your gums are flabby, and bleed easily—if you find "pink" upon your tooth brush—the attractiveness of your smile is in danger.

For not only may "pink tooth brush" lead to gingivitis and Vincent's disease and other serious gum troubles, but it may spoil the brightness of your teeth—and even spell *danger* for your teeth.

Ipana and Massage Defeat "Pink Tooth Brush"

To have firm, healthy gums and good-looking, bright teeth, do this:

Clean your teeth with Ipana Tooth Paste. And each time, put a little extra

Ipana on your tooth brush or finger-tip and massage it gently into your sluggish, tender gums.

Today's foods are too soft and creamy to give proper stimulation to your gums. But the massage with Ipana corrects this.

Get a full-size tube of Ipana today. Follow the Ipana method, and very soon you'll have brighter, whiter teeth. Within a month your gums will be firmer. "Pink tooth brush" will disappear.

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LEO: "Sheer genius, Marion! You aren't *acting* Peg... you *are* Peg! Of all your roles, this is the one your public will love you for. I knew you would justify the most beautiful production I could give you. I'm proud and happy!"



PEG O' MY HEART, that beautiful stage play by J. Hartley Manners, with its laughs, its tears, its heart throbs, is more exquisite still in its screen version. Supported by Onslow Stevens, J. Farrell McDonald and Juliette Compton, Marion Davies is the most utterly winning Peg the heart could desire. Directed by Robert Z. Leonard from an adaptation by Francis Marion . . . A first rank Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer-Cosmopolitan picture.

JUL -3 1933

MOVIE CLASSIC

VOL. 4 No. 5

JULY, 1933



JOAN CRAWFORD Isn't Afraid of the FUTURE

Joan protested for so long that she was happily married that she took the world by surprise when she announced that she and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., were parting. Young couples all over the world had idealized this romance. They were rooting for a reconciliation—especially when Doug announced that he intended to try to win Joan back. Then Joan got her divorce.

She is not afraid that all those young couples will misunderstand. She feels that they know her well enough to know that she didn't let fame ruin her romance—and that she tried hard to make her marriage as much of a success as her career.

And what about that career? Does she face a dangerous rival in Jean Harlow? A story in this issue asks you!

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COVER DRAWING OF JOAN CRAWFORD BY A. S. PACKER

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BETWEEN OURSELVES

WELL, the suspense is over. Garbo is back at work. And from all indications, Greta has learned the wisdom of Samuel Butler's observation that it isn't silence that is golden, but tact.

Slowly, but surely, the tide of public opinion has been turning against Greta for her insistent seeking of privacy. People who used to be sympathetic with her attitude have begun to wonder if maybe it all wasn't a clever publicity stunt. They have wanted to know if any other star in stage or screen history, no matter how sensitive, has ever sought such seclusion. I've had letters from them; I know.

And maybe Greta has had similar letters, herself. For she certainly returned a much more affable, approachable person. (You'll read the details a few pages farther on.) And if first appearances aren't deceiving, she is now willing to pay the price of popularity, which is to satisfy curiosity and submit to homage. Also, she may be eager to stop leading a harassed life, constantly poised for flight, constantly hunting for new disguises. If Garbo *is* sensitive—and there's no reason to believe she isn't—how could she endure a perpetual ordeal of that nature?

EVERYONE from her manager to John Gilbert has been given credit for inspiring Garbo's long silence, which began when John and Greta were the Great Love Team of the screen. Whoever did inspire it was shrewd. It attracted boundless attention to her. But even the best of publicity stunts can be overdone, as has been proved time and again.

And the best of advertising stunts can also be overdone. In the earlier days of films, lurid ads of action scenes were the thing—scenes in which the hero, a member of Engine Company No. 5, was climbing a ladder, amid smoke and flame, to rescue Little Nell; scenes in which a masked bandit was holding up a stagecoach; scenes in which an auto was racing a train to a crossing. Until, finally, the ads all began to look alike, giving the impression that the pictures were all alike.

Of late, the thing to feature in ads has been the love scenes between the hero and heroine—their lips parted, if not in contact. The assumption seemed to be that "all the world loves a lover" and that all the world was aching to see how first this couple, and then that, do their kissing. Now, kissing is a most interesting pastime—but where's the thrill in watching *other* people participate in it? Some of the more fanciful can probably imagine themselves in the place of either the hero or the heroine, being kissed by the other—but they can't keep on imagining it forever. And before long they're going to snicker when the ads hint that they can.

THE shrewd theatre managers are easing up on the ads featuring romantic moments—and giving the public a hint of the main theme of each new picture. They've learned that people are shopping for their entertainment these days. They want to know just what they're getting. They aren't going to the movies just to see a moment or two of fancy kissing, when they can stay right at home and act out their own little love dramas so cheaply, while the radio entertains them on the side. When they go to the movies, they want to change their moods, learn something new, and see something to remember. Kisses—even when you have participated in them, yourself—are singularly difficult to remember. And love scenes—except those in which you, yourself, are the star—are very much alike, always have been, and always will be. It's biology.

BUSINESS is picking up—even in the movies. Maybe stars' salaries won't be reduced, after all. But if they should, and companies kept on making money, where would the money go that had been slashed from those salaries? I'm sure I don't know. But I can think of a few places where it might well go:

Why couldn't some of the surplus go to the great army of "extras" and "bit" players, increasing their average daily wage to that enjoyed by, say, bricklayers? And why couldn't schools be established to train the more ambitious and promising ones?

Why couldn't the companies all start big reserve funds with their surpluses, so that they wouldn't have to borrow from Wall Street (after their present debts are paid)—and *could* be artistically independent, as many of them claim they would like to be?

Why couldn't part of the surplus go toward the erection and maintenance of some central laboratory, where movie experiments can be conducted. Television, for instance, is just in the offing—and how well prepared are the studios for its advent?

Why couldn't some of the "spare cash" go toward the erection and maintenance of homes for players who fall desperately ill, reach the verge of poverty, and wear out their lives in the service of the movies? Unfortunate stage players have the refuge of such homes, where they will be among people who talk their language. They don't have to accept the blind charity offered by the State.

And why couldn't there be an endowment fund for five big cash prizes for the five best pictures of the year in five separate fields—melodrama, romance, comedy, tragedy and history—the money to go to writers, directors and players? With only one award being made now (the Academy award), several companies don't seriously compete for it, feeling that it might not pay. With five prizes going around and five chances to win, the good old competitive spirit—which is what raises the standard of entertainment—would be out in full force!

SHERWOOD ANDERSON, the novelist, said the other day: "What the country needs is a great American movie and not 'a great American novel'." A novel—even a best-seller—reaches only a few thousand people. A movie has the potentialities of influencing 115,000,000 people. That's the size of the world movie audience!

Yet there is no Pulitzer Prize for the "best" movie of the year. There is a Prize for the "best" novel—not to mention the "best" poetry, play, history, biography. Yes, and the "best" reporting. Why are the movies so neglected? Maybe you've wondered, as one of the Warners did. He wrote to Dean Carl Ackerman of the Pulitzer School of Journalism, suggesting movie recognition.

Why shouldn't there be a Pulitzer Prize for the "best" movie of the year? The movies report; they weave great stories (sometimes); they have everything that plays have, and don't need artificial scenery; they paint history in glamorous colors; they recount biographical stories with painstaking detail; they are even poetic on occasion. Moreover, besides combining all the arts, they are an art in themselves. Why should they be neglected by the Pulitzer Prize Committee, when they are the world's favorite form of art? Maybe they won't be—next year!

Larry Reid

How Jane changed from "PLAIN" to "PRETTY"



Jane, **THEN** . . . Men never noticed Jane in this dull, dark dress. How silly she was—this season's new gay clothes wash beautifully with gentle Ivory Flakes.



Jane, **NOW** . . . Same girl, dressed inexpensively but smartly. *All* this tricky outfit has been washed with Ivory Flakes—pique hat, red-white-and-blue linen suit, pique gloves, handbag!

Suit from Lord & Taylor, New York. This entire outfit has been washed with Ivory Flakes . . . just as salespeople in fine stores advise.

Don't resist the new colorful clothes. Just be sensible and ask the salesgirl if they will wash. Follow her advice when she says, "Yes, *but to be safe*, wash them with Ivory."

Salespeople are that way about Ivory Flakes—awfully partial, because they know that Ivory Flakes are made from pure Ivory Soap, the soap that's safe for a baby's skin—hence it's *safest* for your saucy silk prints and pastel cotton frocks and fuzzy-wuzzy sweaters!

Ivory Flakes are made for lazy girls who want

instant suds. Does that mean *you*? Try those tiny *curls* of soap—see how fast they twinkle into thick suds in lukewarm water. Keep away from *flat* clinging flakes—they cause soap spots!

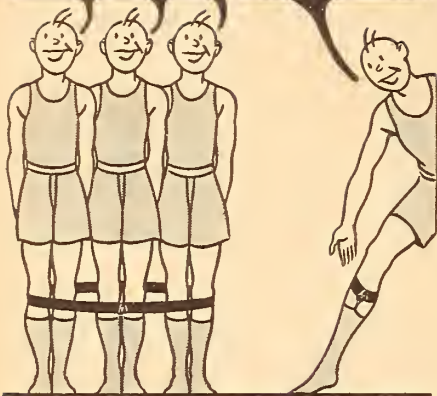
Remember what Vogue says, "The girl with a lot of uncared-for dresses is dowdy. The girl with a few dresses, in immaculate condition, looks smart." Something to think about, girls. Better buy one of those bargain boxes of Ivory Flakes today, and start dipping your pretties through Ivory suds every night!

IVORY FLAKES

Salespeople everywhere say:
"Wash it with Ivory!" 99⁴⁴/₁₀₀% pure

ENCIRCLE
SIX LEGS
EASILY—

YET FIT
ONE LEG
PERFECTLY



EXTRA LONG STRETCH
PARIS
GARTERS
FOR GREATER COMFORT

Happy legs are here again!

A new deal in comfort. No binding—no slipping—just a joy. Fit perfectly—wear longer. Made of extra long stretch, long lasting Steinweave Elastic—found only in Paris Garters. Priced to please you, too!

NO METAL CAN TOUCH YOU

Made in U.S.A. by A. Stein & Company



SEND immediately for your box of Rose Rachel—the warm, new powder-shade! It's a marvelous tint—a delicate blend of pink and ivory—that brings a fresh, satin-smooth beauty to your skin. This subtle, perfected color will bring life to your complexion! Send for Rose Rachel right away—let it make you newly radiant!

With this introductory box of Rose Rachel, we will be glad to send you a generous sample of Luxor Rouge. Just check your color-preference below.

Luxor Complexion
POWDER



FIFTY CENTS THE BOX (Plus Tax)
but we couldn't make it better for \$5

The Coupon That Will Bring You Beauty

LUXOR, Limited, 1355 W. 31st St., Chicago, Ill.
Please send me generous box of Luxor's new warm powder shade, Rose Rachel. Also send me your free sample of rouge. I enclose 10c to help cover mailing costs, etc.

Check Rouge Color: Roseblush Medium Vivid

MC-7 Radiant Sunslow Pastel

Name _____

Address _____

Movie Classic's Letter Page

Each month, MOVIE CLASSIC gives Twenty-Ten and Five Dollar Prizes for the Three Best Letters for this page.

\$20.00 Letter

Your Duty to See "Gabriel"

"ANOTHER political hodge-podge, purporting to take you behind the scenes at Washington and show you the works," I told myself, eyeing askance the ballyhoo displayed so lavishly in front of my favorite movie palace.

"'Gabriel Over the White House!'" I read, skeptically. Could anything be more theatrical or "come-on" in a movie title? But—being a staunch fan, I wended my way to the box office, plunked down my "four bits," and entered the theatre—reluctantly. And then—ZOWIE! My skepticism took a complete nose-dive!

On the screen before me was pictured an historical panorama that brought a tear to the eye and a tug at the heart. History in the making! A bit far-fetched, perhaps, a little feverish, a trifle Hollywoodian, but—history!

Jud Hammond (played flawlessly by the ever-dependable Walter Huston) is a president to whom the United States could point with pride. True, Hammond aims at a Dictatorship, but maybe that is what we have needed all along to put our country on its figurative feet again. Grafting politicians have long tried to milk these United States dry for their own egotistical use, but, luckily, Roosevelt appears to harbor practically the same ideas as the fictitious Hammond, who gives work to the unemployed, purges the country of gangster rule, outlaws war, and "briskens" things up in general.

Diabolical statisticians to the contrary, it is the duty of every American citizen to see and hear "Gabriel" at least once, and, homeward bound, reflect long and seriously!

MAURICE JACOBS, Philadelphia, Pa.

\$10.00 Letter

Why Do Players Object to Being Typed?

DIVERSIFIED rôles may bespeak talent, but not popularity, as it is along some particular line the stars have attained their fame—and when they attempt variant characterizations become failures as far as their public is concerned.

Janet Gaynor's rebellions at being the "sweet young thing" have brought naught but protests and she must needs go back to those saccharine rôles to hold her followers; Clark Gable became an idol in "A Free Soul" and "Possessed"—the ruthless lover—but what a howl arose when he was cast as

the minister in "Polly of the Circus." That wasn't the Clark Gable his fans expected or wanted; William Haines was the Ed Wynn of the screen and lovers of low comedy made him the big box office card, but passed him up when he ceased his clowning; Mary Pickford had the world at her feet in her child portrayals but, outgrowing them, has made no outstanding success

since her long golden curls were amputated.

So why not stick to type? Ann Harding as a tough or Kay Francis as a hoiden would display new talents, but at what cost? After all, as-you-desire-me rôles are what bring the players their fame and shekels.

M. H. RHODES, Norfolk, Va.

\$5.00 Letter

Wants to Weep No More

I ADMIT Helen Hayes is a brilliant actress, but why, oh why, must all her pictures be so tragic—so sobby?

In the "Sin of Madelon Claudet," she suffered herself right into the Academy award.

Now, in "The White Sister," she's suffering to still greater heights.

But it's getting to be too much. I'm running short of handkerchiefs, and I'm so worn out from crying, I can hardly lift a two-hundred-pound weight.

Please, Mr. Producers, not so much sob stuff in future, or the tears of the movie fans will flood you into oblivion.

C. L. MERSICH, San Francisco, Calif.

"42nd Street" A "New Deal" Picture

HERE is a vote of thanks to the producers of "42nd Street." If they will continue to give us such pictures then certainly they will be contributing their share to the "New Deal."

But—where have the powers-that-be been keeping Ruby Keeler? She brings the very spirit of youthfulness to the screen. Her naturalness, charm and vivaciousness are refreshing and exhilarating, to say the least. So realistic is her performance that one seems to live the scenes with her. Truly a new star is in the firmament.

The entire cast was well chosen and all gave a star performance. The songs and music are certainly deserving of the great popularity they have attained.

T. M. FEHMAN, San Francisco, Calif.

Remember These Things, Anyone?

THE stark horror of Charles Laughton in the "Devil and the Deep." Most of us have allowed ourselves to become movie-persuaded that villains are always recognizable by oily politeness, mustaches, and cheek-gnawing in times of stress. But here was no such lay figure. I can't forget that moment at his desk, when Laughton pushed his chubby cheeks forward between his hands

so that he looked like a caricature of one of Raphael's baby angels, and then allowed his thoughts to dominate that seeming inanity by dripping forth slow words of self-pity, from the poison of which murderers are made.

The supposedly cutesy-cutesy ending of "Red Dust" that is one up on Boccaccio's smuttiest.

Lilian Bond, desti-

Become a Critic—Give Your Opinion—Win a Prize

Here's your chance to tell the movie world—through MOVIE CLASSIC—what phase of the movies most interests you. Advance your ideas, your appreciations, your criticisms of the pictures and players. Try to keep within 200 words. Sign your full name and address. We will use initials if requested. Address Letter Page, MOVIE CLASSIC, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

tute of money, love and honor, dancing a gay buck-and-wing in a grotesque pair of man's shoes in "The Old Dark House." Give that girl the publicity that some of the other wave-set girls get and we, the audience, will get something we have long been waiting for!

The certain "extra" man in "The Sign of the Cross" who made neither grimace nor moan as he walked up the stone stairs to the arena, whose face was lighted from—but my word limit is reached . . . Remember these things, anyone?

LOUISE R. GRAHAM, *Youngstown, O.*

A Verbal Spanking for Garbo

EVER since "The Torrent" (and that's a long time) I've been a Garbo fan, admiring everything about the lady, even those traits and features for which she was frequently criticized. Waxing angry over this criticism, I never thought I'd feel like chiding her, myself. Yet suddenly I find that I do!

For a long time I felt that the Garbo yearning for seclusion was an admirable quality. Greta, I decided, had the true artist's soul—she worked for the love of it, and not for the tinsel tributes of public acclaim.

Now I'm beginning to believe that all this yearning for seclusion is a pose—a press-agent's idea—or else it's just plain selfishness!

Nobody likes to live a goldfish existence. But any girl who aspires to stardom must know that the fruits of success are measured by the number of craning necks that greet a star every time she goes out, and the number of eyes that peer searchingly—to see if she is as nice "in person" as in pictures. Garbo, aspiring to stardom, must have known all this. Yet she isn't "playing up!"

Garbo has, I suppose, a right to refuse to be seen except at admission prices. But who, after all, pays her salary? The public! And when Garbo complains that she is being "persecuted" just because her European fans tried to catch a glimpse of her, for me that's the last straw!

I'll go on seeing Garbo's pictures as long as they are made—but at the same time I'll be thinking of her ungracious personal attitude toward her admirers. Criticism is the barometer of a star's greatness. But criticism turned to ridicule is something else. And Greta Garbo is very close to ridicule!

JEAN LA ROE, *Columbus, O.*

A Call for Wholesome Films

I LIKE pictures the opposite of those prevalent featuring sex, drunkenness, triangles, gangsters, sordidness, bedroom and bathroom scenes. Simple, clean subjects better fit the average enjoyment and appreciation; for despite our sophistication most of us, fortunately, prefer mountains to back alleys, and a child's smile to a hot-cha "love" song.

Who failed to relish the family scenes in Jannings' "Way of All Flesh"? Who would not welcome "Rip Van Winkle," with some worthy successor to Joseph Jefferson? (Page Walter Huston—for anything requiring real acting. Where are there a few more who can depict other than their own personalities, as Huston can?)

Post-war jazz and shot-in-the-arm stuff is *passé*. Carry on your private pastimes as you will, Mr. Producer, but get that Hollywood complex out of your movie themes. Wake up to what ails your box-office receipts. Let us see wholesome pictures—with sufficient humor, plot value, or bright dialogue to carry interest—that leave a pleasant taste.

FRANK HEWITT, *San Francisco, Cal.*

(Continued on page 63)

a last minute reminder for VACATIONISTS!

Are you planning a vacation this year? Fine! It's a splendid investment in health! But remember that different cooking — different water — irregular hours will probably throw you "off-schedule" temporarily.

Ex-Lax is a pleasant, gentle laxative for every member of the family. It is the perfect laxative for vacation time — and every other time!

Ex-Lax is gentle because it doesn't gripe or upset digestion. Effective because it works *overnight without over-action*.

So if you're looking forward to happy vacation days — take this extra precaution: Take along a liberal supply of Ex-Lax. You'll find Ex-Lax is a mighty good traveling companion. Not bulky or messy. Easy to carry. At all drug stores in 10c and 25c sizes.

When Nature forgets — remember Ex-Lax!

A WORD OF CAUTION!

Success breeds envy! Beware of imitations of Ex-Lax! The names of some imitations sound like Ex-Lax! But there is only one genuine Ex-Lax. Watch for the exact spelling — E-X-L-A-X. Insist on getting Ex-Lax to make sure of getting Ex-Lax results!



Keep "regular" with

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THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

Now... is the ideal time to **REDUCE**



You will REDUCE much more quickly during the Summer!

"I REDUCED my hips nine inches"... writes Miss Healy. "The fat seems to have melted away"... writes Mrs. McSorley.

So many of our customers are delighted with the wonderful results obtained with this Perforated Rubber Reducing Girdle that we want you to try it for 10 days at our expense—

REDUCE YOUR WAIST AND HIPS 3 INCHES IN 10 DAYS Or It Won't Cost You One Penny!

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In TEN Short Days You Can Be Your Slimmer Self... without Dieting, Drugs or Exercise.

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Without obligation send FREE Booklet, sample of rubber and details of 10-day FREE Trial Offer!

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DEAFNESS IS MISERY

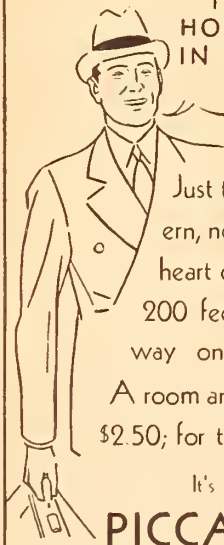


Many people with defective hearing and Head Noises enjoy conversation, go to Theatre and Church because they use Leonard Invisible Ear Drums which resemble Tiny Megaphones fitting in the Ear entirely out of sight. No wires, batteries or head piece. They are inexpensive. Write for booklet and sworn statement of the inventor who was himself deaf.



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I'VE FOUND THE BEST HOTEL VALUE IN NEW YORK CITY



Just think... a modern, new hotel, in the heart of New York—200 feet from Broadway on 45th Street.

A room and bath for one, \$2.50; for two, \$3.50

It's the **PICCADILLY**

45th STREET and BROADWAY • NEW YORK
WILLIAM MADLUNG, MNG. DIR.

TAKING IN THE TALKIES

LARRY REID'S SLANT ON THE LATEST FILMS



I COVER THE WATERFRONT

Max Miller, one of the West Coast's star reporters, wrote an exciting book of memoirs. Around his title and his yarn (mostly the title), a movie has been spun—and it's suspenseful. The late Ernest Torrence, grisled and wily skipper of a fishing smack, is suspected of smuggling Chinese—but who can catch him? Reporter Ben Lyon persists in trying, even after he succumbs to the attractions of Torrence's daughter (Claudette Colbert). I liked Claudette in her newest fiery rôle, and especially Torrence as the sly, crusty smuggler whose "death" was prophetic. But I found Ben too boyish-looking to be a waterfront headline-hunter.



THE LITTLE GIANT Edward G. Robin-

son, having had more than his share of pathos, gets a vacation in "The Little Giant." And does he enjoy himself? He'll wake you up to the fact that he's a smoothie when it comes to playing a comedy rôle, too. He's still hard-boiled, but soon after the picture opens he retires from racketeering (with a hard-won million), and decides to crash West Coast society (with Mary Astor as his social secretary). But some newfound "society" friends (including Helen Vinson) separate him from his cash, and he finds he still needs his strong-arm squad. It's a hilarious comedy of manners, cleverly written and cleverly acted.



INTERNATIONAL HOUSE Here is a

farce of the first order, with "Grand Hotel" the victim of some under-cover burlesque, I suspect. Practically all of the action occurs under the roof of a hostelry, which happens to be in China. Among the guests are Peggy Hopkins Joyce, who plays a zealous gold-digger; Bela Lugosi, one of her more jealous ex-husbands; W. C. Fields, a round-the-world flier who lands in her room by mistake; Sari Maritza, the fiancée of Stuart Erwin, whose wedding is postponed by mumps, and Dr. George Allen and nurse Gracie Allen. It's a mad, mad mix-up, a bit slapstick here and there, but boasting some novel twists.



ADORABLE Cinderella and Prince Charming are with us

again. But *Cindy*—that's Janet Gaynor—now shows signs of sophistication; and *Prince C.*—that's Henry Garat, just brought over from Paris to fill Charles Farrell's boots—is a gay young blade. Janet steals off to a ball for some excitement and falls in love with a young man whose identity she doesn't suspect. Whereupon, a deep-dyed prime minister (C. Aubrey Smith) and his even more comic henchman (Herbert Mundin) try to break up the romance. M. Garat (pronounce it Gar-rah, *pul-lease!*) knows his smiling, singing, dancing and romancing. You'll carry away a merry mood and the haunting melody of the "Adorable" waltz.



THE SILVER CORD Having glorified

mother love all these years, the movies now tell a different story—a story of a mother whose possessive love poisons the lives of her two sons and makes them weaklings. It isn't exactly a dish for the sentimental, even if Joel McCrea and Irene Dunne are the lovers. You see, Joel may be happily married to Irene, but his mother is determined to be more in his thoughts than Irene; and she feels the same way about her second son, Eric Linden, who is engaged to Frances Dee. Irene puts up a fight; Frances doesn't. The net result is a talky, overdrawn picture. Laura Hope Crews is superb as the half-obnoxious, half-pitiable mother.



NEVER GIVE A SUCKER

A BREAK If you don't believe all that Lee Tracy says about the art of talking (back on page 22), just take a look at him in this little number. Lee never had a better chance to talk himself into stardom. (It can't be far off now!) This time he is an ambulance-chasing lawyer, who's always on the scene when an "accident" occurs, ready to sue the traction company. Finally the company's lawyers set out to "get" him—hiring Madge Evans to be a victim of a fake accident and thus expose him. Will he outwit them, or won't he? He kept me—and he'll keep you—guessing and rocking with merriment.

Remember *Her*?

HOW
could I forget
her!



Of course she remembered Helen! Helen was the kind of girl you couldn't easily forget. Poor thing—it was not her beauty, not her charm, that lingered in the memory, but something else about her . . .

HOW'S YOUR BREATH TODAY?

Without knowing it, *everyone* is subject now and then to halitosis (unpleasant breath).

Even one offense is hard for others to forgive—or forget. They do not bother to find out whether you are *habitually* guilty of this grave social fault. They take it for granted that you are, and whisper among themselves. But do they tell *you*? Never. That, of course, is the insidious thing about halitosis. You never know . . .

There is only one way to play safe. Gargle and rinse the mouth with Listerine. Do this every morning, every evening, and whenever you are

going to meet others. Make it a habit as inflexible as bathing or brushing the teeth.

Then you will be *sure*. For Listerine ends halitosis promptly. It instantly corrects the *cause* of 90% of all cases of unpleasant breath—fermentation of food particles lodged in the teeth. And simultaneously—because of its deodorant power—Listerine overcomes the odors themselves.

There is no other product for this purpose that can compare with Listerine. Ordinary antiseptics can't hide, in 12 hours, odors that Listerine corrects *at once*. Clinical tests, under

medical supervision, have established that fact.

So make sure you use *genuine* Listerine. You will find it most agreeable—with none of the medicinal flavor of harsh mouth washes. Listerine is the *safe* antiseptic with the *pleasant* taste. Lambert Pharmacal Co.

LISTERINE
instantly overcomes
HALITOSIS

STRICTLY PERSONAL

MOVIE CLASSIC'S INTIMATE SKETCHES OF WHO'S WHO IN HOLLYWOOD

By MARK DOWLING



FRANCHOT TONE: Six feet. Weighs 160. New heart interest for the Hollywood belles. Joan Crawford prophesies he'll be a star soon. The gossips insist Joan's interest is more than professional—they've been seen dancing. The perfect escort. Likes dancing, bridge, golf, what have you. Believe it or not, he was born in Niagara Falls, the honeymooners' paradise. You'll see him opposite most of the M-G-M stars. Address: Santa Monica Palisades.



JOAN CRAWFORD: Wear your full dress outfits, men, if you take the Crawford to dinner. She's gone awf'ly English of late. Maybe the influence of friend Noel Coward, playwright, who wired on hearing of the separation, "Let us try to bear this!" And here's news—Joan is the only star in years who didn't blame her marital mixups on the gossips. That's honesty! Has a lovely soprano voice and never eats breakfast. Address: M-G-M studios.

MARLENE DIETRICH: Now they tell us she really hates those pants. She's reported to have said, "I had to do something!" Gosh, Marlene, you might have thought of something less catching! Rumors about her future plans vary from day to day. But the Brian Aherne rumor looks permanent, as those things go. Ladies, don't you realize La Dietrich has her trousers tailor-made and it makes a Difference? Address: Marathon Street, Hollywood.



BUDDY ROGERS: Six feet one. Weighs 175. Self-assured and mature since success with his orchestra in the Big Town. There's gray in his hair and not so much hot-cha in his manner. But the Mary Brian affair goes on and on, and they'll pose together for photographers *any* time! Gals used to complain of his painfully boyish manner. Now they don't. From a "pal," he has developed into our most dashing "man-about-town." Address: Beverly Hills.



CHARLES STARRETT: Six feet two. Weighs 185. Gals, take pity on this handsome ex-football star who has been hiding the fact that he has a wife and twins. The studio said it wouldn't be romantic publicity! Clean-cut and intelligent. The college type, but tired of being typed as a screen college boy. Once made a movie in Labrador (twins are expensive) and only a lucky break saved him from sailing on the *Viking*, which sank. Address: Los Feliz Boulevard.



RUBY KEELER: Wide blue eyes. Brown hair. Hollywood has been wondering if the Jolson marriage will go pfft now that the Mrs. is headed toward stardom. But Ruby says she isn't interested in being a star—much—and she's THAT devoted to Al. Has that goo-goo ingénue manner down cold and even her rivals (the hussies!) admit it's genuine. She says of Hollywood in a small meek voice, "It's enough to scare anyone!" Address: Warner Brothers Studios.

ROCHELLE HUDSON: Hollywood's "baby" star grown up. She used to go to school right on the lot, she's THAT young. Now she tea-dances with Tom Brown. The kind of girl your mother would approve of. Accomplished, too. She sings, dances and paints. And can read French menus. Sparkling personality and even prettier off the screen. And what a figure! Born some eighteen years ago in Will Rogers' home town, Claremore, Oklahoma. Address: 780 North Gower Street.



NILS ASTHER: Six feet. Weighs 170. Dashing and romantic, but no romance rumors since the divorce from Vivian Duncan. Just starting over a career that went smash when dat debbil Mike discovered his accent. Nils learned English as an insurance salesman—did *you* ever slam the door in his face? An intimate friend of the late Sarah Bernhardt. Strong rumors that he'll be co-starred again with Garbo, when and if. . . . Address: Culver City.



LIONEL ATWILL: Five feet ten. Weighs 172. Came to Hollywood, as a very famous stage star indeed, to stay a year without being noticed. Had given his farewell party when the right rôle came along and now—he's the ooooh-iest of the horror lads. Thinks up his own bits of gruesome business (like putting out a cigarette on Dietrich's shoulder) and has a line that *terrifies* young ladies who meet him. Often wiggles his nose when talking. Address: Paramount Studios.



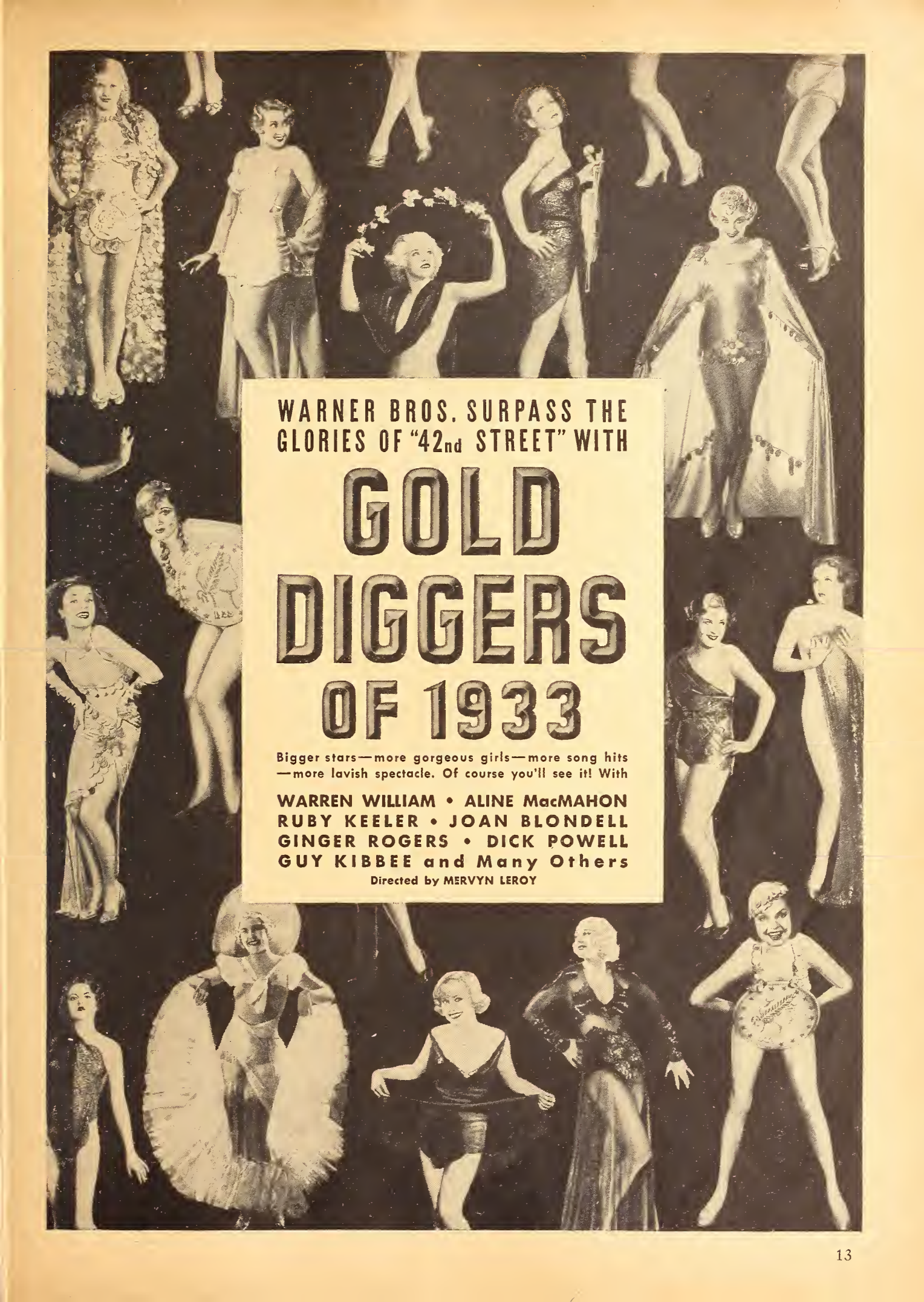
ANN DVORAK: Expressive gray-blue eyes. Dark brown hair. "Vivacious" and "dynamic" describe her. Now back at work. Due to salary slashes, her pay check is just half the "pittance" she fought to raise. That's fate. But the lady seems happy and devoted to the bridegroom, Leslie Fenton. Is developing in personality as amazingly as did Joan Crawford. And they say she'll be just as big a star, if she sticks around! Address: Burbank.

ALISON SKIPWORTH: A grand character actress and, in person, the town's grandest character. Sumptuous. Screens as a dowager but does her own housework—not a publicity gag. Years ago played lead in the operetta, "The Artist's Model" and will tell you "I was a great beauty once!" (with pictures that prove it). Unless you want to be crushed by a manner Duchesse might envy, better reply—"And you still *are!*" Address: West Hollywood.



BING CROSBY: Five feet nine. Weighs 165. Not a bit like conceited Great Garglers in fiction. He'll oblige hostess anytime by singing at parties—the trouble is stopping him! Stays away from the filling stations (speakeasies, to you!) since being reformed by the wife, Dixie Lee. She's having a baby this June, just to prove we keep up with the Joneses even in Hollywood. You see, their best friends, the Nick Stuarts, had one. Address: Beverly Hills.





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GLORIES OF "42nd STREET" WITH

GOLD DIGGERS OF 1933

Bigger stars—more gorgeous girls—more song hits
—more lavish spectacle. Of course you'll see it! With

**WARREN WILLIAM • ALINE MacMAHON
RUBY KEELER • JOAN BLONDELL
GINGER ROGERS • DICK POWELL
GUY KIBBEE and Many Others**

Directed by MERVYN LEROY



A new mascara
that's really
SWIM-PROOF

EVEN the wild waves can't make this mascara run or smear. For the new *Liquid Winx* is completely waterproof.

With it you can bring out all the sparkle, all the beauty of your eyes. Give them a frame of dark, luxurious lashes—instantly.

Liquid Winx is easy to apply. It doesn't smart the eyes. It keeps the lashes soft. And its effect is so natural that even in a close-up it doesn't look like make-up.

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Enlightened Woman HAS NO FEAR

Scientists have provided her with **SANIBELS**—soothing spontaneous, dependable—this modern, non-poisonous germicide removes all uncertainty; thoughts of fear are but borrowed trouble. Clean, stainless, greaseless, snow-white effervescing powders moulded into little bells liberate antiseptic vapor that destroys all bacteria; eliminates water and cumbersome accessories. Be alert where danger lurks—get invariably reliable **SANIBELS**—once used, never without. \$1.00 brings box of 24 (C.O.D. \$1.21). Unless delighted, please return—your money cheerfully refunded.

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N Our Hollywood
NEIGHBORS

Goings-On Among the Players

By **MARQUIS BUSBY**



Wide World

There are polo ponies and polo ponies—and polo players and polo players, and most of the polo ponies out Hollywood way belong to the movie stars. Charlie Farrell has just drawn up to take a breather between chukkers at the Riviera Country Club

IN lots of ways Michael Farmer is proving to be the most popular husband Gloria Swanson has had in a long time. Hollywood likes him for his charm and friendliness. He's very much of a personality, himself, even if the movie town does point to him as "Gloria's husband." It's hard to escape being just a husband when the little woman happens to be the glamorous, glorious Gloria.

But is "Mike" enjoying sunny California!

The other morning he disappeared from the elegant Swanson ménage in Beverly Hills at the crack of dawn, and nary a sign of him until dusk. Then he appeared, tired, but happy—and sunburned to a crisp. He had gone down to Santa Monica, rented a fishing pole, and sat on the pier all day long. His companions had been a heterogeneous collection of Japanese, Mexican and American families on a day's outing. At noon a hot dog vendor came along, and "Mike" invested in a lowly fried "weenie," with "ernions." He fished all day and nary a nibble.

"Well," said Gloria, "why didn't you stop at the market and buy a couple of fish? I'd never have known

the difference, and, anyway, it's the customary procedure with amateur fishermen."

WE'VE never tried to make this department much of a clearing-house for fashion notes, but now that there is a fashion feud between Lilyan Tashman and Hedda Hopper such things seem important. Now we don't want to take sides in the argument. Doubtless, Hedda knows her ruffles, but we're kind of used to stringing along with Lil. We won't change horses in midstream, even if Lowell Sherman **DOES** think that Julian Eltinge is still "the best-dressed woman." We're going to quote La Tashman now:

"I always have one wrong note in my costumes. It makes a gown more interesting, more striking. Perfection is dull. Madame Chanel, herself, told me that. As an example I always wear pearl earrings with a sport costume. I know that it is not considered good taste, but it is the making of the ensemble."

There's a lot of food for thought in that. Carrying the idea a bit farther—Kay Francis should wear riding

boots with her evening dress at the next Mayfair brawl. We think a diamond tiara would be dandy with Carole Lombard's bicycling outfit. And why not a marabou neckpiece with Marlene Dietrich's tuxedo suit?

Come to think of it, we've just remembered another Tashman ensemble that emphasized the wrong note. It was at Malibu, and Lil wore an elegant pink bathing suit AND a string of real pearls. We knew RIGHT away the wrong note in THAT ensemble.

JOBYNA RALSTON thinks these baby showers are all to the good. She didn't have to buy a stitch of clothes for the Richard Arlen offspring. A cradle was purchased and the nursery was ready. It pays to be prepared, you know, when old Doc Stork starts on his rounds. Mary Astor's infant daughter had first use of the nursery, however. Mary came over to call on Jobyna, and parked her small daughter in the cradle. The next morning Jobyna was reminded of something she had forgotten for the nursery. It was a mattress pad.

HOLLYWOOD is keeping a good eye peeled on Honolulu. It's the official romance land for the movie village, and the film gossips see a hotsy, new love affair brewing in ukulele isle. A certain handsome actor is there right now—and we wouldn't dream of telling you his name. They do say he is going to stay until a certain very gra-and, blonde star arrives for a "rest." And we wouldn't tell you her name, either. Or the name of her husband.

ANYTHING you write about Mae West these days is NEWS. Mae is the biggest thing—and we mean that in a very nice way, of course—that has hit Hollywood since Greta Gustafsson came to town. We KNOW where she spends her evenings—at the prizefights—reveling in gore and broken teeth. NOW we know where she spends her days, that is, when she isn't drawling "come up 'n' see me some time" into the microphone. She's out shopping. It's her only bad habit, and she shops from morn 'til eve. In fact, long around harf arfter seven one evening, a local shop had to hint that perhaps Mae should call it a day. The clerks wanted to go home to dinner.

THAT young Eskimo boy, brought from the Arctic regions by Director W. S. Van Dyke, may not know
(Continued on page 71)



Don't let PAIN rob you of your charm!

New Relief Works Faster—Modern Doctors Approve

● Don't let pain take the sparkle out of your eyes or the brilliance from your conversation!

It is foolish to let any of the ordinary aches and pains distress you. You can be sure to feel well at any particular time and need have no wasted afternoons and evenings.

Science has made amazing strides in the relief of pain, and now headaches, backaches, earaches, and toothaches are commonly relieved in record time.

People who use HEXIN nearly always find that pains yield to 2 of these tablets with a glass of water in less than 10 minutes.

Double Action Relieves Pain Faster

The HEXIN formula (printed on the box) is well known to modern doctors and druggists. Part of this new 5-grain tablet dissolves at once in the stomach, giving instant relief. The remainder dissolves in the digestive tract and prolongs relief amazingly. Many users claim relief to be 3 times as fast and to last 3 times as long.

Originally developed for children, HEXIN had to be safe and, in actual clinical tests, it proved much less disturbing to the digestion than old-fashioned, slow-acting tablets. It can be taken

just before meals without upsetting the stomach or spoiling the appetite.

Quick Relief for Colds

While no certain cure has been developed for the common cold, many people find that if they take 1 HEXIN tablet with water every hour until a total of 6 or 7 have been taken, a threatened cold fails to develop. HEXIN also greatly relieves the discomfort incident to colds in the head.

The fever-reducing action of HEXIN is well known to the medical profession. Pains due to rheumatism, arthritis and neuritis usually yield quickly to HEXIN.

Make the Only Test that Counts

Next time you are in pain, take 2 HEXIN tablets with water and look at your watch. In most cases the pain begins to lessen and tense muscles relax in 3 to 5 minutes. In 5 to 10 minutes pain miraculously vanishes.

All modern doctors and druggists know the HEXIN formula and endorse it. Buy a box today. Insist on HEXIN. Nothing else is "just as good".

The only test of any pain-reliever which means anything is how it acts with you. Make this test free by mailing the coupon now.



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\$3 is a lot of money in 1933

Save it

See what your savings on Tooth Paste will buy

CLOTHES

Handkerchiefs, hat, or hose; sweater, gloves, or knickers; pyjamas, or underwear; bathrobe, or raincoat; collars, or muffler; sneakers; moccasins; house slippers, or shoes; rubbers, or galoshes; belt, suspenders, and garters (all 3); overalls or lumber jacket; one or two dress shirts; neckties, shirts, or cuff links.

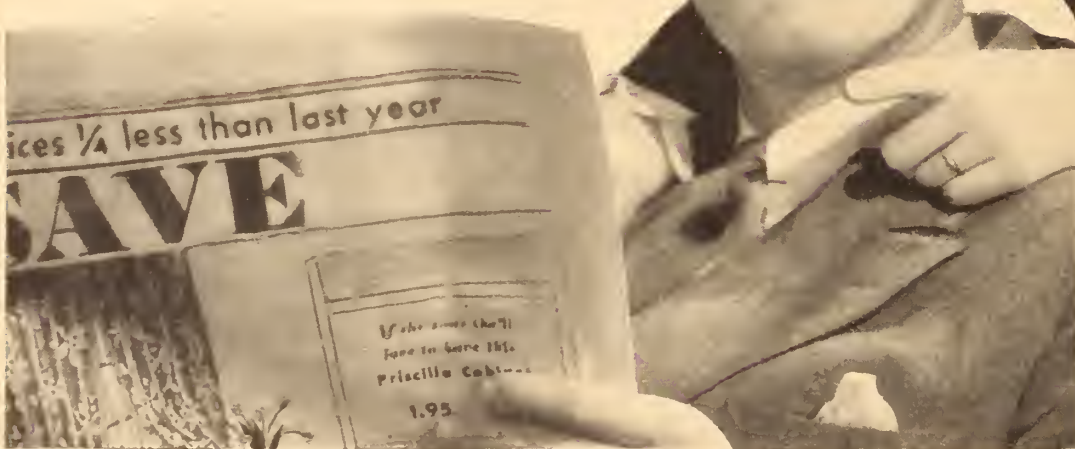
FOR THE CAR

Sparkplugs, tire chains, or jack; spotlight, or tail and stop light; a horn, or brake bands; auto clock, or inner tube; 20 gallons of gasoline; 3 gallons of oil.

SMOKING ARTICLES

Cigarette case; lighter; one to six pipes; good tobacco pouch; 30 packages cigarettes; 30 packages tobacco.

This modern tooth paste removes film faster... makes teeth whiter... cannot scratch enamel



In 1929, five or six dollars couldn't buy what *three* dollars will buy today.

If you can save \$3 or so on tooth paste, and at the same time keep your teeth cleaner and whiter than ever before, this is certainly the year to do it!

* * *

A week's trial of Listerine Tooth Paste will be a revelation to you. Teeth lose their dingy look... get steadily whiter... regain their old sparkle.

But not at the risk of the precious enamel! The new polishing agent in Listerine Tooth Paste is *harder* than the tartar that clings to the teeth but *softer* than the teeth themselves. So it swiftly removes discolorations and tobacco

stains without marring or scratching the tooth surface in any way.

Because so many millions of people have switched to this modern dentifrice for the good of their teeth and gums, it is possible to sell it at 25 cents—or about half the price of other good tooth pastes. That's where your saving comes in—and all the time you are doing the best possible thing to keep your teeth white and sound!

Get that big tube of Listerine Tooth Paste at your druggist's today. Start for yourself an era of economy and dental health combined. You'll like the taste. You'll like the results. And you'll like the things your \$3 saved will buy! Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri.



25¢

Listerine TOOTH PASTE

MOVIE CLASSIC



Claudette finds facial "defects" where no one else ever has. She says her cheek-bones are "too high"

Claudette's eyes are assets—no doubt about that. But she thinks they're "too far apart"

When she was little, she poked pebbles into her nose—and now she thinks her nose is "all wrong"

What's wrong with Claudette's features—either individually or collectively? "Not one thing!" say the critics. But she says, "My chin is too pointed"

When Claudette was born, her father said her mouth was too large. She wonders—believe it or not—if he wasn't right. But beauty experts call her beautiful!

CLAUDETTE COLBERT

Tells How to be BEAUTIFUL *in Spite* of Your Face!

Claudette is amused when people call her "beautiful," because she is convinced that "everything is wrong" with her face. But she is willing to admit that perhaps she creates an ILLUSION of beauty—and tells how it is possible!

ANY woman should be interested in Claudette Colbert. Any woman should want to ask her how she does it. For Claudette has contrived, somewhat to her own astonishment, to acquire a reputation for unusual beauty with a set of features that she, herself, says simply do not match.

By HELEN LOUISE WALKER

Yet the reviews of her pictures have been, for the most part, ecstatic on the subject of her beauty. "The radiantly lovely Colbert" and "the most beautiful woman on the screen to-day"—these are two somewhat restrained examples of the opinion of the Press upon the subject.

Charles Rosher, one of Hollywood's ace cameramen and a gentleman who has photographed nearly all of the famous film

beauties, says that he would rather work with Claudette than almost anyone he has ever seen. All of which inspires Claudette mostly to fits of giggles.

"This face!" she gasps, incredulously. "If you only knew the trouble I have had with it—and how I have worried about it and worked with it! To have it called 'beautiful,' after all these years, is almost too much for me. Everything is wrong with it!

(Continued on page 50)

“I’d Like to Be Human —for a Change!”

says CONNIE BENNETT

Connie is famous for saying what she thinks—and right here and now she says that many a reporter has insulted her intelligence and yours with preposterous yarns about her. She’d like people to know her as she really is—and here’s YOUR chance! It’s something new in Bennett interviews!

By ERIC L. ERGENBRIGHT

HIGH-HAT, ritzy, insulting, conceited, mercenary”—those are only a few of the milder adjectives showered upon Constance Bennett by the gentlemen and the ladies—especially the ladies—of the Press. Connie frankly admits that she takes herself seriously—and we all would admit the same thing if we possessed an equal degree of honesty. She has read all those stories. Sometimes, she has lost her temper. Sometimes, she has said, a bit humorously, a bit caustically, just what she recently said to me: “I’d like to be human—if only for a change!”

There is no complaint in her voice, for she is not the complaining kind. Neither is she “wistful,” for which Allah be praised. A complaint, in her opinion, is a confession of weakness, and Connie is a true daughter of a scrappy sire, a fighter, first, last and always. She talks straight from the shoulder, in take-me-or-leave-me style. She talks man-fashion, or, at least, in the fashion most men prefer when they rehearse that imaginary conference with the boss. Above all, she *talks!*

“By ‘human,’” she explains, “I mean just what you mean when you use the word. I mean that I’d like to be represented as a normal conglomeration of faults and virtues. I resent sappy, goody-goody stories more than I do those that paint me as an ego-crazed snob. A snob can have character, at least. More than either, I resent articles that insult my intelligence and the intelligence of readers. Those leave me furious!

“I spend two hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year for clothes—it’s almost incredible that any writer could

be stupid enough to charge anyone of sound mind with so ridiculous a statement! In the first place, it would be a virtual impossibility to spend that much money for clothes; in the second place, only an insane fool could even contemplate such extravagance; in the third place, with people starving, it would be worse than poor taste to flaunt such waste; and, in the fourth place, it is ill-bred to display one’s price tags.

“Every girl should marry a millionaire”—I was also given the credit for *that* asinine remark! Not long ago, I was charged with spending one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars for dental work! All three articles were manufactured of whole cloth—and all three were inexcusable insults to my intelligence. It is the latter fact, especially, that rankles!”

And when Connie Bennett “rankles,” she keeps her ire no secret. She is not a respecter of persons; neither has she one iota of awe for the “sacred cows” of the press. Whoever treads on the Bennett toes or tries to invade the Bennett privacy is warned to watch his step.

“Am I supposed to disrupt my entire life in order to kowtow to the self-esteem of reporters?” demands Connie, the light of battle in her eyes. “When I am working on a picture, I *work!* I refuse to see anyone not directly connected with my work—not because I am unsociable, but because I have a job to do and intend to do it to the best of my ability. My ‘no-trespass’ rule is not a secret. Then *why* do interviewers insist on forcing their way on my set? If I refuse to talk to them, they have only themselves to blame.”

When will interviewers learn that Connie has a mind





"Human"

"I'd like to be human!" says Connie. "I'd like to be represented as a normal conglomeration of faults and virtues. I resent sappy, goody-goody stories more than I do those that paint me as an ego-crazed snob. More than either, I resent articles that insult my intelligence"

of her own, and that she means what she says? On her return from Europe last March, she was met at the dock by an army of reporters and magazine writers. She talked to them all, then explained that since she would be in New York only a few hours and wanted to see her friends, she would be unable to grant additional interviews. The press agreed to respect her wishes. Yet, as she was boarding the train for Hollywood and attempting to say goodbye to her assembled friends, a girl reporter for a certain newspaper forced her way through the crowd, interrupted very unceremoniously, and demanded a statement.

"I'm sorry," said Connie, very graciously, "I can't give you an interview now—the train has already been held five minutes for me."

"But I *must* have a statement," the girl insisted. "I want to know how you have kept your husband a lover—Gloria Swanson was here last week and *she* gave me a story on the same subject. . . ."

"It seems I lost my temper," declares Constance, in telling of the incident. "I could pardon the lack of consideration—but to be asked a sappy question like that! It was too much!"

Why She Kept Her Wedding Private

AN avalanche of newspaper accusation was launched at Connie's blonde head on the occasion of her marriage to Henri de la Falaise. She kept a horde of reporters and cameramen waiting outside the Fitzmaurice home, where the ceremony was performed, it seems, and did not even invite them inside!

"The newspapers seemed to forget that I had made my intentions perfectly clear *before* the wedding," says Constance, not in apology, but in explanation. "I told the studio publicity heads emphatically that my marriage was to be private. I told them to send one cameraman to the

(Continued on page 58)

Ruth Hall (right) is one of the few "Gorgeous Goldwyn Girls" who have won featured rôles. Elinor Kingston (in foreground, below), a chorus beauty, averages forty dollars a week

By JOHN L.



Beauty Is Cheap in HOLLYWOOD!

NINE out of every ten girls who write to Hollywood, begging for a "chance in pictures," modestly devote paragraphs to their beauty. The tenth lass, being equally misled, wistfully apologizes for her lack of that magic quality. As if Hollywood gives a hang!

Beauty is a drug on the Hollywood market—the cheapest commodity offered for sale in this fame-crazy town. Why, if all the dazzling damozels in Cinemaland were paraded past the average casting director, he would die of boredom before the vanguard had passed. He's that used to beauty!

Have you *personality*? Is your *voice* appealing? Can you *wear clothes*, and what is the extent of your wardrobe? Can you *act*? Can you scream convincingly—can you ride a horse?

Those questions are important. Beauty? Old stuff, why bring coal to Newcastle? See that girl over yonder—the waitress, I mean? She won a half-dozen beauty contests before coming to Movietown. Now, she is waiting on tables for a living. Oh, once in a blue moon she gets a call from Central Casting and decorates the remote background in a mob scene. Ask her; she'll tell you that beauty is dirt-cheap in Hollywood.

BEAUTY SELLS FOR FIVE DOLLARS A DAY—when it sells at all!

Jean Carmen (right) is one of the forty hand-picked beauties in RKO's "Melody Cruise," along with Elinor Kingston and Kay Gordon. She earns seventy-five dollars a week—because she takes risks for stars, rather than because of her beauty!

"The Kid From Spain," "42nd Street," "Melody Cruise," "Gold-Diggers of 1933" and at least a score of other filmicals have featured chorus gals as beautiful as the houris of a Mohammedan Paradise, with figures de luxe and faces enchanting. In the "good old days," one chorine out of a hundred be-



Virginia Bruce (left) is one of the few beauties of "Whoopee" who are well known to-day. Kay Gordon (below) bases her ambition on her voice. In the background are "Goldwyn Girls"



What is beauty worth to Hollywood? Next to nothing! It sells for five dollars a day when it sells at all—as 10,000 girls can tell you! Even new beauties who get contracts average only forty dollars a week. Your face will never be your fortune in the movies, if you can't do anything except look beautiful!

Toby Wing (left) is one of Warners' most successful chorus beauties. She gets a salary of seventy-five dollars a week—by being a specialty dancer. Maybe you "picked" her out of the chorus in "42nd Street"

came a "bit" player; one out of a thousand became a leading lady; and one out of about ten thousand rose to stardom. To-day, with depression audiences demanding super-entertainment, the figures (and I mean the statistics this time, not the curves) are even more discouraging.

Over-Supply Brings Low Wages

THE faster beauty arrives in Hollywood, the lower the price it brings. Sam Goldwyn selected some very luscious young ladies for the chorus of "Whoopie," Eddie Cantor's first talkie. Two hundred and fifty girls worked in that opus and their salaries averaged ninety dollars a week. The vivacious beauties of "Palmy Days" were just as charming, but their average wage was only seventy-five dollars. For the last Cantor eyeful, "The Kid From Spain," Goldwyn combed the known world, gathered a bevy of pulse-quickeners who would have made Helen of Troy look like a truck horse—and paid them only sixty dollars a week.

And now we are again in the throes of a filmusical epidemic, thanks to the success of "42nd Street." The price of beauty, however, has struck a new low. Chorines are now getting forty-dollar checks. Why pay more, when there are hundreds of beauties clamoring for a chance—at any price? In short, the supply exceeds the demand!

(Continued on page 52)

"TALK FAST and You'll Get the Breaks," says LEE TRACY —Who Knows!

By ERIC L. ERGENBRIGHT

YOU can talk yourself into anything—into a job if you're out of work, into a better job if you're already working. You can talk yourself out of a jam. You can talk the girl you love into saying 'yes!' Talk, and the world is yours—but be sure you use the correct words!" Lee Tracy, the screen's greatest interpreter of ballyhoo rôles, is broadcasting, la-a-d-e-e-z and gentlemen!

He's broadcasting with all the Tracy hand-wavings, facial expressions and bodily contortions. So gather closer, there is nothing here to offend the most fastidious. Step right up and get a load of plain, everyday talk-sense from a master-talker, whose own career is his best testimonial.

He's a great actor, but, more important still, he's a high-pressure salesman de luxe. He assures you that the moon is made of green cheese—and makes you believe it. He subtly convinces you that you, yourself, discovered the startling fact. There's really nothing surprising about Lee Tracy's whirlwind success in those fast-talking screen rôles. Off-screen, as well as on-screen, he has the



Here's an interview that will pep you up! The talkies' fastest talker tells how he got that way—and talked his way to fame. He makes it sound easy!

"gift-of-gab." He was born with it—and he has conscientiously developed it ever since.

His mother, brilliantly educated and the dean of a famous school, was thoroughly versed in the persuasive tricks of children. But she listened in amazement and willy-nilly admiration as her tall, gangling progeny employed skillfully marshalled logic and impassioned emotional appeal to talk himself out of scrapes and into pleasures. She prophesied that Lee would someday be a great criminal attorney. And thereby Mrs. Tracy qualifies as a very good prophet, indeed, in the estimation of her son, who points out—and sells you on—the fact that criminal lawyers and actors are brothers under the skin.

Talked Himself Onto the Stage

ITALKED myself into my first stage job," Lee told me with an emphatic gyration of his right hand and a rather pleased grin. "It was like this: When I was discharged from the Army in 1918, my father wanted me to return to college and study engineering. But I'd already thought it out and decided to be an actor. I finally persuaded the family that I was a second Booth. I convinced them that it would be absolutely criminal to deprive me of my chance. My father agreed to

finance me for one year in New York. I agreed that if I failed to make the grade in one year, I would give up the stage and do whatever he wished.

"I called on several theatrical agents and soon concluded that I didn't have a ghost of a chance without experience. I couldn't stave off that first question, 'What plays have you been in?'

"I had a long talk with myself and decided to acquire a 'background.' I dug up old copies of the theatrical papers. I knew that New York producers, at that time, didn't pay much attention to show troupes playing the West Coast, so I found out just which shows had been presented in San Francisco two or three years before. I spent hours memorizing the names of players, theatres, stage

directors and playwrights. I learned the jargon of the stage. Then I wrote my speech.

"I tried to put myself in the agents' shoes. I tried to anticipate every question that might be asked me. I rehearsed my replies until they rolled off my tongue without a sign of hesitation. When

(Continued on page 70)



The water in Jean's drinking fountain couldn't be any cooler than the nods that she and Joan give each other when they meet. They're far from being pals!



By DOROTHY MANNERS

rest. But Hollywood gossips are wondering if a newer, and perhaps zippier rivalry is not under way on the famous battleground of Culver City—with Jean Harlow *vs.* Joan Crawford, or if you prefer, *Joan vs. Jean.*

Just recently Jean Harlow won *first* place, and Joan Crawford *second*, as the leading sex-appeal stars of the screen in a contest conducted by a movie magazine. Consider the possibilities: the two leading hot-cha honies of the moment under one studio roof—and what have you, if not the possibility of some very subtle “warfare”?

Though Joan outranks Jean (she is officially a star and Jean isn't yet), already the rumors are afloat that the girls aren't exactly as intimate as butter and bread. There are hints, and other little things, to give an indication of the way the finger is pointing:

Jean and Joan, for more than a year now, have dressed within a stone's throw of one another. When they accidentally meet on the stairs, or on the long porch that runs along dressing-room row, it is with a most casual nod to “Miss Harlow” and a nod to “Miss Crawford.”

Though both girls entertain frequently, I have never heard of Jean being on Joan's guest list—or Joan on Jean's. Yet Joan is most friendly with practically every feminine player on the M-G-M lot. And so is Jean.

When Joan admits to an “admiration” among the newcomers to the screen (which she does frequently), the girl selected is usually Katharine Hepburn. Jean has picked

(Continued on page 54)

Has JEAN Become JOAN'S *Rival*?

Joan Crawford is a star, and Jean Harlow isn't yet, but she doesn't have far to go. And all the signs indicate that the two girls—who have both had plenty of rivals—are going to **BE** rivals now!

WITH Norma Shearer temporarily away from M-G-M, and with the flare of their whispered “feud” dissolved in a final outburst of mutual admiration, the famous Norma Shearer-Joan Crawford tug-of-war for studio supremacy lies gently at

COWBOYS on the Screen — City Slickers Off It!

THEY'RE brawny he-men before the camera, these Ken Maynards and Tom Mixes and Tom Keenes and Randolph Scotts and others, but AWAY from the camera—ah, that's a different story!

You see these burly fellows on the screen and you reasonably imagine them sleeping out on the plains to the tune of the coyote, with the earth beneath them and the sky above; sweating sturdily in coarse flannel shirts, eating the plain, but honest fare of the ranch-house, hanging around the corral, unshaven and unshorn. But here is a case where seeing must not be believing.

They sleep between satin or handkerchief-linen sheets. *Honestly*, they do. They are epicureans of the table. They dwell in marble halls and are attended by soft-footed, soft-voiced servants. They collect antiques and first editions, and they wear hand-tailored suits of the best materials. The tune of the wild coyote gives way to the tunes of Bach or Beethoven. They are the scions of proud houses, with several grandsires and great grandsires on the well-planted family tree. They would make Leslie Howard, Clive Brook, Herbert Marshall and Ronald Colman, those impeccable gentlemen of the Mayfair drawing-room, look like recruits from "Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show" by comparison.

Ken Maynard, for a first surprising example, is one of the wealthiest men in Hollywood. No mere cowboy coins jingle in the silk-lined pockets of Ken. He recently bought and paid cash for his beautiful home, and for all of the de luxe furnishings. He paid cash for his opulent motors (not mere cars, you know). He owns seven airplanes and he also paid cash for them, because he does not believe in owing money for anything, for any reason.

There was one time in Ken's life when he was running true to his present screen form. It was when he was twelve years old. He ran away and joined a one-horse wagon show. He took care of the horses, slept in barns, and went cold and hungry until his father took him home again. He declares that he would never go back to that form of living or anything like it—never.

The Kind of Life Ken Leads

KEN'S living-room at home is done with soft-piled Oriental rugs, deep crimson hangings, soft loungy chairs. The entrance hall of the mansion is of Italian design and boasts noble pillars, marble floors and a beautifully curving stairway down which a lord of the manor, not a rough-riding cowboy, should (and does) appear. The library carries out the color scheme of the living-room (Ken is a stickler for color schemes) and the bookcases are filled with beautifully-bound first editions. The romantic poets fill many a shelf. Ken is partial to—*canaries*. And almost every room in the house is gay with the delicate songs of these birds.

The garages hold two large cars and a small coupé for the help. Ken's real hobby is flying. He says, "I am a cowboy in public—but the air, not the earth, is my passion."

Ken never drinks, never smokes, never swears. He says, "You can be he-man without benefit of plug tobacco or profanity." Which is not a mean message to the Youth of the land who

These four "hard" he-men (top to bottom) are Randolph Scott, who grins that the movies have educated him about horses; Ken Maynard, who is just acting when he steps before the camera as a cowboy; Tom Keene, who is trying hard to "go Western" in private life, too; and John Davis Lodge, ex-lawyer





Randolph Scott, Ken Maynard, Tom Keene and John Davis Lodge may be brawny on the screen — but off the screen, it's a different story! They're regular Beau Brummells, lead "educated" lives, and go in for life's luxuries!

By GLADYS HALL

are Maynard followers. He has a large staff of Filipino servants and he has his own "Johnnie" for chauffeur and dresser. This man, who rides roughshod over the mountains and plains, does not drive his own car or dress his own self. He has his coats and suits pressed and brushed and then adjusted on him by serving hands. Ken has all of his boots made to order, with soles as soft as those of a woman's shoe. The finest leather that can be obtained goes into the making of these boots and a pair of them can be taken and crushed together in a woman's hands. His gloves are also made to order because he dislikes the heavy seams usually found in a man's gloves.

His shirts, of the finest texture possible, are all specially made and monogrammed for him. And he has had a special shirt designed for his tuxedo, with only one thickness in front. His overcoat for dress wear is made with a wide shawl collar which makes a scarf when so adjusted. He designed the coat, himself, because he does not like to wear separate scarves. His hats are also made to order and of the finest felt, of a very particular weight. He usually wears dark blue or dark brown, with ties and gloves and socks and shirts carrying out the color scheme.

There is no ease, no detail of fine living that Ken does not have about him. When he steps before the camera as a Western cowboy, he is *acting*—he is giving a performance.

Randy Likes Life's Luxuries

THEN there's Randolph Scott, born and raised in Virginia, suh, and educated at a prep school at Woodberry Forest, Virginia, at the University of Virginia and at Georgia Tech. And while Randy was in college he was chiefly engaged in musical work, as a member of the college Glee Club, in a stringed instrument orchestra and in musical productions. He did play football, but he never rode a horse Western-style in his life until he came to Hollywood. He left college after two years and spent the next year or two tasting the highlights of Europe.

Randy lives, now, with Cary Grant in Hollywood. They have a very Spanish and very luxurious home in the Hollywood hills. And they have a colored couple, very highly trained, to care for them.

Randy makes out his own menus every day of his life. No chance, haphazard fare for him. He likes caviar and delicately browned chicken and rich desserts. He has, he says, "a tasty palate." And he sleeps in a seven-foot bed originally owned, I believe, by Howard Hughes and purchased by Randy for his greater comfort. The sheets and the coverings are of monogrammed linen and the airiest of wool textures. Randy also goes in for color schemes, both in his personal wardrobe and in the things he has about him.

Randy appreciates music—especially symphonies. He always goes to the Hollywood Bowl when there is a program there. And he especially cares about Grieg's "Peer Gynt Suite," Ravel's "Bolero" and Dvorak's "New World Symphony." He also likes to dance and is one of those who may be seen, every now and again, at the Coconut Grove or the Biltmore or some other Hollywood bright night-spot.

He says, "I am a millionaire sportsman by nature, though not by pocketbook. I am perfectly frank in saying emphatically that I would like to have a great deal of money and that I would probably use a large portion of it for my own comfort. I like to pal about with very wealthy people, disgustingly wealthy people, because the things they have are my kind of things and the things they do

(Continued on page 62)

These four happy-go-lucky chaps (top to bottom) are Randolph Scott, who admits he has the tastes of "a millionaire sportsman"; Ken Maynard, who is the tailors' delight; Tom Keene, who can't shake that New York "look"; and John Davis Lodge, who plays the piano and sings (at home) with a Boston accent



GARY COOPER Answers Twenty Frank Questions

MOVIE CLASSIC, through James Fidler, asks the Big Silent Man from Montana twenty "impertinent" (but important) questions, and he fires back twenty "pertinent" answers — about everything from his "romances" to his health. It's a cross-examination that brings you up-to-date about him!

By JAMES FIDLER and GARY COOPER

Last month MOVIE CLASSIC asked: "Has Gary Cooper Changed?" — and gave you his answer. But big as that question was,

there were twenty more that needed asking (and answering)—and here they are. It's the sixth interview in MOVIE CLASSIC's "cross-examination" series, in which you form your own opinion of a star, without any help from the interviewer. All he does is to ask frank questions, which should bring frank, newsy answers. And Gary comes through with them! —*Editor.*

"MONTANA" GARY COOPER, who still retains his Western shyness despite many years before the camera, was actually apprehensive when James Fidler arrived to fire twenty "impertinent" questions at him.

"Go easy on me, will you?" Gary begged. "I've read some of your Questions-and-Answers articles and they are relentlessly frank."

"If I ask any question that you don't like," Fidler answered, "you may pop me with a coffee cup or, since they're now the style, a beer mug. But answer the ques-

tion before you pop—I *must* have 'pertinent' answers."

With that warning, Jimmie plied Gary with a set of questions that were designed to bring you closer to Gary than you have ever been before. Read Fidler's questions (in light italics) and Cooper's answers (in heavy Roman type) and meet Gary all over again:

1. *Do you ever think of Lupe Velez?*

"Yes—often. The many months Lupe and I spent together remain a happy memory. I rarely see her; I did not even see her on the stage when I was in New York. I have no particular desire to renew our—shall I call it friendship?—but I am glad I did not miss the happiness while it lasted."

2. *Will you ever marry? When?*

"I hope I shall. Many people regard me as a perennial bachelor, but I do not share their opinion. Other than my born taste for travel, I think I am a rather conservative home-person. I plan to marry when I find the right girl. That may be next week or ten years from to-day."

(Continued on page 60)

◆ THE NEWSREEL OF THE NEWSSTANDS ◆

Hollywood nearly lost one of its top-notchers when Ann Harding was vacationing in Havana. Ann and Alex Kirkland (in background)—both deny they are interested in one another—narrowly escaped death when the boat in which they were sailing overturned. Their cries were heard by an American Embassy attache, who, while passing in another boat, rescued them from the shark-infested waters



Just because you see Doug Fairbanks, Jr., and Katharine Hepburn together, don't get the impression there is anything serious between them. "Kay-Hep" is married, you know, and Doug is just her co-star in "The Morning Glory." Doug may wear his white flannels, but Katharine will stick to her overalls



Keystone

The latest star to decorate a ship's rail and wave greetings to you and you is Sally Blane, who sailed recently for England. Wonder if the trip spells the marriage of Sally and the Earl of Warwick? Hollywood says they're keen for each other, but both deny any romance

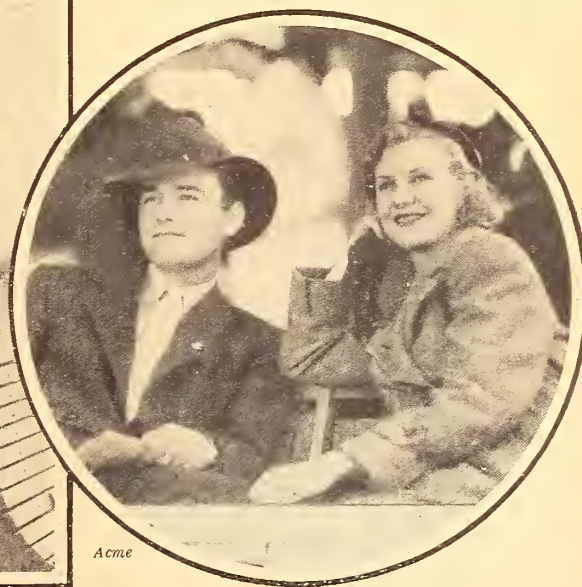
Wide World
Johnny Mack Brown, who plays polo, and Claire Windsor, who likes to watch him, show they can take it with smiles when the photographer shouts, "Don't look at each other—look at me!"



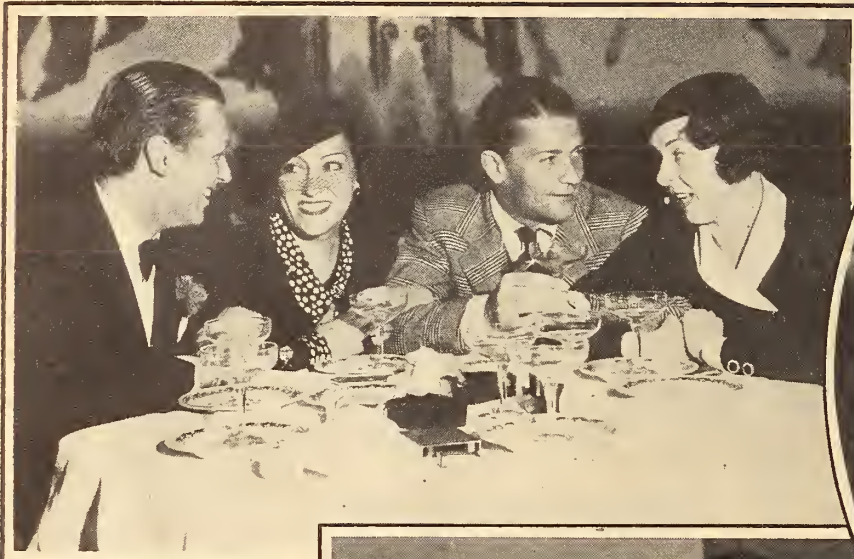
Wide World



At far right are Lew Ayres and Ginger Rogers, who were prominent among the stars attending Hoot Gibson's annual rodeo at his Saugus ranch. Romance? Who can tell? Anyway, Lew is single now and Ginger is unattached



Acme



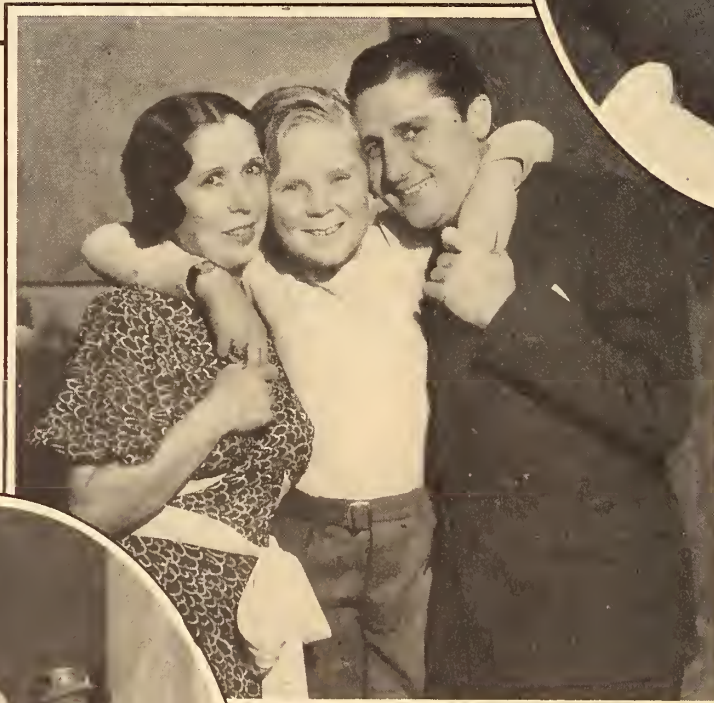
Wide World

While Joan Crawford steps out with somebody else, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., is trying to forget their break-up by going places with such old friends as Gloria Swanson, her husband, Michael Farmer, and Colleen Moore (above). Could Doug and Gloria be chatting about Michael's new suit?



Wide World

The eyebrows are your clue (above). It's Marlene Dietrich, as she looked when testifying she fears kidnapers. She left Hollywood secretly to prove it—and won't be back till Fall!



Has Jackie Cooper played the rôle of Danny Cupid? It almost looks like it (left)—with his mom, Mrs. Mabel Cooper, marrying Charles Bigelow of Chicago, with his blessing



It's too bad, girls, but Buster Crabbe is "out of circulation" already. He's honeymooning with Adah Virginia Held, Beverly Hills "deb," who will henceforth be known as Buster's Tiny Woman. They were school sweethearts



Wide World

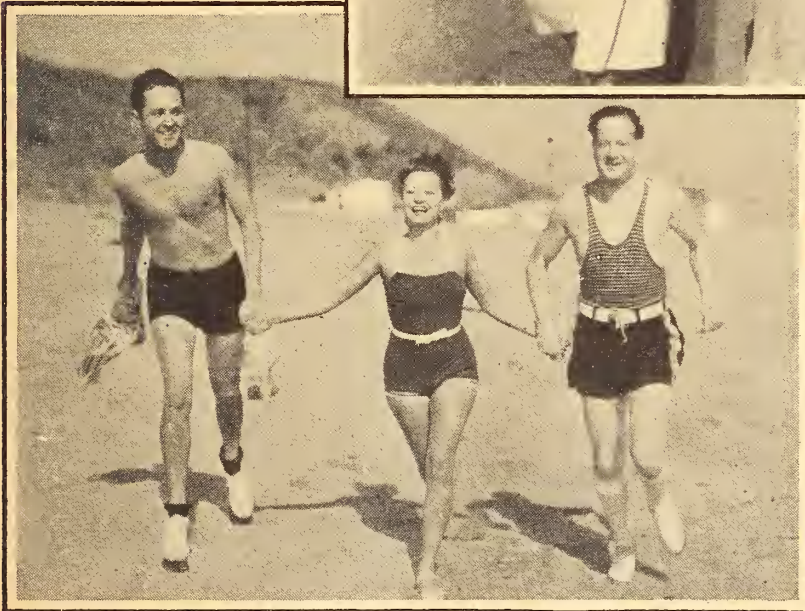
Well, the gossip writers can now fold their tents and steal away in disgrace. For Billie Dove may be a bride again, but the lucky man isn't one of her many rumored "fiancés." She sprang a surprise and eloped with Robert Kenaston, California rancher, who looks eligible for the movies, himself. Billie's own picture plans are indefinite at the moment—but she has some



Life's going to be serious now for Louise Fazenda (above)—off the screen. She won't let Hai Wallis, Jr., think she's a "funny" mama—even if she is a famous comédienne!

Glenda Farrell, a famous little laugher-offer, laughs off another "romance" rumor—and so does Gene Raymond (right), at a polo match, where it's stylish to deny a love match

Wide World



If you wondered where Alexander Kirkland got in trim for that dangerous swim he had off Cuba, here's the answer. You see him running along Malibu Beach with Mozelle Brittone, film newcomer, and Alan Dinehart. Alex (on the left) has a beach house there—a bit away from the madding movie crowd. The romance-rumorers are linking the names of Alan and Mozelle



Acme

Muriel Evans (left, above) and Eileen Percy can't get out of the Palm Springs habit, even after cold weather departs. They're down at the famous desert winter resort, getting a head start on a summer tan. Eileen's Scottish Glengarry bonnet is something new—like her bow-tie with slacks



Acme

When Bebe Daniels sailed for Europe on a concert tour, hubby Ben Lyon went along, and so did her pal, Sally Eilers. Sally "didn't believe" she and Hoot Gibson were "separated." Bebe will make two English films while abroad,



CLARK, GEORGE and —How do they rate with

Last month, MOVIE CLASSIC asked how such glamour girls as Joan Crawford, Jean Harlow and Constance Bennett rate with women—and answered the question by telling what feminine friendships they have in Hollywood. This is a companion story, asking how such “great lovers” as Clark Gable, George Raft and Gary Cooper stand in with other men—and telling you.—*Editor.*

THE three outstanding male sex-appeal stars of the moment are Gary Cooper, George Raft and Clark Gable. Women, both in and out of Hollywood, have established this trio as the reigning Love Gods of the current screen. Rabid women admirers have torn at their clothes for souvenirs, have written them passionately purple love letters, have stood outside hotels and cafés for hours just for a glimpse of one of them. Yet we pause to ask the all-important question in sizing up the measure of a man: “Is he a man’s man?” How do these three rate among the newspaper men, the technicians, other actors, the camera crews who know them as men—not as idols? Or perhaps the question could be more aptly put: DO they rate?

Just as Joan Crawford is instinctively liked by women (even those who do not know her), Gary Cooper is instinctively liked by men. The tall, silent gentleman from Montana, the adventurer who has lately become Hollywood’s most popular host, has the largest circle of mascu-

line acquaintances of any Hollywood actor—and the fewest number of close men-friends!

It is surprising that with a perfect set up for it, in his bachelordom, his interest in real, honest-to-goodness men things and his unassuming personality, Gary has no particular “buddies,” no constant pals or cronies. But this apparent paradox is explainable.

Gary is a “man’s man” whose entire Hollywood existence has been dominated by women! Women have not permitted him enough time away from their influence for him to form those intimate companionships among men that are so important to the average bachelor’s life.

Other Men Aren’t Jealous of Gary

WHEN big “Coop” first arrived in Hollywood, he was under the influence of his charming, but decidedly protective mother. Then he fell under the far more demanding influence of Lupe Velez, who was so madly in love with Gary that she could not bear to have him out of her sight. Even to such men-places as the prize fights and the wrestling matches went the ever-present Lupe. Eventually, of course, this dominating passion came to an end. But in place of finding freedom, Gary next fell under the social influence of a group of women-friends—Mary Pickford and the Countess Frasso among them—who took his off-screen activities most decidedly under wing.

In spite of this dominating feminine influence in his life,



GARY Men?

men who know Gary are all for him. The technical crews on his pictures swear by him. If the truth should be known, they are a little sorry for him that he does not "bust away from the skirts." Said one of the gentlemen with rolled-up sleeves on the Paramount lot, "The poor guy can't even escape those telephone calls when he is on the set. There are always two or three messages for Gary when he comes out of a scene."

Even other actors on the Paramount lot have nothing but friendly things to say about Gary. Richard Arlen comes the closest to an intimate friendship with him. Fredric March's favorite studio story concerns the long talk he once had with an executive who spent hours telling him how much *Gary Cooper's* sex-appeal rated at the box-office. Neil Hamilton (once jokingly described by a friend as a "conscientious objector to all other actors") insists that, as a regular guy, "they don't come any better than Coop." His large group of men acquaintances includes the Fairbankses, both Junior and Senior, Leslie Howard, Irving Thalberg, Jack Oakie, William Powell, Wesley Ruggles, Robert Montgomery, Jimmy Durante, Moss Hart, Charles Farrell, and practically all the directors and executives on the Paramount lot.

Clark Gable, George Raft and Gary Cooper are attractive to women—no one doubts that. But how do these sex-appeal heroes rate with "men's men"? Can they claim many men-friends?

This story tells you!

By NANCY PRYOR

ent companion (long falsely suspected of being a personal bodyguard), Jimmy Starr, local movie critic, Jim Mitchell, also a newspaper man, two boys from the publicity department, a well-known local prize-fighter, a sports writer, and three or four others of equal men's-world calibre.

A Reporter's View of George

A HOLLYWOOD studio reporter, whose opinion of actors in general is too blistering to be sent through the mails, says of George Raft: "Don't let anybody kid you—he is a plenty good guy. Any man who really knows George will tell you that. Strangely enough, he doesn't drink, and he doesn't care for poker, and I don't think I

(Continued on page 48)

In spite of the fact that women have not permitted Gary *time* to indulge in stag parties, poker games, weekend trips and other little get-togethers with the boys, he still rates one hundred per cent with members of his own sex. Which is quite an accomplishment, if you ask us!

Looks Like a Possible Rival to Other Men

GEORGE RAFT, as a type, is not *instinctively* liked by men who do not know him. Just as Jean Harlow inspires suspicion in the minds of women who judge her only by externals, so does Raft encounter the same suspicious opposition in the minds of other men. As a type, he is sleek, suave, polished. Perhaps a little too sleek, a little too suave. He has the same polished effect of Rudolph Valentino, whose greatest admiration, even at the height of his fame, came from women—not men. Raft, like Valentino, is a former dancer, and his movements are unconsciously graceful. He is as slender-hipped as an eel, with the dancer's physique, rather than the athlete's. Even publicity stories about him have run more to kissing, than to hunting trips. His popularity on the screen has been based on seductive "he-vamp" types of rôles.

An actor who does not know Raft once remarked that it made him nervous to see the sensational George on the screen. "He's so slick that I'm afraid he's going to slide out of the camera lines!" Another male star was overheard complaining that George "made a noise

just like a movie star" during a recent week-end trip at Palm Springs. The chief dissatisfaction to have been with George's loud silk shirts and his even louder-striped lounging robes. I once asked Paul Muni what he thought of Raft. "I've got enough troubles thinking about my own career," replied Mr. Muni in a most non-committal statement.

Yet George Raft—smooth, sleek George—has more "buddies" than Gary Cooper and Clark Gable (Hollywood's two very popular "he-men" stars) put together! He is usually completely surrounded by an entourage of cronies, including Sammy Finn, his ever-pres-



If Janet Gaynor misses her former screen partner, Charles Farrell, she isn't showing it in "Adorable" (top left). New-comer Henry Garat dances and romances with the "new," sophisticated Janet. Gary Cooper denies any new romance just by yachting with Mrs. William Powell—Carole Lombard to you (top center). Meanwhile, Lillian Harvey, who called Gary "the long, tall, pretty one," dances merrily in "My Lips Betray." Like her outfit (top right)?

LOOKING

GOSSIP FROM THE WEST COAST

scenes in the film are intimate tête-à-têtes with John, the onlookers expected some gossip-inspiring events. But instead . . . what happened? They lunched together and dined together . . . and the moment their scenes were completed they started out on a week-end trip together. *Buddies* is no word for them!

THE separation of Sue Carol and Nick Stuart so soon after the birth of their little daughter was an authentic surprise to Hollywood . . . and a sad one. Everyone had believed these two to be so happy . . . and even now it is believed that actual divorce could be avoided if certain professional "good breaks" would occur.

The separation of this likable couple, even more than the break between Doug and Joan, is making Hollywood more and more cynical about marriage. It's more than "too bad" . . . !

THE absurdly *clipped* Faulkner dialogue in "Today We Live" has started a new lingo fad in Hollywood. Everybody is going around hailing everybody else with a crisp "Stout fellow!" or "Good girl!" It is unfortunate that Franchot Tone's first important rôle before the public (he didn't have much to do in "Gabriel Over the White House") should make him *sound* as though he did not speak the English language! Here's hoping he gets a part soon in which he is not expected to *bark* his words—maybe in "Stranger's Return" opposite Miriam Hopkins!



Jack Holt "aims to please" as the two-fisted hero of "The Woman I Stole" (upper left). No one can do it better! Above, Dorothy Granger burlesques Mae West (with Leslie Fenton's help) in the short, "She Outdone Him"

ONE of the developments which was *not* expected from the "Dinner At Eight" set was the warm, crony-like friendship which has sprung up between John Barrymore and Lee Tracy! The story goes that some time ago the Broadway-Royal Mr. Barrymore had "snooted" the equally Broadway, but not so Royal, Mr. Tracy and that the memory still lingered. As practically all of the Tracy



THEM OVER

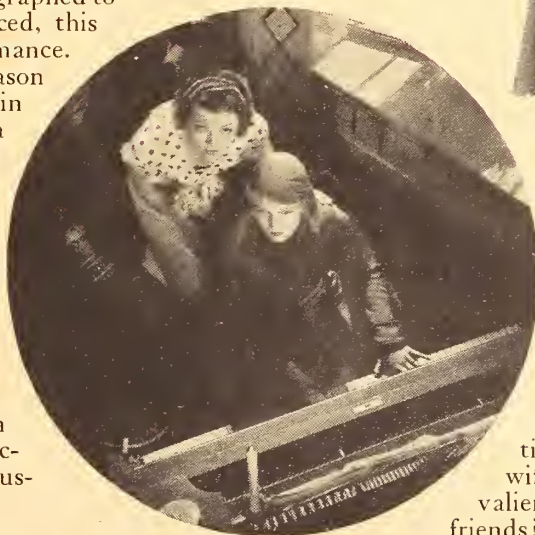
By DOROTHY MANNERS

THE unrequited love of a certain young actor in Hollywood for Joan Crawford is certainly playing havoc with his florist bills! Every day the gentleman sends orchids . . . and every day Joan wears Somebody Else's gardenias!

B. P. SCHULBERG, the producer, and Sylvia Sidney go to the greatest extremes not to be photographed together! Ever since Mr. Schulberg was divorced, this combination has been looked upon as a real romance. In spite of the fact that there is no particular reason for it, Sylvia always walks ten or twelve feet in front of Mr. Schulberg when they are entering a theatre or leaving a café. It's all very amusing to everyone—except the news cameramen, who always like to have their subjects close together.

THE Rumor Corner: Wonder if you can believe all you hear to the effect that all is not well between Lilyan Tashman and Eddie Lowe? . . . that Karen Morley is expecting a visit from the stork? . . . that Ruth Chatterton has three wigs which she alternates in her pictures? . . . that Constance Bennett wants her husband, the Marquis, to direct her in a film as soon as he returns from making his own picture in the South Seas? . . . that Norma Shearer and Irving Thalberg will not return to M-G-M? . . . that Norma and Irving will sign with United Artists? . . . that Jean Harlow is losing a little bit too much weight for her own good? . . . that

Ginger Rogers is "The Purity Girl" in the new satire of radio stars—and isn't supposed to be hot-cha, like her maid (top left). Dick Powell sings to dancing Ruby Keeler for the second time in "Gold-Diggers of 1933" (top center). Dolores Del Rio (top right) is returning to films—in "Green Mansions"!



Still "another Gable"? That's what Hollywood is asking about Alan Livingstone, young Canadian (upper right). Myrna Loy and Ann Harding, rivals again in "When Ladies Meet," are in harmony off stage (above)

Maurice Chevalier did not have a very good time in Paris because his wife (Yvonne Vallee Chevalier) has acquired all his old friends?

LYDELL PECK, Janet Gaynor's Ex, has announced his intention of deserting Hollywood and his job of a movie supervisor, and returning to San Francisco. He intends
(Continued on page 55)



When Greta ended her long voyage from Sweden, she also ended her long silence. She talked with reporters, and posed for photographers—even if she was nervous!

GARBO

Comes Back

—and *TALKS!*

BY DRUCE STONE

A FEW years ago, the billboards announced, "Garbo TALKS!" when her elusive Swedish accent had at last been recorded for pictures. "Garbo is WILLING to talk!" exclaimed mystified press-agents when Greta arrived back from Europe and stepped right into their arms on the San Diego dock. She was a bit self-conscious, a bit frightened. But she was ending the Garbo silence, the Garbo secrecy, the Garbo "mystery"!

Press representatives, as well as photographers, were just as stunned as Greta was nervous. Here was the famous Swedish "sphinx," who had gone in for disguises and had outwitted reporters throughout Europe and all along the route back from Sweden to America, stepping off the motorship *Annie Johnson*, cornered at last. For the first time in several years, press cameras whirred and snapped as Garbo willingly waited, not a little scared. Instead of "kidnaping" her picture, photographers were taking "shots" with full permission.

The unexpected was happening. Her departure from Sweden had been both reported and denied; no one in Hollywood seemed positive that she was actually returning; her manager, Harry Eddington, was quoted as saying he was willing to wager she was not on board the *Annie Johnson*. She had avoided New York—and New York's reporters—by returning this way. Everything pointed to Garbo's trying to outwit the press again. And here she was, being very nice to the boys! She wasn't even wearing dark glasses!

They had to work fast, however, even though Greta was courteously obliging. She had just stepped down the gangplank, which had been lowered almost to the running-board of a waiting limousine, after she had shaken the hand of Captain C. O. Holmberg. Her walk was still sinuous—that fact was noted by some two hundred movie fans (a large number for that early hour on a Sunday), besides the reporters. They noted, too, her large bouquet of flowers (a gift from the captain), her faultlessly-tailored gray twill suit, the black-dotted orange scarf, and the gray slouch hat whose brim was drawn down rakishly over her mas-
caraed eyes.

How Reporters Broke the Ice

"**M**ISS GARBO, can you take a moment to talk to us?" began a lion-hearted, ice-breaking reporter, as she stepped upon the dock.

"That's very difficult here," she said.

"Won't you say something—anything? Say that you're glad to be back."

"Ooh—of course, I am glad to be back."

"How long do you intend to stay in America?"

Quickly, without fumbling for words, but obviously nervous at the directness of the question, the mystery of the films etched a philosophical gem and uttered it: "One never knows what time will bring, does one?"

(Continued on page 56)



The *Annie Johnson*, which brought Greta back



DIANA WYNYARD

Usually, the movies glorify a newcomer. But here is a newcomer who has glorified the movies! How many people had ever seen her or even heard of her before "Cavalcade"? And how many will ever be able to forget her now? She is one of those few who have entered the Hall of Fame for keeps! (And stayed the same afterward.) Gaily impulsive in "Reunion in Vienna," she is no less in real life—for she has rushed back to the London stage. But only for the summer!



Harvey White

She has a sense of humor, and she has a sense of glamour. They're a rare combination. Between them, she's likely to put even the Barrymores in the shade in that all-star comedy, "Dinner at Eight." Just look her over as the languorous hat-check queen who weds a doting millionaire (Wallace Beery)!

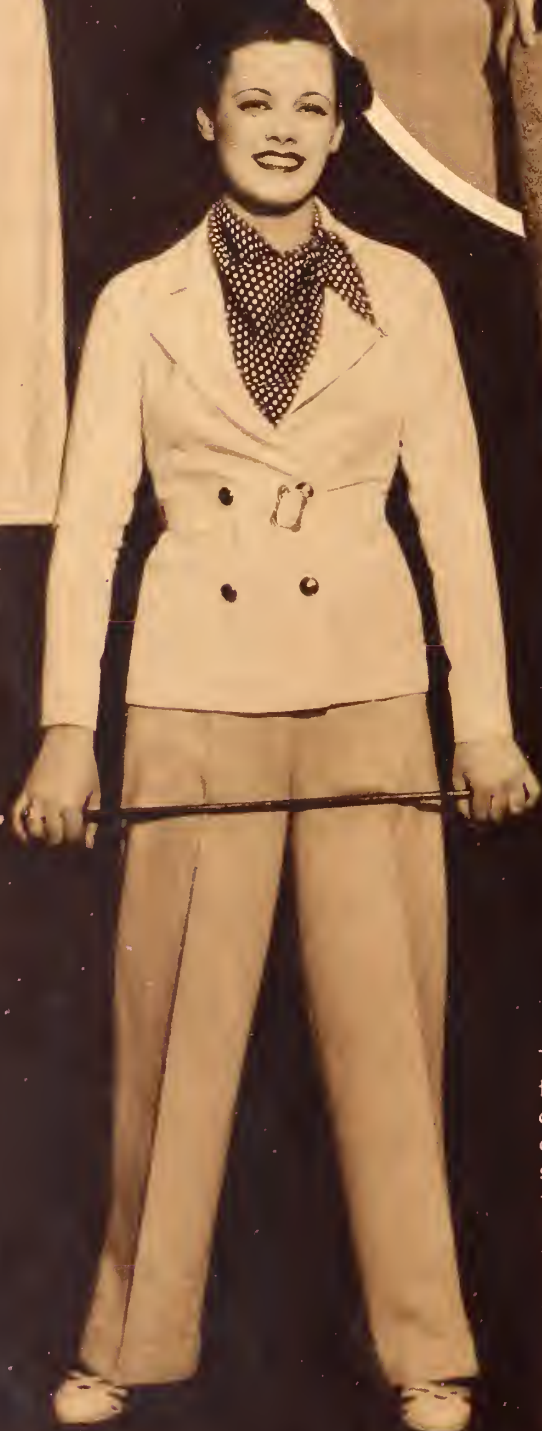
**JEAN
HARLOW**



Bachrach

DOROTHY WILSON

Woodrow Wilson had fourteen points—and Dorothy, no relation, has some good ones, herself. Before "The Age of Consent," she was a stenographer; afterward, she was a Baby Star, hailed as "a natural actress." Her sincerity and poise are natural, too, as you'll see anew in "The Purity Girl"



Dashing—that's the only word which describes Eleonor Holm in the gray swagger slacks and double-breasted jacket of white flannel (right), with which she wears a red-and-white polka-dot kerchief. Eleonor goes in for other sports besides swimming, you know, and you see her all set (above) for golf in a yellow flannel skirt with a jacket of chamois, or shade or two darker than the skirt

The combination of black toffeto, white organdie and gray tweed is an odd one, but you've yet to see anything smarter than the outfit worn above by Patricia Ellis. Patricia thinks the idea of wearing white for summer in order to look cool is an excellent one, and at the right she has on a white rough crêpe frock, brightened with touches of striped crêpe. Gloves, shoes and a bag are also white

THE WARMER
THE WEATHER,
THE SPORTIER
THE STYLES!



The outfit above goes to the beach, and Helen Vinson goes to the head of the class for smartness in her white terry-cloth slacks with zipper side closings. The blouse of red-and-white-striped terry-cloth has a cowl neckline that forms a hood in the back. The cap is of red wool. Left, Helen is wearing a summery powder-blue crêpe jacket-dress, with a wide-brimmed hat of white ballibuntl and linen pumps. Note her sleeves!

Notice the tricky way the fan pleating is set on the neckline and sleeves of the powder-blue dress above. White waffle crêpe and gold braid make up this evening gown (left), which shows a classical Spartan influence. Ginger Rogers wears both of these Orry-Kelly creations in "Gold-Diggers of 1933"



Exclusive portraits by Russell Ball

It seems like a long time since Eleanor outswam the other girls in the Olympic Games and was signed by Warners. But it won't be long now until you see her featured—perhaps as Edward G. Robinson's next leading lady. For we've seen a girl who looks surprisingly like Eleanor in unlisted small parts! All this time she has been studying screen technique—and swimming to keep fit

ELEANOR HOLM



Lippman

**LONA ANDRE
AND
RICHARD ARLEN**

Is Dick under the influence of the little ex-"Panther Girl" from Ten-Ten-Tennessee, or is it the Bing Crosby influence? Anyway, Dick goes Bingo on a ukulele in "College Humor," which is the name of a lively movie, as well as a lively magazine. And it looks as if life at dear old Mid-West College is a happy, snappy one—even if Dick does play a football hero who is expelled, of all things!

FOUR DIFFERENT KINDS OF HEART-BREAKERS



When James Dunn (above) turns on that grin and his eyes go merry, what girl wouldn't take him seriously and say, "Hold Me Tight," as Sally Eilers did? But some girls say that love is accompanied by little chills up and down the back. And Jack La Rue (below) chilled many a spine in "The Story of Temple Drake"!



Buddy Rogers (top left) is back—and he's a different Buddy in "5 Cents a Glass." Heroines don't mother him now! He "slays" them with his gay, sophisticated ways! Leslie Howard (directly above) subtly suggests his emotions—and how women like to test their intuition when he's near, asking: Is he "Captured"?



ANGEL over HOLLYWOOD

If the White House needed Gabriel's "divine inspiration," what about Hollywood? Anyway, the movies have imported a little English Angel—Heather Angel is her full name—who may spread her wings and fly over some of the other actresses unless they cultivate more poise and charm

By LLEWELLYN MILLER

SHE is as fragile and as innocent-looking as a little heather flower on a sunnymoor. She is as mild and as gentle as one would expect an angel to be—and her name really is Heather Angel.

Her blue eyes are confiding. Her voice is soft and appealing. There is nothing indecisive about her, but certainly there is nothing bold. She looks as if she might have difficulty in lifting a heavy chair. A featherweight blow from her slender right arm would be no protection in danger.

Just the same, Heather Angel has marched stoutly to the top of the Khyber Pass with a revolver in her belt, while a searching party was ready to follow if she did not return by sundown. Single-handed, she dispersed a rabble of yelling coolies in Shanghai. In India, she calmly continued in a play when there was a possibility that a bomb might land on the stage at any minute. And she had not been in Hollywood three weeks before she tore down half a wall in The Garden of Allah apartment hotel!

A most surprising combination of contrasts is this slim English girl. She rides her bicycle alone at night in the Hollywood hills, but she shrinks from spiders. She is planning to go fox-hunting, but she has not gone clothes-hunting. She loves pastel shades, cottage cheese, ice cream and blizzards. And she is the only actress in town who has a mother listed as an Angel in the telephone book.

An astonishing career took her over half of the civilized and a good part of the uncivilized globe before she crossed the world to play in Fox pictures. You will see her soon in the leading rôle opposite Leslie Howard in "Berkeley Square." Maybe you've seen her already in "Pilgrimage."

Not Born to Be a Teacher

HER father, a tutor at Oxford, was killed in the War when she was six years old. Mrs. Angel had only a small amount of money. She set about preparing both of her little daughters to make their own livings when they grew up. The older sister studied drawing. Heather thought she would like to teach dramatics in a girls' school.



That seemed a polite and safe career. Mrs. Angel had visions of her daughter quietly conducting classes of pig-tailed flappers through the intricacies of reciting-with-gestures. But it did not take Heather long to decide that never, never would she settle into a life of teaching little girls how to speak pieces for school recitals. She wanted to do the reciting-with-gestures, herself.

So down she went, a slender, shy youngster, to the Old Vic Theatre, armed with nothing more than a long speech from "Romeo and Juliet." There were a dozen girls waiting to try out. The acting company of the Old Vic is famous—so famous that it is considered a privilege to be accepted as a student and understudy parts without pay. The other girls were well-trained British beauties, girls with several years in dramatic schools to give them assurance, striking young women whose voices confidently filled the theatre.

By the time Heather's turn came she was almost sure that the schoolroom was inescapable. It must have been a wistful, appealing little *Juliet* who bravely spoke her lines into the formidable silence of the old theatre.

The days dragged after the audition. Heather did not think that she had the remotest chance at the appointment, but she could not settle down to any other occupation until news came that she was refused. Then one cold, gray English morning a week later the letter arrived. She had been accepted. She was going to be an actress!

Had Chance to Tour Empire

WITH all of the fervor of sixteen, she plunged into work. She memorized whole plays. She watched gestures and expressions and older players for hours.

Then came her big break. She was allowed to play the *First Fairy* in "A Midsummer Night's Dream." Even if it was only for a few minutes, at last she really was on the stage. Other triumphs followed, culminating in glory with the lead in a Christmas play put on at a matinee for children. She felt magnificently equipped to seek a salary.

(Continued on page 64)

SOLVED! The Mystery of RAFT'S "Bodyguard"!

Everywhere George goes, Sammy Finn goes, too. Hollywood whispers that he's a sinister sharpshooter. But here's the story that will end all the other stories about him. It tells who he really is!

WHETHER by accident or design, no actor has ever come to Hollywood clothed in so much mystery, so far as his past is concerned, as has George Raft. Apparently from out of nowhere, this strange fellow suddenly appeared on the motion picture horizon—with no one knowing just who he was except, perhaps, the "mysterious" companion who was always with him. No one knew where Sammy Finn came from, either. But I'm going to tell you all about him.

Dark of skin, slim of body, wiry-muscled, uneducated, Raft was the perfect "romantic gangster" type. He seemed to wear a mantle of menace about him, and Hollywood thrilled to it. He was invited into the most select of Hollywood's social circles—but behind the teacups many questions were asked and answers manufactured. Answers that spread rapidly when it became known that he was born on the brink of the underworld, and that he still numbered among his closest friends men who do not try to hide their pasts, but proudly admit they are former gangsters and have been able to walk the straight and narrow path to an honest living.

But this man, Raft—well, he was different. He admitted he was born in the Tenderloin district of New York City. He admitted being raised amid the atmosphere of gangland. But between his childhood years and the time he became famous as a dancer who gained fame in Europe and America—well, what had Raft been doing?

The teacup gossips placed him, naturally, in gangland—with its blazing guns, gangster's molls and death-dealing "rides."



"Meet Sammy Finn," says George Raft, without any explanation. But Sammy (right) speaks up for himself in this story—a story of two pals

And the movie crowd loved this explanation—loved the creepy feeling this stranger gave them when he shook their hands and smiled in a sort of set manner that gave them an impression of menace, rather than pleasure. And then—there was George Raft's "shadow," known simply as Sammy Finn.

Seen Everywhere With George

IF Raft lacked anything of "mysterious" menace, it was made up for by Sammy Finn. Sammy appeared, so far as the Hollywoodites could recall, about the same time Raft first hit the public fancy and the eye of studio favor. Like Raft, he just appeared, apparently from nowhere in particular. A pale, thin, tight-lipped and close-mouthed little fellow is Sammy Finn; and he wears his clothes as snappily as does Jimmy Walker, ex-mayor of New

York. Sammy and George are two of a kind, in that respect.

At first, Hollywood did not notice Sammy. And then it was discovered that Raft was never seen anywhere without the shadow of Sammy Finn somewhere in the immediate background. When Raft went to the studio, Sammy was with him. Sammy sat on the set when Raft was working. He ate at the Brown Derby when Raft ate there—although most of the time Sammy was sitting alone at another table nearby. When Raft danced at one of the fun parlors, Sammy would be seen dancing, too.

A whisper started it—and overnight the Hollywood grapevine telegraph had passed the word that this man, Sammy Finn, was none other than one of gangland's deadliest "killers." He was

(Continued on page 66)

By HAL HALL

MOST OF ALL...THROUGH THE SUMMER MONTHS
Every skin must beware of Dryness



● EVEN BIG FLOPPY HATS CAN'T PROTECT THE SKIN. BUT A NEW ELEMENT IN WOODBURY'S COLD CREAM—KEEPS IT LUSCIOUS, SOFT, THE SUMMER THROUGH

ANYONE can begin the summer looking like a fresh-plucked water lily! But when August arrives what have you? A skin that crackles with dryness like an ancient Chinese parchment? Or a texture that's still adorably fresh, soft, and smooth?

Unless the oil glands are kept highly active, August will find the loveliest complexion—brunette or blonde—coarse, rough, dry! It all depends upon choosing the *right way* to help Nature resist the sun!

For this, Woodbury's excellent Cold Cream now offers more than the aid of a mere beauty cream! Woodbury scientists have recently injected into this Cold Cream a new Element, 576, which definitely and actively combats dryness.

Element 576, never before incorporated in any face cream, is similar in essence to the vitamin principle in foods which bring the body energy, vitality. Now, Woodbury's Cold Cream with the new Element 576, arouses the skin to greater activity. And so, the little oil glands that lie just beneath the skin, secrete more actively the oil that alone keeps the surface fresh and supple, secure against the harmful thieving of the sun!

Use Woodbury's Cold Cream this summer and your skin will go through June, July and August fresh, supple, soft, and smooth. The cream is 50c in jars, 25c in tubes.

Follow this simple ritual during summer months

Upon rising in the morning dash your face with the coldest water you can get! A sea plunge, if you're lucky enough to be a salt!

Before you go out into the sun give your face, arms and shoulders a brisk once-over with Woodbury's Cold Cream. Let it stay on ten or fifteen minutes. Wipe off. Follow with a

thin film of Woodbury's Facial Cream. Now powder, but lightly, please!

Upon returning to the house, dash for the Woodbury's Cold Cream jar again. Slush the Cream on generously. Leave it till the bell for luncheon sounds. Wipe it off and be brave! —go to lunch without powdering. Let the Cold Cream work down deep into the pores.

If you go out into the sun again repeat the same sequence—Cold Cream first, then a *very* little Facial Cream and Powder.

Upon retiring, a warm bath with Woodbury's Facial Soap. Rinse with cold water. Massage with Woodbury's Cold Cream. Leave on all the Cream that hasn't been absorbed. Sleep the sleep of the conscience-clear, for you've done the right thing by your skin!



FREE SAMPLE Send coupon for tube of Woodbury's Cold Cream free—enough for several treatments. Or send 10 cents (to partly cover cost of mailing) and receive charming Loveliness Kit, containing samples of Woodbury's Cold and Facial Creams, new Facial Powder and Facial Soap. John H. Woodbury, Inc., 6331 Alfred St., Cincinnati, O. In Canada, John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Perth, Ontario

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TUNE IN on Woodbury's new radio program over station WEAF and N. B. C. network every Wednesday evening at 8:30 Eastern Daylight Saving Time.

"I followed
Marian Nixon's
advice—



Recent portrait of
MARIAN NIXON,
fascinating screen star.
Read how
this lovely star's advice
brought happiness to
Miss Autumn Sims,
of Cincinnati



3 "So I started right away to use Lux Toilet Soap regularly, as Marian Nixon says she does. Then I watched my skin very carefully . . ."

and
Now—



1 "I'm certainly glad I followed Marian Nixon's advice," says Miss Autumn Sims of Cincinnati. "A few years ago men seemed to *like* me well enough, but something was lacking, and I couldn't help knowing it. When it came to dates and flowers some other girl was likely to win out."



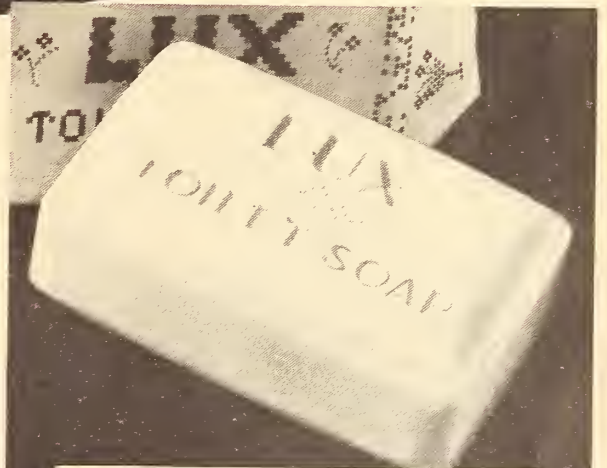
2 "Marian Nixon was my favorite star. I've always thought her adorable. One night it occurred to me that following her complexion advice might make me more attractive."

Stop being satisfied with a complexion that isn't truly exquisite. Have the kind of skin that wins. It doesn't take much time or money. I use the simplest care in the world because I've found it the very best care. I use regularly gentle, white Lux Toilet Soap. It protects my skin perfectly - keeps it always smooth and soft.

Marian Nixon



4 "I knew the trick was turned when men began to pay me the kind of attention I'd always longed for. I realized for the first time what a tremendous difference lovely skin makes. Do you wonder I'm grateful to Marian Nixon?"



Of the 694 important Hollywood actresses, including allstars, actually 686 use fragrant, white Lux Toilet Soap. It has been made the official soap in all the large film studios. Let it beautify *your* skin!

Clark, George and Gary— How do they rate with Men?

(Continued from page 31)



New Beauty Secret ...changed her whole Appearance!

NICE. From a fine family. Yet men were puzzled by the appearance of her lips. So artificial...so conspicuous. Reason enough why she switched to a lipstick that flatters the lips with rich, natural color... banishing that painted look!

Lips naturally rose-colored!

The trouble is, you never suspect yourself of a cheap appearance. Yet any ordinary lipstick hardens your mouth with a painted look. Tangee, however, cannot make your lips look painted!

Tangee isn't paint. It's different. In the stick, Tangee is orange. Does that mean orange lips, you say? Absolutely no! Put it on. Watch it change color instantly to the one shade of blush rose perfect for you!

Use Tangee—for alluring lips... fresh with natural color the whole day through! Sold at drug stores and cosmetic counters. See special triple offer below.

Tangee Creme Rouge

Use Tangee Creme Rouge for perfect summer make-up! Checks glow all day with natural looking color... even in swimming. For Tangee is waterproof. Greaseless... cannot clog pores. Its vanishing cream base protects your skin.

New!
SMALL SIZE 39¢
TANGEE LIPSTICK



TANGEE

World's Most Famous Lipstick
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

★ SPECIAL 10c OFFER!

The George W. Luff Co., Inc. MP 7
417 Fifth Ave., New York

Rush Tangee Miracle Make-up Set containing miniature Lipstick, Rouge Compact and Creme Rouge. I enclose 10c (stamps or coin).

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

have ever heard him use a profane expression. And men are supposed to go for drinking and cussing and general hell-raising in other men, you know. George doesn't like any form of athletics, he likes to sleep late in the mornings, and I've heard objections about his choice of colors in clothes—yet he's one of the most all-around likable guys I've met in this town.

"He has a great sense of humor and an adaptable social instinct, if you know what I mean. George never tries to 'run' his friends. If you want to go to the fights, all right—that's okay with him. If a show is in order, that's the joke, too. Or he is willing just to sit around and talk. In other words, he is an agreeable guy to be around. He is generous, too. And I think the men who know him like his attitude about the break he has had in pictures."

But Spencer Tracy explained that angle of George more graphically. Spencer had made "Quick Millions" with George, whose first picture it was. Some time elapsed before they met again—in a corner drugstore in Hollywood. In the meantime, the Raft stock had soared considerably. Tracy saw Raft when he entered the store, but did not immediately speak to him. "Spence" says he has had enough experience with "overnight successes" in this town and has seen what it has done to certain heads.

Raft, who knew Tracy had seen him and had not spoken, walked back to where he was standing and demanded: "Say, what's the idea of not speaking to me?"

Tracy said: "Well, I didn't know about the size of your hatband since I saw you last."

"Listen," replied Raft, "if you ever notice any signs of my head swelling over this crazy fluke of luck that has happened to me, do me a favor, will you? Just knock it off!"

Men who do not know George may not like his shirts—but there are plenty of his pals who are wearing them!

Who Calls Him "Mr. Gable"?

I HAVE never heard a man say he did not like Clark Gable. He may be the king of Great Lovers to the women, but he is also Hollywood's most doughty and popular heman!

Other actors like Clark. As for the electricians, props, and camera crews on his pictures—well, he is just "Gable," the guy who plays ball with them during noon hours, or lies on his back under the shade of a tree with his hat tipped over his face, talking politics, or guns or duck-hunting. Only the newest of newcomers on the M-G-M lot call him "Mr. Gable." He is merely "Gable" or "Clark," even to the youthful call-boys, whose job it is to run messages from one department to another.

He may make his living by playing love scenes with beautiful women stars, but his interest between scenes is in the dope on the latest prize-fight, or weather conditions in the Northern part of the state, where he hunts. He may be a high-salaried sex-appeal attraction to women audiences, but to men he is as comfortable to know as an old shoe. Nor is there any patronage in the brand of friendship Clark displays to his fellow-workers. His friendliness is in no way to be confused with "a good business move" or a "play" for popularity. Clark has a temper and he knows a few choice cuss words, which he is not averse to using on the proper occasions. Men sense sincerity in Clark Gable—a real interest and liking for the things that are men's things.

His most intimate Hollywood friends are Wallace Beery, Howard Strickling (of the M-G-M publicity department), Dr. Franklyn Thorpe, husband of Mary Astor, and Charles MacArthur, husband of Helen Hayes. Association with these men practically comprises his social life in Hollywood; they are the most frequent diners at his home. Mrs. Gable has a far wider social acquaintanceship in Hollywood, and the Gable presence at the large, formal entertainments is usually due to his wife's desire that he attend with her. Mrs. Gable says that Clark's closest pal is the old cowboy who goes on his hunting and fishing expeditions with him. On as many week-ends as his work permits, Clark treks off for a visit to "the old man."

Why He Gave Up Polo

NOT so long ago, the virile Mr. Gable took up the fashionable game of polo—and just as suddenly as he had acquired two polo ponies, he gave up the game! There was some talk that the studio had forbidden Clark to risk his valuable neck in this dangerous sport. But Clark, himself, gave the real reason when he remarked: "I felt so damned silly on the backs of those little ponies. I felt as if I should be carrying them..."

Just about the time that Clark was beginning to click as a sensation on the screen, he worked in a picture with Richard Barthelmess called "The Finger Points." Regis Toomey was also in the cast. "We used to kid Clark about being the sensational 'Great Lover,'" laughs Regis, "and believe it or not, but he used to blush to the roots of his hair. I think he was actually impressed at working with what he termed a 'big' star like Barthelmess. He may have been the sensational 'comer' of the moment, but he didn't seem to know it. You can't help liking a guy like that."

Clark's almost painful modesty is one of the highlights of his charm to other men. When he went visiting on the Paramount lot to make "No Man of Her Own" with Carole Lombard, he usually ate his luncheons up at the counter with the technicians because he didn't know the "people" who were eating at the more exclusive tables.

One noontime Richard Arlen sidled up to a seat beside him and introduced himself. They shook hands and took a good look at one another. "You needn't be looking at my ears!" Mr. Gable remarked sociably. "You've got a funny-looking face, yourself!" This frankly humorous statement was the beginning of an Arlen enthusiasm for Clark that is almost boring to hear.

As I mentioned before, I have never heard a man say he did not like Clark Gable. As a "man's man," he just isn't open to argument!

Gary isn't married and is, therefore, a potential rival, romantically speaking, of every other eligible bachelor in Hollywood. George, though often rumored a husband, denies emphatically that he has ever given up his freedom—which makes him a possible romantic rival, also. Clark is wed, as everyone knows—a fact which, some might argue, helps other men to look upon him as a potential pal. But any psychologist would probably tell you that all three of them are liked by men—if for no other reason than a sneaking admiration for the way they impress the female of the species, whether beautiful or brainy, rich or poor. What man wouldn't like to do likewise?



**MONDAY.. TUESDAY
WEDNESDAY** **Doomsday!**

IS "CALENDAR FEAR" UNDERMINING YOUR HEALTH?

With maddening slowness time drags on! . . . And woman waits! . . . Waits and worries over her upset health.

Seldom does she know that FEAR itself . . . FEAR of an imaginary crisis is the very thing that throws her delicate feminine mechanism out of gear . . . Seldom does she realize that this health-stealing FEAR is the direct outcome of either timid ignorance or gross neglect of proper marriage hygiene.

She has failed to follow that correct method of feminine antiseptics as endorsed for over 40 years by leading doctors, clinics, hospitals and gynecologists.

They have freely recommended the regular and continual use of "Lysol" for feminine health, daintiness, and mental poise.

The "Lysol" method is so simple and easy to follow . . . The result so refreshing and agreeable . . . so safe and effective.

In sharp contrast to certain chlorine-type antiseptics, "Lysol" contains no free caustic alkali to inflame, sear and toughen tender tissues . . . And unlike these chlorine compounds, which lose 95% of their effectiveness in the presence of organic matter, "Lysol" retains its power to destroy germ-life.

Don't be caught again in the grip of "CALENDAR FEAR" . . . Practice intimate feminine cleanliness. Use "Lysol." Your druggist has it. Your doctor recommends it . . . One thing more, write for a copy of the new, *free* "Lysol" booklet, "Marriage Hygiene—the important part it plays in the ideal marriage." You will welcome its trustworthy advice. Please use the coupon.

WRITTEN BY WOMEN FOR WOMEN

A brand new book on woman's oldest problem . . . Frank and fearless . . . Contains three leading articles by world-famous women physicians . . . Send today for "Marriage Hygiene—the important part it plays in the ideal marriage."

"Lysol" is economical . . . a treatment costs less than one cent. "Lysol" is safe . . . it contains no free caustic alkali. "Lysol" is effective . . . it destroys hidden germ-life. "Lysol" has enjoyed the full confidence of the medical profession for over 40 years.



Lysol
Disinfectant

LEHN & FINK, Inc.
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Sole distributors of "Lysol" disinfectant
Please send me free, postpaid, a copy of your new booklet, "Marriage Hygiene," with articles by three internationally famous women physicians.

Name _____

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FOR "CLOSE-UPS"



Trust Vicks Mouth-wash
...and save 40¢ a bottle
(a 75¢ value for 35¢)

WHAT a clean, tingling taste Vicks Antiseptic leaves in your mouth! You just *know* you can trust it!

Besides, it's made by the makers of Vicks VapoRub; it had to be *extra* good to carry the Vicks name.

It actually *exceeds* accepted standards of antiseptic strength. You can depend on it... full-strength or diluted.

Yet Vicks Antiseptic costs you only *half* the price of other quality antiseptics... the big 10-ounce bottle... a 75c value... for only 35c. You save 40c.

The real *proof* of the quality of Vicks Antiseptic is actual use. Try it for a week. If not delighted, return what's left to your druggist and your money will be cheerfully refunded.

BAD BREATH (*Halitosis*)
GARGLE *Sore Throat, etc.*
MOUTH-WASH . *After Smoking, etc.*
ANTISEPTIC LOTION . . *Dandruff,*
After Shaving, Minor Cuts, etc.



By the makers of VAPORUB

Claudette Colbert Tells How to be Beautiful in Spite of Your Face

(Continued from page 17)

"In the first place, I inherited the worst features of both sides of my family. When I was born, my father looked at me and said, 'She looks as if she might have nice eyes sometime, but what a terrible oven she has for a mouth!' He was a Frenchman, you see, and his ideal of womanly beauty required a small mouth. Mine was enormous.

Had No Craving for Beauty

WHEN I grew a little older, my nose began to grow out of all proportion and just to aid matters, I used to poke pebbles into it. I must have been a terrible child, because when my mother would try to stop me, she would say, 'Claudette, don't you *want* to be pretty when you grow up?' I would make a very naughty face at her and reply, 'No! I don't!'

"I certainly got my wish. When I grew up, I wasn't in the least pretty. The final touch to this face of mine was added when it was run over by a truck! That sort of thing is not good for any face, but what it did to mine was perfectly terrible."

In the early days of Claudette's stage career, pictures were still silent and beauty was more important than any ability to act. Claudette was convinced that she had better stick to the stage.

"In the theatre," she explains, "you can make almost any old face do. In the first place, the stage is not nearly so intimate as the screen—you don't have those intimate close-ups! Then you can do so much with color—with lipstick, eye-shadow, rouge, the right shade of powder. You can make almost any face look pretty over the foot-lights. For that matter, you can do a lot to improve a face off the stage with the proper use of color.

"But in pictures, where you are seen in mere black and white, you need pure lines, symmetry, real beauty of structure. And look at me. My eyes are too far apart, my nose is all wrong, my cheek-bones are too high and my chin is too pointed for any sort of proportion. Imagine a face with that many things wrong with it!

Why She Avoided Silent Films

I MADE one silent picture a long, long time ago in New York and when I saw that, I *knew* that I was right about pictures! They were certainly not for me. So—mostly in self-defense—I grew very arty about them. I said all those things about how pictures were stupid and the stage was the only medium for a true artist—you know all that applesauce! The real reason was, of course, my face.

"Later on, after talking pictures came in, it became apparent that pure beauty which would transmit in black and white was not so important as it had been before. I made a couple of pictures then. It began to seem as if a good performance would almost make up for a funny nose.

"I knew nothing of screen make-up. Nothing of camera angles. Nothing of that intricate and subtle technique of the camera, which can sometimes create loveliness where loveliness may not actually exist.

"You can't fool the camera about your figure. Mine, thank goodness, is all right. At least, I don't mind the shape of it, although I should like to have a little more of it. I am constantly trying to gain weight—fill out that shape just a bit here and there.

"But from the neck up, I am still one problem after another. My eyes are the only things about my face that could possibly be called good. They are large and

dark enough to photograph well. I had the theory that more make-up—to make them still larger and emphasize my only assets—was the right thing. The consequence of that was that I looked all eyes and the upper part of my face completely overshadowed the lower part. I dared not use enough make-up on my mouth to balance that—so I finally reached the conclusion that I must stop making up my eyes at all.

"I learned, after a great deal of drilling by clever photographers, to keep my head up. If I lower my chin, the lower half of my face simply disappears!

"There are any number of small, technical things like that which will help on the screen. And then, the screen has changed so. It isn't necessary any more to be lovely all the time. Remember how the ladies of the silent screen used to cry—so beautifully—with glycerin tears rolling down their lovely cheeks? Well, people don't do those things any more. If you are going to cry in a scene, you wrinkle up your face and look as much like a person crying as you can. And that certainly is not looking beautiful!"

Let me add, just here, that Claudette is really a very lovely thing to see off the screen, as well as on. Her reputation for beauty would hold if you were to meet her face to face. The defects which she recognizes and points out so ruthlessly aren't, somehow, apparent to the naked eye. I think it was Willy Pogany who said that the defects in any person's face were generally the most interesting and attractive things about him. Perhaps it is Claudette's "defects" that make her so piquant!

Has Tried to Stay Individual

SHE says, "I have never tried to imitate anyone—in mannerisms, in dress or in make-up. Recognizing, I hope, my limitations and trying to do all I could to minimize them, I have still tried to keep everything that is individual about *me*.

"Garbo is not, perhaps, a beautiful woman. But she can enter a room, with her long slow stride, and give an illusion of beauty and glamour—a something that stirs imaginations and emotions. If I tried to do that, I should be simply ridiculous.

"Helen Hayes is an almost plain little woman. Yet, when a rôle calls for it, she can give an impression of radiant beauty.

"Ruth Chatterton can give the impression of great beauty and dignity—although she is small and her features are not perfect.

"There have been women—many of them—who were not actresses at all, but have gained reputations for beauty that they did not deserve if you analyzed their features—if you had studied them as we must study ours for the screen. They *behaved* like beautiful women. They thought that way and—most of all—they *felt* like beautiful women.

"Those women are fundamentally 'show-men' and actresses. They make the most of what physical attributes they have—certainly. That is mere common sense. Then they become, in their minds somehow, lovely creatures. They stir your imagination and create the illusion of beauty. They are usually more sensational than women whose features are perfect.

"That is all there is to it, so far as I know. If you aren't naturally lovely—then try to create an illusion of loveliness.

"I have tried deliberately and earnestly to do that—naturally. Any actress must. When people say that I have, I love it. But I still think it is amusing—with a face that has been run over by a truck!"

"I keep my lingerie lovely looking with LUX"

says *Wynne Gibson*

"No fastidious woman would think of wearing underthings a second day. It's so easy to Lux them, and Lux keeps colors and materials so exquisite! I also insist that my maid wash all sweaters and washable dresses in Lux. It's so economical that any girl can keep her things lovely the Hollywood way." WYNNE GIBSON

Paramount Star appearing in "The Crime of the Century"

Why don't *you* follow this thrifty Hollywood rule

Everywhere girls follow the method lovely Wynne Gibson uses to keep lingerie exquisite looking... daily washing with Lux.

These gentle suds whisk away perspiration odor, yet protect color—keep fabrics looking like new. Avoid ordinary soaps—they often contain harmful alkali. Never rub with cake soap—it weakens silk. Lux has no harmful alkali. Anything safe in water is safe in Lux.

Official in all the big studios...

Frank C. Richardson (right), Wardrobe Director of the Paramount Studio, says:

"Costumes represent a big investment that must be safeguarded. That's why Paramount specifies that all washable costumes be cared for with Lux. It protects the colors and materials... keeps them new longer... and saves money."



Hollywood says—Don't trust to luck
— TRUST TO LUX





If you are
in love

DEW IS ESSENTIAL

EVERY man expects the woman he loves to be dainty, fragrant and well groomed—free from any unattractive appearance at all times.

Freedom from perspiration stains and odor is so simple and sure when you use DEW. You may apply Dew in a moment with the improved sanitary applicator. It dries quickly . . . takes effect immediately. DEW will not irritate the skin or injure fragile fabrics when the simple directions are followed. Keep the beautiful flask on your dressing table as a reminder.

The coupon below will bring you free (in a plain envelope) an interesting, confidential booklet on the relationship between love, pleasant scents and disagreeable odors. Mail the coupon today. Marion Lambert, Inc., St. Louis & Toronto. (Dew instantly and completely deodorizes sanitary napkins)

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Beauty Is Cheap in Hollywood!

(Continued from page 21)

Of all the "Gorgeous Goldwyn Girls," only thirty-nine have been given studio contracts at one time or another. And what's a contract? Barbara Weeks and Ruth Hall are the only two who are still playing leads, and they're a bit lost in the Hollywood shuffle. Virginia Bruce, one of the beauties from "Whoopie," has become famous, but not so much because of her screen successes, as because she married John Gilbert.

Two of the music-and-girl pictures recently completed are "Melody Cruise" and "Gold-Diggers of 1933." Both are garnished with a super-abundance of hand-picked feminine charm. One thousand girls applied for chorus work in the former; the latter drew the staggering total of four thousand applications. Needless to say, the girls who were finally selected had to be beautiful.

How Beauties Are Rated

RADIO PICTURES, the producers of "Melody Cruise," rate beauties as a farmer rates his apples. They are graded either "A," "AA," "AAA" or "AAAA." Of the one thousand applicants, twenty were given four "A's—in other words, were adjudged "perfectly" beautiful. Twenty more were awarded three "A's" only, because they lacked voice training. The forty selected certainly represent the cream of Hollywood's beauty crop—and they were all glad to work for forty dollars a week. Let me introduce you to some of these girls:

Meet Vee Allen, winner over ten thousand other entrants in a "Perfect Face" contest. She is a natural blonde, blue-eyed, and the owner of a very attractive personality. She has been in pictures for three years, has never made more than seventy-five dollars a week, has not averaged ten days' work a month, and remains in Hollywood only because of her very sincere ambition to become a dramatic actress some day.

Kay Gordon came to the screen three years ago from the stage, equipped with dark brown hair, hazel eyes and an exquisite figure—not to mention considerable experience. She has played a few "bits," danced in a number of musical pictures, and hopes to become a famous singer.

Irene Thompson, a vivid brunette, was once a "stand-in" for Mary Astor, whom she closely resembles. She says her salary averages seventy-five dollars a week—when she works.

Jean Castle is an ex-secretary from Brooklyn, New York. She has studied under Nance O'Neil and is determined to be a dramatic actress. She is remarkably beautiful—but she has been unable to sell her beauty to the screen for more than forty dollars a week.

Elinor Kingston began her career as a dancer. She has been in Hollywood for more than three years, playing "extra" and doing small "bits." Her average salary is forty dollars.

Salary Doubled by Experience

ALICE DAHL is a screen veteran of four years' experience and has played a number of featured rôles. She has joined the beauty parade because of the current scarcity of work, and, thanks to her experience and trained voice, is able to command nearly twice as much money as her fellow-chorines.

Jean Carmen, a striking blonde, is also in the "big money." She makes as much as seventy-five dollars a week and works with fair regularity—but, ironically, her beauty has little or nothing to do with the demand for her services. She is a "stunt-woman,"

ready and willing to take the risks for Hollywood's high-salaried stars.

All of these truly beautiful girls frankly admit that they have earned only the most meager of livings from the screen. They earn as much or more than a good stenographer when they work, but they are idle at least half of the time. And they are the cream of the crop! "Four A" beauties!

Warner Brothers, having gone in for filmicals in a "big way," have given contracts to several exceptionally beautiful girls. But they are paying their fair contractees only about forty dollars a week and are using them as "showgirls" to augment the chorus. The rest of the chorines, especially the trained specialty dancers, are hired by the week or day and earn from thirty to fifty dollars per week. Jayne Shattuck, Maxine Cantway, Lorena Layson, Lynn Browning and Loretta Andrews are the lucky ones who hold contracts—lucky because the studio executives watch them closely and pray that at least one of them will develop eventually into a box-office attraction.

All this while, we have been discussing chorus girls, most of whom are trained dancers. They have more than beauty to offer. How about the girls who lack that training?

The "Extras" Who Get the Jobs

DAVE ALLEN, director-in-chief of the Central Casting Bureau, says very frankly that beauty is just about the last quality which he considers in an applicant for "extra" work. And "extra work" is all that unknown newcomers can ever hope to get.

"Ten thousand girls are registered with Central Casting," he tells me. "The ones who work the most are those who can 'wear clothes' and whose wardrobe includes an outfit for every occasion. Almost every girl who comes here to register insists upon talking about her beauty and her ability to act. We're not interested. If she has a complete wardrobe and is the stately type, we can usually find her a few days' work each month—maybe one or two days' work a week. We list such girls as 'dress extras.'"

"We have found that the ingénue type is not suitable for 'extra' work. Wistfulness and cuteness are lost in the background of a scene—and 'extras' are pictorial background, nothing more. Janet Gaynor, Sally Eilers, Marian Nixon and Frances Dee were not particularly successful 'extras' . . ."

And it is interesting to pause right here and list the girls who have risen from the "extra" ranks during the seventeen years of Dave Allen's experience. In addition to the four mentioned above, they are: Nora Lane, Gwen Lee, Sharon Lynn, Doris Hill, Nancy Dover, Marjorie Beebe, Helen Foster, Raquel Torres, Jeanette Loff, Alice White, Alice Terry, Edwina Booth, Claire Windsor, Irene Rich, Sue Carol, Zasu Pitts, Jean Harlow, Karen Morley, Florence Britton, Lita Chevret, Phyllis Crane and Lucille Powers. Considering the tens of thousands who have registered during those seventeen years, the list is certainly not overwhelming. And please note, not many of the successful ones are noted for their beauty.

The Chances of Beauties' Success

"HOW much is beauty worth in Hollywood?" Dave Allen pondered the question. "Why, from our standpoint, I should say it's just about worthless. Many really beautiful girls are registered with us—some of them, I suppose, could be

classed with the most beautiful in the world. But of the ten thousand girls registered, only sixty-nine averaged as much as two days' work a week last year. And at least fifty of the sixty-nine were not beauties."

Cecil B. De Mille—and you'll have to admit that he has had a world of experience—brutally discounts the chances of the ultra-beautiful girl in Hollywood. He says:

"Beauty is an excellent calling card—nothing more. I've given several beautiful girls a chance, but of them all, only one—Alice Terry—became a star. Personality and ability are far more important than beauty. Personal neatness, refinement and self-control are prime assets. Beautiful eyes (there you have a concession) and a beautiful speaking voice are vital necessities.

"Almost every great feminine star has succeeded in spite of—or perhaps partly because of—some noticeable defect of face or form. Please understand, I do not depreciate beauty. If accompanied by personality, culture, poise and ability, it is a great asset. But without those companion qualities, it is not valuable enough to pay its owner a decent living in Hollywood.

Why More Don't Succeed

"FEW great beauties have appealing voices—a fact for which I have never been able to account. But it *is* a fact. Most of them have what I call the 'een yah' voice. Perhaps their trouble lies in their willingness to conclude that their beauty, alone, is sufficient to give them the victory. An intelligent girl should not be content with her good points. She should also develop her weak points—and by so doing, she will automatically develop her personality."

Ben Piazza, veteran casting director of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, contented himself with a very brief expression, to wit: "Beauty is a valuable asset if it belongs to a girl who has intelligence enough to avoid depending on it. Otherwise, it's not worth talking about. The day when a girl could succeed in pictures merely because of her beauty is ancient history."

And there you are—but I'll bet you won't believe it. It's easier to rob a lioness of her cubs than it is to convince the average beauty that her enchanting face is not an "Open Sesame" to the treasure trove of Hollywood.

Haven't I tried to convince several beauty-contest winners that they should go home and marry that nice neighbor boy instead of fruitlessly beating their wings against the incandescent lamp of film fame? And aren't they still here, working one day and worrying six?

Didn't one of them leave her successful, Middle-Western husband to become a "screen star"? And, after three years of effort, isn't her nearest approach to stardom a place in the chorus of a recent musical film and her unidentified picture, clad in a pair of lace unmentionables, on some of the billboards? And wasn't she selected as one of the thirteen most beautiful "extras" in Hollywood?

And—wouldn't she like to return to that deserted husband? Probably not—for beauties are strangely persistent!

Did You Know That--

Universal is now proving that talent, rather than "looks," is what the movies want by starting a summer—"talent school"—recruiting fifty students from West Coast high schools and colleges, where they have already studied the rudiments of acting?

Olive Oil

makes your skin alluring

... and makes Palmolive green

AS true today as it was in Cleopatra's time—"for beauty, your skin needs olive oil." For 3,000 years, olive oil has been cherished for skin beauty... through the ages the unfailing answer to smoother, lovelier, more charming complexions. That's why more and more women every day cherish Palmolive. For this olive-green soap is made of precious olive oil. Certainly, Palmolive deserves its world-wide enduring success.

Everybody knows that olive oil makes skin alluring—and Palmolive is abundant in olive oil. No heavy perfumes... no bleaches... no artificial colors. Palmolive's green is the green of Nature's own vegetable oils. Palmolive now costs so little, you can use it generously, even in your beauty baths.

Palmolive is now selling at the lowest price in history.

This much olive oil goes into every cake

Faithfully shown by the size of this container is the abundant quantity of olive oil that goes into every cake of Palmolive. That's why 20,000 beauty experts recommend Palmolive, including Vincent, of Philadelphia's Benjamin Franklin Hotel, who says: "Since all this olive oil goes into every cake... naturally I prefer Palmolive."

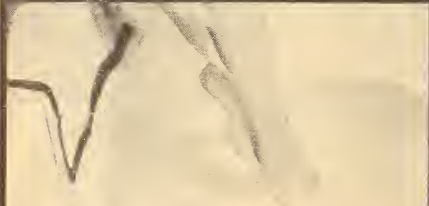


Pain Stops Instantly!

CORNS

Gone in 3 days

THIS SAFE, SCIENTIFIC WAY



1 SOAK THE FOOT for ten minutes in hot water, then wipe it dry.



2 APPLY BLUE-JAY, centering pad directly over the corn.

HOW BLUE-JAY WORKS: **A** is the mild medication that gently undermines the corn. **B** is the felt pad that relieves the pressure, stops pain at once. **C** is the adhesive strip that holds pad in place, prevents slipping.



3 AFTER 3 DAYS, corn is gone. Remove plaster, soak foot 10 minutes in hot water, lift out the corn. (Old, tough corns may need a 2nd application, because Blue-Jay is mild and gentle in its action).

Blue-Jay, used by millions for 35 years, is the invention of a famous chemist. It is made for you by Bauer & Black, surgical dressing house whose scientific products are used by doctors and hospitals the world over. *Be kind to your feet.* When a corn appears remove it with Blue-Jay. 25c at all druggists. Special sizes for bunions, calluses.

BLUE - JAY

BAUER & BLACK'S SCIENTIFIC CORN REMOVER

"For Better Feet"—Free Booklet contains helpful information for foot sufferers. Also valuable foot exercises. Address Bauer & Black, 2500 S. Dearborn St., Chicago. (Pasting this coupon on a government postcard will save postage) MC7

Name _____
Street _____
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Has Jean Become Joan's Rival?

(Continued from page 23)

Norma Shearer "among the established stars" as her ideal.

Just recently Jean and a woman-friend dropped into a beach house to call on a friend and found that Joan was the only other guest present. There was a great deal of "Hello, dear"-ing with everybody until Joan and Jean got around to their customary "Miss Harlow"-ing (with a nod) and "Miss Crawford"-ing (with another nod).

The merry-go-round of the girls' "rivalry" now appears to be revolving around Clark Gable. He has played with Joan three times (in "Dance, Fools, Dance," "Laughing Sinners" and "Possessed") and he has played with Jean thrice (in "The Secret Six," "Red Dust" and "Hold Your Man"). Which will play with him first for the fourth time—Joan or Jean?

The amusing part of it is that they are so extraordinarily alike, temperamentally!

Jean has a gorgeous sense of humor. So has Joan. They both love to laugh. They both love to play. They are probably the two best "scouts" in Hollywood. The even more amusing part is that they have both been dogged by feminine rivalry of some sort from the very beginning of their separate careers!

When Joan first made her chorus-girl advent into Hollywood, she had plenty of competition in little Sally O'Neil and Constance Bennett, with both of whom she appeared in "Sally, Irene and Mary." Of the three debutantes, pert, little Sally was conceded to have the greatest chances for stardom. Constance Bennett was second in line, according to the rumor experts. Her relegation to third place only served to whet Joan's determination to outdistance her rivals—and if you are a loyal moviegoer, you should know the outcome of that contest by now. After a short flare in the spotlight, Sally permitted her screen career to be wrecked by an unfortunate romance. Constance Bennett temporarily abandoned the screen to become Mrs. Philip Plant. Joan was firmly established as a star when Connie once again entered the field two years later.

Even the Crawford romance with Michael Cudahy met plenty of competition in those days. The popular Constance Talmadge (single at the time) was the cause of Joan's final serious break with the young Chicago millionaire.

Rivals Joan Has Encountered

AS Joan grew from a "cute kid" into a "young dramatic player" on the M-G-M lot, she found that a great many parts she would have loved to play were being handed to that other "coming young dramatic actress," Eleanor Boardman. But time eventually eliminated Eleanor from the running as she settled down to a restless domesticity with director King Vidor. Joan was not long in conquering that particular field and stepped into a hey-hey stardom that soon developed into more dramatic rôles and active competition with Norma Shearer.

Is there any need to go into that famous "duel of wits" again? For awhile, Joan frankly believed that Norma was being favored with the "plum" rôles on the lot. She was also upset that she drew novice leading men, while Norma had such romantic leads as Leslie Howard, Clark Gable and Robert Montgomery. But box-office success eventually evened up the score between the two ladies of sophistication, and at the time Norma recently sailed off to Europe with husband Irving Thalberg (whose doctor had ordered a long rest), Joan was

second to no woman star at M-G-M (except Garbo, perhaps)—and a warm friendship had sprung up between Norma and Joan!

Such has been Joan's history of constant Hollywood rivalries all the way up the ladder. Jean Harlow's almost equals it!

Rivals Jean Has Seen

THE first real interest that Hollywood took in Jean was when the rumors began to be circulated that Billie Dove was becoming upset about the platinum blonde whom Howard Hughes (then Billie's "fiancé") had chosen for the lead in "Hell's Angels." Talk had it that the cause of the argument was a dress, a very dazzling dress, said to have been paid for by Hughes and worn by Jean at her personal appearances with Hughes' air picture. Whether or not that particular story is true, certainly there was no great amount of love lost between Jean and Billie.

Everyone had expected much from Jean, following "Hell's Angels," in which she gave such a startling performance. But when she was loaned out to other companies for minor pictures by producer Hughes and Billie Dove's starring picture was rushed into production, the wise ones assumed their know-it-all expression and whispered of rivalry. In time Jean grew so unhappy with her lagging contract with Hughes that she walked out on it—and at the same time walked out of the rumors about herself and Billie.

For almost a year Jean's career languished. Then she accepted a personal appearance contract and was innocently put into competition with Alice White as to which one was doing the most "record-breaking" business. Though Jean had little, or nothing, to say about this, little Alice did. It isn't very difficult to get the idea that Alice does not exactly admire Jean's work, either in personal appearances or in the movies. The most recent development of this "rivalry" was the casting of Alice White in the Los Angeles stage version of "Dinner at Eight" and Jean in the same rôle in the movie version. Alice is quoted as having said to a friend that she "couldn't see Jean" in the rôle!

Other rivalries encountered by Jean have been based more on a mistaken conception about her than on actual facts. Once Jean was terribly amused when a young wife, whom she knew casually, actually forbade her husband to speak to the platinum blonde when he encountered her at the studio! And consider all the would-be rivals Jean has had in the other actresses who have become platinum blondes!

When Joan married Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., gossips whispered that she was socially ambitious. When Jean married Paul Bern, studio executive, the gossips whispered that she was ambitious for stardom. But the unhappy ending of the Fairbanks-Crawford marriage has not cost Joan any of her friends or curtailed her social life. And the tragedy that overtook Jean Harlow in the death of Paul Bern has not injured her career; she has advanced steadily. People respect the ability of both Joan and Jean.

And now Jean is rapidly nearing stardom on the M-G-M lot, where Hollywood is whispering her into perhaps her greatest rivalry—with another great sex-appeal star of the screen, Joan Crawford.

Funny, isn't it, that these two girls, whose careers from the beginning have had so many parallels and so many rivalries, should eventually be put in the position where they might become each other's foremost rivals?

Looking Them Over

(Continued from page 33)

to take up his practice of law where he left off at the time of his marriage to the little Gaynor.

Lydell has a world of friends in 'Frisco who are just waiting to welcome him back to the fold!

JOLA LANE has resumed her before-marriage-to-Lew Ayres-habit of lunching almost daily with Herbert Somborn, of the *Brown Derby* Somborns. They both say "just friends!"

"**SOMETIME in June**" has been set as the approximate wedding time of Doris Kenyon Sills and Arthur Hopkins, real estate broker of Syracuse, New York.

The romance began some months ago when Doris went East on a concert tour.

BOB KENASTON was so successful in cutting out all other suitors with popular Billie Dove that she married him—the event taking place a month ago in Yuma, Arizona. The romance of the star and the ranch owner budded several years ago when Billie met Bob at a Hollywood restaurant. It is his first marriage and her second. If the marriage isn't a real love match then Hollywood has certainly lost its knack for detecting the gentle emotion. Billie and Bob can apparently sit and gaze at each other for hours . . . much to the annoyance of Hollywood waiters who place food in front of them . . . and then remove it, untouched!

DOUG FAIRBANKS, JR., took out Benita Hume the other night—and for the first time since his separation from Joan, really seemed to be enjoying himself. However, it is no particular secret from anyone that Joan is still Doug's "all."

JEAN HARLOW'S black and white dress with the large black cross on the bodice has everybody talking. It has almost the effect of a nun's robe and when worn by the dashing Harlow the effect is nothing short of sensational!

MAE WEST, who used to wear the reddest fingernails in Hollywood, has switched over to a shiny silver finish! That's news! Everything Mae does lately is copied to a fare-you-well. Garbo had better get busy quickly . . . or the first thing you know we are all going to be plump and silver fingernailed! And go up 'n' see each other sometime!!

WHEN Harry Bannister set sail for the Orient to engage in newspaper work as a "flying war correspondent" for a syndicated news service, Ann Harding was on hand to bid him a tearful goodbye. By all rights this should have revived the usual raft of "reconciliation" rumors—but it didn't. Hollywood is getting used to Ann weeping "Hello" or "Goodbye" to Harry. Weep as she does . . . they never make up! The gossip-spreaders would have you believe that Ann and Alex Kirkland are interested in one another. But both declare "there's nothing to it."

NEVER has good old Hollywood seen such backless gowns as worn by Lilian Harvey! Not only on the screen, mind you,

(Continued on page 59)



7 kinds of stains discolor teeth— COLGATE'S REMOVES ALL SEVEN

MANY AN attractive woman wonders why her teeth are often dull, lustreless—even after brushing.

She doesn't know that the things she eats and drinks put *seven kinds* of stains on her teeth.

She doesn't know that ordinary toothpastes *will not remove all seven*. That Colgate's will.

For Colgate's, unlike ordinary toothpastes, does not rely on *one way* of cleansing—it has *two* actions.

Some food stains yield to polishing action, some only to *emulsive* action. Both are needed to give teeth spotless lustre.

As you brush Colgate's over your teeth, it foams. The emulsive action of this foam loosens most of the stains, dissolves them, washes them away. The polishing ingredient in Colgate's—a safe powder such as dentists use—completes the job of removing the stains, leaving your teeth thoroughly clean—beautiful—charming.

So stop trying to get teeth clean with a toothpaste that does only *half* the job. Start today using Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream for 10 days. Notice what a difference it makes in your appearance—how much cleaner it gets your teeth. The large-size tube at your druggist's, only 25c.

For beautiful, stain-free teeth, use Colgate's twice a day, and see your dentist frequently.

The 7 causes of stains that discolor teeth

Group No. 1—Starchy foods	Group No. 6—
Group No. 2—Sugar foods	Fruits
Group No. 3—Protein foods	Group No. 7—
Group No. 4—Fatty foods	Beverages—
Group No. 5—Mineral foods	and tobacco.



COLGATE'S

RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

Guard your DRESSES Spare your FRIENDS

Perspiration can Cost
You Both



New dresses may be easy to buy, but new friends are hard to find. Even if you can afford to ruin good dresses with unsightly perspiration stains, don't risk offending your friends with perspiration's odors!

For underarm odor subtracts irreparably from your charm. And the dress that perspiration fades, is all too soon discarded.

Odorono Protects your Charm and Saves your Dresses

Perspiration is no problem, if you prevent it. This, Odorono—a doctor's prescription—does safely and surely. For underarm moisture *must be prevented* for the sake of your dresses and your friends. And greasy creams, sticks, powders, perfumes and soaps cannot save you. But with Odorono, perspiration and its odors will never disturb you.

Both Odorono Regular (ruby red) and Instant Odorono (colorless) now have the original Odorono sanitary applicator.



**ODORONO
REGULAR**

for use before retiring
—gives 3 to 7 days'
complete protection.



**INSTANT
ODORONO**

is for quick use—while
dressing or at any time.
1 to 3 days' protection.

ODO·RO·NO

Garbo Comes Back — and Talks!

(Continued from page 34)

At this, a photographer, seeing that the writing boys weren't getting much of anywhere, broke in: "All right, Miss Garbo, right over here by the car. Now, wave your hand and give us a smile."

She obeyed, and waved to a good-looking, fair-haired youth who was leaning over the rail of the second deck. Aha! Romance? Then she disappeared into the inevitably-waiting black limousine, in which Mrs. Salka Viertel, wife of Berthol Viertel, Hollywood film director, waited. It whisked away and the crowd of admirers, who were prevented by the gate from going onto the dock, were robbed of more than a glimpse of their idol.

Who was this young man to whom Greta smiled and waved goodbye? Investigation showed he was Ture Steen, twenty-four-year-old son of a wealthy Swedish father and an American mother, Mrs. Elizabeth Steen.

"Ture, come here!" called Mrs. Steen, when a newspaperman embarked on a conversation with the youth. He came back and smilingly said that he hoped his name would not be mentioned. It was the remark of an optimist. Such is the price that a good-looking lad pays for having played shuffleboard with a star of the first magnitude!

Called Her "Very Friendly"

"I THINK Mees Garbo has a very, very pleasant personality," smiled young Mr. Steen. "I found Mees Garbo not at all—what is it you say?—high-hat. Yes, that's it. No, she was very friendly. She was very good at deck games. She was a formidable opponent at shuffleboard. No, I am not going to visit her in Hollywood. Of course, Mees Garbo and I talked only about commonplace things, but I found her very, very sweet, indeed. . . ."

"Ture, come here!" again called Mrs. Steen imperiously.

"Pardon me," said the affable youth and went to confer with his mother.

Nobody believed, until the debarkation was history, that the elaborate secrecy with which Garbo had surrounded herself on her voyage to Hollywood was anything but a publicity gag. That it was a "story," the presence in San Diego of a half-dozen Los Angeles reporters and photographers, augmenting the local boys, testified.

Occupants of two chartered shoreboats watched the *Annie Johnson* as she proceeded up the bay, keeping a sharp lookout lest the famed passenger should attempt to disembark in a skiff, by airplane or carrier pigeon. They knew that Captain Holmberg's request, to have Greta disembarked at quarantine, had been denied by customs officials.

Representatives of the press were even stationed on Point Loma, others scurrying about in speedboats, while others, the most fortunate of all, were on Pier 1. Everyone grumbled. (It was that early!) Somebody on a shoreboat suggested the newspapers should give her the "silent treatment." A wise one on the dock said, "She's on the wane."

But all this half-savage feeling of enmity for the personage who had completely foiled the best reporters of America and Europe became sympathy when she was finally brought to bay.

Her "Fright" Confirmed

SHE was really frightened. She quivered with nervousness while the cameras clicked. It is hard to believe, but true. Later, aboard the trim Swedish motorship, Captain Holmberg and fellow-passengers confirmed all this and supplied the details.

"She hates crowds," explained red-cheeked, mustached, wing-collared Captain Holmberg. "All the way around from Gothenburg she seemed happy. Then yesterday she became nervous. I guess she was afraid of you people. And I can assure you that her nervousness was not feigned."

"I probably saw less of her than anyone else on board. She didn't ask for any special favors and she was the best sailor in the crowd. Sometimes she ate in her de luxe stateroom and sometimes at our table in the saloon. She had permission to go onto the bridge, although she didn't ask for it. Her visits ashore were at Puerto Colombia, Cartagena and Puntarenas. At Panama, the port captain, Captain Svenson, took her for a half-hour's ride around the city. A crowd gathered and she fled back to the ship."

When the *Annie Johnson* left Gothenburg, Sweden, there was no blowing of trumpets, no farewell address by silk-hatted aldermen, no throwing of serpentine. The liner sailed at midnight—"she always seems to sail at midnight," was Captain Holmberg's interjection—and only two intimate friends accompanied the actress to the vessel.

Passengers who boarded the *Annie Johnson* at Antwerp saw little of their famous shipmate until the choppy waves of the English Channel had given way to the longer swells of the north Atlantic. Then she came out more frequently; she played shuffleboard a good deal with Mrs. Elizabeth Steen and her son, Ture; she made friends with nine-year-old Norris Varonian; she filled in the spare time with reading Swedish newspapers, magazines and books, the latter including Michael Arlen's "Mayfair," a book on Buddhism, and a life of Jenny Lind, the "Swedish Nightingale," among others.



Captain Holmberg, of the good ship *Annie Johnson*, bearing a little gift of roses for Garbo, guards her to the last—leading her ashore

Walked the Deck in Shorts

GRETA—which, by the way, passengers say she pronounced "Gretta," and not "Gretta"—is a firm believer in wearing shorts, up to a certain point. With these, she wore a sweater and an officer's cap. As the weather cooled, when the ship ran into lowering skies and an occasional spatter of rain, she appeared on deck attired in long dungaree trousers, instead of shorts. The fact that she wore shorts, in itself, proves that she is not so self-conscious about revealing her legs as the gossip writers have insisted.

Captain Holmberg's comment—"she was the best sailor aboard"—was verified by this; for what good sailor would appear, in that type of weather described by Southern California chambers of commerce as "unusual," clad only in shorts? But Greta must have worn them often, for Captain Holmberg, who has been up against all kinds of weather in everything from a square-rigger to his present big motorship, said it was a fine voyage.

Another passenger was quoted as saying that down in the tropics Greta took sunbaths in a lifeboat, up on the top deck. And speaking about the tropics: A newspaper woman boarded the motorship on the Atlantic side of the Panama Canal, intent on an interview. She rode all the way through the Canal, while her prey was safely ensconced on the bridge, with heavy lines rigged across the ladders so that no one else could get up. The Panama papers, they say, were not exactly Garbo-minded when they came out next day.

Reception Committee Was Limited

ONE of Captain Holmberg's firm beliefs is that, what passengers want, passengers must have. So, with Garbo's aversion to hurrah and whoopee in mind, he sent in a radiogram that no one but government inspectors would be allowed aboard before the ship was tied up at the pier. Thus the reception committee was necessarily limited. There was Captain H. T. Meriwether, port pilot, who not only brought in the ship, but also delivered the bouquet sent out on radio orders from Captain Holmberg; Dr. J. W. Tappan, of the public health service; Tom Ross, veteran customs officer; and T. H. Gourley, who scans passenger and crew lists of inbound vessels for the Immigration Service.

"Do you intend to become an American citizen?" Mr. Gourley asked Garbo, as soon as he boarded the ship.

"Well—perhaps; perhaps not. I may change my mind."

Then the ship was at the pier; bells clanged below, and the *Annie Johnson's* huge Diesel engines chugged stolidly in reverse; heaving lines hurtled through the air; along came Garbo. G. W. Olson, Swedish consul at Los Angeles; G. Eckdahl, travel director for the Johnson line from the same city; H. E. Holbrook, the line's local agent, and Mrs. Holbrook; reporters, cameramen and Garbo fans, who had executed a flank movement around the pier shed, gathered in a tight huddle and waited for an opportunity to quiz her.

"Are you glad to be back? How long do you intend to stay?"

Answers in a husky voice; a wave of the hand, a brief, frightened little smile; the burr-burr of a horn as the sedan started ahead—above the whine of electric winches and the slam and clatter of overturned hatch covers as stevedores went to work to their different tasks.

The Garbo "mystery" had blown up. Greta was a regular person, charming and approachable, after all. The voyage was ended. And now that the ice has been broken, what's to prevent Greta and the reporters from being friends again?

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**20 to 30% greater
protection**

KOTEX radically improved. . . Kotex emphatically bettered all the time . . . yet offered at lower and lower prices. Today you can buy Kotex with the New Equalizer at any drug, dry goods or department store.

New Patented Equalizer

The new patented Equalizer in Kotex gives 20 to 30% greater protection; more adequate but less bulky protection; a feeling of lasting safety. An intimate explanation of the new Equalizer is given you on the direction sheet inside the package.

Ends, of course, are "phantomized" . . . not only rounded but flattened, tapered, made absolutely non-revealing. Absorbency, softness, disposability are identically the same as in the Kotex you've always known. Its soft, downy filler never was softer, never gave you such perfect comfort as it does now—with the new Equalizer. It can be worn on either side with equal protection.

Unique to Kotex

This new Equalizer is so unique it has been protected by patent No. 1,863,333. In Kotex—and Kotex alone—you get this new, carefully worked out principle of better, safer protection. Protection especially designed for greater security, freedom, ease of mind.

Try it. Learn for yourself, what immeasurable advantages to comfort, ease of mind, safety this new Kotex with Patented Equalizer brings.

Why no sanitary pad can be "just like the new Equalizer Kotex"

Yes, it looks simple, but this device took 2½ years to perfect. Imitations can be made, they will be made, but it cannot truthfully be said of any other pad that it is like the New Kotex with Patented Equalizer . . . and this is why:

- 1**—it took two and one-half years to perfect.
- 2**—a board of three hundred women tested it.
- 3**—medical authority of high repute checked their findings.
- 4**—★AND, the United States Government granted Patent No. 1,863,333 to protect it for use of Kotex, exclusively.

Illustrations and text copy. 1933, Kotex Co.





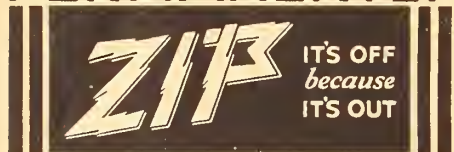
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New: ZiP Deodorant Pencil 50¢
Convenient - Efficient - Smart

"I'd Like to Be Human—for a Change!" Says Connie Bennett

(Continued from page 10)

wedding—that I would gladly pose for any pictures he might want, and that his negatives could supply all the papers and magazines. I especially asked the publicity department to notify the papers. Evidently, someone concluded either that I did not know my own mind, or that I could be bluffed. The Fitzmaurice house is small—hardly large enough to accommodate all the guests we had invited. The presence indoors of thirty or forty newspaper men would have meant pandemonium. Furthermore, I was *being married*, not holding a press reception!"

And that's that—a very logical that, too, it strikes me. Connie, by the way, has a decided flair for logic which is very annoying. Hollywood cannot reconcile itself to an actress who insists on reducing absurdities to their proper level.

Many a writer has burned with wrath because Connie summarily rejected his pet idea for a sensational interview. She demands that all writers communicate their proposed subject matter before she will consent to see them. If the idea seems to her "silly" or "embarrassing," she promptly refuses to be interviewed, potential enmities notwithstanding. As a result of her policy, a great many anti-Bennett articles have been written by scribes who *never* have met her. High-hat because she demands to know the writer's theme before seeing him? Well...

Resents Questions About Money

"H^As it ever occurred to you that there are at least two hundred interviewers in Hollywood, and that to see them all on any and every excuse would be an absolute impossibility?" she asks. "And *why* should I talk on ridiculous subjects? Because I happen to be an actress, I see no reason to forfeit every claim to common, every-day intelligence. Moreover, many of the stories suggested would be tantamount to business suicide. Writers are continually concocting interviews in which I am to talk about money.

"For some reason, I've been hounded all my life by 'money publicity.' One would think that I had been born under a special zodiac, all the signs of which were dollar signs. Wild misstatements of fact have been published so often that they have been accepted as truth. For instance, there was the publicity given my 'thirty-thousand-dollar-a-week' salary from Warner Brothers. I was labeled 'the highest-salaried star in Hollywood.' I am *not*—far from it, in fact. Neither did I receive thirty thousand dollars a week. I received three hundred thousand dollars for making two pictures, and, because I was willing to work day and night, they were produced in ten weeks. There are several stars in Hollywood who receive at least three hundred thousand dollars for *each* picture they make.

"I was called 'mercenary,' 'hard,' 'scheming,' 'piratical'—in short, everything but an out-and-out thief—because I accepted the value which Warner Brothers, themselves, were willing to place on my services. For heaven's sake, why? I am not in this business solely for enjoyment! I am a business woman and I intend to earn all the money I can while I remain in business. The Warner Brothers are business men, not philanthropists. If they paid me too much, they did it of their own free will, in the honest belief that they were getting a bargain."

Has No Use for Yes-Men

THE most probable explanation for the occasional press attacks on Connie is that we humans are almost invariably jealous of

the other person's success. We are also resentful of independence. And Connie is independent with a capital "I." She will not be coerced into anything. She reserves the right to think for herself. On the other hand, she welcomes an argument—if it is an *intelligent* argument. She is perfectly willing to be convinced, and no one can admit defeat more gracefully than she.

"I detest yes-men," she declares with considerable venom. "Hollywood has more than its share of sycophants, parasites and spineless hypocrites. I've never made the slightest effort to conceal my contempt and dislike for them. I consider their enmity a sincere compliment. I'm human enough to want to be liked by people. But my definition of people does not include jellyfish. And neither does it include posers. Any person who lacks the courage to stand up for his own convictions is a very pitiable object."

Connie, you may be sure, stands up for *her* convictions. She has been an El Dorado to the gossip writers who have reported her not infrequent disagreements with the studios. There was the time when she refused to pose in a teddy—or some other unmentionable—for publicity stunts. The studio executives insisted, the director insisted. One would have thought from all the furore that international issues hung on her willingness to display her nether garments. She didn't!

Her honesty is as disconcerting as her language—on occasion—is forceful. The two combine to make her enemies. If a writer authors an article which she considers ridiculous—she tells that unlucky writer with supreme frankness: "That's terrible!" Writers are not accustomed to such remarks, for most of Hollywood's stars, it must be admitted, would sell their birthrights for a mess of flattering adjectives.

Refuses to "Play Politics"

"I SAY what I think," proclaims the eldest daughter of the Bennett clan. "People must either like me for what I honestly am—or not at all. I will not 'play politics' or be ingratiating. There is something slinky about people who are continually grinding an ax."

She is equally frank in expressing her views to producers—as Pathé discovered immediately after signing her a few years ago. While she was en route to the United States from France, she received a cablegram from the studio executives, suggesting that she should give out an interview and "make the front page" by stating that "No Girl Should Marry a Millionaire"—the direct reverse of the statement later attributed to her.

A very disgusted Connie flashed back an answer: "I do not want to crash the front pages in that way. For some inexplicable reason, when I come to America, I always land on the front pages—and without having to make an ass of myself to do it."

She did not exaggerate. She has been front-page copy ever since her elopement, years ago, with a college-boy sweetheart. She says that she does not know *why* she is copy. And there I can answer—anyone with such decided opinions, who is in the public eye, is news!

She is no Garbo, nursing a hermit complex. She does not shrink from publicity—as long as it is founded on truth. She resents as ridiculous the tendency of certain editors to glorify trivialities and to make sensational capital of her private life, which she fully intends to keep private. To ask for an

article on her "love-life" is to court a withering blast of pointed language. To write such an article without consulting her is to face just such difficulty as now confronts a certain Hollywood writer who usurped on an ancient and very slight acquaintance to write a story in which she was pictured as a gin-drinking, whoopee girl who considered necking the national pastime. Constance saw the story and instantly declared war. The terrified writer confessed in writing that his article was *one hundred per cent concoction*, and now spends his spare time trembling for fear that Connie will press the matter. And well he may!

"I'd like to be human!" she says. "Lord knows, I've my share of faults. I have a temper and the habit of losing it over unimportant things; intolerance of stupidity and the habit of expressing that intolerance at the cost of hurt feelings; a sincere joy in a good fight and the Irish tendency to indulge it. . . . Talk about my faults all you please, but picture me as a human being—just for a change."

I'll let your faults alone, Connie. They called you "hard"—and I discovered what you had done for a crippled "extra" girl. You don't want that discussed, so I'll drop it. They called you "inconsiderate," and you dropped everything to give me an interview on the eve of an unexpected sailing to Europe. Furthermore, didn't you scathingly denounce men's pants for women? *That* sold you to me, forever!

Looking Them Over

(Continued from page 55)

but Coconut Grove-ing and private party-ing as well. If Lilian were not so very small and dainty (*refined* is probably the word) the gowns would be just too, too gaspy!

TWO of Hollywood's most attractive young juveniles have disappointed a flock of screen ingénues by "up and marrying" their old school sweethearts. On April 14th, Buster Crabbe (Paramount's Johnny Weissmuller) was "secretly" wed to Adah Virginia Held at Yuma, Arizona.

A couple of days later Bob Young of M-G-M stepped altarward with his school-days sweetheart, the pretty Betty Henderson.

REMEMBER when Estelle Taylor was seriously injured in an automobile accident last New Year's Eve? Estelle brought a \$150,000 suit against Frank Joyce and his Negro chauffeur, Noel Scott. The claim was recently settled in the California courts for \$20,000.

The irony of it is that of this amount Estelle gets only \$3,000! The other \$17,000 has to be divided between the doctors, lawyers and hospital bills.

DOROTHEA WIECK, of the famed "Maedchen in Uniform," says her last name is correctly pronounced "Veek." Which is certainly simple compared to the "Wake" and "Weck" Hollywood has been attempting.

IT looks as though Alice White and Cy Bartlett have "made up," and all is well once again with Hollywood's foremost marathon romance. Every night, now, Cy is stationed at the stage door of "Dinner At Eight" waiting for Alice to go to supper with him. They both seem very happy again . . . which seems to prove that romantic vacations are a great help in times of lovers' tiffs.

(Continued on page 60)

"We're Engaged"



What a world of pleasant talk can start from a snapshot! That's one of the reasons why you're in such a hurry to get the prints . . . "Oh, isn't *this* good!" "He called me up again last night." "Do you remember when we took this?"

Snapshot possibilities are immensely greater now because of a new kind of film. With Kodak VERICHROME Film you don't need to have bright light. Dull or sunny—even in shade—go right ahead. No more squinting, no more posing. Snap when people are relaxed and natural—you'll get the finest pictures you've ever made. Today, try a roll of Verichrome—in the yellow box with checkered stripes. Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, New York.



HOW KODAK VERICHROME FILM DOUBLE-GUARDS SNAPSHOT SUCCESS

- Verichrome is the *double-coated film*. Two sensitive coatings instead of one. One coating for dull light, another coating for bright light give Verichrome its amazing picture-taking range. In sun or shade, on bright days or dull, it double-guards your snapshot success.

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HEIGHT 5 FT. 4 IN.
WEIGHT 120 LBS.



SKINNY GIRLS listen to this!

Amazing easy way adds new pounds double quick!

Thousands gaining 5 to 15 lbs. in a few weeks with sensational new double tonic. Richest imported beer yeast now concentrated 7 times and combined with energizing iron

THOUSANDS who were once scrawny, sickly, weak, praise this new way to gain weight and health.

For years doctors prescribed yeast to put flesh on skinny, rundown men and women. But now, thanks to this new scientific discovery, you can get even better results—put on firmer, healthier flesh than with ordinary yeast—and in a far shorter time.

Not only are thousands quickly gaining beauty-bringing pounds—but other benefits, too. Muddy, blemished skin changes to a fresh, glowing, radiantly clear complexion. Constipation, poor appetite, lack of pep, vanish. Life becomes a thrilling adventure.

2 greatest body-builders in 1

This amazing new product, Ironized Yeast, is made from specially cultured, imported *beer yeast*—the richest yeast known—which by a new process is concentrated 7 times—*made 7 times more powerful.*

But that is not all! This marvelous, health-building yeast is then *ironized* with 3 special kinds of iron which strengthen the blood, add new energy and pep.

Day after day, as you take Ironized Yeast, watch flat chest develop, skinny limbs round out attractively, complexion clear—you're an entirely new person.

Results guaranteed

No matter how skinny and weak you may be, or how long you have been that way, this marvelous new Ironized Yeast should build you up in a few short weeks as it has thousands. So successful has it been that it is absolutely guaranteed. If you are not delighted with the results of the very first package, your money instantly refunded.

Only be sure you get *genuine* Ironized Yeast, not some imitation that cannot give the same results. Insist on the *genuine* with "IY" stamped on each tablet.

Special FREE offer!

To start you building up your health *right away*, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body", by a well-known authority. Remember, results are guaranteed with the very first package—or money refunded. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Dept. 207, Atlanta, Ga.

15 lbs. in 4 weeks

"I was skinny, weak, nervous, tired, couldn't sleep, had an awful complexion. But after taking Ironized Yeast I gained 15 lbs. in 4 weeks, look fine."
Mrs. Ethel Airhart, Edinburg, Va.

28 lbs. gained

"I was so rundown I had to give up work. My druggist advised Ironized Yeast and I quickly gained 28 lbs., work hard and never tire, feel and look great."
J. F. Bork, Buffalo, N. Y.

8 lbs., lovely skin

"I had lost weight and my complexion was terrible, but Ironized Yeast soon gave me 8 lbs. and a lovely skin."
Ida Lenz, Houston, Tex.

10 lbs. in 1 month

"For several years I had no pep or ambition. Was very nervous, tired, worn out, skinny. I've taken Ironized Yeast for one month now and gained 10 lbs., new strength, wonderful complexion."
Wilma Tesar, Houston, Tex.

Gary Cooper Answers Twenty Frank Questions

(Continued from page 26)

3. *Have your parents disapproved of your past romances?*

"I think most parents disapprove of their children's first loves. Mothers, in particular, have exaggerated ideas of their offsprings' worth, and to mothers in general there do not exist other human beings good enough for their own children."

4. *Are you currently and seriously interested in Wera Engels or Lilian Harvey, or both?*

"The two ladies are simply charming friends. My acquaintance with them has been enlarged by gossip. For instance, I learned from a newspaper story that I sent Miss Harvey a huge box of orchids. The information was news, all right—news even to me."

5. *Have you spent a great deal of money entertaining of late?*

"I have played host at a number of parties, but none was elaborate or expensive. In the past I have been a guest in the homes of a great number of friends, and I have recently attempted to prove my gratefulness by returning their compliments."

6. *Why have you not been starred?*

"I do not want to be a star. I have observed that studios customarily load stars with mediocre stories and expect the public to continue liking those stars. I prefer to remain a featured player or leading man in good pictures. Few producing organizations are careful to select good stories for individual stars constantly."

7. *Were you self-conscious when you appeared opposite that superb actress, Helen Hayes?*

"I expected to be before I began work, because I realize that I am not an actor and I believed I would suffer by comparison with Miss Hayes. However, she is such a delightful person and fine actress that I lost all self-consciousness after the first few hours."

8. *Why have you lately affected English clothes and derbies?*

"I have done no such thing. The studio made photographs of me in some suits I bought abroad, and the appearance of these pictures caused the report that I spurn American tailors. On the contrary, most of my clothes are made in Hollywood. As a matter of fact, I habitually wear slack trousers and a ranch (cowboy) jacket."

9. *Will you return to live on a ranch after your picture career is ended?*

"Not on my Montana ranch. I would like to have a ranch more convenient to big cities; at least within an hour's driving distance."

10. *Is your health bad?*

"I have long been troubled with nervous disorders and jaundice, and I constantly guard against both. Making motion pictures is particularly nerve-racking, and if I do not leave Hollywood periodically, I am reduced to jitters."

11. *Is the report true that, when you were abroad, you were nursed from near-death by the Countess Frasso?*

"Not entirely. I was a sick man when I landed in Rome, Italy. The Count and Countess Frasso are friends of Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford, who had given me letters of introduction. I spent considerable time in Rome and with my titled friends there. They kindly recommended the finest doctors, who were able to do much for me."

12. *What about the report of a romance between you and the Countess?*

"Absurd! The lady has a husband, with whom I am intimate."

13. Why were you out of town when the Countess Frasso recently returned from Europe?

"There was no reason for me to be in town. However, I probably should have been present to meet her at the train, had I known the exact time of her arrival."

14. Will you return to Africa again to hunt wild game?

"Undoubtedly; I may be on my way before this article appears in print. I like the thrill of hunting, but I like even better going to a place where people never heard of Hollywood. I need vacations, and simply going from Hollywood to another city does not fulfill my want, because people in all cities act and live almost identically. Life in the African jungles is a complete relief from city habits, believe me!"

15. Were you ever in actual danger while hunting lions?

"I do not think so. The ferocity of lions is greatly exaggerated by their appearance. Armed with high-powered rifles, a hunter is reasonably safe. There is always an element of danger to lion-hunting, of course, but I have never faced a real crisis."

16. Why did you re-paint your blazingly-tinted automobile to a more subdued color?

"Because that car was like an advertisement; everywhere I went, people knew because my motor was parked. There are times, you know, when a man wants to be obscure, even to his friends."

17. Why have you not bought a house in Hollywood?

"I am too restless to remain long in one house. I have not yet made up my mind where I want to live. Why buy houses to live in when I should soon feel like moving out of them?"

18. Do you prefer sophisticated women or ingénues?

"I have no general preference. Perhaps I like diversion. If I have devoted myself almost entirely for a while to one type, I usually look for the other for the sake of variation."

19. Are you worried about your future?

"No. I was born and bred on a ranch—in the open spaces. Men of the West are usually taciturn. We have the innate belief that we can always manage to get along, come what may. If I lost my savings and my career were to end tomorrow, I would not worry about the future."

20. Would you marry a motion picture actress?

"I shall marry a woman, not a career. I do not mean that I would not marry an actress, but if I should, I hope she will not be more devoted to motion pictures than to marriage. I would like to find a girl—actress or non-professional—adaptable to any setting; a girl as much at home at a ranch table, as at a table in the finest hotels; a girl as happy astride a horse on the plains, as she would be at a Mayfair Ball."

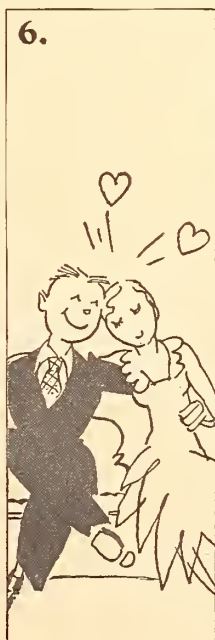
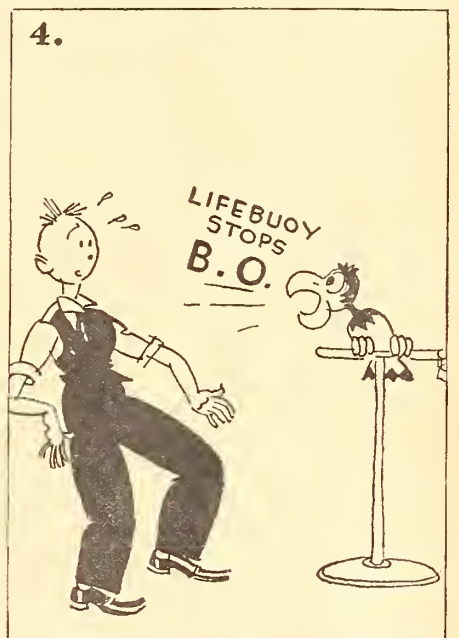
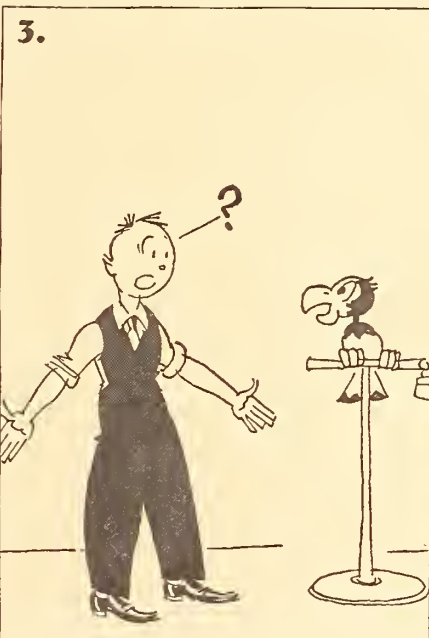
"Find me that girl, Fidler, and you, yourself, may answer question number two."

Did You Know That--

Gary Cooper is scheduled to make "One Sunday Afternoon," a wistful comedy about a sentimentalist who can't forget his first love? It's something new for Gary.

Doris Kenyon, widow of Milton Sills, is to be the June bride of Arthur Hopkins, wealthy Syracuse (N. Y.) business man, who almost became her fiancé once before—several years ago?

Paul Robeson, the famous Negro singer, is playing the title rôle in the screen version of Eugene O'Neill's "The Emperor Jones"?



I'LL SAY THE FELLOWS WITH "B.O." CAN'T WIN

SOCIALLY, in business, in love—they haven't a chance! No one can afford to be guilty of "B.O." (body odor). Yet how easy to offend and not know it these hot "perspiry" days. Play safe—bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. Its fresh, clean, quickly-vanishing scent tells you Lifebuoy gives extra protection. Its creamy, abundant, hygienic lather purifies and deodorizes pores—effectively stops "B.O."

So good for the skin

Lifebuoy's bland, penetrating lather deep-cleanses dirt-clogged pores gently, yet thoroughly—freshens dull complexions to glowing health.

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WOMEN
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EYELASH DARKENER



because it is

- ... absolutely harmless,
- ... non-smarting,
- ... tear-proof, and
- ... instantly effective

Lashes that look long, dark, luxuriant and sweeping add a most exciting interest to eyes. A simple touch of Maybelline, and eyes that are "just eyes" instantly become lovely, bewitching pools—enchanted, beyond words to describe. Five million regular Maybelline users know this secret. They also know that genuine Maybelline is necessary to genuinely alluring eyes. The reason being that Maybelline gives an entirely natural effect.

In addition, genuine Maybelline is non-smarting, tear-proof, harmless and stimulating to lash growth. Five million women can't be wrong! Maybelline—Black or Brown—a year's supply—75c at Drug and Department stores.



The Perfect Mascara

Cowboys on the Screen —City Slickers Off It!

(Continued from page 25)

interest me. A great many of my friends back home *are* wealthy, and I get a great kick out of traveling about aboard their palatial yachts or riding aboard their private cars. I'd rather live in a penthouse than a ranch-house any day, though I say so as shouldn't.

"I have rather a large and carefully chosen library, and I'm especially fond of—no, NOT Bret Harte—romantic biographies. Some of my favorites are 'The Life of Byron,' 'The Life of Shelley,' 'Talleyrand' and 'Disraeli.'"

"I can't say that I go in for athletics very strenuously. I spend most of my leisure time *taking sun-baths* in our patio at home, where we do most of our eating, living, entertaining and so on. I've got to admit—I *have* admitted—that I like the cream of living with all that that implies. Some day I hope to leave the screen—I may and I may not—but if I do, I shall probably go back to Virginia and breed horses for a living. Have stables, you know. When I came to Hollywood, I got horses rather confused with cows now and then, but that, at least, is changed now. It's the only thing about me that is."

He-Man with a Boston Accent

WE present our third he-man before the camera—John Davis Lodge. John is of those who have grandsires and great grandsires, blue blood and a Boston accent. His father is George Cabot Lodge, his grandfather was the famous Henry Cabot Lodge, Senator from Massachusetts. His brother is a member of the Massachusetts State Legislature and was one of the editors of the *New York Herald-Tribune* at the age of twenty-six. You might reasonably suppose that the Lodges would run to brain, rather than brawn. There are instances of the two combining.

Our John spent most of his boyhood in Washington, D. C., with his grandfather, or in Boston with his mother and father. He is a graduate of Harvard and also of the Harvard Law School, which means that he spent eight years of his life in the scholarly environs of Cambridge. He was a member of the Harvard Glee Club for three years and took two years of playwriting in Harvard's "47 Workshop." It would take too much time and too much space to list all of the accomplishments and affiliations of this blue-blooded young man, who eventually departed from Harvard with two degrees in his pocket and more learning in his head than a cowboy ever dreamed of under the stars. He finished off the Harvard culture by a year or two in a Paris law school and then hung out his shingle in New York.

John Lodge speaks English, German, French and Italian fluently. His wife is of Italian birth. She was a noted dancer before her marriage and has, John told me, long golden hair and a masterly mind beneath it. He has, also, one small, three-year-old daughter named Lily. There seems to be something vaguely anomalous about a cowboy being married to a dancer and having a daughter by the name of Lily. There is something vaguely preposterous about young Mr. Lodge being in Hollywood at all—and being a cowboy, at that.

John Lodge plays the piano well, specializes in classical music, and prefers the compositions of De Bussy and Tchaikowsky. He has a large and scholarly library and, in the course of his studies, has delved deeply into philosophy and psychology. Like Randy Scott, he never rode Western in all

of his erudite life until he came to Hollywood. At the most, he took polite canter.

He hopes, eventually, to do the sort of thing on the screen now being done by Leslie Howard, Fredric March and Herbert Marshall.

Probably this scion of the Boston Lodges, this graduate of Harvard College and Law School, this practising lawyer in Gotham has worn the largest seven-league boots ever worn to make this giant stride. He says that his being in pictures at all "is one of those things that happen once in a lifetime. It seemed to me to be the hand of Fate—and who am I to guard against her?" He happened to be here for his law firm a while ago. Mrs. Ad Schulberg, now agenting, met him at a tennis party. She prevailed upon him to have a screen test made. He thought it might prove an amusing experience. He made the test and returned to New York only to be greeted there by a wire and a contract—to be a movie he-man.

Keene a Self-Made Cowboy

THE case of Tom Keene, now before the house, is a *different* case. Because Tom (once known on the screen as George Duryea and seen as such in "Tide of Empire" and "Honky-Tonk" and others) is a self-made cowboy *off* the screen, as well as on. Tom didn't trust "chaps" and a lariat to cover up his background of a childhood spent in Sleepy Hollow, New York, or his experiences on the New York stage in such plays as "Madame X" and "White Cargo." He feared that these early habits of life would rise up to confound him in the instant of leaping off a cliff or corraling a steer. And so, when he changed his name to Tom Keene, he deliberately and consciously changed—*himself*.

He changed his personality, his habits, his very looks and manners. He is really less of a cowboy and more of a *movie* cowboy than—well, than Tom Mix. He sees to it that he looks like the public's idea of a Western hero. He even wears Western clothes around the house. He is thinking seriously of building himself a sure enough ranch-house so that he may actually live in the correct atmosphere. He feels that the concessions he still makes to his old life may take the guarantee of simon-pure cowboy off him—such concessions as still reading highbrow literature or looking over an old, sweet song atop a grand piano.

Even the house, however, is not immune. For Tom lassoes the lamps and spins the lariat on an Oriental rug. It takes time, he told me, to make yourself into another person. He is doing, I must say, a thorough job of it. He uses the open space hand-shake, and almost never forgets. He allows the word "pardner" to slip into his conversation every now and again. He has trained himself to be an expert in the ungentle arts of roping, riding and shooting. He hopes, in time, to change or alter his very face and appearance. He says, "When I am dressed in ordinary clothes, I still look more like a matinee idol than a matinee idol does—something must be done about *that*."

You will recall the diamond stomacher that Tom Mix used to wear, spelling the name TOM MIX—and the white evening suits (cowboy cut) he affected and affects—and the gorgeous and luxurious mansion he inhabits in Beverly Hills. . . .

They may be he-men before the camera, but away from the camera, they would put Beau Brummell to shame and cause him to retire, defeated and disgraced.

Movie Classic's Letter Page

(Continued from page 9)

Omit the Roman Revelries

READERS of that old-fashioned thriller, "Quo Vadis," may remember the comment of the elegant *Petronius* upon one of *Nero's* lavish spectacles: "I am more affected by the sight of one naked maiden than by a hundred." Which is exactly the reaction of some of us to the Roman revelries of "Sign of the Cross" and all the rest of the super-super spectacles.

Whether authentic or not, the sensitive spectator soon finds reel after reel of reeling patricians and half-naked virgins something of a bore. Remember, I object not on moral, but aesthetic grounds. Nudity, if properly presented, may be quite spicy; but too much spice spoils the soup. Cut out the Roman Follies and give us the one naked maiden who may revive in our breasts the thrills we once felt when we collected cigarette pictures of Lillian Russell in tights.

E. E. L., *Columbus, O.*

Praise for the Supporting Cast

I BELIEVE the average fan pays too much attention to the star and gives too little consideration to the supporting cast. I can think of dozens of splendid actors who surround a star and make his picture worth while; in fact without these able helpers the picture would lose much of its substance.

I have in mind Frank Morgan. The play may be weak, the glorified star a "ham" actor, but you can depend on Morgan to deliver a masterful performance no matter what character he portrays.

Many stars "happen" over night; they need experienced actors like Morgan to give their pictures weight and make them click.

In the circle with Frank are his brother, Ralph, Gregory Ratoff, Eugene Pallette, Purnell Pratt, Robert McWade, Berton Churchill, Henry Stephenson, Russell Simpson, Hale Hamilton, Jean Hersholt, Louise Closser Hale—just to mention a few. It is this moderately publicized group of actors whose fine work holds many a loose story together and carries the star along.

If movie-goers would study the names and faces and work of these men and women—who may never become stars—they will be surprised how much more enjoyment they can get out of every picture.

HARRY W. MAYO, *Sedalia, Mo.*

Poise in "Today We Live"

IN "To-day We Live" we are given a magnificent portrayal of the English spirit of Carry On. Surely four more ideal characters were never assembled under the same roof-tree. For too emotional people this talkie is a much needed tonic. It offers us a high water mark of self control, anti-verbosity, and strict attention to the matter in hand.

The acting is superb and you may not often again see the individual acting of a quartette dovetail so completely. The great love of a brother and two lovers for the same woman, Joan Crawford, concentrates one's interest in her character and this interest she well sustains.

"To-day We Live" bids us recall our own big moments: that appendectomy; that gas explosion in the kitchen oven; that broken axle. We didn't do half bad, did we? More power to the English idea of Carry On. Glad they haven't a monopoly of it.

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Angel Over Hollywood

(Continued from page 43)

"Breaking in is the most terrible time," she told me, with a little shake of her head. "You go to one manager and he says, 'Go off to the provinces and get some experience.' Then you try for a part in a touring company, and that manager says, 'What experience have you had in London?' But finally I had an opportunity to go with a small company, and I jumped at it."

The tour lasted thirty months, and the troupe wandered over half the earth with a repertory of eight plays. Little towns in Wales saw them, and villages in Scotland, in Ireland. They played in Gibraltar and in Bombay, in Calcutta and Cairo and far into the interior of India. It was there that she learned about bombs.

Many of the towns in which they stopped were too small to boast a theatre. Frequently, the troupe moved its equipment into a club or barracks for the show. They arrived at one such place in the late afternoon. Some local trouble had keyed the natives to a high pitch of excitement. There were sullen looks out of black eyes as they went through the streets. Rumors of threatened violence against all British crept backstage while Heather was putting on her make-up. Someone told of a native who had been caught with a bomb while the white audience was gathering in the main room.

"Wasn't it dangerous to attempt to give a show under such circumstances?" I asked.

Can't Show "Weakness"

SHE turned her blue eyes on me with a gentle surprise. "I suppose so," she said. "But not to have gone ahead would have shown weakness."

"But weren't you frightened?" I persisted, for certainly she looked nothing like the iron-nerved Amazon her words suggested.

"Yes, rather," she answered with matter-of-fact frankness. "But there was no use in showing weakness."

In much the same stoic spirit she accepted the discomforts of the casual trains that puff laggardly across the sweltering plains and into the rocky interior of India.

"It was so terribly hot, we didn't much care," she explained. "All day long, we lay in bunks, rather than exert ourselves enough to get up except when everyone went out to little stations for meals. Those waits might be five minutes or a half-hour—it depended upon the passengers. If someone had not finished his meal when the engineer was ready to start, he just called, 'Wait a while. I'm not ready,' and the engineer waited."

Steaming hot towns in the lowlands were contrasted by freezing stops in the mountains. The worst experience she ever expects to have with frigid weather was in Mwrut. When they arrived, a celebration was going on, and every available room in town was taken. There was nothing to do but to resign themselves to sleeping in tents—and in temperature that would make a glacier jealous. Her bath was in a tent, too, and in a tub of water in training to become ice.

Those were vivid, exciting days for the little English girl. An apprehensive moment came when they set off for the Khyber Pass and she was handed a revolver with instructions to keep it in easy reach. The hills in that part of the country are the home of several tribes that have an unfriendly habit of swooping down on travelers and doing a very neat job of murder for the sake of their horses and clothes.

As they plodded up the steep trail, every-

one kept a sharp lookout. Rocks must have looked like crouching brigands. Bird calls must have sounded like ominous signals from lurking hill people, and the clatter of hoof-beats must have covered the thumping of hearts. But, to turn back would have "shown weakness," so up she went, took a look at the world from the lofty Pass, and returned just as a searching party was setting out to find her party.



Cycling may be something new to Hollywood, but it isn't to Heather Angel, who's English and therefore addicted to two-wheelers. She even rides hers at night, making pilgrimages to friends' homes

Quieted a Near-Riot

HER experience in Shanghai with a street rabble was one which many visitors have, but it was none the less disconcerting to the frail little English girl when she stepped from a hotel and found herself the center of what seemed to be an angry mob of yelling coolies. They waved arms. They made violent gestures. They clustered around her.

But one does not show weakness. She drew her small self straight, held her head high, and advanced steadily toward the nearest rickshaw. The mob fell away before her, and calmed with miraculous rapidity. What appeared to her to be no less than an incipient riot was just salesmanship on the part of the rickshaw runners!

When Heather finally saw England again, the London stage was ready to see *her*. She had been on tour. She was an experienced actress. Part followed part, and soon she was in both stage and screen productions.

She played the heroine in "The Hound of the Baskervilles" for her first part on the screen, and was efficiently strangled near the end of the picture. But she did not mind that, she says. Her thirty months on tour had steeled her to regard a mere strangling as just another minor menace in a career where weakness must not be shown. She made a film in Italy and one in Germany before Sidney R. Kent saw her in London and signed her for Hollywood. The result is that she gets fan letters from all over the world.

"I've even had a few from over here," she said. "It makes it nice to know that people already know me on this side."

"I did not know that any of your films had been released here," I said. "They did not show in Hollywood, did they?"

"I don't think so."

"New York, perhaps?" I suggested.

"No, not New York." She was positive.

"It was in Rio de Janeiro."

Her manner was so completely matter-of-fact as she lumped North and South America together that I gave her a blank look. Then I gathered myself together to demonstrate that we in Hollywood know how to face surprises without showing weakness, also.

"I don't get around to South American theatres much, so I must have missed it," I told her with equal calm.

We exchanged a couple of grins.

Why She Broke Down a Wall

HER partial destruction of The Garden of Allah happened shortly after she moved into that apartment hotel. Heather has a loving weakness for pets. (It's the one weakness she displays.) One evening a little, stray kitten gave such a mournful serenade outside her window that she could not resist the appeal. One bowl of milk led to another. Before she knew it, she had a satisfied half-grown cat on her hands.

Pat, the cat, was an adventurer from the start. He climbed on the roof and had to be rescued by half of the staff. He fell into a pool and was anything but nonchalant about it. Pat had no reluctance whatever about showing weakness. When dogs put in appearances, he fled up trees and demanded in positive tones to be rescued.

Pat's worst exploit was to get himself wedged into a hollow wall. During one of his exploring trips in the mountainous regions by the north chimney, he found a tempting drain pipe which he followed until he found himself in a spot where there was no turning around and no backing out.

Pat mewed in loud indignation, while Heather prowled the grounds, trying to locate him. Three large holes were knocked in the wall with the assistance of a carpenter, two house boys, three maids, the manager, four tenants and numerous innocent bystanders before Pat was returned to safety and Heather to peace of mind.

No wonder Fox officials think that she has audience appeal! Courageous, brilliantly gifted, this lovely little English Angel is going her gentle way in Hollywood, sweetly pulling down walls and leading rôles. Calmly, she is stepping straight to the top.

I hope you enjoy the view when you get there, Heather. It's better than the Khyber Pass, anyway, for you don't need a revolver!

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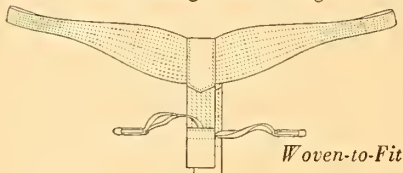
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Solved! The Mystery of Raft's "Bodyguard"

(Continued from page 44)



When Sammy Finn found George Raft in Hollywood, George was living in a shabby hotel room. Now look at the place where he (and Sammy) live!

whispered to be a real gunman who had been hired by Raft to protect him from the members of the underworld who, it was presumed, might want to take Raft for a "ride" or take away some of the "big money" he was now earning so easily. Raft never explained Sammy; he just said, "Meet Sammy Finn." Sometimes he even forgot to do that.

Where Did He Get That Pallor?

SAMMY'S face is a death-like, ashen white. When you visit Sing Sing, or any other prison where men are confined for long periods, you see hundreds of men with faces that look like Sammy's. Hollywood at once decided that his complexion was "prison pallor," and in a short time there was more menace around little Sammy Finn than there was around George Raft. (The Los Angeles police had given George a clean bill of health, and apologized for having listened to the "gangster" rumors about him.)

There is something fascinating about a known "killer" to the ordinary man of the street; that fascination gripped the people who saw Raft's "shadow" from day to day, and Sammy was put down definitely as the hired gunman who could whip out a gun as quickly as a card-shark can flip a card from his sleeve.

"There go Raft and his gunman," would be the whisper as George and Sammy entered a restaurant.

"Sure," would be the response. "See that bulge under Sammy's coat? That's his gun. Oh, he's a killer, all right. Can't you see the tenseness of the man? See how his eyes shift in search of danger. I wouldn't want to be the man who tried to harm Raft."

BUT—all these months, the wise ones of Hollywood have just been kidding themselves, so far as Sammy Finn is concerned.

Instead of being the hired killer who is supposed to shoot faster than the fastest men of gangland, Sammy Finn is one of the most timid and retiring men who ever came to Hollywood. He never fired a gun in his life; he doesn't know how to load one, and he says he would be afraid to shoot one, if they were handed to him.

Instead of being a gunman from the underworld, Sammy Finn is found to be just about the best friend George Raft ever had, or ever will have. While there will be many,

no doubt, in future years who will claim they were responsible for the success of Raft, the cold fact still will remain that Sammy Finn has done more than any other man in the world to make the gates of success open for George Raft; and George Raft appreciates what Sammy has done, and expresses his appreciation in deeds, rather than a lot of words. The story of Sammy Finn is intensely a human one—a story that should grip anyone who has a spark of romance in his blood.

Ex-Millionaire, Ex-"Playboy"

SAMMY FINN, who is believed to be a "killer" and gunman protector of Raft, has known the sensation of being in the millionaire class, of being able to bet thousands upon a horse and never bat an eyelash if the horse ran last. To-day the million is gone, but in its place he has a friendship, that of Raft, that he says is worth more than any money.

"I'm glad you asked me who I am and if I'm a gunman," said Sammy, when I went to him and put the question to him in plain and unvarnished language. "I'm just a guy who once had a million dollars, was a 'Broadway playboy' and one of the world's greatest saps. That 'prison pallor' of which I am accused is really night-club pallor.

"You see, I was in the dress-goods manufacturing business for quite a while, back in New York. The boom times came and I prospered, and finally went into the brokerage business. During the days when paper profits were counted like telephone numbers, I made a pile of money.

"But I was like a lot of other suckers. I started to play that street called Broadway. I had the money and I played it hard. I liked to see my name in the papers and got a tremendous kick out of having one of the smart-cracking columnists mention me as a 'playboy.' That was great stuff, and I would set 'em up for everybody the next night at some of the gay places. I was a big shot. Money was made to spend; I spent it.

"And then I began to grow physically tired. My doctor told me to take a trip to Europe for a rest. I went. At Monte Carlo I dropped thirty thousand dollars in one evening. What did I care? I had plenty. I slapped thousands on the horses and 'saw' Europe.

How He Landed in Hollywood

"FINALLY, I grew so tired I had to head back to New York for the rest I was supposed to get in Europe. My doctor examined me on my return. He looked a bit sad, shook his head and gave me not more than nine months to live. He said nothing could save me. I was done. It was just a matter of time. My lungs had been hit too hard.

"Well, *that* was something! I thought it over and then packed my bags and went to Arizona. There I went out on the desert and breathed in the glorious desert air—breathed it in and prayed for health. And then came the stock market crash. I could save nothing. I was battling for my very life in Arizona; my business just flopped away and so did my money. I didn't care much. All I wanted was to get well.

"At last came improvement, gradual at first, then more rapidly; and after months of lonely struggle my doctor in Phoenix told me I would be able to go back to New York. I had been away from the excitement of a big town so long that I was starving for it, so simply because Los Angeles was closer than New York, I came here. By coming here I would reach 'life' quicker. For no other reason did I pick this spot.

"When I arrived, I counted my cash and figured what reserves I had left from the crash. It wasn't much. I took a suite at a hotel and started to look around. One of the first people I saw was George Raft. I had met George in New York when he was a dancer and I was a spendthrift. A warm friendship had sprung up between us.

"I almost fell over when I found him here, living in a little, shabby hotel in one of the cheapest rooms, dressed in clothes that were more than a bit seedy—and looking for a chance to crash pictures.

The Chance He Gave George

"MY God, George,' I said, 'you can never get anywhere like that. You have to dress the part and you have to live in a place where you can invite people and not be ashamed of your surroundings. I haven't much left, but while it lasts you're coming with me.'

"I counted my money again and then rented a nice apartment and George and I moved in. George went out and bought some decent clothes and, believe it or not, in just three weeks from the day he bought his new clothes and moved into the new apartment, he got his first break in pictures. You know the rest about George. He caught on in a big way almost overnight. He was a new type. My heart sang with happiness when I saw him starting to go forward—saw success finally coming his way.

"And then George showed what kind of fellow he is. His success did not go to his head. He did not forget the friends who had stood by him. He was born in the Tenderloin district, played with guns instead of rattles, and cut his teeth on bullets instead of teething rings—but George has something in his character that is REAL MAN.

"My money had dwindled to practically nothing when George began to get into the big money. I knew I couldn't keep my end up with George. So, as I had done my part and was finished as far as usefulness to George was concerned, I told him I guessed I would move to cheaper quarters.

"'Like Hell, you will!' said George. 'You'll stay right with me. I know your dough is gone, Sammy, but you spent the last of it on me, and I'm not the kind of guy who forgets anything like that. I seem to be getting along as an actor, but I don't know a thing about business. I need a confidential business manager. You're going to be IT, starting right now!'

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"There is something about the clean friendship of men that is inspiring, uplifting. I find it in my friendship and association with George Raft. He has had a bumpy past; he has had his tough times and his good times; he had a childhood that was not the kind that makes a sissy out of a man. But through it all, George Raft has come with a heart of gold and with a mind that is not turned by the sloppy words of praise that an admiring crowd always hands out to the latest favorite. He knows what life is all about. He has lived. What his past has been is his own business. If he wants to tell of it, that is for him to decide. He has been my friend. I am his. That is sufficient."

"But to think that they have me classed as a 'gunman'!" Sammy laughed. So did I, for Sammy is only a little, a very little, over five feet in height; is thin as a rail; has slim, little hands, tiny feet and doesn't weigh an ounce over one hundred and twenty pounds. You might take him for a racing jockey. He looks as though a breath of air would blow him over. Sammy, the hired "killer"!

"I never fired a gun in my life," he added. "I wouldn't know how to load one, and would be afraid to shoot one if it were handed to me. That's the kind of gunman I am."

Evidently, the members of gangland have known all along that Sammy was not a killer, for when gangsters broke into Raft's home one night a short time ago and stole a thousand dollars worth of clothes and valuables, the clothes and valuables of Sammy Finn were the ones that were stolen.

"They never touched a thing belonging to George," laughed Sammy. "He had seventeen new suits in his closet. But they didn't even look at them. I think it was because he had a big crayon portrait of himself hanging in the hallway at the entrance to his bedroom. Guess they saw that and figured he was a tough guy to monkey with, so they just picked on the guy whom only Hollywood classes as a gunman."



The only place you don't see Sammy Finn with George Raft is on the screen. Damon and Pythias weren't any closer pals!

Looking Them Over

(Continued from page 59)

WE hear (one always hears things in Hollywood) that no young gentleman in Hollywood will be more delighted than Lew Ayres when Janet Gaynor decides to "step out" in public again. Since her divorce was filed Janet has been very cagey about accepting dinner and dance engagements. She says she wants to wait long enough so that there won't be any silly rumors about another man coming between her and Lydell. No doubt she is acting wisely—but if this "hearing" business is right, both Lew and Gene Raymond will be very glad when the divorce quarantine is over!

JUST In Passing About Hollywood: Joan Bennett and Alice Joyce Brown and Lilyan Tashman were all drinking beer at the Brown Derby the other noontime in spite of what they say about beer-weight. . . . Jeanette Loff wore organdie gauntlets (gloves to you) to Sue Carol's baby shower for Mrs. Bing Crosby. . . . If the Crosby baby is a girl it will probably be named Sue Carol Crosby. . . . Estelle Taylor has the telephone bug . . . she calls her friends at all hours of the day and night. . . . Joan Crawford is one Hollywood star who always agrees with the critics . . . she thought "Today We Live" was a good picture until she read the reviews . . . most of them convinced her she was wrong. . . . Mae West has the prettiest mouth and teeth in Hollywood. . . . Eleanor Holm draws second honors for these same features. . . . The Richard Arlens threw a "nursery preview" party and everybody oh-ed and ah-ed about the expected baby's pretty room. . . . Lola Lane, Mary Brian, Jeanette Loff, Dixie Lee Crosby and Jean Harlow among the feminine guests. . . . Sally Eilers left Los Angeles for Europe with more flowers than her compartment would hold—all from Hoot Gibson (or almost all). . . . Eddie Hillman (Marian Nixon's Ex) seems to remember Mona Maris's telephone number better than any other. . . . Actors are funny people—Robert Montgomery doesn't like "Hell Below," his best starring picture to date. . . . Clark Gable went to see Otto Kruger in "Counselor-At-Law" three times, he was that crazy about the show and the star. . . . Lee Tracy was a nightly visitor, also, but for a different reason—his girl, Isabel Jewel, plays an important rôle. . . . The Warner Brothers stars are sick at heart because Darryl Zanuck resigned as production chief. . . . A local columnist is bragging because he hasn't said anything about Marlene Dietrich's trousers in over a month—which is the best cause for bragging we know. . . . Wally Beery saying goodbye to all his pals at the M-G-M studio . . . everybody plenty sad to see Wally leave the professional family! Latest news is that Wally has resigned with M-G-M, and everybody's happy.

PEGGY HOPKINS JOYCE and Jack Oakie have cooled off to a walk . . . and Peggy is spending most of her night-clubbing time in the company of Roland Brown. Jack, on the other hand, is seeing plenty of his old flame, Mary Brian. But he insists all is not over with La Belle Joyce. "Just a little time," says Jack, "Just a little time."

JUST another little story about the irrepressible Bennetts!

Joan had planned a dinner party in honor of her sister, Barbara (Mrs. Morton Downey) who was visiting her from the East. Dinner at eight was the hour (not an

(Continued on page 72)



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"ONE day I discovered why other blondes were more popular than I—their hair was like brilliant, shimmering gold, while mine was faded and lifeless. *Blondex*, an amazing special shampoo, has now made my hair young again, gleaming with the golden sunshine color that fascinated the man I was to marry. My husband now says that had it not been for my beautiful hair he does not think he would have noticed me among so many attractive girls. How glad I am I discovered *Blondex* in time!" NOTE:—*Blondex* contains no dye, no harmful chemicals—it is amazingly beneficial, giving the hair a silky softness and lustrous sheen. *Blondex* comes in two sizes—the big economical \$1.00 bottle and the new, inexpensive 25c size. NEW:—A wave set made exclusively for blondes. *Blondex-Wave Powder*. Only 35c—it makes beautiful soft waves without discoloring the hair like ordinary wave sets. Get these two *Blondex* products today at any good drug or department store.

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UNIVERSAL SCENARIO COMPANY
541 Meyer Bldg., Western & Sierra Vista, Hollywood, California

"Talk Fast and You'll Get the Breaks," says Lee Tracy—Who Knows!

(Continued from page 22)

I went out to try my luck again, I talked so fast and used so many names and dates that it never occurred to any agent to doubt my story. Within a week, I landed a job."

Carried Out Bluff Three Years

"WHAT did you do when your first stage director discovered that you had never been behind the footlights before?" I asked.

"He never found out," Tracy said cheerfully. "I lied like hell whenever I found myself in a tough spot. Between spots I kept my mouth shut. It took me about three years to collect enough actual experience to drop the pose."

Tracy contends that the most important step in selling the other fellow is to sell yourself first.

"Give yourself an old-fashioned pep talk," he urges. "If you want to be a radio announcer, convince yourself that you'll be a good one. Then keep your wits about you, be ready to turn the subject whenever the argument is going against you, keep on talking, and the other man hasn't got a chance. I've talked myself into every job I've had. I believe in talk—it's a religion with me.

"I talked myself out of a bad spot when it looked as if my first picture contract was going to end in a stalemate. That was when I was with Fox several years ago. I was drawing salary, but I couldn't get a part. I knew that if I went to the studio and whined about it, I'd only ruin my chances. So I sat down and carefully listed all the reasons why I should be given a rôle. I wrote my speech and rehearsed it in front of a mirror until I knew it was a masterpiece. I actually believed it, myself. Then I called on the 'big boss' and sold him.

"Listen," I said, 'there are exactly eight perfectly sound reasons why you should put me to work immediately—and there is not one reason why you shouldn't.' I presented my reasons and went to work the following week."

One of His Favorite Stunts

LEE is a confirmed student of psychology. He frankly admits that he finds a deep-rooted pleasure in making sensational, challenging statements. He does so for the one purpose of startling other people out of their "thought-ruts" and then observing their reactions. He professes profound respect for the columnists who inject into their writings, here and there, deliberate misstatements of fact.

"They use those statements to stimulate their readers and command their attention," he points out. "They jolt people out of their complacency, make them think. Once they have gained the attention they demand, they proceed to sell their real subject matter. Now, that's super-salesmanship. That's the way all the highly successful columnists work. That's the way my sensational columnist in 'Blessed Event' made his success."

I've heard a great many actors profess to be students of humanity. Perhaps they are, but in my humble opinion, Tracy is the one actor in Hollywood who thoroughly justifies his claim. He has a prying, ever-inquisitive mind, a pair of uncannily observing eyes, a retentive memory and—most important of all—an absolute genius for adapting his talk, even the style and phrasing of his speech, to the type of person he is contacting. He goes out of his way to rub elbows with all classes and degrees of people. He experiments with them as a scientific surg-

eon experiments with guinea pigs. In his own experience, furthermore, he has dealt with many social castes. He has been laborer, railroader, cowboy, soldier and vaudeville "hooper."

He Studies Vocal "Smoothies"

"I SPEND a good deal of my time in courtrooms, listening to lawyers address their juries," he told me. "They never deliberately misrepresent the evidence, but they do artfully lead the jurymen by the nose. They suggest arguments, and make the jury feel that they, themselves, originated that line of thought. Ask any trial lawyer—he'll agree with me that a man who talks convincingly is sitting on top of the world.

"I like to study the technique of the carnival and side-show barkers. They can sell you the hole in a doughnut and make you think you've gained a bargain. I've spent hours watching one elderly man who ballyhoos for a concession of the Santa Monica pier. He dresses very quietly. He never shouts; he never uses any superlatives in describing his attraction. He just talks in a low, natural tone of voice" (here Tracy's voice, in imitation, becomes very soothing) "and assures you that you will find your money's worth inside. His moderation, in the midst of all the other high-pressure selling, is positively startling. He conveys the impression that he is sharing a confidence. Before they know it, the la-a-d-ee-z and gents are buying tickets."

"Do you mean it," I inquired hopefully, "when you say I can talk a certain girl into saying . . ."

"Certainly you can," Lee interrupted with an enthusiastic flourish of his hand. "You can talk her into saying anything you want. Haven't you learned that women judge men by what they say and not by what they do? Look at all the homely mutts who win raving beauties! It's a cinch they talked those girls into saying 'yes!'"

Calls It "a Game of Wits"

THE world passes judgment on a man in just about the same way. You don't need to be a profound student of any subject to talk on it intelligently. Fix a few pertinent facts in your mind, use them to show your authority, and then stand ready to lead the conversation to one side or the other whenever it becomes embarrassing. It's a great game of wits. Try it.

"There are hundreds of youngsters in the United States right now who want to become actors. They're hanging back because they haven't had experience. That is no reason for discouragement. If ever they're going to act, they must make a start. All they need is the ability to talk faster than the other fellow. They should be careful of just one thing. When the other fellow's sales-resistance shows signs of weakening, that's time to put on the brakes. From that point on, he'll sell himself."

He has an innumerable host of friends in Hollywood. I've asked any number of them the reason for their almost fanatical admiration for Lee—and one and all, they've answered, "He's the most fascinating person to talk to . . ."

"Talk and the world is yours," he says—and there must be something in that statement. If, as he says, he actually talked himself out of doing K.P. duty when he was in the Army, I know that Lee Tracy has developed a magic formula!

Our Hollywood Neighbors

(Continued from page 15)

the principles of arithmetic, but he has good horse sense. And plenty of it.

His teacher (and does that boy hate school!) was patiently trying to interest him in adding and subtracting.

"If you had five cents, and spent five cents, what would you have left?" asked the teacher.

"A stick of candy," replied the lad, just like that. Even Jimmy Durante couldn't top that retort.

PARAMOUNT sort of expected to have several feminine stars killed in the rush to appropriate Marlene Dietrich's dressing-room, now that the fair *fräulein* is packing her trousers and suspenders, collars and ties and returning to Germany. The Dietrich dressing-room is just downright elegant. Mr. Josef von Sternberg saw to that personally. He designed it. But now the studio is wondering who in the Sam Hill they can get to take it off their hands. Mae West says nix for her, and (like all seasoned troupers who know a superstition when they see one) adds that it's bad luck to move into another star's dressing-room without changing the works. Carole Lombard has just spent a young fortune having her suite all prettied up, and Sylvia Sidney doesn't want it because it has only two rooms. Sylvia has THREE rooms. A Paramount employee told us, hopefully, that maybe Miriam Hopkins would take it. Apparently Miriam doesn't care much where she puts on her greasepaint.

Marlene sort of surprised everyone around the studio by purchasing twelve hundred dollars' worth of portrait stills from "The Song of Songs." She's taking them back to Germany. And twelve hundred berries buy an awful lot of stills, if you ask me. Almost enough to give one to every Hitlerite in Berlin. It'll be just too bad if Hitler burns them. We wouldn't swear to this, either, but all the rumors have it that Marlene will return to Paramount after a vacation abroad. THAT should settle the dressing-room controversy.

THRILLS crowd upon thrills for Master Jackie Cooper. He had a new step-papa one week and was invited along on a nice honeymoon trip. The very next week he was introduced to Colonel Lindbergh, a meeting arranged by a mutual friend. It turned out to be the big moment in Jackie's life. "Lindy" did a lot of explaining about aeronautics, and Jackie told "The Eagle" about pictures. Now Jackie wants a plane of his own, which mama says he is NOT going to get.

The next time you see the boy on the screen take notice how he is growing—in both directions. He still doesn't like deserts, and he still likes spinach. Somehow we can't forgive him that fondness for spinach. Just think of all the rebellious young Americans who must face plates of the "durned stuff, with their dotting mothers saying—"eat it, dear, Jackie Cooper just LOVES it."

DICK ARLEN, speaking right out in meeting, says he is the fellow that started the bicycle fad in Hollywood. If he did he started something! It has come to the state where you've got to have a bicycle or stay home and work jig-saw puzzles. Dick says it all began when he borrowed his gardener's bicycle to ride over to Charlie Farrell's house. Charlie liked the idea, so he borrowed HIS gardener's bicycle to return Dick's call. Pretty soon there wasn't a

gardener anywhere around that could find his "bike" when he wanted it. The fad spread to Beverly Hills, and, of course, received social approval when taken up by Mary Pickford, Joan Crawford and Janet Gaynor.

There's a half-mile course on the grounds of the Ambassador Hotel, and two former screen juveniles, Lincoln Stedman and Cleve Moore (he's Colleen's brother), are growing rich renting wheels by the hour. You're liable to see anyone there from Peggy Hopkins Joyce to Peter, the Hermit. Even the stately Kathlyn Williams (you remember "The Adventures of Kathlyn Williams") dropped in for a spin around the track. We're waiting to see if Marie Dressler goes "Gay Ninety" before we take it up ourselves.

PROBABLY Hollywood is as surprised as anybody else, but there is an honest-to-gosh beer garden right on Sunset Boulevard. It's just around the corner from CLASSIC's Western office—which makes it nice. It's practically the first place in the history of the town where even four per cent alky can be imbibed without expecting a visit from the cops. Hollywood has had its speak-easies, of course, but even in the old pre-prohib days the village was legally as dry as a Congressman's speech. Movie people are flocking to the place. And is it picturesque! Trees and flowers, and an orchestra that plays "Vienna Wood" and "The Merry Widow Waltz." Wiener schnitzel and apple strudel are on the menu. Likewise, frankfurters mit sauerkraut.

Gosh, it's so realistic you expect to see Diamond Lil come in at any moment.

OF course, it was bound to happen sooner or later, what with all the stars being loaned around from studio to studio like so many eggs. Now Mickey Mouse has been loaned to M-G-M for a picture. This is the first time that Mickey has ever left his home studio, and now, for the first time, Garbo is going to have some heavy competition. You practically never see Mickey at Hollywood parties, either. Not while you're sober, anyway. Oh, yes, the little fellow will appear in support of Jimmy Durante and Jack Pearl (Baron Munchausen) in something M-G-M calls temporarily, "Experiences of the Biggest Liar."

PARAMOUNT is sort of toying with the idea of starring Jack La Rue in a revival of "Blood and Sand." They're only toying with the idea, understand, for, more than any other picture, "Blood and Sand" seems to belong, most inviolably, to the great Rudy. It was his great romantic success. More than one actor has hesitated about poaching on his dramatic preserves. But Jack La Rue has proved that he is a young man not afraid of jinxes. So perhaps it will come to pass. All of Valentino's costumes are hanging in the wardrobe department, untouched from the time he last wore them.

Come to think of it, it would seem strange to see that picture without Nita Naldi, too.

THE sudden passing of Ernest Torrence, at 55, has plunged the movie colony into gloom. He was one of the greatest of character actors and one of the most likable of men, gifted with both sensitiveness and a hearty sense of humor. It chilled Hollywood to witness his "death scene" in "I Cover the Waterfront."

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POPULAR STAR

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Does director Raoul Walsh know his settings? Just look around the "tap room" in his home, where his lucky guests can tap his beer (or ale) like gentlemen and ladies. It's as cozy as a Dickens tavern

Looking Them Over

(Continued from page 69)

M-G-M adv.). At six o'clock Barbara went down to the train to see hubby, Morton Downey, off on a personal appearance trip to San Francisco.

At ten minutes of eight when her sister had not returned home to get dressed, Joan became alarmed. Eight o'clock and still no Barbara. At nine a telegram arrived:

Decided to go with Morton to San Francisco. Love, Barbara.

And she didn't even have a toothbrush along!

CAROLE LOMBARD and Paramount are on the verge of another contract squabble, the third this year. Carole doesn't want to play a rôle assigned her in "Gambling Ship." The odds are she won't. Mrs. William Powell usually comes out the victor in her tiffs with the studio.

GARY COOPER is moving into a new house in Beverly Hills. The present little bachelor establishment is no way near large enough for the parties Gary has been tossing!

GLORIA SWANSON (with Michael Farmer, of course) returned to "Home, Sweet Home" in Hollywood, only to run into a raft of lawsuits that have been awaiting her. In spite of served-papers and what-not, Gloria and Mike seem to be having a lot of fun.

They are to be glimpsed almost every afternoon riding around the streets of Beverly Hills in their funny little toy automobile which was originally purchased for Gloria's three children in Europe. Gloria and Mike seem to be wearing all the "new" off the little car and if they aren't careful the kids will be disappointed with their "old, worn out" toy!

FROM Budapest comes the news dispatch that a twenty-four-year-old-sales-

girl killed herself before a waxen image of Rudolph Valentino.

Mrs. Ende Rimovsky (the woman's name) had just recently been divorced because her husband had violently objected to her covering the walls of their home with photographs of the late idol.

Brooding desperately about her "lost love," she visited a Wax Museum which contained an image of Rudy. Uncorking a vial of poison, she drank a fatal dose and cried:

"Valentino, I am dying for you!"

DAVID MANNERS is celebrating. He has received word that his application to file citizenship papers has been approved, and now all that lies between him and the right to vote is two years of "citizenship preparation and study," with the night classes of aliens. "And I specialized in American history and civics in a private school in New York State for years," mourns David, who was born in Canada.

MARY PICKFORD'S tentative plan of having several leading men under contract to her, whom she will loan out to studios, may soon materialize. She had so much difficulty in finding a leading man for "Secrets" that she would like to keep several on hand. Among those mentioned for possible Pickford contracts are several of her former leading men and friends, including Johnny Mack Brown, Charles Farrell and Buddy Rogers. It's harder than you might think for an independent star to borrow a screen lover from a studio. Mary, it is said, tried to borrow Gary Cooper, Cary Grant, Richard Dix and several others.

NO doubt about it, Joan Crawford looks tired. The other day she popped into the Metro restaurant, made straight for a corner table, and buried her face in her hands. Soothers followed her, among them

Ricardo Cortez, and soon she was smiling normally. But the old wear and tear are there.

THE rumors that Jimmy Walker, ex-Mayor of New York, will eventually turn up in Hollywood in an executive position still continue. (Half the people in the movie colony are his personal friends.) And Jimmy continues to crack wise. When a timid girl-reporter asked him recently for the name of the lady whom he was rumored about to marry, Jimmy looked her over coldly. "How long have you been around?" he barked, finally.

GEORGE BRENT says that since he began to get a little notice in pictures, he has heard the most amazing tales about himself—including stories that he has had no less than three wives and *nine* children! George has taken up polo—following the custom of Ruth Chatterton's first husband, Ralph Forbes, who is coaching him.

WE hear that Universal is planning to tear up the contract of Boris Karloff and give him a substantial increase in salary. Not so long ago we told you that Boris and his "horror pictures" were the



International

Like Heather Angel, Lillian Harvey is English and knows how to take the corners on two wheels. The sensational Lillian would rather exercise than diet any day—or every day, for that matter. It keeps her in trim for dancing!

biggest money-makers in the field to-day—and that does not exclude any other star. "Frankenstein" was 'way up in the money as one of the few box-office hits of last year. "The Mummy" is almost equalling its record. So Universal,—very, very, grateful for these nice profitable ventures—has decided "to ante" their money-getter considerably. Think what Karloff would be drawing if he were paid by the shudder!

DICK ARLEN is rapidly developing into the best-looking young man in Hollywood. The trick was turned when Dick suddenly began to get gray at the temples—and *is it becoming?* Many lady columnists who had always dismissed Dick as merely a nice kid are beginning to refer to him as the most distinguished-looking man in the movies! Lots of sex appeal, 'n everything!

NO one is able to figure out whether Gloria Stuart's temperamental antics are really on the level, or whether they are just another bid to be "different" and colorful, as prompted by an ambitious publicity department at Universal.

Just between you and me and a raspberry shortcake, we are growing just a little tired of these "so unique" methods of behaving in public which, are supposed to pass for individuality and eccentric charm.

That goes for Marlene Dietrich's tuxedo—and Katharine Hepburn's little habit of sitting down in the roadway at RKO to read her fan mail—and Gloria Stuart's equally "cute" habit of excusing herself at dinner parties and going upstairs to take a little nap.

NO matter what anybody else says, Constance Bennett sticks to her guns and believes in giving everybody a fair chance. A great many critics did not like Joel McCrea in "Rockabye" and even hinted to Connie that he was the weak link in that production. Connie made lots of nice excuses for Joel and said it wasn't his type of part, anyway. Just by way of proving her confidence, he will appear opposite her again in the near future.

PARAMOUNT is so pleased with Bing Crosby's two pictures he has made for them that they are seriously thinking of putting Bing into a straight romantic leading rôle with no singing. The story department is searching around for something "romantic and light" in the line of a love story comedy.

But something tells us that the fans will howl considerably if Bing doesn't have one more *chance* to warble a torch song.

THE Ramon Novarro-Myrna Loy romance still progresses. Myrna has rented Ramon's house (which he designed, himself, by the way) while he is on his concert tour in Europe. Can a romance endure when the Adored is likewise one's tenant? And even if the romance rumors were originally started by a shrewd publicity man, because they happened to play together in "The Barbarian," it's the first time in about two years that Ramon's name has been linked with a girl's.

CHARLIE CHAPLIN has solved the problem of how to remain silent on the screen. After thinking it over for more than a year, he has finally decided that in his next picture (he's now working on the story) he will play a deaf mute.

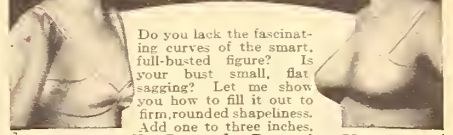
DAVID MANNERS has fallen under the Garbo influence. It is now necessary for even his friends to call his agent and ask permission to talk with him before they can reach him on the telephone. David may be getting rid of plenty of nuisances, but his method is also annoying plenty of friends.

JEANETTE MACDONALD returns this August from a European concert tour to become a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer contract player and to play (no doubt) in "The Cat and the Fiddle." The company, although professing itself uninterested in Jeanette while she was in Hollywood, pursued her to Europe to sign her to a long-term contract. Absence, indeed, makes the heart grow fonder.

STAN LAUREL and his wife have been re-united after seven months of separation. Apparently, Lois Laurel learned to laugh at Stan's jokes. They are now on an automobile trip in Canada.

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EDWINA BOOTH, who has been ill so long with the fever she contracted in Africa while making "Trader Horn," is reported improving. However, it will be many months before she will be strong enough to resume her career.

SMILING and happy, Daisy DeVoe, Clara Bow's former secretary, walked out of jail after serving her eighteen-month sentence for embezzlement. Asked what she was going to do, Daisy replied: "Buy the first pair of slacks I see and go roller-skating." She plans to live in Hollywood. "Why not?" she asks.

POLLY MORAN is now the legal mother of the sixteen-year-old boy, Jack Trujillo, whom she has had since babyhood. It was Polly's own idea that she would take no steps toward adopting him until he had reached an age of discretion, and could answer for himself the question of whether or not he wanted her for a mother. Needless to say, after sixteen years of Polly's love and kindness, the boy made his choice, gladly, in her favor.

IT begins to look as if Conrad Nagel is just a bit weary of Hollywood and craves a change. First, he resigned as president of the Academy; then he resigned from the board of directors; then his contract with M-G-M lapsed (by mutual consent, it is reported). And now he is vacationing far, far away. To be exact, on the Broadway stage.

IF you're going to the Century of Progress Exposition in Chicago this summer, look around for the Hollywood exhibit. Yes, there is one—and it's intended to give you an idea of what a studio is like and how movies are made, besides showing you the movies' half-century (almost) of progress. The last we knew, Claire Windsor was to be on hand, to give all comers a close-up of Hollywood beauty in person. No one better could have been selected, with the possible exception of Mary Pickford, for Claire is just as beautiful to-day as she ever was—even if she does have a fourteen-year-old son, of whom she is very proud.

WHEN Marlene Dietrich arrived in New York, en route to Europe, she arrived "secretly." The Paramount publicity department knew she was in town, but didn't know where—so they didn't say anything about it. She had about five days of comparative privacy in the Big Town, free from interviewers. But unlike Garbo, whose "mystery act" she has been accused of appropriating, she didn't go in for disguises. On her last Saturday there, for instance, she was spotted in Sardi's Restaurant—just around the corner from MOVIE CLASSIC'S office—in her w. k. trousers (brown), a brown shirt (but not the Nazi brown), a man's four-in-hand tie, and a берет. Her make-up was paler than a white tablecloth, and her hair was slicked down. All in all, except for those lovely features, she didn't look much like the Dietrich you'll see in "The Song of Songs." (P. S. Her trousers needed pressing.)

THE fact that Marlene and Paramount got together on a new contract, after all those "squabbles," more or less dumfounded Hollywood—which now wonders if it was taken in again by some shrewd publicity stunts. Particularly, with Josef von Sternberg, her director-discoverer, also signing up. After "Blonde Venus," somehow, you got the impression that if Von and Para-

mount never saw each other again, it would be too soon.

"JEALOUSY" on the part of Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., was what led Joan Crawford to seek a divorce, she testified in court. Not jealousy of her success, but the plain, everyday, garden variety of jealousy. She gave the impression that he resented time she spent with friends and registered objections to them. Finally, she testified, it all became "unbearable," and she fell ill from nervous strain and had to seek medical advice. She was given a decree, which Doug did not contest. Their property settlement was kept secret, but her lawyer said that "what's Joan's is Joan's, and what's Doug's is Doug's." Since the divorce was obtained in California, neither can marry again within a year. It looks as if the rumor artists are going to have twelve happy months, thinking up romance rumors about them.

ERNEST TORRENCE sailed from California for England on the same boat with George Bernard Shaw. In New York, he was taken off the boat, seriously ill and rushed to a hospital. An operation for gallstones followed; complications set in a few weeks later; and another great actor answered the final curtain.

He was fifty-five, and for thirty-five of those years he was in theatricals. He started as a concert pianist, after studying in Edinburgh (where he was born), Stuttgart and London, but his fine baritone voice soon changed him into an opera singer with the Savoy Opera Company. Then came musical comedy rôles, and finally New York. Hollywood scouts spotted him, and to Hollywood he went—to become one of the most famous "heavies" of silent films, until Jesse L. Lasky listened to his ambition to be a character actor and gave him chances to satisfy it, in everything from melodramas to comedies.

His mobile face, his gangling height (six feet four), and his honest brusqueness endeared him to moviegoers, few of whom knew that in private life he was a connoisseur of Scotch jokes and a composer of Irish songs. They will probably remember him best as the towering half-wit with whom Barthelmess fought in the silent "Tol'able David," as the scout, Bill Jackson, in "The Covered Wagon," and as the crusty smuggler in "I Cover the Waterfront," his last picture. He is buried in Hollywood, which he loved and which loved him.

AL JOLSON and Ruby Keeler have returned from Honolulu with the complexions of native Kanakas. The world tour that Al was talking about a while back has apparently been postponed. Ruby has things to do for Warner Brothers, the newest of which is "Footlight Madness." It sounds as if Ruby is going to be still another chorus girl. Let's hope the little girl (who is a great big hit) isn't going to be typed!

SPEAKING of people who can dance, are you acquainted with young Hal Le Roy? Lanky and loose-jointed, he has been stopping every performance of "Strike Me Pink" (the Broadway show starring Jimmy Durante and Lupe Velez) with his stepping. And this lad—the only white man who ever had Harlem chanting, "He's got hot feet!"—is headed for Hollywood, to make a short or two. (He has already made a few in the East.) Here's a tip to the movie magnates: the late Florenz Ziegfeld, who discovered and starred him, had plans for producing a musical version of "Seventeen," with Le Roy and young Mitzi Mayfair (who is Ruby Keeler's rival any day in the week) as the lovers. Why doesn't some producer take up where "Ziggy" left off?

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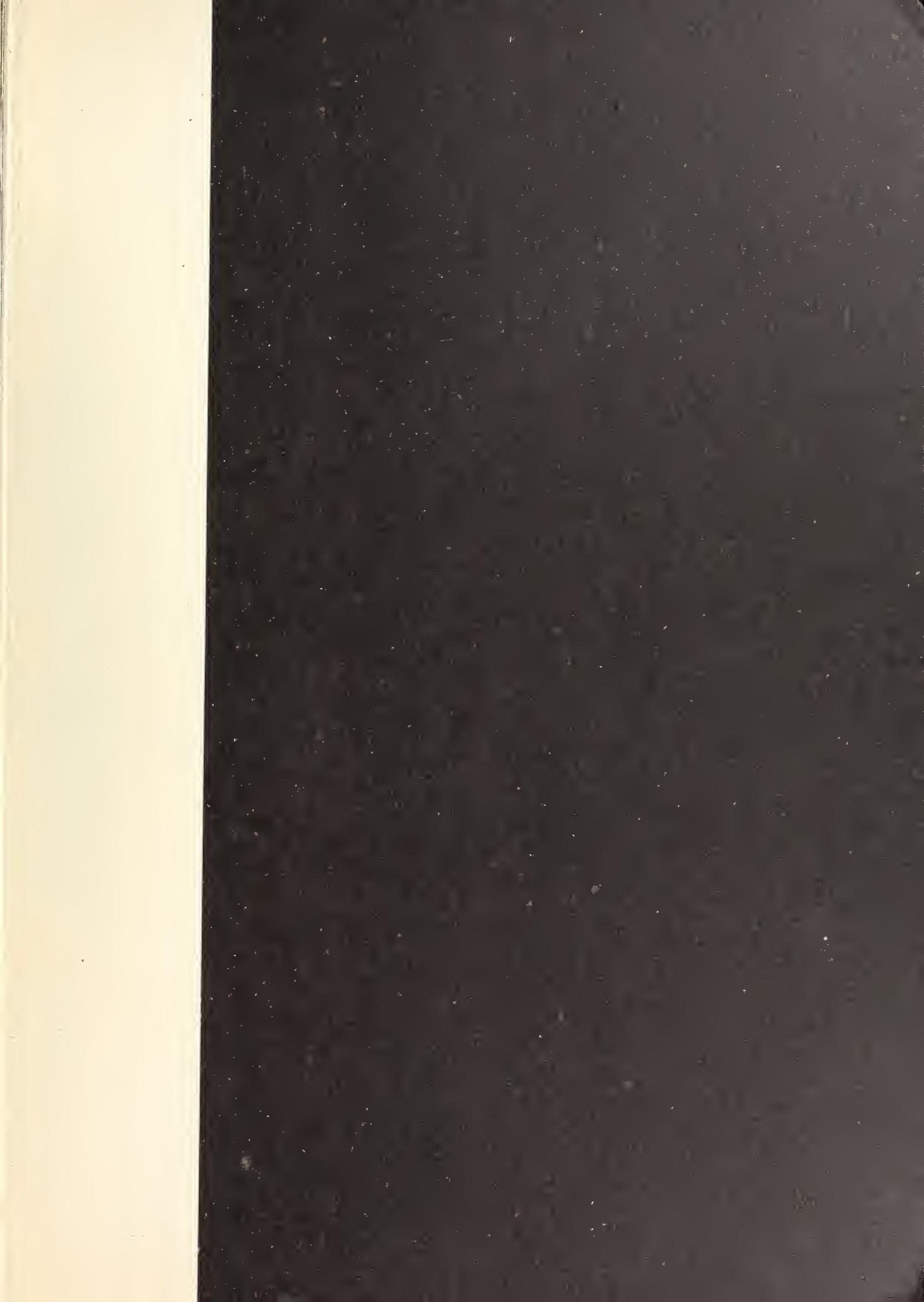


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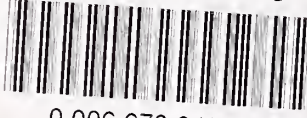
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